

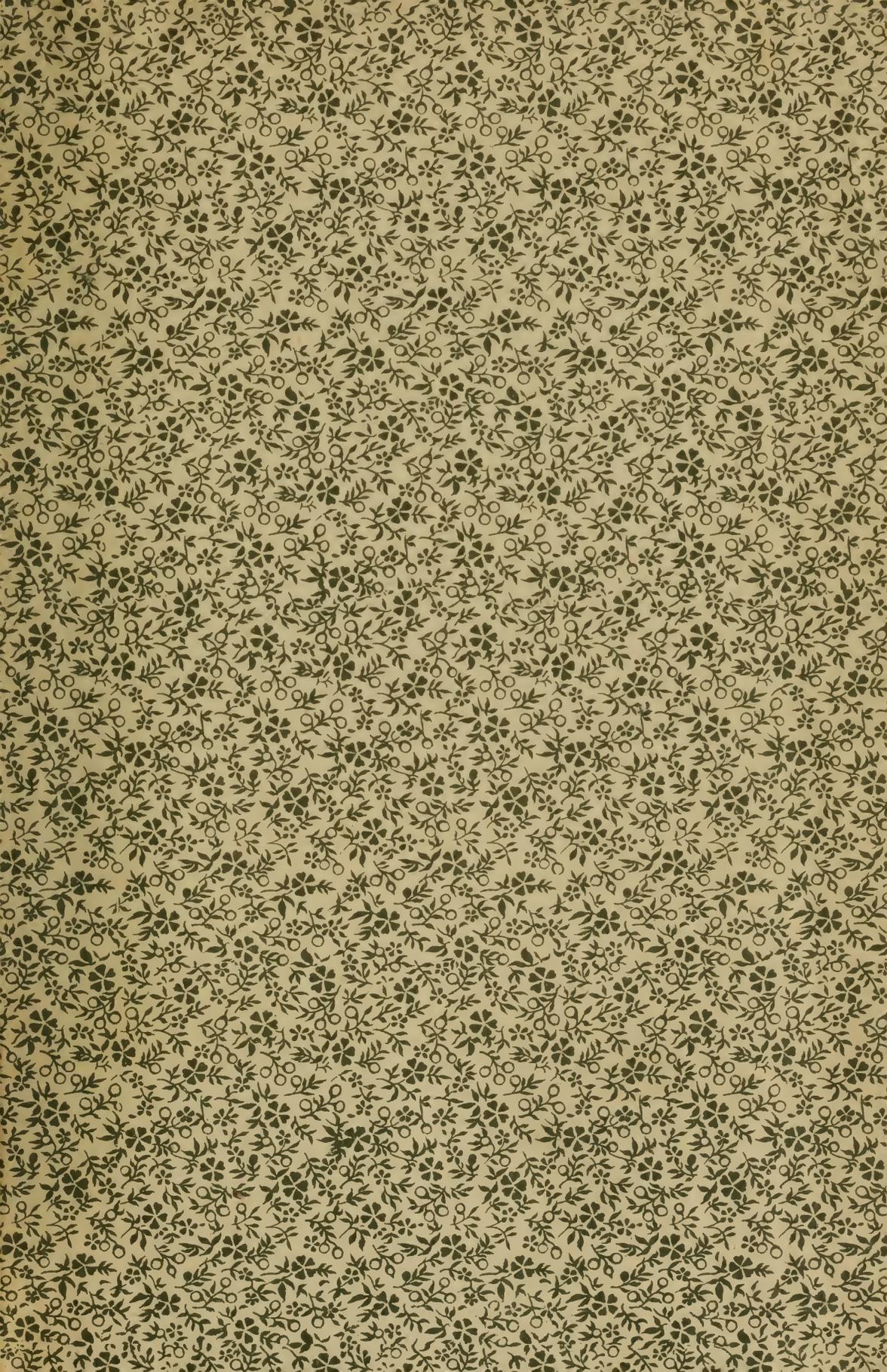
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THE
OUTING
MAGAZINE

*SPORT · ADVENTURE
TRAVEL · FICTION*

VOLUME LV
OCTOBER, 1909—MARCH, 1910



OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY

315 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY



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“NEARER THE FIRE THE SHADOWS CREEP—THE BRANDS BURN DIM AND RED.”

From a Painting by Oliver Kemp.

THE OUTING MAGAZINE



MEXICO'S UNHUNTED WILDERNESS

BY DILLON WALLACE



ONCE upon a time, not more than a generation ago, the sportsman, bent upon a holiday, could board a train in Chicago and in the course of a few hours' ride find himself in the midst of a country abounding in game, big and little, where no restrictions were placed upon his bag, save his ability to shoot straight and the dictates of his conscience. That day has passed. The herds of buffalo, mighty and majestic, no longer roam the plains; antelope, once so numerous, are few and scattered; the elk is found only in far secluded districts; even the birds have disappeared, and in some of our States it would be difficult now to find a single grouse.

The march of civilization and indiscriminate killing are together responsible for these conditions. Unfortunately, too many hunters of that other generation could shoot well; and if they possessed a conscience they did not take

it with them when on the trail of wild game. They slaughtered animals ruthlessly. This was the case not only with the market hunters, but also with those who hunted for sport alone.

He who could secure the largest bag, irrespective of need or reason, deemed himself an immortal hero. Indeed, it was his custom to leave to vultures the flesh of animals destroyed, and he shamelessly admitted that he did so. It was his wont to arrange his victims in line, at the end of a day's shooting, and taking his place beside them, rifle held jauntily in hand or resting against the dead body of a noble buck, head thrown back, chest protruding, have himself photographed for the benefit of admiring friends.

He seemed to say to the world: "Here am I! IT! Look at *me!* Behold *the* great and noble hunter!"

All of us past forty, and many much younger, can remember this picture; and we can remember, too, the feeling of loathing and resentment that rose within



EIGHT THOUSAND FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL AMONG THE DENSE FORESTS OF THE SIERRA MADRES RANGE.

us as we gazed upon it. We looked down upon the fellow as a man of blood—a murderous villain—who killed for the sake of killing, to satisfy brutal instincts; and we resented his wholesale slaughter because we felt that he was robbing us and our children of a heritage—the right to pursue the God-given sport of the chase as sportsmen should, temperately and within reason.

Happily a revulsion of feeling came at length, when sportsmen awoke to the fact that unless some steps were taken promptly to protect the game, there would be none to protect. With this object in view, associations were organized, notable among them the Camp-Fire Club of America. Tardy legislatures were prevailed upon to pass restrictive hunting laws. Sportsmen's journals censured and derided the wanton game-killer and dubbed him "game hog," until finally it is safe to say that as a species he is almost as extinct as the game he destroyed.

But to-day the huntsman can scarcely

turn to a reasonably well-stocked wilderness within the United States where there is certainty of securing the head or pelt he seeks, or the haunch of venison he craves—at least without an expenditure of time and money that the average business man cannot afford. And the same may be said of Canada, with the army of hunters that annually turn to her North woods during the brief open season—a season not always convenient to the busy man of affairs.

All this is a prelude to what I have to say. The object of this article is to bring to the attention of sportsmen a large, new, and practically unvisited region where game in great variety is still as plentiful as in the old pioneer days. It is a region, too, as quickly and easily reached as the overhunted districts of our own Rocky Mountains or the Canadian wilderness. In this country, as formerly in the West, there are no game laws and no restrictions upon the chase save the old ones of aim and conscience.

The region referred to is in Old Mex-



DESPITE THE LATITUDE SNOW LAY THICK ON THE GROUND IN WESTERN DURANGO IN EARLY DECEMBER.

ico. Since my visit to western Mexico and my journey over the Sierra Madres, many inquiries have been addressed to me as to the practicability of vacation hunting trips to this section, the game to be had, how to reach it, and the probable cost. These questions I shall now endeavor to answer as best I can.

In the course of my mule-back journey of upward of a thousand miles through the lowland and mountain wilderness of western Mexico, I was constantly impressed with the manifold attractions that the country holds for sportsmen. With every new trail I traversed these seemed to increase. The lagoons and marshes near the coast were alive with snipe, curlew, and many varieties of wild ducks.

Ascending the valley of the Santiago Rio, huge alligators were seen basking in the sun on every sandy reach along the river bank. Coveys of quail rose before us. Deer scampered away as we approached their feeding trysts by the brooksides. Pheasants and wild turkeys

fed in the foothills, and in mountain and jungle lurked big game animals, as was evidenced by numerous signs.

I was also impressed by the fact that our sportsmen are rarely if ever seen in this part of Mexico. Why this is so, I cannot say. One reason, possibly, is lack of information as to existing conditions, and many doubtless hesitate on the erroneous assumption that all Mexico is an unhealthful country, sweltering under a tropical sun, and infested with venomous insects and reptiles. In the month of November, 1907, my guide and I were lost in the snow in Mexico for two days, and during this period, and in fact during my stay in the mountains, the heat was not so assertive as to be noticeable.

Of snakes and insects there was none—not even a mosquito. The fact is, the average citizen of the United States knows less about Mexico than he does about Africa. I must admit that I had some exceedingly distorted notions of the Republic and its government before

I visited it, and a great many preconceived opinions to revise.

To the sportsman who can spare but a few weeks each year in which to seek relief in the wilderness, the ideal hunting ground has six prime characteristics. It must be first, well stocked with a variety of game; second, a secluded section shut out as far as possible from civilization and the haunts of other hunters; third, easily and quickly reached; fourth, possess impressive and varied scenery; fifth, have a climate suited to individual taste; sixth, not too expensive for guides, transportation, and incidentals. This refers to the general sportsman, and not to him who wishes to secure some particular species to add to his trophies. The latter, of course, will often be called upon to make sacrifices that the former would consider hardships.

It is necessary here to emphasize the fact that Mexico is a big country. We Americans have a way of looking upon it as a little patch tagged on to Texas. In reality it is much larger than Alaska and a quarter as large as the whole United States.

Few Animals Overlooked

It may be said that every species of game animal found on the North American continent anywhere south of the fiftieth parallel north, except moose, caribou, and elk, is found here. The silver-tip bear ranges all through the high Sierra Madres wherever there are good feeding grounds, and wherever there are grizzlies one may expect also the huge cinnamon bear, the grizzly's close neighbor. The common brown bear is not so numerous, but the black bear is quite plentiful. The white-faced bear is more rare, though it is sometimes found in the coast mountains. I could not learn that this species had ever been seen in the Sierra Madres.

The higher mountains at all elevations, and even the lower foothills, abound with whitetail deer. On the Pacific side they are numerous almost to the coast. I saw them just outside the city of Culiacan. They are very plentiful in Tepic Territory, and I can vouch from personal experience for the quality

of their venison. At many mountain cabins where I stopped they were household pets, where as fawns they had been found and raised by children.

The mule, burro, or blacktail inhabits portions of the States of Chihuahua, Coahuila and Sonora.

The American "Cats" Abound

The mountain lion lurks in all the high country, and along with him is sometimes found, but seldom killed, the American panther. All the American great cats, in fact, inhabit both the Pacific and Gulf coasts and the foothills. The small American leopard is very numerous all along the hot country coasts, and the Mexican jaguar, known locally by foreigners as the tiger, preys upon cattle and ranch animals to such a degree as to be very much of a nuisance.

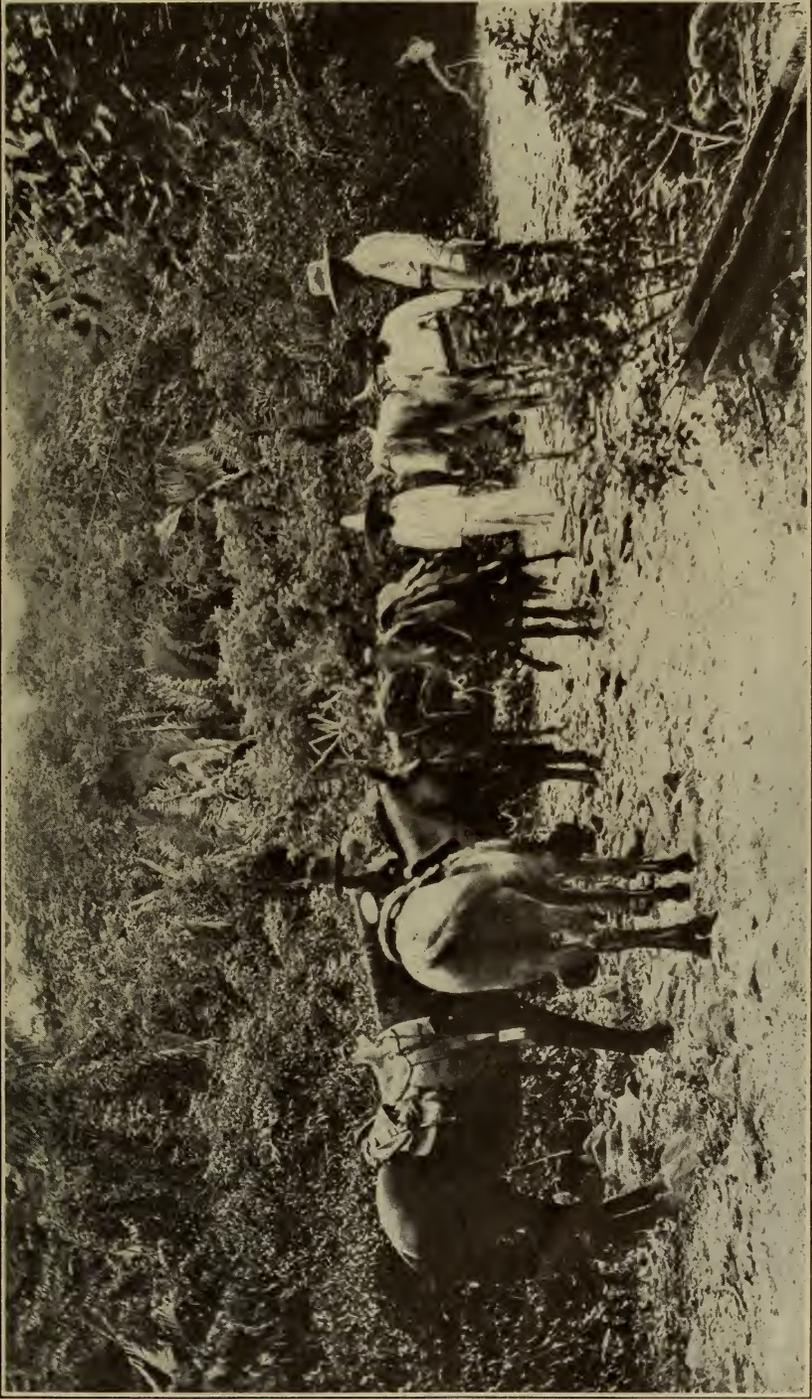
Riding one day on the Hacienda San Nicolas, in Tepic Territory, with Serapio, the head *mozo*, an Americanized Mexican, I remarked a mule without ears.

"How did the mule lose his ears, Serapio?" I asked.

"Th' tiger he getta th' ear," answered Serapio. "Sometime he getta th' mule, he getta th' calf, he getta th' pig. He very bad! He too many!"

There are some timber wolves, but they are not dangerous. The one animal that is really dangerous is the javalin, or Mexican wild boar. They run in large bands and will kill both man and horse. If one of them is wounded, the whole band will turn upon the hunter, and woe to him if he has not provided for escape or safety. The javalin is very numerous in some sections, but if not molested it is not likely to attack.

The noblest game bird of the world, the wild turkey, is plentiful throughout the Sierra Madres wherever its food is to be found, which is nearly everywhere, and grows to immense size. Grouse and pheasants inhabit the foothills in considerable abundance. The small valley quail, the fool quail, and the large mountain quail are common. I saw a few wild pigeons, and was told that at times there were a good many of them.



A HALT TO GET THEIR BEARINGS IN THE TROPICAL WILDERNESS OF THE LOWLANDS.

It was my good fortune, while at Mazatlan, to accompany Mr. J. Cadman, an American sportsman who was temporarily residing there, upon a half day's hunting trip for ducks and snipe. This was the 14th of January—mid-winter—with the delightful weather characteristic of the region at this season—clear and fine and not so warm as to make walking uncomfortable. On the outskirts of the town we engaged three native boys to act as retrievers, and a half hour's moderate walk brought us to the game ground. This was a wide, flat country, interspersed with marshes and small ponds, and an ideal feeding place, where wild rice, celery, and fine grass grow in abundance.

Birds Without End

Mr. Cadman had promised to show me the greatest variety and quantity of birds I had ever seen in an equal area. My expectations ran high, and I was not disappointed. Everywhere were ducks and ducks and ducks, curlew, snipe, and rails. I was armed with a camera, while Cadman carried a double-barreled shotgun. There was no attempt to shoot everything in sight as we sought variety of species, and no bird was fired upon until it took to the wing.

When game was brought down, our human retrievers stripped naked and recovered it, plunging into the ponds like well-trained dogs, save in three or four instances where alligators, they alleged, lay in waiting for such delicate morsels as Mexican youngsters.

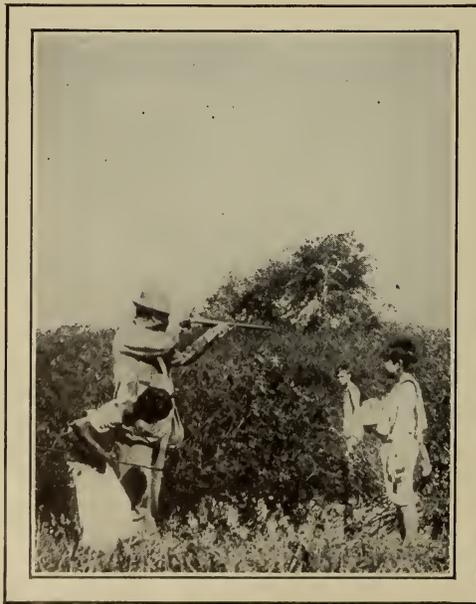
We were absent from the American consulate about three hours, and our bag totaled the following ducks: two bluebills, two spoonbills, two mallards, one green-winged teal, and one blue-winged teal. In addition to these we secured some jacksnipe, curlew, and Virginia rail. I mention this incident merely to show the sporting possibilities of the neighborhood.

Mr. Cadman informed me that in the course of his hunting expeditions over this ground he had found the following varieties of waterfowl and other game birds: green-wing teal, blue-wing teal, sprig, widgeon, red head, mallard, bluebell, gray curlew, black curlew, plover, sand snipe, three varieties of quail, pigeons in large numbers, and not far from Mazatlan wild turkeys and grouse. "I was much surprised," said he, "to find upon investigation several ideal spots for Wilson or jacksnipe, and to find the birds in large numbers."

It may be said that Mr. Cadman was at that time, and probably is to-day, the only sportsman hunting in this locality. Natives rarely hunt anywhere in Mexico. In the vicinity of Mexico City, however, I found them with batteries

of guns set up, slaughtering ducks by the thousands for market.

What I have said about game birds around Mazatlan applies to all the Pacific lowland coast. In the lagoons near Mexcaltatan, between San Blas and Mazatlan, I saw myriads of ducks and other waterfowl. Shots from our revolvers started numberless flocks of them. I was told that later in the season wild



TWO-LEGGED RETRIEVERS STAND BY UNTIL
THE GAME IS BROUGHT DOWN.

geese were very plentiful, but I saw none.

All of the rivers and creeks of southern Sinaloa and Tepic are well stocked with alligators. I was assured that there were crocodiles also in the Santiago Rio, but I saw none of these myself and cannot vouch for the statement.

I am advised that the new Southern Pacific Railroad extension, which is being run through western Mexico, is now

completed to Mazatlan, making this section readily available. Connection may be made with it at Benson, Arizona, via the Sonora Railroad.

At Tepehuanes, in the state of Durango, I was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Mr. Boone Barker, thorough sportsman and ex-United States soldier, now representing the National Railways of Mexico at that place. From him I obtained much valuable information. Barker is an enthusiastic hunter. He has lived in Mexico for many years, and his experience extends over a wide range of country, from the northwestern United States to middle-southern Mexico.

He has killed nearly every species of animal known in this vast territory. As adept in woodcraft and animal lore as an Indian, he never uses dogs or guides, but pits his own skill against that of the animal he hunts. Naturally our conversation turned to the subject of game, and the best localities in which to find the various species in Mexico.

"It is a mystery to me," said he, "why our people of the East do not occasionally come to the Sierra Madres, instead of going repeatedly, year after



PET DEER ARE ALMOST AS COMMON AS DOGS
IN THE MOUNTAINS.

year, to Canada or northwestern United States. But they rarely do. The fact is that this whole range of mountains, hundreds of miles in length, is practically never visited by hunters, in spite of the fact that it abounds in a great variety of game.

"Almost anywhere one can reach, within a few hours of the railroad, mountain fastnesses that have never been trod by man, where deer

abound and the hunter is pretty sure to get bear, and has a good chance at other big game, besides as many turkeys as he wants. He may pitch his tent at altitudes ranging from five to ten thousand feet in solitudes where none will disturb him, free from mosquitoes, flies, and all kinds of pests, with plenty of the purest, coldest water, an abundance of wood, and a perfect climate.

"There is temperature to suit any fancy. At eight or ten thousand feet the air is delightfully cool in August and September, while in October and November frost comes, and sometimes snow. October and November are the best hunting months, for then the game is in prime condition, turkeys well matured, and bear still abroad.

"Hardly a week passes," he continued, "that I do not go out with my rifle. My hunting in Mexico has been confined to the states of Nuevo Leon, Tamaulipas, Durango, Chihuahua, Coahuila, and Sonora. During the last fifteen years I have hunted over them almost constantly and can speak of my own certain knowledge about them. They are all of them filled with game, but I would

suggest for prospective hunters the country west of Durango City. Animals and men can be hired there, and outfits purchased, and ten to fifteen hours on mule back from Durango will take the hunters into a splendid country for a great variety of big game.

"I would like to see some of our sportsmen come down. They would come again. It would be not only a hunting trip, but afford them an opportunity to see some of the wildest and

occasions," said he, "to watch for a mountain lion to return for the carcass of a deer it had pulled down, but always failed."

Mr. Barker learned to hunt with our Western Indians, spending his youth and early manhood among them. His long and continued experience, coupled with the fact that throughout his life he has been a close student of the habits of animals and ways of the wilderness, makes of him an unusually expert



BOONE BARKER, EX-U. S. SOLDIER AND STATION AGENT, WHO KEEPS FRESH GAME ON HIS TABLE THE YEAR ROUND.

most picturesque country on the continent.

"It is inexpensive hunting in Mexico. There is no license to pay, and men and animals can be hired at almost any place at fifty cents gold for each per day. You may say that I shall be very glad to answer sportsmen's letters respecting the country, and advise them as to outfitting and hunting localities. I'm keen on the sport myself, and you know we're a sort of fraternity."*

The one trophy that Barker has failed to secure is the mountain lion. "I've sat for many hours at a stretch on different

hunter. If he cannot, therefore, get the mountain lion without dogs, no ordinary sportsman can hope to do so. For this reason I would suggest that those desiring to secure mountain lion or jaguar, or even to make a certainty of getting the larger bears, take dogs. In most cases these can be had, through the men employed, at a nominal cost.

Mr. Carl Davis Haskins, a well-known business man and sportsman of New York State, has made several very satisfactory hunting trips into the Sierra Madres west of the town of Casas Grande, Chihuahua, extending his expeditions across the state line into Sonora. His statements, like those of Mr. Barker,

*Those interested may address Mr. Boone Barker, Tepehuanes, Durango, Mexico.

may be relied upon absolutely, and I quote from a letter descriptive of this section:

"The mountains here range from seven to nine thousand feet, and are extremely broken and difficult; fairly well timbered, considering the region, and water is sufficiently plentiful, which is not the case on the table-land at the foot of the immediate mountains. . . . The game is very plentiful, from the food standpoint, especially deer. You

you have dogs. You see their tracks, however, in great numbers.

"The puma is also very common and the jaguar occurs, but not plentifully. I have, however, seen their tracks. There are three other cats, the Mexican spotted lynx, a little long-tailed tree cat, and a very small grass cat, none of which latter are you likely to see. However, I do not think they are rare.

"The Mexican fox is quite common, the raccoon is common, and turkeys are



THE LITTLE NAKED BOYS WILL BRAVE ANYTHING BUT ALLIGATORS IN BRINGING THE GAME TO THE HUNTER.

can shoot all the deer that you want or need at any time. They are not our deer, but the Arizona dwarf deer, the rarest of the American cervide. A good buck will not weigh more than about seventy-five or eighty pounds.

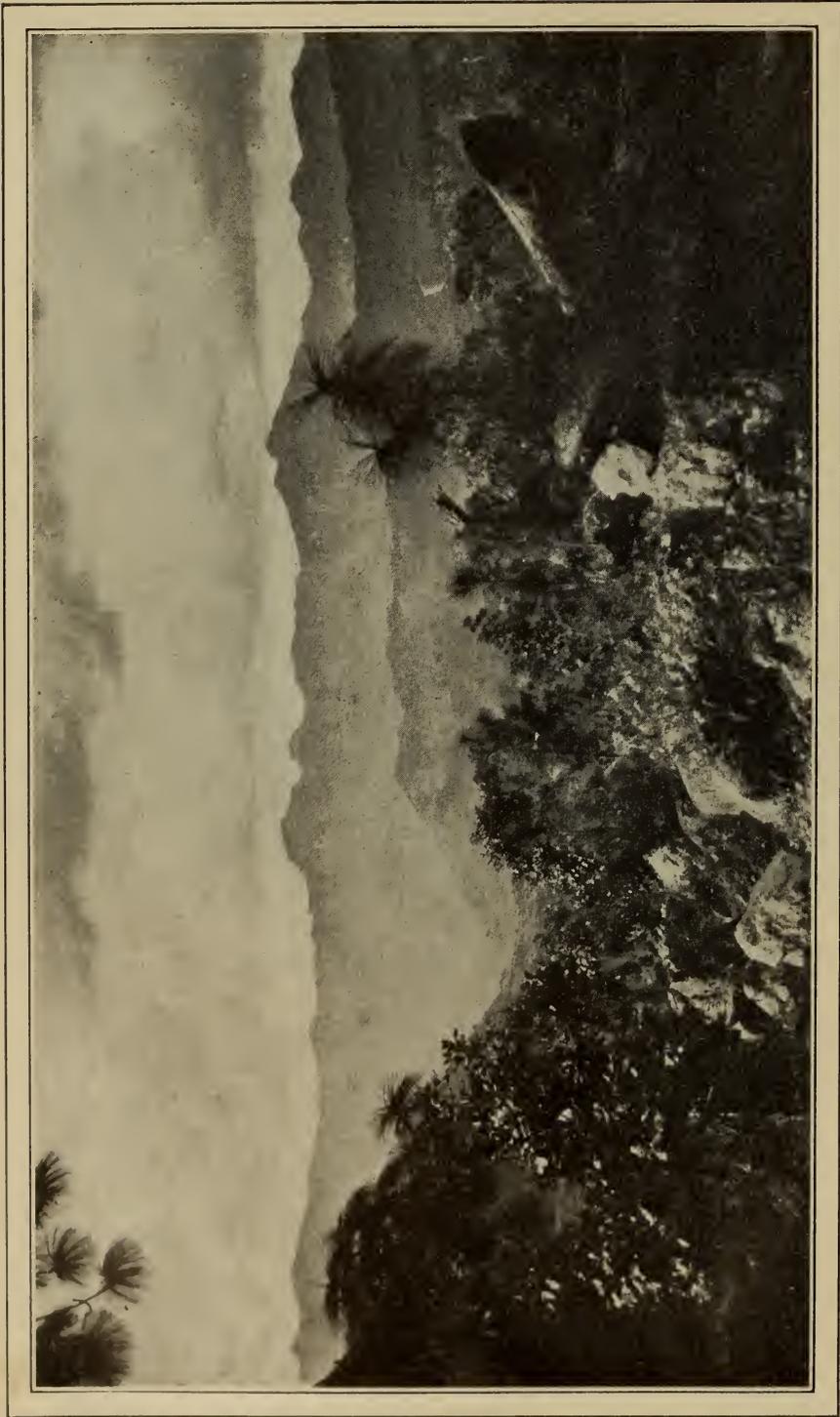
"The peccary or javalin is numerous, but you do not see them often. They run in large bands, and I think are the most dangerous of American game. If you see one you will see a great many, but I have never yet seen one, although I have found their tracks plentifully in many places.

"Bear, both silvertip and cinnamon, are reasonably plentiful, but except by accident are impossible to get at unless

plentiful. Two varieties of quail are plentiful, and a little south of where I was there are a considerable number of wild cattle which have probably existed in the wild state in these mountains for not less than one hundred years.

"This is about all, except for a very occasional timber wolf and an occasional prairie wolf strayed up into the timber. There are also otter in the streams and a few ducks. All the larger mountain streams have trout, but not plentifully."

Generally speaking, Mexico does not offer many good trout brooks. In the state of Durango there are one or two—one on the trail between Mazatlan and Durango City is said to contain a new



THE TRAIL OF THE HUNTER IN MEXICO LEADS THROUGH SOME OF THE WILDEST AND MOST PICTURESQUE COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.

species of trout. The sportsman cannot, however, hope for much in this direction. Of the many mountain streams that I crossed and visited I found trout in but one, and not many of them there. But along the coast there is excellent sport to be had with the rod. The sea waters swarm with fish.

What I have said I trust will be sufficient to give an insight into the character of Mexican hunting grounds and to serve in a general way as guide to some of the best and most available localities. It would be quite impossible to describe in detail the many attractive sections in the course of one brief article.

It would be difficult to imagine a country offering so many varieties of climate within a few miles' space as one may find in Mexico. Rising gently from the sea, a comparatively level strip of land, with an average breadth of about eighty miles, lies between the Pacific Ocean and the western wall of the Sierra Madres where the mountains rise in abrupt and awe-inspiring grandeur. Along the sea are the marshes and the lagoons, above is the jungle, quickly giving way to a less verdant growth. Everywhere are flowers, song birds, and brilliant-hued parrots and parakeets—a wonderful world of color, sweet perfumes, and unfamiliar things.

In this narrow strip it is naturally very warm during the summer months, which is also the rainy season, but as one approaches the Tropic of Cancer the temperature becomes more bearable. At Mazatlan and northward the nights are not oppressive from November to April. Throughout midwinter the days are delightful and balmy, and a blanket is needed on the bed at night. At Culiacan during eight months of the year one finds an almost ideal climate.

With the rise into the mountains a rapid and marked change takes place both in the flora and the temperature. Tropical plants and trees give way to those of the temperate zone, until finally the great primordial forest of pine is reached, stretching away in limitless boundaries over the peaks. Here, at varying altitudes of from six thousand to eleven thousand feet the atmosphere, laden with the scent of pine needles,

is transparent, cool, and invigorating. Crisp hoar frost crackles under one's feet on winter mornings, and now again snow falls to a depth of several inches. Mighty cañons, rushing streams, spray-enveloped cataracts whose floods fall into depths unknown, towering peaks, fantastic rock formations—scenery beyond compare—are characteristic but never grow commonplace.

Continuing over the mountains to the eastward, one reaches the elevated plateau with its wide stretches of arid and semi-arid land, but with a temperate and all but perfect climate.

Tropics to Arctic in a Few Hours

All this variety may be experienced within a week on mule back. Indeed, a few hours will carry one from one extreme to the other. My journey from Culiacan carried me through all the changes, and over some of the wildest and most picturesque country in the world. Normally this is a five days' trip, but in November I encountered snow in the higher altitudes, my guide lost the trail in the forest, and I was somewhat delayed.

The best season for Northern sportsmen to visit the country is early autumn and winter—any time after September 15th for the high altitudes and after November 1st in the low country. Such a visit would be a revelation to wilderness lovers and would be worth considerable sacrifice.

Sonora is the only state in the republic that restricts the importation of firearms. These restrictions were established during the Yaqui insurrection, to prevent the Indians securing weapons. Other states permit sportsmen to bring in one rifle and one hundred rounds of ammunition free of duty, and no question is raised as to revolvers. In fact, it is the fashion, outside of the towns in all remote districts, for the traveler to wear a belt of cartridges and a gun, or it was wherever I traveled.

There are no game laws, and no restrictions of any sort are laid upon either season or kind of game killed. I say this in the belief that no sportsman will overstep the unwritten law of limit

which prohibits the killing of does, mother birds in the brooding season, or a greater number of any animals than can be utilized without waste. The true gentleman of the wilderness will need no warning, but should there still be living one of the "game hog" class, I would say a word for his benefit.

The old saying "murder will out" applies to-day to the remotest wilderness, and excessive slaughter of game will surely be found out and the trespasser as surely punished by the contempt of sportsmen and exclusion from association with them. Some time ago an American resident of Durango City went into the mountains camping, with a party consisting of his family and a lady visitor, and in one day slaughtered sixteen deer. He was so proud of his achievement that he wrote of it to the editor of one of our New York sporting monthlies. The editor published the letter and appended some caustic remarks.

When the American read these remarks he saw himself in a new light

and wrote another letter to the magazine in which he explained that there were eight in his party, and the sixteen deer represented the hunt of the whole party. I talked with the lady guest and she assured me that the eight members of the party consisted of the American, his wife, and three small children, herself (the guest), and two *mozos*. The American killed the sixteen deer himself, and only parts of two of the animals were utilized, the remainder going to feed the vultures.

Travel is as safe in Mexico to-day as in the United States. There is no longer danger from brigands. They have been stamped out very effectually by the Government. Foreigners are welcomed and visitors are treated with courtesy and consideration.

Pitch your camp in the primeval solitudes of this almost unknown and unexplored wilderness where air is pure and sweet, brooks run clear and cold, and game abounds, and you will find your ideal hunting ground.

OFF DUTY

BY DAVID H. MOREHEAD

I HAVE bowed in the temple of Mammon
 And bent to the toilers' yoke,
 Where the price of life is unceasing strife
 In the city's grime and smoke.

I have weakened not, nor faltered,
 But kept my place in the line
 Of the hosts that fight, from morn till night,
 For the Holy Dollar Sign.

But I've put it all behind me,
 For a fortnight I am free,
 And my feet are led where the green hills spread
 And the sands of the dancing sea.

To search out the paths of the forest,
 To battle with wind and flood,
 To be for a span the Primal Man,
 With the fire of life in my blood.



HERE THE ENVIRONMENT PROTECTS THE WILD TURKEYS.

TURKEY TRACKS IN THE BIG CYPRESS

BY A. W. DIMOCK

Photographs by Julian A. Dimock



WHEN the creatures of the wild were named, the wild turkey should have been christened Wise Turkey. The big bird is by nature sociable and if, at times, he seems distrustful of human beings, it is because he is quick to recognize a hostile purpose.

The Indian hunter compared his perception with that of the wary deer, to the advantage of the bird.

"Deer look up, see Injun, say: 'Maybe Injun, maybe stump'; turkey look up, see Injun, say: 'Maybe Injun,' then run away quick."

When, in the wilderness, I fired a

gun which I had loaded for turkey, every chick of the family within a mile took to the tall timber. When, in that same wilderness, three years of observation had shown them that the gun was fixed for crows, the wild turkeys paid no attention to its discharge, even when it was fired within twenty feet of a brood of them, or when a dying crow fell beside them.

In many states where these birds once flourished, they may now be classed with the dodo. The one place, within my observation, where their number has decreased but little, in the last two decades, is the country of the Big Cypress Swamp in Florida. Here their environment protects them. In the dry season

the turkeys scatter over the open prairies where they are not easily approached. When these are covered with water that rises to the hunter's knees, above fathomless mud in which he might disappear entirely, they gather in the thick woods of the hummocks.

On one of these almost unapproachable oases is a recently established grapefruit plantation. The owner of these three hundred acres has forbidden the killing of turkeys on his grounds. The

lonesome-proof or constitutional wanderers. One day, as I rested on a log, watching a flock of turkeys which was strolling fearlessly about a lot of laborers, the boss of the gang, a weazened old man with an unfamiliar face, sat down beside me. We talked of the plantation, its history and its prospects, its work and its workmen, and then, as a bunch of turkeys came near us I remarked: "It would be wicked to kill wild birds that are as friendly as those."



AT FIRST THEY TURNED INQUIRING EYES UPON THE CAMERA WHEN THE SHUTTER CLICKED.

Indians, who often visit his place, scrupulously respect the prohibition; white hunters don't poach on the domain, because of its inaccessibility and the certainty of detection; while the negroes, who work in that isolated field, prefer not to incur the twenty-five dollar penalty, the sure enforcement of which means involuntary servitude for an indefinite period.

The plantation is a sanctuary for negroes to whom its seclusion is advantageous while its white employees are either

"Most as bad as shootin' turkeys from their roost at Skeleton Creek?" he asked.

I nearly fell off the log. A full generation had passed since I had hunted and camped with this man on the Indian-infested, buffalo-covered prairies of the Indian Territory. He had reminded me of a day when I had vainly tried to stalk some wild turkeys on the prairie and of a night when he had led me under the trees where the turkeys roosted and in sheer desperation and weariness of

spirit I had shot a few out of a tree that was filled with them.

On the plantation, groups of young gobblers and hen turkeys with their broods walk freely and fearlessly among the workmen and they have often come within reach of my hand as, in the shade of a water oak, I sat idly on a stump. Yet they kept wary eyes upon the suspicious character who neither slung an ax nor grubbed with a mattock, and were more distrustful of a slight motion

suspend his pursuit for the day. Sometimes, when the turkeys seemed especially sociable, I sought to secure their confidence by scattering handfuls of grain among them, but they feared the gift-bearing Greek, and I only succeeded in implanting distrust, by actions which their inherited experience had taught them were of evil portent. Although the Camera-man spent much time trying to photograph turkeys on the wing, he couldn't run fast enough to make them



IN THE DRY SEASON THE TURKEYS SCATTER OVER THE OPEN PRAIRIE, WHERE THEY ARE NOT EASILY APPROACHED.

of my hand than of a shovelful of soil thrown beside them by a laborer. They responded promptly to the call of a tree felled by the workmen, to seek the insect life to be found in its upper branches.

Though, at first, the turkeys turned inquiring eyes upon the camera when the shutter clicked, it soon ceased to interest them, but when they observed that the unobtrusive steps of the Camera-man happened always to follow their own, they became suspicious and he had to

fly. They always managed to keep ahead of him until they could plunge into the dank recesses of a cypress swamp which ended the chase.

Work on the plantation began but a few years ago and even now it is only partially cleared, yet generations of wild turkeys have known it as a sanctuary and within its boundaries exhibit changed natures. I hobnobbed one morning with a hen turkey and her brood and later saw them wander out on the prairie away from the plantation. On the fol-



"IT WOULD BE WICKED TO KILL BIRDS THAT ARE AS FRIENDLY AS THESE," I REMARKED.

lowing day I saw them again, several miles from their hummock homestead and was able to identify them with reasonable certainty. But their natures had reverted to type and they were typical wild turkeys, not to be approached within gunshot.

When conditions of food and dryness on the prairie invited the turkeys, they left the plantation, group by group, and brood by brood, until it was almost barren of turkey life, but the first storm that flooded the prairies drove them home again, singly and in flocks. On the prairies they were wary as the wildest of their species. In the plantation they became tame as barn-yard fowl. Sometimes a hen of the hummock hatched a brood elsewhere and brought her half-grown chicks to the old home, where it took her long days to educate them out of their wildness. Occasionally strange wild turkeys followed a home-coming flock and made their first visit to the plantation when fully grown. Day by day their distrust grew less and in a few weeks the immigrants couldn't

be distinguished from the well-behaved native born.

The tourist-sportsman seldom penetrates the haunts of the wild turkey in the Big Cypress country. The habitat of these birds is surrounded by moats, sentineled and guarded by fierce warders. The eye of the hunter as he walks should be keen to distinguish the ugly, coiled cottonmouth from the mud of the trail which it closely resembles. His feet must be nimble to avoid the only less dangerous little speckled-bellied moccasins that swarm in his path, and his ear quick to catch the locust-like warnings of deadly rattlesnakes that lurk in the grass. Even the few dwellers on the borders of the Big Cypress have a wholesome dread of these reptiles, which is highly protective of the game of the country.

Most of the turkeys that are killed here are shot by alligator hunters for food. The vocation of these men carries them into the very home of the reptiles and accustoms them to ignore a danger which they yet never belittle.



THEY RESPONDED PROMPTLY TO THE CALL OF A TREE FELLED BY THE WORKMEN.

Sometimes a hunter drags a torch of palmetto fans across the wind, through the grass of a prairie until it is swept by a wall of roaring flame, half a mile in width. Turkeys are unharmed; deer are even attracted by the ashes; but snakes perish by the thousand in the flames. A guide of my own was bitten by a rattlesnake while we were hunting for turkeys in the Big Cypress and although my companion, who was beside him, at once sucked the venom from the wound, the victim came near passing over the divide and it was weeks before he recovered.

The born hunter, who walks without stepping on anything, passes through thickets without touching a bush, and spots every leaf that stirs within a hundred yards, can usually pick up a turkey for supper within an hour's walk in the woods or on the prairie. It takes the sportsman longer. In former years I hunted them and have spent days vainly approaching birds that played hide and seek with me, but always kept just out of range. When I sought them by moonlight in their roosts I got them, but

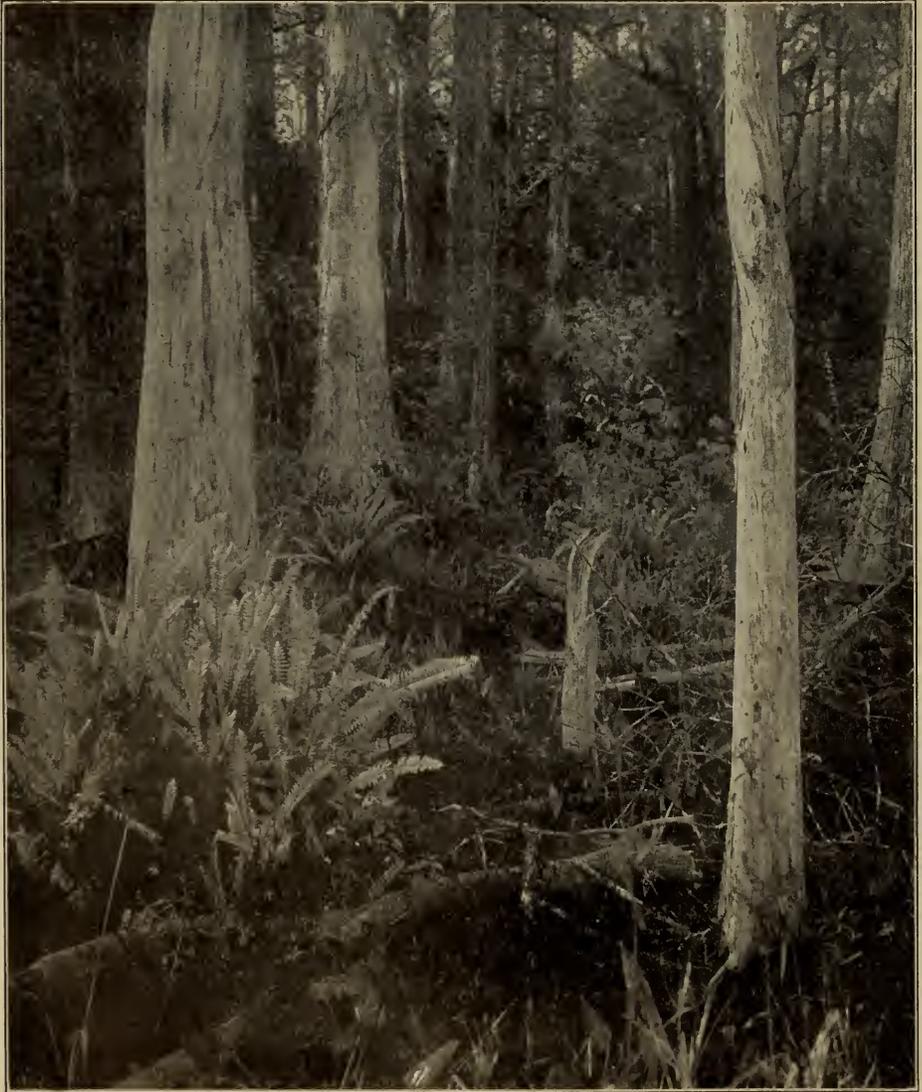
when I played fair they outwitted me. On the few occasions when I have successfully stalked a wild turkey there has usually been reason to suspect that the bird I bagged was not the bird I was pursuing.

One morning while in camp in the Royal Palm Hummock I heard the gobbling of a turkey which I could definitely locate in a dense thicket about three hundred yards distant. Leaving the camp, with my rifle, I told my companion that I would bring home that turkey for dinner. I then spent an hour in stealthily approaching the place from which came, every few minutes, the gobbling of the creature which I couldn't see. Before I reached the thicket the sound had ceased, but, later, was renewed from a clump of trees a quarter of a mile beyond. Again I skulked and crept until I reached the clump from which the gobbling had seemed to come, when I saw the turkey enter a mangrove swamp several hundred yards from me.

It was quite useless to go farther, but the Spirit of the Chase obsessed me and

I plunged into the tangle of mangrove, from which I emerged some hours later mud-bedraggled and worn out, body and spirit. I leaned, disheartened, against

I did not dare to breathe until he turned away from me and lowered his head. Then I cautiously laid my hand on the rifle beside me and slowly turn-



THE HABITAT OF THESE BIRDS IS SURROUNDED BY MOATS, SENTINELED AND GUARDED BY FIERCE WARDERS.

a fallen tree. For half an hour I rested for the coming interminable tramp back to camp and the humiliating arrival, empty-handed, when suddenly my turkey, or another, loomed up before my eyes. He was within twenty-five yards and looked bigger than an ostrich.

ing it drew a bead on the middle of the big body of the turkey. Of course at that short range I ought to have shot off his head, but I might have missed and had to carry to camp an excuse instead of a turkey, while a shot through the body could be accounted for by the



A HUNTER DRAGS A TORCH OF PALMETTO FANS . . . UNTIL THE PRAIRIE IS SWEEP BY A WALL OF ROARING FLAMES . . . TURKEYS ARE UNHARMED . . . BUT SNAKES PERISH BY THE THOUSAND.

substitution of rods for yards in the story at the camp-fire. Thirst and fatigue were forgotten as I picked up the big bird and prepared to return to the camp. It then occurred to me that I didn't know where the camp was. I was troubled until I thought of the royal palms beside it, which lifted their splendid heads to twice the height of the surrounding forest. The towering tops of these grand old trees were never more pleasing to me than when I caught sight of them from a tree which I then climbed.

As I neared the camp I heard signal shots from my companion, to which I replied, finding him, on my arrival, much perturbed because of my long absence, coupled with his knowledge of how easy it was to get lost in a Florida swamp and how unpleasant after it had happened. That experience has come twice to me and in both instances I was led astray by wild turkeys. I think that if a balance could be struck it would be found that turkeys have had quite as much fun with me as I have had with them. But at least they have taught me

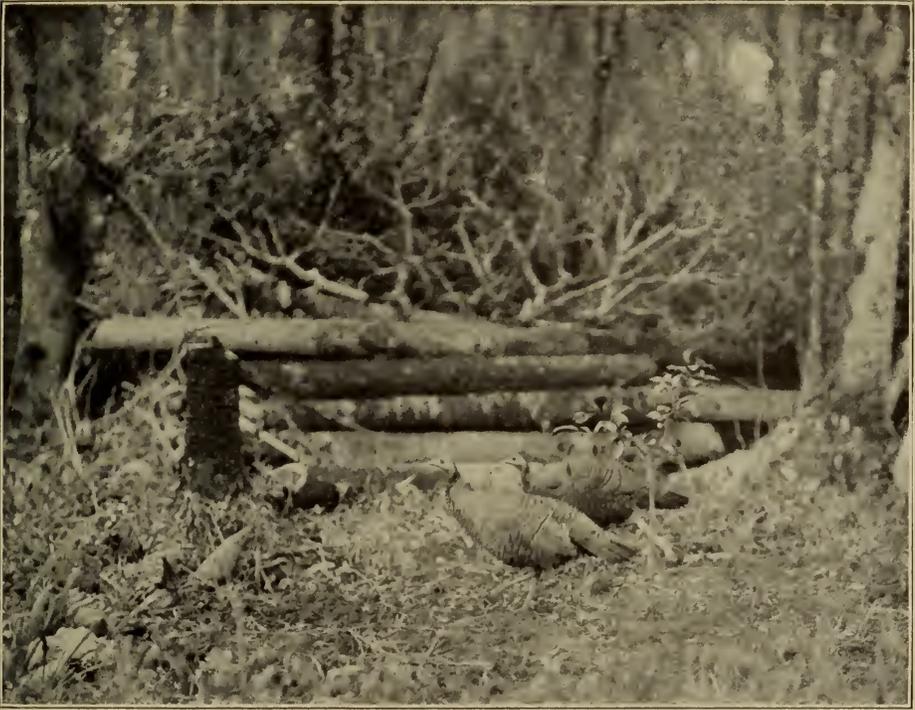
that the best way for the ordinary sportsmen to get wild turkeys is to let them hunt him.

Of course the place in which he hides must be chosen with judgment. The edge of a prairie, a clump of trees, and just before sunset make a good combination. I have often had good luck while sitting quietly in a skiff as it drifted down some little stream in a turkey region. Chance counts for a lot. I once cruised with a certain well-known naturalist whose constantly recurring, unearned good luck was of sinister significance. When he went fishing, because he was too lazy to hunt deer with me, I tramped all day and got nothing while he brought back a buck which swam out to his skiff and was caught with a landing net.

On another occasion, when we were out in a swamp hunting for turkeys, he became tired and stopped to rest and write under a wide-spreading live oak for the rest of the day while I continued to hunt. When I came back with a tale of several turkeys seen, but none bagged, my friend was still writing, and a fat



THE CAMERA SOON CEASED TO INTEREST THEM.



WHEN THEY OBSERVED THAT THE STEPS OF THE CAMERA-MAN HAPPENED ALWAYS TO FOLLOW THEIR OWN THEY BECAME SUSPICIOUS.

gobbler hung to a branch of the tree beside him. It was doubtless one of the turkeys I had frightened which lit in the tree just over my friend and waited for him to lay aside his work, wipe his pen, and pick up his gun. The naturalist then resumed his writing and was in his usual philosophical frame of mind, when I returned covered with mud and full of cactus thorns.

There is a serious side to this subject, quite worthy of consideration. It would be a misfortune for this grand creature, perhaps the bird most closely associated with the progress of our race on this continent, to become extinct. Yet this has already happened in most of the States of the Union. If we are to continue to treat the turkey simply as a game bird, to be protected only that it may be killed for sport, the finish of both turkey and fun is in sight.

Year by year, more of our people hunt with cameras and fewer with guns. Turkeys shot with a camera remain to fill the forests with interest, enliven the

landscape, and perpetuate subjects of study and enjoyment for generations to come. There is yet time to save this beautiful bird to the people of this country.

The one and only way to accomplish this is to back up wise laws by an active public sentiment. And this work should begin right in the big cities. It is the city sportsman who carries the automatic weapon and works it to the limit, often regardless of local law and local sentiment. The dweller on the border of the wilderness, while often indifferent to the letter of the statute is apt to live up to the law as his community construes it.

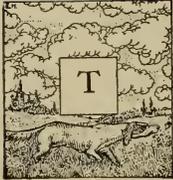
I once asked a Florida hunter if game laws were ever kept in the Big Cypress.

"We boys keep 'em," he replied, "better 'n the fellows we guide. I never shoot game for fun, and I don't kill any deer or turkey when the law's on, unless I'm workin' in the woods and get hungry. If the sheriff wants to stop that he'll have to come and live with me."

GAME BIRDS AT CLOSE RANGE

BY HERBERT K. JOB

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author



THE average gunner does not really become intimate with the objects of his pursuit—unless, forsooth, eating them creates an intimate relation! Even should he become quite familiar with their haunts, their actions when pursued or “pointed,” their ways of trying to escape, he does not really know them much better than soldiers know their enemy by experience with them on the field of battle.

If the sportsman would become acquainted with the wild game, he must be more than a mere gunner. He must have the instincts and spirit of the naturalist and enjoy the study of the denizens of the wild for their own sakes, in

all the varied aspects of their lives and at all seasons, and not simply as creatures to be killed. They will afford him more satisfaction than ever before, especially if he lays aside the gun for the camera, that best form of modern sportsmanship.

The camera is a great eye opener. From my own experience I can give fair warning that when one undertakes this form of hunting in earnest, he introduces an element which is liable to play havoc with past ideals and conceptions. But even should it spoil one as a gunner, as it has spoiled me, that is small matter, if one finds a far more interesting and enjoyable sport.

One boon that “the new hunting” brings is the abolition of “closed” seasons; all the year is “open” for the



HOW MRS. BOB WHITE SKULKS AWAY FROM HER GRASSY NEST.



IDEAL RUFFED GROUSE COUNTRY IN THE WOODLANDS OF CONNECTICUT.



EVEN THE SHY SHARP-TAILED PRAIRIE GROUSE OF SASKATCHEWAN CAN BE PHOTOGRAPHED "AT HOME."

camera. If one still wishes to use the gun at times and in proper season, he can also hunt with the camera at other times or at all times. Spring, summer, fall, winter—all are there for your use—each with its appropriate offering of game. Spring is the best season for acquaintance with the game birds in their domestic life. In the fall the wild fowl and bay-birds, flocking in the open, afford fine opportunities, but the great upland game birds, "the big four"—ruffed grouse, bob white, woodcock, and Wilson's snipe, can best be studied and photographed in the nesting season.

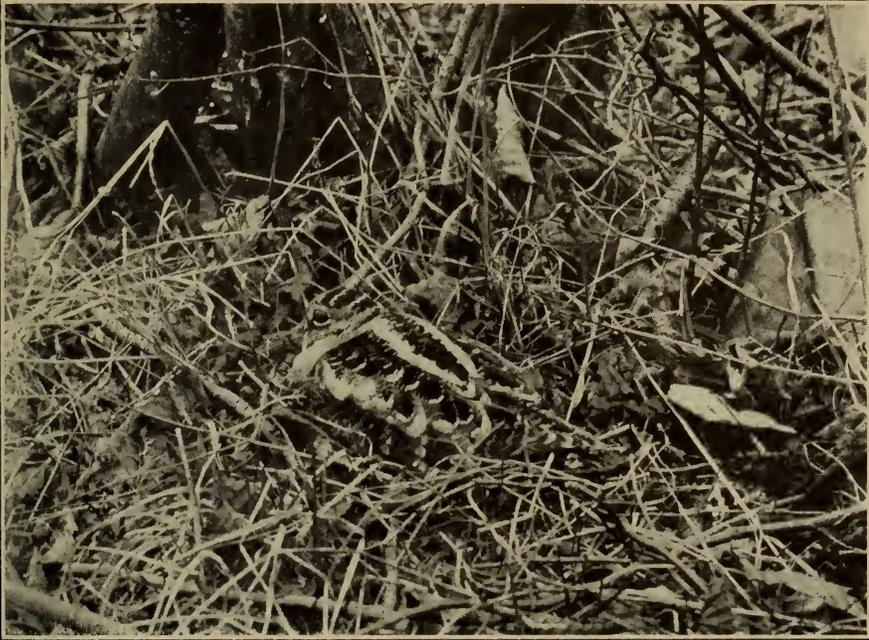
The ruffed grouse seems to me the hardest subject of them all, and it was the last of the four which I succeeded in photographing. The "drumming" which begins in April sounds like a challenge to come and try, but it has not yet been my good fortune to get a snapshot of the old rooster in that act. I have found their nests, though, and quite a number of them.

Never shall I forget the first. I was struggling through a cedar swamp, im-

peded by the profusion of debris and undergrowth, and came presently to a large, decayed tree trunk lying prostrate. As I was climbing over it, something happened. From the other side off went a big bird with a tremendous racket, almost in my face, and disappeared like a flash. Beside the log was a depression lined with dead leaves and feathers, and in it was a pile of buff-colored eggs, about a dozen in number.

Another day, while passing through a grove of tall white pines, one of those nice tracts with a carpet of fragrant pine needles clear of undergrowth, I was surprised by a grouse flushing near me right from the open ground at the base of a pine; there I found a nest and eggs, without any concealment other than the "protective coloration" of the brooding bird. There was another similar grove closely adjoining this one, and a few minutes later, as I passed through it, I started another grouse from her nest in a similar location.

Two ruffed-grouse nests in a day is unusual luck, but I know of a survey-



THE WOODCOCK IS HARD TO SEE, BUT EASY TO PHOTOGRAPH WHEN ONCE HE HAS BEEN LOCATED.

ing party which also found two in a morning's jaunt in ordinary second-growth woodland, only a few gunshots apart. It happened at that time that I was hot-foot on the trail of the grouse for photographs, and had tramped the woods that season many a mile to no purpose. A member of the surveying party—it was their Indian guide—took pity on me, and conducted me to the nests, three miles from the road, in a notch between two mountains.

One nest had been broken up by some snake or animal, but the other was intact and the bird was on. She was a shy beauty, a skulker, whose habit it was to sneak off on foot when she saw me coming. The nest was at the base of a clump of chestnut sprouts, and on the dark side at that. Not being able to creep up on the bird, I set the camera on the tripod concealed in a bush nearby, to make exposures by a thread from a distance.

A merry chase she gave me for the next three days. She would stay off for a long time, and when I did manage

to get a few exposures, they were hopelessly under timed. Finally I left the camera out overnight, protected by a rubber cloth, taking chances on some animal tripping on the strong thread and breaking the instrument. All went well though, and I caught her early in the morning, when the light was more on the nest.

Those hours and days in hiding near that nest gave me the best chances I ever had to become acquainted with the ruffed grouse. I watched the shy bird walk through the woods, return to her nest, sit on her eggs, and leave them again. I also had an introduction to her husband. Sometimes he was like a turkey gobbler, bristled up, seeming nearly as big as a bushel basket. He was a pompous fellow, and his wife seemed almost as much afraid of him as she was of me.

His courting was very impetuous. He would rush for her suddenly when she was on the nest, and off she would go like a bomb, making me wonder that the eggs were not all broken. Foiled,

but not cast down, he would stand beside the nest, his tail and his black ruff erected and fully spread, every feather sticking straight out. He was a beauty, and I might have had his picture if I had not been so ambitious and set the camera so near that the image of the nest alone nearly filled the plate. He stood so for a full minute, then sauntered off, and soon after he disappeared his wife came sneaking back home, apparently hoping he would not hear her.

venture from the other side of the rocks before I peered over to see if she was there.

Our little friend Bob White is somewhat easier to cultivate acquaintance with. In severe winter weather the covey make themselves at home around the farm buildings and often accept the hospitality of food provided for them, even in the barnyard. When spring comes, who does not enjoy hearing the male whistle from the fence or wall?



THE WOODCOCK DOES NOT OBJECT TO A CAMERA, EVEN WHEN HE IS OUT FOR A PROMENADE.

The old saying that it never rains but it pours was illustrated in about a week, when a young friend showed me another nest. This one was under a fallen tree, back from the top of a steep ledge of rocks in a nice grove of white birches, a favorite place for the grouse. This bird was shy, too, but instead of sneaking away on foot, she would fairly explode from her nest on the wing the instant I showed the top of my head above the ledge. I fooled her by hiding the camera amid the débris of fallen branches and pulling the thread at a

It is a pretty sight to watch them through the glass. The nest is hidden away in the grass, among weeds or débris in the field or pasture, often near the fence.

Both sexes incubate, but the female does most of this work. Though usually they do not leave the nest till closely approached, photographing them on or at the nest is an uncertain matter, as some individuals are afraid of the camera, while others at times are very bold. I have been able even to stroke a female on the nest, and then, by poking

her gently, induce her to leave the nest without flushing and snap her with the camera as she stood or crouched in the grass.

At one time I made zealous effort to photograph a bevy of quail in action, in hunting season, flushing before the dogs. I went out with gunners, and when the dogs made a close point, indicating pretty accurately where the birds were, I would aim the camera, shutter set for one one-thousandth of a second, get

birds in "gaminess" if not in size, is of perennial interest. Last July I frequently met some near home, in the suburbs of New Haven, Conn. I know of two places where there is a family party. One is a boggy part of a pasture, overgrown with rather low alder bushes, and they are faithful to it, though the family scatters out to feed.

As I walk around, I have on several occasions had a bird suddenly flush literally from under my foot, just as I was



RUFFED GROUSE THAT COULD BE "TAKEN" ONLY BY LEAVING THE CAMERA ON GUARD ALL NIGHT.

some one to toss a stone into the brush, and snap the instant the birds flushed, even sometimes trying to anticipate their irruption.

Despite all my pains, I never caught a single bird on the plate. They were too hopelessly fast for me, though not for the gunners; who, had they known how my pictures would turn out, might have poked fun at my "hunting." I still think the trick can be done, and I may do it yet, with practice.

The woodcock, that curious woodland snipe, recognized as the greatest of game

about to plant that member on the bird's back. It seemed unwilling to fly till it became certain that not to move was to be crushed. As it would alight in the same limited tract, it was usually only a question of time until I was again stepping on it or another of the brood. It seemed as though those woodcock had acquired the habit of getting in my way.

The other family I discovered in a narrow belt of woods, bordering a pond, a hay field, and a swampy tract of high bushes. The first I knew of their pres-



EVEN THE WILY CANVASBACKS OF SASKATCHEWAN WAITED UNTIL THE "HUNTER" CAME WITHIN CAMERA-RANGE.

ence all five of them began flushing close around me, one or two at a time. They flew very slowly and feebly, as though in deep moult, and alighted close by.

One seemed hardly able to sustain itself, and dropped in the tall grass just outside the timber. I ran to see if I could not catch it, for the fun of the thing. Again it flushed and went feebly just over the tops of the grass, I in hot pursuit. I could almost keep up with it, but it flew over a knoll and dropped

blend with her surroundings. For instance, a man whom I know had occasion to leap across a brook in a swamp and almost landed on top of a woodcock sitting on eggs. If he had not done just that, he never in the world would have discovered her.

But for all the difficulty, it is exhilarating exercise, to say the least, to locate a pair of woodcock in early spring, and in April to try to spy out the nest. Even when I was told on one occasion



WHEN THE PINTAIL LEAVES HER NEST, SHE DOES IT WITHOUT HESITATION.

in the grass before I could get up far enough to see where it went.

Returning to the woods, I flushed the others again. Laboriously enough, but true to custom, they rose almost straight up to the tops of the trees and made off into the swamp. Such experiences illustrate the barbarity of summer woodcock shooting, now, fortunately, largely a thing of the past.

The nest of the woodcock is harder to find than either of the preceding. Indeed it is usually by mere accident that a nest is discovered, so closely does the bird sit and so wonderfully does she

blend with her surroundings. For instance, a man whom I know had occasion to leap across a brook in a swamp and almost landed on top of a woodcock sitting on eggs. If he had not done just that, he never in the world would have discovered her.

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A YOUNG PINTAIL DUCK ENJOYING A SIESTA AMONG THE REEDS.

But, once flushed, she was very shy about returning.

Several times I have kept woodcock in captivity and found that they make docile and interesting pets. They bore for worms placed in a pan of earth, and sometimes will even take them from the hand. As for their appetite, it is something prodigious. I have elsewhere written, the substance of which I may venture to repeat, that one of these pets whose food I weighed, and which weighed six ounces itself, was accustomed daily to stow away from eight to twelve ounces of earthworms, averaging about ten. It is as though a man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds should eat upwards of three hundred pounds of beef per day!

The Wilson's snipe, often known as English or jacksnipe, is inaccessible in the nesting time to the majority, as it migrates well to the North. Yet, inasmuch as it frequents the open meadows where the light is good, I think it could be photographed in flight. On a warm, bright day when they lie close and with a good steady dog, I am sure that some

very pretty photographic operations could be performed on them with a reflecting camera fitted with a large lens. I have not yet attempted this, but I may yet get around to it.

I was much interested in the snipes' ways on their nesting grounds, in the Magdalen Islands, Gulf of St. Lawrence. They do not seem like our familiar bird at all. While their partners incubate in the grass of the sloughs, the males fly about with great velocity in wide circles, making a humming sound with the wings like that of the golden-eye duck. When an intruder approaches the nest, one or both birds add to this humming a vocal scolding which reminds one a little of the "cac-cac-cac" of the sharp-shinned hawk about the nest. It seems strange to see a snipe perched on top of a tree or bush scolding away most vociferously.

The nest is almost impossible to find while they are thus engaged. We succeeded by hiding and watching where the female alighted. This was within a few rods of the nest, to which she went on foot. After a proper wait it was no

great task to beat around and flush her from the four pointed, heavily mottled eggs in a simple little cup-shaped affair in a clump of grass. The bird returned readily, despite the camera which was decked over with bushes, and I secured a series of good pictures. Sometimes she eyed the camera askance, and again she was perfectly natural.

Probably every sportsman has his favorite among the wild game; some even become specialists in one kind. For myself, though I receive intense delight from them all, there is a peculiar thrill, unlike any other, imparted to me by the wild ducks. And among the numerous varieties of duck-caused thrills there is none equal to the sort inspired by the ducks on their breeding grounds of the North. Among the really blissful experiences of a very happy life, I rank high the days of wading in the far-distant sloughs of Saskatchewan, flushing the far-famed canvasbacks from their wicker-basket nests built out over the water in the clump of reeds or rushes, or the excitement of landing on islets in those lonely lakes and seeing ducks of

many sorts spring from their nests in the grass at almost every step.

I am reminded of the enthusiastic account given me by a settler up in the Turtle Mountain country of North Dakota about a resort of wild ducks to which he was directing me. "Why," said he, "they are so thick there they positively stink!" Nor was this a very gross exaggeration.

Anyhow, it is a wonderful experience to be in a place where the ducks are everywhere, flying about, swimming among the rushes or in small pools, sometimes with broods of young, their eggs everywhere in the grass. The wild fowl are so tame there that one would think that they were surely domesticated, and it is possible to sit or stroll about and study them intimately, learning more of the real life of wildfowl and seeing more rare varieties in a day than one would ordinarily have sight of in years.

June is the month for this, when the drakes are resplendent in their beautiful spring plumage. The penciled canvasbacks fairly scintillate in the sun-



TWO KINDS OF TEAL IN THE SAME SASKATCHEWAN POOL.—CINNAMON ON LEFT, BLUE-WINGED ON RIGHT.

shine of that clear, bracing, prairie atmosphere; little male ruddy duck is a comical sight with his stiff tail stuck straight up, his back so red, his bill so very blue; the green of the mallard drake's head is unsurpassed; the pintail is dainty with his slender neck, long spike of a tail, and dainty plumage; the shoveler is fairly gorgeous; the blue-winged teal in full dress is a little gem, and so on with all the rest. To see them I have traveled thousands of miles, and found the nests of just twenty different species of ducks, and it was well worth while.

Even where ducks are so numerous, it is surprising how difficult it is to get intimate pictures of them, for they are exceedingly shy about returning to their nests when anyone is about. A duck, too, swimming at twenty-five yards is near for the gunner, but far for the photographer. One must spend days in blinds and plan devices to fool the ducks, and I have never found time for this on my expeditions.

But there was one method of getting photographs which I found quite effective. That was to mark numerous nests

by tying on the grass or bush above them a piece of paper or cotton. Next day I would walk up quietly, with my reflex camera focused on the spot as I advanced. When I came within a few feet the duck would spring from her eggs and I would snap as quickly as possible. It requires deftness with the instrument, but I secured a series of quite successful pictures.

Later in the summer when the lakes and sloughs are full of young birds there are great opportunities for pictures, and when the fall flight is on, where ducks are at all numerous, great camera sport is possible by the use of blinds and decoys, and by studying new deceptions for the wary fowl.

The ducks on their northern breeding grounds, when fear is absent, really have much the same habits as they do when raised in preserves. It would be well if all our fine native species could be bred in partial confinement, and, with good and uniform protective laws in all the States, a National Game Commission could restock our depleted waters with those graceful and valuable fowl as easily as they have with fish.

KING OF THE ALLAGASH

BY GEORGE A. CLEVELAND



MOUNTED on a massive shield and hanging high on the wall of a busy room in a large city, is a magnificent moose head. Beneath it, that he who looks may read, is a card bearing these words:

“THE KING OF THE ALLAGASH
1889
JUDSON BILHORN.”

Standing thoughtfully before it recently was a grizzled old veteran of that region from which this splendid trophy had come. As he gazed at the head the fierce black eyes seemed to him to become imbued with the old-time

fire of life, and to look down upon him as though saying:

“You know the truth and must exonerate me—set me right back there in the region where I was king.”

And the old guide, the only confidant of Judson Bilhorn at the camps, promised the wronged head of the famous old forest chieftain that the time had now come when he could and would vindicate him and tell to the world the true story of his fall. This is the story:

There was that in the construction of his thorax that enabled Judson Bilhorn to render guttural notes of an astonishing profundity. These, when in harmonic unison with the rest of the chorus of soprano, tenor, and alto, were not altogether painful to the ear, but rendered solo, and likewise extempo, it

was quite a different matter. Bilhorn's persistency in this habit—in those his less prosperous days—subjected him to much rude handling from his fellow-workers.

Every fall Bilhorn went down to the Allagash Camps, ostensibly as a mighty hunter, but it had leaked out that as a Nimrod he wouldn't know a hedgehog from a calf moose in the woods, and as for his marksmanship, he couldn't have hit a "a flock of band-stands flying at six rods with a shotgun loaded with bird shot." His real mission into that wilderness was to hear himself sing bass, at least so said his friendly enemies. Away on the placid surface of some remote lake or stream, deep in the hills that afford resonance, bearing back to his eager ears the deep melody, he would yodel for hours without fear of jibe or missile.

Look on the map of Maine. Where the lakes are like blotches and the rivers a riot of scratches of ink you will see one wide scrawl which is called Long Lake. Running into it is another and thinner scratch. This is the Chemquasabamticook stream. It is near the mouth of this, on the shore of the lake, that the famous camps are located, in the heart of a sportsman's paradise.

For years it had been the one great desire and ambition of most of those who went to the camps to bring down, secure, and bear away as a trophy of all trophies the head of the "King of the Allagash," a giant bull moose, a dominant, tyrannical black stag, who had long pursued his reign of terror unconquered. In "rutting time" he stalked the ridges, a living engine of force and venom, attacking on sight man or beast who dared to cross his pathway. He seemed either charmed or utterly impervious to rifle shots, emerging apparently unscathed from a fusillade of shots from organized bands of hunters against him, sometimes charging upon and routing them in a wild panic; when that happened they were lucky to escape with their lives, to say nothing of broken limbs.

There are bleached bones lying in the forest and many a scar and crippled limb on living beings to-day as stern

mementoes of his terrible charge. Glowing columns have appeared in the newspapers, and the wildest and most keenly fascinating tales around the camp fires are still those of this giant stag. He had in this manner brought great fame and prestige to the region of the camps. He was even regarded with a sort of pride as the unvanquished champion of the field who had met and bested all comers. That his finish must come some time no one doubted, but something sensational was looked for in the final reckoning.

Bilhorn certainly had no designs against this animal, no desire even to see him in the woods, and of all who went down to the camps, he was the last who would ever have been thought of as likely to capture the trophy of his mighty head. At the camps, he was always the source of unmerciful banter. No one would allow him in a hunting party on the ground that you can't successfully hunt deer, any more than ducks, with a brass band. But he got one in on the whole bunch at last, and one that they little expected, or have recovered from to this day.

Their lack of appreciation of his company in the chase did not disturb Bilhorn in the least, for such excursions as he took away from camp he took alone by preference, and the reasons were obvious.

One night in mid-October he awoke about one o'clock. The hunting moon was in the full and it was almost as light as day. Whether it was some note in the snores of the sleepers, or whatever it was, he became possessed of an extraordinary desire to sing. He knew better than to attempt it around the camps at that hour, so he arose and dressed, and taking his rifle, quietly stole from the cabin. At the landing he launched a canoe, and paddled softly along the lake shore.

At the mouth of the "Bamticook" he turned in, and spellbound by the enchanting effect of the moonlight and the weird shadows cast upon the waters by the overhanging fringe of pines, he paddled for some distance along the wilderness water way in silence.

Finally he reached a spot that partic-

ularly impressed him. On one side the heavily wooded ridge sloped down to within a few rods of the water, a space of dead swale intervening. On the other a barren extended back an eighth of a mile to a dense cedar swamp. A few rods from the river, a colossal boulder—stranded there in the dim ages past—loomed up in the mellow light like the gray bulk of a mighty prehistoric elephant. Close beside it he noticed a stout scrub cedar. On the ridge side, and back beyond the cedar forest, the sharp outlines of the hill peaks were silhouetted against the pearly sky. It was a vast, sylvan amphitheater, weird, silent, and beautiful.

Bilhorn's craft had drifted to an anchorage in the dry brown flags on the barren side of the stream. There he rested for a time drinking in the inspiration of the scene. It was quite warm for the season, and the tempered, balsam-laden air acted upon him as might some rare, subtle wine, and soon he began to roll out upon the chaste slumbers of the jungle a profound, dolorous solo, now voluminous, now soft and mellifluous. Back from the startled hills it beat, a dismal cadence, sweet and captivating to the ears of its originator.

For some time he continued to render and listen, drinking in soulfuls of the basso effulgence, until he detected a note that he knew did not have its birth in his vocal organs. The nearest thing he could compare it to was the lost-soul wail of the whistling buoy off Point Lepreaux. Ooo! Ooo! it boomed at intervals. He didn't know what it was and wasn't sure he cared to. It didn't stop him, however, for he continued to chant with increased vigor. Soon the notes began to boom more forcibly, louder, nearer.

He was able now to locate the direction. They came from the ridge, but far up the river. Now they began to shape themselves into gruff, jerky grunts, emphatic, defiant, competitive. There was also the thud of heavy footfalls and a thrashing of trees. He stopped his singing and peered curiously up into the dark maze of the ridge, uncertain of purpose and a little thankful

that the river intervened at least between him and whatever it was. With the stopping of the singing the grunts ceased also, but the footfalls continued cautiously, until Bilhorn knew that some mighty animal had halted just within the wood. "Whoo-oo-oof!" A mighty snort, like the exhaust of an engine, blew out, and then all was still.

Bilhorn crouched in the canoe, thinking wildly. He dared not attempt to move in either direction. He stole a glance behind him at the rock and measured the distance. No, he hadn't the mind just then even to try to reach the advantage of that. But he must do something to relieve the tensivity of the situation, and what he did do would be hard to explain. He began to do the very thing that had led him into the whole situation. He sang! beginning on *Do*, in the bass clef, then, *Si, La, Sol, Fa*, down, down, when, crack! crash! and out of the fringing hedge of dry kyle—the wash of many freshets—dashed a gigantic, towering, black beast. With thunderous strides it plowed through the rustling swale to the river bank scarce a hundred feet opposite. There it stood in mighty stature, its great head thrown high, its sweeping spread of antlers, with blades as broad as shovel palms, in plain view. Its terrifying black eyes glistened in the moon rays and showed an ominous crescent of white at the back. From its nostrils came puffs of white vapor.

Wondering, it continued to stand, glaring across at the diminutive object cringing in the canoe. Where was the rival, the worthy foe he had expected to meet down there by the river, whose blatant challenge had disturbed the sanctified night of his realm? Bilhorn knew what it was well enough now; knew that his melody had unwittingly "called" a moose; knew that he was face to face with Maine's greatest game animal. He recalled the years of banter and slur, the discredit as a sportsman cast upon him at home and in camp.

A ripping detonation rang out. Like a volley of infantry the echoes fusilladed back, as hill spoke to hill. There was a choking fume of powder in the mist

that hung before him, and through it he saw still standing the ebon bulk of the stag. But only an instant. Then with a mighty roar he hurled himself down the bank into the river, and straight across for the canoe he came, the water flying before him as from the prow of a steamship.

Bilhorn rolled out of the canoe, flung his rifle to the winds, and dashed toward the rock. Instantly he saw that he could not climb it of itself, but there was the cedar! He sprang into it and scrambled up its branches. From the top, he reached a cleft of the rock and pulled himself up just as the cedar was swept from beneath him like a reed. But on the apex of that grand old relic of the glacial age, he was safe, as safe as if he had been in a balloon.

In a cyclone of rage, the baffled stag circled the rock. He bellowed, he swept at the offending swale with his horns and pawed up the bog and muck. He rose on his hind legs and struck at the rock like a pile driver, with his ponderous fore hoofs uncomfortably near; blasts of his hot breath, odorous of pungent resinous browse, blew into the face of the man clinging like a treed cat to the summit of the rock.

Suddenly the stag paused in his mad rampage, threw up his horns, and stared in the direction of the cedar swamp. "Oonh! Aaah! Oonh!" came a new war cry from the swamp. A deep, defiant response to the challenge roared from Bilhorn's bull, as he stood there, his huge black form higher and more bulky to the fore, his monstrous spread of horn, his thick, ungainly, overshot nose curling and wrinkling, his heavy brush of mane erect and ruffled forward.

"Uunh! Uunh!" came the slogan from the cedars, in jerky grunts, showing that the utterer was running as he voiced his challenge. Bilhorn's bull kept his position at the rock, apparently preferring to defend his quarry there rather than to rush to meet the newcomer. There was a wild thrashing of boughs, and out on the barren dashed another "Richmond" in the field, heading straight for the seat of the disturbance that had attracted him. So

rapidly did he come that Bilhorn's champion had barely time to square himself for the crash, that was like a collision of two locomotives. As horn met horn, Bilhorn's bull was bowled completely off his feet, his antagonist rolling fairly over him.

Both ungainly beasts lumbered to their feet and blindly drove at each other again like living battering-rams. Then followed a contest such as few men have ever witnessed, a battle for the championship of the Kingdom of the Allagash and the wilderness. They were almost counterparts, Bilhorn's bull a shade lower, but sturdier enough in neck and limb to offset that, and he had the more perfect armament of horn.

Bilhorn forgot all fear in the royalty of the fray. He could easily have slid down the back side of the bowlder and made his escape, but no such thought was in him. Instead he stood erect on the rock, his hat in his hand, waving his arms and yelling madly to spur on his champion.

An hour it seemed they had battled, neither appearing to gain a point of advantage. Their sides showed red gashes from the savage ripping of horn points. Their eyes were reddened, and there was crimson in the flecks of froth that flew from their nostrils. The bog was churned into a black slough of muck beneath them. The first streaks of dawn were showing, when—was it fate, luck, or the better strategy of the newcomer?—the advantage of position was taken from Bilhorn's stag.

Now the newcomer could stand off a locomotive. He could even recover a measure of his wind, while his opponent must continue to weaken. And the effect soon told. Suddenly he seemed to gather himself together and bring all his great force of bone and muscle into one grand, herculean effort, and Bilhorn's bull slipped backward. His adversary was actually forcing bog and all back with him, the spongy mass soughing up behind his helpless haunches. This was a dangerous turn in the fray. He realized it and struggled to gain a stay somewhere, anywhere, but there was nothing to hold to. Back! Back! he settled on his

haunches, until he was driven squarely over on his broadside, hopelessly out of action, terribly at the mercy of his foe, who horned him brutally, again and again, until sheer lack of breath forced him to draw back for an instant.

Up from the reddened slough the vanquished beast staggered, a fearful spectacle. Not an instant did he falter, but with his dark life blood pouring from his sides, drove straight at his enemy again. The rest is soon told. As the dying stag came on blindly, he stumbled and fell squarely on the lowered antlers of his conqueror. Viciously the standing bull strove to extricate his horns from beneath the heavy body of his victim, but he was pinned fast.

Then came the spectacular finish of this battle, worthy of the most exacting Roman arena. Slowly but surely the victor began to lift the huge form of the fallen stag, until with one mighty upward sweep, he hurled it fairly over his back, where it struck on the rock with a sickening thud and fell at its base, a quivering, shapeless mass of mangled flesh and bone. The victor wheeled and gazed for a moment at the quiet form.

To the trembling panting figure of the man on the rock, he paid no heed. Satisfied that his adversary would trouble him no more, he turned and with

heavy swinging strides went back into the swamp from which he had come. Thus fell the "King of the Allagash," not from any cunning or craft of puny man, but in a battle royal, worthy of the Spartan kings, waged with a foe deserving of his blade, in defense of his crown and realm.

It was daylight when Bilhorn descended from the rock. Silently, sorrowfully he viewed the fallen chieftain. His splendid head he found to be but little injured. This he carefully severed. The ruined body, he reverently covered as best he could with the clods of muck. There the bones rest to this day, marked by the massive boulder as a monument.

Bilhorn's appearance at sunrise, nonchalantly paddling up to the crowd gathered about the camp landing, with the great head sitting up lifelike across the bow of his canoe, was the sensation of the history of the camps, a jolt from which they have not recovered to this day. He, Bilhorn, of all men, had stolen forth in the night and returned with the most coveted trophy in the Maine woods.

But over the tale that he told them, as to the manner of its taking, we must draw the velvet mantle of extenuation. That which is here set down for the first time has at least the merit of truth.



THE SHIP-DWELLERS

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Author of "The Tent-Dwellers"

PART THREE

Land and the Blue Waters of the Mediterranean

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

X

Out of the Sunrise



HAVE seen the shores of Africa and Spain! The bath steward came very early this morning—earlier than usual. He had his reasons, but I had forgotten and was sleepy, so I said "No," and tried to doze again. Then all at once from the deck there arose a swell of music—rich, triumphant music—an orchestration of "Holy, Holy, Holy"—such a strain as one might expect to hear if the eternal gates should swing ajar. I remembered, then; it was Sunday morning, but there was something more—land! the land that lies on the other side of the ocean!

In a moment I was at my porthole, which is on the starboard side. We had changed our course and were bearing more to the north. Directly in front of me the sun was rising. The east was a mass of glowing outlines—golden clouds and hilltops mingled. It was the Orient—that is what it was—the far East; the sun rising over Africa! Something got hold of me then—I hardly know what. Certainly I was not unhappy, but then it was all so sudden and spectacular, and I had waited for it so long.

I do not remember how I got dressed; only for a moment at a time could I drag myself away from that porthole. The sun rose higher—the outlines of Morocco became more distinct, but they did not lose their wonder of color—their glory

of purple and gold. I realized now that the prospectuses had not exaggerated the splendor of the East, even on their gorgeous covers—that they could not do so if they tried. By the time I was on deck we were running close enough to the lofty shores to make out villages here and there and hilltop towers—the habitation and the watchtowers of the Moors. How eagerly and minutely one scanned these with glasses to distinguish the first sign of Oriental life—to get a glimpse of the reality of what had so long been but a romance and a dream. It was those people who had conquered Spain and built the Alhambra.

What was going on inside of those curious flat-topped houses and those towers? Marvelous matters, no doubt, that had to do with nargileh and magic and scimiters and flying carpets and scarcely perceptible nods to the executioner, always hovering among the draperies in the background. The Patriarch came along and explained that the Phœnicians had been here and taken charge of things in their usual fashion, and then gone off and forgotten the place a thousand years or so before the Moors were ever heard of. Then the Reprobates appeared and declared that there was no romance anywhere in sight and never had been in that direction; that Morocco was just a place of wretched government and miserable people whose chief industries were laziness and crime.

There are moments when I would be willing for this ship to sink to properly punish the Patriarch and the Reprobates for disturbing my contemplations in that

way. The Diplomat was better. He said there was as much romance and magic over there as ever, and more executioners; and the Diplomat knows. We would pass Ceuta, the African Pillar of Hercules, before long, he told us, and ventured the information that the other pillar was the Rock of Gibraltar, which lay still farther ahead.

We went over to the other side of the ship presently, for we were overlooking the Bay of Trafalgar where a little more than a hundred years ago Horatio Nelson died, after convincing the combined navies of France and Spain that it required something besides numbers to win a victory. Nelson went into that fight with thirty-two vessels, little and big, against forty of the combined fleets. He hoisted the signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," and every man did it. One half of the combined fleets struck their colors, and the rest made off, or sank, and with them went Napoleon Bonaparte's scheme for invading England.

We looked out on that placid water, laughing in the Sunday morning sunlight, and tried to imagine those vanished fleets—stately ships of the line with their banks of guns; smart frigates and rakish cutters—all that splendid concourse of black hull and towering canvas, and then the boom and the flash of guns—the conflict and



OLD MOORISH CASTLE ON THE "ROCK."

Their old castle has fallen into ruin, but the old industry still thrives under the same name. Then we went back to starboard again for a look at Tangier where, alas! we were not to land, because Algiers had been provided for us as the next stop instead.

But now Gibraltar, the crouching lion of Trafalgar, had risen from the sea. The English call it "The Rock," and that is just what it looks like—a big boulder shaped like a sleeping lion—its head toward Spain, its tail toward Africa. I think most persons have an idea that the Rock lies lengthwise, east and west—I know I thought so. Instead, it lies north and south, and is really a stone finger pointed by Spain toward the African coast. It is Great Britain's pride—it has cost enough for her to be proud of it—and is her chief stronghold.

About it are gathered her warships of to-day—dark, low-browed fighters like our own—any one of them well able to send to the bottom a whole fleet



THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE AT GIBRALTAR

like Nelson's and the combined fleets besides. They look quiet enough, ugly enough, and drowsy enough now. So does Gibraltar, but it is just as well, perhaps, not to twist the Lion's tail. We had no intention of doing so, and I don't see why they were so afraid of us. They wouldn't let us visit their shooting galleries—the galleries where they kept their big guns, I mean; they

nobody outside of Gibraltar, and only a few people there, can understand; the road was good; the flowers—bluebells, yellow daisies, dandelions, sweet alyssum, century plant, and heliotrope—all wild—were profuse and lavishly in bloom everywhere along the way. Had we come direct to Gibraltar, we should have raved over these things like enough, and we did rave a little, but it was a sort



GIBRALTAR, THE CROUCHING LION OF TRAFALGAR, HAD RISEN FROM THE SEA.

wouldn't let us climb the Rock on the outside; they wouldn't even let us visit an old Moorish castle which stands about halfway up. Perhaps they thought we would spike their guns, or steal the castle, or blow up the Rock.

They did let us come ashore in our tender, and they let us take carriages and drive along the main streets of the city, through a park or two and out to Europa Point—I think that was the place. We were interested, but not enthusiastic. After Madeira, one does not go mad over the beauties of Gibraltar. The vehicles were funny little affairs—Spanish, I suppose; the driver spoke the English of Gibraltar—an English which

of placid ecstasy. Military hospitals and barracks and officers' quarters are not the kind of scenery to excite this crowd.

It was different, though, when we got to Europa Point. There, on one side rose the great Rock abruptly from the sea, while before us stretched the Mediterranean, all blue and emerald and iridescent, like a great fire opal in the sun. It was our first glimpse of the water along whose shores began the history and the religions of more than half the world. "The grand object of all travel is to see the shores of the Mediterranean," said Dr. Johnson, and there were some of us who not until that moment,

I think, fully grasped the fact that this object, this dream of a lifetime, was about to be accomplished.

The Patriarch forgot the Phœnicians for a little and began to talk about Athens and of Mars Hill from which St. Paul had preached, though he added presently that it was quite certain St. Paul's grandfather had been a Phœnician; the Diplomat quoted something about his soul being "far away sailing on the Vesuvian Bay"; the Porpoise began to meditate audibly how far it was in a straight line to Jerusalem; the Mill ground a little quiet grist about flannels she expected to wear in Egypt; even the Reprobates were subdued and thoughtful in the face of this watery theater that had held the drama of the ancient world.

We drove back to the town, separated, and wandered about where fancy led us. Laura and I had a little business with the American consul, who is an example of what an American consul ought to be: a gentleman who is a consul by profession and not by party favor, being the third Sprague in line who has held the post. Through him we met a most interesting person, one who brought us in direct contact, as it were, with that old first party of Pilgrims to make the Oriental cruise. Michael Beñunes was his name, guide and courier to Mark Twain and his party, forty-two years ago.

Beñunes must have been a handsome creature in those days; he is a handsome creature still—tall, finely featured, with flowing black hair—carrying his sixty-five years as lightly as wind flowers—gay, voluble, enthusiastic—ready for the future, glorying in the past. He took us to a coffee house and entertained us, and held us enthralled for an hour or more with his tide of eloquence and information. He told us of the trip he had made through Spain with the "Innocents"; of many other trips in lands near and far. He told us of the things in Gibraltar we had not seen—of the galleries and the monkey pit; also, of the wonderful monkeys themselves who inhabit the Rock and are intelligent almost beyond belief—who refrain from speaking English only because they are

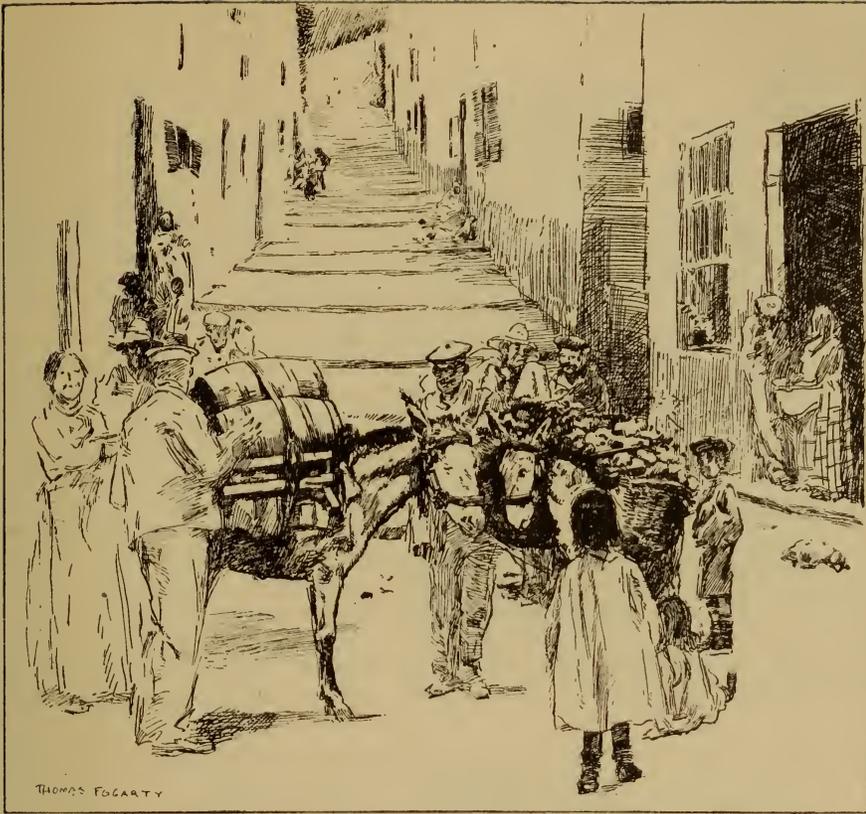
afraid of having red coats put on them and being made into soldiers.

Gibraltar was once a part of Africa, according to tradition, and the monkeys remained on the Rock when the separation took place. But guides know that a subterranean passage from the bottomless monkey pit connects the Rock with Africa to this day, and that the monkeys travel back and forth through it and keep posted on warfare and new inventions, in preparation for a time when they shall be ready to regain their lost empire; and that sometimes at dusk, if one lies hidden and remains very quiet, he may overhear them discuss these things, as in the failing twilight they "walk together, holding each other's tails."

We could have listened all night to Beñunes, for he made the old time and the old-time traditions real to us. And perhaps Beñunes would have talked all night, for he declared—and we believed him—that he could talk for five hours without a break. Naturally I expected to pay the score in the coffee house and to make some special acknowledgment to Beñunes for his time. Not at all; he called the waiter with a flourish, threw down more than enough money and told him to keep the change, regretting volubly that we could not partake further of his hospitality. We should have the freedom of the city—of everything—he said, when we came again. Ah, me! I suspect there is only one Beñunes and that he belongs to a time which will soon vanish away.

We went through the town—almost a closed town, because it was Sunday, and not an inviting town, I think, at best. Here and there were narrow streets that wound up or down, yet were only mildly seductive. But it is a cosmopolitan town—the most cosmopolitan town on earth, perhaps. Every kind of money is in use there—every language is spoken.

"Picture postals twelve for a quarter!" was the American cry that greeted us at every turn. If we had been English it would have been "twelve for a shilling," or if German "*zwölf für eine Mark*," no doubt. They do not mistake nationalities in Gibraltar—they have all



HERE AND THERE WERE NARROW STREETS THAT WOUND UP OR DOWN.

kinds to study from. Moors we saw—black, bare-legged, and gayly attired—a taste of the Orient we were about to enter and if there were any nationalities we did *not* see in this motley-thronged, Mediterranean gateway I do not recall them now. We bought a few postal cards, and two fans with bullfights on them, but unlike the Quaker City pilgrims we bought no gloves.

I did look at certain stylish young creatures who passed now and then and wondered if one of them might not be the bewitching saleslady who had sold those gloves. And then I remembered she would not be young and bewitching any more; she would be carrying the burden and the record of many years. Unlike the first Pilgrims, too, we did not hear the story of the "Queen's Chair." That was worn out at last, and exists to-day only in the guide-books. We drove over to Spanish Town by and by,

but it was still less inviting over there, so we drove back, passed out through the great gates which close every evening at sunset, and waited at the pier for the little tender, for it was near evening and we were through with Gibraltar and ready for the comfort of the ship.

It is a curious place—a place of a day's interest for the traveler—of enormous interest to the military world. For two hundred years it has been maintained with English blood and treasure, until it has become the most costly jewel of that lavish kingdom. There are those to-day—Englishmen—who say it is not worth the price—that it is no longer worth any price, and they advocate returning it to Spain. No army could take it, but no army wants to take it—nothing could be gained by taking it any more. But it is one of England's precious traditions, and it will take another two hundred years, at least, and a vast

expenditure for maintenance before England will let that tradition go.

There were papers on the tender, London and Paris journals, but the only American news was that Congress had been advised against tinkering with the tariff. That did not interest us. Had we not been face to face with the headquarters of tariff that very morning, and heard the story of how that noble industry was born? This later item was mere detail.

Back on the ship, looking at the lion couchant while the twilight falls and the lights come out along its base. There is no harshness now. The lion's skin has become velvet—it is a veritable lion, asleep among fireflies. We lift anchor and steam slowly into the Mediterranean. The lion loses its form, becomes a dark wedge, the thin edge toward Spain. Night deepens as we creep farther around; the wedge shortens, contracts to a cone, a pyramid—the level sea changes to a desert. The feeling somehow grows that Africa has re-

claimed its own—the Lion of England has become a pyramid of the sands.

XI

Early Mediterranean Experiences

OUR first day in the Mediterranean is without a flaw. It is a quiet, sunlit day—just pleasantly warm—the ship steady as a rock on this luminous, level sea. No wonder the ancients did not want to leave these placid waters and venture out upon the dark tossing Atlantic which they could see foaming just beyond the Pillars of Hercules. No wonder they peopled those hungry waters with monsters and evil spirits. Here, on this tranquil sea, there were no unfamiliar dangers. The summer shores that shut them in held all their world—a golden world of romance wherein gods mingled with the affairs of men; where fauns and hamadryads flitted through the groves; where nereids and tritons sported along the waves.



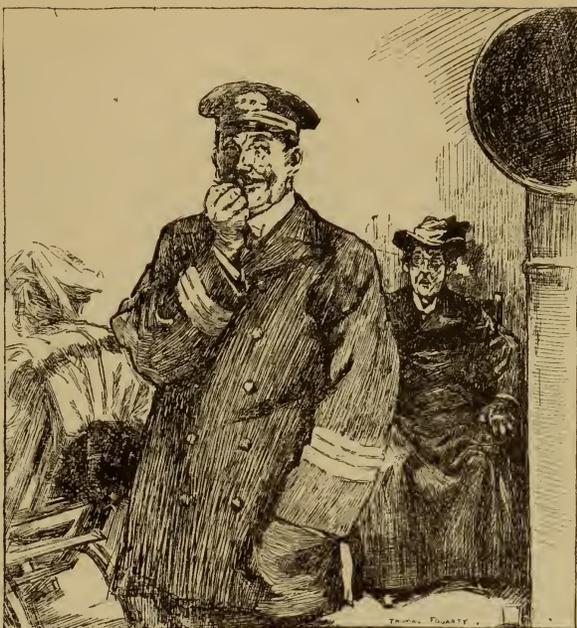
MICHAEL BENUNES WAS HIS NAME, GUIDE AND COURIER TO MARK TWAIN AND HIS PARTY, FORTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

One can become almost a part of that world on a day like this and understand the reluctance which fell upon those mariners when they thought of sailing out of this fair, familiar sea.

We have all day and night to get to Algiers, now less than three hundred miles away, so we are just loafing along, making wide circles, now and then, "to test the compass," one of the officers said awhile ago. I did not know they had to test compasses, and I'm rather doubtful about the matter still. I suspect that officer is enjoying himself quietly at our expense. I suspect it, because he is the same officer who told the Credulous One, the other day when the ship was rolling heavily, that the jarring, beating sound we heard every now and then was made by the ship running over whales. The noise was really made by the screw lifting out of the water and beating the surface with its blades, but the Credulous One, who is a trusting soul—a stout lady of middle age and gentle spirit—believed the whale story and repeated it around the ship. She said how many whales there must be down here and pitied them whenever she heard that cruel sound.

However, on a day like this it is no matter; they may test the compass or sail around and around for any purpose they choose, and we will believe whatever reason they give us, for we are in a mood and an atmosphere to believe strange tales and idle fancies. Just now we are not far off Cape Gata, Spain, and the white tops of the Sierra Nevada mountains are in full view. We can bring them quite near with our glasses—just near enough to fill them with enchantment and to make us wish to explore.

That officer came along again a moment ago, and told us that the mountains nearest are called the Sierra de



TOLD THE CREDULOUS ONE THAT THE JARRING SOUND WAS MADE BY THE SHIP RUNNING OVER WHALES.

Gata, which sounds true. Somewhere beyond them lies Grenada and the Alhambra, and there, too, is the old, old city of Cordova, capital of the Moorish kings and for three hundred years one of the greatest centers of commerce in the world. But these things are only history. What we care for on a day like this is invention—romance—and it is the remembering that somewhere beyond that snowy rim *Don Quixote* and *Sancho* wandered through the fields of fancy and the woods of dream that makes us wish that we might anchor along those shores and follow that vagrant quest.

I drifted into the smoking room and mentioned these things to the Reprobates, but they did not seem interested. They had the place all to themselves and the Doctor was dozing in one corner and between naps was administering philosophy to the Colonel and the Apostle who were engaged in their everlasting game of piquet. He roused up when I came in to deal out a few comforting remarks.

"What do they care for scenery or romance," he said, "or anything else ex-

cept to gamble all day? All you've got to do is to look at them to get an inventory of their characters. Just look at the Colonel, for instance; did you ever see a better picture of Captain Kidd? Made his money out of publishing Bibles without ever reading one and thinks he must go to the Holy Land now to square himself. And the Apostle, there—look at him! Look at his shape—why, he's likely to blow up any time. Some people think these are patients of mine. Nice advertisement, a pair like that!"

I thought the Doctor a trifle hard on his fellow Reprobates. I thought the Colonel rather handsome, and I had seen him studying his guide-book more than once. As for the Apostle, I said that I never really felt that he was about to blow up; that appearances were often deceitful and very likely there was no immediate danger. They were not inclined to be sociable—the Colonel and the Apostle. They merely intimated that we might go away, preferably to a place not down on our immediate itinerary, and kept right on with their eternal game.

It is curious, the fascination of that game, piquet—still more curious how anybody can ever learn to play it. In fact nobody ever does learn it. There are no rules—no discoverable rules. It is purely an inspirational game, if one may judge from this exhibition of it. After the cards are dealt out, the Colonel picks up his hand, jerks his hat a little lower over his eyes, skins through his assortment, and says "Huh!" At the same time the Apostle puts on his holiest look—chin up, eye drooped, bland and childlike—examines his collection, and says, "Goddlemighty!"

Then they play—that is, they go through the motions. The Colonel puts down a handful of cards and says "Eight." The Apostle never looks at them, but puts down a bigger handful of his own and says "Eleven." Then the Colonel puts down another lot and says "Fourteen." Then the Apostle lays down the balance of his stock and the Colonel says, "Hell, Joe," and they set down some figures that have nothing to do with the ones they've been repeat-

ing during the play. When they are through, the Colonel owes the Apostle seven dollars.

Yes, it is a curious game, and would make the Colonel a pauper in time, if nature did not provide other means of adjustment. After the Apostle has got his winnings comfortably put away and settled into place, the Colonel takes out a new five-dollar gold piece, regards it thoughtfully, turns it over, reads the date, and comments on its beauty. Then suddenly he slaps it down on the table under his hand.

"Match you, Joe," he says, "match you for five!"

But the Apostle is wary. He smiles benignly while he turns his face from temptation. "No, you don't," he says, "never again."

The Colonel slaps the coin down again quite smartly. "Just once, Joe," he wheedles; "just once, for luck!"

The Apostle strokes his chubby, child-like countenance with the tips of his fingers, still looking away—his eyes turned heavenward.

"I won't do it, I tell you. No, now, go on away. I told you yesterday I wouldn't match you again—ever."

"Just once, Joe—just this one time."

"I won't do it."

The Apostle's attitude is still resolute, but there is a note of weakening in his voice and his hand is working almost imperceptibly toward his pocket.

"Just once more, Joe, just for five dollars—one turn."

The Apostle's hand is in his pocket. "Now, I tell you," he says, "I'll match you this one time, and never again."

"All right, Joe, just this one time, for luck; come on, now."

The coins go down together, and when they are uncovered the Colonel takes both, always. Then the Apostle jerks up his cap, jams it on, and starts for the deck.

"Hold on, Joe, just once more—just for luck."

"You go to hell, will you?"

This is the programme daily with but slight variation. Sometimes the Apostle wins less than seven dollars—sometimes he loses more than five; but he always does win at piquet and he always does

lose at matching. Thus do the unseen forces preserve the balance of exchange.

We crossed over and came in sight of the mountains of Algeria during the afternoon, and all the rest of this halcyon day we skirted the African shore, while Laura and I and two other juveniles kept a game of shuffleboard going on the after deck. To-night there is to be another grand dinner and dance in honor of Washington's birthday. We shall awake to-morrow in the harbor of Algiers.

XII

The Diverting Story of Algiers

THIS is a voyage of happy mornings. It was morning—just sunrise—when we met the American fleet homeward bound; it was morning when we caught the first glimpse of Madeira and steamed into the harbor of Funchal; the shores of Morocco—our first glimpse of the Orient—came out of the sunrise, and it was just sunrise this morning when I looked out of my porthole on the blue harbor and terraced architecture of Algiers. And the harbor of Algiers *is* blue, and the terraced architecture is white, or creamy, and behind it are the hills of vivid green. And there are palms and cypress trees, and bougainvillea and other climbing vines. Viewed from the ship it is a picture city, and framed in the porthole it became a landscape miniature of wondrous radiance and vivid hues.

One of our passengers, a happy-hearted, elderly Hebrew soul, came along the promenade just outside my stateroom and surveyed the vision through his glass. Presently he was joined by his comfortable, good-natured wife.

"Vat you get me up so early for, Sol?" she said.

He handed her his glass, his whole face alive with joy of the moment—fairly radiant it was.

"I just couldn't help it!" he said. "Dot sunrising and dot harbor and dot city all make such a beautiful sight."

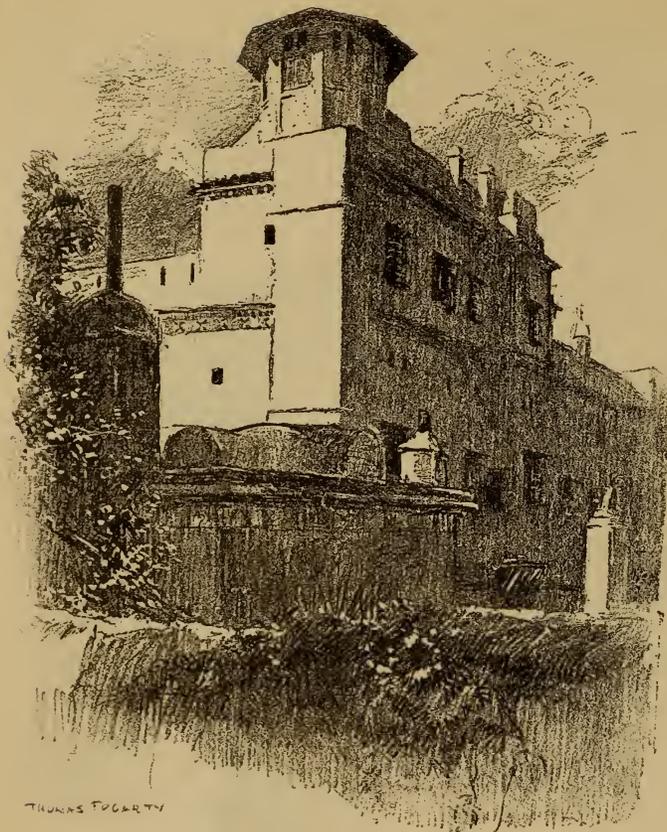
A beautiful sight it was, and it had the added charm of being our first near approach to the Orient. For Algiers is still the Orient, though it has been a French colony for nearly a hundred years.



"DOT SUNRISING AND DOT HARBOR AND DOT CITY ALL MAKE SUCH A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT."

The Orient and the Occident have met here, and the Occident has conquered, but the Orient is the Orient still, and will be, so long as vestige of it remains.

The story of Algiers, like that of every Mediterranean country, has been a motley one, and bloody enough, of course. The Romans held it for nearly five hundred years; the Vandals fol-



THE "KASBA" WHERE THE BLOW WAS STRUCK THAT LED TO THE DOWNFALL OF ALGIERS.

lowed them, and these in turn were ousted by the Arabs, about the year 700 A.D. Blood flowed during each of these changes and between times. There was always blood—rivers of it—lakes of it—this harbor has been red with it time and again.

It did not stop flowing with the Arabian conquest—not by any means. Those Arabs were barbarians and robbers—Bedouins on land and pirates on the sea. They were the friends of no nation or people, and when business was dull outside, they would break out among themselves and indulge in pillage and slaughter at home just for pastime. About the time Columbus was discovering America they were joined by the Moors and Jews who were being driven out of Spain and who decided to take up piracy as a regular business.

Then the famous Horic, surnamed

Barbarossa because of his red beard, a Greek renegade who had distinguished himself as a Turkish pirate chief, was invited into the combination to help beat off Spain. An invitation like that was nuts to Barbarossa. He had his eye on Algiers for some time, and his conscience didn't balk at little things like treachery and ingratitude. He sailed over with his corsair bands and when Selim, Sultan of Algiers, received him with open arms, Barbarossa quietly and deftly assassinated Selim, cut off his head, took his wife and his throne, and proclaimed himself Sultan of Algiers.

Barbarossa enjoyed the rewards of industry for

something like two years; then he mislaid his own head one day, after a battle with the Spaniards, and was succeeded by his brother Hayriden, who acknowledged sovereignty to Turkey to obtain the protection of that government. Hayriden held the fort, and most of his brother's wives, for a matter of seventeen years or so, when Charles V of Spain got after him too hotly and drove him to the refuge of a Turkish court. Charles didn't stop the piracy, however, and five or six years later he descended again, this time on Hassan Aga, successor to Hayriden, with three hundred and seventy ships of war and thirty thousand fighting men, including the Knights of Malta, all consecrated by the Pope of Rome. But the consecration failed to work. A terrific storm wrecked the expedition, sank most of the ships, and drove the rest ashore,

where the Spanish soldiers and the Knights of Malta were either killed or captured.

Charles himself escaped by a scratch, with only a tatter of his splendid army and did not make the attempt again. In Algiers that year an onion was the price of a Christian and anybody with a handful of those vegetables could bring home a bunch of Christian slaves. This established the habit of saving Christians, and every piratical expedition that went out brought back an assortment from the various shores laid waste and the many vessels destroyed. France then took up the fight, and Du Quesne burned the city of Algiers.

It was during his bombardment that the Algerian Dey caused the French Consul, who had remained at his post, to be fired from a mortar toward the fleets of France. Later, when the city was in ashes, the Dey inquired how much the burning of the city had cost the French. When they told him, he said thoughtfully:

"Too much—altogether too much. I would have done it for half the sum."

This was in 1687 and Algerian piracy and slavery continued without much abatement for about a hundred and forty years more. The price of captives had gone up, meantime, and about the year 1800 AR American Christians were listed at three thousand dollars apiece—a price regarded as much too fancy by Washington officials. However, a good many found takers at that rate, and over seven hundred thousand dollars ransom was paid by the United States in one year.

Then it was decided that a fleet would be cheaper. Commodore Decatur with his handful of little vessels met the Algerian fleet off Carthage on the 20th of June, 1815. Decatur was a good hand with pirates. He went to work on that fleet and when he got through there wasn't enough of it left to capture a banana boat. Then he appeared before Algiers and sent a note to the Dey demanding the immediate release of all Americans in slavery. The Dey replied that as a mere matter of form he hoped the American commander would agree

to sending a small annual tribute of powder.

"If you take the powder, you must take the balls with it," was Decatur's reply, and thus the young American Republic, then only about thirty years old, was first to break down the monstrous institutions of piracy and enslavement which for more than a thousand years had furnished Algerian revenues.

But it was hard to cure Algiers entirely of the old habit of piracy. In 1817 she sent pirates as far as the North Sea and seized vessels not belonging to powers that paid tribute. Nor was she very particular in this regard, and most of the nations suffered. One Hussein (history does not mention his other name, but it was probably Ali Ben) was the last Dey of Algiers, and his memory is not a credit to his country's history. He was cruel and insolent; also, careless in his statements.

Piracy under A. B. Hussein flourished with a good deal of its old vigor, though I believe he was rather careful about plundering American vessels. Hussein was also a usurer and the principal creditor of some Jewish merchants who had a claim against France. The claim was in litigation, and Hussein, becoming impatient, demanded payment from the French king. As France had been the principal sufferer from Hussein's pirates it was not likely that the king would notice this demand. Soon after in the Dey's palace, the Kasba, at a court function the Dey asked of the French consul if he knew why his master had remained silent.

"The King of France does not correspond with the Dey of Algiers," was the haughty reply, whereupon Hussein struck the consul on the cheek with his fan, and said a lot of unpleasant things of both king and consul.

That was the downfall of Algiers. A blockade was established by the French, and three years later the French army of invasion took possession. Fifteen hundred guns, seventeen ships of war, and fifty million francs fell into the hands of France, as spoil of war. Algiers was no longer the terror of the seas. Over six hundred thousand Christian people had suffered the horrors of

Algerian bondage, but with that July day, 1830, came the end of this barbarism and since then Algiers has acquired a new habit—the habit of jumping at the crack of the French whip.

All this seems a good deal of chronicle, perhaps, for a small country that we seldom hear about, but it is just because it is small and seldom heard of now, yet was heard of so much only a little while ago—less than a century—and because it is a shining example of Mediterranean history that I have been moved to dig up these things and set them down here. The reader may skip them if he likes. This is an irresponsible narrative. The reader may skip anywhere, and keep up with the plot.

I may say here in passing that we were to hear a good deal of that incident of the Dey, the French consul, and the fan. It was in the guide-books in various forms, and as soon as I got dressed and on deck one of our conductors, himself a former resident of Algiers, approached me with:

“Do you see that tower up there on the hilltop? That is the Kasba. It was in that tower that Hussein, the last Dey of Algiers struck the French consul three times on the cheek with his fan—an act which led to the conquest of Algiers by France.”

I looked at the tower with greatly renewed interest, and brought it up close to me with my glass. Then he pointed out other features of the city, fair and beautiful in the light of morning: the

mosque; the governor's palace; the Arab quarter; the villas of wealthy Algerines. He drifted away, then, and the Diplomat approached. He had also been in Algiers once before. He said:

“Do you see that tower there on the hilltop? That is the Kasba. It was in that tower that Hussein, the last Dey of Algiers, struck the French consul three times on the cheek with his fan—an act which led to the conquest of Algiers by France.”

He went away, and I looked over the ship's side at the piratical looking boatmen who were gathering to the attack. They were a picturesque lot—their costumes purely Oriental—their feet bare or encased in shoes right out of the Arabian Night pictures. I was just turning to remark these things to one of the Reprobates, the Colonel, when he said:

“Do you see that tower up there on the hilltop?”

“Colonel,” I said, “you've been reading your guide-book, and I saw you the other day reading a book called ‘Innocents Abroad.’”

He looked a little dazed.

“Well,” he said, “what of it?”

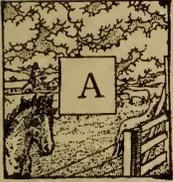
“Nothing; only that tower seems to be another ‘Queen's Chair.’ I've been to it several times in the guide-book, myself, and I've already had it twice served up by hand. Let's don't talk about it any more, until we've been ashore and had a look at it.”

(To be continued.)



RIFLES AND SHOTGUNS OF TO-DAY

BY CHARLES ASKINS



FEW years since, when high-power, nitro-powder ammunition, originated for military purposes, sprang into instant popularity with hunters, the inclination was to use the highest velocity and long-range ammunition obtainable. Many sportsmen purchased rifles for the 236. U. S. Navy cartridge and the 250. Mannlicher with their tiny, elongated bullets, twenty-five hundred feet of initial velocity, and immense penetration.

The last half dozen years, however, have taught their lesson. A cry came from the woods that long range, steel-jacketed bullets were killing more than their share of bipeds. It was discovered, moreover, that such small rifles, even when used with soft-point bullets, failed to expend their full energy upon the game, and for this reason lacked stopping power. Besides, it quickly became apparent that rifles with a rapid twist, long bullet, and extremely high breech pressure would "shoot out" in a season or two, and the barrels could only be kept free from metallic fouling by the greatest care.

Such reasons as the foregoing have tended to cause a reaction from the choice of cartridges of the extreme military type. The present tendency is to use lessened powder charges with shorter bullets, which reduces the range while still giving a sufficiently flat trajectory up to the limits at which game is usually shot. It has been proven conclusively that these comparatively low-pressure rifles are far more easily kept in order; that the life of their barrels is greatly lengthened; that they expend their full force upon the game, and that their unnecessary "danger zone" is materially decreased. In addition the recoil, quite a factor with sensitive gunners, has been reduced one half.

It need not cause surprise, therefore,

that the once popular 30—40 Government, 7M/M Mauser, 250 Mannlicher, and rifles of their type have given way to cartridges of less startling ballistic properties, yet superior for the use of game hunters.

There is no danger that the old, low-velocity, black-powder cartridges will ever again come into use; but with greater knowledge of what should constitute the difference between a military and a hunting cartridge, sportsmen have become more conservative, being disposed to retain something of what was good in the old without sacrificing the merits of the new. The best judgment of practical woodsmen now inclines to favor such cartridges as the 30—30 Winchester and Marlin, 30 Remington Autoloading, 303 Savage, 32 Special, 33 Winchester, 35 Autoloading, and 351 Self-loading.

All of these are cartridges of practically similar ballistic qualities, having bullets rather short in comparison with their diameter, moderate powder charges, and initial velocities in the neighborhood of two thousand feet a second. All of them are splendid game cartridges for use in this country, being deadly on anything from deer to moose or bear, accurate up to five hundred yards, and shooting so "flat" that no change of sight is required up to two hundred yards or farther.

They have the additional virtue of low breech pressure and moderate recoil, which permits the use of a light rifle, and the majority of them will handle the miniature charges so useful in supplying the game pot.

The 351 Winchester Automatic and 35 Remington Autoloading cartridges have only recently been placed upon the market, but are highly regarded by hunters. They are game cartridges pure and simple, perfectly adapted to the service required of them. They have short bullets compared with the military am-

munition, but their initial velocity is ample, and the short, soft-pointed bullet of rather large diameter is a sufficient guarantee that all its energy will be expended upon the game.

Indeed, they have every attribute that would tend to make them popular with hunters, being fired from the very fastest repeating rifles made. The ammunition is inexpensive, they have first-rate killing power, flat trajectory without dangerous range, low breech pressure, and light recoil. That the "self-loading" rifles taking these cartridges will be largely used is not to be questioned.

Exaltation of the Small Gun

Many guides, professional hunters, and woodsmen prefer the 25/35 to any other cartridge for even as large game as moose and elk. They base their preference upon the light report and slight recoil of the little arm, its undoubted accuracy, and, as they claim, sufficient killing power for any American game. Doubtless in skilled hands the little cartridge will do everything required of it, but probably the novice will do well to pin his faith to a little more powder and lead.

Nevertheless, personally, if I were confined to one cartridge for all game, small and large, I should select the 25/35/117. It will certainly do neat work upon deer and antelope and is a good weapon for such small fry as turkey, geese, crows, hawks, and squirrels. This does not mean, however, that I should prefer it for a strictly big game rifle. Owing to the practical absence of recoil, its flat trajectory, and great accuracy the 25/35 is the most satisfactory rifle I have ever owned for close shooting at unknown distance.

A light rifle, heavily charged will jump when fired, throwing its bullets irregularly unless held just so every time; for example, the 30/30 will shoot six inches higher at two hundred yards when fired with a rest than when shot offhand. The 25/35 will not show such variation from the point of aim; hence the popularity of this cartridge with experienced and close-holding riflemen. It is no less true that every man

cannot place his balls just where they should go, and the novice will certainly be benefited by having a surplus of power in his big game rifle.

The 35 Winchester model 1895 and Winchester 405 are favored by those stalwart riflemen who believe in instantaneous results. These are adapted only to the very largest game found upon this continent, such as silvertips, elk, and mountain sheep, and have power enough for any Asiatic or African game, except possibly the elephant. The cartridges have about the same recoil as a heavily charged 12-bore shotgun, and the average man will find this a serious handicap to much target practice with the arms.

For the rifle itself, the single-shot is now rarely seen in the hands of a hunter. It passed away with black powder and the old Springfield army gun. Following it the military bolt-action repeater found some favor among hunters, but even these are seldom seen now in the woods or mountains. That the bolt-action is slow and clumsy looking as compared with the lever-action is the only reason I can assign for its lack of favor, since undoubtedly the mechanism is of the strongest and safest.

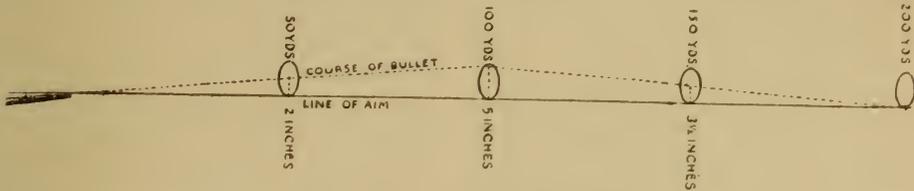
In a great measure speed of repeating is bound to govern the choice of hunting rifles. The sportsman, as a rule, hasn't the skill of the woodsman or veteran plainsman in the use of his weapon. Generally he is a shotgun-trained marksman who only takes up the rifle as a means to an end, handling the spiral tube in the slap-bang fashion that he has acquired in stopping a quail or cutting down a ruffed grouse. He is a hustling, energetic fellow, too, this sportsman, who must be busy every minute of his stay in the woods.

Not an ideal stillhunter by disposition and never having had time to acquire the art of stalking, he yet manages to kill his share of the game by dint of everlastingly pounding away when opportunity offers. A man cannot shoot slap-bang with a single cartridge nor make amends for a wasted bullet unless he has others to follow it; hence the popularity of the repeating rifle in some of its various models.

We find these features requisite in a hunting rifle adapted to American sport and sportsmen: It should be a repeater—and the faster it repeats the better; it should have high velocity combined with moderate range; and it should have ample stopping power for the game pursued. The arm must possess at the same time the weight, fit, and balance of a

feat. I have known at least one "sport" who simply pumped his empty rifle when a bear was charging without firing a shot.

On the other hand an automatic rifle might balk you with a swelled cartridge or a rusted barrel and then the bear would be equally safe. Doubtless in course of time all hunting rifles will be



HOW A RIFLE BULLET TRAVELS

Two-hundred-yard trajectory of rifle bullet, height exaggerated for purposes of illustration. Bullet would have more of a curved flight and drop more rapidly toward end. Circles are supposed to be 6 inches and the crosses show approximately where the bullet would strike at the distances of 50, 100, 150, and 200 yards. Rifle is said to shoot "flat" because it lands within the 6 inch at any point in the range.

shotgun in order to facilitate snapshots and work at running game. Power, absence of smoke, flat trajectory, and general handiness are of more importance in a big game rifle than mere accuracy, yet any of our late model repeaters are accurate enough for any ordinary purpose.

Of repeaters for large game shooting two models divide honors, the lever-action as seen on the Savage, Marlin, and Winchester rifles, and the self-loader or automatic. Both of these styles of rifles have staunch advocates who can readily prove that their particular weapon is the best. The lever-action will stand more hard usage to which it may be subjected in bad weather or in camp. It has a powerful leverage that will force home or eject a tight cartridge from a rusted barrel, and for this reason rarely fails the owner in time of need.

The automatic is faster and leaves the hunter with but one simple problem when in the presence of game, that of sighting his piece and pulling the trigger. However rattled a youngster may be, he can usually keep his weapon leveled and continue pulling, which may mean a kill with an automatic. Sometimes, in case of danger, a man's mind becomes as concentrated as that of a college professor, his entire mental apparatus being devoted to the accomplishment of one

self-loading, but at present the lever-action is usually seen in the hands of men who spend much time in the wood, while their guns are subjected for long periods to the wear and tear of camp life. I will add, in passing, that the American automatic is the best of its kind, England having no such weapon, while those constructed in Continental Europe are of an inferior description, besides being high priced.

Rifle men are becoming more critical about the fit of their rifles, the length and shape of the stock, height of comb, and general balance. Once the hunter seemed to be satisfied with any sort of a clubby piece of wood that might be attached to a true-shooting barrel, but now he requires the same clever workmanship in the construction of his rifle that he demands in his shotgun maker. There never was any warrant for thirteen-inch rifle stocks or the little crescent-shaped abomination called a rifle butt.

Rifle stocks now in favor are of practically the same length and shape as those attached to shotguns, with comb of such height and shape as to bring the eye and sights into instant alignment when the butt strikes the shoulder. With such a weapon the hunter can cover his game and fire with the same celerity as with a shotgun, and running game has

little better chance to escape than if it were standing broadside.

The following are some of our popular hunting cartridges with the figures showing their velocities, striking energy, trajectories, and the game to which they are adapted. Striking energy, I might add for the benefit of the novice, is a multiple of the bullet's weight and velocity. Trajectory, roughly speaking, is the distance the bullet rises above the line of sight in order to center a certain point at which the piece is aimed.

For example, one rifle might be sighted to shoot center at two hundred yards and would then throw its balls six inches above the line of sight at one hundred yards. Ordinarily a big game rifle should have a trajectory of six inches or less, and a striking force of not under a thousand pounds. The striking energy as here given is taken near the muzzle, and the trajectory at one hundred yards when the arm is sighted to shoot at two hundred.

were heavily stocked with larger weapons and not yet ready for the change. Now they have yielded to the demand and the small-bore is to become a fad. Very soon we can expect to hear that a 16 or 20 will do all the work of a 12 and do it cleaner and better.

However, there is a good deal of warrant in reason and common sense for the appearance of lighter and narrower gage guns for upland shooting. Game laws are steadily restricting the number of birds that are allowed to a gun in a day or a season, and it is not to be disputed that there is more pleasure in cutting down a dozen quail with a close-shooting 20 gage than with a 12 or a 10. It is a more sportsmanlike weapon, too, and sportsmanship is rightly receiving its chance these days.

The danger to the small-bore is in making a fad of it, for, as a rule, fads do not live very long, while for certain work the clever little weapon deserves to remain with us always. There is

CAPABILITIES AND USES OF SOME POPULAR HUNTING CARTRIDGES

CALIBER	VELOCITY	TRAJECTORY	STRIKING ENERGY	GAME
25/35/117	2030 ft. second	6 inches	1,070 pounds . . .	Deer, Antelope.
25/35/117 Auto . .	2127 " "	5 "	1,175 " . . .	" "
30/30 Smokeless . .	202 " "	5.74 "	1,540 " . . .	Deer and larger game.
303 Savage	1952 " "	6 "	1,658 " . . .	" " "
32 Rem. Auto	2057 " "	5.79 "	1,550 " . . .	" " "
33 Winchester	2000 " "	5.78 "	1,775 " . . .	" " "
351 Self-loading . .	1800 " "	7.60 "	1,295 " . . .	Deer, Antelope, Blk Bear.
35 Rem. Auto	2000 " "	5.40 "	1,776 " . . .	" and large game.
35 W. C. F.	2130 " "	4.73 "	2,567 " . . .	Moose, Elk, Grizzly.
405 "	2150 " "	4.86 "	3,077 " . . .	Any African game.

Omnipotent fashion will dictate the kind of gun we should shoot if we don't look sharp. Small-bore, light-weight game guns are coming into style, and shortly the youth of the land will feel old, antiquated, and disgraced if caught afield with any gun larger than a 16 gage. He wouldn't wear his sister's "beegum" hat unless the other fellows did, but he is going to shoot a small-bore gun exclusively and stare at the man who doesn't.

The little guns have been ready and waiting for their inning this half dozen years, but they have been kept out by the manufacturers and jobbers who

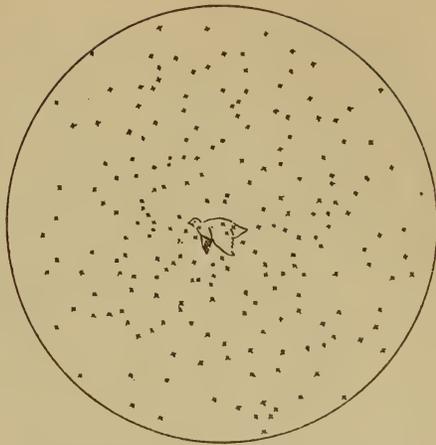
something unreasonable in driving an ounce and a quarter of shot at a little bird like Bob White which gets up fearlessly at your feet and is riddled before he has gone twenty yards.

Long ago the narrower gages should have appealed to people for shooting such game as quail, grouse, woodcock, and snipe, in fact, any bird of the uplands. The only danger to guard against is that of crediting the little piece with qualities which it does not possess. It should always be remembered that the larger the gage of a shotgun the greater its range and power. This not only because the big gages will drive a heavier

load of shot, but they will handle large shot to better advantage.

A 12-gage gun will put as many number six shot into a bird as a 16 will sevens, and that the sixes will kill farther is something that hardly needs to be stated. In spite of this, when a bird is dead you cannot make him any deader, and this is the point we are trying to make for the little guns—for certain work they have all the power necessary.

In quail, woodcock, snipe, dove, and ruffed grouse shooting ninety per cent of the game is killed under thirty yards, and this amount will be accounted for



PERFORMANCE OF A SMALL BORE.

Pattern of full choke 20-gage, accurately reproduced from target shot at the L. C. Smith factory. Distance 40 yards, circle 30 inches, load $2\frac{1}{2}$ drams, $\frac{3}{8}$ ounce 8 shot (300 pellets to load), number of shot on target 215—71.6 per cent. Pattern excellent.



SMALL GAGE WITH WILDFOWL.

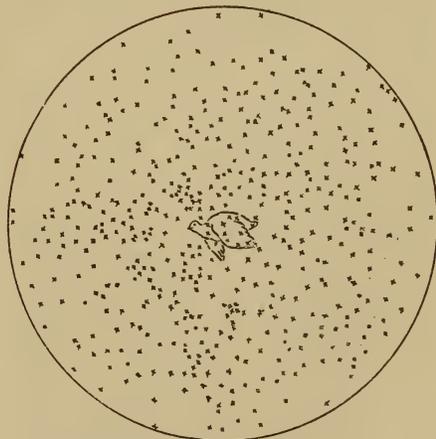
This is the pattern of a plain cylinder 20-gage and illustrates the futility of trying to shoot wildfowl with a small-bore gun, open bored. It would only be safe on ducks at about 60 feet and quail at 45. This target also shows why small bores do not do well with large shot. The target was made with number 6 shot, 218 to the ounce, 163 to the load, inside the 30-inch ring 49, or 30 per cent. The duck is drawn in proportion to the shot circle.

with the same certainty whether the gunner is armed with a 20 bore or a 10. Even the remaining ten per cent will not be all misses through the fault of the gun, for a well-choked 20-gage is deadly up to thirty-five yards, and a 16 only falls two or three yards behind a 12 in maximum range; hence the conclusion that in upland shooting there would be very little difference in the size of the bag whether the arm used was a 20 or a 12, while in the pleasure derived the balance would be all in favor of the little weapon.

One popular error in regard to small-

bore guns needs correction. They do not shoot closer than the large bores. Comparing the diameter of a 20-gage barrel with an 8 it is natural to assume that the narrow tubes will hold their shot charge the closer. However, there is another factor in shotgun ballistics that is not generally considered. Any of the gages depend for their pattern on the amount of choke placed in the barrel.

A 10-gage will bear contracting or



WHAT THE LARGE BORE DOES.

Pattern of an 8-bore gun, accurately reproduced from target shot at the Parker factory. Distance 40 yards, circle 30 inches, load 68 grains of dead shot, 2 ounces $7\frac{1}{2}$ shot (676 pellets) number of shot on target 464—68.6 per cent. Gun full choke. Pattern fair.

choking at the muzzle up to forty thousandths of an inch, a 20-bore but half of that; the result is that both weapons will pattern into precisely the same size of circle at any distance. An 8-gage will pattern into a thirty-inch circle at forty yards, and a 28 cannot be made to do better than that. A letter to any prominent gunbuilder will confirm this statement.

So far as practicable, ammunition firms regulate all their cartridges of the different gages to shoot with like velocities, as it has been proven by many experiments that a certain velocity gives the best results with nitro powder. It follows that unless shells are hand-loaded, the power of a shotgun is in direct proportion to the amount of shot it throws.

Picking Your Shotgun

The gist of this is that the often-repeated declaration of theoretical writers that the small-bores will kill as far as the large, only requiring to be held closer, is just about as near the opposite of true as it could be made. With the present knowledge of gunboring the narrow gages cannot be made to shoot closer, they cannot be so deadly, unless in some magical way one pellet from a 20-bore can be made as effective as two from a 10.

This might be construed into an argument for the larger gages, but there may easily be an excess of power, especially when it is accompanied with undesirable weight. A man might shingle a roof with a 16-pound sledge, but few would care to undertake the job though unquestionably the big hammer would send the nails home.

Fad and fashion aside, a choice of gage should be governed by the use you have for the gun and the weight you are willing to carry. For heavy, long range shooting, as for geese, wild ducks on a pass, and sea fowl, there is no smaller gage equal to a 10, and sometimes the 8 is not out of place. For all-round use, including the traps, duck blind, and the field, you can do no better than cling to the 12. Like any other jack-of-all-trades, however, this gage is master of none except the trap, where distances

and rules have been made especially to fit it.

The 10-bore will beat it on the marsh and the 16 is the weapon par excellence for field and cover. The 20 is for the sharp and clean-killing expert of the uplands who takes pride in his work.

It seems that all the human bumps of the world are becoming leveled down in these days of the twentieth century. Perhaps the conviction will be forced home by and by that all men are born equal and what one can do another can accomplish with like facility.

The inventions of one nation to-day appear on the other side of the world to-morrow. If France ever mounts a gun that will throw shells across the Channel, she will find English shot knocking tar out of the big piece the second day. All this applies especially to the building of shotguns. The weapons of Continental Europe, England, and America are all constructed on similar lines, of identical quality of steel and wood, have the same systems of choking and boring, and the workmanship is not essentially different.

There are minor variations, of course, dictated by taste and habit. Europe tends to multiplicity of locking devices, America to simplicity. But the one American rotary-bolt is stronger and more lasting than the quintuple fastening of foreign arms. American and English guns are alike noted for their perfection of balance, beauty of outline, and severe simplicity of scroll engraving.

Continental Europe tends to floridity of ornamentation with the most artistic pictorial effects in engraving and wood-cutting. Personally I prefer the pictorial in ornamentation, but that is merely a matter of taste.

One thing the American manufacturer can and does do; he can give you as much gun for one hundred dollars as Europe can for two hundred. Grade for grade it will be found on examination that there is very little to choose between an American gun costing fifty dollars and an imported arm at one hundred. If money is no object then exercise your fancy in absolute confidence that a beautiful and satisfactory arm can be obtained either at home or abroad.



I TURNED MUCH MORE QUICKLY THAN I FANCIED POSSIBLE.

THE MAN WHO KNEW

BY BERTRAM ATKEY

Illustrated by R. McNeil Crampton



I SAT patiently upon a rock, fishing—in consequence of the aged man on the fish quay having said: “Go out to the Point an’ you’ll fin’ a big square rock there like a table. If you sets there quiet you’ll kitch fish. You wants to bait wi’ prawn—*unbiled*. If you can’t git prawns, git a bit o’ squeeed. You was wantin’ to kitch a *big* fish, I s’pose? If not, there’s plenty dabs in the harbor. But out at the Point you might git a pollack or a bass.”

He had expectorated, narrowly missing a box of moist whiting that had just come into the fish market for auction, and left it at that.

I discovered that rock, and sat patiently thereupon. Behind me towered a cliff that was like an impregnable barrier between me and the world. There was a curious brownish glow in

the west that seemed to reach this cliff and somberly illuminate its gloom. I took my eyes from the big sea float, sat on the butt of my ineffectual rod, and stared at the cliff. It looked harsh, somehow—harsh and savage and funereal.

Great blurs of black merged with dark, red-brown blots and patches, and across the whole sprawled a slab of gray limestone, gross and huge and shapeless. The grasses that hung over the brows of the cliff gave it a slovenly, uncombed appearance, which even the gay vermilion poppies that bowed and nodded ceaselessly on the extreme edge could not disguise.

I turned to the sea. The sun had almost gone, and the waves that jostled along the rocks at my feet were turning gray. Six destroyers from Devonport slid stealthily along the narrowing horizon, one after the other; a trawler, far out, sailed quietly into a bank of fog

that I had not noticed before, and I felt lonely because I could not see any more ships. A sound came presently that was like the bellow of a far-off cow in pain—the Start foghorn lowing to the ships in the Channel to go cautiously.

“This is desolate—this is very desolate,” I said to my float, which nodded. “There are dabs in the harbor, you understand, and, possibly, bass here. The person who apparently lives in a hole under the fish quay said so. But I think they have all gone to Torquay Regatta.”

The float vanished instantly, as though it wanted to go down and see for itself if there were any fish there. I landed a twelve-ounce wrasse—which is a disappointing fish, and not worth the catching. I rebaited and cast my prawn upon the waters. The float looked idiotically well pleased.

“You,” I said, “are a fool and a liar!”

The float nodded cheerfully, and I turned to that oppressive cliff again.

“And *you*,” I continued, for its dark and morose face made me feel insignificant and of little account, “are a boweless impostor!”

Which was true, for, once upon a time, the huge, humpbacked headland had been full of iron. It had yielded thousands of tons of ore in its day, and it was galleried and gutted and pierced like an old and crumbling honeycomb. I had had no sport, and I was no longer happy. It was a depressing spot. Something rumbled inside the cliff—I suppose one of the galleries had fallen in—and I thought that I would get home.

“This is an eerie place,” I whispered, earnestly, to myself; “an eerie——”

A ghostly pennant of fog slid past me and somebody coughed behind my back—a lonely little cough that was quite in keeping with the place and hour. It was as though a ghost had gripped me by the shoulder—and I turned much more quickly than I fancied possible.

The man who had coughed sat upon a boulder at the foot of the cliff. He was old, I fancied, but his beard was a sort of greasy purplish red. Those

who have seen the earth about an iron mine will know the color. His hair was of the same hue, and it fell down over his ear in straight, lank locks—like the tails of eels. There was a gloss to it, I remember—a red, oily gloss. His eyes were quite black, and I do not desire to see again a face so unutterably white as this man’s face was. He wore clothes—I was unreasonably surprised at this—and they, too, were red with the redness of iron ore. The man cleared his throat and addressed me in a high, precise, careful voice.

“I do not deny that the right to interfere in the first place was not mine. But a suggestion is not necessarily an interference. And the gravity of the case justified either. The blame from beginning to end rested with the captain. He failed to see the thing in the right light—in the light that I saw it. Mainly through lack of sympathy—and the most elementary form of intuition. He was, of course, wholly unintellectual. But that did not excuse his criminal folly.”

He cocked his extraordinary head on one side and watched me. He seemed to expect an answer, and I could find no words beyond “Quite so.” As I uttered them a mist seemed to clear away from his haunted eyes and they were sensible.

“For God’s sake, go away!” he said rapidly, glancing about him.

But before I had time to answer this he changed again—permanently. From a man who spoke like one painfully anxious to choose the exact words to express his meaning he had slid into a furtive, hunted thing—and that character he had instantly sloughed in favor of one which fitted him better, but at first was equally uncomfortable.

Now he was a man who sat on a boulder in the twilight telling himself a singular story. At times he would appear to become aware of me, and at these times he would throw me a scrap of the tale or jerk out a query to which he did not await a reply.

“The secret of all success is the ability to distinguish between types of men,” he began in a nervous whisper. “It is the Key. Had I been in command of

the ship there would have been no wreck, no fear, no death. I knew. It was so obvious. The folly of it—the gross, criminal folly.” He wrung his iron-stained hands, and rocked to and fro. “The man was a coward—it was in his eyes, his mouth, his chin, the movement of his eyebrows, his hands.” He seemed to catch sight of me for the first time.

“The most obvious type in the world is the cowardly type,” he said. “Like the man Macklan—a slender, prying man, who used to laugh unnecessarily when the other men in the fo’c’sle saw nothing to laugh at.”

He gave me this information and forgot my existence.

“Let us be accurate,” he muttered. “The ship *Gratitude* sailed from London for Dunedin in October, 1900, in the afternoon—and I was the only man with brains aboard her. The others were the sailors that work sailing ships in the twentieth century. I was the passenger. For my health, they said, as I remember it; to build me up. I told the captain that the man Macklan was weak and a coward, a man with an unhealthy soul.

“‘But the son of a thief can steer,’ said the captain, ‘and that’s more than any of the other muck can do—or any dotty scientific professor either!’ Let me make a note of that—‘or any dotty scientific professor either!’ Pre-cisely!”

That “Pre-cisely” revealed the professor neck and heels.

“‘Is there, then, anything really difficult in the art of steering?’ I said to the captain. ‘And why is it that a man such as this Macklan can steer while such a man as that Finn in the fo’c’sle cannot?’ Now, that was a reasonable question, but the captain stared and, ‘Oh, *why!*—why is a dead fish?’ he said. I confess that I was angry, and I rose trembling.

“‘Be warned—be warned!’ I said across the table. ‘Keep Macklan from the wheel on this voyage, or you—you will lose the ship.’

“‘Oh, shut up, you cackling old gull!’ said he, and left me alone without further words.

“But it was so true—true! How

did I know who had never even seen a wheel before?”

The man on the rock chuckled inanely over his query.

“We sailed for many days, and Macklan steered often. I talked with him frequently. The man was a not uninteresting study. ‘Tell me,’ I asked him repeatedly, ‘why you are such a coward.’ The first time he looked as though he desired to kill me. Afterwards he was accustomed to laugh—a silly, meaningless, unnecessary laugh.

“So we sailed for New Zealand comfortably, and the days passed—and the nights passed,” said the man on the rock. “All the time I warned the captain uselessly. I told the crew one by one, but they did not understand. There was one—a negro—who would look over the side at the plume of water at the bow. I think he believed in his heart, for he feared me. He would look at the plume at the bow and mutter in a strange tongue.

“At last the gale came up from behind us. The wind and the sea desired the ship and pursued her. There was something human about the sea. It reared itself up from under the ship. A day passed, and the darkness closed on us, and the sea behind grew angry and enormous. Cliffs—precipices—huge and foaming. And it grew and grew, towering. At dawn, like a little naked thing crouching at the foot of a mountain, I said to myself, ‘Now! It is now that we shall see!’

“I could no longer see the tops of the waves—the walls of water—that swung up behind us. They were high up in the skies. And I clung on to wait for Macklan—for Macklan’s trick at the wheel. It was very interesting, and I took a keen delight in shouting to the captain when Macklan came.

“‘Go to the devil!’ said the captain, for answer.

“Then the monstrous wave came, It was like an avalanche, and it moved quicker than the ship. It gained upon us. Macklan glanced back furtively—as I knew he would, and stooped a little, cowering, contracting his shoulders.

“The wave came on, and on, and on, and I saw the soul go out of Mack-

lan. He shrank, gathering himself together. His hands loosened about the wheel. The captain must have seen—at last—for he began to shout, running aft.

“For God’s sake, hold her!” he screamed.

“But he was too late, for Macklan had left the wheel and was running like a madman from that mighty wave. And then it broke over the ship, and I was under the water for ten thousand years as it seemed. And all that time men struggled and choked and drowned, but no man was at the wheel. So the ship broached and the waves beat her to pieces.”

The man on the rock crumbled a fragment of soft ore to powder in his red fingers. “And beat her to pieces,” he repeated. There was a long pause—so long that the outlines of the man had grown blurred and indistinct in the twilight before he spoke again.

I take it that the *Gratitude* kept afloat until the sea had gone down, for when the man took up his tale once more the scene appeared to be changed to an open boat. And here for a time the story was very disjointed, so fragmentary as to be almost incoherent. It seemed that Macklan was saved from the ship, and one of the mates, the captain, the professor, and five or six of the crew, including a boy. All save Macklan and the professor, I imagine, were injured, more or less severely. At any rate, judging from the muttered story, the professor—that is, the man on the rock—was steering this little open boat, and Macklan saw to the sheet.

“By no means would I permit Macklan to steer,” he said.

Presently he became more coherent. “Hour after hour after hour we sailed,” I heard, “and the land drew nearer and nearer.” A note of horror crept into his voice now. “And the sharks grew bolder and more numerous. The sea boiled about the boat, and their fins glided and skimmed across the broken waters like swallows. They rubbed against the boat, rolling half over upon their backs. Bolder and fiercer—and the land was still far. There was one huge. . . .

“And they knew—these devils—they knew in their cowardly hearts that they could capsize that little boat. It was so small. And I knew, also—and Macklan knew. And all of them. But only I knew what was in my own heart. They tried to frighten the sharks with splashings of the water, but the beasts accustomed themselves to the noises and grew bolder.

“Twice the boat heeled—heeled to the very water’s edge. Slowly the land came nearer. We heard the sound of breaking waves, but the hosts of sharks were closing in.

“Suddenly Macklan blanched as though one had touched him with a hot iron, and he turned and looked into my eyes. I had spoken no word, but nevertheless I saw that Macklan knew what was in my mind. He quailed and shut his eyes. And then the boat heeled again—we felt the jar and thrill of the bodies of the sharks—heeled over and over until the water rushed in. By a miracle she righted. One more attack like that, and she would not right again. I saw that with extraordinary clearness.

“So I spoke, Macklan looking at me with dull eyes. His mouth seemed to be twisted right across his face.

“‘We are within two hundred yards of the land,’ I said, ‘but we shall never reach it—*unless some one goes over the side.*’

“And all their hungry eyes turned upon Macklan as I finished—they looked to him as one man. Macklan shrank back and whimpered. The boat rocked among the sharks and reeled at the impact of their bodies.

“‘Some one must go over,’ I said and we all stared at the man Macklan with a dreadful and relentless and cannibal regard. For it was Macklan who had brought us there.

“He moaned once and stood up, moving his hands. I do not think he could see, but I know he feared to stay in the boat with men who looked at him as we were looking.

“He said nothing—only leaned sideways. He was like a falling tree, but slower. He leaned with incredible slowness, as it seemed. But at last he

leaned no more. There was a splash and a seething of the frightful waters.

"Macklan had gone over—gone over, and presently we sailed ashore, borne as it were upon the shoulders of the sharks. We ran into a little cove that shallowed until the sharks could not follow us. So we were saved by Macklan—the coward.

waxy blossoms. We walked for days round an emerald-green patch of level, inviting sward. One man we left here also—in the swamp. The fault of the captain, mark you, from the beginning to the end.

"One by one the company thinned, until at last there walked but three of us—the ship's boy, the captain, and my-



"HE SAT DOWN BY THE BODY OF THE BOY AND HID HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS."

"Mark this, it was from beginning to end the fault of the captain. He should never have put Macklan at the wheel after I warned him. That is clear. But I said nothing—nothing at all. For things were not ready then for what was to be done.

"We set off in a haggard band from the coast seeking a town—a village—anything. I remember that we passed through strange and perilous places—forests that were dank and dark and funereal, valleys that were sickly with the scent of venomous flowers. In such a valley two of our band died—for there were snakes sleeping under the white,

self walking like cripples. It was then that I carried the club which I had fashioned from a bough.

"We came to a valley in the moonlight—it ran right across our path and reached miles on either side of us. We climbed down, crossing it, and as he climbed the boy put his hand on a little yellow snake that was coiled upon a stone. Then there were but the two of us left alive—the captain and myself. He sat down by the body of the boy and hid his face in his hands.

"I said softly, 'This is your handiwork,' but he did not raise his head.

"The club was ready to my hand, and

so I killed—I executed—him. I stayed in the valley for a long time after that, until I saw that the moon was touching the lip of the farther slope. Then I climbed up, having it in my mind to sleep with the moon for my pillow, but when I came to the top the moon was far away rolling on the extreme edge of a wide plain. I crossed that plain and a ridge of hills beyond it, and so came to a town by a little stream, and the people came to me while I was far from it."

The man on the rock ceased. It was quite dark now. I waited, but all I heard was a muttered, "And so I came home—after my holiday." This he repeated many times, always with a nervous chuckle after "holiday." Presently I heard the rustle of his rags as he slid off the boulder, and finally the soft pattering of bare feet.

I pinched myself and found that I was awake.

"This is a singular thing," I heard myself saying. "I must inquire." I put up my tackle and went cautiously homeward between the heaps of ore. The mist lay about my feet like wool. At the back of the old engine house I met the man in charge of the mine. The flame of his lantern seemed to be set in a golden haze.

"There is a half-naked man in the mine," I began to say, but he stopped me.

"Yes," he said wearily, like one explaining for the thousandth time. "He's my brother. It's all right."

Something in the man's voice checked the questions I wanted to ask.

"I see. Good night," I said, and went home.

I got the end of the story from the landlord of my inn that night.

"He was a brother of Marlyatt across at the mines, and he studied and studied, an' made a name for 'imself in London, so they say," volunteered the landlord. "Then his 'ealth broke, an' he went on th' v'yage he talks to 'imself about. A long time after he turned up again here—this was his native village—an' settled to live in th' mines. He won't stay in a house—he's afraid, his brother says. I don't know why. It don't matter much, I s'pose.

"They aren't workin' th' mine now, an' they do say his brother has rigged 'im up a very comfortable hut sort of place somewhere down in th' mine. It don't hurt anybody, an' if th' pore chap likes it best, why, let him live there. He's gone through enough one way an' another."

The landlord was silent for a while. When he spoke he asked a question.

"Ever seen a shark, sir?"

I said that I had.

"Well, now," continued the comfortable man, nodding over his pipe, "what would you be inclined to think about that chap Macklan—what went over? If it's true, I mean. Was he such a coward, would you say?"

But I had no opinion to give, for I was wondering what I should have done in Macklan's place.



HUNTING THE ADIRONDACK GROUSE

BY TODD RUSSELL



GREAT light that broke some years ago on New York's lawmakers at Albany led them to establish, in the name of the State, the Adirondack Forest Preserve, with the idea of making the territory included therein, to which the State took title through its right of eminent domain, a great park and playground for those who sought the out-of-doors for health and pleasure.

The territory taken has been increased from year to year, and is still being increased, until the boundaries of the State lands now run from McKeever on the west to within a few miles of Lakes George and Champlain on the east, and from Loon Lake on the north to a point some twenty miles north of the Mohawk River on the south.

To the sportsman, this country of hundreds of lakes and thousands of acres of woods is one of infinite attraction. Most varieties of our fresh-water game fish are found in profusion within its boundaries, and deer, bear, squirrels, and coons furnish sport for the rifle, while for the shotgun enthusiast, all parts of this territory provide grouse and many parts woodcock. But over the shooting of feathered game, for a reason traceable with some probability to the inhabitants of the country, a blight has been cast, for the last legislature has enacted a law prohibiting the taking of dogs into the State preserves. This law is intended to make more effective the very proper regulations against the hounding of deer, but to the bird-dog enthusiast, a more unjust piece of legislation could not be imagined.

The natives of the country, who in the fall make up its coterie of guides, have not, in large part, ever seen a trained bird-dog. If they have ever used a dog in partridge hunting, it has been of the spaniel type, which barked the birds into trees, there to be potted. Wing shooting is but little practiced, for almost with-

out exception the people are hunters of deer (and there are none better), and the only grouse that fall to their guns are such birds as cross the trail home and foolishly take to a nearby limb.

In a country where grouse are so plentiful, it seems strange that they have been so little pursued and in such ways and are treated generally as of such small value for sport. Grouse shooting during the very dry times when still-hunting deer is so unproductive may save many a trip from failure.

The State Fish, Forest, and Game Commission, in a letter to the writer, states "that the loyalty to a law by the citizens produces better results when there are no exceptions made, and taking bird-dogs into the Adirondacks makes the residents of this locality ask the question, 'Why can't we keep hounds to run foxes?'"

Leaving out the question of ethics, we come to the questions of the natives and of the hounds and foxes. These are best answered by recalling that a good fox pelt is worth three dollars, of which a good hunter may collect three or four a season, and that a good partridge shooter is worth three dollars a day to his hotel, as much more to his guide, and usually stays two weeks a season. It is a financial calculation, that the guide and hotel man can make or should have made for him.

Point two is that hounds will run deer and that bird-dogs are physically incapable of trailing them. The bird hunters had better look after their own, and possibly if they asked a "question" or two of their representatives at Albany, there might be a disposition to treat all residents of the State who contribute to the maintenance of the State lands to a more equitable division of the hunting chances.

But the law, being as it is, must be observed, and therefore, to the practical sportsman who goes for feathered game within the park limits, certain advice as

to methods of hunting without dogs may be of interest, while further on we will take up the hunting grounds on the outskirts of the sacred territory where possibly for a few years the pointer or setter may have a chance still to pit his intelligence against the wariest and sportiest of all our game birds.

No Hunting Without a License

The game law of the State requires each citizen who goes shooting to obtain an annual hunter's license, from any county, city, or town clerk, without regard to where used; the charge is \$1.10, and for non-residents \$20.50. Owners or lessees of land within the State need pay no license for hunting on their own territory. Grouse and woodcock may not be sold, nor may they be carried without the State.

The open season for both birds is from October 1 to November 30, both inclusive, and in this period is embraced the open season on all the snipe and the waders and shore birds which are occasionally found in the grouse country.

The equipment need not vary from that for similar shooting anywhere, but it is well to remember that there is cold weather in the Adirondacks before the end of November and a thermometer searching for the zero mark o' nights makes woolen underwear a desirable thing. The writer has found that very light wool is to be preferred; when the need comes, the doubling of suits is not only warmer but more convenient than the packing of heavy apparel through warm days.

A hammerless gun is absolutely essential in those sections where a dog may not be used because of the method of hunting, for the hammer gun must be carried at full cock or many shots will be lost and life presents risks enough without adding this one. Presuming the gun to be a twelve gauge, the right barrel bored to a cylinder, and the left slightly modified, a standard load of an ounce and an eighth of chilled number seven shot is about the proper outfit. Soft, comfortable shoes, moccasins being avoided, and dark woolen trousers are most comfortable.

The territory shot over divides itself naturally into three classes within the limits of the State preserves, consisting of beech and maple woods, old burnings overgrown with briars, and the edges of cleared land where sumach and other food for birds may be found. This year there is every evidence of an excellent crop of beechnuts which promises not only the most pleasant phase of this shooting but a finer flavor in the game.

The hunter, set down in beech territory, must quarter it after the fashion of the English bird-dog. There is little use looking for likely places, though an occasional detour to the edges of a swamp lined with small spruce and hemlock is sometimes productive in the middle of the day. The most effective method is to take a straight line across the territory selected and work back and forth across it in zigzag lines, giving careful attention to fallen treetops and bits of brush.

Noiselessness is not necessary, for the birds must literally be frightened out of cover and picked off as they rise. Drumming birds may be located by ear, though the direction of the sound is at first confusing. A bird once raised will fly in almost a straight line and can almost certainly be walked up for the second or even the third shot.

A straight eye and the habit of getting an exact line by two trees or other marks on the bird's first flight are great aids in filling the bag, for though there may be shooters who will get many birds on the first rise in this kind of shooting, experience seems to show that they have many a day when they are "off" in the game. Constant alertness is of the greatest help, and the gun must be carried constantly so that it can be swung into position at the first whirl and rush of the frightened bird, which goes straight up for some feet and coaxes the too-impetuous to undershoot him time and again.

In cover along ravines and gullies, birds have a habit of crossing the hollow before lighting. In any kind of hunting without a dog the bird will seldom light in the trees, while a bird flushed by a dog, if not fired at, usually takes refuge on a nearby limb. Sufficient data for definite conclusions are not at hand, but in shooting both grouse and quail, it is

noticeable that birds which the dog has put up will more frequently light on the ground if the gun be discharged. This is presented more as a personal observation than as an unvarying fact.

The ruffed grouse does not take long flights through the timber, a couple of hundred yards being about the average, though he can undoubtedly go farther. The longest flight subject to actual measurement that the writer has seen, was from a projecting point across an arm of a lake over a measured distance of half a mile. This bird was hidden at the water's edge and was afterwards shot not twenty feet inland from the farther shore where the cover was so sparse as to give rise to the idea that he was too exhausted after his trip to hunt the deeper woods immediately beyond.

The bag limit of grouse is six birds to each day and thirty-six during the season to each hunter. The fair shot should have little difficulty in reaching this limit in any of the Adirondack country where the deer-hunters, not searching for this game and going very quietly, raise from six to a dozen birds a day.

An additional precaution for the grouse hunter, which sometimes shows a profit in venison, is the carrying of two or three shells loaded with buckshot in a handy waistcoat pocket. It is a good idea to have them of a different color from the shells loaded with small shot to permit their being easily distinguished; it is needless to add that a deer, no matter how close, nor how great the temptation, should never be fired at with the small shot charge.

A wise precaution in the deer country is the wearing of a broad red band around the hat. There are accidents every year because of deer hunters firing at half-seen objects, and while these are growing creditably less, it is not necessary that they should occur at all.

Within the limits of the Adirondack Park preserve the country about Fulton Chain, Big Moose, Lake Clear, and Loon Lake on the New York Central, offer both grouse and deer shooting, while the Central and the Delaware and Hudson touch the country on the west, south, and

east of the preserve where dogs may be used. Such places as Lyons Falls, Glenfield, and Benson Mines may be suggested on the west and any of the stations on the Delaware and Hudson on the east between Saratoga, Plattsburg, and beyond.

Within the limits of the State lands the hunting is open to all carrying proper licenses. Temporary camps may be built, but tents only are allowed for this purpose. In unsettled territory outside the preserve limits the farmers usually make no objection to shooting and the local guide or hotel-keeper is always well acquainted with the possibilities.

How to Carry Your Dogs

In carrying dogs into the country where they are not prohibited, it is far better to ship them in crates by express than otherwise. The railroad companies will take them, at a valuation not exceeding twenty-five dollars, at excess baggage rates, but it is somewhat of a nuisance to check and look after them in this way. Dog food need not be taken beyond that necessary for the trip as all the hotels and boarding-houses will provide ample table scraps for feeding. Very fast dogs are not suitable, thoroughly stanch ones are necessary, and a dog that is a good retriever is as valuable here as elsewhere, for the winged grouse is a confirmed runner and skillful in hiding.

Grouse do not always lie close to a dog but will run from in front of him in a way that makes the veteran often tried on quail look extremely puzzled at times. It is perhaps as effective a method as any to walk rapidly ahead of the dog which is puzzled and roading slowly, steadying him with a word of command and expecting the bird to get up anywhere, frequently twenty yards ahead.

It has been said that ruffed grouse shooting is the most difficult known. Certainly it requires a quick eye, a steady hand, and a judgment not so often needed in the pursuit of quail; the country traversed in the Adirondacks offers a diversity of scenery, a variety of game, an appetite at meals, and a soundness of sleep at nights that cannot be excelled.

IN AUTUMN WOODS

BY HERBERT CARRICKSON

With Painting of Woodcock by Lynn Bogue Hunt

THERE'S a sting of frost in the morning air
And the sunbeams slant like rain;
The far horizon is broken and dim
And the mist wreaths cover the plain.

The wooded upland has chosen its garb
Of yellow and red and brown;
The sumach has lighted its flaming torch
To show us the way from town.

Our backs are turned on the worries of life,
Its tuppenny toil and woe,
And with gun on shoulder we seek the spot
Where the winds of fancy blow.

Where the shy, brown woodcock springs from our feet
And Bob White calls from the corn;
Yesterday's troubles are yesterday's care,
To-morrow a thing for scorn.

LYNN
BOGUE
HUNT
1906



From a painting by Lynn Bogue Hunt

WOODCOCK

FIVE WOMEN ON THE TRAIL

BY ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

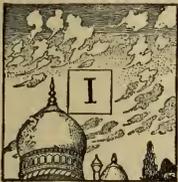
Home Again with a Backward Glance at Well-Remembered Joys and Sorrows

Illustrated with Photographs by Mary W. Adams

NUMBER IV

VII

A Wilderness Dinner Party



IT would seem that the meeting with Mr. Bradley might be social excitement enough for four days in this sequestered region. But Fortune, with her usual whimsical alternation of famine and feast, had other human favors for us. I returned from washing my clothes in the river late one afternoon to find the camp in a turmoil. My comrades were running hither and yon, each with a mirror in one hand and a cook spoon in the other. It was a curious combination of weapons, hardly betokening, as a cause of disturbance, the ubiquitously liable bear, I thought.

"What is the matter?" I demanded, pale, I dare say, but determined.

Britannia brushed hastily past me on her way to the camp fire. She had put on a certain white linen shirt waist—her most cherished possession—which she had washed in the river and carefully rough dried, and she was adjusting about her neck a positively magnificent pink ribbon. I blinked my eyes, she dazzled me; what was it all about? There was Mrs. Selwin coming forth in her rough-dried white shirt waist too. But the information discharged at my head by these two hurried, resplendent ones enlightened me at once.

"There's to be a dinner party," they

said. "Three people are coming. Will you cook the tomatoes?"

Then I made for my duffel bag and dived within its depths. I had no white shirt waist and no pink ribbon; but I had my cracked mirror somewhere, and I had a comb. Right here I think I must pause to exclaim in an ungracious irritation against the duffel bag; ungracious, I say, for my duffel bag was loaned me by a good friend. But the feeling is merely personal; Doe, for instance, does not share it. I think I never once wanted anything out of that duffel bag, particularly in a hurry, that the article had not worked its way down to the very bottom.

I thrust my arm in to the shoulder and groped and felt in vain. My fingers, grown canny by practice, encountered, tested, and rejected everything but the thing I wanted. Finally I withdrew my arm, seized the duffel bag by the bottom, and dumped its contents wholesale. Then, of course, they had to be packed in again, and this happened a dozen times a day.

Mrs. Selwin and Gypsy shared a suit case on the trip. This article I would not recommend any more than the duffel bag. It was awkward for packing on the horse and its stylish appearance had a really laughable effect at the door of the tent. But Britannia's English "hold-all" I truly coveted. It was shaped not unlike a saddle bag and fitted well to the horse, but it opened out like a suit case and its contents lay spread before the owner's

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This installment of Miss Humphrey's narrative was originally designed for our August number, but owing to other demands on our space it was crowded over to this issue. Previous installments appeared in May, June, and July.

eyes. I believe it was not quite waterproof.

Just there, of course, Doe and I had the advantage for our duffel bags were impervious, no matter what rivers Tommy swam, no matter how hard it rained. A hold-all that should be waterproof would be an ideal bag, I think, for a camping trip.

Also, in this festal connection, it may be as well to stop and consider Mrs. Seton's advice to her sisters to take tulle bows and fancy hat pins into the wilderness. I agree with the spirit of her law, though my letter differs essentially. A tulle bow on a flannel shirt waist! Perish the thought of such a combination! And a fancy hat pin without any hat is hardly serviceable.

But I wished quite often for my own part—as, for instance, on this momentous occasion, the description of which I am here interrupting—that I had one pretty flannel shirt waist. Always flannel! With all respect and apology to Mrs. Selwin and Britannia, a linen shirt waist, river washed and wind ironed, is a curious garment. Moreover, I desired fresh ribbons. One red bow I wore at my neck, another tied my hair.

Dearth of Fancy Fixin's

Before I had been on the trail three days, these adornments had suffered the fate of Tommy's ears; they were torn and limp on twigs and spotted with spruce gum. Yet I had no others. Doe scorns the whole question of "fancy fixin's." She laughed at my ribbons, and when they failed she offered me a shoestring. But I continue to hold to the creed of the restfulness of mild luxuries on a trip like this.

At last I had done my prinking and returned to the camp fire. There, while I chopped the tomato can open with an ax, I inquired into and learned the particulars of the occasion.

"Doe and Mr. Weston and I were taking a ride," Mrs. Selwin explained, "when we saw a pack train down the valley. Indians, we thought, of course, and galloped toward them, shouting. But they seemed very unresponsive, and

presently we discovered that they weren't Indians at all. We stopped for a minute, hesitating. But naturally we were curious now, and we had gone too far to draw back.

"So we rode on, and in a minute more Mr. Weston recognized one of the guides. That was fine; we were soon all introduced. It was a big pack train, twelve or fifteen horses, but it had only one master, a Mr. Danning from Ottawa, a geologist. He has been in the mountains since the first of June, and he is not going out until the first of October.

"Of course we invited them all to supper, and they accepted, though I am not sure that they were wholly pleased. We must make them pleased. Where is the can of cream?"

That was such a supper as few camps boast in the wilderness. Britannia, luckily, had already started some beans for her famous bean chowder, and Mr. Cobell had baked a good supply of bannock. Besides these dainties, we had dried beef in cream, stewed tomatoes, tea, a bottle of olives, stewed apricots, and—cake! Yes, cake; which Britannia invented on the spot, and baked with a speechless anxiety, her fine eyes watching above her pink ribbon, very somber and concerned.

We were still hovering over the camp fire, the whole lot of us, flushed and earnest, when our guests arrived, presenting themselves with a modest demeanor at what might be considered the door. Curious how one divines the camp limit! We had seen them coming a long way off, but up to a certain invisible line we took no notice of them, nor did they hesitate. Arrived at the line, however, they stopped, and we rose up to greet them.

I fear Mrs. Selwin was right in surmising that our guests were at first not entirely pleased with our invitation. It had doubtless put them to some inconvenience in the matter of washing and brushing. Who, escaped from civilization, wants to have a lot of women come thrusting social burdens upon him? Mr. Danning's air was very polite, but somewhat perfunctory and constrained, as he sat himself down, with

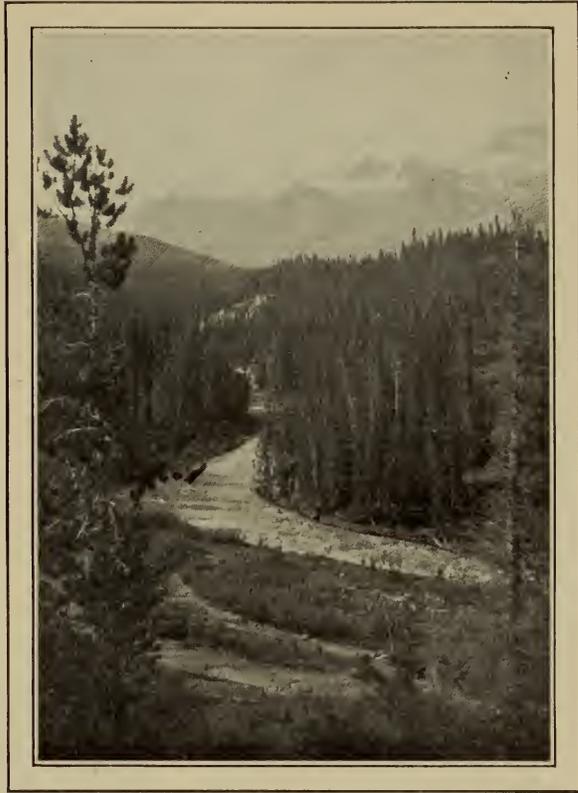
his two guides, before our pack mantle tablecloth, crossing his legs with the easy adjustment of one who has camped out long.

But Mrs. Selwin was also right in her conviction that masculine pleasure could be induced, and with the first spoonfuls of the bean chowder a relaxation set in. We were soon chatting like old friends, exchanging wilderness confidence and comparing our mild adventures.

It was a little difficult to serve that excellent supper in style, as we had but one set of dishes. Gypsy and I had anticipated the embarrassment, however, and had filled the dishpan with water and laid a towel handy. When the bean chowder was quite consumed, we unobstructively removed the cups, washed them, and filled them with tea. In like manner, the plates, when the second course was finished, we scrubbed and returned naturally without undue delay or ostentation.

The cake was the triumph of the meal. The eyes of the two guides expanded with wonder when Britannia, modestly, yet with legitimate pride palpitating beneath her white shirt waist, passed the amazing plate. Cake in the wilderness! Not a crumb of the curious stuff remained (it *was* curious!) for an ant to carry away when the supper was over.

As we had done our best with the supper, so Mr. Weston and Mr. Cobell did their best with the camp fire in the evening. Great logs piled high made a rushing glory of light and warmth in the twilight valley, around the wavering edges of which we sat and clasped our knees. All reluctance was evidently dispelled in the mind of our guest by this time, for he sat with us late and conversed on all topics, friendly and full of interest.



MT. SARBACH AND BEAR CREEK IN THE BOW VALLEY.

His was a stirring experience, away for four months from all touch with the world. He dwelt upon it calmly enough, but I thought I detected a gleam in his eye when he mentioned the first of October. How could it be otherwise? I protest it is not in sane human nature to enjoy long-continued isolation from mankind.

All of the woodsmen seemed to me quite obviously, and certainly very naturally, intent on accomplishing the work which had called them into the wilderness, that they might return to Laggan or Banff or Field, though they had left those outposts of civilization blithely enough for a purpose. 'Tis a normal desire to keep near one's kind, collectively if not individually, and few are the hearts that feel not the tug underneath their independence.

Mr. Danning must have sat up all night writing letters when he left us at last (I hope the cake didn't keep

him awake!) for he brought us a mighty package next day to carry back to Lagan.

We lingered out our four days in the Plains—little lifetime that it was!—hoping that Tom Johnson might come in and complete our social amenities. Tom Johnson trades with the Indians and is the one white occupant of the Plains in the winter. He is of course

I have often pondered upon that fence, chasing its tail so ridiculously back there in that lonely waste, and have wondered if it subserved a psychological need at least; if the one white man in his great winter solitude created thus a boundary within which he might know himself for himself. Otherwise, when the Enchantment came, calling down the wind, blowing out of the empty distance into the empty distance on distance, how save the soul from madness? I have never seen Tom Johnson (he did not come out that week), but I have a picture of him in my mind, sitting in the door of his shack, gazing steadily at his fence, while the terrible Wilderness threatens him, luring him to look up.

Strange four days' sojourn! I would fain make clearer its im-



WE TRAVELED FOR HOURS THROUGH A FRESHLY BURNED DISTRICT.

a signal character. As after the first of November it is impossible for horses to travel the trails until June, the summer must be a busy season with this enterprising person. All the supplies for his long winter's work must be brought out to his lonely shack by string after string of pack horses.

He had just come in when we started out and was planning to return in a few days, so we waited for him. Meantime we went and looked at his shack. It was a simple contrivance enough, made of logs tight-fitted against the cold. It suited the country well. Not so harmonious was the fence which surrounded it. That had an inconsequent, foolish look, tracing its futile little circle on the face of the wilderness. It did not succeed in accomplishing a fence's usual purpose, to inclose, to mark off, to protect. The wilderness overrode it superbly, paying no sort of attention to it, so that it had rather the effect of an attempt at decoration than that of a barrier.



THE CAMP ON THE BANKS OF BEAR CREEK.

pression on me if I only could. But magic is never clear; it has for its peculiar office to bemuse the brain. As an episode in another life, in another world, ages and ages ago, it all seems to me, wondering, now. That valley surely does not still lie girt about by its rocky walls, blown upon by its cloudy wind, cleft by its rushing river; it has vanished into the old romance out of which it came to bewitch us.

I am quite aware that I am not writing about the Canadian Rockies (most glorious region of the earth!) as their other visitors write, as, I daresay, I ought to write; but at least my poor

confession has the merit of honesty. Not another quailing soul like mine have the mountains for a lover.

It was a very cheerful occasion when, on the morning of the fifth day (or month? or year?) we made our packs and turned our faces homeward. Homeward! Yes, Laggan was home. The little place, with its railroad station and post office and eating house, almost unheard of before this summer, utterly disregarded, had come to be clad with rainbow hues of love and light and significance in my wistful imagination. How far it lay, back behind the tangled valleys and mountains, seventy-five laborious miles! Should we ever see it again?

As we rode out from our broken camp, a little figure darted suddenly forward along the trail,



AND OFF WE WENT UP THE VALLEY.

bounding and frisking, barking aloud, ears erect, tail wagging. It was Lulu, who always heretofore had brought up the rear in a resignation sad and unobtrusive; we could hardly believe our eyes as we witnessed her demonstration. Then we laughed—I loudest of all, for my own excellent reasons, which for other excellent reasons I did not enlarge upon greatly to my companions.

"Hey, Lulu!" I called, as I touched Eagle Plume into a trot with my heels, "Isn't it good, dear?" And off we went, careering up the valley. At last we were off for home with a cargo of mixed emotions.

VIII

The Bow Valley

Having come out to the Kootenay Plains over the Pipestone Pass, we made our way in, for the sake of variety, by the Saskatchewan and the Bow. The latter route was longer and harder, but more beautiful; yes, even more



A HALT FOR LUNCHEON AND A LITTLE REST AT MIDDAY.

beautiful than the Pipestone, which transcended experience.

There was the first night's camp, for instance. It lay well in on the edge of the forest, among scattered trees and bushes, with the gaunt mountains overtopping it and two invisible streams singing by, one on either hand. The coolness, the greenness, the orderliness of this syl-

van spot, after the dust of the Kootenay Plains, endeared it to us greatly. How refreshingly we bathed in the streams and how we rested in the shade of the trees! The mountain peaks glowed a most exquisite rose above the dark tree tops that evening. Soaring vision of loveliness, ethereal transfiguration, to lift the eyes from the dishpan!

The superior difficulties of the Bow Valley trail, however, asserted themselves all in good time, in the form of muskegs. A muskeg, as readers probably know, is a swamp, and no peril of the trail is more dreaded by guides and

horses alike. And with excellent reason! I halted at the end of the line and watched my comrades take the first plunge, holding my breath a little.

The horses pricked up their ears and demurred, shying aside as from some actual presence which they feared; then they gathered their forces desperately and made a frantic rush. Up to their knees they went at each step, sometimes almost up to their haunches, floundering, pulling, struggling. My chosen place at the end of the line seemed suddenly not so desirable as I had thought it, for the sight of my companions' exertions was anything but nerve steadying, and, moreover, each horse, plowing through, left the muskeg that much softer. But somebody must bring up the rear, and, fortunately for me, Eagle Plume had a steady composure.

We could not calculate our day's drive with any sort of exactness in this toilsome country. Once we spent a whole morning in compassing two miles. It was not muskeg which put forth its might against us on this occasion, but a bit of trail work along the shore of the swift Saskatchewan. Close up on one side rose the forest, clothing the steep bluff of a hill, impenetrable and savage; close by on the other side swirled the river, eating under the crumbling banks with an insidious purpose. Flung out on the current here and there, as a defiant warning to us, was a loosened bit of earth with the print of the trail still upon it. It was certainly not a comfortable progress which we made that morning.

How the Pony Settled It

Mr. Weston, sounding the way before him, halted constantly to call back, "Look out here! Keep your horses in. Don't let them follow the trail." Now to compel a mountain pony to leave the trail when he sees it clearly before him, is no easy matter, and many a sharp struggle we had to circumvent some particular spot of menace and alarm.

Tommy asserted his independence in his usual fashion. Brought to a pause by a barrier close on the edge of the

river, he gave a bored, comprehensive look, as who should say, "What's the use?" then down he dropped into the water and swam around the obstruction. It was only by force that Baldy was held from obediently following after. At last, after fighting our way, foot by foot, for an hour or so, we came to a stop altogether, huddled close in a little hollow beneath the precipitous bluff.

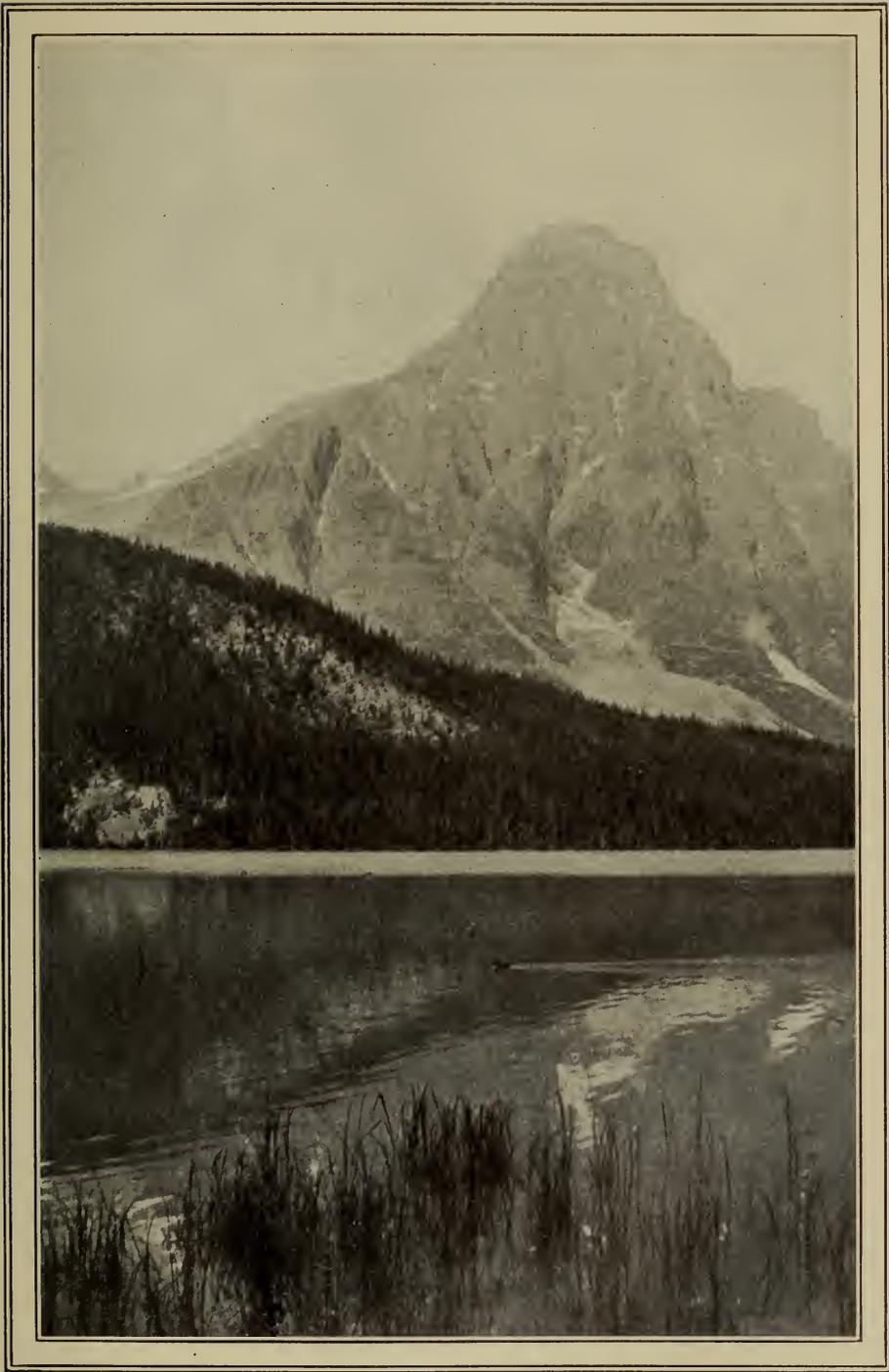
"You'll have to wait here," Mr. Weston said, "while Cobell and I go ahead on foot to see what the trail is like around that bend."

It was but a grudging foothold we had won from the wilderness in that spot. The horses stood crowded against the hill, and yet one or two, for lack of room, were left on the perilous river edge where a leap aside might be fatal. We kept their bridle reins across our arms and our eyes upon them, watchful. The trail before us was strewn and broken, great bristling, ragged trees falling across it, the river pushing close to the bluff, the forest overhanging.

It seemed an impossible thing to make a further passage here. Beyond and above, the mountains thrust their bold, splintered crags to the sky. It is not easy to put into words the sense of a watchful, inimical Force which beset me in this spot. Something had us in close survey; something was setting itself against us, yielding reluctantly, step by step, to our high-handed wresting thus far, but immitigable at last, no further to be entreated.

The authority of this unseen Power seemed quite obvious to me; of myself, I think I would have sat down and folded my hands, assenting. Very well, we had striven; the strife was vain; nay, more, was impious, for what right had we in this realm of old Wilderness? Let us give up the conflict and die.

But fortunately my comrades were cast in a sterner mold than I, and they had no sort of intention of dying on the Saskatchewan. Mr. Weston and Mr. Cobell came back, after an hour's toil with their axes, the sound of whose imperative rapping on the doors of the wilderness had echoed reassuringly, and we led our horses forth one by one, slowly and cautiously. It is one thing



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CAMP SITE OF THE WHOLE TRIP WAS THAT ON
WILD FOWL LAKE.

(and not of the easiest) to sit on a horse's back while he clambers over a fallen tree; but it is another and harder thing to climb over the fallen tree oneself and then coax one's horse to follow.

We toiled along that stubborn trail, wrestling hand to hand with the Force. Our puny strength seemed the blow of a feather against a granite cliff; I have never felt aught so inadequate. Yet, somehow, the feather won the day, for we rounded the bend of the river at last and came out in a more open region where the hills fell back and the trail was free to go at large in safety. With a wonderful sense of relief, we relaxed our strenuous vigilance then, and dropped the reins on our horses' necks, letting them take their own way.

At distances of ten miles or so, we came to tight little shacks by the trail, the trapper's caravansaries for his winter's work. They were very small, standing barely the height of a man from the ground, and very dark, having no windows at all. But we peered in at the narrow door and dimly made out a rude fireplace, merely a heap of stones, the framework of a pallet bed, a folding table, and a pair of snowshoes. These little lodges in the wilderness brought vividly before me the solitary winter progress of their dauntless owner.

What a tremendous journey, in truth! Alone, and on foot, in that world of relentless, frozen silence, carrying his own blankets and food, making every inch of his way by his unaided courage, his journey made ours seem a trivial affair. The sight of the snowshoes especially unlocked my eyes to the winter scene. How heaped and white the silent forest, beneath its dark, straight trees, how more rigid than ever the peaks, how hard the flashing sky! Then, in the midst of it all, this hut, bursting with cheer and firelight, the one spot of warmth in the Wilderness, the one human habitation.

The mighty winter was already heralding its grim return, even then in the middle of August. The nights were sometimes very cold. We slept always under eight layers of heavy, steamer-rug blankets, and water left at the door of the tent was frozen once or twice.

I suppose, as a matter of fact, the winter never actually departs from even the lowest valley of the Canadian Rockies.

It magnanimously retires a bit up the slopes of the mountains and allows the flowers and grass to put forth their tender, fleeting beauty; but it watches, watches jealously, and now and then, in the heart of the summer, it reaches its cold hand down to feel after its ancient rights. This is its region, its stronghold. Mr. Weston told us startling tales of crossing the Pipestone Pass in September, in four feet of snow, with the thermometer thirty degrees below zero.

The beauties of the Bow Valley trail come crowding to remembrance. There was one day when we rode up and down the side of a steep valley through a tangled forest. The way was so sheer that we had to lean forward and clutch our horses' manes to keep the saddles from slipping; but the sharp angle of the ascent gave one great advantage: the mass of the forest fell ever below us, and we could look out through the lines of the trees which were our immediate foreground to the mountains across the way.

It was only in glimpses I caught that scene, glancing back as Eagle Plume scrambled, but I have forever stamped in my mind the image of a tremendous mountain, looming so close behind the trees that it seemed following, striding upon us, a great, gaunt, impending thing. The valley below us at that point was merely the meeting of mountain bases.

The Cardinal Sin of Woodsmen

One afternoon it fell to our lot to travel for hours through a freshly burned district. Who had started the fire nobody knew, though Mr. Weston and Mr. Cobell speculated shrewdly. Never a man owns up to this bit of fatal woodsman carelessness. But the pitiful result stood bare for the heavens to see; a wilderness of blackened stumps and charred, denuded trunks of trees, which leaned and tottered on the slope of the steep hillside, clutching

with their broken twigs, strewing soot abroad. Black and gaunt and bare it was in that skeleton of a forest, horribly depressing.

The ground was deep with a fine black powder which muffled the tread of the horses' feet and rose in a choking dust about us, clinging to clothes and features. The sun poured out of a cloudless sky, unchecked by the poor bare poles of trees, and the blackness of all things took the heat in a suffocating fashion. It was impossible to talk or sing in that mournful region. Strangely subdued, we followed each other in silence along the tortuous trail, heaviness in our thoughts.

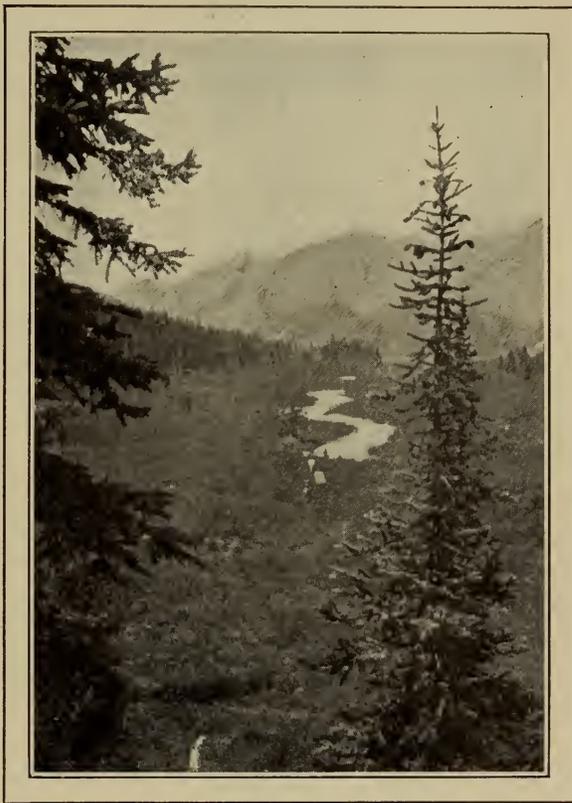
The most beautiful camp site of the whole trip was that on Wild Fowl Lake. High and lonely, with sheer gray crags standing up from three sides of its verge and a dark forest clothing the fourth, it lay in its wilderness embrace, a pure and precious thing. We came on it late in the afternoon, when a quiet light lay across the water, hushing it toward the sunset. So still, so clear, in its high solitude of rocky peaks and forest, there was a touch here which arrested the thought and bade the spirit ponder.

We made our camp in the forest, back from the shore of the lake, but tents and camp fire were largely deserted. In pairs, or alone, we sat at the edge of the water and dreamed while the gray light faded away. If there was magic about that lake, it was a beautiful, healing spell, good for the heart to suffer.

Thus, little by little, we made our way in from the Wilderness, back to civilization. I am almost ashamed to confess how glad I was as I realized the diminishing number of the days before us. I hungered and thirsted for the world, the very world I had lightly

scorned in my arrogant ignorance heretofore, the world of people and houses and books and things—even things!

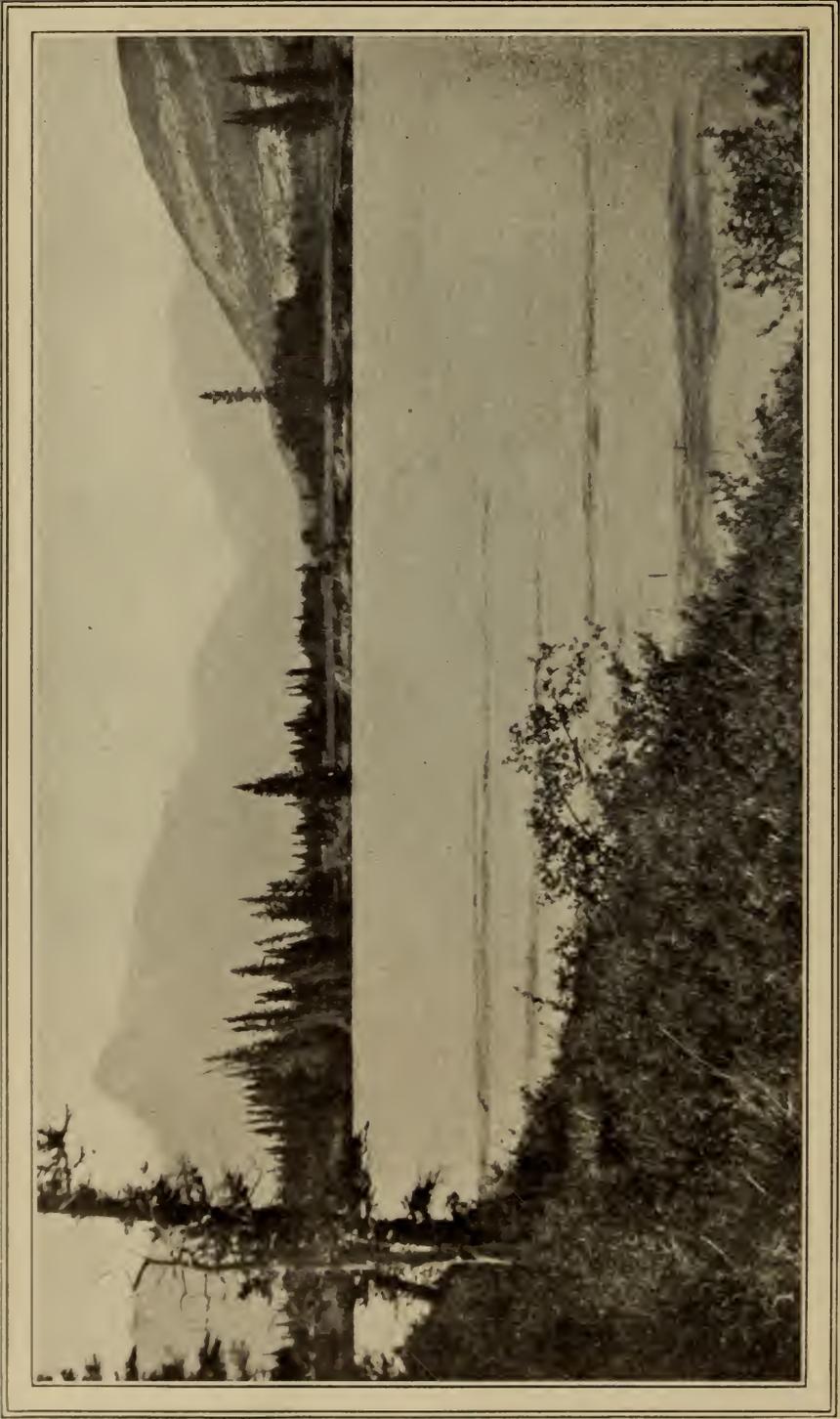
I shall never forget the thrill that went through me at the first sight of the railroad track. Mr. Weston wheeled for a look at my face, and slapped his knee with laughter. Ah,



THE VALLEY BELOW US WAS MERELY THE MEETING OF MOUNTAIN BASES.

the good, reassuring march of the sturdy telegraph poles! I could gladly have gotten down and embraced any one of them.

But when we rode up to the land of desire, the Laggan railroad station, we received a sudden dose of the world more lavish than my need. A train was just in, and the station platform was swarming with eager tourists. All chatting among themselves, they were, and scanning the mountains, a happy band; we approached them innocently. At once, as our straggling pack train



ONCE WE SPENT A WHOLE MORNING IN COMPASSING TWO MILES ALONG THE SHORE OF THE SWIFT SASKATCHEWAN.

rounded the station corner, a hush fell over the crowded platform.

If they had been turned to stone they could not have stood more motionless, stared more fixedly, these bewildered children of Raymond and Cook, aghast with their surprise. The pause was of short duration, however. As the wave of silence had swept them all, so a rebounding wave of delight stirred them into motion.

They ran for their cameras, clapping their hands, calling to friends who remained in the train. "Come out, come out quick!" "Oh, mama, they must be cowboy women!" rang one high, excited voice. Before we knew it, we were surrounded, cameras clicking to right and left, remarks of the frankest nature assailing our disconcerted ears.

"Did you ever see such boots in your life?" "Look, Susy, look at their skirts. And their complexions—goodness me! See that woman's nose!"

We clapped our heels to our horses' sides (which action provoked a shriek of delight) and made off as fast as possible, but our doom was already sealed to appear in uncounted photograph albums and to figure in parlor talks unknown. I should like to know how they set us forth, those usurpers of our destiny, those unimpeachable disposers of our fame. I dare say they utter the wildest surmises concerning us gravely enough, for I think it did not occur to them that we were civilians like themselves; to them we were members of the picturesque body of Western curiosities, such as Indians, cowboys, and bears, whose legitimate office it is of course to minister to the interest of the East.

We glanced at each other dubiously, as we rode off toward the hotel; this reception on the part of our kind had shaken our faith a little. We had thought we looked so fine that morning, when we had donned our cleanest waists preparatory to our return. Britannia had her pink ribbon on and her shirt waist, washed and rough dried again; as usual, she had dazzled me to sincerest admiration. I, too, had I not mended the rent in the front of my skirt? And yet this burst of derisive comment!

The effect of our complexions at least we began to understand when we stood in the office of the hotel and looked at the pallid, cellar-plant countenances which surrounded us. These poor people, had they all come through recent illnesses? No, they were tourists, sun-burned, no doubt, beyond the normal hue of their skin by constant mild exposure. Their friends would say of them, even them, when they returned home, "How brown you are!" And they looked to us waxen white!

Silently I confronted myself in a full-length mirror upstairs, silently stood and pondered. I have no description at all to give of the revelation.

IX

Summing Up

Though it is not yet very long ago that these things about which I have written transpired, the experience has receded from me beyond my youth and childhood. I do not believe that it ever was; I marvel to remember so clearly. A dream, an enchantment at the time, it is now old myth and legend. Yet myth and legend dominate life, and dreams have spacious wisdom. Therefore it is not strange that I find the mountains often haunting me and that I wander much among them.

I understand them better now than I did when I stood in the flesh before them, bewildered and at a loss. I am somewhat amused and a little ashamed because of my past perturbations. So simple a matter it seems on reflection to ride horseback and sleep in a tent and fry bacon over a fire. And the beauty of the experience! What in the world was the matter with me that my spirit staggered so?

Fatigue, I make answer confidently: first and finally, fatigue. It was my knees that communicated the staggering to my spirit. Let all women who read take warning from me and train themselves for camp life. There is no reason why they should not go forth and do and dare. Mrs. Selwin and Doe have been out on the trail seven weeks at a time, swimming deep rivers, camping

in snow, consorting with Indians, ascending as far as the Wilcox Pass; and they have yet more adventurous plans for the coming summer.

They find their chief happiness in the life and they live it gallantly. But they have worked their way up through years of riding and camping, the habit is theirs, second nature to them now. One must go in at the little end of this horn, as of all others, if one would come out spaciouly. I reversed the process.

Yet not for anything in the world would I have missed the experience. I have here written to little purpose if my admiration for the Rocky Mountains has not been apparent. They seem to me the climax of beauty our grand old earth has to bless us withal, tremendously taken and held. One knows not our continent, knows not the world, who does not know them a little.

They are more wonderful than the Alps, because wilder in their great frozen tumult, lone and fair and savage. Not even Mont Blanc can equal them. I marvel to see the tourists set forth every summer for Switzerland when this greater glory lies unexplored in their own continent. Untold riches of beauty are there.

The very stupendousness of the region may of course work a crushing effect on a spirit impaired by fatigue. It takes courage and strength and a brave endurance to face great revelations; and beauty has always a wounding power which bears a relation very exact to its power of quickening joy. There was actual moral pain to me in the vague, troubled knowledge that I was in the presence of the noblest mountains of the earth and that I could only fall asleep with my head on a hillock of grass.

It would perhaps have been easier to master the science of camping out on a plain, or among quieter hills, where the spirit would not have been on the strain so constantly, so despairingly, striving to comprehend. The region of the Canadian Rockies is not restful in any sense of the word; it calls and pricks and urges. The nervous tension is high.

It is easy to criticise camp life. Fatiguing, exacting, disorderly, lacking in repose, dehumanizing in its doctrine of "everyone for himself"—these terms apply too truly. And yet, once taste it, and ever after, the decorous coöperation of towns will seem artificial and tame. I suppose the truth of the matter is that, like it or like it not, a camp sets up an incontrovertible claim over us. Though we are civilized somewhat, we are also sufficiently barbarous; and once we were barbarous utterly, shamelessly, gloriously. The memory of our past holds good beneath our latter-day aspirations, and sometimes it is a question which is the stronger with us, the tug of the old or the new. Certain it is, when one thinks of it, that the true conservative is not he who lives in a city, but he who camps in a wood.

A Joy that Never Fades

I could preach a whole sermon upon the camp spirit. And my text would not read: "Be unselfish, be patient, be thoughtful and kind and forbearing." No; everybody knows all about that. It would, rather, read: "Be serene." To yield oneself to the sense of large leisure encompassing the mountains and woods is the secret of life in the wilderness; not to be always doing and thinking, not to be caring greatly.

Mrs. Selwin and Doe had this perfect wisdom. They could sit on the ground, plucking grass for hours, unoccupied and happy. But, alas! Britannia and I were seldom free from an anxious sense of duty. We did not want to begin to get supper at four o'clock in the afternoon, but perhaps—in my case at least, I being a New Englander—that was the very reason why we thought we ought to. It must have been irritating enough to have the repose of the afternoon broken in upon by a restless figure, piously pulling herself from a nap to go and gather sticks.

The moral law of the woods is different from that of cities, and the thing is to apprehend this difference and to live by it. In the city the person who anticipates his share of the common task and zealously performs it is playing

the decent and orderly part of a good citizen; in the woods he is often enough an unmitigated nuisance. It would seem, at first blush, that the city had the moral advantage here, but I am not sure that the peace of the wilderness does not go a long way toward supplying the place of philanthropy. The matter deserves some reflection.

The real best good of a trip like this which I have been describing comes of course when the experience is over in actuality and the mind begins to work with it, shaping it anew. Then the essential points stand out, the significant benefits. So greatly have I enjoyed my adventures in the retrospect that it would have been easy for me to write these papers all *couleur de rose*. But I have refrained because I know—fond fancy sternly controlled—that the actual facts of fatigue and struggle were very potent once, and I hope that their warning may serve the cause of some sister tourist now.

The physical tonic lasts for months. It is, as I write, almost seven months since I emerged from the Rockies, and I have not yet felt any abatement of the unknown vigor and buoyancy which set in like some wonderful tide as soon as my muscles had recovered from their unusual tension. It is life, new life to go West.

One comes back strong, alert, and glad, careless of all the old foolish problems which one left hanging up with

one's civilized clothes in the closet at home, eager to live anew. It was weeks before I could settle myself into the quiet New England ways of the place which I love so much better than all the Rockies put together; my life was strange to me. The strangeness was not all on one side, be very sure of that! The neighbors stood solemn and awestruck before my copper countenance.

The secret of the whole matter, the great determining good, is that the Rocky Mountains send no one back to a previous state of mind. Too big for old moods is the smallest heart that descends from the heights, breathless, rejoicing. Peace of mind that was an excellent thing and fitted snugly two months ago, is faded and shrivelled now—no more of that! The peace of the mountains is glorious, wide as the sky, no garment at all, but a free space for souls to run in. The best gift of the Rocky Mountains is nothing less than the transformation of life.

Therefore it follows that my advice is instant to all inquirers: Go, by all means, go! Learn to ride horseback first, if you can; if you can't, go anyway. Camp out a little for practice, if possible; if not, go just the same. Never mind if you are exhausted, discouraged; never mind if you are blistered with sunburn; never mind if you don't have a good time; never mind if it kills you. You will reach heaven a better person. Go to the Canadian Rockies!

COMFORT WHILE YOU TRAVEL

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD



IF a man stops you on your way to the Grand Central in the afternoon and you miss your favorite eighteen-hour train, if it is imperative that you be in Chicago the next morning at ten o'clock, and if—and this is a most important “if”—you are willing to spend your

money freely, the railroad will accomplish it for you. If you are well known and your credit good with the railroad folks, it is highly probable that you will find your special, ready to make an overnight run of nearly one thousand miles, waiting in the trainshed when you reach the station. Even if your credit is not so well established, the sight of a fat roll of greenbacks will

turn the trick. The train will be ready in any event almost as soon as you are.

If you are planning a novel outing, you may send for a railroad representative and he will bring to your house or your office tickets on any train to any part of the world, or he will be prepared to arrange a special train for a night's run or a three months' swing around the country. Your train may be of any length you desire and are willing to pay for. You can hire a car, and it will be handled either on regular express trains or with special engines. You pay the bills and take your choice.

A run in a private car is the acme of luxury to the average man. These are used for a variety of purposes in these comfort-loving days and the sight of one or more of them attached to the rear of a heavy train has ceased to ex-

cite comment. The average luxury-loving millionaire has one—possibly two—of these expensive toys as a part of an entourage that embraces ocean-going yachts, complete stables, and fleets of motor-cars of every description.

If he can claim some sort of responsible connection with a large railroad system, he may have his car hauled free from one ocean to the other, and the millionaire likes these little perquisites. He is not so far removed, after all, from the man who huddles in the corner of the smoking car and hopes that the conductor will forget to collect his ticket.

To appreciate the number and variety of these cars take a look at the passenger sidings at any of the large Florida beach hotels in midwinter. Better still, run down to Princeton or up to

New Haven at any large football game. You will see parked there at such a time from sixty to one hundred palatial coaches, some of them private property, others chartered for the occasion.

Even in the middle of the night this feature of luxurious railroad traffic is still at your disposal. An emergency call summons you out-of-town for a distance and the night train schedules do not meet your needs. The night trainmaster will accommodate you. He will act as the agent of the railroad and while you hold the telephone receiver he will arrange the entire schedule for you. Trains will be



YOU CAN RIDE AMID AS MUCH EASE AND QUIET ELEGANCE AS
THOUGH YOU WERE IN YOUR OWN HOME.



THE FIRST SLEEPING CARS, HAD LITTLE OF THE COMFORT AND BEAUTY OF THEIR MODERN SUCCESSORS.

held and connections made—the telegraph will work wonders here. If you demand speed, the railroad will give it to you—if you are willing to pay the price and give a release against damage to your precious bones. Increased speed spells increased risk on the railroad.

The price of these trains varies in different parts of the country, although tariffs covering them are filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission. As a general rule it is not more than two dollars a mile, with a minimum charge large enough to repay the railroad for all its extra crews and trouble.

For the private car attached to a regular train the railroad makes a practice of demanding a minimum of eighteen full first-class fares. In other words, it will carry eighteen persons at its regular passenger tariff and virtually haul the car free. Tickets are demanded from each additional passenger in excess of eighteen.

But when you deal with the railroad

you have only arranged for the haul of your car or cars. The use of anything other than the railroad's regular equipment means an extra charge. If you want the height of luxury, as represented by drawing-room, sleeping, dining, or private cars, you must see the Pullman Company, either direct or through the railroad's agents. A complete private car, equipped with staterooms, baths, private dining room, parlor, and the like costs \$75 for a single day. For two or more days the rate is \$50 a day. These figures include the services of a cook and two attendants, but the man who charters the car must pay for his food supplies.

The rental of a train is simply the aggregate rental for the number of cars desired. The rental for sleeping and dining cars—parlor cars are of little use in any run of more than a few daylight hours—averages about \$45 a day each, and the Pullman Company will deliver all save the dining cars without charge at any point that you

may designate. The railroad will arrange the details. You have only to gather your party together and set forth upon your trip.

Solid special trains by the dozen are in constant service in every corner of the North American continent where the railroad has found its way. Tourist parties roam forth upon them in comfort; civic bodies find them agreeable aids to "junketing"; parties bound to conventions have their trains parked and live upon them for several days, avoiding the annoyances of overcrowded hotels; whole theatrical troupes of distinguished elegance charter them for special runs.

Star actors and actresses appreciate the comfort of their special cars; sometimes a party of sportsmen will charter a car and hie themselves off to a secluded spot where the railroad roams through the forest, find an idle siding, and use their car as a camp for a week, a fortnight, or even a month. Cities and States use private cars as traveling museums to exploit themselves, some of them are traveling churches, they have even been made to serve as theaters—the uses of the private car are nearly as manifold as those of the railroad itself.

Different in the Old Days

In the beginning things were different. Our great granddaddies drew no class lines when they traveled, but were content if they had adequate shelter from the storm, or on pleasant days from the showers of sparks from the locomotive. But when the railroad began to stretch itself and to be a thing of long reaches, it was found advisable to run trains at night in order to make quick communication between distant points. Traveling at night in the crude coaches of the early days was an abomination and before the forties the Cumberland Valley Railroad was operating a crude sort of sleeping cars.

Within another decade there was much experimenting of this sort. N. M. Woodruff, at Watertown, N. Y., was devising a real sleeping car—the first affairs were really reclining-chair cars

—and in western New York, George M. Pullman was packing his goods to go to Chicago where he was to build his world-famed car works. Pullman's cars alone survived. He bought in the Woodruff company and some lesser concerns and for many years his only important rival was the Wagner Palace Car Company—a Vanderbilt property.

In course of time this, too, was absorbed and the Pullman Company had virtual control of the luxury of American traffic—few railroads caring to operate their own parlor and sleeping-car service. The variations in traffic of the average railroad, with, perhaps a heavy summer-resort service demanding extra parlor and sleeping-car service through a couple of months makes the Pullman Company a handy economic factor—which saves the road from tying up large capital in equipment that will be idle nine months of the year.

The body of Abraham Lincoln was carried to its final resting place in the first real Pullman car that was ever built. Soon after he became President, Lincoln rode in one of Pullman's earliest attempts, a sleeping car that he had remodeled from a day coach on the Chicago and Alton, which was put in service between Chicago and St. Louis in 1860. The cars, of which this was one, were almost as crude as the barbaric predecessors that had induced the man from western New York to tackle the problem of a railroad comfort that should at least approach the standards of the steamboat. It is worth noting that Abraham Lincoln's son is to-day the president of the company that Pullman founded.

The first real sleeping car was built in 1864. It was called the "Pioneer," and the builder further designated it by the letter "A," not dreaming that he would soon exhaust the letters of the alphabet. The "Pioneer" was built in a Chicago and Alton shop and cost the almost fabulous sum of \$18,000. That was reckless extravagance in a year when the best of railroad coaches could be built at a cost not exceeding \$4,500.

But the "Pioneer" was blazing a new path in luxury. Without it was radiant in paint and varnish, in gay

stripes and lettering; it was a giant compared with its fellows, for it was a foot wider and two feet and a half higher than any car ever built before. It had the hinged berths that are the distinctive feature of the American sleeping car to-day, and the porter and the passengers no longer had to drag the bedding from closets at the far end of the car.

The "Pioneer" was not only wider and higher than other passenger cars, but it was also wider and higher than the clearances of station platforms and overhead bridges. But when the news came of the death of

been made in the length. Not long after the "Pioneer" carried President Lincoln to his grave, General Grant started on a trip West and the Michigan Central, anxious to carry him over



NO LONGER IS THE TRIP
MARRIED BY THE FIFTEEN
MINUTE SCRAMBLE FOR
REFRESHMENTS.

its lines from Detroit to Chicago, widened its clearances for the "Pioneer."

After that there were several paths open



THE BUFFET CAR IS THE EQUAL OF
THE WELL-APPOINTED CLUB.

President Lincoln, the fame of Pullman's "Pioneer" was already widespread and it was suggested that the new car should be the funeral coach of the martyred President. This involved cutting wider clearances all the way from Washington by way of Philadelphia, New York and Albany, to Springfield, Ill., and gangs of men worked night and day to make the needed changes in time.

Pullman knew that the increased convenience of an attractive car built on proper proportions would justify these changes in the long run and it is significant that the height and width of the Pullman cars to-day are those of the "Pioneer"—the changes have



MILADY'S HANDS ARE CARED FOR EN ROUTE.

for the big car and work was begun upon its fellows. It went into regular service on the Chicago and Alton and the Pullman Palace Car Company was formed in 1867. The alphabet soon ran out and the company to-day operates between four and five thousand



EVEN YOUR CORRESPONDENCE IS AT-
TENDED TO AS YOU FLY.

cars in regular service. There is a popular tradition to the effect that Pullman for many years gave his daughters one hundred dollars each for naming the cars and that that was the principal source of their pin money.

While the dimensions of the car were practically fixed, improvements in its construction went steadily onward. Trucks were made stronger and more wheels were added; couplings were remodeled, and Westinghouse brought the safety and comfort of his air brakes. The platforms for many years remained a menace and a problem.

A New Jersey railroad in the old days sought to emphasize the platform danger by painting on an inner panel of each car door a picture of a newly made grave, surmounted by a tombstone on which was inscribed: "Sacred to the memory of a man who stood upon a platform." The railroad used every method to keep its passengers off the platforms at first. Afterwards they began to encourage it and to devise means to make passage from car to car easy and safe.

The dining car, of which more in a moment, was the prime factor in this change of attitude on the part of railroad officers. Its use forced passengers to walk the length of the train, a practice which was made possible by the design of American cars, as opposed to those of English railroads. When the English roads began the use of dining cars they had to revamp their entire plan of car construction and produce what are still known across the Atlantic as "corridor trains."

Pullman set to work to make such communication safe. Back in the fifties there had been something of the sort on the old Naugatuck Railroad in Connecticut, canvas curtains roughly inclosing the platforms, but these had been built to facilitate car ventilation and were abandoned after three or four years of trial. Pullman did better. He built a platform inclosure of folding doors and placed steel frames at the end of his vestibules which not only protected passengers from the stress of weather, but also served as effective antitelescoping devices. The Pennsylvania Railroad adopted these vestibules in 1886 and they were soon in use on fast through trains all over the country.

Getting Rid of the Platform

After that a better vestibule was devised—one that extended the full width of the car. In fact, the platform of the car had practically ceased to exist; the structure was full-framed to include its entrances, and one of the dangerous accident features of American high-speed trains—the telescoping of cars in collision—ceased to exist.

The interior of the modern cars has not been neglected. From the beginning they have been elaborate in rare woods and splendid textile fittings. The advancing era of American good taste has done much toward softening the over elaboration of car interiors—the sort of sleeping car that George Ade used to call "the chambermaid's dream of heaven."

The newest cars have the quiet elegance and good taste of a modern residence. Nothing that may be added in

wealth of material or of comfort is omitted, but the foolish draperies and carvings that once made the American car the laughing stock of Europeans have already gone their way.

All manner of devices that make for luxury have been added. The superintendent sometimes hears complaints from a traveler that the sharp curves on some mountain division have spilled the water of his bathtub and the switching crews at the big terminals know that turntables are kept busy turning the big observation cars so that they will "set right" at the rear of the train.

For those persons who wish to pay for it there are staterooms with baths and comfortable brass beds. After many years of unsatisfactory experiment, the electric light has come into its own on the railroad train, and even on less pretentious trains the night traveler no longer wrestles with the terrors of dressing or undressing in an absolutely dark berth.

After the problem of housing people at night had been met and solved, another arose. If travelers might sleep upon a train, why might they not eat there too? The railroad eating houses had high fame. There are old fellows who will still tell you of the glories of the lunch rooms at Springfield, at Poughkeepsie, at Hornellsville, and at Altoona.

But the eating-room scheme had its great disadvantages. For one thing it was vexatious to halt through trains three times a day while the passengers piled out of the cars and raced for a lunch counter or dining room to ruin their digestions in the twenty minutes allotted for each meal. Then the process of clambering into and out of the comfortable train in all sorts of weather was unpopular. The well-established and equally well-famed eating houses along the trunk-line railroads were doomed from the time that the "Pioneer" won its first success.

A train should no more halt at meal-time than a steamboat should tie up at her wharf for a similar purpose. The earliest dining cars were called hotel cars and the first of these, the "President," was placed in operation by the Pullman Company on the Great West-

ern Railway—now the Grand Trunk—of Canada in 1867. The hotel car was nothing more nor less than a sleeping car with a kitchen built at one end and facilities for serving meals at tables placed at the berths. It was well enough in its way, but travelers demanded something better.

Pullman went hard at his problem and in another year he had evolved the first real dining car, the "Delmonico," which went into regular service on the Chicago and Alton. The "Delmonico" was a pretty complete sort of a restaurant on wheels, not greatly different from the dining car of to-day.

Now there are seven hundred and fifty successors to the old "Delmonico" in daily service on the railroads of the United States. A small regiment of men earn their livelihood upon them and some genius, handy with a lead-pencil, has estimated that they serve some sixty thousand meals—breakfast, lunch, and dinner—every day. The amount of food and drink consumed is a matter that is left to the statistician.

Big Business in Small Space

The average full-sized dining car seats forty persons, but that does not indicate the business it does. Unless the car can be completely filled two or more times at each meal, it is not considered a profitable run. The European method of reserving seats at "first table" or "second table" has never obtained in the United States and the wise man on a popular train sacrifices his dignity and hurries for the dining car at the first intimation that the meal is ready.

To feed the hungry a dining-car crew of nine men is kept busy. The car is under the absolute charge of a conductor or steward, who is held accountable by the dining-car superintendent for the conduct of his men and of his car. He signs a receipt for the car equipment before starting on his run and he must see to it that none of that equipment—not a single napkin nor spoon out of all his stock—is missing at its end.

He is held in as strict account for the appearance and behavior of his men. The waiters must be neatly dressed,

must have clean linen, the conductor himself must be something of a Beau Brummel, carrying an unvarying smile for each one of the road's patrons, no matter how disagreeable or cranky he or she may be. For all of these things and many others—such as maintaining a sharp watch over the car's miniature wine cellars, adding "specials" to the bill of fare for certain days, acting as a cashier for the service—he receives a salary varying from \$75 to \$110 per month.

His crew, as far as the passengers see it, consists of five men, almost always all negroes. Back in the tiny kitchen is the chef, with two assistants, preparing the food. The kitchen is less than six feet wide and fifteen long, and the three men who work in it must have a place for everything, including themselves. Obviously there is no room for the waiters, and these receive their supplies through a small "wicket" window.

If the kitchen is tiny, it is also marvelously complete. An ice box fits upon and takes half the space of the wide vestibule platform; the range has the compact dimensions of a yacht's range; sinks, pots, and kettles fit into inconceivably small spaces. Yet in these tiny cubbyholes one hundred—sometimes more—dinners, of seven or eight courses each, are carefully prepared with a skill in the cooking that is a marvel to restaurateurs.

The table d'hôte dinner—the famous "dollar dinner"—of the American railroad is fast disappearing. The constant increase in the cost of foodstuffs is largely responsible for this. The Pullman Company long since gave up this particular feature of passenger luxury save in a few isolated cases. It had ceased to be a particularly profitable business—this serving of fine meals for a dollar each—and the railroads took it up, prepared to make it a cost business for the advertising value. Each railroad plumed itself upon its dining-car service and was willing to lose a little money if it might induce travel to come its way.

But as the price of foodstuffs continued to rise, this form of advertising began to be more and more expensive,

and so the "dollar dinner" is dying out. In its place is the foreign à-la-carte system, where the price of each dish is fixed according to cost. In this way the railroads are beginning to worry less about the advertising value of their dining cars and even to establish their commissary upon a money-making basis.

"Diners" of All Sizes

The dining-car idea is being extended all the while to branches and trains that could not support full-sized cars. To meet these needs smaller cars—generally called café cars—in which the dining compartment is much reduced in size, are being put in use. Two cooks, two waiters, and a steward form the working force and the fixed charges of the outfit are correspondingly low.

They are further reduced in the so-called broiler coach, which is nothing more than a day car with a kitchen built in, the entire service being performed by one or two cooks and a like number of waiters. Some sleeping cars and parlor cars still have kitchens where a single gifted negro may act as both cook and waiter; these cars are designated commonly as buffet sleepers or buffet parlor cars.

The dining-car department of the railroad will probably have more to do than merely to supervise the operation of these various sorts of equipment. Restaurants and lunch rooms at terminals and stations along the line may fall under its direct supervision and it may also conduct the cuisine of the private cars of the railroad's officers—generally called business cars, in the diplomatic parlance of the modern railroad.

This department also has direct charge of all the men employed on cars and in lunch rooms; it sees to it that the railroad's culinary equipment is fully maintained; it buys food and drink, linen, silver, china, and kitchen supplies of every sort. The routing of the cars is carefully planned to secure the most economical use. Few trains running from New York to Chicago will carry a single diner throughout the entire trip. One car will generally make the

daylight run with the train, to be dropped at night to continue its course west again at daylight upon some other train needing meal service.

The first train will pick up a fresh diner in the morning to carry into Chicago. In this way a car may take a week or more to make the round trip between New York and Chicago. Obviously the commissary must meet all needs along the way. Staple supplies, such as liquors and dry groceries, are placed aboard the car at the terminals. Fresh meats and vegetables are picked up along the route.

Just as the comfort of the American river steamboat of the fifties was responsible for the plans for eating and sleeping aboard the railroad trains, so it was responsible for the introduction of a finer luxury in railroad travel, until to-day the resources of the general passenger agent are taxed to the limit to discover some new joy to add to the pleasure of seeing the world over his particular line. The full development of the protected vestibule platform and the opportunity it afforded of easy intercourse between the coaches of a train led to many new devices to make the long cross-country trip of the traveler a thing of ease and pleasure.

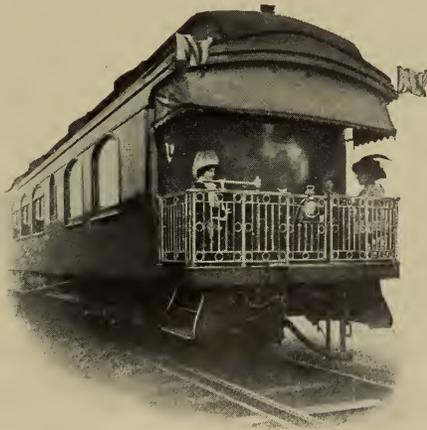
First came the buffet car, with all the conveniences of a man's club; the car builders have shown remarkable ingenuity in imitating the missionlike grill-room interiors, despite the many limitations placed upon them. No club is

complete without a barber shop and soon every fast-rushing limited of any consequence had a dusky servitor whose sharp-bladed razor was warranted not to cut, even when the train struck a sharp curve at fifty miles an hour. Stationery, books, and magazines all became features of the buffet car. After that there came a stenographer.

Most of these things were for the comfort of men, who form the majority of patrons of the railroad. But a considerable proportion of femininity travels and it sent in a complaint that its comfort was being neglected. The general passenger agents gave quick ear. The men's buffet, with its comfortable adjuncts of smoke and drink was at the forward end of the train, therefore the women were provided for in the big observation cars at the rear.

They were given more stationery, more magazines, even a case full of books, running from the severe standard works to the gayest and lightest of modern fiction. Ladies' maids were installed upon the trains, and the girl running from New York to Albany could have her nails manicured as she traveled.

From the moment he enters the station, the wants of the traveler are studied and anticipated. Whether he rides for pleasure or business, races to keep an urgent appointment, or seeks the blessed land of Vacation, he is the guest of the railroad in everything that counts for ease and joy of travel.



EAST VS. WEST ON TRACK AND FIELD

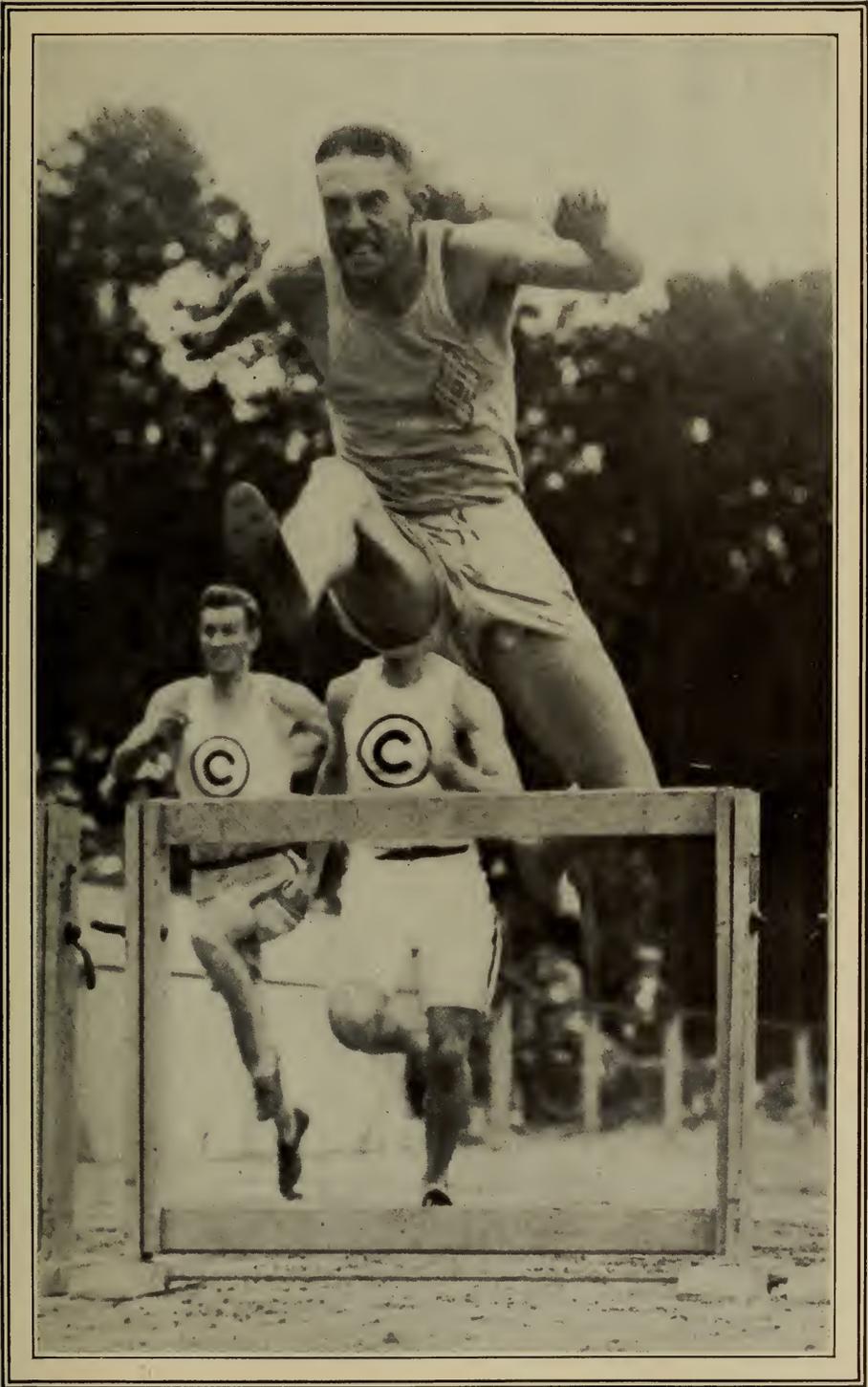
IN the A. A. U. championship games at Seattle, August 13 and 14 the newly organized Seattle Athletic Club carried off the club honors with a total of 46 points, the scoring being 5, 3, and 1 for firsts, seconds, and thirds respectively. Honors for individual scoring were taken by Ralph Rose, of the Olympic Club, San Francisco, his total being 21 points. Rose showed his class by taking first in the 16-pound shot with a new world's record of 50 feet 3 inches, first in discus and javelin and second in hammer and 56-lb. weight.

One of the sensations of the games was the winning of the five-mile race by Harry McLean, a full-blooded Indian, entered by the Elks' Club of Phoenix, Arizona. Brailey Gish, of Seattle, broke the American record for javelin with a throw of 144 feet in the junior games, but was beaten by Rose in the senior games, getting only 138 feet.

Another good performance was that of Malcomson, of Seattle, in the low hurdles, his time being within a fifth of a second of Kraenzlein's unbeaten record of 24 4/5.



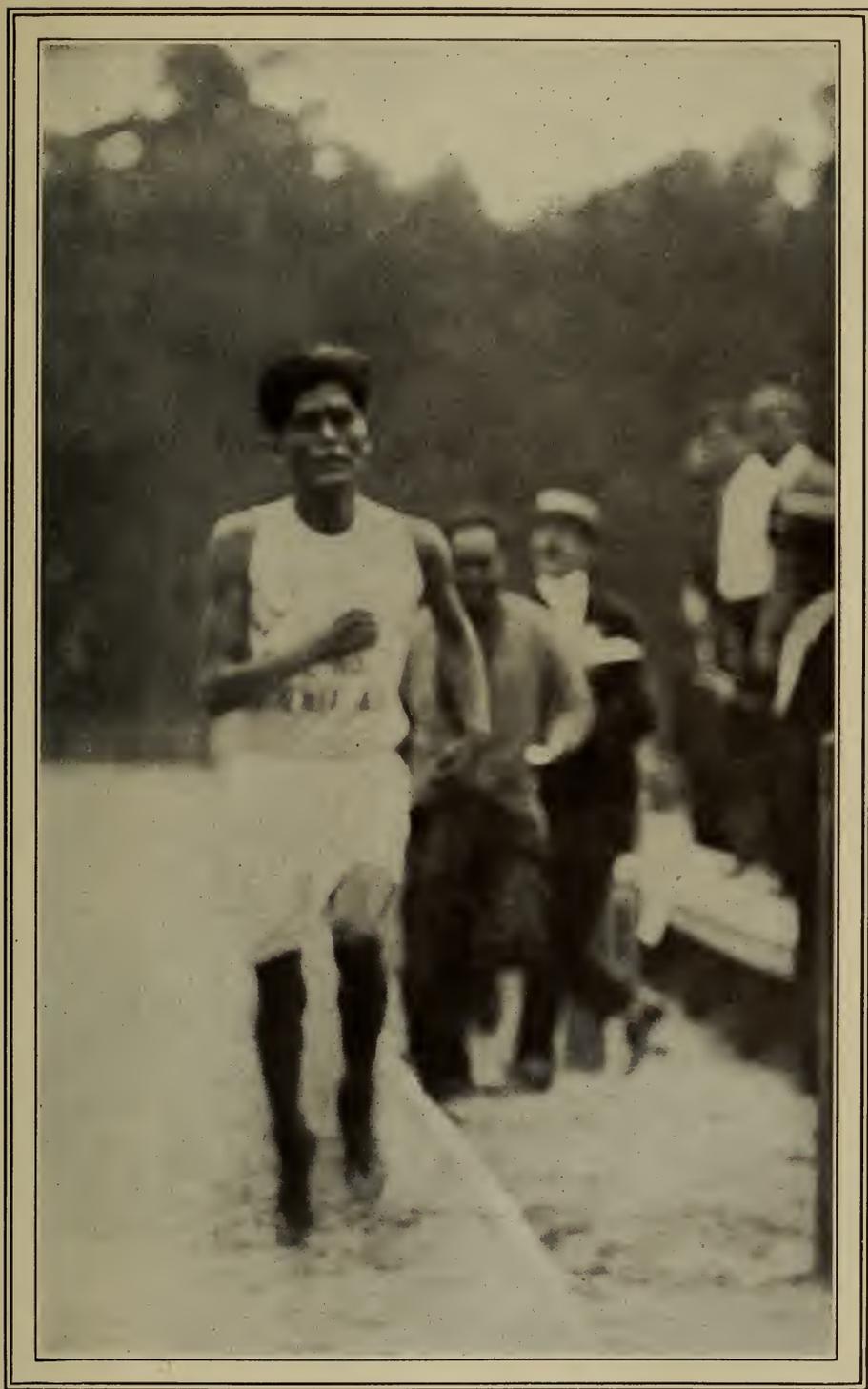
ERICKSON, OF THE MOTT HAVEN ATHLETIC CLUB, NEW YORK, WINNING THE HIGH JUMP AT 5 FT. 11¼ INS. HE HAS A RECORD OF 6 FT. 2 INS.



MALCOMSON, OF SEATTLE, COMING HOME OVER THE HIGH HURDLES WITHIN A FIFTH OF A SECOND OF THE RECORD.



BRALEY GISH'S JAVELIN THROW OF 144 FEET THAT BROKE THE AMERICAN RECORD.



A REAL AMERICAN LEADING THE FIELD IN THE FIVE-MILE RUN.



Photographs by Brown Bros., New York.

TARGET AT WHICH THE ANGLERS AIMED IN FLY-CASTING FOR ACCURACY.

ANGLERS BATTLE FOR POINTS

TEN different events were decided in the National Anglers' Tournament at Van Cortland Park, New York City, August 20-21, and six firsts were captured by the western delegation, three of these going to the Chicago Fly-Casting Club. A new record of 95 feet was made in the distance fly-casting with 5-oz. rod by F. N. Peet, of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club. Another new mark was set in the distance

bait-casting with half-ounce weights, by R. J. Held, of the Anglers' Club of New York, with an average of $193 \frac{2}{5}$ feet in five casts, one cast being 212 feet. A remarkable average was that of E. B. Rice, Anglers' Club of New York, in the surf-casting, $269 \frac{3}{5}$ feet in five casts.

In the fly-casting for accuracy, I. H. Bellows, C. F.-C. C., made a percentage of 99.9, having ten perfect casts.



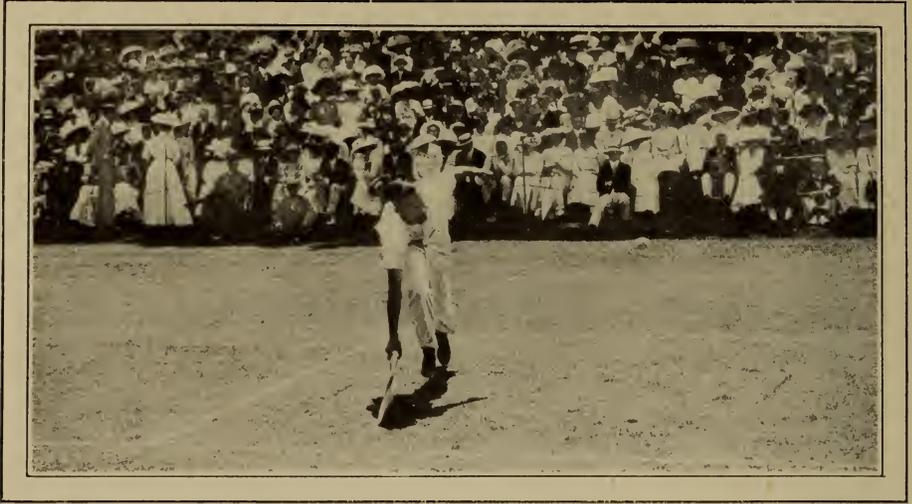
D. F. BEATTY, WINNING THE TROPHY FOR ACCURACY BAIT-CASTING.



FRED N. PEET SETTING A NEW MARK OF 95 FEET IN FLY-CASTING FOR DISTANCE.



A. D. WHITBY, WHO CARRIED OFF THE HONORS IN BAIT-CASTING FOR DISTANCE.



Photographs by Brown Bros., N. Y.

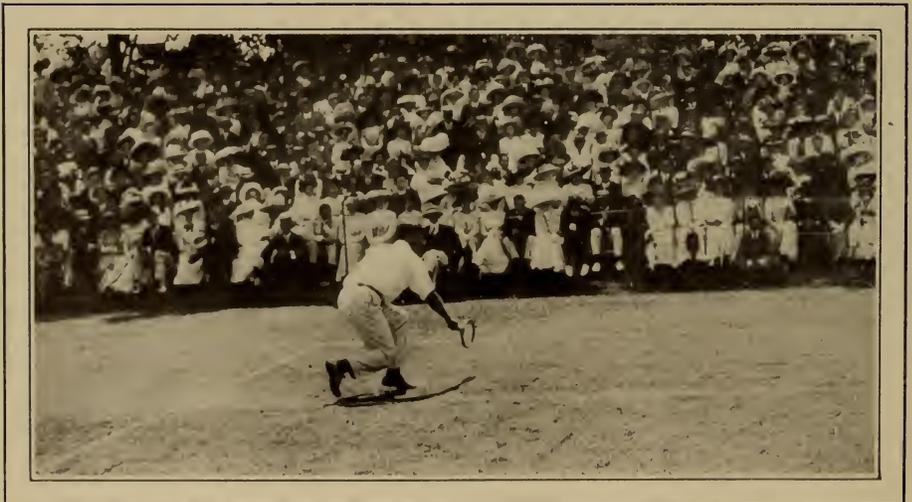
CLOTHIER GETTING A FAST ONE IN THE BACK COURT.

NATIONAL HONORS IN TENNIS

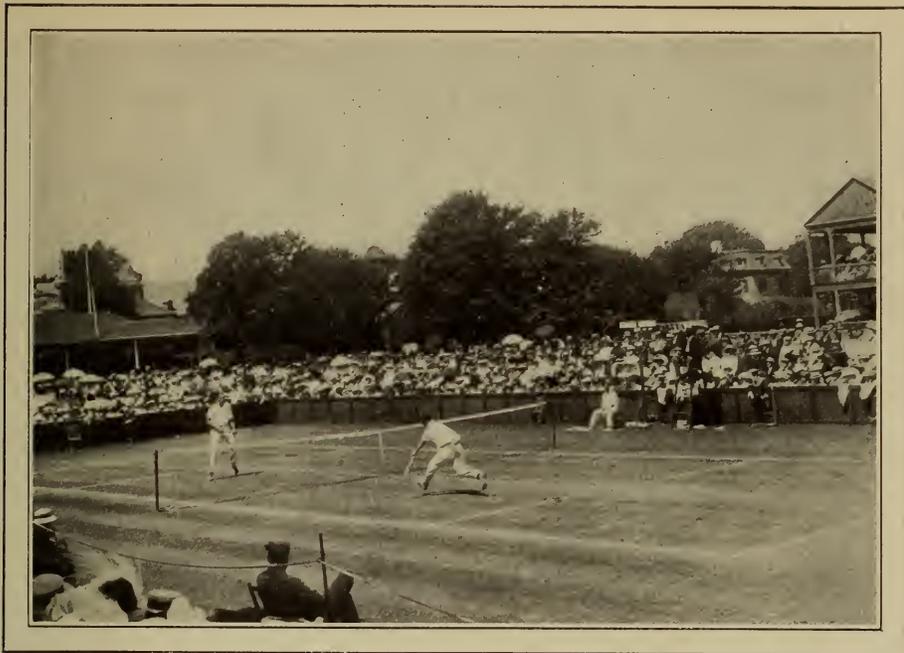
“**H**EADWORK” won again in the national tennis tournament at Newport, August 18-27. The Californians, M. F. McLaughlin and T. C. Bundy, played strongly through their preliminary matches, their speed and fast footing carrying them through without danger. Bundy was eliminated in the semi-finals by W. J. Clothier, the latter winning by his superior skill in placing and pass-

ing. The Californian lost several points on foot faults and on nets and outs in efforts to change his pace. His colleague, McLaughlin, met Clothier in the finals, and lost, the scores standing 7-5, 6-4, 9-11, 6-3. It was a match in which steadiness and experience won over speed and brilliancy.

The tables were turned on Clothier in the challenge match, which W. T. Larned, now four times champion, won,



LARNED'S BACK-HAND STROKE FOR A LOW DRIVE.



LARNED COMING UP TO THE NET FOR ONE OF HIS SWIFT VOLLEYS.

6—1, 6—2, 5—7, 1—6, 6—1. The champion's service was weak, but this was atoned for by his swift passes and his heady placing.



CLOTHIER WAITING AT THE NET FOR A SLOW LOB.

it. What with hot oysters and crackers and an occasional glass everyone was cheerful and happy, and the evening passed quickly with song and jest and laughter. But the men were very tired and about eleven o'clock went sleepily away.

My Natahki retired to her couch, and the young Cree woman made a nest for herself with three or four buffalo robes over in a corner; only old Tom and I stayed by the fire. I rolled a fresh cigarette; he took a drink and refilled his pipe with tobacco and red willow bark.

"Now, then, old man," I said, "you know what night it is; be kind and make me a Christmas present. Tell me about that sad experience you hinted at the other day."

"'Tis not a story for the Christmas time," he replied. "But you shall have it—with this to solace me—" patting the jug by his side. "No doubt—I shall become badly knocked up by the telling of it."

"It was in the summer of my twentieth year, in August, that I came to Fort Vermilion, being despatched from the factor at Deer Lake House, where I had been for two years previous. No answer was required and I was subject to the orders of the factor at Fort Vermilion, a right hearty, kindly man named Burd. 'You must be tired, Thomas,' he said. 'Rest awhile and enjoy yourself; we will find something for you to do later on.'

"There were many employees and their families at the Fort and near by was a big camp of Red River people, so you may be sure I did enjoy myself, what with the feasting and the dancing and the sparkling young maids! 'Twas the fourth day after I arrived at the place that I first saw Marie Blanchard. I met her at a dance, and I danced and danced with her, and I went to my couch with my head in a whirl and a queer feeling in my heart.

"Pretty! Oh, man! And petite! About five feet two; and graceful and winsome and good and pure—she was surely a fairy. I cut a fine figure beside her, towering as a pine tree over a willow, and yet, she loved me even as I loved her. That she freely confessed

within a week after I met her. We had been dancing and walked out by the shore of the river! 'Twas a fine night, warm and still, and the full moon made it almost as light as day.

"'Marie, oh, Marie, dear,' I said, 'I love you so that I am clean distraught. Have pity on me! Make me the happiest man in this great Northland.'

"Did she falter or hesitate? Not for an instant. 'Oh, Tall One,' she said, looking up at me, her big eyes shining, 'I'm so glad! Of course, I'll be your wife.'

"'Twas too far down to stoop, so I lifted her up and we kissed four times—the sacred number. Then I set her on her feet and we went hand in hand to her parents and told them our wish, and in less than half an hour the good father who was staying at the Fort pronounced us man and wife.

"The days slipped by like a dream of happiness for us both. They went too fast. August passed, a part of September, and then one day the factor called me into his office. 'Thomas, my lad,' he said, 'tis time to be planning for the winter. What do you wish to do? What do you think you are best fitted to do?'

"'Your honor, sir,' I replied, full confident of myself and maybe a little vain, as youth is apt to be, 'I can do most anything, trade, trap, even cast up accounts, but if you give me my choice, I would rather go trapping this winter than do anything else!'

"And so it was settled as I desired. I was to go north into the Reindeer Mountains, where fur of all kinds—and especially marten—was said to be very plentiful, and for a partner the factor gave me a Frenchman, one Antoine Charboneau by name. He was a fair-sized man, that Charboneau, strong and healthy, a bachelor about thirty years of age. He wasn't a single man by choice though, so my little Marie told me, shrinking a little as she said it; but because no woman would have him.

"Once in a while there is a man like that, you know, that women seem to shun, as a camp dog fears the odor of a wolf skin and slinks away from it. I didn't know the man, except as a casual

acquaintance. The factor ordered him to go with me, and I had no objection to make.

"We started on the last day of September, this man, Marie, and I, taking with us eight good company dogs which we packed with our belongings—our bedding, a little food, our pots and pans, and a few beaver traps; we were to use deadfalls for the land fur. At the edge of the clearing we stopped and looked back at the place where we had passed such happy days; when first we had learned what life really is. "The Peace River," I said to the little one; it is a peaceful river, and a peaceful country. I take it as a sign that we will have a happy, prosperous winter."

"Of course, we will," she exclaimed, "and I care not how long the winter lasts. Let it snow and blow; let Cold Maker do his worst; we will be warm and content for all of him and his storms."

"We turned and entered the timber, and day after day for two weeks we traveled northeast until we came to a place high in the mountains that seemed to be just what we were looking for. It was too high for beavers, but there was plenty of sign of marten and fisher, more than I had ever seen anywhere before, and there were moose and red deer and caribou and a few wood bison. We would not lack meat. Charboneau and I began felling logs for a cabin. Had we been just two men, a shack of any kind would have sufficed, but for my little Marie's sake I took great care to build it warm and snug, and put in a big wide fireplace of rock and mud so that the cold might have no terrors for us.

"The day we moved into it snow began to fall, and for seven days and nights it came down, light fluffy snow, until it lay four feet deep on the mountainside. We put in the time making snowshoes and a dog sled. Then we waited for the snow to settle before beginning our winter work; 'twas so light that we plowed through it in our big net shoes. When the snow began we had on hand the four quarters of a moose, but with eight dogs to feed besides ourselves, it went fast, and sooner than we cared to we had to start out for

a fresh supply. The Frenchman going one way, I another.

"We got back to camp about the same time in the evening and neither of us had fired a shot. We had not seen anything to shoot at, nor had we seen the tracks of anything larger than a wood mouse—not even a rabbit or a grouse track. The horned game, the fur, everything seemed to have vanished from the country. They had but moved down to the foot of the mountains, I concluded, and would soon be wandering back. Charboneau did not agree with me; he believed that the game had left the country for the winter, and that if we remained we would starve to death. He was always grumbling and growling, however, and I paid no attention to him.

"The snow settled and hardened, and day after day we went out on discovery, farther and farther afield, but with little success. Although we traveled and camped for two days and nights down in the lowlands, we found no horned game, killed nothing but a couple of porcupines, three or four rabbits, and a lone spruce hen. 'Let us get out of here,' Charboneau kept saying. 'Let us pack up and return to the Fort.'

"But to that I would not listen. The good factor had sent me to this place, and here I was bound to stay. I could not return empty-handed and face him. I believed that in time the game would return, that all would be well with us if we only had patience and courage, and so thought my Marie. Although we went hungry to bed more and more often, she never complained, but seemed to grow more cheerful the more we suffered.

"Thus passed November and some days of December. The dogs grew lank and thin, and so did we. Once I found a den of beavers and caught six, a beaver a night, setting my traps under the ice. Some days we killed nothing; again we would get a porcupine, or a moose bird or two, perchance a raven. And every night Charboneau would sit croaking by the fire, until at last he drove me nearly crazy.

"Finally I told him one evening, 'Tomorrow you hitch up the dogs and go

in to the Fort, and tell the factor just how we are situated. If he says for us to move in well and good. If he says we are to stay here, also well and good. In any case return quickly and bring food; some pemmican, some dried meat, a little tea, and a jug of wine for Christmas time. You should go in four days and return loaded in six. This is the twelfth. We will expect to see you on the twenty-fourth at the latest.'

"After Charboneau left I hunted harder than ever, and with less and less success. We grained our moose hide, cut it into small strips, and boiled them. We boiled them for hours and hours, but could never masticate them, just swallowing the pieces and drinking the soup, which likely afforded a little nourishment. We counted the days. The twenty-fourth came, but no Charboneau. Christmas morning I shot a rabbit which made a wonderful feast for us, eked out with moose-hide soup.

" 'Surely,' we said, 'Charboneau will come to-day.' But he didn't, neither on that day nor any other day, and at last when the New Year came we were certain that something serious had happened to him; that by some accident he had died on the trail. There was nothing for us to do but to go on in to the Fort ourselves.

"Very early on the morning of the 2d we put on our snowshoes and started on the long trail, I in the lead carrying one wool and a couple of rabbit-skin blankets, a small copper kettle, my ax, gun, and ammunition. On Marie's account I traveled slowly; we had been two weeks coming out. On snowshoes, passing along the down timber and brush which had impeded our progress in the fall, we thought we would be able to make the Fort in eight days, weak as we were; and on that first day we did cover a good distance, although we had nothing to eat. Nor did I see a living thing all the long day.

"When evening came I cut a lot of green and dry wood and cleared a space of ground about ten feet square on the side of a hill, using a net shoe to shovel away the snow. On the high side of the space I built the fire and on the low side laid our bed of fir boughs. At the

back of the bed I stretched the wool blankets on upright sticks. Thus sheltered from the cold air behind and warmed by the heat of the fire rolling out over us, we were comfortable all night by occasionally replenishing the fire, although the night was so cold that the twigs kept popping like the reports of a rifle.

"The next day Marie began to lag behind, although she protested that she was not weak nor faint from hunger, that she was well able to keep on. I bundled her in the blankets and went on with her on my back. In the afternoon I shot a moose bird, a mere mouthful or two after it was boiled. Although I begged and begged her to eat it all, the little woman would only take the smaller part. So we went on, some days without food, mostly without, day by day my little woman becoming weaker and weaker. So did I, but not so weak as she.

"On the sixth day we came to some old caribou tracks in the snow, and a little later some fresh ones. I made a nest of boughs and blankets, placed the dear woman in it, and started out after the game, but never caught up with it. I followed as long as I dared, and then had to retrace my steps, and I tell you my heart was heavy. It grew heavier when I got back to Marie and found her lying in a kind of stupor from which it was difficult to arouse her.

"I built a little fire and rested, warming and cheering Marie, and thinking hard. I knew it wasn't very much farther to the Fort. If I traveled all night and all the next day, I was sure I could get there by dusk—if my strength held.

"Well, it must hold, I told myself. I would not give up. After an hour or so I put the little one on my back and started on, stumbling through the dark woods until daybreak. When I stopped, I built another little fire and rested. Then on again, on! on! on! halting once in a while to lift the little woman around in front and press her face against mine and bid her be of good heart, for it was only a little ways farther to the Fort, to soup and meat and well-earned rest.

"Each time it was more difficult to arouse her. She would smile feebly and there was a far-away look in her eyes as she whispered, 'yes, Tall One. You're so good, so good to me. Oh, how I love you, Tall One!'"

"The latter part of that afternoon my strength seemed to be completely gone. It was only by the utmost exertion of my will that I kept on my feet, floundering and stumbling on the cliffs like a drunken man. When darkness came I almost gave up, but my strength held for one more endeavor, and then—behold, the river and the sparks flying out of the chimneys of the Fort! I staggered through the gate and met a friend crossing the courtyard.

"'Who are you?' he asked, and I recognized the voice. 'Quick, Baptiste,' I cried, 'take us to your room; bid your good wife make some soup; we are perishing for hunger.'

"I laid my Marie on the bed, but for all my heart-breaking toil, I was too late. She opened her eyes, smiled, drew one or two faint breaths—and died.

"She died," the old man repeated, more to himself than to me—"she died—in spite of all, she died." And then for a time he was silent, his bosom heaving, tears dropping unheeded down his cheeks.

"I knelt by her," he resumed, "and I wished that I might die too. 'How came it that you starved out there?' Baptiste asked, laying his hand kindly on my shoulder. 'We thought you had a fine country. When Charboneau came in he reported that you were doing well.'

"'He came, did he?' I asked in turn. 'And said we were doing well? What became of him, I wonder. Could we have passed him on the way? Or is he dead out in that God-forsaken forest?'"

"'Why, he's here, of course,' said Baptiste. 'Where else should he be? He said that you did not like him and told him to leave and report to the factor for other work.'

"When I heard those words, my lad, my heart seemed to stop beating, and then I began to tingle all over. I grew so angry that I could only whisper,

'Where is he? Where is he now—this moment?'"

"'A little while ago,' my friend replied, 'I saw him in the clerk's room playing cards. I think he is there still.'

"I sprang to my feet and rushed across to the clerk's room, bursting in the door. When the beast saw me he sprang up from the table and tried to flee, but I caught him and felt that I had the strength of a hundred men. I picked him up and slung him head first against the wall; I lifted him and dashed him on the floor again and again; then I gathered him up and flung him into the fireplace, on the top of the blazing logs. At that everything went black before me and I fainted.

"It was days and days before I came back to life. I was lying on a couch in Baptiste's room, with his good wife sitting near embroidering a moccasin top. In an instant it all came back to me. 'What of my Marie?' I asked. 'Where is her body?'"

"'We buried it,' the woman replied, and added, 'days and days ago we buried it. You have been ill a long time.'

"'And what of him?' I went on. 'What of that beast Charboneau? Did I hurt him?'"

"'He, too, is dead,' she told me. 'You seemed not to have left a whole bone in his body. He was dead when they pulled him out of the fire, where you threw him.'

"That at least was good news and it helped me to get well. In a little while I was up and about, and when spring came the good factor transferred me and I left Fort Vermilion forever.

"So that is why the holy days are a sad time to me—reminding me of the dear one I loved and lost. Do you wonder, lad, that at such times I need a wee drop to cheer me a bit?'"

"But, Tom, old man," I said, "that was very long ago—and now you have others who love you to care for."

"Lad, lad!" he exclaimed, "know this: A man never really loves more than once. True, there are women; a man may not live without them. But my heart is not theirs. I have no heart. It lies in a distant grave far north from here. That was the end of life for me."

THE BEST FRUIT OF ALL

BY E. P. POWELL



O you know that the owner of an apple orchard is possessor of the very finest thing that Nature could produce, as the culmination of millions of years of evolution? The *rosaceae* family in the vegetable kingdom rivals the Human family in the animal kingdom. It has mastered conditions with virtue and valor, using thorns somewhat instead of fists, but developing the most delicious flavors, and at the same time unrivaled beauty of colors, both in blossom and in fruit. The owner of an apple tree should not be a lout. Indeed I am inclined to think that the development of these fine things waits for a manlier race of men. It needs a Burbank or a race of Burbanks, educated and trained spiritually as well as intellectually, to carry the vegetable kingdom forward.

We have kept pace fairly well all through history. Progress in pomology has been a fair gage of human progress in general, social and economic. It is not easy to go back and comprehend the tastes of our ancestors, when "merrily with the world it went"; and men ate berries from the brav thorn trees; when they relished wild sloes and haws and choke pears. An old Scandinavian song tells us that "Iduna gave the gods apples to eat to renew their youth"; and we are told, in a boastful way, that in 1430 there were in the market of Nuremberg apples as big as a man's thumb.

It is no wonder that apples in those days were generally baked before use, or that they were crushed into drinks. It was the origin of cider. Piers the Plowman says, "All the poore peple brought baken apples in lappes."

The early colonists brought over from England and Holland seeds of all sorts of fruits, apples and pears as well as currants and raspberries; and it is said that with these they brought also a few

young trees of choicest varieties. The pippin family and the pearmain family of apples, and I think the spitzenburg family, had already become so well established in their characteristics that their seedlings could be distinguished and classified. In other words, all the seedlings of the pippin had pippin characteristics, although most of them reverted toward the wild.

In 1630 Governor Endicott imported a pear tree which he planted in his orchard farm at Salem. In 1648 he had apple trees growing from seed, enough to enable him to swap five hundred of them for two hundred and fifty acres of land. Among the most enthusiastic horticulturists was Governor Winthrop, and his correspondence is touched with interest in pomology. Chief Justice Dudley, in 1721, wrote that American apples were without doubt as good as those of England.

We are told that the American people were already running so much to orchard planting that in a village near Boston they had made nearly three thousand barrels of cider in a single year, and that in another town of two hundred families they had made nearly ten thousand barrels. The same authority tells us that a good apple tree in that day would sometimes measure three feet in diameter, and that a well-grown tree would bear thirty-eight bushels of fruit.

I am the owner of what is left of the earliest apple orchard planted by New Englanders on their way west, and some of these trees are two feet in diameter, while I remember distinctly others that were three feet. They bear as heavy crops as ever, of fairly good fruit. Most of them were grafted seventy-five years ago and have yielded hundreds of bushels of spitzenburgs and russets.

Kirkland, who was sent by the Connecticut churches as missionary to the Oneidas about the middle of the eighteenth century, brought with him a pack-

age of seed and started a nursery. From that nursery were planted afterwards several orchards. I believe the whole tone of the town and the enterprising character of the people has been due more to that nursery planted at the bottom of the hill than to the college which he planted at the top of the hill. Elihu Root's father was one of the first to catch the spirit of Kirkland, as also Asa Gray of the opposite hillside. The enthusiasm of horticulture is not likely to die out through Senator Root.

However, Kirkland was preceded by some of the more intelligent Indian tribes, who planted vast orchards with seeds secured from Virginia and Massachusetts. These orchards were never planted in rows, but in the grove style, just as oranges in Florida were allowed to grow as Nature had placed them and are still called orange groves. Unfortunately General Sullivan cut down nearly all of these Indian orchards in his terrible raid on the Iroquois. I believe a few scattered trees can still be found. The apples were as a rule what we would throw into the cider press to-day, but the Indian rareripe was a variety of high quality.

There was a certain amount of accidental selection going on all the while, and occasionally a new fruit of great value was originated. Daniel Webster's classmate, Josiah Noyes, was one of the most enthusiastic in securing scions from old Connecticut, but he did not overlook the opportunity of originating new things of importance. I do not know of any apple that he created, but the Clinton grape still grows near where he planted it, as a seedling, during the earliest years of the nineteenth century. It has traveled over the whole United States, and now exists in millions of vines.

About the middle of the nineteenth century began a pomological enthusiasm of a very widespread sort. In 1848 the Massachusetts Horticultural Society showed two hundred varieties of pears from one exhibitor, while apples were in nearly as great display. There are catalogued at the present time at least two thousand varieties. At that date, that is about the middle of the century,

pears led the way, followed very closely by grapes and cherries. President Wilder of Massachusetts introduced and disseminated the Duchess, the Anjou, the White Doyenne, and many other pears which still hold the highest rank. Patrick Barry speaks of his crop of exotic grapes as being annually four thousand pounds.

Coming of the Concord

Grape houses sprang up in the suburbs of cities, and many a common laborer added a very pretty sum to his income, for the crop sold at from one to three dollars a pound. Then came an evolution of our native fruits, and the introduction of the Concord grape created a revolution. The Delaware grape was soon after introduced by Mr. Campbell, of Delaware, Ohio; and Dr. Grant gave us the superb Iona. Mr. Moore's work resulted in Moore's Early, and in Diamond; while Rogers' hybrid grapes, to the number of fifty, startled the whole pomological world.

The swing was soon back again to apples and apple improvement. Horace Greeley offered two prizes for the best that could be exhibited; and this led to the enormous distribution of Hubbardston and Baldwin—two apples that are yet unsurpassed for general culture. Scientific cross-breeding, however, had not yet made much progress. Agricultural colleges were founded by the Land Grant Act of 1862, but the first experiment station was established at Middletown, Connecticut, in 1875.

At the present time there are more experiment stations than there are States, all of them devoted more or less to pomological progress. The station at Geneva, N. Y., has recently published two large volumes, embodying the most careful study of hundreds of varieties suitable for culture in that State. It is to these stations also that we owe our present knowledge and ability to compete with the insects and the fungoid enemies that were making apple culture so difficult.

The introduction of the Fameuse, a Canadian apple, proved to be the opening of a new door in the way of evolu-

tion. We already had families of apples, but seedlings in these families generally reverted to the wild; that is, if you were to sow a thousand seeds of Spitzenburg apples you would be likely to get not more than two or three good dessert fruits. The Fameuse seedlings, however, are nearly all characterized by the excellent qualities of the parent.

We have already quite a list of notable fruits of that sort, among the rest McIntosh Red, Walter Pease, Shiawassie Beauty, Crimson Beauty, and Princess Louise. These are not only equal to the parent, but superior, and if I were planting an orchard of a thousand trees I should leave out the Fameuse altogether. Shiawassie is one of the finest of our October apples, McIntosh Red and Walter Pease are two of our primest for early winter. Princess Louise is too good, and falls a ready victim to insects and fungus.

A Great Apple Family

Another family of remarkable quality has been established in the Western States. It began with the old Winesap, and now has a large progeny of the noblest apples in existence. I do not know where you will find anything more promising than Stayman's Winesap and King David, and these by no means exhaust the list.

Meanwhile the Agricultural Department at Washington has done some fine work in the way of introducing hardy and choice fruits from other countries. I am not quite sure who brought us the Red Astrachan, but it came from Russia and has proved to be one of the most noble of early fruits. Private enthusiasts have done work nearly as important as that of the Government, among them Professors Gibb and Budd who ransacked the world to give us its pomological treasures. At the same time such men as Mr. Gideon have been laboring to give us very hardy sorts, one of the finest acquisitions being the Wealthy—an apple that resists insects nearly as well as it endures zero weather.

Meanwhile our experiment stations have been moving forward in the work of comparison and elimination. Of

course what we want now is not more apples but the best apples. Comparison must be carried on with great judgment, because fruits that do well in one section are by no means sure of being the models for other sections. The Northern Spy comes pretty near being a national fruit, but the noble King and the Albemarle Pippin are superb fruits that will only do well in local areas.

Almost every State has had its pomological hero, and some of them have half a dozen. With the opening of Kansas and Nebraska began the planting of such orchards as were never heard of before, unless it were those of the Seneca Indians that Sullivan destroyed. J. Sterling Morton, who afterwards became Secretary of Agriculture, planted five hundred apple trees in one year, and Judge Wellhouse of Kansas planted an orchard of one hundred and seventeen acres in 1876, and one hundred and sixty acres in 1878, adding another hundred and sixty in 1879. Here was one man with over four hundred acres of apple orchard all planted by himself.

Samuel Miller of Missouri began to make known the most remarkable apple section this side of the Rockies, following the line of the Ozark Mountains, and called by him the Land of the Big Red Apple. Michigan had already become the center of another remarkable evolution in pomology, under the leadership of T. T. Lyon and Prof. Beal, and later of Charles W. Garfield. We had not then heard of the Hood River Valley and the possibilities of the Pacific coast.

California was so situated, running up and down the Pacific, as to be able to develop a vast range of fruit, through the temperate, the semitropical, and the tropical, but she has done nothing better than to add largely to our knowledge of the value of irrigation in the orchard. She has added also insecticides of great importance, has taught us how to market our fruit, and has encouraged plant breeding until she has become famous for the prince of all workers in that line, Mr. Burbank.

Before the Civil War the Southern States knew very little about growing

anything but cotton and rice. Now Georgia and Texas are two of our great peach States, while pear growing and plum growing go down to the Gulf, and nearly all of our temperate zone fruits reach over into Florida and compete with the orange. The swing of commerce and agriculture southward has enormously increased the market for fruits in that section, while they are able to ship ripe fruit to our Northern markets before our own apple or peach blossoms are open. Twelve million peach trees are reported as growing in the State of Georgia; and in all the mountain regions, especially of Tennessee, Georgia, and the Carolinas excellent apples are produced.

When I first made my winter home in Florida I was told that apples would not grow there. But as I was told much more that I was sure was incorrect, I experimented for myself. I find that the orange itself does not thrive any better than some varieties of apples, such as King David, Stayman's Winesap, Red Astrachan, and others that have originated in Texas and the Carolinas. It is a curious fact that the very hardiest varieties, such as are adapted to the upper Northwest, do best also in the semitropical region where I am experimenting.

Meanwhile our experiment stations are pushing on the work of testing the multitude of new varieties. All of our stations, as well as our private experimenters, are talking now of ideals. We want the ideal apple, which shall include all the fine qualities of the old Spitzenburg and Rhode Island Greening with those of the modern Spy and Winesap. This ideal apple must have quality, size, color, keeping power, and possibly may be seedless. That is, a seedless apple will be acceptable after we get perfection, not before.

You see that improvement goes on through seedlings, and these we cannot have without seeds. The seedless apples that have been advertised are of no value whatever. Our grapes and some other fruits have come so close to ideals that we can welcome seedless sorts. But is it possible for us ever to get the ideal apple? If you will set down a dozen

of the more choice sorts, with a dozen excellent judges around them, I will warrant that they will come very far from agreement as to the best fruit.

For my part I am wavering from one end of the year to the other, one day preferring the Northern Spy, and another day quite sure that there is nothing to surpass a good Albemarle Pippin. Among the newer applicants for special favor, I am not sure but that King David will prove its ability to stand all the tests better than any other. Delicious, however, is well named, and will hold its own for a late keeping and superb quality as well as beauty and size.

Still Better in the Future

There will be greater progress in the future, for the apple lends itself wonderfully to improvement. Human improvement means betterment all along the line—better foods, better tools, and better fruit. We may be as sure of finer apples and pears and peaches as we are sure of improved social conditions. The era that we are passing into is one of industrial forces. The world must be made capable of feeding a vastly larger population. Flesh foods will have to be largely displaced by fruits and cereals. We cannot any longer afford to keep poor grade cows, and we cannot afford to grow inferior apples.

An apple expert, with plenty of room, can fairly try one hundred sorts, but the ordinary grower must reduce his list to about twenty. This twenty should include Gravenstein, Maiden's Blush, Duchess, Summer Strawberry, Red Astrachan, and Yellow Transparent among the earlier sorts; among the later-keepers he should have Baldwin, Rhode Island Greening, Spitzenburg, Hubbardston, Northern Spy, Stayman's Winesap, Pound Sweet, Golden Russet, Wagener, Winterstein, King David, Delicious and Grimes's Golden.

There are other sorts of great importance in localities, such as the King in western New York, and the Newtown Pippin in the lower Hudson Valley. In Michigan no apple outclasses the Yellow Bellefleur. I find that I have left out of my list also McIntosh

Red and Walter Pease of the newer sorts, and the Mother apple, which is somewhat older, but invaluable. No one should plant an orchard for home use without these three. Then for a toptop market fruit as well as for home use, Shiawassie Beauty demands the highest attention in October, while Wealthy is one of the very best in every respect.

There is a crab-apple also which has lost its crabbedness and deserves to be enumerated in this list for home use; I refer to the Imperial, as large as an Astrachan. If I were compelled to reduce this list to a half dozen I should be puzzled somewhat in my selection, but I would surely include Spitzenburg, Northern Spy, Hubbardston, Summer Strawberry, Gravenstein, Stayman's Winesap, Delicious McIntosh and King David. Any such list as this vexes the apple lover because he is obliged to leave out some of his favorites.

An Old Orchard Friend

I have a strong fancy myself for some of the choice sweet apples, and would not be willing to leave out of my orchard the old Pound Sweet, for baking. If rightly picked and stored, this September and October apple has a nice habit of keeping as late as midwinter. Then you may add to it the Sconondo Sweet and the Danchy Sweet. Both of these are exceedingly good eating apples as well as good for cooking. Danchy sweet is a large and beautiful red and Sconondo is a beautiful yellow with a red cheek.

The old Sweet Bough was certainly the delight of my childhood, but nowadays I cannot get a decent sample. The trypet fly and the codlin moth are very fond of it, and in spite of the utmost precautions, they spoil the whole crop. A few of the newer sorts of apples, which ought to be tested by nearly everybody, would include Akin, Senator, Henry Clay, Giant Jeniton, Jefferis, and Winterstein. This last sort is one of Mr. Burbank's productions—I believe it is the only apple that he has given us. It is like Gravenstein, only that it keeps all winter.

Apple growing has a fascination for a lover of the beautiful as well as the useful. It pays to grow good apples, for you are sure of an equivalent both for labor and thought. If I were a boy once more and had my free choice, I would confine my efforts to the red raspberry among small fruits and the apple among large ones.

Anyone who grows these two crops, with brains and hands together, will find that if he cannot transmute copper into gold or turn brass into silver, he can turn apples and raspberries into cash very rapidly. The raspberry cannot be shipped to any very great distance and for that reason commands the market better than any other small fruits, that is, the local market. It has been selling during the past few years at fifteen cents a quart, wholesale, while apples that have been rightly handled and selected have brought above five dollars a barrel.

Now that I have brought these two fruits together I will keep them there long enough to explain a little more fully what I mean. They grow together very well, for the raspberry does not object to shade—not too much of it, however. Plant raspberries in your orchard while it is young but remove them after the trees have pretty well filled the ground with roots. Plant Cuthberts for red, Golden Queens for yellow, and Shaffer's Colossal for purple. These will be netting you a charming little income while the apple trees are growing, but when the trees are beginning to bear well, you had better displace the raspberries with currant bushes. The currant likes shade all the time and does not object to a good deal of friendly neighborhood.

Picking apples is going to school, and I am not sure but apple culture altogether will give a boy as much training of a good sort as he would get in a common high school. It trains observation and experimentation, while picking trains a lot of admirable qualities of hand and eye. How anyone can pick a big tree of Walter Pease or of Spitzenburg and not be a poet is unexplainable.

The exquisite shading of color is equal to a painting by Murillo, and the

landscape of the homeful valley and the hillsides, as you see them from the middle of the tree, is that of God's garden planted eastward in Eden. The trouble is that few people ever know what they have; they know only what they have not. They go to Europe to see something; and then possibly remember that they left something better behind. My father's orchard, on the slopes of the Oriskany valley, was one of the most beautiful as well as instructive spots that I have ever seen.

The apple, in picking, should be handled as carefully as you would handle eggs. It should not be tossed or dropped into a basket, but laid there; from the basket it should not be poured, but each apple should be laid in the wagon or the barrel. To most apple-growers this seems absurd, but let me tell you that to drop an apple three or four inches breaks a few cells and starts a decay which may not show for a few weeks, but will prevent the all-winter keeping of this fruit. If you wish your apples to keep well you must handle them well, and if you wish to keep your customers, you must send them fruit that has been so honestly handled that they also will find it in good order all winter.

An apple cellar should be the tidiest and sweetest corner of the house. Nothing else should ever be stored in it. Its walls should be at least twenty inches thick, and it should have abundant light. All summer it should be open to drafts of air and kept entirely free of any decay. There should be no moldy boards nor any smell of mildew; in other words, the air should be fit to breathe. When the apples are stored the draft should be stopped, and when steady cold sets in you should shut the cellar tight and let it stay tightly closed until May.

You can place such a cellar as this conveniently under part of your barn possibly, or under your carriage house, only there should be no stable adjacent. The floor overhead should be covered with Autumn leaves, spread thickly to prevent any change of atmosphere below. The thermometer all winter should stand at about thirty-three—just above freezing. Put your apples in shallow bins; cement the floor to keep out

rats; and if barrels are used, set them up somewhat from the floor.

If a brook can be run through the cellar it will do no harm, for it is not dryness that apples need, only no mildew or bacteria of rot. Out of such a cellar you can take apples in succession all winter, and you will not lose five per cent by decay. They will hold their flavor to the last, instead of being musty or muddled in flavor. A right sort of cellar is a delight; an ordinary cellar is a nuisance and a menace.

Glory of the Month

The apple glorifies October. This is the month of peace, for the rush of the year's work is finished. The November storms have not begun, and we have the Indian Summer just ahead. All but fools are happy, or at least content. Sit down with me in this old orchard of my boyhood, among the relics of huge trees and old-fashioned fruit; and then walk with me down the lane to my newer orchard of riper thought and the world's best achievement. Between the two we span nearly a century.

Over there old Sconondoah, the Oneida chieftain, after helping Kirkland to plant trees, was buried on the knoll that looks both east and west—where the two had counceled together in life. One old Boston Russet apple tree stands near his grave. But here in this newest edition of pomology we have smaller trees, all trimmed to a nicety. The apples of the older orchard came from the East, but the better fruits of this orchard came from the West.

We exchange apples born on the Dnieper for those born on the Columbia. This is a small apartment of the world's house, but we are closely associated with all the rest. Everywhere is being born not only a human brother but a human food, and you and I have lived cheaply if we are not doing something to enrich the lives of the folk that will be born a hundred years hence. Plant an apple orchard, my friend, for the love of the good God and his children, with a family feeling for all who shall hunger when we have long been gone to other scenes.



The Wreck of the Robert E. Lee

by

Nevil G. Henshaw

Illustrated by W. J. Enright



MET Zeb at the hotel of a little mountain village in the South whither I had gone to look into a mining proposition. He brought my baggage from the station in an ancient wagon drawn by a still more ancient mule, and it is probable that I would scarcely have noticed him had it not been for the peculiarity of his dress and manner.

To appreciate him you must first imagine yourself in a small inland village far removed from any ocean or seaport. Then imagine, if you can, a tall, gaunt man of sixty years or more, walking with a comical imitation of the rolling gait of a seaman and dressed from head to foot in the garb of a sailor. And when I say the garb of a sailor I mean the conventional costume that one always thinks of as belonging to him just as we think of a bow and quiver as the peculiar property of the god of love.

It was all there—blue trousers, wide at the bottom and tight at the hips, blue blouse, round hat, even a sprinkling of brass buttons ornamented with anchors—and yet his make-up savored more of the stage than of the sea.

Naturally I was curious, and being

curious I was inquisitive. I approached the landlord first and was referred by that authority to the fountainhead of information, Zeb himself.

“I see that you’re a sailor,” said I by way of a starter.

“Which ain’t doin’ much arfter all, seein’s I’ve got my uneeform on,” said he.

“And where’s your ship?” I asked.

“At the bottom uv the ocean,” he answered. “When he was on top uv it he was called the *Robert E. Lee*.”

“And what was the *Robert E. Lee*?” I asked. “Was she a steamboat?”

At this he gave me a long look of withering scorn.

“In the fust place, suh, this boat happened to be a HE an’ not a she,” said he coldly. “As I jest mentioned, he was called the *Robert E. Lee* arfter a man we people uv the South think uv mighty highly. Perhaps you don’t know it, but he was a gin’ral in the war, an’ he got to be mighty celebrated in some parts uv the cuntry. I reckon you Yankees don’t think much uv him, seein’s you was always too bizzy runnin’ away frum him, when he was round, to find out many uv his good pints.”

After he had paused for a moment to let this sink in, he went on with his story.

"An' you ask if the *Robert E. Lee* was a steamboat?" he continued. "No, suh, he was a sailer, an' the sailiest sailer you ever seen. He was eight hundrid feet long an' he carried eight poles."

"Eight poles?" I questioned.

"Yes, suh, eight poles," answered Zeb; "each uv em full uv sails. Fact is, they was a sail on each side uv them poles so's he'd ketch the wind from any direction. Many's the time we've sailed out uv Norfolk when the other boats couldn't turn a wheel on account uv the wind bein' on the wrong side. An' when the wind was comin' strong and on both sides at once, he'd beat any uv 'em, sail or steam."

"But with a sail on each side of her mast, I mean pole, how did you tack?" I inquired.

He eyed me with a pained expression.

"Tack!" he cried. "What do you think I'm talkin' 'bout? A toy boat? Why, when you fastened anything on that boat, you used spikes, suh. Spikes, I say, not nails! You couldn't a' shot a tack inter him with a cannin, seein's he was made uv irun. An' you'll notice I'm sayin' 'him,' bein's this boat was a he as I've told you.

"Yes, suh, he was a ship to be proud uv and his captin, old Bill Jackson, was the best in the biznis. I started in under him as private an' four years arfter, when we was wrecked, I was holdin' down the job uv first lootenant."

"First lieutenant?" I faltered.

"Yes, suh, first lootenant," answered Zeb. "I was right next to the captin. I jest wish you could see one of my best uneeforms like I uster wear in them days. I lost 'em all in the wreck, an' this here one I have on was jest a workin' suit I happened to have left home to be mended. Why, when I got on my best uneeform an' strapped on my sword——"

"Your sword?" I could not help interrupting. "Were you in the navy?"

Zeb surveyed me pityingly for a moment before replying.

"They warn't no navy in them days but the Yankees," said he. "We was in the freight an' passinger biznis, also ketchin' whales when we run acrost 'em. Likewise I don't see no reason in your

bein' surprised at my havin' a sword, seein's I've told you I was first lootenant on that ship. Why, I did most uv the drillin' uv the sailors, the captin bein' gin'rally too bizzy to look arfter it. Sometimes, though, he'd take a hand, an' then we'd have everyone out on deck an' doin' the prettiest drillin' you ever seen."

"And who steered the ship on those occasions?" I asked.

"He steered himself," Zeb answered calmly. "Seein's we had them drills out in the middle uv the ocean where it's more'n a hundrid miles wide, there warden't no danger uv runnin' inter anything. We'd jest aim the rudder to whar we wanted to go an' tie it down till we was through. If any other ship come along, she had to git out uv our way, bein's we was the biggest uv the two. We uster do the same thing when we'd run acrost a flock uv whales, all hands bein' too bizzy with the nets to do any steerin'!"

"Nets?" I gasped. "Nets for whales?"

"To be sure," answered Zeb. "You can't ketch them with no hook an' line."

"But I thought they were too large for nets," I began.

"So they are, so they are," he interrupted hastily. "That is, the big ones. We only ketched the little ones, they bein' the tenderest an' tharfore the best eatin'. Likewise we'd only ketch a few at a time, seein's the smallest ones was right much too large to be handy. You'd jest see three or fo' wrigglin' in the nets when they come up, an' then one day we ketched a little bit uv one an' kep' him as a pet. Barthollemew we called him, an' he was a little beaut.

"I got to be mighty fond uv him first an' last, an' somehow I ain't never cared much for a pet since. Uv course there's Nep, my mule, but he ain't exactly a pet, even if I am fond uv him. He works in the transfer biznis jest as I do, an' you might sorter call him my pardner. Nepshun, his whole name is, him bein' called arfter a man that I'm told owns most uv the water 'bout Norfolk. It didn't uster belong to no one, but then things ain't what they uster be.

"But I was tellin' you 'bout Barthol-

leymew, warn't I? Poor leetle feller, he was jest the pet uv the whole ship. We uster keep him in a tub out in front on the deck, an' he'd roll an' play all day long. An' spout! Why, onct when I had a sore throat from bein' up all night in the wet an' couldn't find no spray, I jest used Barthollemew. Yes, suh, used him. Loaded him up with fissik an' he sprayed me every night for a week till I was well agin. Poor, poor leetle Barthollemew! How I do miss him at times."

He was silent for a moment as he gazed sadly into his empty glass, so I took occasion to inquire into the fate of his pet.

"He escaped in the wreck," answered Zeb mournfully. "An' when I say escaped, I don't mean like a man what's bin in jail. No, suh! I reckon Barthollemew got so homesick for us that he jest naturally up an' died arfter he'd bin loose in the ocean for a while. But I started out to tell you 'bout the wreck an' if I don't hurry I won't have time, Number Six bein' 'bout due if she's on time, which ain't likely, seein's she never is.

"Well, suh, the day uv the wreck we was out in the middle uv the ocean, an' it bein' summer time, it was mighty foggy. Fact is, it was the foggiest day I've ever seen, so thick you couldn't see your hand befo' your face. Likewise it was stormin' turrible, an' thar we was whoopin' ahead an' makin' somethin' like a mile a minnit', count uv the force uv the wind. So the weather bein' too bad for us to do any kind uv work, we took to drillin'."

"In the fog?" I asked. "I thought you couldn't see your hand before your face?"

"We didn't have to see none," answered Zeb. "Them sailors had bin drilled so offen they could go through the whole biznis in their sleep. An' us officers, havin' drilled 'em so much, had got to know frum the sound if they was doin' right or not. Why, we could shut our eyes an' tell when they made a any kind of a mistake the first pop out uv the box.

"Well, as I was sayin', thar we was a-sailin' through that fog full speed with

the men all out drillin', me bein' in command count uv the captin's takin' a nap as he always done in the evenin'. 'Forward, march!' I yells an' leans forward sort uv curious to hear if they does it right. An' that's what saved me.

"Instead uv hearin' the sound uv marchin', I hears somethin' like a hundred cannins goin' off all at onct, an' the next thing I knows I'm in the water. You see, if I hadn't bin leanin' forwardlike, I wouldn't 'a' bin thrown over the bannisters what runs round the edge uv a ship to keep folks from fallin' overboard, in which case I wouldn't be here now tellin' you 'bout it.

"So down I goes in the water a mile or more, scarin' the fishes considerable as I goes along. Comin' up I sees somethin' big an' black on its way to the bottom an' I knows it's the ship that's sunk like a rock, 'count uv its bein' made uv irun. An' then jest behind the ship I sees somethin' long an' round like a big seegar, which puzzles me some at the time, it not bein' the shape uv any fish I'd ever seen.

"'Good-by, old *Robert E. Lee*,' I says kind uv thick 'count uv bein' in the water, an' then I rises inter the wildest sight you ever seen in all your born days. All round me the waves is risin' big as mountains, with the thunder boom'n' an' bangin' an' the lightnin' flashin' every minnit. An' talkin' uv wind, why, the worst cyclone you ever heard of would 'a' seemed like the wind was jest ketchin' its breath, so to speak.

"When I rises, I'm between two waves, so the wind can't git at me, but pretty soon I goes up about a mile in the air, an' then it hits me plumb in the face, like a club. An' with it comes the durndest smell uv ile you ever smelt in your life. Yes, suh, ile, coal ile, sech as you uses in lamps an' sech things. An' right then I knows what's happined. We've run smack inter a lighthouse an' sunk it an' ourselves, the lighthouse bein' the long, seegar-shaped thing I'd seen goin' down arfter the ship.

"'Well, Zebalon,' I says to myself, 'you're shore gone this time,' an' as I speaks, a idee hits me. Now I don't

know if you've heered it, but ile has the habit uv calmin' the wildest kind uv water. So thinks I to myself, if you kin jest git to where the ile ran outter the lighthouse, Zeb, you'll be saved, an' I starts off swimmin' to where I thinks that lighthouse uster be.

"So I thrashes 'long through the storm an' dark till pretty soon some-thin' bumps inter me. Reachin' out a

"So away we goes climbin' over them waves jest as you'd climb over a bunch uv hills, an' then we rises on a big one that ain't got no pardner rollin' up to meet it. Instid it goes right down inter a sort uv valley—all thick an' still an' shinin' with ile—with the waves risin' round it like a wall. Fact is, it's jest like a lake you'd see in the mount'ins, 'cept it's mighty greasy an' is movin'



"STARTS PROWLIN' AROUND THAT ICEBERG ONTIL RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF IT I COMES ACROSS A HOLE."

hand, I finds it's a man, an' the lightnin' flashin' up jest then shows me it's Private Hankins. He's pretty weak an' full uv water, but bein' an officer I knows it's my dooty to save him even at the risk uv my own life. Likewise I knows I has to git him to take notice, an' to take it mighty quick.

"So I yells out, 'Tention, cum-p'ny!' an' he comes straight up on his feet through force uv habit. 'Fix banits!' I yells, an' he starts fumblin' for his gun, which uv course he ain't got, it bein' at the bottom uv the ocean. 'Charge!' I yells, an' starts off toward that ile, with him follerin' clost behind me.

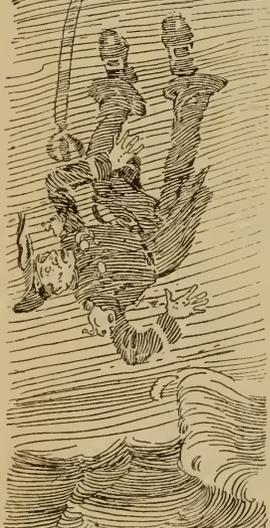
'long like a railroad train 'count uv the force uv the wind.

"Well, me an' Hankins slides down inter this lake, an' for a while we don't do nothin' but jest lay still an' ketch our breath. Arfter a while when we's rested, I asks him where the rest uv the comp'ny is.

"All drowned, I reckon,' says he. 'I was leanin' over the bannisters draw-in' a bucket uv water when the wreck come, an' I went over 'em jest like a bird.'

"Which is the way I was saved,' says I, thinkin' I might as well be sociable under the pecooliar conditions.

"What's that?' yells Hankins,



“DOWN I GOES, IN THE WATER A MILE OR MORE, SCARIN’
THE FISHES CONSIDERABLE AS I GOES ALONG.”

an’ be saved. At this, whatever it is, lets go all holts an’ comes slidin’ down beside me, and’ jest as it hits the ile I sees too late it’s a tremenjus shark.

“‘Look out,’ I yells to Hankins, an’ reaches for my sword, which, thanks to my bein’ drillin’ when the wreck comes, I still has on. Snap goes the shark befo’ I kin reach my weepin’, an’ right thar’s where I loses the biznis part uv this right hand uv mine.”

Zeb paused for a moment and held out the hand for my inspection, pointing proudly to the ragged stumps that had once been his thumb and fingers. That they had been bitten off was only too evident.

“And then?” I asked breathlessly.

“An’ then,” said Zeb, “I lets him

pintin’ to the wall uv waves, an’ lookin’ up I sees somethin’ pokin’ its head over the top an’ gazin’ at us mighty curious. Bein’s it’s so dark, I thinks it’s likely some one uv the comp’ny so I yells to come down feed off this hand for a while till I kin draw my sword with the other one an’ kill him. Havin’ done which, I sinks the body, tells Hankins to git some sleep, an’ goes on gyard for the rest uv the night. It’s mighty slippery climbin’ to git to the top uv the wall, but I finally makes it an’ goes circlin’ round an’ round waitin’ for the sharks to poke they heads over. An’ whenever they does so, I kills ’em with my sword, puttin’ away twenty uv the critters befo’ sunrise when I knows they’ll leave us alone.”

“Why?” I asked.

Zeb looked at me curiously.

“I thought even city folks an’ Yankees knowed that varmints wouldn’t attack a man in open day,” said he. “Even at night, if you builds a fire, they’ll let you be, but we couldn’t do that, seein’s we was out in the middle uv the ocean. Tharfore when daylight comes I goes down to the lake an’ turns in for a leetle rest, puttin’ Hankins on gyard on top uv the wall. Not for sharks, mind you, but to keep watch for some ship to take us up.

“How long I sleeps I don’t know, but the sun’s mighty high when Hankins calls me an’ I goes scramblin’ up the wall to see what the matter is.

“‘What is it, a ship?’ I asks as I climbs up beside him.

“‘No, suh, lootenant,’ says he, salutin’ mighty respectful; ‘it’s a iceberg!’



“I SAYS TO HANKINS, ‘LIE LOW AN’ KEEP QUIET, AN’ WE’LL LET THIS CAPTIN TOW US INTER NOR-FOLK THINKIN’ THE ICEBERG’S HIS.’”

“An’ sure ’nuff, it is. Likewise it’s a whoppin’ big iceberg an’ it comes rollin’ an’ bumpin’ over the waves straight toward us ontill pretty soon it hits our wall an’ stops thar, sort uv bobbin’ an’ jumpin’ whenever a wave hits it. Now, if we’d bin on the level ocean we never could a’ clumb ontter it, bein’s it was most a mile high an’ as slick an’ slippery as glass. But we was on top uv the wall an’ tharfore jest level with the top uv the iceberg. So thinks I to myself, this here thing has bin sent by Providence, Zebalon, an’ you’d better git on board.

“At first Hankins don’t want to do it ’count uv it’s bein’ so cold, but arfter I’ve showed him that pretty soon the effects uv the ile’ll begin to wear off an’ we won’t have no lake, he sees the matter in a different light an’ follers me like a lamb. We makes ourselves as comfortable as we kin, an’ then I gives a push ag’inst the wall with my sword, an’ away we goes. An’ not a minnit too soon, for the ile bein’ pretty weak an’ our weight on the wall havin’ bin pretty strong, the whole biznis gives in jest like sand when I pushes it, an’ goes smack down to the bottom uv the ocean.

“When Hankins sees this he thanks me, sayin’ I’ve saved his life.

“I tell you it gits me to thinkin’ when I sees what we’ve missed, an’ I sits on the edge uv that iceberg for mor’n an hour without sayin’ a word, while we

drifts round kinder loose in the ocean. An’ then I hears a scratchin’ sound, an’ looks around at Hankins to see what he’s doin’. He ain’t doin’ nothin’, seein’s he’s asleep, restin’ up a little bit arfter his long watch.

“Now thinks I to myself, if it ain’t me an’ it ain’t Hankins, it must be some one else, an’ I’d better prospect a leetle. So I draws my sword an’ starts prowlin’ round that iceberg ontill right in the middle uv it I comes across a hole. Yes, suh, a hole—a big, round hole—deeper’n any well you ever seen in your life, an’ right down at the bottom uv it is a big, black objec’, that’s a clawin’ an’ a millin’ round somethin’ turrible. Lookin’ at this spot for a while I finally sees it’s a bar.”

“A bear?” I asked. “A black bear on an iceberg?”

“Yes, suh,” answered Zeb, “a bar—but not a black bar. This here’s a grizzly, an’ the biggest I’ve ever seen. He’s



W. J. ENRIGHT

the size of a hoss an' as lively as a hundred catamounts. How he comes to git in the hole puzzles me for a while till I see he's made it hisself. You see, he's got on the iceberg some way an' now he can't git off. Likewise arfter he's bin there for a day or two he's got mighty hongry an' thirsty.

"Well, he's got water all around him but he can't git to it, the sides uv this iceberg bein' slick an' slippery like I've told you. Tharfore he starts in to dig a hole plumb through that iceberg so's to strike water when he gits to the bottom. He's done pretty well too, though I reckon he's bin at it off 'n' on more'n a week."

"And what did he live on during that time?" I could not help asking.

"On ice, same's we'd had to do if we hadn't found him," answered Zeb promptly. "He was arfter water as I've told you, an' he most got it. We had plenty uv water soaked inter our clothes an' thar for the wringin', so what we wanted was some sorter food besides ice. An' when I seed that bar, I knowed we'd be fixed if we could git him."

"So I wakes up Hankins an' we begins to figure on how we kin do it. Finally we comes to the concloushun that the only thing to do's to take my sword an' cut steps down that hole to whar that bar is. Havin' done which, we kin walk down an' kill him. An' we does it too, though it takes us over a week 'count uv my crippled hand, us livin' on ice the time an' most starved befo' we gits through. Hongry! Why, when we gits that bar up an' starts to cook him we can't wait ontill he's half done befo' we each has a piece chewin' on it. An good! Oh, my!"

He paused for a moment smacking his lips over the remembrance of this feast, while I smiled with satisfaction for I was sure now that I had him.

"And what did you make the fire of?" I asked him.

Instantly Zeb became grave, scratching his head in great perplexity.

"The fire?" he repeated. "Let me see, whar was I? Oh, yes, we was cookin' the bar an' you see——"

He paused for a moment and sur-

veyed me with a hurt expression in his mild blue eyes. Evidently his previous listeners had not been rude enough to ask him this question.

"Yes," said I callously, "you were telling about cooking the bear, and I would like to know what you made your fire of."

For a moment more he thought, and then his face glowed with an idea.

"Why, we made it out uv the hide an' bones an' taller of that bar," said he with a long sigh of relief. "We had nothin' else, bein's, I've said, on a iceberg in the middle uv the ocean. An' so we eats an' eats till we're fit to bust, an' then hearin' a noise in the water below us I peeps over the edge an' sees a boat full uv men an' ropes comin' our way. An' further off I sees a ship waitin' for the boat to come back ag'in. Right away I knows we're saved, an' right away I knows that ship's a iceberg."

"A what?" I asked.

"A iceberg," answered Zeb, "the same bein' a ship that hunts for icebergs in the summer so's to tow 'em inter Norfolk an' sell 'em to the ice houses. An' here's the captin uv that ship come to git this iceberg when all the time it belong to me an' Hankins, seein's we'd found it first."

"Now I knows if we up an' claims it, the captin'll jest laff at us, if he don't throw us inter the ocean whar from we've jest bin saved. Likewise I wants the iceberg an' wants it where we kin sell it, seein's it's mighty valooble."

"So I says to Hankins, 'lie low an' keep quiet, an' we'll let this captin tow us inter Norfolk thinkin' the iceberg's his. When we gits thar we'll up an' claim it, an' call a constable if he gits rambunctious.'

"Which is what we does, landin' in Norfolk arfter two weeks, durin' which time we lives on ice an' bar meat. We don't come off that iceberg till the captin's brought a man down to buy it, an' then we rises up an' claims it an' sells it right thar. An' my! how mad that captin is. Arfter seein' he can't scare us, he claims we orter give him somethin' for towin' us in, so we gives him a hundred dollars which may sound steep, but

then that iceberg was so valoooble we could 'a'——"

Just then the sound of a whistle came from down the street and Zeb sprang from his chair. "Thar's Number Six now," said he. "I'd tell you more, suh, but biznis is biznis," and he hurried outside, leaving me staring after him in open-eyed astonishment.

"Well, what do you think of him?" asked the landlord. "Isn't he a wonder?"

"He is," said I. "Also he is the most superb liar that I have ever listened to. Where in the world did he get it all?"

"Drummers," answered the landlord with an explanatory wave of his hand. "Ever since Zeb started wearing that suit they've told him yarns to guy him. And he's repeated them about himself so much that I really believe he thinks it all happened to him."

"And the suit?" I asked. "Anyone can see that he's not a sailor."

The landlord laughed. "A sailor!" said he. "Of course he isn't. The biggest body of water that he's ever seen is the creek there at the edge of the village. As to ships, he's only seen the sort that you find on cans of shrimp. The drummers told him all of it and he's added a lot of his own experiences as a soldier for he did fight in the war. I gave him the suit in payment of a bill that a show company owed him for hauling their trunks. They were giving some sea play here and went broke, so I seized their baggage. Zeb drew that suit and he's worn it ever since."

"And his hand?" I asked. "From the looks of it the fingers were certainly bitten off."

"They were," answered the landlord, "by Nep, his 'pet' mule."



HEALING

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

CARRY me out from this darkened room,
From the fears that your love reveals;
Out to the hills and the fern and bloom,
Out where wise Nature heals.

Let me down gently upon the earth,
Thighs on the soft warm green;
Here is the medicine for my dearth,
Here where the sun has been.

Healing there is in this living grass,
Fingers that cling to me,
Cool as the breath of the winds that pass,
Fresh from the touch of the sea.

Carry me out from this darkened room,
From the fears that your love reveals,
Out to the hills and the fern and bloom,
Out where wise Nature heals.

A TENDERFOOT GOES A-HUNTING

by STEPHEN CHALMERS



I

The Tenderfoot



It is one of the absolute conditions of human life and achievement that we begin somewhere with a very scant knowledge of the business of living—how to walk, how to eat, how to spell, how to “sass back,” and how to hold our own. Even in the matter of that primordial business, hunting, a human being has to be a tenderfoot, more or less, at some stage of the game. The mighty Nimrod probably was a tenderfoot in his earlier days. Even Theodore Roosevelt may have been one.

Once upon a time there was a particular Tenderfoot; hence this story. The condition of being an amateur has its compensations—the bliss of ignorance, mainly; otherwise the writer might be ashamed to confess that the particular Tenderfoot was about his own size, age, and color of eyes and hair. But that was a long time ago and to-day he landed a nine-pound pollack on a fly-rod in the Bay of Fundy. (Incidentally the rod snapped, which would indicate that in the game of Rod-and-Gun a man never quite ceases to be a tenderfoot.)

But to come to the story. This particular Tenderfoot woke up one morning with a primeval fire in his blood. It was a September morning in New York City. For months the Tenderfoot had been stewing in a very unprimitive office

building and rebellion had accumulated to the revolting point. On this September morning there was russet and gold among the park trees; the air had the tasty taint of autumn woods, with a vague suggestion of haze on still waters, and—and a picture on a railroad folder of a bull moose nosing the wind by a pine-shadowed lake did the rest.

“I’m going a-hunting!” said the Tenderfoot, none the less emphatically because the ejaculation was mental.

Thereafter, the days between the making of his decision and the taking of his vacation were in the nature of a prolonged excited reverie (a queer condition, you will allow, but quite a common one). At intervals he unbosomed his overwrought mind to a sole confidant (one at a time) who remarked with monotonous, pathetic repetition:

“Gee! I wish I was coming along with you.”

Which convinced the Tenderfoot that he was going to have a really enviable time.

His evenings were spent in planning routes, buying duffel, explaining the uses of various articles of kit to his relatives (who never failed to remark, “Gee, I wish,” etc.), and his bedroom was swamped with railroad guides to the happy hunting ground in the Adirondacks. The rifle—a 38/55, and there was added charm in the mystic and to him incomprehensible figures—stood in ostentatious splendor in a corner, except when the Tenderfoot showed it to an admiring sister, flinging it smartly to the hollow of his shoulder; whereat the admiring sister stared, wide-eyed, either

in admiration of the mighty man, or in silent, sympathetic comprehension of his almost childlike enthusiasm.

His nights, of course, were spent in the silent wilderness, where the dream trees were bigger and the dream forest more "likely" and gigantic dream deer dashed past, only to fall (in the dream) like collapsing mountains before the unerring 38/55. And in the nights, too, the guides, who had seen tenderfeet come and go, but never such a tenderfoot as this, crowded around the bed to congratulate him in picturesque backwoods dialect on getting the biggest deer with the biggest antlers "ever seen or heard of in these parts—Eight-pronged—*by Jim!*"

To a cynic, had he been able to peep into the brain of the Tenderfoot, all this anticipatory dreaming and enthusiasm might have seemed childish, even pitiable. But here's half the joy of the hunt—the expectation, the rehearsing of past performances and the greater ones to come, the fingering of blankets, the oiling of guns, the affectionate handweighing of shells and the balancing of hunting knives, the packing and repacking of the basket, and the dreaming over that biggest buck which is still at large and has been seen by every man except the tenderfoot who is after it.

And when the hunter—tenderfoot or veteran—comes to that intermediate stage between the city and the wild things of the forest—the camp on the morning of the first hunt—the pleasure of anticipation reaches the exquisite point. Now he is in the woods which his ancestral instinct has smelled from afar for so long, and just around the next bend of the trail, or beyond that somber-treed ridge, may be the deer whose tracks he has seen about the camp. The very air palpitates with coming sport and the blood thrills with that primordial fire which is latent in every man, be he quill driver or sample slinger, or even though he carry a fountain pen or a tapeline in his vest pocket.

No man ever *became* a hunter. He only acquires skill. He was born a hunter. He must hunt something, and it is the fault of modern conditions that dollars and men are the prey.

The Tenderfoot was enjoying himself, without quite realizing it, from the moment he made his decision to go a-hunting. And although his vacation, strictly speaking, embraced only fourteen days, twice that time held the joy of it—seven days of anticipatory pleasures and seven days of after reminiscence, although the first experience is often a whet that wakens, the sporting appetite and keeps it keen through the long months of winter business until the next vacation comes around.

When the day of departure for the happy hunting ground came, the Tenderfoot was more like a harmless lunatic let out of an asylum for a frolic than a staid manipulator of ink. The railway depot was surcharged with romance; the locomotive of the Adirondack express seemed to be trying to tell in wheezy tones of a doe that crossed the tracks this side of Big Moose, and the Tenderfoot felt inclined to say to the engineer:

"I don't get a dollar a word, but I'm going a-hunting. Shake!"

The sleeper of the Adirondack express is a queer place to study human nature, but the process has unique features. In the winter months this train is largely peopled with invalids seeking health in the mountains, but in the fall it is the vehicle of the antithesis of invalidism. It is the clearing house of Nimrods, mighty in spirit, if not in deeds.

The baggage car, north bound, is a pile of baskets, gun cases, and fishing outfits; south bound, it smells of fish and is daily decorated with antlered triumphs. The smoker of the Pullman, north bound, is the domain of the story teller who was "in camp last year" and of the tenderfoot who swallows the whole cloth and is eager for more, with or without salt. South bound in fall, the smoker of the Pullman is even more interesting. To the Tenderfoot it was, in some respects, a Fultah Fisher's Boarding House on wheels, where

. . . regally they spat and swore
And fearsofely they lied!

And the Tenderfoot, to be honest about it, lied with the best—or worst—of them.

The Tenderfoot will never forget that night in the smoker while the train sped *northward* to the hunting ground. (I know he won't forget because I have the best of reasons to know that he remembers.) By the time those who had been "in camp last year" had knocked the ashes out of the last pipe and "believed" it was time to turn in, the Tenderfoot was worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm that he could have sat by an open car window all night and watched the woods go past while he fingered an expectant rifle.

But there was delight in the thought that he had only to go to sleep and he would wake up in the hunting grounds with light enough for flying shots from the train vestibule!

You were once a tenderfoot yourself, weren't you? When you woke up in the train that was toiling through the mountain cuts, didn't you—honest, now!—didn't you peep at the big forest on either side of the track and half expect to see an antlered head or a brown quarter vanishing into the somber depths? Didn't you look at those woods with a queer little something of primitive days laughing in your veins and tapping at the doors of your savage heart?

You didn't? Then you have given yourself away! You never were in the big woods. You never have gone a hunting. You are still a tenderfoot!

II

The Guide

OLD timers in the hunt invariably engage, beforehand, a guide who has been tried and not found wanting in the many peculiar requisite characteristics of a good guide. Very tenderfeet often engage, beforehand, a guide whom they have never seen and know nothing about, whose characteristics they presently learn—sometimes at the cost of what would otherwise have been an enjoyable vacation.

Where a man has but two weeks to spend, his first consideration should be to insure that every minute of his time will be well spent. Given any sort of

guide, of course, it will be spent—perhaps well—perhaps too well.

Among guides there are classes as in every other walk of life. But in no walk of life is there so much professional jealousy, so much proneness to mutual boosting or mutual throat cutting. This is a good thing in a way for the amateur hunter (for when guides fall out tenderfeet come by deer), one man being eager to show the amateur what kind of woodsman *he* is, compared with that other "front-door" guide. On the other hand, a tenderfoot, until he understands the humors of the guide element, is often mystified as to who is a guide and who is not. The man upon whom he has pinned his faith may not "make good"—bad luck oftener than bad guiding—and his rivals will not fail to draw the tenderfoot aside and say:

"Well, what did ye expect? Next time" etc., etc.

There are cliques among guides. After a couple of hunting trips the amateur will discover that a certain guide is, among certain other guides, a "real old-timer," or the kind of guide who will "show ye deer if any man kin!" Among the woodsmen of the opposite clique the amateur must expect to hear that his guide is a "front-door brave," a "hunter of mighty talks," or a newcomer in these parts who "couldn't tell a skunk from a deer beyond smellin' distance!" And either side will tell you tales by way of illustrating the guide's prowess, or lack of it, in the past.

Ask your own guide about this and he will readily tell you that it is true. A conscientious guide is the severest critic of his fellows who are not conscientious in their methods. In fact, during the last few years, the good guides have formed themselves into an association which aims to protect patrons as well as guides. For they know better than anyone that there are real guides and what might be called "storybook" guides.

Your real guide is a good fellow; modest, willing, and rather averse as a rule to promising game. He will enter into the spirit of the hunt in a way that is democratic without being over-

familiar. He will listen to a suggestion—even from a tenderfoot—and not be ashamed to admit that “ye may be dead right at that.” He will help you to forget that you are a tenderfoot, with the result that you are presently unashamed to admit it yourself and are frankly eager to learn. With a guide of this sort you are liable to meet a deer, and if it should happen that you fire and miss, he will let you down easy and promise you better luck next time, “now that ye know what t’ expect an’ what to do.”

Your story-book guide is very different, if more attractive. He has shot so many deer in his time that you wonder the woods people don’t take off their hats at sight of him. He has seen the time when elk pawed at the shack door looking for something to eat. He is so full of tales that when the tenderfoot returns to the city empty handed, he speculates until next season as to whether he was a fool or the guide a four-flusher. In time he learns “Both!” was the answer.

Other types of guides are both good and bad. One will be an expert, able to lead you straight to the deer if he wants to, but he will learn just how long the amateur has to stay in the woods at four dollars per day and expenses, and arrange matters so that you meet the quarry on the last day but one. (The amateur, of course, is always good for the last day—and perhaps more—after a bit of luck.)

Another type is the guide who humors the tenderfoot, making him feel that he is no tenderfoot, but a mighty Nimrod. He fits his actions and conversations to the temperamental attitude of the amateur and to the tenderfoot’s preconceived notions of what a guide and a deer hunt *should* be.

The particular Tenderfoot’s fortune, or misfortune (as you may decide) was to fall into the hands of a guide who seemed the embodiment of all the virtues, vices, humors, and bluffs of his craft. The Tenderfoot, it should be understood, was wise in one respect. Realizing in his secret heart that he *was* a tenderfoot, he decided to “go-look-see” before he engaged a guide.

He reasoned that at Saranac he would find the man he was looking for, with the aid of the hotel people.

His reasoning was all right. It happened, however, that the hotel clerk was partial to one clique of guides and the hotel manager to another. The Tenderfoot finally decided on the manager’s choice, but not before he had met and interviewed the clerk’s man. The latter was a young guide, quiet and rather diffident. He said he “believed” he could “show” the Tenderfoot some deer.

The manager’s choice was a hefty son of northern New York—strong and bulky as a bull and with a bellow which capped the resemblance. Nevertheless he was as lively as a two-year-old in the woods, and the Tenderfoot learned in after seasons that Big George—let’s call him Big George—was a capital guide, only— Well, he saw the Tenderfoot, sized up his mental make-up and aspirations, and played the necessary rôle to perfection.

“Well,” he roared, shaking the Tenderfoot’s hand with his own “grizzly” paw, “be ye goin’ after the deer?” (The Tenderfoot might have been after bear!)

The Tenderfoot admitted that he aspired to deer slaughter, mentioning (to obviate complications) that he had already practically engaged a guide. Big George looked crestfallen. Apparently he had been anticipating this particular hunt with this particular Tenderfoot for many years.

“I’m blame’ sorry to hear ye say so,” said he. “Ye might ha’ done better’n Will Ingalls.”

A little coaxing “induced” Big George to explain why he looked so grave over the Tenderfoot’s first error.

“Well,” said Big George in sorrowful tones, “your man’s a kinder newcomer in these parts and if ye ain’t been much at the deer game yerself what ye need ’s an experienced man to show ye right where the deer be. Besides, Will got hisself in trouble last week. Reck’n the special game warden might try to spile yer fun.”

The Tenderfoot saw his two weeks shadowed with trouble instead of bright

with hunting joy. It took some adroit working, but finally the story of Will Ingalls's misdoings came out. Here it is as Big George told it:

"As I understand, it was like this: Will took a party of young fellers f'm Boston up to the Racquette River. There warn't much doin', so one night Will, wantin' to see them git a deer, hit on the easiest way to git one. They made up a jackin'-party.

"Jackin'? Didn't ye never hear tell o' jackin'? Well, deer's a mighty cur'us animal. If it sees a light at night, 'tain't satisfied till it comes up and has a look at it. It's agin the law, but sometimes they go out in a canoe up the river or where the deer are. They stick a lantern on a pole an' the deer comes down to have a peek at it. Then ye got 'em dead sure. But it's agin the law in these parts.

"Well, to get back to the story—which I ain't sayin' there's a word o' truth in it—Will and his boys went out jackin' an' got up pretty clost to Rob Smiley's place. Rob's a special game warden and has a place of his own up by the Racquette River. There was a cracklin' by the water side an' one o' Will's boys—or maybe it was Will himself—I ain't sayin'—sees the animal an' fires."

"And did he get 'im?" asked the Tenderfoot breathlessly.

"You bet he did!" said Big George. "Got him squar' atween the eyes an' when Rob Smiley finds his old nag in the morning he comes roarin' up to Will Ingalls's camp and wants to know what the blazes Will means by *pluggin' his hoss!*

"I ain't sayin' as how Will done it, but Rob Smiley's swore out an affydavy an'," etc., etc.

"Where's yer duffel?" asked Big George when the story was finally stowed away in the locker of significance.

The Tenderfoot had turned his duffel over to the hotel porter at the depot. It is odd how a tenderfoot will parade his hunting armament in the city and modestly hide it at the getting-off place. But Big George hustled off after the duffel, and in some mysterious manner

the Tenderfoot found himself an hour later on the wilderness road in Big George's rig, which was laden with guns, baskets, and blankets, *ad infinitum*. The Tenderfoot had been "jacked."

III

The Happy Hunting Ground

The wilderness creeps up to the very edge of an Adirondack town. One mile out from the hotel one might imagine that there was nothing in the world but forest—dense, primeval forest.

Half an hour after leaving Saranac, Big George began to eye the woods. Presently he got out his rifle, suggesting to the Tenderfoot that he unlimber, too.

"Jest as like 's not," said he, "we may get a shot at a deer most any place here. Only last week me an' Bert Hargis was comin' along here when a doe run right across the road. Bert wasn't lookin' for no deer down so clost to the village. Neither was I, though I knoo there was deer all right. But the best of it was that we was just goin' to say, 'Did ye see that?' when a big buck cut across right in the doe's tracks.

"After that I ses to Bert, I ses, 'Bert,' ses I, 'I ain't takin' no more chances on this road.' An' I ain't neither. Keep your eyes open an' your gun ready. Ye cain't tell."

Then, while guide and Tenderfoot drove over the thirteen miles to Big George's camp, Big George told stories. *Stories!* Story after story after story, until the Tenderfoot forgot the woods, the deer, the road, and the rifle, everything save the atmosphere of woods, lakes, deer, and hunting which the spell-binder wove about his imagination.

Now here is an odd thing. The particular Tenderfoot is not, strictly speaking, a tenderfoot any longer. His acquaintance with Big George, too, has ripened since that trip and he has hunted and fished over that section many times. Yet he has never known Big George loquacious again—never as he was that first day. He has never heard the wild tales again and he has driven over that bit of road many times

without seeing a deer within six miles of Saranac.

It may be that Big George is changed. Maybe he has reformed. It may be that the Tenderfoot hardly hears those familiar whoppers, as one scarcely hears the ticking of his own watch. It may be that George still tells them to other tenderfeet on their first trip. Whatever the facts in the case, it is certain that Big George, when he goes fishing with his old friend, the Tenderfoot, confines his remarks to this sort of thing:

"I want to swing your line clost to the pick'rel weed."

Half an hour's silence.

"That's a fish! No? Be ye caught on a snag?"

Prolonged silence while the spoon is loosened, the reel paid out, and trolling resumed—silence *ad. lib.*, while Big George rows, smokes, and reflects (without saying anything) about the biggest fish which, in other days, would have been "caught right off that p'int!"

But that first day, Big George, knowing the Tenderfoot's frame of mind, fairly dazzled him with hunting stories. Was it the guide's fault or the Tenderfoot's? Neither, I'm thinking. The guide was working for his money in the way that the Tenderfoot expected him to work. Deer? *Real* deer? That was another matter, largely dependent on luck and the Tenderfoot's nerve and skill.

As a matter of fact, the guide would rather take out a man of moderate experience. So far as pecuniary advantage goes, there is none accruing to the guide. But in the case of the Tenderfoot, whether the guide "shows" him deer or not, he has to work—and strain hard—with tongue, tact, and truth. Showing the tenderfoot deer is the easier task very often, but the tenderfoot is liable to miss. Then more tact is necessary to prevent the tenderfoot from blaming his misfortune on the guide. It is, therefore, very necessary for the guide to remove the last doubt as to his own prowess.

To come back to the particular Tenderfoot. It mattered little that he forgot to keep his eye open for deer. None appeared. Once or twice Big George

halted in his monologue to make a pass with his rifle, but he had only had a "peek o' something," which might not have been a deer after all.

A little after dusk he brought his Tenderfoot to the camp—a rough shack away at the head of the Upper Saranac. Shortly after the arrival a couple of old backwoodsmen turned up and hailed Big George as if they hadn't seen him for at least seven years. Also they stayed to supper which they helped to cook. To the Tenderfoot they paid marked courtesy, admiring his gun, balancing it, sighting it, wagging their heads approvingly, and making the Tenderfoot feel sure that he was not as tender as his conscience felt. Also it heightened his liking for Big George's friends—old Dave Harmon and the redoubtable Bert Hargis.

After supper they gathered around the old stove, lit their black, rim-charred pipes, and began the second installment of stories. Stories and more stories! And again the Tenderfoot was enjoying himself, reveling in the spirit of the woods. Sixteen times that night he brought down a deer as the others described, with a phenomenal shot.

Big George was comparatively quiet. Maybe he needed a rest after thirteen miles of straight yarn. Bert and old Dave took turns, Big George only chiming in with a "That's so!" when the yarn became so big that an additional corroboration was necessary to the atmosphere of verisimilitude.

Bert and Dave were at their best. Each seemed impatient for the other to conclude his yarn, so that he could get in a "that-reminds-me" which should stake his claim to the floor. Sometimes one would contradict the other flatly, but always on some minor point of geography or date or distance which had no direct bearing on the veracity of the tale. And the Tenderfoot was not so tender but that he noticed one essential feature of the story-bee—that each story of each man redounded to the immense glory, skill, and prowess of one or both of the other two.

"Talkin' of catamounts," Bert Hargis said, after an argument about elk, "reminds me of how George here shot the

panther. 'Member that, George?" Then to the Tenderfoot: "Ye seen that bald mountain crost the lake comin' up? That's Panther Mountain. Know how it got its name?"

A long pause. The Tenderfoot thought and shook his head. Then Bert pointed his pipestem at Big George and said impressively:

"Him! . . . Twenty year ago."

Then came the story of how Big George got caught after dark and camped under a certain tree on the face of the mountain, not knowing that there was a panther roosting in the tree. In the middle of the night George awoke with the idea that the mountain had rolled over on top of him. The panther, suffering perhaps from the nightmare of falling out of bed, had dropped out of the tree plump on George's stomach. When George recovered his breath he was as mad as the panther. The fight that followed, according to my voracious chroniclers, lasted for over an hour.

"That's so!" put in old Dave, while Big George gazed into the stove and nodded reminiscently.

"He was pretty well tore up when he come into camp that night," said Bert Hargis.

"And what became of the panther?" asked the Tenderfoot.

For a minute old Dave and Bert Hargis stared. Then they bellowed with mirth and slapped their legs, repeating over and over between guffaws:

"What become o' the panther? What become o' the panther! George tell him what become o' the panther."

"I reck'n I skinned him," said Big George modestly. And the incident was closed.

Before Bert and old Dave went back to their own camp that night they volunteered for a drive in the morning, the trail being too noisy for still hunting. And before he went away Bert Hargis found an opportunity to assure the Tenderfoot (privately) that Big George was one of the real old timers, a man who could "lead ye right up to a deer." Old Dave (confidentially) told the Tenderfoot precisely the same thing. And when Bert and old Dave had finally departed down the trail, Big George (secretly)

assured the Tenderfoot that Bert Hargis and old Dave Harmon were, taking everything into account, about the best all-round hunters in the Adirondacks!

IV

His First Deer

The Tenderfoot found himself sitting on a knoll at a point where the wilderness breathed all around him and he could see two other knolls and a portion of a little valley. Four days had gone by with no luck for him. True, he had seen a doe, but he had been so surprised that he had forgotten until it was too late what he had come to the Adirondacks for. Bert Hargis, too, had brought in a spike-horn buck on the second day, and that, combined with the sight of the doe which the Tenderfoot had been too ashamed to mention, convinced the amateur that there *were* deer and that he was going to get one. The difference between fishing and hunting is that in fishing no luck brings discouragement, while in hunting the same experience only makes the hunter all the keener.

Bert Hargis and old Dave Harmon had stuck by Big George. Thus the Tenderfoot had three guides where he had bargained for only one. But Big George assured him that he would not have to pay the other two.

"They're sports," said Big George.

The Tenderfoot knows now that times were slack with Bert and old Dave and they belonged to George's "crowd." No doubt George paid a slight dividend on settling day, but that was George's affair, not the Tenderfoot's, especially when the arrangement provided three guides for the price of one.

The Tenderfoot, as I was saying, sat on a knoll with the wilderness breathing all around him. Big George had told him to sit there and not budge.

"Young fellers from the city," he said, "get into the woods, thinkin' they know it all, and it takes us all night sometimes to get 'em out. They try to find themselves and get deeper in. Then they fire a gun and we fire to show 'em we're comin' to take 'em out. They

come to meet us, so as to look less like fools, and they make bigger fools of themselves by gettin' twisted again. I ain't sayin' you're sech a fool as that, but ye'd best stay put. If ye get lost, fire a gun and *stay put*."

The Tenderfoot is still sitting on a knoll. Big George was farther to the west, covering another valley. Bert and Dave had gone around to the north, and presently the Tenderfoot heard them barking like dogs. He sat up and watched like a spider with a score of eyes.

Suddenly there came a faint crackling in the brush to the north. It grew louder. Something was coming down the valley at a run. The Tenderfoot fidgeted and cocked his rifle. The animal broke cover. The Tenderfoot flung his rifle to his shoulder. Through the sights he saw—a *mongrel pup*!

It was Bert Hargis's pup and it was hunting Bert, although it had lost its tail at the same game on a previous occasion.

The Tenderfoot also saw that the sights of his rifle were bobbing like a cork in water. There was nothing the matter with the sights.

He braced himself and——

There it was! Where it came from is still a mystery to him. It was trotting in almost ghostlike silence down the little hollow, its hoofs lightly lifting and its head erect.

For a moment the Tenderfoot's heart stood still; then he remembered that this was what he had dreamed of and come so far to experience. He would be an embittered man forever after if——

He raised the rifle again and aimed. Then he paused. He seemed to hear Big

George saying: "And if ye see a deer, *don't be in a hurry*."

He waited. It was only a few seconds, but it was like five minutes. . . . Now!

The rifle covered the deer full on the left shoulder. The Tenderfoot felt remarkably cool, now that he had come to the crisis. He fired. Before the light smoke cleared he heard a crash in the foliage and felt as if every nerve in his body was let loose and yelling:

"Missed! *Missed!* MISSED!"

Then he looked, and his eyes saw nothing where the deer had been. He followed the line of its probable forward course, and all at once his heart began to swell and beat like a riveter's hammer. He felt very pale and as if his mouth had stretched and was pinned at the back of his neck in a fixed grin.

He had *not* missed!

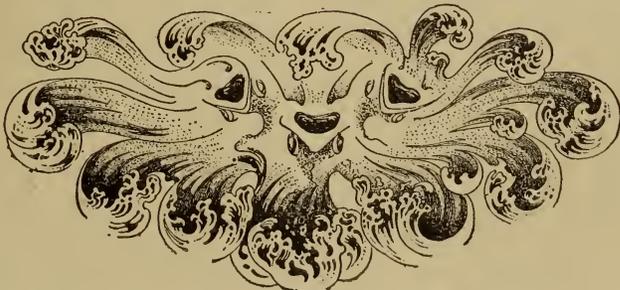
The Tenderfoot did most of the talking that night in camp. Big George and Bert Hargis and old Dave Harmon did the listening. The Tenderfoot was at his best and he could tell as good a hunting story as anybody in the woods.

He had nearly a week's growth of beard on his face. He looked like a tramp, but he felt like a king. No man thereafter could imply by word, thought, or look that he was a Tenderfoot.

After Bert Hargis and old Dave went off to their camp for the night, Big George turned a pair of queerly questioning eyes upon his charge.

"Well," said he, sort of questioningly, "so ye got a deer, did ye?"

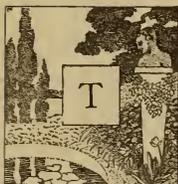
"George," said the Tenderfoot magnanimously, "you'll find it in the bottom of my bag. Help yourself."



HOW TO KEEP WELL IN THE WOODS

BY W. R. C. LATSON, M.D.

A Few Things the Wilderness Wanderer Ought to Know About
Food, Drink, Clothing, Exercise, and Simple Medicines



HERE are two kinds of camping out. One is the pink-tea variety; the other is the real thing. One way of camping out, the pink-tea way, is to join a party, hire a bunch of flunkies, and have your tent pitched just across the lake from the big hotel. If you want anything, from champagne cup to a manicure specialist, you have but to raise your voice. For all the hardship you might as well be stopping at a hotel, save that at a hotel you would miss the cool breezes and the scenery—and the girls who run the motor-boat across the lake every afternoon to find out how you are enduring the vicissitudes of camp life.

But there's another way, and that, as I say, is the real thing. When he does it that way a fellow takes his pack, his gun, his canoe, and his guide and goes out into the real woods, and there takes his chances with hunger, cold, discomfort, even fatality. There he faces the same grim, elemental conditions that his ancestors contended with a couple of hundred thousand years ago.

I may remark in passing that the experience is a fine education for any man. It makes him strong, self-reliant, and humble. By and by he gets to love the primeval life with a great love—the silence and the space, the hardships and the hazards, the delights and the dangers. Then he is a real camper-out.

I have often been impressed by the fact that many experienced campers, men who were thorough woodsmen, fully informed on all the practical details of roughing it, show a striking ignorance of the way to take care of their own health.

For instance, a friend of mine spent five months in Manitoba, during which

time, by the way, he saw not a soul but his Indian guide. This man had read or heard that cold baths were most beneficial to one's health, so he took a cold bath religiously every blessed morning—and came back a nervous wreck.

Another man I know came to the conclusion that he could live on canned meat alone; he did not come to his senses until a severe attack of rheumatism kept him in his bunk for a week. These men were not imbeciles; they were not novices. They were both of them educated men and skillful woodsmen. They simply were not informed regarding some vital facts about the care of their own bodies.

For these reasons it has seemed to me that it would be useful to discuss briefly some points regarding the "personal hygiene," as we call it in medicine, of the camper. Regarding his general sanitation, location, water supply, tents, camp equipment, and so on, I shall have little to say, for he knows as much about such things as I do. And the guide probably could give both of us cards and spades.

In the present writing we will turn our attention at once to questions of personal hygiene—food, exercise, clothing, rest, sleep, and the general care of the body.

What He Should Eat

The question of food is an important and often a difficult one to the camper. Of course, if he be right out in the deep woods he can usually get an abundance of fresh meat, but even in this there is a danger.

To properly sustain the body the food taken should contain a certain amount, not too much, of the proteid elements, such as meat, eggs, milk, cream, cheese, nuts, peas, beans, and lentils. There must also be taken other elements, the

starches and sugars, represented by the grains (bread, crackers, cereals, etc.), the vegetables, and the fruits. Lastly there must be some fatty substances.

Now the amount of these foods needed, and indeed the proportion of them, will vary in accordance with the climate in which he is camping. The colder it is the more proteids and fats he needs. In warmer countries he should take less proteids and oils, relying more upon grains, vegetables, and fruits.

As a rule the camper or traveler in the wilderness will make a great mistake if he eats too much meat. Of course, if he be right out in the wilds, where the game is just begging to be shot and eaten, it is hard to resist the temptation to "kill and eat," but a little experiment will prove that a certain proportion of the other proteid foods mentioned above will give better results, both as regards muscular powers and heat production, than meat. Of course such vegetables and fruits as are obtainable should be eaten freely.

As all woodsmen know, the dietetic stand-by of the wilderness dweller, whether he be a camper, trapper, or lumberman, is beans—ordinary dry white beans. Combined with these, so as to make up a properly "balanced dietary," there should be a certain amount of the starchy foods—vegetables and fruits. Where these cannot be obtained pilot bread and other crackers, which it is possible nowadays to get in large variety, are a partial substitute. Some of the nut foods now on the market are at once portable, palatable, and nourishing, but it must be understood that these are proteid foods to be used instead of meat, beans, or peas, and always in very moderate quantities. Lentils (dried) are another proteid food which is easily carried and nutritious.

Salted, "corned," or otherwise preserved meats are of little value from any standpoint. The same preservatives which prevent these meats from undergoing chemical change outside the body will also preserve them from undergoing the normal chemical change which we call digestion inside the body. This, of course, applies equally to canned meats, which the dweller in the wilderness will,

sooner or later, find to be a delusion and a snare.

Canned vegetables are of some slight food value, although here, also, the chemical preservatives interfere with the complete digestion of the vegetables. Dried fruits and vegetables, which are now obtainable in large varieties, are usually free from adulteration, and are a valuable addition to the dietary of the dweller in the deep woods.

A meal of stewed lentils, "Boston chips," and soaked evaporated apricots, with a few good crackers and the unconscionable appetite of "all outdoors," would shock the head waiter at the best New York hotel. But it is a better meal dietetically than you would be likely to get from him, and just as palatable. For when a man is sojourning in the wilderness he is not usually a gourmet.

Drink Plenty of Water

Speaking of diet reminds me of the great value to the camper of copious water drinking. The importance of water in the body is paramount. Water is the medium through which all the vital processes are carried on, and a man will surely suffer in some direction if he habitually denies himself in the matter of drinking.

Enough water for the man living in the open is not less than three quarts a day. As a rule, outdoor people drink freely; so to most, I fancy, this hint will be superfluous. But somebody, outdoor man or indoor man, may find it worth remembering.

The dweller in the wilds usually gets plenty of hard work. He is carrying a heavy pack or a canoe on a portage; he is making his way, ax in hand, through the underbrush; he is chopping wood for hours at a time to keep from freezing. He is helping to put up a tent, chasing, stalking, climbing, working all day—and that is what he came for.

The advice he needs is not so much to take enough exercise, as to avoid taking too much. The average adventurer into the wilds, north, south, or west, especially if he is an inexperienced man, is very apt to try to put himself on a par with his steel-muscle guides. He is tempted

to show them that a man who can do a day's work at his desk in the city can also do a day's work in the wilderness. The result is generally unpleasant—strains, bruises, and a general physical and mental fatigue only known to him who has been through it. Often enough an enthusiastic camper will lay himself up for a week because of hysterical overexertion during the first few days of his outing.

Therefore my advice—and it is based on grievous experience of my own—is to go very slowly, especially at first, and still more especially if you are out of training. Otherwise you may spend a week, a fortnight, or perhaps the whole of your outing in your bunk. Besides, you don't impress the guides by such tactics; they merely grin and make disrespectful remarks behind your back. They know by long observation that a man trained to the wilderness always takes it easy at the start.

So much for exercise and rest. As for sleep you probably need little advice, since, after the first night or two, at any rate, you will sleep like a top. For those first few nights don't let your insomnia worry you. Think, listen, lounge, and rest. In the summer, especially if you are far enough from the north and south poles, there is quite enough to listen to, for the whole insect world is vocalizing.

Make Sure of Fresh Air

As you get farther from the equator and farther from the summer and fall period of rampant insect life, there is less to listen to. But here you can apply the Irishman's expression, and "hear silence." Listen to the wonderful, silent voice of the wilderness, and learn the first great lesson of him who sojourns in the wilds—the lesson of peace, quietness, and humility that comes only from intimate contact with the deep woods or the deep waters.

In this connection don't forget that one object of your outing is to be in the open air. To sleep in a closed tent is almost as bad as to sleep in a closed room. So be sure that your tent door is always left open. In fact, if the weather permits it is a good plan to have the tent

brailed or partially brailed during the night.

For the benefit of nontenters I may explain that to "braid" a tent is to reef up the walls so that the air may have free access on all sides. Every well-made tent has at short intervals around the top of the walls cords similar to reefing cords. Brailing is simply lifting up the walls and tying them with the brailing cords. Whether or not this be done at night, every sleeping tent should be brailed for part of every day.

As to clothing, here also much must necessarily depend upon the direction in which your wanderings are to take you—whether to jungle, forest, desert, or wide beach.

The main general rules are that the clothing should be loose, light, and no thicker than is necessary. At the same time it is important to guard against the great mistake of the tenderfoot—that of taking along the superfluous things and leaving behind the essential. See that you take with you enough clothing to insure you against suffering from the cold.

As to underclothing the best material is linen, next silk, and third cotton. Wool is not adapted for underwear, but is well fitted to make the best and most comfortable outer garments, except in the frigid zones where the garments stolen from the fur animals to whom the good Lord gave them are warmest, most flexible, and therefore much the more comfortable.

Why do I say linen for underwear and wool for outer? Because linen, cotton, and silk absorb the moisture of the skin, leaving it clean and dry; while wool will not take up the perspiration, which thus remains upon the skin, making it cold and damp at the time and less cleanly in the future. On the other hand wool, because it will not absorb moisture, is especially adapted for outer clothing.

As to foot covering, I have decided views. As an anatomist and a trampler of many thousand miles, I know that the lifting of the heel in standing or walking is one of the most pernicious and far-reaching physical evils of the present day. Why? Because such a position destroys the entire poise of the body and

in time displaces every organ and structure in that body.

To explain all this would be impossible at the space now at my command, but "the proof of the pudding—" you know the rest. On your next outing try moccasins. With them you can wear as many pairs of socks as you need—preferably a pair of cotton socks next the skin. If you are in a country infested with snakes you can wear leggings. At any rate, especially if you are tramping much, try the heelless shoe or the moccasin, and note the absence of leg strain and general fatigue after a hard day out.

As regards bathing, I do not deny that "cleanliness is next to godliness," but I do advise strongly against long swims, especially in cold water, and also against the daily plunge or full bath in cold water. As a practicing physician, and I trust a practical physician, I find that, even in the equable precincts of a well-regulated apartment house a sudden plunge into cold water is, save in the hottest weather, a bad thing for the heart, kidneys, and nerves.

Such a practice in the zigzag temperature of the open is distinctly inadvisable, even dangerous. The "glow" is often followed by a reaction which may lead to the most serious consequences. I am, of course, speaking now of the water and woods as they usually are in the spring and fall of the year.

A Few Simple Remedies

It is not necessary for the man who is sojourning in the deep woods to be his own doctor, so I shall not attempt to make my reader a qualified military surgeon. Still, there are a few points in practical "domestic medicine" that every camper and traveler should know, points a knowledge of which would often save much discomfort—sometimes even life.

In the first place, every man going out into the wilderness, particularly if it be for any length of time, should provide

himself with certain medical and surgical necessities. A sudden attack of illness, a fall, a wound resulting from accident or inflicted by some animal—these or any one of many other casualties are liable to occur. In such an emergency the possession of a bottle of proper medicine may actually save life.

In the case of a wound a proper dressing with adhesive strips, supported by a clean bandage of surgical gauze, may avert the most serious consequences. Backwoods surgery with clumsy stitches and dirty bandages may be very picturesque, but it is mighty painful and distinctly risky.

As to medicines, the stock need not be large. I should suggest something like the following: First you will need a good cathartic, and there is none better than the product known as phenolphthalein. Twenty-five tablets can be carried in a vial a little larger than your thumb. An average dose is three grains, a full dose five.

There should also be a jar of vaseline and a small bottle of olive oil. The vaseline is universally useful, and the olive oil well rubbed in is about the best treatment for strains, stiffness, or lameness that is available to the wild woods camper. Liniments may smell stronger than olive oil, but it is not the smell that relieves the lameness, and it is not the liniment. It is the rubbing that does the trick.

Then you will need three or four rolls of gauze bandaging and the same number of adhesive strips. Both the plaster and the bandaging should be of varying widths.

And that is all. Any druggist can outfit you in ten minutes at a trifling cost, and you can carry the bundle in your pocket. Not to take it is a great mistake, for you are liable to need it at any moment, and as they used to say in Texas about a gun, "You may not need it, but if you do, you need it mighty bad."



A FEW HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS

BY HERBERT WHYTE

For the Men Who Would Like to Know Where They Can Find Good
Autumn Sport With the Gun or the Rod

THE trend of queries which I have received during the last few days has been in the direction of requests for information as to where game of all sorts is to be found, so that the fall hunting trip may not be a failure from the standpoint of heads or sport.

Not only the United States and Canada, but Mexico and Cuba as well, are included in the general regions so indicated. Of course, to describe in detail all the good hunting country would fill far too much space, but I have endeavored to cover in a general way the localities where game is most abundant.

One of our subscribers, a resident of the "Oranges" of New Jersey, wants advice about the best place to find deer or moose. He says, "My wife will accompany me, and as this will be her initial trip, I am anxious to go somewhere where good sport will be assured. Please mention in your reply when the seasons in the Adirondacks, Maine, and Canada are open."

The substance of my reply was as follows:

"Excellent spots for deer in the Adirondacks are Cranberry Lake, Lake Meachem, and Lake Twitchell. If you will write Mr. J. W. Balderson, Bear Mountain Camp, Cranberry Lake, or Mr. R. E. Brownell, Skilton's Lodge, Lake Twitchell, they will very gladly make all arrangements for you in the way of guide and outfit. In Maine, I would advise you to communicate with Mr. Reg. C. Thomas, of Chesuncook, Maine; Holden Bros., Jackman, Maine; and Erwin G. Stevens, Kineo, Moosehead Lake, Maine. In Canada there are any number of excellent spots: Temagami Forest Reserve, in the Province of Ontario; New Brunswick, in the region of Tobique River; Nova Scotia in Guysboro County, at Sheet Harbor Road, Fifteen Mile Stream, or Sherbrooke.

"The open season for deer in the Adirondacks is from September 16th to October 31st, and for bucks from September 16th to November 15th. The open season for deer in Maine is October 1st to December 15th; for moose, October 15th to December 1st. In Ontario, the open season for moose is October 16th to November 15th. The open season in New Brunswick for moose and deer is September 15th to November 30th. In Nova Scotia, deer and caribou are protected until 1912; the moose season is from October 1st to December 1st; the limit is one in one season."

British Columbia ought to prove a great magnet for our large game hunters. In a recent letter from the Provincial Game Warden he says, "The moose, caribou, goat, and bear, both black and grizzly, are especially numerous this year.' The best part of the country is on the Fraser River between Tete Juan Cache and the Grand Cañon, about the vicinity where the Clearwater River runs into the Fraser. Moose are extremely plentiful here, and caribou are easily found higher up on the mountains. Ducks, geese, and grouse are to be had as well."

This would be an ideal trip for anyone who can spare a couple of months. The best way to reach this district is by the main line of the Canadian Pacific, from Aschroft, thence by stage to Fort George; at this point, it will be necessary to procure guides and canoes before going farther up the river. The Hudson Bay Company's post at Fort George will supply guides and outfit.

Good Place for Shore Birds

But not all of us can afford a two-months' vacation, and many of us would not care to spend it hunting moose or caribou if we had it. For instance, some of us are rather

keen on shore-bird shooting. For the benefit of this class a letter from Mr. Herbert K. Job contains much excellent information. Mr. Job says:

"Shore birds have become so scarce on the New England coast that I would advise sportsmen to try Nova Scotia, as being, I believe, better even than New Brunswick. In migration, the bulk of them fly well outside, down the eastern coast of Nova Scotia, and then strike out to sea away from New England.

"The place I know best and favorably, where I have hunted, is Cape Sable Island, off Barrington, Nova Scotia, at the southeast corner of the Province. It is easy to reach. Take steamer from Boston to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, then a packet to Clark's Harbor, Cape Sable Island. There are hotels at Clark's Harbor. The best feeding ground is at 'South Side,' three miles' drive from Clark's Harbor. Board may be obtained from a fisherman, Joseph Penney, South Side."

As so many of my correspondents have spoken of Cuba as a possible hunting ground, especially at this time of the year, perhaps a little general information about the island will not be amiss. Quail shooting is fairly good throughout the island, even quite near Havana. At certain periods of the winter there are many ducks, and in the spring a sort of wild pigeon is abundant. A few deer are to be had, scattered throughout the island, but they are much smaller than the deer of the North. They are especially numerous in the Province of Oriente.

A distinct blot on Cuban sportsmanship is the absolute disregard of the game laws. Game is even slaughtered during the nesting and mating seasons. Some of the offenders stand high in the social life and political business affairs of the island, so there is no room for a plea of ignorance.

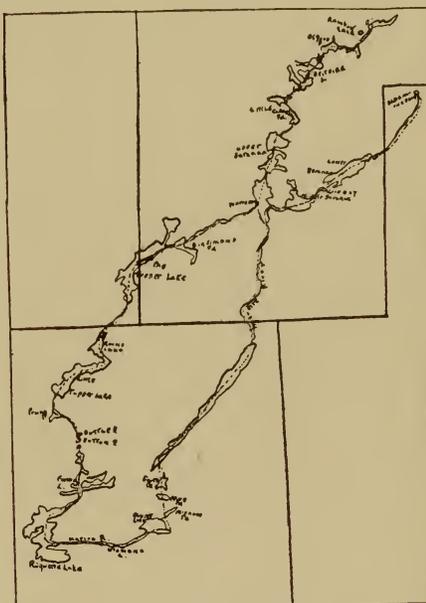
A young man living in Ohio wants good bird shooting in North Carolina. "A place where I can get good sport and good southern hospitality," he says.

The best place we know for both these requirements is "Hunter's Lodge," Robeson County, N. C. It is run by General Frank A. Bond, who limits his guests to fifteen in number. Here can be found as good bird shooting as in any other part of North Carolina, and the cooking—well—have you ever tried the real Southern article?

One subscriber wants to know how he can cover "as much of the Adirondacks as possible" in fifteen days. This is something of a sticker, but I was able to outline a trip which included the main lakes and rivers and did not take my inquirer over the same ground twice—and I am not ashamed to offer it here.

In the Adirondacks

In detail, the starting point may be made at Rainbow Lake, going south through Os-good Pond and Spitfire Lake, and then through Bear Pond into Little Clear Pond, with a short portage into Upper Saranac; then con-



ROUTE OF A FIFTEEN-DAY TRIP IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

tinue south to Wawbeek; from there by small stream and short carry into Big Simon's Pond, continuing south through Tupper Lake into Round Lake and little Tupper Lake and by short carries into Frank Pond, Bottle Pond, Sutton Pond, and Forked Lake into Raquette Lake. From here the route lies up the lake to Marion River into Lake Utowana, and into the Raquette River, coming out at Middle Saranac. Follow the stream from the lake into Loon Bay, to Lower Saranac, continuing on to Bloomingdale. A hotel will be found at the end of each day's journey, so that camping will not be necessary.

Another subscriber wanted me to outline a trip from Salem, Ohio, to Seattle or Nova Scotia. Apparently he was quite indifferent which way he journeyed. I advised him to take the Pennsylvania to Cleveland, Northern Steamship Company to Duluth, and the Northern Pacific Railway from Duluth to Seattle, with stop-over at Yellowstone Park for a week. The side trip from Livingston through the Park will take five and one half days.

If Nova Scotia should prevail in his affections, I laid out the following route as likely to afford the best combination of pleasure and fair directness: Pennsylvania R. R. to Cleveland; Northern S. S. Company to Buffalo; the Niagara Navigation Company, or by rail, from Buffalo to Toronto; the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company to Quebec.

Ohio to Montana by Motor Boat

Another inquirer aspires to travel by motor boat from Delphos, Ohio, to the Yellowstone Park. "How far can a motor boat be driven over this route?" he asks.

In looking the matter up I found that the Miami and Erie Canal, which is the only means of reaching the Ohio River from Delphos, was closed "for repair." Once in the Ohio, however, it is practically clear sailing as far as the falls in the Missouri River in Montana. Here Nature has offered a barrier that may be surmounted only by a trip overland or "à la Wright."

This is what one of our Texas subscribers handed us: "Can you give me a desirable route from this State to West Point, N. Y."

A route that offers attractive scenery—and I suppose that is what our friend wants—is via the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Ry. to St. Louis, then via the Southern Ry. to Norfolk, Va. Here the monotony of a railroad journey may be broken by taking the Old Dominion Steamship Line at Norfolk for New York. From New York the best way to enjoy the wonderful scenery of the Hudson River is from the deck of one of the many boats plying up and down the river. There are so many of these that names and comparisons are unnecessary. If you prefer to go by rail take the New York Central, or the West Shore. The West Point station of the former is Garrison.

Washington, D. C., asks: "Will you tell me a good authority on log cabin building?"

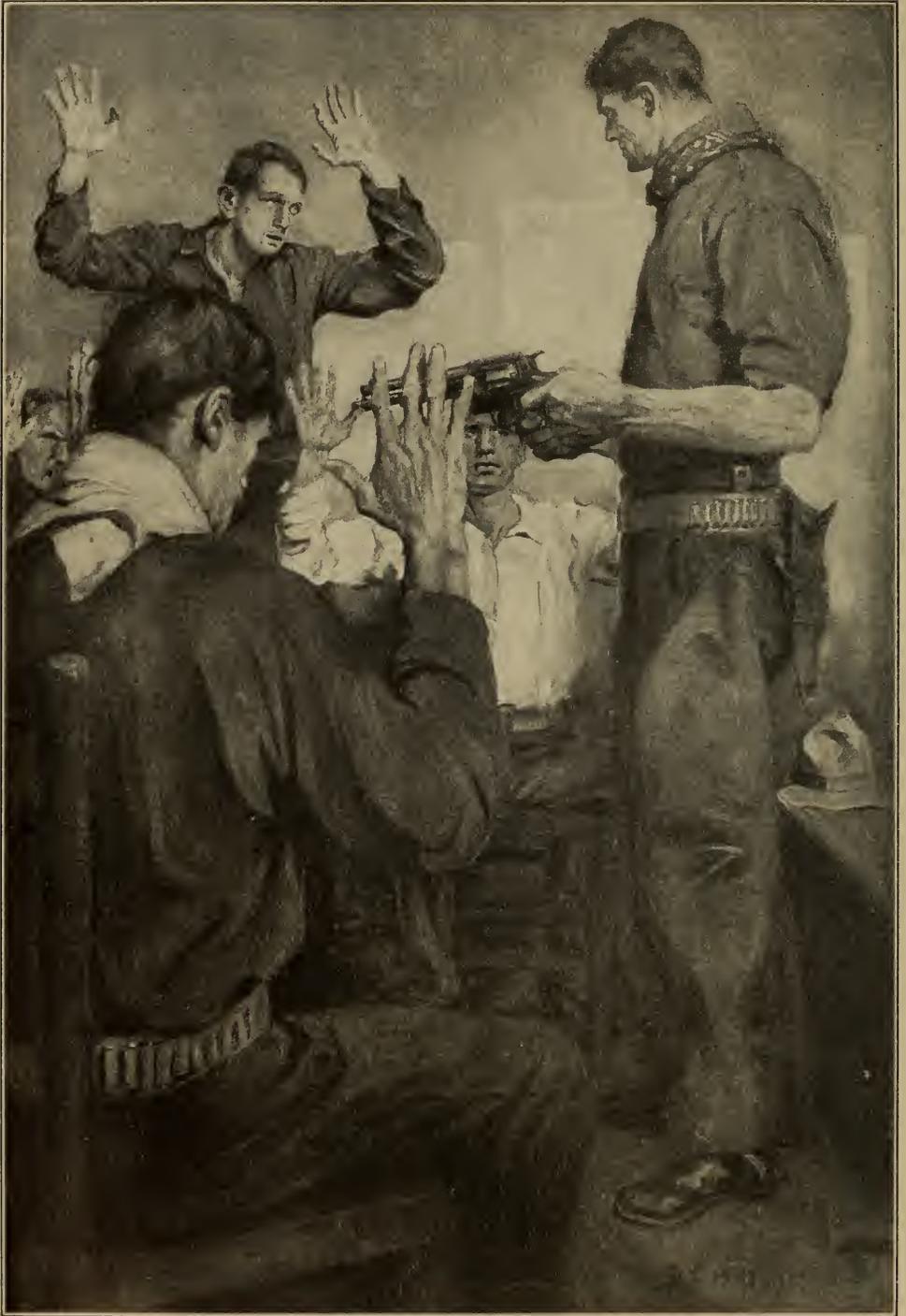
There are two excellent authorities that I know, Oliver Kemp and Dan Beard. Mr. Kemp is the author of "Wilderness Homes," a volume which contains a valuable fund of information for the dweller in the woods. A year or so ago Dan Beard published a book especially adapted to log cabins, discussing such questions as how to build them, what material to use, etc. This is called "The Field and Forest Hand Book." It contains many unique and essentially practical ideas, which Mr. Beard has gathered on his wilderness tramps. "Wilderness Homes" may be ordered from our Book Department. Mr. Beard's book is published by Scribners.

One of our Eastern subscribers writes: "Where in Canada can I get good hunting in October. If accommodations are good, would take my wife; otherwise will rough it without her. Matter of expense not considered."

Most sportsmen go to Muskoka or Maine for red deer; if they want caribou they are likely to try Newfoundland. For my own part, if I wanted excellent sport in a spot where moose and caribou may be found, with a chance for a bear on the side, I should take the Canadian Northern at Montreal or Quebec and go to La Tuque or Lake Edward, or any one of a dozen stations along the line; in half a day's paddle I would be in the heart of the best moose and caribou country in Canada.

If one prefers the comparative comforts of a log cabin, with a well-trained guide, the Lake Edward district, embracing over two thousand square miles, is the very best section for the trip. If it is to be Lake Edward, every comfort will be found at the Laurentides House. Mr. Robert Rowley is prepared to supply every detail of camp equipment.

For a radical change from the conventional hunting, I would recommend the region about the La Tuque Branch, south or west of Chicoutimi. This would be roughing it in no small degree, and the Indian guide would have to be specially instructed in most matters relating to personal comfort. Caribou may be hunted from the 1st of September to the 1st of May. Deer may be hunted from September 1st to January 1st; moose from September 1st to January 1st. In Pontiac and Ottawa counties the open season for moose is from October 1st to December 1st.



From a painting by D. C. Hutchison.

Engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE SIXTEENTH MAN TOOK A STEP FORWARD."

Illustration for "The Man Who Rode Purgatory," Page 226.

THE OUTING MAGAZINE



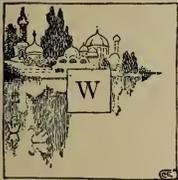
VOLUME LV

NOVEMBER, 1909

NUMBER 2

HEROES OF THE GRIDIRON BY WALTER CAMP

DIRECTOR OF ATHLETICS AT YALE UNIVERSITY



WERE there really giants in those old football days? To tell the truth, as one looks back, it certainly seems as if some of those moleskin warriors of other days were indeed veritable Goliaths, not only in prowess but in physique as well. Then as in comparison one comes down the long line of memorable players, the men of the later days loom large and one begins to think that perhaps there are just as many prodigies in the present decade as in those that have preceded it.

At almost any university with a football past one may hear heated discussions as to whether the present team with its wonderful record is better than the team of 19—, so long famous in the athletic annals. It will be found that the glamour of the past has usually enough effect to make even the most ardent believer in

the present team just a shade doubtful as to whether it could defeat that eleven of which he has heard so much that he almost believes they were never to be matched.

I can remember very well the way in which I regarded Robert Bacon, captain of the Harvard team in the fall of 1879, later Assistant Secretary of State. Handsome as an Adonis, big, powerful, and fast, he seemed the ideal hero of the gridiron—which by the way was no gridiron at all in those days, for there was no law regarding distance to be gained and hence the long parallelogram had no crossing lines. Then when I compare Bacon with O. D. Thompson of Yale I can see that the latter had the larger frame.

Soon I fall to thinking of those huge men, the Riggses and the Wheelers, Edwards, Crowdis, and DeWitt of Princeton, Jaffray of Harvard and how he would have towered above even Hull

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HINKEY OF YALE, THE "SHADOWY END."

of Yale. Presently, I cannot bring myself to see any one in the past who combined such power and strength as lay in men like Heffelfinger of Yale and Hare of Pennsylvania.

Still later Glass of Yale comes up before the vision and, traveling west, Curtiss the giant tackle and captain of Michigan. Then I see the leaner but tremendously powerful lines of the Indian Bemus Pierce, who in turn would look small beside the mighty Horr of last year's Syracuse team.

So with it all, one feels that it would be a satisfaction to see these powerful men of long ago grouped with the more recent heroes upon some huge gridiron,

each player at his ripest and best age, and then to pick one eleven after another as would a coach from the entire squad.

But such a wish is vain, for how might one imagine the respected treasurer of the United States, once the half-back, McClung, appearing on the gridiron in moleskins to-day? although he could probably still carry off the part, for he did it at the time of the Bicentennial at New Haven in a game against the second 'Varsity eleven with all his oldtime dash and speed. To-day on the tennis courts he is a dangerous competitor for the younger men to engage.

And then there is Butterworth who has been in the Connecticut State Senate

and who finds his amusement in as dangerous a game to-day as in the old days when he filled the position of full-back for Yale, for he is now one of the best polo players in Connecticut, intrepid, fearless, and dashing as of old when he so many times pierced the Harvard and Princeton lines, or when Yale was hard pressed, drove the ball back with kicks of fifty and fifty-five yards that relieved the strain upon the blue line.

At New Haven, after the days of O. D. Thompson, the man who kicked a drop kick against Harvard in '76 which won the first game played under the Rugby rules between these old rivals, we find Hull the huge center larger to-

day even than of old. Then one comes to the massive Heffelfinger whose only rivals in the position of guard in the view of most of the football enthusiasts would be Hare and Glass. Then Hinkley, the shadowy end, whose prowess will never be forgotten, and with him Corbin at center, Brown the wonderful captain and guard, Jack Greenway at end, Brinck Thorne in the back field, and Bull the drop kicker, as well as Chadwick and Metcalf the running backs.

And now a word about Heffelfinger, for his has come to be a name to conjure with in football assemblages. When he first came out on the football field at



POE, PRINCETON'S "LITTLE WONDER" AT LEFT END,
AND PELL AT LEFT TACKLE.



GLAZE, A FULLBACK WHO WON HIS SPURS AT DARTMOUTH.



JOHNSON, ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST OF CARLISLE'S MANY FOOTBALL STARS.



HILLEBRAND, ONE OF THE BEST TACKLES PRINCETON HAS HAD.

New Haven Heffelfinger was like a greyhound pup that had grown so fast that he seemed all legs. He weighed only a little over one hundred and seventy and at first betrayed no remarkable talents, but toward the end of the first year he began to see a light. He found that the game was one of brains and that appealed to him, so while he was adding pounds to his physique, he was studying every move of the guard's position.

By the middle of his second year he would have been a handful for the most remarkable guard that ever stood next to a center, and while he added additional pounds steadily and muscular strength in a generous proportion, he did not let his brain rest; he studied the hows and whys of it until he made for himself a name as the most famous guard pure and simple in football history.

Who among Yale men of his time does not remember McCormick, captain and quarterback, who became later the reform mayor of Harrisburg, Pa.,

and carried into his work in civic affairs the same quiet, pleasant, but determined character and method that distinguished him on the gridiron.

When Frank Hinkey came to New Haven there were two veteran ends of the year before in "Josh" Hartwell and Crosby. Hinkey was a rather frail looking individual, and those who saw the first round-up of material that year had little idea that this Freshman would even last long enough to have a chance at his own class team. In the middle of the season, Hartwell, who had been laid up with a sprain, was on the side lines watching Hinkey play end on the scrub.

Finally he made this remark: "I'm going to throw away this stick in a day or two and get out on that field, for that Freshman is going to have either my place or Crosby's, and I don't want him to get mine." Sure enough Hinkey did make his 'Varsity team that year and was picked as an All-America end all through the remainder of his course. He barely reached the one hundred and

fifty pound mark, was not physically remarkable in any way, but he had football instinct and an unerring knowledge of where to be and how to get there at the right time and they never failed him.

Then there is Woodruff of Yale, the star guard, and later one of the best coaches, who is holding up his end in the Forestry department of the Federal Government. He it was who brought Pennsylvania up from a condition of mediocrity to that of a first-class football power.

At Cambridge Cumnock's name will not soon be forgotten, for as captain and end he broke a long string of defeats by Yale with a glorious victory, and Dave Campbell followed close in his footsteps; to-day the latter is one of the best coaches of ends in the country when he can be persuaded to leave his business and come East. Lewis, formerly of Amherst and later of Harvard, was an ideal center and has made his mark in the law since graduation.

Another man who will long be re-

membered at Cambridge both as player and coach is "Bill" Reid, for by that term of affectionate familiarity he is known by football players everywhere. Reid began his football career out on the Pacific Coast at his father's school in Belmont, California. The writer had the pleasure of coaching him and his team one day while on a visit to the school. Reid was then a rather weedy youth, but he showed possibilities, which later developed into certainties when he entered Harvard and played in the back field there. Plucky, hard to hurt, thoughtful, and determined, he was a star player and later carried all those qualities into his work as a coach.

But probably of all stars that Harvard has produced, next possibly to Newell the star of tackles, was Daly the quarterback, later a "West Pointer." He was not unlike Ames of Princeton in his ability to dodge and kick, as well as to fill any position in the back field.

To come to the detail of the work of these heroes before they exchanged the experiences of the gridiron for those of



HUBBARD, AN ALL-AMERICA
MAN THAT AMHERST
PRODUCED.



CAMPBELL, A HARVARD
MAN WHO KNOWS
THE END GAME.



WEEKES, COLUMBIA,
"BEST END RUNNER
OF HIS DAY."



ELY, QUARTERBACK,
YALE.



JAFFRAY, CENTER,
HARVARD.



CHADWICK, GUARD,
YALE.



HEFFELFINGER,
GUARD, YALE.



HARE, GUARD,
PENNSYLVANIA.



BROOKE, FULLBACK,
PENNSYLVANIA.



HAUGHTON, TACKLE,
HARVARD.

the greater game of life in the world at large: Beginning with the line men, Hector Cowan of Princeton who played at tackle was one of the best built and most powerful men of his day. He it was who alone would force his way through the ranks of the enemy before the days of formation play and interference and his name is writ large in Princeton's football annals.

The next most noted Princeton player is probably Ames—"Snake" Ames he was called from his ability to elude the grasp of tacklers, although he was also a magnificent kicker, and on the whole one of the best all-round backs the game has ever produced. Then came Lamar who made the great touchdown against Yale at New Haven in the last few minutes of play, turning defeat into victory; he was later drowned in an attempt to save the life of another.

Then comes the long line of Poes, from the one who ran the entire length of the field at Princeton against Yale, scoring a touchdown that won the game, down to the Poe who kicked the drop kick at New Haven and once more succeeded in wresting victory from the Blue. DeWitt as guard and kicker shines brightly, while Church and Hillebrand,

later tackles, were stars of the line in every sense.

Hillebrand especially was one of the best tackles that Princeton has developed since the days of Hector Cowan. He was powerfully built, but not big or clumsy. Active, with a long reach, good judgment, quick on his feet, and a power in the interference, he did a work in the line which Princeton men and their opponents will be long in forgetting.

Edwards of Princeton was another tower of strength in the line and as head of the New York street-cleaning department he is handling his task in the same effective manner.

At Pennsylvania Wharton, who preceded Hare, Williams the quarterback, and Brooke the kicker are men who have kept up their interest in the game to the present day. Then there was Bull, the medium-weight but wonderfully aggressive center, who has been an example to all later Penn centers. Still another remarkable Penn player was Stephenson who in his first year was the peer of any quarterback and the best quarterback runner since the reintroduction of the rule permitting a run from that position.

A word more must be said of Hare, for he stands out in the line as did



EDWARDS OF PRINCETON,
A TOWER OF STRENGTH
IN THE TIGER LINE.

Brooke with his wonderful kicking in the back field. Hare was the most conspicuous figure of his time on the gridiron. He was used in guard's-back plays so that in addition to the detail of his own position, he was a large factor in the attacking force of Pennsylvania.

Then, too, in the system of defense used there were times when the guard was expected to cross out to the end, and even stop an end run. This Hare accomplished so well as to make it seem almost a possibility to handle the defense in that way. Still when Pennsylvania went up against the Harvard combination of Ellis as an interferer and Sawin as an end runner they succeeded in getting by Pennsylvania for considerable gains, although even then Hare



BUTTERWORTH, ONCE A GREAT
YALE FULLBACK, NOW A
DASHING POLO PLAYER.

was the man who finally brought Sawin down in spite of the unusual weight for a runner he, Hare, had to carry.

Any one who saw that remarkable contest will remember how Hare's jersey had been torn from his back showing



HESTON, HALFBACK,
MICHIGAN.



MCCLUNG, HALFBACK,
YALE.



MCCORMICK, QUARTER,
YALE.



REID, HALFBACK,
HARVARD.



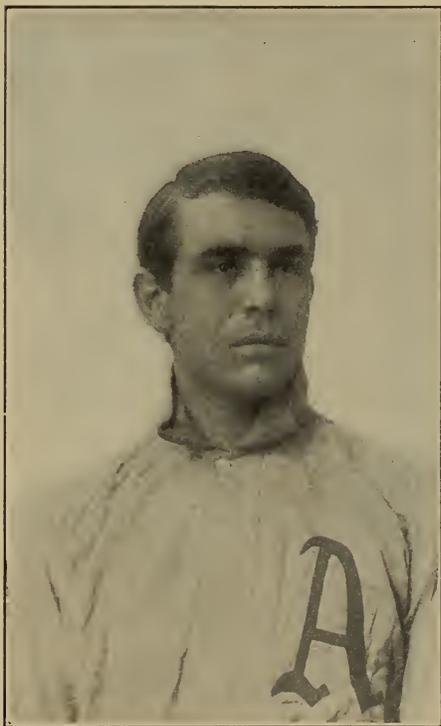
GREENWAY, END,
YALE.



THOMPSON, HALFBACK,
YALE.



CORBIN, CENTER,
YALE.



FULTZ, AN ALL-AMERICA MAN FROM BROWN.

the play of muscles underneath that white skin as he fought a losing fight for his university. He was fast, powerful, and even on a pinch could do some good kicking as he did in the Cornell game in a frightful storm on Thanksgiving Day at Franklin Field when it took the most powerful kind of a kick to drive the wet ball over the kicker's own rush line.

Osgood of Cornell, and later of the University of Pennsylvania, was one of the greatest natural stars of the gridiron. He was one of the men who died in the Cuban war. He first showed his possibilities with the Cornell team against Harvard at Springfield, Massachusetts. It seemed only necessary to give this man the ball to have him gain yards through and around the astonished Crimson tacklers.

At first one might have supposed that it was due to the weakness of Harvard, but as this man progressed in football history it was found to be undeniably the strength of Osgood. As a runner by

himself, given the ball and a mark to reach, he was one of the most astonishing products of the gridiron. His weakness lay in his inability to make use of interference, for he was essentially an individual runner. Had he mastered the art of taking advantage of his helpers, I doubt if any man would have been his peer.

Cornell also produced the Warners, great players and the elder the coach who has done so much with the Indians. Later Thompson proved a star guard and Walder a first-class back.

Columbia, in her short football career, produced Wright in the line and Weekes and Morley in the back field.



ECKERSALL, CHICAGO, ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE QUARTERBACKS THAT EVER CROSSED THE LIME LINES.

Weekes was the man who made the touchdown that defeated Yale in his first year of play at Columbia and Morley was one of the hardest of players and headiest of captains.

Harold Weekes was unquestionably, in his day, the best end runner in the country. It was not alone that he had such phenomenal speed, nor that he had the weight and muscular strength that told, but it was the combination of these with good judgment and the ability to put on speed at the right moment. Behind it all was a love for the feel of the ball under his arm and the rush by the end of the line which only those who have once enjoyed it can appreciate. It



BUNKER, WEST POINT, A STALWART IN THE LINE, IN INTERFERENCE, AND IN CARRYING THE BALL.



BULL, YALE, A DROP KICKER OF THE EARLIER DAYS.

was Weekes who scored on Yale, and when he and Morley and Berrien were in Columbia's back field, they made a remarkable trio.

Bunker of West Point will long be remembered in Army annals, and not alone there but in the minds of those adventurous spirits of the gridiron who met him when in the early 1900's he was at his best, not only a stalwart in the line work but in interference and carrying the ball. Tipton and Erwin were also well up in football ranks.

Belknap of Annapolis was at his best in 1901, active, aggressive, and, even when matched against the best, quite able to take care of himself. Dague as an end was one of the later products of Annapolis whose fame will long be cherished.

Amherst where Lewis began his career as center has later given us in Hubbard one of the best men in the back field, an All-America man with all the attributes that go toward earning that position in such a crowded field. Brown has done



DALBY, THE QUARTERBACK, ONE OF THE GREATEST PLAYERS
THAT HARVARD HAS PRODUCED.

equally well with Fultz and Mayhew. Dartmouth looks back to a remarkable center in Hooper, a strong quarter in Witham, and a competent fullback in Glaze.

Among all the stars of Carlisle it is hard to pick, but Johnson the quarterback stands out as the peer of them all, both in his work with the Indians and later on the Northwestern team. The football career of this man is probably as remarkable as that of any man the school has turned out. In 1899 he was halfback on the team and a clever runner, too. In 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903 he played quarterback and in the last two

years was the best handler of the ball I have ever seen on the field, besides being excellent in ordinary features of his play. In 1904 he went out to Northwestern University where he played quarterback during the seasons of 1904 and '05, thus making a football career of some seven years duration, characterized throughout by excellent playing.

After all it is one of the Middle West universities that furnished two of the most remarkable stars at quarterback that have ever run across the lime lines, Eckersall and Steffens of Chicago, while Michigan produced in Heston the most powerful of plunging halfbacks,

combining speed, aggressiveness, and weight, and in Curtiss an equally remarkable man as tackle. Then, too, in Herschberger and O'Dea Chicago and Wisconsin gave us two of the most effective kickers of their time, or perhaps of any time, though DeWitt of Princeton, Brooke of Penn, Mitchell of Yale, and Burr and Haughton of Harvard would challenge them.

Heston of Michigan was thicker set than Weekes and followed interference more closely. With all that, he was wonderfully strong in the open by himself, using either arm well in warding off, and when he was at his prime and Yost's machine was working well, Michigan was invincible in its section, with no chance to try out against the Eastern aggregation. I doubt if there was any attack in the East more powerful, if as powerful, as that of Michigan when they were at their best with Heston in. It would have been on the defense that their opponents would have relied as the theories in the two sections differed quite materially at that time.

Wesleyan produced in Saxe a man in the back field who did much for them and later for Harvard, as did also Hall and Slayback at Middletown. Forbes, whom Wesleyan sent to Yale, was an All-America star as an end graduated by the exigencies of the game from tackle.

In the last analysis it is in the annals of each university that these names live and it is for the Harvard men perhaps to wonder and argue over whether one Hallowell was better than the other Hallowell; whether Lake, Lee, and Corbett would match up with Brewer, Dibblee, and Wrightington, or if Kernan and Graydon would beat any of them.

Could Cranston hold his own with Doucette at center, or would the more active Nourse prove able to cope with either of them? Where would the quarters of to-day rank with Dean? Could Dean match Daly? Where would Hurley and Wendell rank? And when they have answered this, let them set Burr and Haughton kicking and match Fish against that old stalwart, Bert Waters.

At New Haven the same old story of comparison would lead to the questions: Could Corbin beat Hull and Peters at center? Then how about Stillman, Holt and Flanders? Would the powerful tackle, Gill, be too much for Rhodes, Winter, Murphy, Chamberlain, Stillman, Bloomer, Hogan, Kinney, or Biglow? Would Stagg stand against Hickey or Rafferty? Would the more recent ends like Alcott and Howard Jones be powerful enough to cope with the mighty Shevlin?

Would Harry Beecher, McCormick, Adee, and Fincke test out DeSaulles, Rockwell, and that star Tad Jones in the quarterback position? Would Hickok and McCrea as guards handle Chadwick, Brown, Glass, or the yellow-haired Goss, Tripp, or Goebel? Would not Coy be a source of wonder even to the best of the old backs Wyllys Terry, Richards, Butterworth, Thorne, Knox, or Veeder?

Who among the Princeton judges will say that George at center would match Gailey? Or that Hector Cowan could not hold his own with Church, "Biffy" Lea, Pell, and Hillebrand at tackle? Who compare the Riggses and Wheelers with DeWitt at guard, or Trenchard, Davis, Henry, and Cochran with Wister at end? And behind the



CURTIS, TACKLE,
MICHIGAN.



GORDON BROWN,
GUARD, YALE.



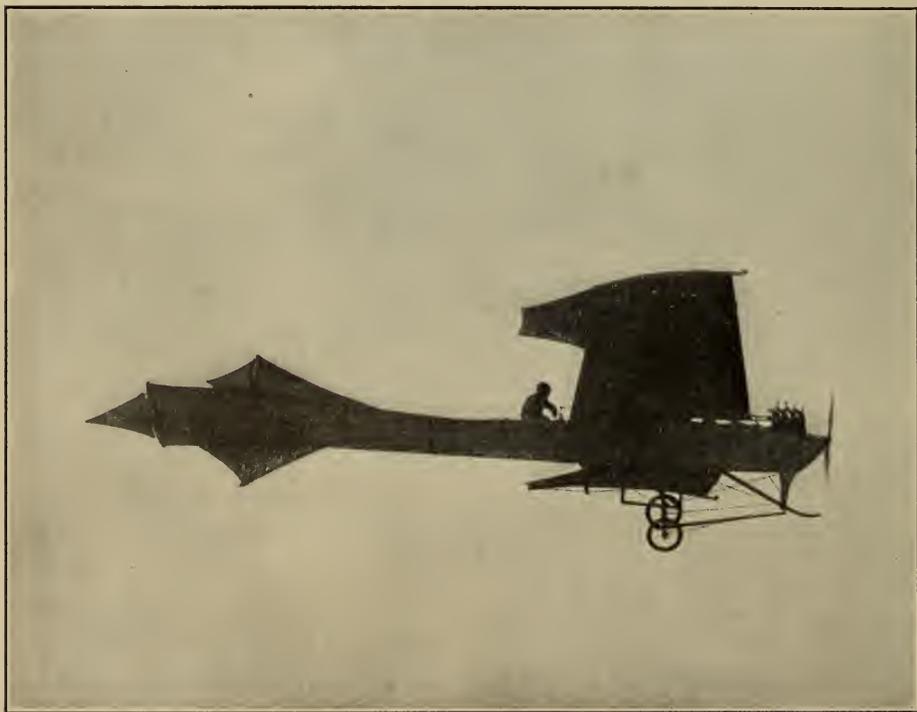
HARTWELL, END,
YALE.

line there is even a greater problem. Phil King and Dillon, which to choose as quarter? Then in the back field, Harlan, McNair, Channing, or Kelly? Homans, Ames, Baird, or Harlan? Lamar, Morse, or Tibbott? Kafer or McCormick?

It would be hard to convince an old-time Penn player that Adams as a center could not hold his own with the men of the present day, or that Thayer could not do the same in the back field; that Knipe, Minds, McCracken, and Outland could not still show the backs something; that Gilbert on the end or Wagenhurst would not give Scarlett

much to do; or Overfield keep up his end with Torrey at center, Smith with Hollenbeck in the back field, and Williams with Stephenson at quarter.

If space would permit, one might go on almost indefinitely recounting the great deeds of these players, past and present, for in that respect no sport quite compares with that of the gridiron. However the technical rules may change, in the rugged, strenuous work of the football field one comes to admire the real man stripped of conventionalities, right down to the real bone and sinew, the man who can sacrifice self for the team, and never knows how to quit.



LATHAM IN THE ANTOINETTE MONOPLANE, WHICH MADE A NEW RECORD FOR HEIGHT AND FOR SPEED AND DISTANCE.

THE MEN WHO FLEW AT RHEIMS

IT'S a far cry from the days of Icarus and even the tale of Darius Green no longer falls with the same foreboding force on the ears of men. Men have flown—if not as birds, yet in a manner to convince skeptics that the

conquest of the air has really begun. When France announced a "Week of Aviation" at Rheims from August 22d to 29th, there was much interest but little belief that any really important results would be accomplished. When

the week was over the world drew a long breath and sat down to contemplate the fact that practically every "flying" record had been broken and broken decisively—speed, distance, altitude—new marks had been set in all, and to crown the week's achievements the International Cup for speed had been won by Glenn H. Curtiss, the only American competitor at Rheims, thus insuring that the next contest will be held in the United States.

Curtiss's performance was made on the twenty-eighth, after a week of careful tuning and trial flights. Before starting on his two rounds of the $6\frac{1}{5}$ -mile course, which he must cover, he made a trial round in 7 minutes $55\frac{1}{2}$ seconds—a world's record at that time. Then he was off for the record. A peculiarity of this flight was the height to which the aviator rose. Near the end of the second round he was nearly a hundred feet in the air. From this height he "coasted" down, crossing the finish line at tremendous speed. His

time for the two rounds was $15:30\frac{3}{5}$, and for the second round $7:53\frac{1}{5}$, breaking his own world's record made about half an hour before.

The time for the two rounds stood unbeaten to the end of the contest, but the single circuit mark was wiped out by Bleriot on the evening of the same day by a single lap in $7:47\frac{1}{5}$. This record stood, although it was not a part of the official program.

On the day following Curtiss added to his laurels by winning the special speed prize for three laps in an actual time of $23:26$, to which was added a penalty for not entering on previous days for the same race, making his official time $25:49$.

Next to the International Cup contest interest was concentrated on the Prix de la Champagne for speed and distance. The record for the week is one of constantly greater achievements in this event. On the twenty-fifth Paulhan, one of the youngest competitors and practically a beginner in the flying



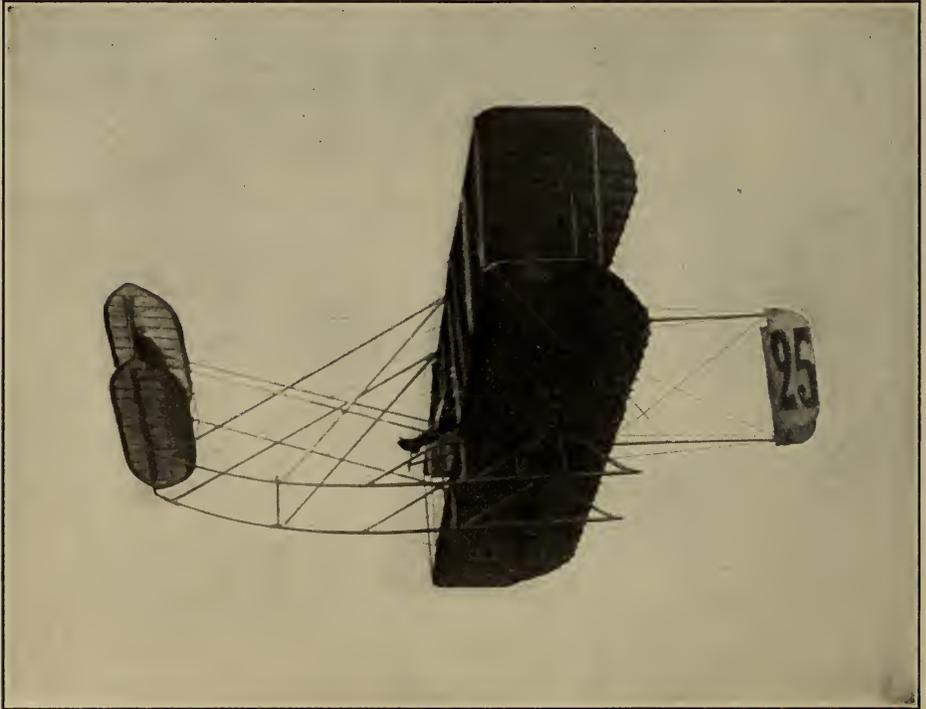
COUNT LAMBERT IN HIS WRIGHT MACHINE, IN WHICH HE TOOK FOURTH PRIZE IN THE SPEED CONTEST.

game, covered nearly 81 miles, remaining in the air 2 hours, 43 minutes, 24 $\frac{4}{5}$ seconds. Not for a whole day was this record disturbed. Then Latham flew 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles in less than 2 hours and 18 minutes.

This in turn was destined to stand only 24 hours. Then Farman, the Englishman, swept the sky with his own biplane, traveling 112 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 3 hours, 4 minutes, 56 seconds. This was the

Latham carried off the honors in the altitude contest on the last day of the tournament. The height which he attained with his monoplane, equipped with a Levasseur engine, was 155 meters, more than 505 feet. Farman made a bid for the prize in this event, but the best he could do was 110 meters, less than 330 feet.

As far as demonstration of relative values of different types is concerned



LEFEBVRE, ANOTHER PILOT OF THE WRIGHT BIPLANE; A FEW DAYS AFTER THE RHEIMS CONTEST HE WAS KILLED BY FALLING WITH HIS MACHINE AT JUVISSY.

last word for time and distance as far as Rheims was concerned.

Farman's biplane differs from the Voisin principally in having no upright divisions between the horizontal planes. He and Paulhan both used the Gnome motor, a peculiarity of which is its revolution around a fixed axle, thus effecting its own cooling. Paulhan used the Voisin biplane of the cellular or box-kite type. The engine was seven-cylinder. Latham's flight was made in an Antoinette machine with a sixty horsepower motor.

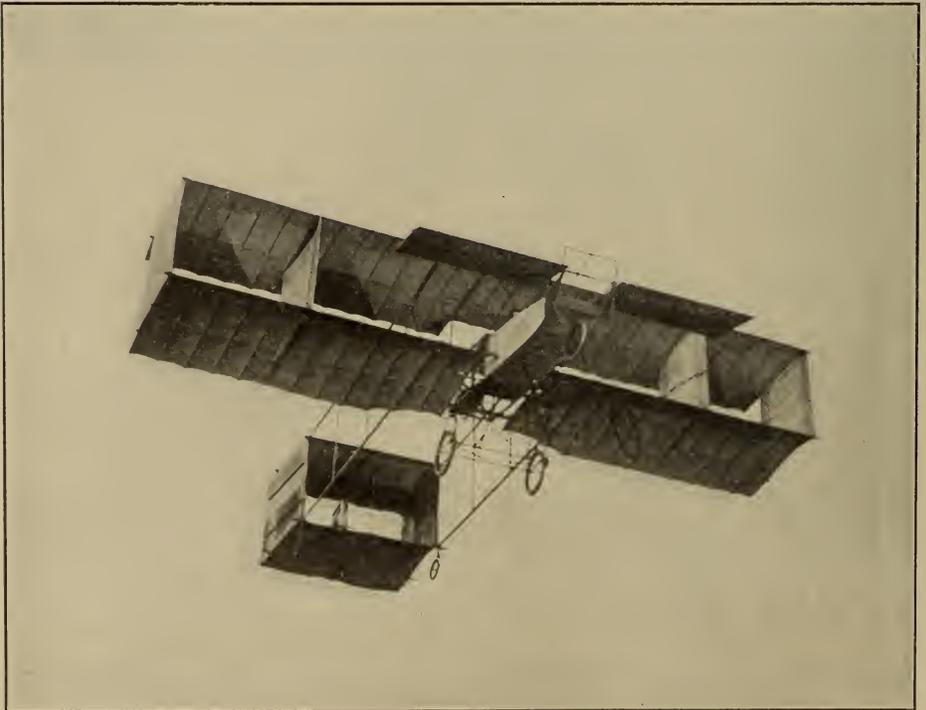
honors would seem to be about even. The greatest discussion was over the merits of the Wright biplane as against the cellular type as shown in the Voisin. Friends of the latter argue that in a simple biplane of the Wright type a lateral wind displaces the center of pressure, while leaving the center of gravity the same. This makes necessary wing-warping or some other similar device, whereas the action of the wind against the sides of the cells in the Voisin machine maintains the center of gravity at the point of pressure.



BLERIOT IN HIS MONOPLANE WHICH WON THE SPEED RECORD FOR A SINGLE CIRCUIT OF THE COURSE.



FARMAN IN HIS OWN BIPLANE SETTING STILL ANOTHER NEW MARK IN THE DISTANCE CONTEST BY FLYING NEARLY 115 MILES.



ROGER SOMMER, AN EX-RECORD MAN, NAVIGATING A FARMAN BIPLANE.



CURTISS, THE ONLY AMERICAN AT RHEIMS, WINNING THE INTERNATIONAL, WHICH BRINGS THE NEXT CONTEST TO THIS COUNTRY.

IN SOUTHERN QUAIL FIELDS

BY TODD RUSSELL

Illustrated With Photographs by Byron



It is the firm belief of all true lovers of the bird dog and the quail that the shooting of this bird in Southern territory over good dogs affords the best of all hunting and one of the most ideal of outdoor sports. Bird, dog, and shotgun seem made for each other, the country is diversified and picturesque, the climate during the shooting season is delightful, and the excitement of a day afield is just enough to keep the hunter always on the alert and above thoughts of fatigue.

There is more gun-work than is ever to be had on ruffed grouse, there are none of the tiring, resultless days that attend big game hunting, two persons can hunt in company if anything a little more effectively than one alone, and above all there is the convenient nearness, first to a base of supply, be it hotel or farmhouse, and second to the great centers of population where many a sportsman longs for the open.

The quail territory of the South is reached through the two principal gateways of Washington and Cincinnati, and the borders of the best shooting are within a few miles of either of these points. The very convenience of it causes some overshooting close to the large cities, however, so it is better to allow for a one-night trip from either. In that case the sportsman can find himself early the next morning in excellent territory. Going farther, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Oklahoma may contain the objective point, and there is certainty of finding birds in any of these States, though local conditions, cover, and nature of crops make differences in quantity.

The mountainous and uncultivated

regions are not satisfactory hunting grounds, though birds are to be found there. Very extensive cotton country is difficult to hunt, but there are few sections where the cotton acreage is large enough to produce a decided effect, diminution in the crop of birds here being due only to lack of food, which is a contingency generally avoided by rotation of crops, interplanting of legumes, such as the cow pea, and the almost universal cultivation in this country of corn and sorghum in tracts of varying extent. These plants, in addition to the heavily seeded weeds, will serve to maintain many beevies of quail during prolonged cotton operations by the farmers.

With the very good railroad facilities which exist, the difference in time between the extremes of the best quail country is a little more than a day and a half, and the expense of transportation, which is at an almost uniform rate of two and a quarter cents per mile, is not large. All things considered, the points on or near the through railroad lines are the most convenient because of their immediate accessibility and the ease of transporting baggage and dogs. It follows that most of the large preserves are so located and that this country is the more heavily shot over, but there is no really crowded shooting except in the vicinity of the larger towns and on preserves where the shooting is let by the day to sportsmen.

In the country surrounding Grand Junction in Tennessee and extending down into Mississippi, as well as that around High Point in North Carolina and Jacksonville in Florida, there are enough large private preserves to interfere with general hunting unless the ground be carefully located, but even in these sections excellent unpreserved territory can be found and the careful stocking and protection of the birds on

the preserves serves to keep up the outside supply by leakage.

In choosing a locality distance is not the first point for consideration, but rather the supply of birds, the kind of cover, the amount of open shooting, and the State hunting regulations as to non-residents. These can all be ascertained by a small amount of correspondence which will more than pay for the slight trouble; if it is possible to get into com-

it takes to kill him and usually prefers a fat rabbit to a half dozen of Bob White. There are exceptions to this rule, but they are few, and this very fact makes it possible for the visiting gunner to obtain permission to shoot with comparative ease.

In the smaller towns, near which the best shooting is to be had, accommodations usually consist of one "hotel" where neither food nor bed are apt to



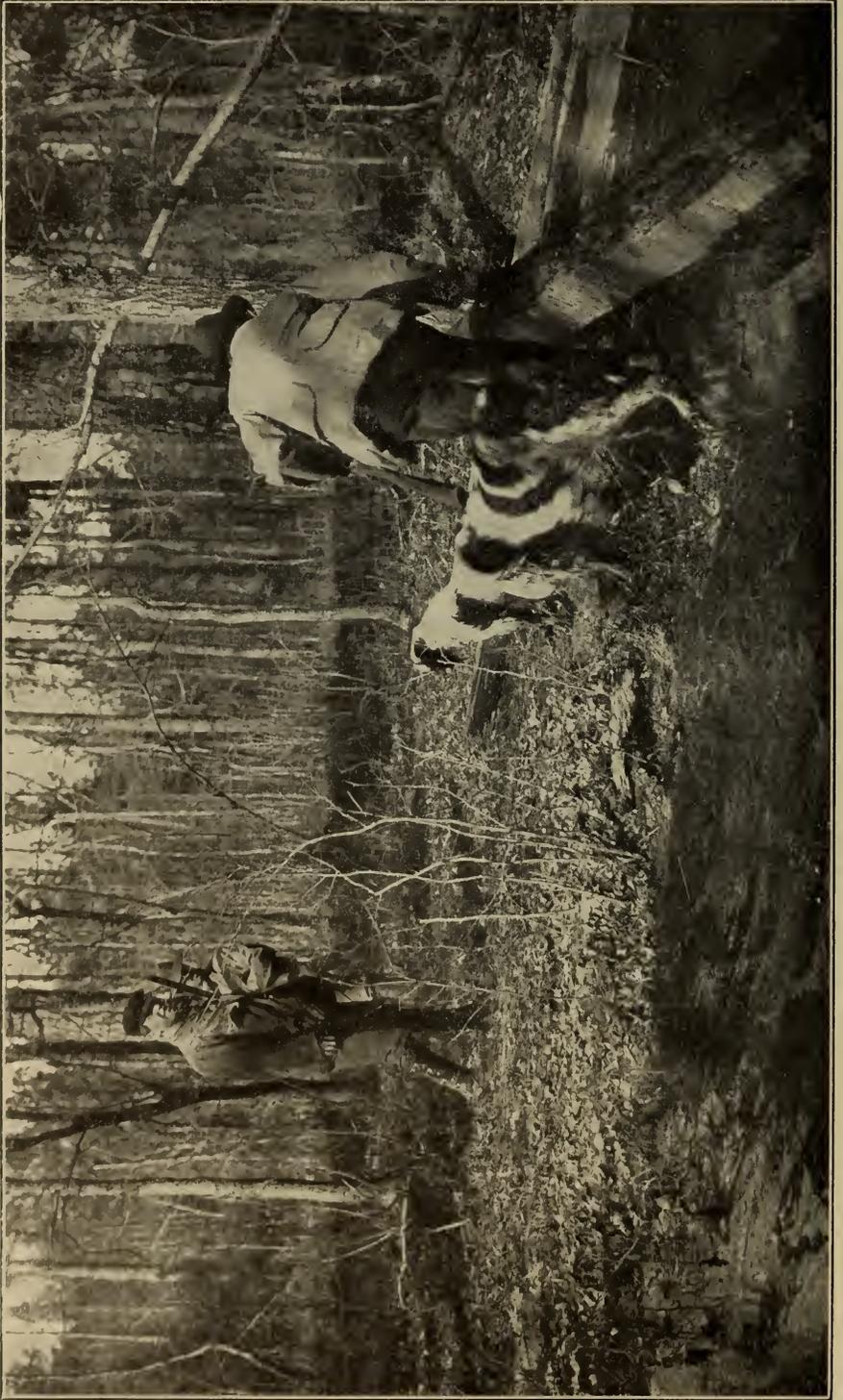
STARTING FOR THE DAY'S SPORT WITH THE SOUTHERN QUAIL.

munication with some intelligent local hunter, very accurate information can be had.

The poorer class of natives and even the more prosperous farmers throughout the entire region are not reliable as sources of information on quail hunting. "Lots of birds" reported by one of these may mean but one or two beavies. The reason is that they are not to any great extent quail hunters themselves. Barring the market hunters, now fast passing into oblivion under better game legislation, the farmer does not consider the quail equal in value to the ammunition

be of the best. Accommodation can be had easily in farmhouses, and barring a disposition on the part of the boys of an occasional family to take part in the hunt and to bang away with black powder at every rabbit in a manner disconcerting to the sportsman and the sportsman's dog, such a place is to be preferred.

Sometimes a tent can be used to advantage, and frequently at this season of the year there are vacant cabins on the large farms which can be rented for one or two weeks for a nominal charge. These cabins are usually better than



THE FOOTING IS NOT ALWAYS OF THE EASIEST.

tents in that they sometimes contain two rooms, always a fireplace, a floor slightly more dry, and a roof a little less tight than that of a tent.

The empty cabin or house in the country has the further advantage of being always near cultivated fields or abandoned ones where the game is to be found. This method of hunting is not common in the South, but it works out splendidly and saves many long and tedious drives morning and night, over almost impossible roads.

My own personal equipment on such a trip which has often had as its objective a point not more than a dozen miles from home does not vary, except as to the tent which is carried when no cabin is available. It consists, first of all, of a covered wagon for two horses or mules, the cover being of the prairie-schooner variety common in the South. This affords protection for the outfit in case of rain and shelter for the dogs which are bedded in hay in the wagon while in camp.

Saddles and bridles are taken and two ordinary spring cots, which may be bought at the local store and returned later for half the purchase price, bedding, a pound or two of nails, two lanterns, a jug of kerosene, an ax, and a small "chunk" stove with a few lengths of pipe, a few staple provisions, and as many cooking and eating utensils as may be required. There is little limit to the amount of necessities, but it is convenient, cheap, and pleasing to the farmers near by to buy your horse feed and eggs, butter, milk, and pork from them.

For dog food a couple of boxes of biscuit and a case of the tinned dog meat now manufactured makes an excellent, uniform, and easily regulated diet. A negro cook and handy man is a great addition, and he is always willing to go for very small wages. He will furnish his own bedding and sleep comfortably on the floor, do the cooking, clean birds, look after the horses, and generally save trouble and annoyance.

When guns, ammunition, and bedding are added to this outfit there is still room for a dog crate that will carry four dogs and for three men. An early start, the wagon being loaded the previous night,

will permit a fifteen or twenty-mile trip before late afternoon, and if you wish you will have time to get quail for supper. It is not intended to make the list of necessities complete, as there is not the same consideration to be paid to lightness of load as in man-packing in the woods where there are no roads.

If headquarters are made in a town or in a farmhouse, there is no equipment to get together except the necessary clothing, guns, ammunition, and dogs, but it is convenient to hire a horse and light wagon by the week if possible and to have a roomy dog crate that will load into the rear. As to clothing, the ordinary khaki shooting garb is best with a shell vest to relieve the shoulders of strain, but lighter shoes than those furnished by the sporting-goods houses save much foot weariness.

What To Wear On the Feet

The best footgear of all is a ten-inch boot made of ordinary light calfskin. These must be made to order, but are superior in every way to the heavy monstrosities sometimes sold as "hunting boots," which at the end of a long day through soft corn fields seem to weigh ten pounds each. But there is no particular kind of garment that is necessary in this sport and any old clothes will do. Really comfortable footwear is the essential thing.

You may hunt from foot, from horseback, or from a buggy driven along the roads and left at intervals. An effective method is to drive directly into the heart of good territory, hunt on foot in a circular course, working back to your conveyance in a couple of hours and then moving to another spot. In seasons when birds are comparatively scarce this method is a rapid and effective one when pursued with a knowledge of the country and the habits of the birds. It has the further advantage of giving your dogs a needed rest from time to time, which adds to the quality of their work.

An excellent shooting wagon may be made from a surrey from which the rear seat is removed to make room for a dog crate. This permits longer trips in that two brace of dogs may be carried con-

veniently. A driver who has a knowledge of shooting is of great help. There are no professional guides in the Southern quail country in the sense that they are found in the Northern woods and, as has been pointed out, reports of the natives gathered at the roadside are unreliable.

If the man who uses bird dogs has his own brace he will escape many disappointments and reap more certain, though it be sometimes a mistaken, satisfaction. Comparatively few sportsmen own really first-class dogs which are hard to get; once acquired they are the most valuable possession of the quail shooter. If one is compelled to use native dogs, he must be prepared to find them only partially trained at best, though frequently very wise as to birds. No dog should be taken on a trip that has not been thoroughly tried out and had his virtues and his faults considered, for there is no good sport with poor dogs.

Be Sure of Your Dogs

Dogs that have been allowed to loaf all summer should be put through some weeks of conditioning, for the fat and lazy animal is as irritating as the confirmed blunderer. Untrained dogs should not be taken afield when birds are wanted, as it is bad for the temper, for the shooting, and for the dog. Buying a dog early in the season is more expensive than later on and disappointment is apt to lurk at every corner if the purchase is made from a man who is not well known or cannot furnish satisfactory references.

As between pointer and setter there is little to choose in dogs costing less than one hundred dollars, except that if old the pointer is harder to get into condition and prone to be lazy. He suffers more from briers and less from burrs, and in parts of Florida and elsewhere where sand burrs are plentiful is to be preferred to the setter. Among dogs of higher class the setter is preferred for reasons too long to enter into, but for the practical shooter either kind is satisfactory if he is up to his work.

Two dogs are best and assist each other materially in the field. Four should be taken if daily shooting is con-

templated, and eight for two sportsmen are none too many as no dog can go at a fast or even an average pace all day for many days in succession, though he may plod along after a fashion. Slow dogs which have been accustomed to close work on partridge and woodcock are of little value compared to the fast dog experienced on quail, the latter covering much more territory and so increasing the opportunities for shooting.

The railroads all carry one dog in the baggage car per passenger without charge and often two, and the express companies take them at fairly reasonable rates, but water and food *en route* are matters of chance in too many cases.

An owner on the same train with his dog can always give him a walk on a lead at the stops for meals and can give personal attention to his food and water, which reduces the hardship for the animal during the trip and improves his condition at the end. No dog should be shipped in a crate not roomy enough for comfort and strong enough to prevent the escape of the animal or injury from falling trunks or otherwise. Bedding is unnecessary and dirty, but a chain, comb, and whistle carried in the crate insure their being at hand when needed.

Care in these matters and careful attention given to the removing of burrs and briers from coat and pads during the day's hunt and at night will go far toward increasing the dog's efficiency.

Season after season the light-weight, small-gage gun grows in popularity among quail shooters. With good holding the 28-gage gun is deadly on quail and there is less likelihood of wounded and crippled birds due to the smaller and less promiscuous killing circle. Although this gage is perhaps too small for the average shot to use effectively, the same cannot be said of the 16, and even the 20 is effective in the hands of a moderately good shot. One does not wish to kill eternally and the quality of the performance is a good part of the sport.

There is no attempt to contend that any smaller gun can rival the 12-gage as a killer, and because of its large number of justified adherents it will probably continue the most popular for years.



NOT THE LEAST PLEASANT PART OF THE DAY'S SPORT.

But the 16 is a splendid gun for quail, can be half a pound lighter than the 12, and consequently more easy to handle; having once been used, it is seldom laid by for the larger bore. The 12 should weigh 7 to $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds at least, the barrels 28 or 30 inches in length, and the load 24 grains of dense smokeless powder or its equivalent in bulk, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ ounces of number 8 or $7\frac{1}{2}$ shot.

Smaller shot kill birds but are effective only early in the season; later they permit too many cripples to escape to the brush and die. The smaller bores use proportionate charges, the size of shot continuing the same. Standard factory loaded shells are uniform and reliable, all double guns should be bored right barrel cylinder, left a modified choke. The single-barreled repeater is open to the objection that there is choice of but one boring, and on close shots, if choked, the weapon mutilates the game, while the cylinder is not so effective at longer range.

However, most quail are killed at ranges between fifteen and forty yards,

and if only one barrel is used the cylinder is the choice. It is hardly necessary to point out that hammer guns are always dangerous and that all hammerless guns should be kept at "safe" until the birds take wing. It is sometimes possible to jar a hammerless gun, even when at safe, into action by a violent blow or fall. Therefore it is always best to unload the gun entirely when climbing a fence or jumping down a ledge and always when getting into a wagon or upon a horse.

Of the Southern States Georgia and Oklahoma require no shooting license for nonresidents and these States and Arkansas do not permit the exporting of game. Arkansas indeed permits no outsider to pursue game within her boundaries, an unreasonable policy which should soon be changed. In Kentucky a license is required and costs an amount equal to that which the shooter's own State exacts of nonresidents, while Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee make a charge of \$10 to each foreign gunner; Florida, Alabama, and Texas \$15 each, this permitting shooting in

only one county in Florida, which is also true of Mississippi's \$20 fee and Louisiana's \$25 one. South Carolina taxes nonresidents \$25 without restrictions.

All of these States, with the exceptions pointed out, permit the nonresident to carry home with him from twenty-five to fifty quail, save Louisiana, which permits but twelve birds to leave the State. In exporting birds the owner must accompany the shipment, the birds and license must be open to inspection, and in some cases affidavit must be made that they have been lawfully killed and are for personal use.

When To Hunt

The hunting season in most States is from November 1st to March 1st, but in some and parts of others it varies two weeks to a month as regards beginning or end. North Carolina and South Carolina have local laws affecting individual counties which should be ascertained before a trip is made to either of them. Confusing legislation has been the rule in the South, but all the States are beginning to take a reasonable view of the necessity of uniformity, at least throughout their own domain.

When route, date, and objective point have been decided upon and the destination reached, the method used afield becomes of prime importance. Inquiry should be made as to the ownership of land and permission to hunt obtained. This is required by law in some States. Early in the season the days are apt to be warm and the birds disinclined to move during the noon hours. Daylight is none too early to be afield at this time and the sides of hills at the edges of fields and thickets will best repay search.

The birds move slowly down toward the cultivated hollows, are found in the open fields, in patches of sorghum, corn fields with peas interplanted, wheat stubble, and generally where their food lies. Toward noon on dry, hot days they frequent the banks of ditches and creeks for water, dust themselves in sunny, sandy corners, and feed back to the same roosting locality at night.

On colder, wetter, or windier days

they do not feed so long nor so widely, but frequently find shelter in plum thickets, heavy sedge, fence corners, and even deep woods. In very bad weather pine woods grown with sedge are favorite resorts, but there the game is hard to find and the dogs difficult to see. Birds are much wilder and less disposed to lie well to the dog after sudden changes in weather and on windy days.

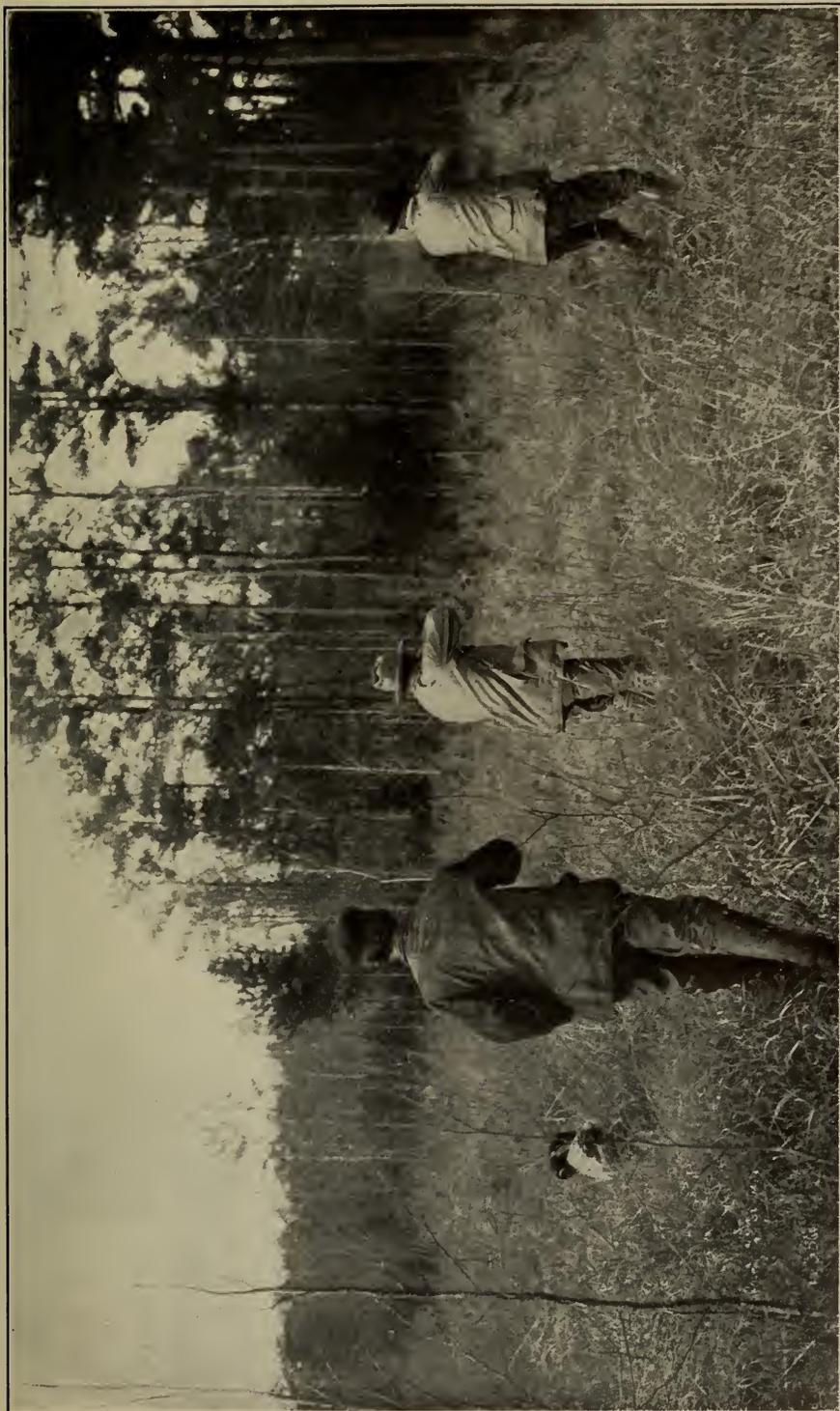
Use discretion and much silence in handling your dogs. A bird-wise dog is generally most effective when left to himself and little should be done to direct him beyond shaping a general course up wind if possible. Loud talking or shouting sometimes causes birds to flush wildly, especially late in the season, to say nothing of its being barbarous in itself and annoying to your companion.

A dog that has not been conditioned on game should be watched closely on his first bevy so that no bad habits will be allowed to take root to cause trouble afterwards. At this time one intentional flush and chase allowed to go uncorrected will do much to cause the animal to forget his past schooling.

When a dog points, always wait for your companion if you have one and bring the other dog in to back if possible, that both may be in hand. Then, keeping the muzzle of the gun up, approach the pointing dog slowly and without noise, not speaking at all unless he is unsteady, step ahead of him, flush his birds, and, picking one on your side of the bevy, fire. Firing into the brown of the bevy is a vain thing, though it is not uncommon to hear sportsmen who have never shot this bird express the opinion that many must be killed in this way.

As a matter of fact the bevy takes wing in a long, scattering line covering many feet and with much room between birds. Mark carefully where birds fall and the flight of the bevy. The most accurate observation in this respect is profitable and it is astonishing how often one can take the general line of a flushed bevy and fail to raise another bird.

If the dog is unsteady, correct him with judgment but according to his needs. If not, reload at once before stepping forward, for frequently a lone



THERE ARE BUSY TIMES WHEN THE BIRDS BEGIN TO RISE.

bird will remain behind after his companions are gone and afford a choice shot to the ready gunner and a grief and a disappointment to the careless.

There is no hurry about following the singles. Get your dogs on about their business, but closer in than when ranging for bevvies, and go among the scattered birds. When one is flushed, be alert for others to follow and at such times remember always to be careful where you point your gun.

Rabbits started up in the course of a day's hunt afford a tempting shot, but if you wish good bird work from your dogs, you must let them go unnoticed, for the dog in his youth was as fond of

this game as of any other, and will readily revert to the memory and practice of former chases if you set the example. Shooting rabbits in this way is a common fault with many otherwise good sportsmen, but it is an abomination without excuse.

Each bevy of quail frequents the same little territory for long periods and by careful hunting may be located day after day. But be merciful and sportsman-like and have an eye to future seasons. When but six birds are left, let them alone, for their natural enemies will take sure toll of them and you will feel the better to know that seed has been left for the harvest of the coming years.

COOKING IN CAMP

BY F. L. BERRY

YOU may sing of the incense of roses in June
 Or the perfume from orchards in May,
 The sweet-smelling odors that come from the loft
 That's filled with the new clover hay,
 But I recall one that is sweeter by far
 Than the nectar from rose, tree, or clover,
 'Tis the smell of the bacon that's cooking in camp,
 Makes you wish you could live life all over.
 You remember the trout in the pool just below,
 Where a rock jutting out from the shore
 Makes a good place to stand as you whip out your flies,
 And capture two good ones or more.
 Then after a day filled with pleasure and work,
 As you trudge back to camp with your trout,
 The smell of the bacon that's cooking up there
 Is the sweetest of odors, no doubt.
 And after the supper has been stowed away
 In the place where it does the most good,
 And the camp fires are burning, the pipes are lit up,
 And the stories come forth as they should.
 The night winds are sighing through pine tops above,
 The stream is a-babbling out there;
 The note of the whip-poor-will, plaintive with love,
 Is borne on the night's balmy air.
 You may sing of the incense of roses in June
 Or the perfume from orchards in May,
 The sweet-smelling odors that come from the loft
 That's filled with the new clover hay,
 But the one that comes to me upon the night breeze,
 Before with sleep I'm o'ertaken,
 Is the odor of needles from off the pine trees
 Blended with that of the bacon.

AMERICAN SONDERKLASSE RACERS WIN

IN the third series of races between American and German Sonderklasse yachtsmen off Marblehead the first week in September, both first and second honors fell to Americans. The Taft Cup for the first boat winning three races went to the *Joyette* owned by W.

H. Child, of Brooklyn, and the Draper Cup, for the boat winning most points in the first four races, went to the *Ellen*, owned by C. P. Curtis, of Boston. A further condition was that the same boat could not carry away both Taft and Draper prizes.



THE LITTLE JOYETTE, WHICH CARRIED OFF CHIEF HONORS AND THE TAFT CUP AT MARBLEHEAD.



THE "ELLEN," THE SONDERKLASSE RACER TO WHICH WENT THE DRAPER CUP
AT MARBLEHEAD.

As the conditions required the elimination of all boats not winning one of the first four races, only one German boat appeared in the fifth race, the *Havella*, which won in the third race of the series. The other German boats were the *Margarethe* and the *Seehund II*. The third American was the *Wolf*, owned by Caleb Loring.

The final score of races won stood

thus: *Joyette*, three; *Ellen*, two; *Havella*, one. Only the *Joyette* and *Ellen* competed in the last race.

The marked superiority of the American boats in windward work was possibly due in part to their greater length and the added power of their slightly greater sail area, although the major credit is due the seamanship of the men on board. All the Americans were close

to the sail limit of 550 square feet and also to the measurement restrictions of 32 feet for water-line length, beam, and draught. The Germans were longer on the water line, but shorter over all, with the exception of the *Wolf*, which was at the bottom of the list for over-all length. The *Wolf* was also the only American boat which failed to win a race. In weight the Germans were about 400 pounds heavier than the Americans, the *Joyette*, for example, having

exactly the minimum requirement of 4,035 pounds.

This is the third series between American and German Sonderklassemen. The first in 1906 off Marblehead was won by the Americans. The next year the Germans made a clean sweep in the choppy seas at Kiel. The obvious inference is that neither Americans nor Germans have made a sufficient study of foreign conditions to insure a victory out of home waters.



"HAVELLA," THE ONLY GERMAN BOAT TO WIN A RACE FROM THE AMERICANS.

THE GUARDIAN OF THE
WILDERNESS

BY THOMAS FOSTER

With Painting of a Swimming Moose by Herbert Pullinger

FIVE thousand miles of hill and wood,
Barren and swamp and plain,
Eastward the shores of Labrador,
Westward the sea again ;

Three thousand leagues from north to south,
Arctic to Huron shore,
Bound'ries these of an empire vast,
Guarded forevermore.

Beating his marches day and night,
Breasting the brimming tide,
Calling mate and challenging foe,
His lone patrol is wide.

His lesser kin may come and go,
Driven by storm and stress,
King moose stands on his chosen post,
Guarding the wilderness.



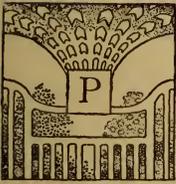
Robert G. ...
1902

THE GUARDIAN OF THE WILDERNESS

EUPHEMIA OF THE LINGERING YOUTH

BY EMMET F. HARTE

Illustrated by Irma Deremeaux.



PACKARD travels for a St. Louis tobacco house, one of the tentacles of the octopus; he openly boasts of this connection. One November day I arrived in a certain small town along my route—a sort of jumping-off place—where communication with the world of business dwindles to a twenty-six mile drive behind an emaciated sorrel livery team, across the wrinkled neck of a wooded hill.

I ran across Packard before starting. He was grumbling.

"Got to make a twenty-six mile drive," he complained. So we hired the rig, a sprained buggy drawn by the before-mentioned sorrels, and journeyed together.

"A dead and buried country, this," he remarked, as we took our way along the rocky, crooked road that wound among mourning trees, under a leaden sky.

"No wonder the inhabitants of this section are a half starved, illiterate lot, quarreling over their corn-pone and bacon. Poetry, Humor, Romance! What place have they in these primitive solitudes? It's simply a case of animal existence here."

"I'll take issue with you on that," I declared. "These humble people experience those things very fully and unreservedly. Their emotions and passions are genuine—uncloaked by the artifices and sophistries of society——"

Packard laughed. "Tommy-rot!" he scoffed. "What are they? Huh! Their men are what? Pigs, rats! Their women, pack-horses, beasts of burden! Half of 'em have never even owned

a pair of shoes. Pah! Poetry? Romance? Humor? P-t-t-t!"

The spectacle of two men, gesticulating and loudly declaiming, each against the opinions of the other, but with all other outward appearances of rationality, while driving over a rock-studded road where a sobbing wind moaned plaintively among the trees, must have grieved the gods, for about an hour out there blew up a cold, clammy rain.

It came primarily as a misty drizzle which gradually thickened into a steady downpour; we looked about us anxiously for some sort of shelter. A farmhouse near the road came into our range of vision. We swerved the sorrels in that direction, came to a halt, and instituted the customary halloo.

A smallish, gray-haired old lady showed herself on the porch; she was at the well-bolstered age of sixty, possibly; a woman who looked to have worked through a long and perhaps not untroubled life. She wore a dingy calico dress, gray with a black figure; also shoes; also glasses that gave her a certain dignity.

We asked permission to drive the team under a lean-to shed that was in juxtaposition with the decrepit barn, until the rain should lessen its copious downpour. She stared and said nothing, so we drove in. Afterwards we sought haven for ourselves under the shingled roof of the long porch that stretched the entire length of the house front.

There we slapped the accumulation of water from our hats, and hung our coats across chair-backs to dry during the interval of our stay. The good housewife seemed to be the only person of the family present; she was, to say the least, uncommunicative. Packard made over-

tures toward conversation—the weather, the crops, the state of the high-ways, the prices of hogs, eggs, butter. His efforts went unrewarded. The smallish, gray-haired lady was as reserved as a session of the Supreme Court.

The rainfall continued undiminished. Packard sat in dejected contemplation of the rivulets that ran, yellow with earth in solution, down the slopes of the bare front yard. I watched, with growing sympathy, the gradual bedragglement of a lonely rooster who was inadequately sheltered under a leafless shrub. Conversation languished, grew weaker, and died away entirely. We sat in silence, listening to the dreary drip-drip of the rain.

A man, bestriding a dun mule, passed along the road; he was noticeably under the influence of the vile liquor they sell

in that section; otherwise we could not have explained his being hatless and singing loudly in the pouring rain. When opposite the house, he whooped like an Indian, waved a hand derisively, and kicked the mule into a sloppy lope.

"He ought to have made two loads out of that one he's taking home," observed Packard wearily. Our hitherto apathetic hostess was standing in the door behind us as he spoke.

"That was my son Amos," she said bluntly. "He's gone to the dogs and we don't allow him on our place. That's the reason he whooped like that; he always does it."

For once Packard was at a loss for words, a state in which I loyally supported him, which did not escape the perception of the lady.

It unaccountably broke the crust of



CONVERSATION LANGUISHED, GREW WEAKER, AND DIED AWAY ENTIRELY.

her reserve and she became talkative. Talkative, did I say? Nay, more. She became a sparkling fountain of words. She tapped the reservoirs of knowledge for our benefit, and she was custodian of the gates. At her finger tips reposed the intimate history, the personal and private annals, of every individual within a day's journey, and the data were arranged, indexed, and classified for ready reference.

Her's was a mind gifted with a quaint and picturesque philosophy, and her warehouse of facts seemed inexhaustible. Poetry, humor, romance? I'll leave it to Packard; he is contesting the point no longer. And of all the goodly feast in which we reveled that November day, while the rain pelted and pattered, Packard was most enthralled by the tale of Euphemia, albeit she was but one of many. Shorn of introduction, our hostess told it thus.

"Just beyond the knob of the hill there," she said, "is the schoolhouse where I went to school when I was a little girl, fifty years ago. Ezra, my man, went there too, and our children have got their schooling there. It's an old, old building with two rooms, and the roof leaks and the wind comes in through the cracks in winter time, but it's our school, and it's the only one we ever had around here. Some time, I expect we'll have a new one, maybe, but as to that I can't make any promise.

"When I was a little girl this was a different country. Our nearest neighbor lived two miles away; there was an occasional wild-cat seen in the timber, and the wild turkeys used to come up in that field there within sight of the house.

"The Ricketts family lived on the road to town. They were poor white trash. Old Tilford Ricketts was a no-account man; there never was a no-account man anywhere. They had a big family, of course; a good breed often dies out, but a trashy one never does. There was nine of 'em when they were all at home.

"Sam and Lizzie and Mary and Bill and Euphemy were the way they ran, with four littler ones. Old Tilford laid drunk most of the time, and his



A MAN SINGING LOUDLY IN THE RAIN.

wife, Tillie Ricketts, was too lazy to wash her own face. The Lord knows it's a sorry mess of children a couple like that will bring into the world.

"The older children were grown when I was a little girl; Euphemy was the nearest to my age, and she was three years older than I was; and a more despicable dispositioned child I never saw than she was even then. Nobody liked Euphemy, but it made very little difference to her; she cared no more for the opinions of people than for flies buzzing. She had a sharp tongue, too, from the very first, and her talk was calculated to fetch the hide like a blacksnake whip. The spiteful hussy!

"The Rickettses were noted for two things: lying and stealing. Sam, the oldest boy, was caught stealing hogs, and the family, from old Tilford down, would all lie when the truth would have suited a whole lot better. Euphemy was as bad or worse than the rest at that and mean-natured with it.

"She grew up into a likely-looking slip of a girl though, with black, snapping eyes and very pretty brownish hair, if it had ever been combed and took care of. She wouldn't have been a bad-looking girl at all if she'd had any pride, but

she had the Ricketts' laziness in her blood.

"One funny thing was that she had always some kind of a way with the boys, Euphemy had. She just seemed to take with 'em somehow. When I was sixteen she was nineteen, but she didn't look it, and I never had a beau that she didn't try to take away from me; she did win all of 'em except Ezra Colburn; him I succeeded in marrying in spite of her. I was eighteen when Ezra and I stood up to be married.

"Euphemy was always undersized; not runty or weasened, but just built on a smaller plan, and she held her age wonderfully. You'd think that a girl who'd been kicked and cuffed around and raised from hand to mouth, as was the case in that family, would have broken in looks early, but she didn't. No, sir, the dratted hussy looked younger at twenty than the other girls in our neighborhood did at sixteen.

"A year after Ezra and I were married Amos was born—the one that went along out there just now. Amos was the oldest, then came Walter and Oscar. Our children were all boys with the exception of one girl that died when she was a baby.

"When Amos was eight years old, Euphemy was thirty and Elbert Smith was ten. Elbert's mother was my dearest friend. Sophie Baker she was before she was married, and just the kindest-hearted, best girl that ever was. She was married to Jason Smith two years before Ezra and I went to housekeeping, and they have always got along well. Jason owns one of the best farms in the valley, and there's not a dollar against it. They're mighty well thought of and they raised Elbert right; he was their only child.

"Elbert nearly lived here at our house when he was a boy, even till he got to be a young man; he always thought lots of me. 'Aunt Harriet' he always called me. Time flies away pretty fast once a person is grown up, and it wasn't long, it didn't seem like, before Elbert and our boy Amos were tall, strapping young men, beginning to go with the girls.

"Sophie and Jason spent Sunday with

us one day when Elbert was going on nineteen, and they were both a good deal troubled about the boy.

"'Harriet,' Sophie said to me, 'Elbert is a good boy; he's always been upright and honorable, but he's got a lot of his pa's stubbornness and he's taken a fancy to that low-down Euphemy Ricketts. It's just a late thing, but he's been going with her and, Harriet,' she went on, 'I want you to talk to him about it. Jason and I have both talked to him and pleaded with him, but he just laughs, and won't listen to us. I'm worried about him, Harriet,' she said, and she looked it.

"'Heavens alive!' I said. 'Sophie, that woman is old enough and plenty to be his mother. It can't be possible.'

"'I know, I know,' she said, 'but it's true. She has bewitched him. I want you to talk to him, Harriet, you could always do a lot with him; maybe he'll listen to you as he won't to us.' I promised her that I would do what I could the first chance I got.

"Elbert had Euphemy to church that night; they sat right up in front and seemed mightily wrapped up in each other. Euphemy was getting well along toward forty then, but she didn't look a day over the half of it; she was as fresh-looking as any girl there, and her black eyes were just as snappy as I ever saw 'em. I didn't get a chance to speak to Elbert that night, but the Wednesday following I had Ezra hitch up to the buggy, and we drove over to Sophie's. I had a long talk with the misguided boy.

"'Listen to Aunt Harriet, Elbert,' I said, just as if he was a child. 'You know I've washed your dirty little face and petted and spanked you since you were no higher than one of your ma's Black Langshans out there, and you know I've never yet told you one wrong thing, Elbert,' I said.

"'Here you are, almost a man grown, and you've always been a credit to your raising,' I said, 'until now when you've made a false step. Elbert, tell me,' I asked him, 'do you want to break mine and your poor old mammy's hearts?'

"'Why, Aunt Harriet,' he up and says, scared like. 'What in the world

have I done? Tell me what it is, quick!

"'Elbert,' I said solemnly, 'why are you going with that trifling Euphemy Ricketts for?'

said. 'The Lord knows I agree with you on that. But it is a disgrace to be trifling, onery, mean, lazy, spiteful, and deceitful,' I said, 'and Euphemy is all six of that. And, furthermore,' I said,



"'JUST THE SAME, LET ME TELL YOU THIS,' SHE SNAPPED, 'WHILE YOU'RE GLORY-HALLELUJAHING, I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU.'"

"'Goodness alive!' he said. 'For a minute you had me scared into the chills. Why, as to 'Phemy, I sort of like her; she's good company and good-looking; of course, her folks are poor,' he went on, 'but that's no disgrace—'

"'No, it's no disgrace to be poor,' I

'Elbert, she's old enough to be your ma along with it.'

"'Pshaw, Aunt Harriet,' he said. 'Phemy's only four years older than me; she told me so herself.'

"'Drat my eye!' I said, getting vexed then. 'I'm going on thirty-

seven and getting gray from the hard work I've done, and what I've had to put up with, and Euphemy's three years older than me. Four years older than you! Huh! She's nearer twenty!' "

" 'Oh, come now, Aunt Harriet,' he said, never getting the least bit out of patience, 'you're joking me. 'Phemy's looks prove that. Don't you think she's good-looking?'

" 'So's a snake,' I said, 'so's a snake, Elbert, but you don't think any more of it for all that; and, mark my words, Euphemy is a snake for all her good looks, a hissing snake at heart. I know her,' I said. 'I went to school with her long, long years before you was born, Elbert. I knew her then and I know her now, and she's despicable-natured to the core. I wonder that she could fool a bright, intelligent young man like you for a single minute.'

" Then I pinned him down and tried to get him to promise that he wouldn't go with her again. But he wouldn't exactly do that; neither would he believe me when I told him that Euphemy was three years older than me. As far as that was concerned, it was a hard thing to believe, after seeing the two of us.

" Ezra and I drove home in the cool of the evening and on the way I thought of an old autograph album, like they used to have when I was a girl. Somewhere, put away among mother's things, I had that old album with its verses and writings of those who had gone to school with me in those days, and I remembered that on one of its faded pages was a scrawled line, written by Euphemy Ricketts. I remember, too, that it gave the date when it had been written and, besides, when she had signed her name, she had added the words, 'aged eleven years old, today.'

" It was proof positive and I decided to find it if possible and convince that foolish boy on one particular at least. I had a long search for that old album before I found it. I gave it up once or twice and told Ezra that it must have been lost when they had the sale after pa's funeral; I kept hoping that maybe I'd find it accidentally, though, and one day rummaging around in the attic I did find it.

" I sent Amos over to Sophie's that afternoon to tell Elbert I wanted to see him and he come along like the good boy he was and stayed for supper.

" 'Get your pencil and paper, Elbert,' I said, when I gave him the album open at the page of Euphemy's writing, 'and figure it out for yourself. Here is the proof of Euphemy's age, in her own handwriting which is poor enough writing at that; the dates and everything.' And I just sat back and waited while he looked at it.

" Well, sir, that stumped the boy; there it was in writing—her writing—and he could see it. He could also see that she had lied to him, plain enough. He took it to heart a sight worse than I thought he would.

" 'Aunt Harriet,' he said finally, 'Phemy has deceived me; that's as plain as A B C; and I'll never get over it. I won't go with her no more. And, I've lost my belief and confidence in her sex,' he said, very forlorn and lonesome-voiced.

" Wasn't that just like a nineteen-year-old boy? Troubles, at that age, are mighty real and blighting for a minute or so.

" 'I'm glad to hear you say that, Elbert,' I said. 'I hope you'll always be suspicious of women from this on; especially the low-flung Euphemy Ricketts kind. Women, as a whole, are mighty cunning and scheming creatures, Elbert,' I said. 'I speak from an intimate knowledge of 'em.

" 'One of 'em can make your life a heaven on earth, if she's the right kind, or she can make it a terrible sight of a burden for you if she's a mind to. Run along now, Elbert,' I said, 'and be a good boy. Euphemy Ricketts ain't worth the wrappings of your little finger, just you bear that in mind.'

" Well, sir, Elbert was as good as his word; he never went about Euphemy again. I guess he inherited a lot of Jason's stubbornness, as Sophie said, and he had a sight of pride, too. He couldn't get over her lying to him.

" As the weeks went by he gradually got over his melancholiness and began to whistle and sing around the house again, Sophie said, as he had been in the habit



“‘FREEMAN,’ I WHISPERED, ‘WHO—TELL ME THE TRUTH—WHO DID SHE MARRY?’”

of doing. Euphemy sent him a lot of word during all this time and even wrote him a letter, which Sophie happened to get hold of first so he never got to see it.

“Then Euphemy gave him up as a bad job and set her cap for a hired man over to Mr. John Jenkinnes and Elbert started to going with Mamie Scott; Sophie and I commenced to breathe easy, then. There never was a gratefuller human being than Sophie, either; she couldn’t say and do enough for me for what I’d done toward rescuing Elbert from Euphemy’s clutches; she told it far and wide.

“Euphemy got to hear of my having a hand in Elbert’s quitting her and Euphemy was never anybody to beat around the bush about anything. She come to me one night after prayer-meeting in the High Grove church and said point-blank:

“‘I hear you’ve told Elbert Smith a pack of lies about me, Harriet Colburn.’

“‘Euphemy Ricketts,’ I said, calm and unexcited, ‘I don’t have to tell lies

on anybody, much less you. The truth,’ I said, ‘the truth, Euphemy Ricketts, is a bad enough recommend for you. And if anything I have said or done has been the means of bringing Elbert to his senses, I glory in it and humbly thank the Lord for his mercy and goodness to me,’ I said.

“‘Just the same, let me tell you this,’ she snapped, ‘while you’re glory-hallelujahing, I’ll get even with you, a God’s plenty, for all of it, please remember that.’ Law! But she was out of temper and she didn’t care who knew it.

“‘The bark of a feist dog or the squeak of a rat has never kept me awake nights,’ I said. ‘Neither do I expect to sit in fear and trembling of your kind of vermin,’ I said. ‘If you think you can injure me, go ahead.’ And I turned my back on her to continue the conversation with whoever it was I was talking to at the time. Euphemy didn’t say anything more.

“Four or five years passed and Euphemy hadn’t had her promised revenge. She went with this or that young man

in the neighborhood, sometimes one of her own class, sometimes a boy that people expected more of. She didn't get a day older in appearance; grew better-looking if anything.

"Her folks died off and went to their rest, some of the other children married, some went away. Euphemy got to doing hired-girl work around, helping at harvest times with the cooking here and there; she could cook all right, if she hadn't been so lazy.

"Ezra and I were having trouble with our boy Amos. Amos was always Ezra's favorite of our children and he expected great things of him, but the boy had a low-down strain in him somewhere, and took to bad company and drinking with the rowdies in town. We've never been able to do anything with him since he was eighteen, and even at that age they said he could walk and carry more whisky inside him than any old drunkard in the county.

"The Lord knows I've talked and prayed and done all I could to make a man out of Amos, but he's beyond recall. It's that way, sometimes; a boy is cared for and raised up in the straight and narrow path, with every influence and guidance showing him the right way, but he goes wrong in spite of all.

"It was that way with Amos; he was good-hearted enough and sometimes he'd straighten up, work hard, and behave himself for quite a spell, yet he always ended up in a spree. He never had any trouble or did anything mean or disgraceful further than getting drunk and squandering his money, but that was enough, goodness knows.

"We pleaded with him, and the neighbors did the same; Brother Matson, our pastor, went to him and took him home, time and again, to his own house and sobered him up, but Amos wasn't worth it. I, his own mother, say that. He wasn't worth it. He's made his own bed and he'll have to lie on it.

"It had been going on this way for several years and Ezra and I was reconciled, if a father and mother ever do get reconciled to having a drunken, no-account son. We had given Amos up as a bad piece of material and he came and went when he pleased. Sometimes we

never laid eyes on him for a month at a stretch.

"Then one Sunday Ezra and I drove over to spend the day at Jason Smith's. I never will forget that day, if I live to be as old as Tison Brown's slave-nigger who claimed to be a hundred and twenty-one when he died. It was a May day and the corn was knee high; the cherries were just getting ripe, and the birds never sang any sweeter than they did that day at Sophie's while we sat under the shade trees in the peaceful calm of the afternoon.

"The men folks had gone to hitch up the horses to the buggy toward sundown, as we had to go home early on account of some calves we were raising by hand, when a young man rode up in front, got down, hitched his horse to the fence, and came up the path. It was Freeman Thomas, one of the neighbor boys and as harumscarum a young scamp as ever lived. He was dressed up in his Sunday best with his checkered suit, fluttering necktie, panama hat, and red shoes. I remember his socks had green and yellow stripes crossways of 'em. A body notices little things sometimes.

"'Howdy do, Mis' Smith, howdy do, Mis' Colburn,' he said. 'How's all? Nice growing weather.' We spoke and Sophie told him to take the hammock and make himself comfortable.

"'You're dressed up like a dude, Freeman,' I said. 'I never would have believed you'd make such a swell dressed young man if anybody'd said so when you used to run off, bareheaded, to go swimming in our pond down in the cow-lot.'

"'No, you can't tell how far a frog will jump by looking at his teeth when he's a tadpole,' Freeman said. 'But laying all jokes aside, I'm dressed up because I've been to a wedding.'

"'A wedding?' Sophie and I asked in the same breath. 'Good Lord! Whose was it?'

"'Euphemy Ricketts,' Freeman said.

"'Heaven save us all!' I said and just then Ezra drove up in the buggy at the front fence. I got up to go. 'Freeman Thomas,' I said, 'I always suspected that you wasn't just right in your head and now I know it. The idea of

anybody going to Euphemy Ricketts' wedding!' And I went and climbed into the buggy.

"But Freeman followed me and stood, with his hand on the side of the buggy seat so I nearly pinched his fingers when I put the top up.

"'On my honor, Mis' Colburn,' he said, 'if I have any and I hope I have, it's the honest truth I'm telling you, or I ask to die while I'm telling it. I've just come from Ellis Walker's where

'Phemy worked and she was married an hour ago. The bridegroom sent to town for four gallons of whisky to have for the shivaree and he's drank most of it up himself, already, and ain't to say drunk, either. 'Phemy was married in her blue silk dress, by Squire Posey——'

"'Freeman,' I whispered, 'who—tell me the truth—who did she marry?'

Freeman gulped and stood on the other foot.

"'She married Amos,' he said."

ON MEDITERRANEAN SHORES BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

AUTHOR OF "THE TENT-DWELLERS"

"THE SHIP DWELLERS" IN ALGIERS, THE CITY OF MYSTERY AND MEMORIES

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty



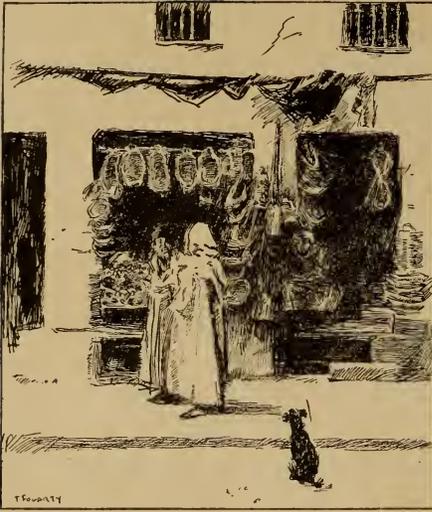
Went ashore, in boats to the dock, then we stepped over some things, and under some things and walked through the custom-house (they don't seem to bother us at these places) and there were our carriages (very grand carriages—quite different from the little cramped jiggle-wagons of Gibraltar all drawn up and waiting. And forthwith we found ourselves in the midst of the Orient and the Occident—a busy, multitudinous life, pressing about us, crowding up to our carriages to sell us postal cards and gaudy trinkets, babbling away in mongrel French and other motley and confused tongues.

What a grand exhibition it was to us who had come up out of the Western Ocean, only half believing that such scenes as this—throng of sun-baked people in fantastic dress—could still exist anywhere in the world! We were willing to sit there and look at them, and I

kept my camera going feverishly, being filled with a sort of fear, I suppose, that there was nothing else like this on earth and I must catch it now or never.

We were willing to sit there, but not too long. We got our first lesson in Oriental deliberation right there. Guides had been arranged for and we must wait for them before we could start the procession. They did not come promptly. Nothing comes promptly in the Orient. *One does not hurry the Orient—one waits on it.* That is a maxim I struck out on the anvil, white-hot, that first hour in Algiers, and I am satisfied it is not subject to change. The sun poured down on us; the turbaned, burnoosed, barefooted selling-men rallied more vociferously; the Reprobates invented new forms of profanity to fit Eastern conditions, and still the guides did not come.

We watched some workmen storing grain in warehouses built under the fine esplanade that flanks the water front, and the picture they made consoled us



LITTLE SHOPS THAT WE COULD SEE DOWN
THE LITTLE SIDE STREETS.

for a time. They were Arabs of one tribe or another and they wore a motley dress. All had some kind of what seemed cumbersome headgear—a turban or a folded shawl, or perhaps an old gunnysack made into a sort of hood with a long cape that draped down behind. A few of them had on thick European coats over their other paraphernalia.

We wondered why they should dress in this voluminous fashion in such a climate, and then we decided that the wisdom of the East had prompted the protection of that headgear and general assortment of wardrobe against the blazing sun. Our guides came drifting in by and by, wholly unexcited and only dreamily interested in our presence, and the procession moved. Then we ascended to the streets above—beautiful streets, and if it were not for the Oriental costumes and faces everywhere we might have been in France.

French soldiers were discoverable all about; French groups were chatting and drinking coffee and other beverages at open-air cafés; fine French equipages rolled by with ladies and gentlemen in fashionable French dress. Being carnival time, the streets were decorated with banners and festoons in the French colors. But for the intermixture of fezzes and turbans and the long-flowing

garments of the East we would have said, "After all this is not the Orient, it is France."

But French Algiers "gay, beautiful, and modern as Paris itself" (the guide-book expression) is after all only the outer bulwark, or rather the ornate frame of the picture it incloses. That picture when you are fairly in the heart of it is as purely Oriental I believe as anything in the world to-day, and cannot have changed much since Mohammedanism came into power there a thousand years ago. But I am getting ahead too fast. We did not penetrate the heart of Algiers at once—only the outer edges.

We drove to our first mosque—a typical white-domed affair, plastered on the outside, and we fought our way through the beggars who got in front of us and behind us and about us, demanding "*sou-penny*," at least it sounded like that—a sort of French-English combination, I suppose, which probably has been found to work well enough to warrant its general adoption. We thought we



MEN WITH BIG COPPER WATER JARS ON
THEIR SHOULDERS THAT LOOKED A
THOUSAND YEARS OLD.



AMIDST THAT FASHION AND GAYETY OF THE WEST THE FEZ AND THE LONG FLOWING ROBE OF THE ORIENT MINGLED SILENTLY.

had seen beggars at Madeira, and had become hardened to them. We *had* become hardened toward the beggars but not to our own sufferings. One can only stand about so much punishment—then he surrenders.

It is easier and quicker to give a sou-penny, or a dozen of them, than it is to be bedeviled and besmirched and bewildered by these tatterdemalion Arabs who grab and cling and obstruct until one doesn't know whether he is in Algiers or Altoona and wishes only to find relief and sanctuary. Evidently sight-seeing in the East has not become less strenuous since the days when the "Innocents" made their pilgrimage in these waters.

We found temporary sanctuary in the mosque, but it was not such as one would wish to adopt permanently. It was a bare, unkempt place, and they made us put on very objectionable slippers before we could step on their sacred carpets. This is the first mosque we have seen, of course, and I am not a purist in the

matter of mosques yet, but I am wondering if it takes dirt and tatters to make a rug sacred, and if half a dozen mangy, hungry-looking Arab priests inspire the regular attendants in a place like that with religious fervor.

They inspired me only with a desire to get back to the beggars, where I could give up sou-pennies for the privilege of looking at the variegated humanity and of breathing the open air. The guide-book says this is a poor mosque, but that was gratuitous information; I could have told that myself as soon as I looked at it. Anybody could.

We went through some markets, after that, and saw some new kinds of flowers and fruit and fish, but they did not matter. I knew there were better things than these in Algiers, and I was impatient to get to them. I begrudged the time, too, that we put in on some public buildings, though a downtown palace of Ali Ben Hussein, the final Dey of Algiers—a gaudy wedding-cake affair, all fluting and frosting—was not with-

out interest, especially when we found that the late Hussein had kept his seven wives there. It was a comparatively old building, built in Barbarossa times, the guide said, and now used only on certain official occasions. It is not in good taste, I imagine, even from the Oriental standpoint.

But what we wanted, some of us, at least, was to get out of these show-places and into the shops—the native shops that we could see stretching down the little side streets. We could discover perfectly marvelous baskets and jugs and queer things of every sort fairly stuffing these little native selling places, and there were always fascinating groups in those side streets, besides men with big copper water jars on their shoulders that looked a thousand years old—the jars, I mean—all battered and dented and polished by the mutations of the passing years.

I wanted one of those jars. I would have given more for one of those jars than for the mosque, including all the sacred rugs and the holy men, or for the palace of A. B. Hussein, and Hussein himself, with his seven wives thrown in for good measure. No, I withdraw that last item. I would not make a quick decision like that in the matter of the wives. I would like to look them over first. But, dear me, I forgot—they have been dead a long, long time, so let the offer stand. That is to say, I did want the jar and I was willing to do without the other things.

Into the Real Algiers

There was no good opportunity for investment, just then, and when I discussed the situation with Laura, who was in the carriage with me, she did not encourage any side adventures. She was right, I suppose, for we were mostly on the move. We went clattering away through some parks, presently, and our drivers, who were French, cracked their whips at the Algerine rabble and would have run them down, I believe, with great willingness, and could have done so, perhaps, without fear of penalty. Certainly French soldiers are immune to retribution in Algiers. We saw evi-

dence of that, and I would have resented their conduct more, if I had not remembered those days not so long ago of piracy and bondage, and realized that these same people might be murdering and enslaving yet but for the ever-ready whip of France.

From one of the parks we saw above us an old, ruined, vine-covered citadel. Could we go up there? we asked; we did not care much for parks. Yes, we could go up there—all in good time. One does not hurry the Orient—one waits on it. We did go up there, all in good time, and then we found it was the Kasba, the same where had occurred the incident which had brought about the fall of Algiers.

They did not show us the room where that historic spark had been kindled, but they did tell us the story again, and they showed us a view of the city and the harbor and the Atlas mountains with snow on them, and one of our party asked if those mountains were in Spain. I would have been willing to watch that view for the rest of the day had we had time. We did not have time. We were going to lunch somewhere by and by, and meantime we were going through the very heart, the very heart of hearts, of Algiers.

That is to say the Arab quarter—the inner circle of circles where, so far as discoverable, French domination has not yet laid its hand. We left the carriages at a point somewhere below the Kasba, passed through an arch in a dead wall—an opening so low that the tallest of us had to stoop (it was a "needle's eye," no doubt) and there we were. At one step we had come from a mingling of East and West to that which was eternally East with no hint or suggestion of contact with any outside world.

I should say the streets would average six to eight feet wide, all leading down hill. They were winding streets, some of them dim, and each a succession of stone steps and grades that meander down and down into a stranger labyrinth of life than I had ever dreamed of.

How weak any attempt to tell of that life seems! The plastered, blind-eyed houses with their mysterious entrances and narrow dusky stairways leading to



THE PROPHETS LOOKED AND DRESSED JUST AS THESE PEOPLE LOOK AND DRESS.

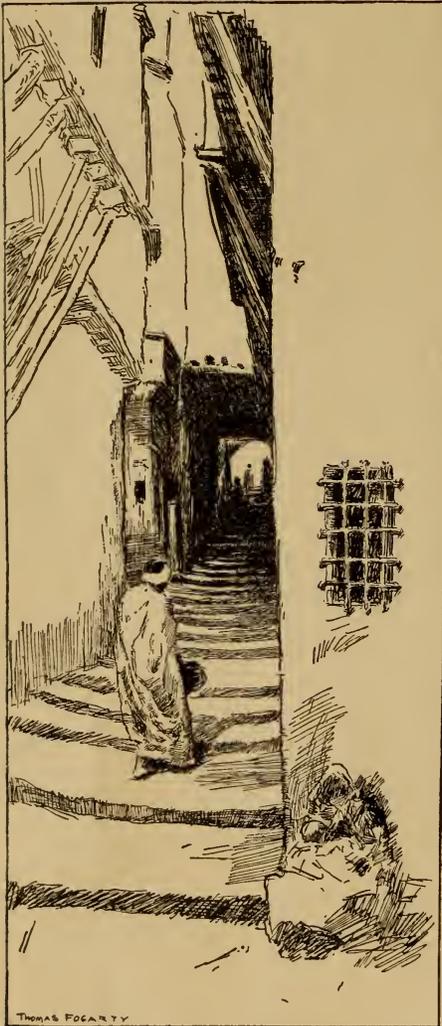
what dark and sinister occupancy; the narrow streets bending off here and there that one might follow, who could say whither; the silent, drowsing, strangely garbed humanity that regarded us with only a vague scornful interest and did not even offer to beg; the low, dim coffee-houses before which men sat drinking and contemplating—so inattentive to the moment's event that one might believe they had sat always thus, sipping and contemplating, and would so sit through time—how can I convey to the reader even a faint reflection of that unreal, half-awake world, or conjure again the spell which, on first beholding it, one is bound to feel?

Everywhere was humanity which belonged only to the East—had always belonged there—had remained unchanged in feature and dress and mode of life since the beginning. The prophets looked and dressed just as these people look and dress, and their cities were as this city, built into steep hillsides, with streets a few feet wide, shops six feet square or less, the dreaming shopkeeper in easy reach of every article of his paltry trade.

I do not think it is a very clean place. Of course the matter of being clean is more or less a comparative condition, and what one nation or one family considers clean another nation or family might not be satisfied with at all. But judged by any standards I have happened to meet heretofore I should say the Arab quarter of Algiers is not really over-clean.

But it was picturesque. In whatever direction you looked was a picture. It was like nature untouched by civilization—it could not be unpicturesque if it tried. It was, in fact, just that—nature unspoiled by what we choose to call civilization, because it means bustle, responsibility, office hours, and, now and then, clean clothes. And being nature, even the dirt was not unbeautiful.

Somebody has defined dirt as matter out of place. It was not out of place here. Nor rags. Some of these creatures were literally a mass of rags—rag upon rag—sewed on, tacked on, tied on, hung on—but they were fascinating. What is the use trying to convey all the marvel of it in words? One must see for himself to realize, and even then as



THEY WERE WINDING STREETS . . . EACH
A SUCCESSION OF STONE STEPS
AND GRADES.

soon as he turns away he will believe he has been dreaming.

In a little recess, about halfway down the hill, heeding nothing—wholly lost in reverie it would seem—sat two venerable, turbaned men. They had long beards and their faces were fine and dignified. These were holy men, the guides told us, and very sacred. I did not understand just why they were holy—a mere trip to Mecca would hardly have made them as holy as that, I should think—and nobody seemed to know the

answer when I asked about it. Then I asked if I might photograph them, but I could see by the way our guide grabbed at something firm to sustain himself that it would be just as well not to press that suggestion.

I was not entirely subdued, however, and pretty soon hunted up further trouble. A boy came along with one of the copper water jars—a small one—probably children's size. I made a dive for him and proposed buying it; that is, I held out money and reached for the jar. He probably thought I wanted a drink, and handed it to me, little suspecting my base design. But when he saw me admiring the jar itself and discussing it with Laura, who was waiting rather impatiently while our party was drifting away, he reached for it himself, and my money did not seem to impress him.

Now I suspect that those jars are not for sale. This one had a sort of brass seal with a number and certain cryptic words on it which would suggest some sort of record. As likely as not those jars are all licensed, and for that boy to have parted with his would have landed us both in a donjon keep. I don't know in the least what a donjon keep is, but it sounds like a place to put people for a good while, and I had no time then for experimental knowledge. Our friends had already turned a corner when we started on and we hurried to catch up, not knowing whether or not we should ever find them again.

We came upon them at last, peering into an Arab school. The teacher, who wore a turban, sat crosslegged on a raised dais, and the boys, who wore fezzes—there were no girls—were grouped on either side of him on a rug—their pointed shoes standing in a row along the floor. They were reciting in chorus from some large cards—the Koran, according to the guide—and it made a queer clatter.

It must have struck their dinner hour, just then, for suddenly they all rose, and each in turn made an obeisance to the teacher, kissed his hand, slipped on a pair of the little empty pointed shoes and swarmed out just as any schoolboy in

any land might do. Only, they were not so noisy or impudent. They were rather grave, and their curiosity concerning us was not of a frantic kind. They are training for the life of contemplation no doubt; perhaps even to be holy men.

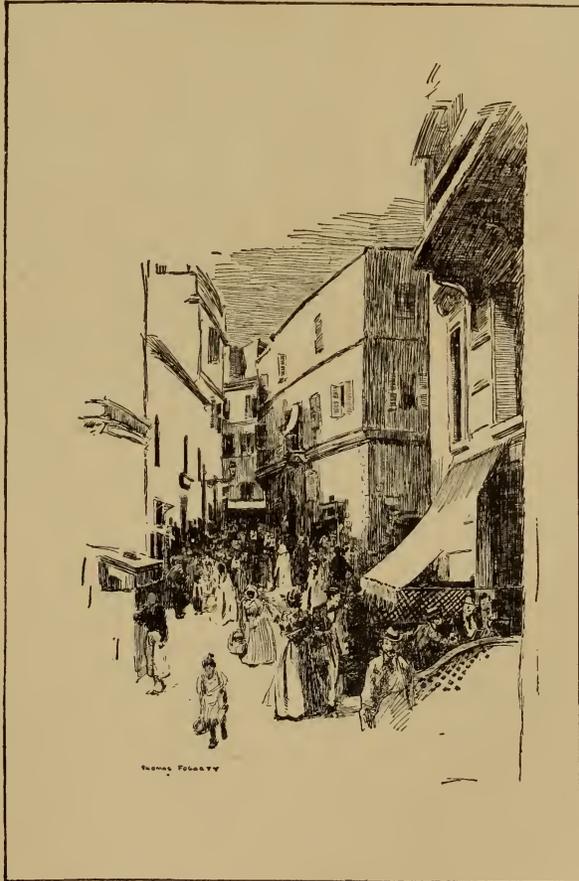
We passed little recesses where artisans of all kinds were at work with crude implements on what seemed unimportant things. We passed a cubby-hole where a man was writing letters in the curious Arabic characters for men who squatted about and waited their turn. We saw the pettiest merchants in the world, men with half a dozen little heaps of fruit and vegetables on the ground, not more than three or four poor-looking items in each heap. In a land where fruit and vegetables are the most plentiful of all products, a whole stock in trade like that could not be worth above three or four cents. I wonder what sort of change they make when they sell only a part of one of those pitiful heaps.

We were at the foot of the hill and out of that delightful Arab quarter all too soon. But we could not stay. Our carriages were waiting there, and we were in and off and going gayly through very beautiful streets, climbing another hill to reach the hotel where we were to lunch.

I am not going to dwell on the hotel or the luncheon. There was a beautiful view from the former and there were men who sold rugs and embroideries and many rare things out on the marble terrace. We filled two big dining rooms with our *Kurfürsters*, and a hungrier crowd never sat down to a better meal. If there was one article more noble than another in that luncheon it was the Alge-

rian mandarin or tangerine or whatever they call it—the sweetest, freshest fruit that grows; but, as I have said, I do not propose to linger on these details. Neither shall I dwell on the governor's palace which we visited, though it is set in a fair garden; nor on the museum, with the exception of just one thing. That one item is, I believe, unique in the world's list of curiosities. It is a plaster cast of the martyr Geronimo in the agony of death. The Algerines put Geronimo alive into a soft mass of concrete which presently hardened into a block, and was built into a fort. This was in 1569 and about forty years later a Spanish writer described the event and told exactly how that particular block could be located.

The fort stood for nearly three hundred years. Then in 1853 it was torn



IN WHATEVER DIRECTION YOU LOOKED WAS A PICTURE.

down, the block was identified and broken open, and an almost perfect mold of the dead martyr was found within. They filled the mold with plaster, and the result—a wonderful cast—lies there in the museum to-day, face down as he died, hands and feet bound and straining, head twisted to one side in the supreme torture of that terrible martyrdom. It is a grewsome, fascinating thing, and you go back to look at it more than once, and you slip out between times for a breath of fresh air.

Remembering the story and looking at that straining figure, you realize a little of the need he must have known, and your lungs contract and you smother and hurry out to the sky and sun and God-given oxygen of life. He could not have lived long, but every second of consciousness must have been an eternity of horror, for there is no such thing as time except as to mode of measurement, and a measurement such as that would compass ages unthinkable. If I lived in Algiers and at any time should sprout a little bud of discontent with the present state of affairs—a little sympathy with the subjugated population—I would go and take a look at Geronimo, and forthwith all the discontent and the sympathy would pass away and I would come out gloating in the fact that France can crack the whip and that we of the West can ride them down.

Swinging Back to the Kurfürst

We drove through the suburbs, the most beautiful suburbs I have ever seen in any country, and here and there beggars sprang up by the roadside and pursued us up hill and down, though we were going helter-skelter with fine horses over perfect roads. How these children could keep up with us I shall never know, or how a girl of not more than ten could carry a big baby and run full speed downhill, crying out "*sou-penny*" at every step, never stumbling or falling behind. Of course nobody could stand that. We flung her sou-pennies and she gathered them up like lightning and was after the rear carriages, unsatisfied and unabated in speed.

We passed some goats presently who probably did not realize that they were in Algiers, or how fortunate they were to live in such an interesting, wonderful place, and we drove through a ravine where there were vine-covered ruins and small farms here and there, and we came to some wonderful gardens with great rubber trees and date palms in them and all manner of tropical things. Also, there was a little lake with two frogs in it. They called to us as we went by, but they spoke only French or Algerian so we did not catch the point of their remarks.

We had another wonderful view, too. Skirting along a hilltop we looked down on the harbor from a new vantage, and there in the center of the picture was our noble *Kurfürst*, looking like a leviathan among the lesser craft. We knew that she was big, but we never realized how big until then. Other steamers lay near her—sizable steamers, some of them, but she looked as if she could have them for a meal and take on a cargo besides. How beautiful and inspiring she looked. We were tempted to cheer.

And now we drove home—that is, back to the fine streets near the water front where we were to leave the carriages and wander about for awhile, at will. That was a wild splendid drive back to town. We had nothing compared with this. We were all principals in a gorgeous procession that went dashing down boulevards and through villages and along streets, our drivers cracking their whips constantly at the scattering people who woke up long enough to make a fairly spry dash for safety.

Oh, but it was grand! The open barouches, the racing teams, the cracking whips! Let the Arab horde have a care. They sank unoffending vessels; they reddened the sea with blood; they enslaved thousands; they martyred Geronimo. Let the whips crack—drive us fast over them!

Still, I wasn't quite so savage as I sound. I didn't really wish to damage any of those Orientals. I only wanted to feel that I could do it and not have to pay a fine—not a big fine—and I invented the idea of taking a lot of those

cheap Arabs to America for automobilists to use up, and save money.

When we got back to town, while the others were nosing about the shops, I slipped away and went up into the Arab quarter again, alone. It was toward evening now, and it was twilight in there, and there was such a lot of humanity, among which I could not see a single European face or dress. I realized that I was absolutely alone in that weird place and that these people had no love for the "Christian Dog."

I do not think I was afraid, but I thought of these things, and wondered how many years would be likely to pass before anybody would get a trace of what had become of me, if anything did become of me, and what that thing would be likely to be. Something free and handsome, no doubt — something with hot skewers and boiling oil in it, or perhaps soft concrete.

Still, I couldn't decide to turn back—not yet. If the place had been interesting by daylight, it was doubly so, now, in the dusk, with the noiseless, hooded figures slipping by; the silent coffee-drinkers in the half gloom—leaning over now and then, to whisper a little gossip, maybe, but usually abstracted, indifferent. What could they ever have to gossip about, anyway? They had no affairs. Their affairs all ended long ago.

I came to an open place by and by,

a tiny square which proved to be a kind of secondhand market place. I altered all my standards of economy there in a few minutes. They were selling things that the poorest family of the East Side of New York would pitch into the garbage barrel.

Broken bottles, tin cans, wretched bits of clothing, cracked clay water jars that only cost a few cents new. I had bought a new one myself as I came along for eight cents—probably an exorbitant price—and I discovered one in this lot that no doubt could be had for a few centimes. I began to feel a deep regret that I had not waited.

Adjoining the market was a gaming place and coffee-house combined. Men squatting on the ground in the dusk played dominoes and chess wordlessly, never looking up, only sipping their coffee now and then, wholly indifferent to time and change and death and the hereafter. I could have watched them

longer, but it would really be dark presently, and one must reach the ship by a certain hour. One could hardly get lost in the Arab quarter, for any downhill stair takes you toward the sea, but I did not know by which I had come, so I took the first one and started down.

I walked pretty rapidly, and I looked over my shoulder now and then, because—well, never mind, I looked over my shoulder—and I would have been glad to see anything that looked like a Chris-



HE DID PASS—A SINISTER-LOOKING ARAB.

tian. Presently I felt that somebody was following me. I took a casual look and made up my mind that it was true. There were quantities of smoking, drinking people all about, but I didn't feel any safer for that. I stepped aside presently and stood still to let him pass. He did pass—a sinister looking Arab—but when I started on he stepped aside, too, and got behind me again.

So I stopped and let him pass once more, and then it wasn't necessary to maneuver again, for a few yards ahead the narrow Arab defile flowed into the lighter French thoroughfare. He was only a pickpocket, perhaps—there are said to be a good many in Algiers—but he was not a pleasant looking person, and I did not care to cultivate him at nightfall in that dim, time-forgotten place.

I picked up some friends in the French quarter, and Laura and I drifted toward the ship, pressed by a gay crowd of merry-makers. It was carnival time, as before mentioned, and the air was full of confetti and the open-air cafés were crowded with persons of both sexes and every nation, drinking, smoking, and chattering, the air reeking with tobacco and the fumes of absinthe. Everywhere were the red and blue soldiers of France—Chasseurs d'Afrique and Zouaves—everywhere the fashionable French costumes—everywhere the French tongue. And amidst that fashion and gayety of the West the fez and the turban and the long flowing robe of the Orient mingled silently, and here and there little groups of elderly, dignified sons of the desert stood in quiet corners, observing and thinking long thoughts. And this is the Algiers of to-day—the West dominant—the East a memory and a dream.

We lost some of our passengers—the wrong ones—at Algiers. They wanted to linger awhile in that lovely place, and no one could blame

them. Only I wish that next time we are to lose passengers I might make the selection. I would pick, for instance—no, on the whole, I am not the one to do it. I am fond of all of our people. They are peculiar, most of them, as mentioned before—all of them, I believe, except me—but thinking it over I cannot decide on a single one that I would be willing to spare. Even the Porpoise—but we have grown to love the Porpoise, and the news that we are to lose him at Genoa saddens me.

We Touch at Genoa.

We were pitched from Algiers to Genoa—not all at one pitch, though we should have liked that better. A gale came up out of the north and, great ship as the *Kurfürst* is, we stood alternately on our hind feet and our fore feet all the way over—two nights and a day—while the roar and howl of the wind were appalling. We changed our minds about the placid, dreamy disposition of the Mediterranean; also, about sunny Italy.

When the second morning came we were still a good way outside the harbor of Genoa, in the grip of such a norther and blizzard as tears through the Texas Panhandle and leaves dead cattle in its wake. Sunny Italy, indeed! The hills back of Genoa, when we could make them out at last, were white with snow. To go out on deck was to breast the penetrating, stinging beat of the storm.

But I stood it awhile to get an impression of the harbor. It is no harbor at all, but simply a little corner of open sea, partly inclosed by breakwaters that measurably protect vessels from heavy seas, when one can get through the entrance. With our mighty engines and powerful machinery we were beating and wallowing around the entrance for as much as two hours, I should think, before we could



ONE DEAR OLD SOUL WAS IN NO HURRY FOR THE CABIN.

get inside. You could stow that harbor of Genoa anywhere along the New York City water front, shipping and all, and then you would need to employ a tug-boat captain to find it for you. It is hard to understand how Genoa obtained her maritime importance in the old days.

(I have just referred to the guide book. It says: "The magnificent harbor

I had faith in my German since my practice on the stewards, and I went into the place hopefully. What I wanted to ask was "Where is Cook's?" the first question that every tourist wants to ask when he finds himself lost and cold and hungry in a strange land. But being lost and cold and hungry confused me, I suppose, and I got mixed



THE TEACHER SAT CROSSLEGGED ON A RAISED DAIS.

of Genoa was the cause of the medieval prosperity of the city," and adds, that it is about two miles in diameter. Very well; I take it all back. I was merely judging from observation. It's got me into trouble before.)

We were only to touch at Genoa; some more of our passengers were to leave us, and we were to take on the European contingent there. It was not expected that there would be much sight-seeing, especially on such a day, but some of us went ashore nevertheless. Laura, aged fourteen, and I were among those who went. We set out alone, were captured immediately by a guide, repelled him, and temporarily escaped. It was a mistake, however; we discovered soon that a guide would have been better on this bitter, buffeting day.

We had no idea where to go, and when we spoke to people about it, they replied in some dialect of Mulberry Street that ought not to be permitted at large. Laura tried her French on them presently, but with no visible effect, though it had worked pretty well in Algiers. Then I discovered a German sign over a restaurant or something, and I said I would get information there.

in my adverbs, and when the sentence came out it somehow started with "Warum" instead of "Wo" so instead of asking "Where is Cook's?" I had asked "Why is Cook's?" a question which I could have answered myself if I had only known what I was saying when I asked it.

But I didn't realize, and kept on asking it, with a little more emphasis each time, and the landlord and the groups about the tables began to edge away and to reach for something handy and solid to use on a crazy man. I backed out then, and by the time I was outside I realized my slight mistake in the choice of words; but I did not go back to correct my inquiry. I merely told Laura that those people in there did not seem very intelligent, and that was true, or they would have known that anybody is likely to say "why" when he means "where," especially in German.

There are too many languages in the world, anyway. There is nothing so hopeless as to hunt for information in a place where not a soul understands your language, and where you can't speak a word of his. The first man at your very side may have all the information you need right at his tongue's end,

but it might as well be buried in a cellar so far as you are concerned.

I am in deep sympathy with the people who invented Volapük, and are trying to invent Esperanto. I never thought much about it before, but since I've been to Genoa I know I believe in those things. Only, I wish they'd adopt English as the universal speech. I find it plenty good enough.

Laura and I made our way uphill and climbed some stairways, met a *gendarme*, got what seemed to be information, climbed down again, and met a man with a fishnet full of bread—caught in some back alley, from the looks of it. Then we followed a car track awhile along the deserted street, past black, desolate-looking houses, and were cold and discouraged and desperate, when suddenly, right out of heaven, came that guide, who had been following us all the time, of course, and realized that the psychological moment had come.

We could have fallen on his neck for pure joy. Everything became all right, then. He could understand what we said, and we could understand what he said; we tried him repeatedly and he could do it every time. That was joy and occupation enough at first. Then we asked him "Where was Cook's?" and he knew that, too. It was wonderful.

We grew to love that guide like a brother. It's marvelous how soon and fondly you can learn to love a rescuer like that when you are a stranger in a strange land and have been sinking helplessly in a sea of unknown words.

He was a good soul, too; attentive without being officious, anxious to show us as much as possible in the brief space of our visit. He led us through the narrow, cleftlike streets of the old city; he pointed out the birthplace of Columbus and portions of the old city wall; he conducted us to the Hotel de Ville (the old Fieschi palace) where we decided to have luncheon; he led us back to the ship at last, and trusted me while I went aboard to get the five *lira* of his charge.

Whatever the Genoese guides were in the old days, this one was a jewel. If I had any voice in the matter Genoa

would inscribe a tablet to a man like that and put his bones in a silver box and label them "St. John the Baptist" instead of the set of St. John bones they now have in the Cathedral of St. Lorenzo which he pointed out to us.

But the Cathedral itself was interesting enough. It was built in the ninth century, he said, and the elaborate front is well preserved. It is the first church we have seen that has interested us, and Laura noticed again the absence of seats; for they kneel, on this side of the water, and know not the comfort of pews.

We passed palaces galore in Genoa, but we had only time to glance in, except at the Fieschi where we lunched, and later were shown the rooms where the famous conspiracy took place. I don't know what the conspiracy was, but the guide book spoke of it as "the famous conspiracy," so everybody but me will know just which one is meant. It probably concerned the Ghibellines and the Guelphs and had strangling in it and poison—three kinds, slow, medium, and swift—these features being usually identified with the early Italian school.

The dim mysterious streets of Genoa interested us—many of the houses frescoed outside—and the old city gates, dating back to the crusades; also some English signs, one of which said—

DINNER 3 LIRA, WINE ENCLOSED,

and another—

MILK FOR SALE, OR TO LET.

I am in favor of those people learning English, but not too well. The picturesque standard of those signs is about right.

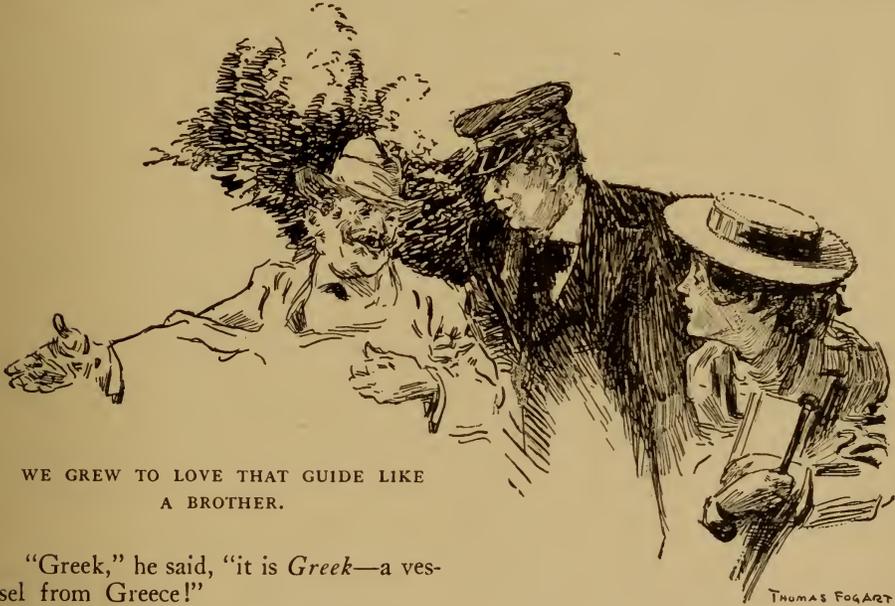
Our new passengers were crowding aboard the ship when we returned. They were a polyglot assortment, English, German, French, Hungarian—a happy-looking lot, certainly, and eager for the housing and comfort of the ship. But one dear old soul, a German music-master—anyone could tell that at first glance—was in no hurry for the cabin. He had been looking forward to that trip—perhaps it was his first sight of the sea and shipping and all the things he

had wanted so long. He came to where I was looking over the rail, his head bare, his white hair blowing in the wind. He looked at me anxiously;

"*Haben Sie Deutsch?*" he asked.

I confessed that I still had a small, broken assortment of German on hand, such as it was. He pointed excitedly to a vessel lying near us—a Greek ship with an undecipherable name in the Greek characters.

things. I could pick up customs, too. It is after dinner, and the smoking room is crowded with mingled races of both sexes, who have come in for their coffee and their cigarettes; their gossip and their games. Over there in one corner is a French group—Parisian, without doubt—the women are certainly that, otherwise they could not chatter and handle their cigarettes in that dainty way—and they are going on and waving



WE GREW TO LOVE THAT GUIDE LIKE
A BROTHER.

"Greek," he said, "it is *Greek*—a vessel from Greece!"

He was deeply moved. To him that vessel—a rather poor, grimy affair—with its name in the characters of Homer and Æschylus was a thing to make his blood leap and his eyes grow moist, because to him it meant the marvel and story of a land made visible—the first breath of realization of what before had been just a golden dream. I had been thinking of those things, too, and we did not mind the cold, but stood looking down at the Greek vessel while we sailed away.

But a change has come over the spirit of our ship. It is a good ship still, with a goodly company—only it is not the same. We lost some good people in Genoa and we took on this European invasion. It is educational, and here in the smoking room I could pick up all the languages I need so much if I were willing to listen and had an ear for such

their hands and turning their eyes to heaven in the interest and ecstasy of their enjoyment.

Games do not interest them—they are in themselves sufficient diversion to one another. It is different with a group of Germans at the next table; they have settled down to cards—pinochle, likely enough—and they are playing it soberly—as soberly as that other group who are absorbed in chess. At still another table a game of poker is being organized, and from that direction comes the beloved American tongue, carrying such words as "What's the blue chips worth?" "Shall we play jack pots?" "Does the dealer ante?" and in these familiar echoes I recognize the voices of friends.

The center of the smoking room is different. The tables there are filled with a variegated lot of men and women, all

talking together, each pursuing a different subject—each speaking a language of his own. Every nation of Europe, I should think, is represented there—it is a sort of lingual congress in open session.

The Reprobates no longer own the smoking room. They are huddled off in a corner over their game of piquet, and they have a sort of cowed, helpless look. Only now and then I can see the Colonel jerk his hat a bit lower and hear him say, "Hell, Joe!" as the Apostle lays down his final cards. Then I recognize that we are still here and somewhat in evidence, though our atmosphere is not the same.

That couldn't be expected. When you have set out with a crowd of pleasure-seeking irresponsibles, gathered up at random, and have become a bit of the amalgamation that takes place in two weeks' mixing, you somehow feel that a certain unity has resulted from that process and you are reluctant about seeing it disturbed. You feel a personal loss in every face that goes—a personal grievance in every stranger that intrudes.

The ship's family has become a sort of club. It has formed itself into groups and has discussed its members individually and collectively. It has found out their business and perhaps some of the hopes and ambitions, and even some of the sorrows of each member. Then, suddenly, here is a new group of people that breaks in. You know nothing about them—they know nothing about you. They are good people, and you will learn to like some of them—perhaps all of them—in time. Yet you regard them doubtfully. Rearrangement is never easy, and the process of amalgamation will be slow.

Oh, well, it is ever thus, and it is the very evanescence of things that makes them worth while. That old crowd of ours would have grown deadly tired of one another if there hadn't been always the prospect and imminence of change. And, anyhow, this is far more picturesque, and we are sailing to-night before the wind, over a smooth sea, for Malta, and it has grown warm outside and the lights of Corsica are on our starboard bow.

BRINGING THE OUT DOORS INDOORS

BY DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON A.M., M.D.



THE outdoors is self-ventilating. It is only when we cut a chunk out of it with boards and bricks and inclose it box-fashion between four walls, establishing a monopoly on a cubic section of the Universe, that we begin to get into trouble. Outdoors, Nature will do our ventilating for us. Indoors, we have to do it for ourselves, and with all of our "gude conceit o' oorsel's," we must admit that we haven't made much of a success of it so far, either practically or theoretically.

With all of our ingenuity, the best that we have been able to accomplish in the line of ventilating is to abandon our monopoly upon our room space and call in Nature to do the job; in other words, to make our rooms indoors as nearly as possible parts of all outdoors by throwing doors and windows wide, either constantly, or at frequent intervals, according to the temperature.

All attempts at, or methods of, ventilating a room at secondhand, have so far proved unsatisfactory. In the majority of cases, the more elaborate, complicated, and ingenious they are, the greater

the dissatisfaction experienced by those who have to breathe the air. They work beautifully and ventilate to perfection, to the delight and satisfaction of their inventors and the engineers who operate them, but the children and the teachers in schoolrooms supplied by them tell a different story. They will deliver systematically so many cubic feet per hour per child of a chemically pure mixture of oxygen and nitrogen, free from carbon dioxide, with the dust and impurities filtered out of it, sterilized by heat, cooled to the precise temperature at which it is to be inhaled into the lungs—*but it isn't fresh air.*

It is cooked air, killed air, with all the life and freshness taken out of it—what Mr. Mantalini would have called a "demnition product." It seems to be like sterilized milk or distilled water—germ free—theoretically perfect, but you can't live and thrive on it.

Practically, we must judge fresh air like the classic "handsome," not so much by what it *is* as by what it *does*. If it makes those who breathe it under normal conditions *feel* fresh, it *is* fresh. If it doesn't, it isn't. We must always remember that we are not ventilating rooms, but people.

This is no reflection on the inventors of systems of ventilation. On the contrary, it is a frank confession of our ignorance as hygienists, as to exactly what constitutes "pure air," or to put it more precisely, what the elements are which render air impure or unfit for breathing. The better class of inventors and engineers, by fans, forced draught, and suction have "delivered the goods," in the language of the day, according to our specifications.

We were even more disappointed than they to find that they did not fill the bill. But an "honest confession" is exceedingly "good for the soul," and our comparative failure in our more ambitious efforts has led us to reexamine more carefully and radically what are the qualities which we wish to secure and what are those which we wish to avoid in good air for breathing purposes? In other words, what is really fresh air?

Strange as it may seem, this practical failure of our most elaborate and scien-

tific attempts at ventilation, while theoretically discouraging, is really just the contrary, from a practical point of view. In short, it has led us to define "fresh air," as a working concept, as air which is simply what its name implies, fresh from outdoors. Wherever you get this into a room, you get good "lung food." Wherever you don't—poor "lung food."

In other words, the simple, everyday method of ventilating, which is within reach of ninety per cent of us, day and night, through open windows and doors, is the one that gives not only the best, but the only satisfactory results. It requires constant and intelligent attention. It must be, as the artist Turner said of his colors, "mixed with brains." But that is one of its advantages.

What We Cannot Do

One of the things which we had forgotten, but which our failure to secure automatic and constantly perfect ventilation without thought or effort has brought us back to with emphasis, is that it is not only impossible but against good hygienic policy to attempt to ventilate or heat any room in such a way that healthy individuals will be able to remain there without discomfort for more than four or five hours at a stretch, except when asleep.

Practically, one of the best ways to ventilate a room, is to turn its occupants out of doors at regular and frequent intervals. This is particularly true of school children, indoor workers, and busy housewives. Man is not built to live indoors. While his body engine is run chiefly by the bottled-up sunshine contained in his food, and its furnace draught is supplied by the oxygen of the atmosphere wherever found, he still must take a certain proportion of both these sources of energy and purification at first hand in the open air.

Perhaps a brief statement of the things that we have unlearned—the things that we know we don't know about fresh and foul air—would be profitable here, for the purpose of emphasizing the value of a direct appeal to Nature and her methods.

It must be premised that this subject

of ventilation is one of the most complicated and difficult which confronts the sanitarian and that only the crudest and roughest outline of it can be presented here, with apologies for many apparently dogmatic statements. In the first place, inasmuch as the burnings or combustions in the body which constitute so large a part of life and its processes are carried out by oxygen, which forms about one fifth of the bulk and all the active part of atmospheric air, it was naturally supposed that foulness of air was due to a diminution in the amount of oxygen.

Much to our surprise, the earliest of our systematic studies completely exploded this impression, since air becomes impossible of respiration long before the percentage of oxygen has been exhausted below that which is necessary to sustain life. The foulest of indoor air in the worst tenement rooms still contains from twenty to fifty per cent more oxygen than is needed to support life. More than this, it was quickly discovered that our converse impression, that since oxygen was literally the "breath of life," an increase of the oxygen in the air would increase the vigor and rapidity of life processes, was equally unfounded.

While inanimate materials will burn in an atmosphere of pure oxygen with much greater vigor, and substances like a watch spring, for instance, which would not burn at all in common air, will consume with great rapidity in pure oxygen, life processes are not similarly affected. The mouse or bird which is put under a bell jar filled with pure oxygen, while it will run round with great vigor for a time, dies quite as certainly as if plunged into pure nitrogen, the other constituent of the air, or into water. In fact, its apparent signs of increased life and animation are merely the first symptoms of an irritant poisoning.

The scores of well-meant efforts to supply an increased amount of oxygen in the air of schoolrooms and theaters have completely gone by the board, as they failed to relieve the sensations of closeness, headache, and discomfort, even before they were found to be based upon a mistaken theory. Even the much-vaunted apparatuses for liberating ozone in buildings, advertised under the allur-

ing caption of "Mountain Air in Your Bedroom," are on no better basis.

Physiologists have shown that the blood in the lungs will absorb oxygen at a comparatively fixed rate, determined by the demands of the body, and that this rate cannot be increased by increasing the amount of oxygen present in the air, or even of the amount of air in the lungs. If you want to "purify your blood," it is of little value to inflate your chest pouter-pigeon fashion. The blood in your lungs takes up just as much oxygen as your muscles call for, and no more. Exercise your legs instead of your diaphragm and chest. Even the inhalation of pure oxygen in diseases of the lungs has yielded disappointing results and is gravely questioned as to its theoretical basis.

Carbon Dioxide Not Sole Danger

Next after the oxygen-hunger theory came naturally that of the excess of waste products in the air, as constituting foulness. As the largest and most important waste gas thrown off from the lungs is carbon dioxide (or as it was at one time inaccurately termed "carbonic acid"), it was natural to clutch at this as the cause of the injurious symptoms. A careful study of expired and foul air, however, soon led us to a similar surprising conclusion in regard to this gas.

What made us the more ready to blame it was that it was already known to be poisonous, as illustrated by its accumulation at the bottom of wells and in badly ventilated shafts and workings of mines, where under the expressive name of "choke damp" it has caused the loss of hundreds of lives.

Careful experimentation, however, both upon the experimenters themselves and upon animals, showed that long before the proportion of carbon dioxide in the air had reached the level at which it could be even mildly poisonous and injurious, the air of a given room or experimental chamber had become utterly unfit for respiration and would cause headache, dizziness, sense of suffocation, and even fainting and collapse. So striking was the disproportion that only about one tenth of the amount of carbon

dioxide necessary to produce poisonous symptoms when mixed with pure air is found to be present in the air of the foulest room or experimental chamber.

As the well-known effects of breathing foul air were so obviously similar to those of a depressant or narcotic poison, it was next supposed that certain other excretory substances in gaseous form which were thrown off from the lungs or skin, much smaller in amount than the carbon dioxide, but more intensely poisonous, were the cause of the disturbances. But the most careful search for and study of these products has proved so far almost equally disappointing.

They are, it is true, present, both in the air breathed out from the lungs and in that of foul or stuffy rooms where considerable numbers of individuals are present, as anyone with a normal sense of smell can readily discover for himself. But they are only discoverable, in any form as yet identified, in exceedingly small quantities, mere traces, in fact. And, further, such of them as have been definitely isolated are found to be only very moderately poisonous, even in considerable amounts.

In the amounts in which they are actually present they can hardly be regarded as in any way injurious. Moreover, it is found that by the use of vapors or sprays which would precipitate or neutralize these poisonous products, the sense of oppression and suffocation was not relieved, nor the air made more breathable.

One curious positive fact was, however, elicited, and that was that a very considerable element in the sense of oppression and suffocation was that of increased temperature or heat. When this was reduced by the circulation of iced water or cold vapors through pipes surrounding the experimental chamber, the sense of oppression was considerably relieved. Stranger yet, if a man's body is shut in an air-tight cabinet with his head outside, so that he breathes fresh air, symptoms of discomfort and a sense of suffocation develop, though much more slowly than when his head is included.

Even such an apparently lifting-one-self-by-one's-own-boot-straps sort of procedure as setting the air in rapid motion

by means of an electric fan or waving shutter would also relieve the sense of suffocation. This is due to the cooling of the surface of the body by these currents, which helps to explain why the use of the electric fan, even in a comparatively tightly closed room, or the waving of an Indian *punkah*, which simply swashes the air backward and forward without causing any continuous current in one direction, gives such a degree of relief from the sense of suffocation in hot weather.

Fresh Air the Only Cure

In short, all chemical, scientific, or patent mechanical methods of treating the air, whether by the generation of oxygen or ozone, the precipitation or washing out of the carbonic acid or of the nitrogenous excreta, have failed utterly to relieve the oppression and distress due to breathing foul air. Even the supply of a given number of cubic feet of washed, sterilized, and warmed air will only in part relieve them, leaving us face to face with the old and long-tested method of letting in an abundant rush of fresh air from the outside as the only effective cure.

Of course, the objection will be raised at once that this method, simple as it sounds and effective as it is, though all very well in summer time, is difficult of operation in cold weather. In a climate where "tis always May," we may sit and work and sleep in rooms with the windows and even the door wide open, but hardly in our Northern December. This is unquestionably the serious practical crux of the whole problem.

One of the chief reasons why the death rate, not merely from diseases of the lungs, but from all causes, is invariably anywhere in the North Temperate Zone from ten to forty per cent higher in winter than in summer is this difficulty in combining a proper supply of fresh air with the modicum of heat necessary to life. It is not the cold as such that causes disease, but the overcrowding and underventilation it drives us to. The problem, however, is far from a hopeless one. In fact, its solution is already in plain sight, with a fair amount of intel-

ligence, and not too much economy in the matter of fuel.

In the first place, like every other situation in Nature, it has its compensations. We have already on our side in the winter time a natural force tending to promote ventilation which is absent in summer, in the shape of the higher temperature of the indoor air. Everyone knows that air, like most substances, expands as it becomes warmer. When it expands, it naturally becomes lighter and tends to rise above the colder air.

This law is at the bottom of the well-known roaring draught, which can be not merely felt, but heard, and even seen in an open fireplace with a brisk blaze going. Now our houses and rooms are supposed to be water-tight and as nearly air-tight as possible. At least it is the aim of the builder to make them so.

Walls Not Air-tight

But practically they fall very far short of this, not only on account of the innumerable possibilities for leaks and cracks around door and window openings, under the eaves of roofs, at the inlet or escape of ventilating pipes and the wide-open chimneys, but also for the reason that most of our building materials are more or less porous or permeable to air. Wood, unless very heavily and frequently painted, is distinctly so; while a brick, as is well known can be used readily for filtration purposes, and any form of air pump or other apparatus capable of raising the pressure of air can drive an appreciable current through a brick wall.

Consequently, our entire houses in winter time, being warmed both by our heating and cooking fires and by heat given off from the bodies of their inmates, act as a sort of big, slow-draught, base-burner stove, sending up a current of warm air from doors, windows, roof, and chimneys, and sucking in through walls, windows, and other leaks a continuous current of cold air to take its place.

It appears, then, that we really secure in winter, with anything like an adequate amount of windows and doors and a not too abominably tight and per-

fect house construction, a considerable amount of involuntary, or what might be termed "natural," ventilation. This, however, is far from being adequate for our demands.

While we deeply regret the necessity of disturbing such a hoary and venerable belief, with so many delightful and comforting associations connected with it, as that of the "perfect ventilation" obtained by means of an open fireplace, candor compels us to state that the natural method of ventilation, either by means of an open fireplace or an ordinary stove, is neither adequate nor satisfactory. It is not adequate because, except in the leakiest of rooms, the amount of change made in the air is insufficient.

The second and most vital reason is that the cold air which enters for the most part comes in at a level where it is of the least value for respiration, viz., from one to three feet above the floor, and is sucked directly into the fire and shot up the chimney, thus producing an unpleasant sensation of draught upon the feet and lower limbs while doing very little to purify the air at or above the level of the mouth. This latter is the only air in the room that we can breathe.

In other words, the fire gets the bulk of the fresh air, and leaves the occupants of the room the foul air, which being warm tends to rise toward the ceiling. The fire draws plenty of fresh air for itself, but it doesn't give any of it back for the use of the human occupants of the room. All the benefit they get is from such of the cold air as they may be able to breathe during its rush toward the fireplace. Hence, while an open fire provides a much larger involuntary change of air than a closed stove, its mere presence in a room by no means solves the problem of ventilation for that room, as is often fondly supposed.

It is a very pretty thing to look at and an excellent means of providing healthful exercise by causing the occupants of the room to take their turn in standing or sitting directly in front of it and turning themselves round and round, like meat on a spit, to keep from being chilled on one side and roasted on the other. But it is almost as much of a broken

reed for purposes of ventilation as of warming in really severe weather. As an ornamental addition to a room already really warmed by furnace or steam heat, and as a temporary resource and addition to comfort during the unsettled weather of spring and fall, before the main heating system is in operation, it is most excellent, but it can only be regarded as an addition to methods of real ventilation and real heating.

That pitiable modern parody upon the open fire, the gas log, is even less useful as a means of ventilation and may easily become an enemy in disguise. The combustion is so rapid, in proportion to the heat generated, and such large amounts of carbon dioxide are formed, that it doesn't draw as well as the open wood or coal fire, with its slower but noisier and brighter combustion. So that while part of the poisonous gases of combustion pass up the chimney and draw a certain amount of air through the room in the process, another part are exceedingly likely, except in very well-built gas grates, to pass out into the room.

The tendency of modern builders is to economize space and turn the roomy, old-fashioned chimney into a mere eight-inch or even six-inch pipe. Further than this, in the large volume of gas poured out and the often inadequate expanse of surface over which it is burned, some part of the gas is almost certain to escape full combustion and to be given off, not as the comparatively harmless carbon dioxide, but as the deadly carbon monoxide, the gas which has such a deadly record of distressing fatalities from badly arranged gas heaters in bath rooms and elsewhere.

The use of a gas log in a room often produces in a comparatively short time a sensation which is distinctly disagreeable and oppressive, especially to one coming fresh from the open air. In fact, to be perfectly safe it is advisable to count the average gas grate as adding to the pollution of the air instead of diminishing it, and to ventilate accordingly. Gas stoves and heaters that have no flue should, of course, always be so counted and allowed for, if used at all. And even the ordinary gas jet is a greedy competitor of the human occupants of a

room for whatever fresh air may be present.

In ventilating a room, a gas jet should be counted roughly as an extra person, and a gas stove or gas log as from two to five such.

Modern progress is distinctly in the direction of improvement, as the electric incandescent light is by far the most wholesome method of illumination which has yet been devised, adding no injurious element to the air in which it burns, except possibly very minute traces of nitric acid from the arc light. Nor is this advantage merely imaginary; one of the great London banks reported some years ago that among its several hundred employees the absence on account of illness had been distinctly reduced since the substitution of electric light for gas.

Both a Problem and a Remedy

This inevitable tendency of hot air to rise presents us with our most troublesome problems of indoor ventilation. It illustrates also one of the penalties and responsibilities of monopoly. Out of doors it is the mainspring of Nature's great system of world ventilation. Without it, our climate would consist simply of a belt of scorching tropics and a zone of frozen North.

The air at the equator and in the tropics, heated by the vertical rays of the sun, rises rapidly from the earth's surface to the highest levels of the atmosphere. As it rises, it creates a partial vacuum, and into this rushes the cooler air from the regions north and south of the equator. When this heated air has risen to a certain level and overflowed in both directions from the equator, it again becomes cooler, falls again toward the earth, and is sucked back into the partial vacuum at the equator, thus making a perpetual "pot-boiling" circulation of the world's atmosphere, melting the snows of the North, bringing them down in rain upon the temperate zones, and tempering the heat of the tropics.

A similar process in our liquid atmosphere, the ocean, gives rise to the Gulf Stream and the Japan Current. The same procedure is the motor force of most of our local and seasonal winds.

But when we come to cut off even the tiniest section of the Universe and to close it within four walls, we find that we have caged what to our exasperated eye seems like a demon. Slave as we will to heat a room equally, the hot air promptly rises and banks against the ceiling, leaving our feet and often a considerable part of our bodies shivering in a pool of cold air.

Banking Up the Air

This is bad enough merely from the point of view of warmth, but unfortunately it is almost equally so from that of ventilation. The average temperature of a warm room is from sixty-five to seventy-five degrees. Eighty degrees would be distinctly hot, while every particle of air which has been given off from our lungs has been heated to the temperature of the body, blood heat, over ninety-eight degrees.

Consequently, the breathed, or impure, air in a room tends to rise rapidly toward the ceiling, where, if it be prevented from escaping, it will bank or dam up, so that it is unfortunately quite possible for us to be sitting in a room, with our heads, which do practically all the breathing for our bodies, in a stratum or lake of hot, foul air, and the greater part of our bodies in a pool of cold fresh air. The latter, of course, is of little more use to us for breathing purposes than if it were outdoors. This is why windows should always be opened at the top to permit the escape of the bad air and the inrush of cool fresh air as high up as possible where we can breathe it.

Whichever way you turn, whatever device you resort to, you find yourself faced with this *impasse*—that you cannot keep the warm air down any more than the "good man" of proverbial literature. It would take volumes even to describe the devices and systems which have been invented for the purpose of getting rid of this difficulty—the hot, hot ceiling, and the cold, cold floor. The more vigorously and effectively you heat your home—and it must be remembered that in most problems of heating and ventilation it is not heat in the abstract

we are dealing with, but heated or warmed air—the more promptly it will rise to the ceiling and leave the floor cold.

One day, however, a great truth dawned upon the mind of the distracted householder, and that was that the floor of one room is practically the ceiling of the room below. Follow this principle down through the house and into the cellar and apply it there, and the problem of floor-heating, while still a perplexing one, is more nearly solved than it ever has been before. A cellar should not simply be a place high enough to hold a furnace and big enough to store coal and ashes, but a place for drying, warming, and ventilating the floors of the living rooms above.

A warm, dry cellar is literally and actually the foundation of a warm, dry, well-ventilated house. The evolution of the cellar is an interesting study in the slow development of human intelligence. It was devised originally simply as a subterranean, frost-proof pit, or cave, under the house, in which could be stored first wines, and later apples, potatoes, cabbages, and other perishable fruits, together with milk, butter, and cheese. Next it was utilized, when the absurd insufficiency of stoves and fireplaces for heating purposes was recognized, as a convenient place to put the furnace. Then it was raised above ground to make the furnace draw better, and lighted and ventilated, until now it has become one of the most important sections of the house from a sanitary point of view.

From a hygienic point of view, it is a matter of comparative indifference what is the source or character of the heat supplied to a room, providing it be adequate in amount to permit of the free admission of cool, fresh air through open windows. Have your room warm enough to sit in with the windows open. The advantages of the different forms of heating, hot-air furnaces, steam, hot water, may be decided entirely upon the grounds of their efficiency, expense, and ease or difficulty of operation. Here again, modern improvements are not merely not unhealthful, but distinctly superior from a sanitary point of view to

any before known, for reasons which have already been explained.

A stove as a means of heating must be considered out of date. Every house should be provided with a cellar, not only as a means of dryness and drainage, but also for warming the floors of the main living rooms. With the improvements and simplifications that have been made in furnace construction, any house of more than four rooms can be equipped with a furnace and heated by it at a comparatively trifling initial expense and with actual saving of labor and fuel, to say nothing of avoiding coal dirt and ashes in the living rooms. Once get a proper amount of heat distributed about the different rooms; then if your window space is properly arranged for purposes of lighting and of ventilation in summer time, the solution of the fresh-air problem is in your own hands.

Equable Temperature Not Necessary

The remaining difficulties to be faced, given these conditions, are the dread of a draught and the impression that changes in temperature are to be avoided, that an equable temperature is the ideal. Both of these rest largely on misconceptions, the first of which we have already discussed at some length. A current of cool, fresh air, in a well-lighted, well-ventilated room, even if it blows in moderate degree on the face or body, seldom does harm and almost always does good.

As to an equable temperature or constant heat, this, instead of being beneficial, is now regarded as unnecessary, if not actually injurious. In studies of climate, from the point of view of health, the conclusion was reached some years ago, and is being strengthened every day, that while a mild and equable climate is of distinct advantage to invalids who are unable to endure shocks and changes, for individuals in average health a distinct amount of change between day and night and between different seasons is not only not injurious, but stimulating and helpful.

Even in hospitals, where patients are compelled to remain in one room and one atmosphere day and night, it has been found beneficial to arrange delib-

erately for one or more variations of temperature in the course of the twenty-four hours. The night temperature is required to be at least ten degrees lower than that of the day. More than this, experiments in the extension of the open-air treatment from tuberculosis to typhoid, pneumonia, diphtheria, and other diseases, have led physicians to favor the frequent throwing open of both doors and windows in hospital wards, with of course marked lowering of the temperature, and providing even chronic wards with balconies and porches on which the beds of the patients can be pushed during suitable weather.

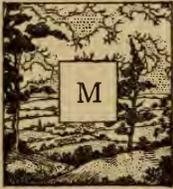
Any room which is lived in or worked in, no matter how elaborate and effective a system of artificial ventilation it may possess, should have doors and windows thrown wide open and the winds of heaven allowed to blow through it at least every two hours. Bedrooms should be kept in this condition all night long, through open windows, except in the stormiest weather.

We have confessed frankly that we do not as yet know exactly what constitutes foul air, or causes it. Fortunately our difficulty is only a theoretical, not a practical, one. Though the elements of foulness in air escape our laboratory tests in large measure, we have one practical test at the disposal—not exactly in the hands but on the face—of every one of us, which is thoroughly reliable, and that is our sense of smell. If on going into a room from the open air, we find that it smells "mousey," or stuffy, or close, then we may be sure that that room is not properly ventilated.

We can unfortunately educate ourselves to anything, and the sense of smell is no exception. So we must be prepared for the rejoinder from those who have been occupying that room when we enter, that they "do not notice anything out of the way." The offensive odors have accumulated so gradually that their olfactory nerves have become deadened to them, so that they no longer affect them unpleasantly. If we would unhesitatingly and vigorously "follow our noses" in the matter of the air we breathe as well as of the food we eat, we should escape many a danger to health.

SOUTHWARD WITH THE BIRDS

BY E. P. POWELL



R. BURROUGHS in one of his articles, attempting to prove that animals, including birds, cannot reason, tells us about a sparrow that pecked against a windowpane where he saw his image. I had just been witnessing the fury of a robin who was determined to demolish his imagined rival, but to me it seemed that if the birds had had our three thousand years' experience of glass-making, they would find less difficulty in solving this problem; and if I had their heredity I would probably be able to build an oriole's nest—which I confess I cannot, even with hands and tools.

But if this failure of my robin to understand reflection, proves that he cannot reason, then my collie, who has solved the problem so thoroughly that he pays no attention to his image in the glass, is proved to have reason. My cat also looks into a looking-glass always with a momentary surprise, but immediately her wits correct her senses and with a half crack of her tail, she goes on—as if to say, "What foolishness is that?" That cat reasoned it out, in spite of a bias of heredity or "instinct" to fight everything in the shape of a rival.

Bird society is in some ways better organized than our own. They spend little time building houses, although I have seen a goldfinch's nest that for esthetic qualities surpassed the finest of our mansions. It was built for use, and with no superfluous rooms to sweep. After being once used it was deserted, and I have nowhere seen a list of deserted bird homes.

It was fitted exactly to its use, and I have never seen a bird's nest that could just as well have been placed on another limb. Robins occasionally use a nest twice, never three times so far as I have

observed, but I am not sure of any other bird using a nest even twice.

Mr. Burroughs again suggests that we must not count in this nest-building as reasoning, or the ornamentation as art. He says: "I have often asked myself if we should count it an act of intelligent foresight in the birds when they build their nests near our houses, apparently seeking protection from their enemies which such places are supposed to afford. How should a robin or a phoebe or a bluebird, or any other bird, know that its enemies are less bold than itself?"

Why, most assuredly, my dear sir, by the use of observation and reason. I am quite sure that my birds know me and know that there is safety around my house. About my porches and under my balconies I can show you five robins' nests at the present time; and everyone of them is judiciously placed, exactly as I would place it myself, not only for protection but for shelter. I am quite sure that these birds know that Mrs. Benaway, my sole cat, is shut up for the summer in her cat palace; two basement rooms, a tidy chamber, a front yard for play, and a back yard for food.

Here she goes, and her kittens with her if she have any, as soon as the birds begin to nest in the spring, and here she stays until the last nests are vacated in September. I am particular to describe her summer residence, because I do not wish anyone to think my love for birds makes me unkind to cats.

But this I wish could be understood, that my homestead of nine acres is a sort of bird paradise, with all sorts of provisions for safety, and a thorough recognition of their rights. There is provision for good bird food, and my hedges if strung out would reach a mile. The birds have found this out, and here we have all together robins, bluebirds, indigo birds, thrushes, tanagers, phoebes,

grosbeaks, purple finches, and kingbirds, living together and coöperating.

It will be futile for anyone to tell me that there is not intelligent companionship in these lawns, gardens, and orchards of mine. Never a day passes but what I feel that we are co-partners, and I know that the birds are feeling the same thing, and I will tell you why; because the English sparrows that live in crowds about the houses across the streets and all about me never trespass on our demesne. They also have found out that they are not wanted, and my partners unite with me in fighting them across the line. I use a gun or stones, and the birds join in most heartily.

The same is true when a crow lights on a lawn tree; we are all up in arms together. The entrance of a red squirrel is announced to me by the shouting of all my little friends in unison. If a crow or a hawk has disturbed a nest, he is chased by a dozen varieties of birds, led by the brave little kingbird.

I am astounded that our farmers and fruitgrowers do not appreciate more fully the proffered alliance of their winged friends. It is true that they take cherries and berries, but think this thing over. They do not destroy; they only take what they need for food. One might as well kill his cows because he has to feed them. It used to worry me when I had very few strawberries and raspberries, but when I began to plant more and had half acres of currants, the toll taken by the birds did not show at all.

The remedy is to plant more; count the birds into your family. As a rule they do not care to eat the same fruits that we prefer—cherries excepted. When the cherries are ripe, I am quite willing to secure my share by covering the trees with mosquito netting, leaving about one quarter of them uncovered for the birds. It costs something for the netting, but I make a fine business of it at that, and I never forget that the birds are helping me to do it.

It is an easy matter to provide a large supply of bird food, both early and late, without trespassing greatly on our own garden space. There are few handsomer trees for lawn purposes than the moun-

tain ash, but a single mountain ash will provide several bushels of tiptop bird food. It will feed not only your own robins, but birds of passage, who will drop down to take breakfast and dinner, chatter and rest awhile, and then go on south.

Our common wild cherries make excellent timber, and if you will set a few trees along your fence line they will not rob the ground seriously, while they bear annually an enormous amount of food liked by a large range of songbirds. The high-bush cranberry is a splendid shrub, and the fruit is as good as the cranberry for stewing or pies, but if you will plant freely you will find that you have not only ornamental bushes, but that the birds have found it out and are gathering the berries all through the fall and into midwinter.

No Cats Need Apply

It is a favorite with the pine grosbeak and the cedar bird, both of them very useful to us and very beautiful. A hedge of Tartarian honeysuckles will be loaded with berries that the birds are fond of, just at the time that your raspberries are ripening, and you may be sure that it will almost entirely relieve your berry garden of bird intrusion. Just keep your cats out of the way, and the birds will revel in the honeysuckle hedge.

So confident am I of the mutual need there is between human folk and bird folk that I am ashamed that by any negligence of mine even one of these noble friends may have lost its life. I have already told you what I do with my cat, and I advise you never to allow one loose during the bird season, any more than you would a tiger among your children. I like a big rat-killer—a really fine cat, but you can never cure them of the bird-killing instinct. If you will retire him during the breeding season, the birds will laugh overhead and will learn to go all about him without fear. Call it reason or not, they will comprehend the situation without difficulty.

I think, however, that the best thing about bird society is its provision for moving with the seasons. There is no accumulation of bric-à-brac to prevent

them from going south when the winter threatens. There they have a long vacation, eating and singing and discussing bird economics. The real working season of a bird is about five months; all the rest is given to travel and sightseeing. It is a wonderful economy, look at it as you will.

They sing very little except during these five months, into which they pour all their souls. Yet I am in a quandary to know which to admire most, the splendid organization of those homemaking periods, or the rollicking rest and fun of the vacation months. I have studied them at both ends of the route, and I think a deal more of bird wisdom since I have done it. I am not sure but that we mortals are very foolish in comparison.

Moving Day in Birdland

Few people study the birds closely enough to understand their movements. They close up their home affairs some little time before leaving the North. What do you suppose they are doing all this while? Not idle by any means, but very busy with preparations for migration. Communication goes on over a large area; dates are appointed by some sort of bird notation; and when the time comes they come in by fives and tens and twenties, all ready for the start. During this period I suspect there is a good deal of neighborly visiting.

My catbirds, the most human of all birds, are very sly in the bushes, but they will occasionally come out to talk with me. I can sometimes hunt out one of these fellows, but generally I have to wait until he cares to call me. After the nesting time they do not talk in song any more, or poetry, but in plain prose. At least half a dozen times a day my pet catbird whistles to me, and I reply.

A robin will rarely shoot up to a spruce top and shout for joy; once in a while, but not very often. Is he trunk packing? Not a bit of it; there is only one class of trunk-luggers in existence—and disease-infested house builders.

I part with my birds as with members of my family, and I am sure that there has been a great growth of fellow-feel-

ing between us in these last few years. I have learned more about them, and from them; and at least there are individual birds that know me and like to show their friendship. The attachment is personal, especially with the catbirds, the sweetest singers in America. I was ill one autumn, at the time when they started for the South, and my nearest catbird friend came to my window, peeked in inquiringly, and for two days he was chanting low, monotone notes around my balcony. It was plainly a goodbye; and now every year I look for this farewell.

Sometimes he lights in the cork-barked elm, calls me, and then, expecting me to respond, stays near by for one, two, or three days. Suddenly there is silence, and I know he is gone. Then I go out into the orchards and gardens and try to find a catbird somewhere, for I have eight nests of them. There is not one left, and the world is lonesome. I do not miss any other bird quite as much, not even the robins or the goldfinches.

I had often envied the birds, as I saw them fly over, while the days grew shorter and the cold sharper; but to learn from them the art of migration did not occur to me. That we also might easily get away from zero weather and the infernal grippe, did not seem possible. Almost too late, however, I discover that I could get a lot and a lake in Florida, at less cost than my doctor's bills, and that my coal bills and plumber's bills and other similar bills, if voided, would build me a cottage where roses blossom in January and the birds sing and the chickens cackle all the winter—a land where cold storage eggs are not needed, coal bills are not paid, and overcoats last twenty years.

It was by mere accident that I bought a ten-acre lot on Lake Lucy, at Sorrento. Here I found myself right in the heart of the bird retreat, where one might find frost once a year, but where there never has been known zero or anything near it; a place where we could have midwinter gardens and pick oranges, while our Northern homes were frozen two or three feet in depth. It was a revelation to me, but most of all I felt how stupid to let the birds have a social

organization and domestic economy better than our own. It vexes me to hear Mr. Burroughs say that he "supposes the migrating of the birds is no more the result of purpose or calculation or knowledge than the putting forth or the dropping of the leaves of the trees." My dear catbird, you and I know better.

In the South the birds do not often go to the same locality two winters in succession, and it is a mistake to report any given locality as the definite winter resort of any breed. Precisely why this variability occurs is hard to determine. In 1905 I found the bayheads of central Florida so full of robins that it recalled the old pigeon days of fifty years ago. They were there by the thousands and tens of thousands. Their movements were difficult to investigate, simply because of their numbers; but on February 25th—I think that was the date, just at sunset, I was sitting on a pine log, and heard overhead an unusual noise. Looking up I discovered a flight of robins, going northward, that was most astounding. They were moving in flocks of tens, twenties, and hundreds; one flock following another, and the whole sky full of them. I wrote North at once and found that it took them just about three weeks to reach their nesting places.

In 1906 there were very few robins in this section. In 1907 there was a pretty full gathering, but there were more bluebirds than robins. They fed around the lakes, but on what I could not discover. There are, of course, grasshoppers and insects of many sorts during the whole winter in Florida. The shrike has the big ones spiked on the orange thorns and on the barbed wire fences.

Robins and bluebirds could easily pick up a good living at any time. I shall never forget the glory of the vision, when the bluebirds were so thick about my lake as almost to color the whole shore blue. In 1908 no more than a rare robin, and not a single bluebird, came under my observation.

The birds evidently do not have a home feeling in these winter resorts, in that respect very much resembling the tourists. Indeed, these two creatures act very much alike, for a tourist is mostly on the wing—with eyes wide open and

mouth seldom shut, flitting from resort to resort, seeing little of the real land and life, and paying enormous bills until his roll is spent. The bird does better than that, for wherever he goes he lives off the land and gets fat. He has a good time of it; makes a long picnic, and goes back only when the weather is propitious.

He pays no Pullman fares, and as for excursion rates, Nature gives him a pass for life, and he can laugh the Interstate Commerce Commission to scorn. He is not a tourist, for all that; does not stay long in one place; talks incessantly and flits rapidly—and never writes for the magazines.

Migration Not a Blind Impulse

In spite of all this, I am told by Mr. Burroughs that "The birds come North when a warm wave brings them; and that the shad run up the rivers when a south wind blows them." I cannot say how many shad are blown up the rivers without a will of their own, but as for the birds, I know to a certainty. This migration, instead of being a blind impulse, seems to me to involve the highest reaches of economic social organization. They travel together because it is safer; and they travel at night, with few exceptions, for the same reason.

They discuss the migration for days and even weeks, and so complete are the arrangements that very few strollers are ever left behind. I think that in central New York there are always a very few robins caught, either by sickness or some other reason, who stay through the cold months in the shelter of the hemlocks. Most beautiful is the arrangement when these flocks reach the North and divide and subdivide for their special localities.

If you have never seen one of these performances, you should undertake to meet the swallows or swifts on April 22d—a day on which they almost invariably reach the North. You will find that they have a certain convention ground. Here they spend their first day talking, flying back and forth, making arrangements that are not clear to us, but are evidently very definite to them;

for flocks are constantly starting out from the great body, and in all directions.

These subdivisions evidently find their own special localities where they subdivide again for the summer. It is a most delightful and instructive sight. Instead of showing a lack of reason, it shows a definiteness and purposefulness that more human beings should manifest.

Traveling by night leaves these migrants an opportunity to rest by day and to alight where they find sufficient food. A flock of robins can almost always find a wild cherry tree anywhere from the Carolinas to New York State, and there are wild grapes everywhere. These will serve them on their passage southward; and northward they are pretty sure to find insects and worms, besides a measure of old berries, somewhat dried, but yet eatable. When they reach central New York I find that they are by no means as fastidious as they are in the fall; and on very bleak days they are willing to eat barberries, which are usually neglected by most birds. The barberry bushes of New England are wonderfully abundant, and give a vast amount of food.

In the autumn the birds of passage drop down around my house, more particularly for the mountain-ash berries, and after a lively and sumptuous day, they start onward again with the sunset. These fellows are always wasteful, never picking up a dropped berry. In the spring they are not by any means as careless; and in the winter the pine grosbeak will get down on the snow and carefully collect what he has dropped.

I told you I had at last learned to imitate the birds, and go South each winter. It has proven to be a very satisfactory arrangement in every way. It requires exact calculation concerning late fall work in the North, especially with the apples. One should be away early in November, that is, if he expects to plant a winter garden in Florida. The best way to go is by the ocean, at a minimum cost for a maximum service.

If you get there early enough, by all means plant a winter garden, and early

in January you can have cabbages, green peas, string beans, and all the while you will be digging your sweet potatoes which have been growing all summer. It will take you several years to study the soil and climatic possibilities and to get out of the clutches of local prejudice.

You will have to study everything for yourself, from bottom to top. For my part I conceive the key to the whole situation to be to make soil as fast as possible. Florida has been burned over year after year, in the interests of cattle men, until its soil has been badly exhausted. Yet Nature has given no other part of the world so much material for recuperation as this peninsular State. In the course of five years you can stuff your land with nitrogen and give it a fair supply of phosphates and potash.

Meanwhile you have escaped the terrible storms of the North, the blizzards and the zero; and you will not wonder that De Leon imagined that if anywhere in the world there was a fountain of youth, it was in Florida. I am staying later each year, for I am not quite content to eat oranges and grape fruit and loquats all winter, and all the fresh vegetables namable, from January to May, but I do long to eat a Florida watermelon, and to do that I must wait until June. I get some peaches in May, but not enough fairly to test the possibilities.

Oranges begin to ripen about the first of November and last until May. The birds of passage are all gone before we leave, but the native birds are in full song in April and May. Mocking birds mate the last of April and fill the world with song. They do not compare at their best with our catbirds, although they are cousins. They are very familiar and pert and will make your personal acquaintance if you please.

I like better the ringing melody of the cardinal birds and the choral service of the red-winged blackbird. Great flocks of these gather in the tops of our pines and ring their joy bells all day, a tinkling, silvery sound that never tires. So I live with the birds, both here and there, and from them I am learning many lessons that I have not yet told.

AMERICA WILL CHALLENGE FOR DAVIS CUP

TWO years ago the cup given for international tennis competition by Dwight F. Davis in 1900 went to Australia. This year an American team will journey to the Antipodes in an effort to recover the cherished trophy. The right of the Americans to

singles and one doubles, the Americans making a clean sweep in all of them.

In the singles W. A. Larned and William J. Clothier, Americans, were matched against J. C. Dixon and John C. Parke, while Harold H. Hackett and Raymond D. Little held the court

for America against Parke and W. C. Crawley in the doubles.

The first day's play was at singles, Larned beating Dixon in decisive fashion and Clothier winning out against Parke, the captain of the British team. In each case the Americans won all three sets, Larned overcoming his opponent 6-3, 6-2, 6-love; Clothier, after a harder battle came through at the rate of 6-4, 6-3, 8-6. In the Larned-Dixon match the American champion again showed his strength at the net, although Dixon gave him trouble at times by deep lobs to the back line that kept the American on the move. With his game fairly in hand, however, Larned was never in danger, his net work being supplemented by fast passes and clever crossing. In the love set which ended the match he cut off all the Briton's drives at the net and returned the ball fast and at angles that found Dixon wide of the court.

Clothier in his match against Parke, the Irish

champion, showed that he had taken a leaf out of the Larned book, playing well up to the net often and cutting down the hard drives. In the last set, how-

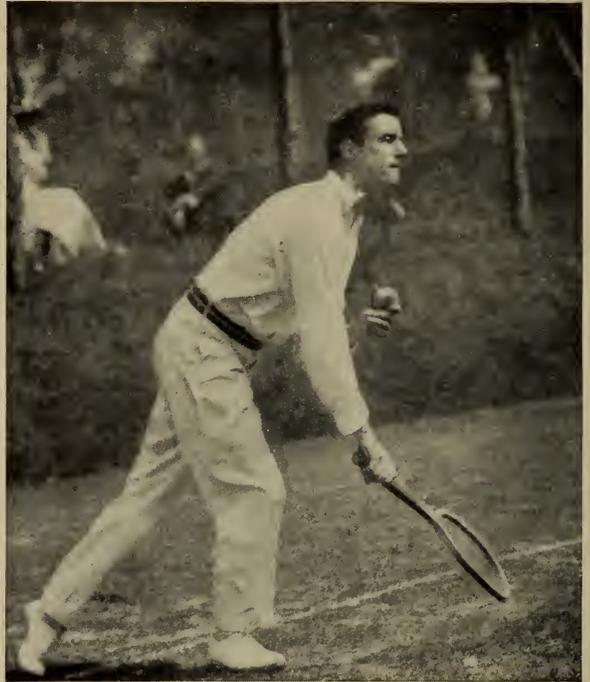


J. C. PARKE AT THE FINISH OF HIS SERVICE.

challenge was settled in the Anglo-American matches at Philadelphia, September 11, 13, and 14. Five matches of three sets each were played, four

ever, Parke came up to expectations and gave Clothier a busy time with fast volleys and clever placing; at one time he was within a few inches of winning the set, the ball going out by a hand-breadth in a stroke that would have meant victory for the visitor. More than once, especially in the second set, the Irishman gave the American trouble by his clever placing down the side line.

In the second day's play at singles the matching was changed and Larned beat Parke by 6—3, 6—2, 6—3, while Clothier won against Dixon by 6—3, 6—1, 6—4. The story of this day's play is in large part a repetition of the previous contests, the Britons relying on deep lob-



W. C. CRAWLEY FOLLOWING HIS SERVICE IN.

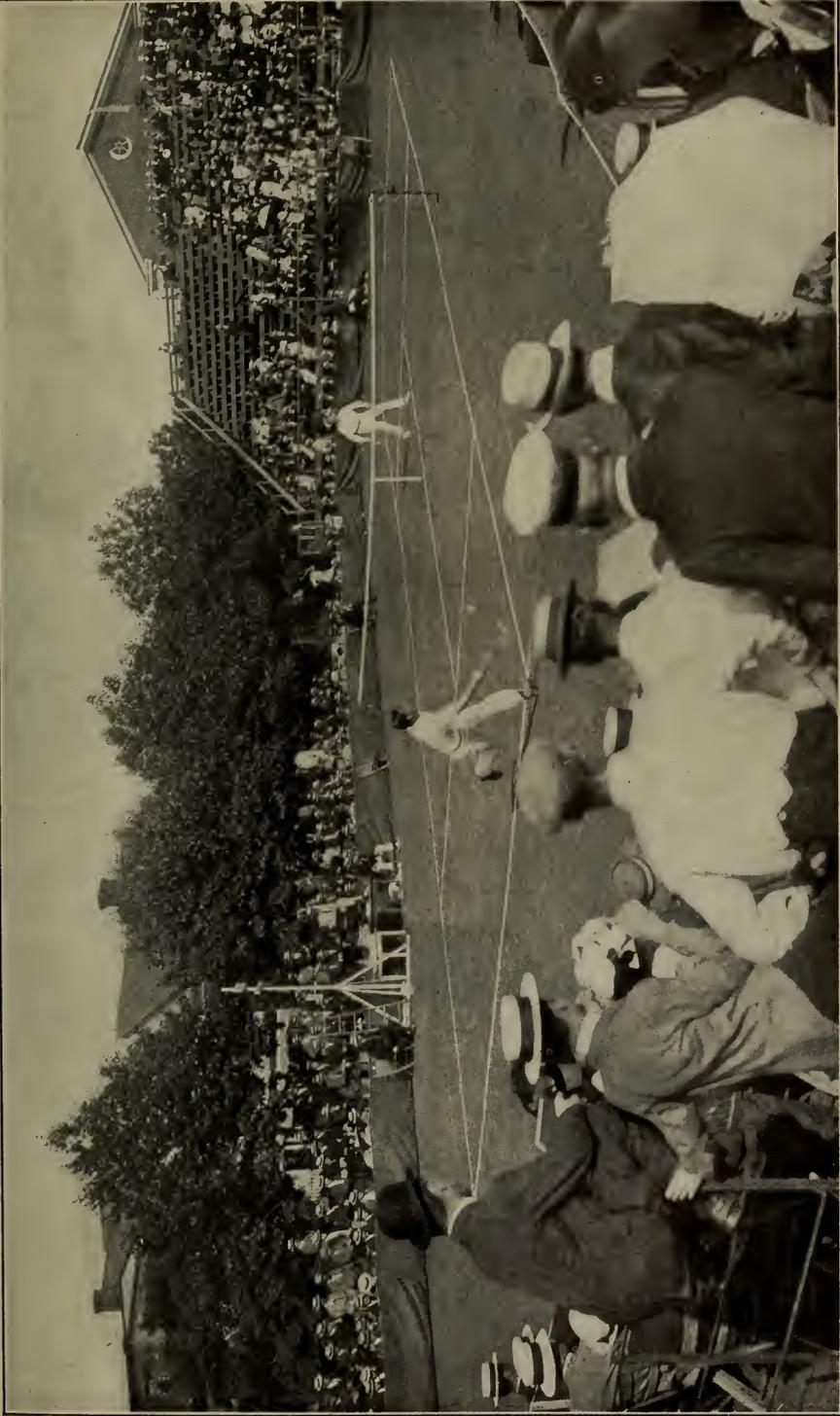


C. P. DIXON, WHO GAVE CLOTHIER A HARD MATCH.

bing alternated with hard smashes, while the Americans won by their ability to hold their ground at the net against the drives, with time enough to cover the back court for the high ones.

Hackett was the mainstay of the American team in the doubles, his ability to run in again and again and practically cover the whole court when his teammate weakened pulling the challengers out of many tight places.

By a peculiar arrangement the winners at Philadelphia will not represent the United States in Australia. America reserved the right to name her representatives after the match and the honor will probably fall to McLaughlin and Long, the Pacific Coast youngsters.



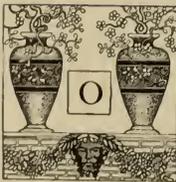
LARNED GOING FOR A FAST ONE IN THE BACK COURT.



IN AUTUMN MONTHS FISHERMEN LINE THE JERSEY SHORE.

FALL FISHING IN ATLANTIC SURF BY LOUIS RHEAD

Photographs by Arthur Hewitt



IN approaching the tag-end of the fishing season it can safely be stated that there still remains some fine sport, in fresh as well as in salt water. In the former, bass, mascalonge, and pike are now in their prime, big and fat, from the abundant supply of summer food that now begins to be scarce. Consequently they are becoming active and fairly hungry despite their well-fed condition. Full of pluck and vim, their healthy state makes them fight so hard that many

anglers prefer this season for the sport. Similar conditions prevail in marine fishing, in fact, hot weather provides sport only with various small species, like tautog, fluke, and weakfish. The mighty denizens of the ocean come late, apparently to close the fishing year in a proper manner.

The red drum, or channel bass, is frequently caught up to forty pounds and is known to have attained a weight of seventy-five pounds. The striped bass grows to one hundred pounds, and numerous fish are taken every season from thirty to fifty pounds in weight. Dr.

Tarleton H. Bean pays this tribute to the latter fish in "The Basses, Fresh-water and Marine":

"A shapely fish, moreover, active and graceful in its movements; beautiful far above the average of the game fishes in its silvery mail and brilliant iridescence; quick to seize a suitable lure and to hold it firmly; full of resources in its struggle against capture; full of expedients for escaping the hook or parting the most approved line; endowed with wonderful strength and endurance; quick to take advantage of all the natural obstructions

to the angler's skill which exist in its favorite haunts—the striped bass is a king among the game fishes.

"It is certainly in the same class with the salmon for its intelligence and fighting qualities. Its first plunge when hooked is more powerful than that of the salmon, and its endurance is greater. It depends upon its great strength for its escape from capture, and resorts to no tricks such as every salmon fisherman must overcome in the pursuit of his favorite quarry."

An expert red drum angler paints a



WATCHING HIS HOOK STRIKE PERHAPS TWO HUNDRED FEET OUT.

picture no less inspiring; he says: "An excellent spirit animates these shapely fish; no passive submission to the straining rod is their . . . way of doing things, but a tremendous burst of strength, speed, and determination, bearing heavily on the line, to right, to left, taking vigorous punishment from the angler above in a callous manner, often prolonging the struggle to a seemingly interminable length. When at last the gaff strikes home, there appears a fine fellow indeed, with a complexion of polished copper, brightly glistening as the brine drops drip fresh from its well-loved breakers."

Peer of the Salmon

It will be seen from these two descriptions that we have a pair of game fish unequaled, either in fresh or salt water. The lordly salmon that for centuries has been placed high above all other game fishes evinces not half the strength, the lashing, smashing go, of either of these fish. The angler's entire body, from toes to finger tips, quivers and tingles with agitation and excitement. Coupled with, and in addition to these good points, they are both—if not over twenty pounds' weight—superior as food to any other fish that swims. Those anglers who have not battled with these ocean warriors should try the glorious sport of capturing them by tackle that is equally fair to captor and captive.

I have seen a twenty-four pound bass skimming alone the glassy blue water dangerously near shore with a young angler sprinting along the sand as fast as his legs would carry him, fearful at every yard he covered that the fish would suddenly make a dive right through a big wave and off to deep water. Almost the same tackle, methods, and bait are suitable for both fish. They are such omnivorous feeders that the variety of bait used in various places is unusually large; in the same way the tackle is so varied—ranging from a coarse hand line to the latest style of costly fishing outfit—that I shall describe merely what expert angling sportsmen provide themselves with.

Most of the reliable dealers supply a special surf-casting rod, seven and a half

feet long, weighing about twenty-five ounces, and made in two pieces; the butt and tip are of superior quality split-bamboo, silkwound, having guides and tip of agate. The double, bell-mouthed guides and funnel top are lined with agate on the most expensive rods. The chief qualities of such a rod are toughness, spring, and elasticity, and the cost is from twenty-five dollars up.

A surf-casting reel—of which there are many excellent kinds—must be made of hard rubber and German silver, with jeweled bearings for free running qualities, having a capacity of holding three hundred yards of number 12 to 18 cutty-hunk, Swastika brand line. Such a reel will cost from thirty to sixty dollars. In addition to the reel, some use a handle drag which retards fierce rushes when fish first take line, but does not work against the angler when he is winding in. Others use rawhide leather aprons attached to a piece of nickel-plated brass which is grooved and shaped to spring over the bar of the reel to stay in position for thumbing the line and so checking the run. A few wear only woolen, hand-made thumb stalls.

I like the rig outfit used at Barnegat and other places on the Jersey coast; it consists of a pyramid-shaped lead sinker, weighing four to six ounces according to the tidal conditions. The swivel is triangular in shape, made of brass, having three spokes, each one a swivel. The hook, with the snell a foot long, is attached to one spoke; to the second spoke is fastened the sinker which is tied by a short piece of line; the main fish line is fastened to the third spoke.

The hook should be heavy, four inches long, with a wide curve and stout barb to hold a whole skimmer clam or half a shedder crab. The rig, however, is incomplete without a leather rod-belt to which is fastened a cup to hold the rod in place. In describing the surf-fishing outfit in such detail I have attempted to be of service to those who might wish to take a hand in the game—though casting in the surf, to be effective, requires considerable practice and skill.

The most popular baits for bass and drum are menhaden, shedder crab, skimmer clam, and squid, although various



JUST READY TO WIND IN A BIG FELLOW.

others are used in different localities. The squid is used around Martha's Vineyard and Buzzard's Bay. The skimmer and shedder are most used along the Jersey shore. Farther south in Carolina and Florida they employ the mullet and conch. To hook menhaden, first cut to the bone from the shoulders right down to the tail, taking the flesh from both sides; then place the hook between the two slices, tying the tail ends with fine wire to the top of the hook shank, so that the bait will not slip down to the bend. It should also be hooked and tied

with wire at the bend, taking care that the point and barb are free; of course, the skin should be on the outside to imitate the natural fish.

For baiting with shedder crab, a quarter of the body—with legs entire—is usually enough; if the fish are running of a large size, half a crab is not too much; therefore wrap the legs around the shank and wire the half crab to fit snugly in the bend so that the point of the hook is barely seen. Skimmer clams and squid are treated in the same manner.

After baiting the hook, the surf-caster, in high rubber boots, gets as close to the water as possible and raising the rod presses the sinker against it with his thumb. By the overhead method—though some cast sideways—he flings the lead from two to three hundred feet out to sea; the sinker carrying the line from the reel perfectly even through the guides on the rod. When the lead touches the bottom the point of the pyramid buries itself in the sandy ocean floor, while

but consists rather in a proper checking of the reel when the sinker touches the water, and also in good, free-running tackle. Surf-casting will pull a poor reel to pieces in no time. A good, freshwater bait-caster will soon discover the knack and difference in surf-casting, which lies mainly in both hands being used, instead of only one. When the strike does come, the first thing a bass does is to dash out to deep water, where it is apt to be confronted by a long line of sharks, sword-



THE "RIG" VARIES FROM HIP BOOTS TO KNICKERBOCKERS.

the bait revolves around, moved by the undertow and tide.

All he has to do after that is to wait for a strike, which may come soon or otherwise. Meanwhile, if the sinker is washed ashore, a heavier one should replace it. At short intervals, recasts are necessary, because if the ocean has been disturbed by a previous storm, the bait and sinker become entangled with floating seaweed, and the fish will not bite; the bait must be kept free all the time.

The beginner must understand that surf-fishing is not a matter of strength,

fish, or other monsters lying in wait ready to devour the striped beauty, who immediately turns to run back and forth in shallow water along the beach.

The struggle may be short, or prolonged for hours, according to the size of the captive and strength of the captor. After the fish tires of its struggles, and grows weaker, showing that the prize is nearly won, he will often make one last supreme effort, most dreaded by the angler; that is, he will plunge headlong through a big, rolling wave, a performance which spells disaster to all but the

stoutest line. If fortune favors the angler, the fish then gives up, turns on one side, and allows itself to be dragged up the sand, or to be gaffed and pulled ashore.

It will be seen that good tackle is the first requisite for success; the method is simple, though the work is both strenuous and long. Nevertheless, these two fish furnish in surf-casting the finest and most sportsmanlike angling in any waters.

All along the Jersey shore there are what are termed "holes," or favorite spots, which the bass seem to have a preference for. Sometimes they are located near fresh water; in other cases, they are where food is to be found in abundant quantities. The drum, being most partial to shellfish food, swims along the surf till it finds a body of crustaceans or mollusks, or a spot where it can root up and tear the seaweed for worms. For that reason, it will be necessary to get expert advice on local tides and geographical peculiarities.

In Southern waters, both fish may be captured early in the season; in Florida through the winter till April; in the Carolinas from May to July. From the Potomac northward to New York isolated drum are caught, at times, but the real fishing season in the vicinity of Barnegat begins about the middle of September and continues till cold weather. On the south shore of Long Island, particularly at Long Beach, Fire Island, and Montauk, large drum are caught the same time as at Barnegat. This fish is not common above New York.

The case is different with the bass, which loves cold water. This fish may be found as far north as the mouth of the St. Lawrence, although not in such numbers as formerly. Bass are captured up to, and even later than, December from Cape Cod to the Carolinas along the entire Eastern coast. The best time for drum and bass is in October and November; the former from the vicinity of New York, southward to Florida; the latter from Cape Cod to Virginia.

Regarding the abundance of these two fish at the present time, they are certainly more numerous in Southern waters. Pollution and illegal netting have had

much to do with their present scarcity in the North, where food supply is incredibly vast and is the cause of the immense migration from the tropical waters of many edible and game fishes.

It is recorded that at Edenton, N. C., years ago, parties caught fifteen tons of striped bass at one haul, many of the fish weighing eighty pounds each. At another haul 820 fish weighing 37,000 pounds were captured. A still larger seine-haul contained nineteen tons of striped bass, among which were 600 individuals, averaging sixty pounds each, and several weighing 105 pounds. There is a record also of a seine-haul containing 1,500 striped bass, near Norfolk, Va.

Many Names for the Same Thing

These two fish, because of their wide range, are known under many names. At the mouth of the James River the red drum is called the drum; at St. Mary's, Ga., the red bass; at Fort Marion, Fla., the spotted bass (from the black spot on its tail); on the Indian River, the red horse; at Tampa, the reef bass; in New Orleans, the *poisson rouge*; at San Antonio, the *pez colorado*. Near New York it is the channel bass.

In Northern coastwise States the name striped bass is more generally heard. In the Delaware and Potomac rivers, it is called the rockfish, which was one of the early names for this species. It has been known as the streaked bass and greenhead. Squid-hound is a name applied to the large fish found in the ocean waters of New England.

To those anglers of the Middle States, tired of their present captures and in search of new thrills, I would say, come to the coast during October for a trial of surf-fishing. They will find old ocean very agreeable at that time, and the fish, as well as the mode of fishing, something new—entirely different from anything they are accustomed to, and I will warrant them such grand sport as to satisfy the most rampant and ardent anglers. Jersey and Long Island shores are most convenient to New York, but in the vicinity of all the rivers flowing into the Atlantic south of New York conditions are just as good, if not better.

HOME-COMING OF THE



Photo by Brown Bros., N. Y.

COMMANDER PEARY AND HIS FAMILY ON BOARD THE "ROOSEVELT" AT SYDNEY.

SYDNEY, Nova Scotia, had the honor of welcoming Commander Peary back to civilization again after an absence of over a year in the Polar regions. When the *Roosevelt* entered the harbor, September 21st, the whole town turned out to give him welcome. This was the end of Mr. Peary's eighth trip into the Arctic, and his announcement that he had at last reached the pole was hailed as the crowning of over twenty years' sturdy endeavor.

Commander Peary declares that his days of active polar exploration are over, although his interest will last as long as he lives. The day on which he stood at the pole was April 6, 1909. The entry in the commander's journal for that day reads:

"The pole at last! The prize of three centuries, my dream and goal for twenty years, mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it."

SEEKERS FOR THE POLE



Photo by Brown Bros., N. Y.

DR. COOK'S WELCOME TO HIS NATIVE LAND.

WHEN Dr. Cook landed at New York, September 21st, the reception he received was calculated to make him wonder if greater safety was not to be found at latitude 90° N. where he stood April 21, 1908. He was transferred to the steamer *Grand Republic* where his friends and adherents fairly mobbed him in their eagerness to give him welcome. A round of dinners, receptions, and lectures began almost immediately after the explorer's return.

The first and probably most important function was the dinner of the Arctic Club, September 23d. Following this was a lecture by Dr. Cook under the auspices of the same organization, September 27th. Dr. Cook, as well as Mr. Peary, has been besieged by numberless offers from lecture bureaus and publishers, but so far no definite announcements as to date of appearance in print or on the platform have been made.



CHARLES EVANS, JR., EDGEWATER, IS WESTERN CHAMPION, BUT HE LOST TO EGAN IN THE NATIONAL SEMI-FINALS.

WEST BEATS EAST ON THE LINKS

THE distinguishing features of the fifteenth national amateur golf tournament on the course of the Chicago Golf Club at Wheaton, Illinois, this fall was the elimination of the Eastern representatives. All four of the semi-finalists were Westerners, and only two Easterners, W. J. Travis and T. M. Sherman, lasted into the second match round; Travis alone of the Eastern contingent survived into the third.

There he met his downfall at the hands of Gardner, the winner in the finals.

The field was smaller than in many years, only one hundred out of the one hundred and twenty-one entrants starting on the qualifying round. Jerome D. Travers, the champion of the last two years did not appear.

In the semi-finals H. Chandler Egan, twice a national champion, had trouble in disposing of Charles Evans, Jr.,

present Western champion. The match went the full thirty-six holes, Egan winning by one up. In the other semi-finals, Mason E. Phelps, the Midlothian representative, stuck to Gardner for the full round, although the latter finally came out two up. Phelps was handicapped by a badly blistered hand and could not take the lead from his opponent at any time, although he was always close on his heels.

In the finals Egan made his appearance at this stage of a national tournament for the third time. On the two other occasions he came through successfully, but "the third time's the charm," and the Yale youngster was too strong

for the older man, winning by four up and two to play. At no stage of the final round was Egan in the lead, although he had the match squared two or three times.

Gardner, whose home club is Hinsdale, is a new figure in national golf, but if he keeps to his present form and rate of progress he should be a hard man to play against for a number of years to come. His age, nineteen, is greatly in his favor, and steady playing combined with reasonable study of the game should keep him in the front rank for a long time. It would be refreshing to see a youthful golfer of promise for once run true to expectations.



MASON E. PHELPS, MIDLOTHIAN, WHO LOST TO GARDNER IN THE SEMI-FINALS.



H. CHANDLER EGAN, THREE TIMES A CONTESTANT IN NATIONAL GOLF FINALS,
BUT THIS TIME A LOSER.



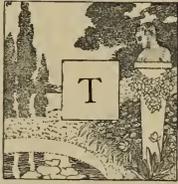
ROBERT A. GARDNER, THE NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD GOLFER, WHO WON THIS YEAR'S NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

BEYOND THE MEXICAN SIERRAS

VI. AMONG THE PEAKS

BY DILLON WALLACE

Photographs by the Author



THE nearest railroad point to the eastward of Culiacan is Tepehuanes, a small town on the Central Mexican plateau. Between Culiacan and Tepehuanes the Sierra Madres, stretching north and south, form a mighty and almost impassable barrier. The only connecting links are mule trails of the roughest and most difficult character. These trails mount the Sierras sharply on the western side, rising to an altitude of nearly ten thousand feet, before they begin their descent on the opposite slope to the plateau; and a journey over them is attended with enough danger to rob it of monotony and to add to it the spice of adventure.

This was the route that I was to take to Mexico City. It would give me an opportunity to see the wildest sections of Sinaloa and Durango States, and to come into intimate contact with the mountain Indians before leaving my mules for the railroad; so I chose it, rather than take a long detour of several hundred miles to the south by the more conventional stage route to San Marcos.

It was not easy to find a competent guide who knew the trail I wished to take. Several were interviewed without success, before I found a man who claimed an acquaintance with the western half of it and who was quite certain that, through inquiries from Indians whom we should meet, he could find his way; upon the recommendation of a Culiacan merchant I employed him.

Two saddle mules and a pack mule were placed at my disposal by the Sinaloa Land Company, my provisions and outfit were purchased, and preparations

finally completed, we rode out of Culiacan on the morning of November 28th. It was a beautiful, balmy day, with an atmosphere as clear as crystal. My heart beat high with expectation of adventure as we left the cluttered town behind us and turned toward the distant mountains, which rose before us in majestic grandeur, their lofty blue peaks cut in sharp silhouette against the lighter blue of a perfect sky.

My mozo's name was Barragan, though I called him Wilkinson, for short. Wilkinson was easier to remember than Barragan and not nearly so hard to pronounce; and besides, it was the only word with an English sound that I was ever able to make him comprehend. I tried it on him two or three times, and after that he accepted it and answered to it. I used other English words in addressing him, on occasions, but he did not understand them. It was just as well he did not, for my remarks might have disturbed his equanimity of temper.

Our saddle mules were excellent young animals. My own I dubbed Bucephalus, though her sex did not warrant it, neither did her action. She was a very meek and well-behaved animal, though she sometimes had ideas of her own that did not coincide with mine. For instance, when we forded streams it nearly always occurred to her that it would be a delightful sensation to lie down in the water, and on these occasions I had to bring strong arguments to bear before I could convince her that bathing with a rider would be detrimental to her health.

Occasionally, too, when we halted, she conceived the idea that it would be pleasant to roll with me on her back, and several times she dropped to her

knees with that not very laudable object in view, before I could persuade her that it was not good form. Then she always assumed an injured air, and for half an hour would not be very cheerful. But on the whole, Bucephalus was a good mule, and I became much attached to her.

Our pack mule was a self-centered individual, with but one eye and a halt in one shoulder. I called her Maud. She was a veteran of many trails and knew what she wanted and what she did not want. One thing she did not want was to go on that trip. She was very docile and nice until we reached the

was an opportune moment to assert her disapproval of our plans, and before we realized her intention she turned and bolted back toward Culiacan. We cornered her, to her disgust, after a half mile run, and then, to guard against a repetition of her unseemly behavior, one end of a lariat was fastened about her



SURROUNDED BY HEDGES OF ORGAN CACTUS.



THE FAITHFUL "WILKINSON."

outskirts of Culiacan. Then it dawned upon her that we contemplated a long journey and she was destined to accompany us unless she took prompt action to divert us.

Wilkinson, tranquilly smoking a cigarette and fanning his spurs against his mule's side to keep it in motion, was jogging along ahead, Maud followed, with Bucephalus and myself in the rear, enjoying the distant prospect of the mountains. This, Maud concluded,

neck, the other end to Wilkinson's saddle horn, and for a while she trotted along quite meek and contrite.

The road was very muddy, and we were compelled to go slowly and pick our way to avoid quagmires. Pack-trains, laden with produce from outlying haciendas, crawled past us on their way to market. One long train of burros and mules laden with lumber from the foothills interested me particularly. Each animal carried two great planks of white mahogany, one lashed on each side, giving the burros the appearance of animated sheds.

These planks must have weighed fully a hundred and fifty pounds each. They are cut by hand, two or three days' journey inland, and packed by this method to Culiacan, whence they find their way to the manufacturer.



ONE OF THE ROUGHEST TRAILS IT HAS EVER BEEN MY FORTUNE TO FOLLOW.

For several miles beyond Culiacan the land is under cultivation, for the most part. Fields are fenced by barbed wire or surrounded by hedges of organ cactus to protect the crops from wandering cattle. The country is level, reaching back with a very gentle and almost imperceptible rise toward the foothills of the distant sierras.

Gradually, as we drew away from Culiacan, the tilled and fenced fields grew fewer, until they gave place finally to timber and wild pasture land; and in mid-afternoon the wide and well-beaten but muddy trail narrowed down to a bridle path, dry and hard. This was a relief, for the mud had held us down to a pretty slow gait. Now with firm ground and no quagmires to circumvent we were able to proceed at a fast trot and therefore make fairly good time.

Maud objected strenuously to increasing her speed and held back to such an extent that I finally signaled Wilkinson (I had not sufficient command of Spanish to express my wishes in words) to cease hauling Maud along by the lariat, undo it from her neck, and take his position behind her with his quirt which he was to use freely upon her hinder extremities as an inducement to accelerated motion, while Bucephalus and I took the lead. This

change of formation was a decided improvement.

Occasionally I glanced back to see Wilkinson working his spurs on his own mount and the quirt on Maud, regularly and persistently, like a well lubricated machine, and shouting what sounded like "*Vamonos! Vamonos! Anderly!*" words which were quite unintelligible to me but which Maud seemed to understand, for she had a decidedly pained and surprised expression upon her countenance.

Our new method of procedure proved so successful that it was maintained for the remainder of the journey. Though Wilkinson occasionally complained of, a lame arm through strenuous exertions with the quirt, he was quite satisfied with it; and so was I, for when things grew monotonous I had only to glance behind at him and Maud for infinite diversion.

Shortly after dark we caught the distant glimmer of a light, and presently drew up in front of a hut, or rather shed, where a young woman was grinding corn for *tortillas* by the light of a pine knot and her husband lounged on a rough bench and smoked cigarettes. Before we dismounted Wilkinson opened negotiations with the man for the entertainment of ourselves and our animals, and when the terms were final-



EACH ANIMAL CARRIED TWO GREAT PLANKS OF WHITE MAHOGANY.

ly settled I paid the amount agreed upon in advance. This advance payment was probably required because we were, on the whole, a pretty rough and suspicious looking outfit.

But Wilkinson was an adept at making friends. His suave manners and well-poised rhetoric soon quieted the last suspicion of the most reluctant native. And so it was in this instance. In a little while after our mules were unsaddled and unpacked and turned into a corral to feed, and we sat down to cultivate the acquaintance of our host, an onlooker would have supposed that Wilkinson and he were brothers, just met for the first time after a long separation.

When our coffee was made over their fire, the man and woman both protested against our eating cold provisions from our bags, and the woman set before us hot *tortillas* and *frijoles*, the latter very gritty, but palatable. Their hospitality extended even to their beds. I had expected to sleep on the ground, but when I indicated my desire to retire, two canvas cots were brought forth—I am sure the only ones the pair possessed—and Wilkinson made my bed on one, with my saddle bags for a pillow and my blanket for covering, while he appropriated the other to his own use. Then the man and woman left us

in full possession of their home to take up their quarters in a neighboring hut, whose flickering light we could dimly see through the grove of trees in the distance.

The air was cool and exhilarating, the night was calm, and the stars shone brightly in the clear, subtropical sky. Our beds were spread under a thatched roof, supported by four posts. Beneath was mother earth, and there were no walls to shut from us the great, free out-of-doors. A sense of perfect contentment and freedom possessed my soul as I settled to rest, and I was thankful that, for a time at least, I had escaped from the four prison walls of a hotel chamber.

I was sinking into blissful unconsciousness, when suddenly I was lifted several inches bodily and dropped with a thud. Then a familiar grunt and some lesser squeals advised me that an old sow and her pigs were taking up their quarters beneath my cot. The sow had stood up directly under me, lifted me upon her back, and when she settled again dropped me, the slack of the canvas permitting the motion without rolling me out of bed to the earthen floor below.

Wilkinson heard her and immediately gave her a whack with a stick, which sent her away with complaining squeals.

But she was a persistent brute and returned again and again, to be driven away each time by the faithful *mozo*, who varied his whacks with hisses and a monotonous flow of Spanish, which I judged by the intonation consisted of choice phrases not adapted to polite society. I do not know how long the contest lasted for I finally dropped asleep before the sow had decided that under my bed was not a proper place to herd her brood.

Hitting the Trail by Starlight

It was still starlight when we arose and saddled up, and day was just breaking when we hit the trail. A heavy fog lay around us and moisture dripped from everything. It was chilly, too, and I was glad to start. But soon the sun rose and the fog lifted as a curtain rises on a stage, disclosing a world of beauty. Trees, shrubs, and grass, wet with dew, glistened as though incased in polished silver. Wild flowers bloomed along our trail amid cacti and other more or less unfamiliar vegetation, and with the waking day the birds burst into song.

The country was growing rougher. We were in the first foothills of the mountains now, and our trail rose and fell over hills and into valleys. We did not halt again until evening, when we rode into a small village of adobe huts, the center of a *hacienda*, and secured entertainment in one of them. The place was like a cellar and void of every means of comfort. The night was one of the most miserable of the trip. My bed was the abode of innumerable parasites that fed upon my flesh, men and women shouted and talked in an adjoining apartment, and swarthy, gaunt, bedraggled, unkempt women, with matted hair hanging down their backs and carrying smoky, flickering torches above their heads, flitted back and forth through my room like ghosts of evil spirits.

Once, long after midnight, after a degree of quiet had settled upon the place, some one was seized with a violent fit of coughing, then another and another until it seemed as though every member

of the numerous household was coughing. It gave me a vague feeling that I was in a pest-house of some kind, but it was only whooping cough, perhaps.

A young mining engineer told me that he spent a night once in one of these huts where a member of the family was ill. He did not inquire into the nature of the sickness until morning, and then discovered it was smallpox. In due time my friend was brought down with the dreadful disease and barely came out of it with his life.

Our trail from the adobe village carried us into steeper hills, and we had some bits of rough climbing. During the day we passed the first mining prospects, but no one appeared to be working them and we did not halt. The earth here was of a light red brick color, and a good deal of the soil was rough and barren, save in the valleys which were watered by mountain streams.

At twelve o'clock we rode into the mining village of Chacala, just as the first big drops of a threatened rain began to fall. Here we were to put up for the day. We were now at the very base of the great Sierras. Above us they lifted their thousands upon thousands of feet of sheer and mighty walls that we were to scale.

As the name indicates, Chacala is of Indian origin, and its battered appearance bears out its claim to antiquity. Down through the center of the town runs one long street with one-story houses of *adobe* and brick massed solidly together on either side. The tiled roofs of those on the north, supported by a row of pillars reaching the length of the street, extend over the wide sidewalk of well-worn brick. There are other streets reaching out from a small central plaza, but they are narrow and crooked and scarcely more than alleyways.

The place has a romantic situation, under the shadow of the towering peaks of the Sierra Madres. A small but turbulent river flows out of a cañon and through a deep gulch on the north of the village. High and rugged hills rise everywhere, their steep sides here and there dotted with fields of ripening corn or green patches of *maguery*, the latter



DOWN THROUGH THE CENTER OF CHACALA RUNS ONE LONG STREET.

supplying the thirsty inhabitants with fiery *mescal*.

While Wilkinson cared for the mules and arranged for our entertainment, I walked out to a silver mine on a bluff a mile or so from town. The mine was closed, save the pumping station, and there was not much to see. But I found an American foreman in charge, and from him I learned that the plant was owned by a United States corporation. It had been opened and equipped a year or so before, and had a small though complete outfit with modern, up-to-date machinery.

Dull Times for Miners

The financial depression at home had compelled them to shut down a month or two before my visit, with no prospect of immediate resumption. The foreman told me there were some other operations, all of them small ones, in the surrounding foothills, but all were idle like this one, for they were in the hands of Americans without funds to work them.

The drizzle had turned into a steady downpour before I reached my quarters, which precluded further exploration. My host, the village butcher, bent himself to my entertainment. He sent his wife to a neighboring house to bring a new baby which, when it appeared, was very dirty and red-faced and made a great deal of noise, and looked exactly like all other babies. They seemed to think, however, that it possessed some superior qualities, for it was a relative's child.

I did not offer to hold it and made no advances toward kissing it, though Wilkinson did. Just to show my appreciation I chucked it under the chin with one finger, a proceeding that seemed to interest it, for it stopped squalling immediately and stared. This remarkable display of intellect on the youngster's part and interest on mine pleased the older ones greatly. They laughed and patted me on the shoulder and were generally idiotic in their actions over the baby; also it proved a good bit of diplomacy for it won for me an excellent piece of beef, broiled

over the coals, for supper, with other unwonted delicacies.

Our butcher's business establishment consisted of a rack, on the sidewalk, upon which hung scraps of meat to tempt the good people of Chacala. His home contained a narrow passageway room, leading to the rear, and one other room that answered for kitchen and general living room, though he and his wife spent their waking hours upon the sidewalk, where he served his customers and she sewed and gossiped with her neighbors, and kept him company. At night the meat rack was carried into the passageway and the street door of the room locked and barred against intruders while they retired to the kitchen.

I had my choice of places in which to sleep, but rather than deprive them I took a corner under the porch roof in the rear. Here a cot was placed where not a great deal of the pouring rain could reach me, and I made my bed. Wilkinson rolled in his blankets on the floor beneath the meat rack, where we had also stored our saddles and our personal baggage.

Chacala has an altitude of thirteen hundred feet, and there was a marked difference between the temperature here and in Culiacan. In fact it grew so uncomfortably cold in the night that once when I awoke I rose and donned woolen underwear, which I was profoundly grateful to have brought.

The eastern sky was just taking its first purple colorings from the still invisible sun as we mounted and rode out of Chacala town. The wet earth gave forth its fragrance to the cool morning air; the rain had washed the foliage clean of its coating of brick-red dust and transformed it into brilliant green; the birds sang a proclamation of joy and freedom to all the world.

I drank the clear, pure atmosphere into my lungs in great draughts until it intoxicated and exhilarated me to the point of shouting with the mere delight of life. I would have sung had I not feared the consequences on Wilkinson and a probable stampede of Maud. But even they seemed to share with me the spirit of the morning, and for the first time Maud trotted along submissively



CANELAS FROM THE TRAIL.

and freely, to Wilkinson's evident satisfaction.

Outside the town our trail took an abrupt turn to the left, and rose at once a thousand feet to the summit of a ridge. Here we halted for a moment to enjoy the beauty of the scenery. The first golden rays of sunlight were now glorifying the mountain peaks, which lay about us in a confused mass. Below, in a hollow, Chacala nestled like a toy village, while along its northern edge the creek wound down through the gulch, a silver thread.

We followed the crest of the ridge for a little distance, then turned into a cañon where the trail hung upon the almost perpendicular face of a wall for a few miles, midway between heaven and earth, before it finally dipped to the bottom with a steep descent. Here it branched, and Wilkinson for a time was puzzled, but finally decided that we should ascend the rocky bed of a stream between the cañon walls. Several times we had to stop to reconnoiter, but at length, on the opposite side of

the cañon from which we had entered, we found the trail where it took to the earth again above the creek bed.

Presently the ascent was begun—the great ascent of the Sierras. Thousands of feet above us towered the cañon wall, and the trail took its very face. To the right a few yards, a sharp turn to the left, another few yards, then another sharp turn, but always rising, the narrow path zigzagged like a snake straight up—up—up—until it made me dizzy to look below at the receding and diminishing stream that we had recently left.

Maud's back and Wilkinson's head were always directly under my feet. At one point I believe I could have leaped a sheer three thousand feet into the dark depths of the cañon without once touching earth.

We had ascended a full five thousand feet before the trail quit its windings for a gentler ascent, and here we halted and dismounted to view the world—the little, shriveled world below. We stood on the throne of the gods with their

kingdom at our feet. We looked down upon the tops of mountains that at the level of Chacala had towered grandly above our heads.

The high foothills had shrunk into pigmy mounds. The verdant plain that spread beyond them to the Pacific was a green ribbon, and the ocean itself shimmered in the white sunlight, a mighty opal, mingling its colors with the turquoise sky where they met in the line of the far western horizon. Through my binoculars I could descry Culiacan, a mere speck on the green ribbon, but no moving thing was to be seen anywhere.

Scaling the Peaks

Upward our trail led with easy swings, now around obstructing heights, now crossing declivities with descents and rises, but always attaining a higher level. Sometimes it was very rough, and we skirted the brinks of dangerous cliffs, but we felt no fear, for the spirit of the mountains possessed us.

It was scarcely noon when clouds began to gather and settle ominously about us. Then rain came, and the wind rose in fitful gusts to dash it into our faces. It was cold, too, "*Mucho frio, mucho frio,*" Wilkinson repeated as he wound a *zerape* and oilskin about him, and I shivered in my khaki suit and rubber poncho.

We did not halt to make a fire for luncheon, but contented ourselves with cold *tortillas* and canned dried beef, munching as we rode. It became a cheerless ride for we were denied the diversion of viewing some of the grandest scenery in the world, and I felt a sort of resentment against the persistent, low-hanging clouds and mist that obscured our view.

Once we met two mounted Mexicans, swarthy fellows, armed to the teeth with rifles, revolvers, and knives. They looked at us suspiciously as we passed, but answered my "*Buenos tardes*" civilly enough and were soon lost in the mist and rain.

Finally, when we had climbed to an elevation of eight thousand feet, the clouds lifted for a little and we could

see that all about us, in the higher peaks, snow was falling. The temperature had crawled down to forty degrees, and I was thankful when, well into the afternoon, we rode into the shelter of a pine forest and were comparatively free from the cutting wind. Straight and tall the trees stood, ninety to a hundred feet without a limb, and underneath was a carpet of needles with scarcely any undergrowth or shrubbery.

Night came suddenly. With hardly a twilight introduction darkness fell, as though the great light of heaven had been snuffed out by an invisible hand. We were just emerging from the forest into a wide, level hollow, like a great corral set among the mountain tops.

A brook ran beside our trail, there was good feed for the mules here, and it was altogether an ideal place to camp. I was somewhat in advance and stopped for Wilkinson to overtake me, determined to pitch my tent under the shadow of the pines, when we glimpsed the faint flicker of a light not far ahead.

A little way and the outlines of a cabin appeared—if I may dignify the miserable shack with that name. In front we could discern a shed attached to a small log habitation in the rear. Between the unchinked logs and open gable ends of the latter came the uncertain light of a fire. We could see that it was a miserable place in which to spend the night. But as the rain was pouring down, and it was now so dark that to find wood for our fire, even though we were to pitch our tent, would be tedious work, we chose the poor shelter of the hut.

Wilkinson shouted to the occupants, and in a moment the door opened and a woman appeared, her hand raised to shade her eyes as she endeavored to penetrate the blackness that surrounded us. Picturesque and weird she looked as she stood framed in the doorway, in sharp silhouette against the interior glow, her tall, gaunt figure leaning forward, a mass of tangled black hair half hiding her Indian features, and a frightened child clinging to her skirts.

"Who are you?" she asked in Spanish.

"An American and his *mozo*. We



THE CABIN WHERE WE SPENT THE NIGHT, WITH SMOKE OF OUR OPEN FIRE ISSUING FROM THE ROOF.

are your friends and we crave shelter from the storm," answered Wilkinson. "You are welcome."

The child was lifted by an arm and swung impatiently out of view, the woman retreated, and the door closed sharply.

We dismounted, unsaddled, and piled our things in the shed. The roof was leaky and the earth beneath muddy,

but it was better than the open. The mules were turned to pasture, and then we entered the room.

It was not over twelve feet square. A small fire burned at one end, in a sort of improvised fireplace built of loose stones. There was no chimney and the place was partially filled with smoke, though the open gables and wide-spaced logs offered small impediment to its es-



WILD FLOWERS AND RANK WEEDS RUN RIOT IN CANELAS CHURCHYARDS.



PEAKS ROLLED AWAY LIKE THE MIGHTY BILLOWS OF A STORM-TOSSED SEA.

cape. The woman was baking *tortillas* for supper, and four small children huddled and shivered around the fire.

The oldest child was not over six years of age, the youngest perhaps one—three girls and a boy. Each was clad in no other garment than a ragged calico frock. Neither the woman nor the children wore shoes, stockings, or even sandals. The only furniture was a hewn log raised somewhat above the earthen floor at the back of the room and supported by stones. There was neither chair nor table nor other convenience of civilization.

Everything, including the people, reeked in filth. As the woman slapped *tortillas* into form I could see, by the firelight, encrusted soil on the backs of her hands. The *tortillas* had cleansed the palms.

I had hardly completed my observations when the door opened and a man appeared—a great, unkempt fellow, dripping wet. He was much larger than the average Mexican Indian and coarser of feature. His thin cotton shirt and trousers, soaked with the rain, clung close to his body and set off his powerful frame. Below the knees his legs were bare and on his feet were sandals.

The only notice he gave us was a grunt, probably intended for a greeting, as he shook the water from a shabby straw *sombrero*. Then, squatting upon his haunches, he called the boy to him and, after tenderly kissing the child, produced some handfuls of nuts from the depths of his pockets. They were apparently a great treat to the little ones, who made exclamations of delight, and whose features glowed with pleasure as they crowded around the father.

It was plain that the boy was the favorite. It is the way of the Indian everywhere. The little girls were pushed rudely back, until a division was made of the nuts, half for the boy, the other half to be apportioned among the three girls. This seemed to be the accepted thing, for there was no murmur of protest from any of them, but rather an overflow of appreciation for what they received.

There was manifestly no room for Wilkinson and me within, and I had no

desire to stay, so we retired to the shed and by the light of a fat pine knot soon had a cheerful little camp fire by which to dry and warm our chilled selves; in a little while a sizzling pan of bacon and a pot of fragrant coffee set all the world to rights. After we had eaten, I had Wilkinson make another pot of coffee and hand it indoors with some canned meat.

Wilkinson was a tender-hearted fellow and he did it with a will. Those within were making a cheerless meal of dry *tortillas* and water. Our little treat was an event in their lives for which the man thanked us in a few rough words and the children in the pleasure that their faces reflected. They had but one cup and no plate, so we lent them ours and then left them to enjoy their meal while I smoked my pipe and ruminated on the share that chance plays in casting one's lot in life.

Up Among the Snows

The rain ceased before bedtime. We spread our tent upon the muddy earth near the fire and rolled into our blankets. Wilkinson placed my gun between us, and with a feeling of blissful comfort I fell asleep.

The morning was cold and crisp, with a tang of frost in the air. We were up long before daybreak, but the mules had strayed into the thicket, and the sun was over an hour high before Wilkinson found them and we finally started. Higher and higher we climbed until the snow was reached.

Bucephalus had never seen snow before, and at the first white patch she balked. She would not step upon it, in spite of my active spurs. Finally, long ears held forward, every nerve alert, she smelled of it, touched her nose to it, jerked it back as though stung, tried it again, grew bold, and gingerly put a foot upon it, and we were off.

Clouds gathered and obscured the sun, a cutting wind arose, and the day grew raw and chill. The snow-covered trail was exceedingly slippery, and at many points dangerous. We passed around rocky walls with a perpendicular drop of thousands of feet below us. Fre-

quently the ascent or descent was over smooth granite with a path not much more than a foot in width, and at hair-raising angles. The slightest misstep or stumble spelled death for mule and rider.

Often, near these dangerous points, suggestive cairns surmounted by crosses told the story of tragedies. Above one particularly hazardous descent I counted a group of five of these crosses, indicating that there, probably at different times, five riders had stumbled into eternity without a moment's warning.

They recalled the advice of a prospector in Culiacan. "Always be ready to slide off your mule on the upper side when you're ridin' bad trail," he said, "an' if your mule stumbles, slide an' get a footin' an' let him get straight if he can, for if he goes over the brink an' tumbles down a couple o' thousand feet you don't want t' be on his back a wing-in' your way t' glory."

Where Man Feels Small

All around us mountain peaks rolled away in the distance like mighty billows of a storm-tossed sea. Huge crags, of fantastic outline, tall pines surmounting pinnacled rocks, silhouetted against banks of ominous, low-hanging clouds, mysterious depths shrouded in the darkness of night, combined to form a scene of majestic, awe-inspiring grandeur. How insignificant we puny mortals felt. We were face to face with God and His immortal works.

We wound our way out upon a ridge that dropped down into a mighty cañon on either side. At the end, where the cañons came together, we descended to the bottom of the abyss, and on the further side rose to a still higher altitude, when to my great relief we entered a comparatively level stretch and were soon within the depths of a magnificent pine forest.

Here was a complete change of topography. The ground grew gently undulating, the tall, straight trees stood thick about us, and every vestige of rugged mountain peak and crag was shut from view. We had reached an elevation of ninety-five-hundred feet.

Under the trees was spread an even

carpet of snow, which covered and completely hid the trail. In blind search for it I rode ahead for some distance and then halted for Wilkinson. He, too, was completely confused. Nowhere was there a mark or sign to indicate our course. Vainly we circled among the trees for some depression in the snow or token to guide us, but none was to be found.

There was nothing to do but keep an easterly direction. We joggled along in a disturbed state of mind for several miles, when we came upon some trees tapped for rosin. Not far beyond we discovered an improvised lean-to, which had sheltered a man during the previous night and contained the still smoking embers of a fire. The camper's trail led away in the direction we were taking. They were the tracks of a man in sandals, as prints of bare toes in the snow plainly indicated.

For two hours we followed the trail, when suddenly we broke into a clearing in the center of which stood a small log hut, with smoke issuing from its open gables. As we approached, a tall young Indian, thinly clad, with bare legs and sandaled feet, came out to give us a smiling welcome. He was quite alone and invited us to join him at his fire.

The invitation was accepted, and over a kettle of hot coffee, which Wilkinson brewed, we learned that we had gone many miles astray. The Indian offered to lead us by a short cut to a trail that would take us to Canelas, a mining village to the northeast, at which point we could pick up the regular trail direct to Tepehuanes.

The short cut that the Indian proposed was little used save by footmen, and was rough and led over some high elevations, but he assured us that our animals would find no difficulty in following it, and it would save us at least a day's traveling. Sleet and snow were falling and it was very cold. In my broken Spanish I suggested that he could not travel in the snow with only sandals on his feet, but he laughed and explained that it was no hardship. He had never worn anything else.

We finally accepted the Indian's offer, and he led us off over one of the roughest

trails it has ever been my fortune to travel. Out of the gently rolling country we passed, out of the great pines, skirted the upper wall of a magnificent cañon, and then up and up we wound around a jagged peak until we had reached an altitude of eleven thousand feet. From this point we dropped a thousand feet or so, came again to a leveler stretch, and at nightfall halted in front of a typical mountain hut, a little

dropped below freezing and a crust had formed on the snow. Our smooth-shod mules slipped dangerously on the rocks, where the snow had blown away and left a glaze of ice, but we met with no mishap.

All day we were surrounded by scenery of sublime grandeur. Pinnacles and towers, castles and mighty fortresses of granite, cañons deep and dark, lay about us. At one point a creek fell from the



THE NARROW STREETS OF THE PICTURESQUE OLD TOWN OF CANELAS.

larger than the one in which we had spent the previous night and with two rooms, but otherwise its counterpart.

The hut was vacant and we took possession. The earthen floor was partially covered with snow which had drifted in between the logs, but a rousing fire of pine knots, a pan of bacon, and a pot of coffee, a comforting pipe, and then a bed of fragrant fir boughs, upon which to recline and watch the glowing coals, transformed it into a palace of bliss, to be remembered as the best of all our mountain camps.

In the morning the temperature had

rocks above to be lost in a cloud mist below, where it sent back a thundering roar from the lower depths. Our trail passed between wall and torrent midway of its fall, and we were drenched with spray as we made the passage under it.

Presently we began to descend. At seventy-eight hundred feet the last of the snow was seen. Traveling improved perceptibly, and the temperature grew much milder. Wilkinson, clad in two suits of underwear, three flannel shirts, two pairs of trousers, and two pairs of thick socks, had been shivering and complaining constantly of "*mucho frio.*"

Now he melted into geniality. The Indian, trotting ahead, though half naked, had appeared quite impervious to the cold. With him it was a matter of course, for he was a mountain man.

In a gentle hollow we came upon some mules browsing and a little farther on found the muleteers gathered around a camp fire. We halted for a moment to pass the time of day, and they gave us some native apples. The fruit was of excellent flavor, though only seedlings.

Gentlemen of the Road

Beyond the muleteers' bivouac we met a horseman armed with rifle and revolver, and on foot, at his heels, two similarly armed men, who carried their rifles loose on their arms, as though ready for instant use. They were swarthy, ill-looking fellows, and Wilkinson became instantly nervous. I glanced behind and saw that the footmen had stopped to watch us. At the first bend in the trail Wilkinson halted and discharged our Indian guide.

Almost before I could hand the fellow some silver and thank him for his service, the anxious Wilkinson was urging me to "*Vamos! Vamos!*" and for a little while we traveled faster than at any time since leaving Chacala, but never fast enough for the reckless Wilkinson, who was manifestly afraid of the armed men in the rear. We were a pretty rough-looking outfit ourselves, however, and if they were bent upon mischief they probably did not deem us worthy their attention, but not until we had met and passed a pack train did Wilkinson settle again into his usual manner.

We were now on the Canelas trail, and a regular line of travel, as the well-beaten path indicated, and in a little while began to drop from the heights; as we swung around a point we beheld the white buildings of the town nestling deep in a hollow below. The descent was like going downstairs, and with every step the atmosphere grew mellow. Finally we passed green corn fields, guavas, oranges, and lemons hanging yellow on the trees, banana fields, and gardens. Wilkinson plucked two

delicious cherimoyas from a tree and handed one to me.

An hour before sunset we rode into the narrow streets of the picturesque old town. We were not yet over the divide, and a native whom we met, who could speak some English, told me that as the trails beyond, normally bad, were now buried and hidden by the snow, it would be foolhardy to proceed until a day or two of sunshine had cleared them. No native, he said, would attempt the journey with the prevailing conditions. I decided, therefore, to remain at least one day in Canelas, and was glad of the opportunity to give the mules a rest, for they were quite spent.

Canelas lies in a bowl-shaped depression at the head of two cañons. The name means corral, and is indicative of its shut-in position. At no point is the base of the bowl more than half a mile wide. On all sides the mountains rise almost sheer, their jagged peaks piercing the blue heavens a mile overhead to form the serrated rim of the mighty bowl. It lies on the Pacific side of the Sierra Madres, and at an elevation of forty-five hundred feet above sea level.

Since the days of the Spaniard it has been a mining town. The better buildings, clustered around the plaza, were designed by the conquerors, not only as dwellings but as fortifications in which the inhabitants could find a safe retreat from the hostile Indians who infested the mountain fastnesses. Many of the old walls of solid masonry are fully four feet thick, and besides the doorways have no other opening than occasional narrow slits beneath the high ceiling, which served in other days as loopholes. The floors are of stone or brick and the doors of ponderous oak or mahogany, which only cannon balls could have battered down, and the dungeon-like rooms are filled with the damp and musk of centuries.

I saw no glass windows in the town save those in its two crumbling churches. One of these churches was built in the sixteenth century, the other is doubtless of seventeenth century origin. Now, though both are open at all times to individual worshipers, only occasionally does a *padre* come to say mass. Wild

flowers and rank weeds alike run riot in the churchyards, and within are somber and smoky walls hung with grotesque caricatures, in oil, of saints.

Wilkinson and I shared a little cell-like room opening upon the patio of one of the ancient houses. It had no window or even loopholes to admit light and air, and we were forced to sleep with an open door or we should have smothered. The place was as damp and dank and cheerless as a cellar.

There was one canvas cot, which I appropriated, while the *mozo* curled in his blankets on the stone floor. Two old Spanish women presided over the establishment with a grace and courtesy worthy a mansion. They were very old, and so shriveled and shrunken, that I almost fancied them the original occupants of their ancient home who had lived on and on through the intervening centuries.

We were served our meals at an adjoining house. Here, also, the people were of Spanish origin and most hospitable. The family, consisting of a widowed mother, a grown daughter, and an alert, handsome boy of fifteen, were very poor, but far superior to the average *peons* with whom I had come in contact. They were proud, too, and so strenuously declined my money in payment for our entertainment, which I urged upon them in advance in view of their very evident need, that I had finally to rely upon Wilkinson's tact and rhetoric to induce them to accept it.

Their persons and their home were scrupulously clean, and their cooking, though typical of the country, was superior. The memory of their cordial reception, their hospitality, and their constant courtesy during our two days' halt in Canelas I shall long cherish as one of the pleasantest recollections of my Mexican experiences.

Silver mining is still carried on in Canelas, though at the time of my visit the mines were, unfortunately, all temporarily closed. On the outskirts of the village I visited a native ore mill, where, with its ancient *rastra* and old-time methods, silver is extracted from quartz to-day just as it was in the same mill in the early Spanish days. There was the

same ponderous wheel of stone, hauled around in its pit by weary mules as it crushed into powder the metal-laden quartz, and there was the same charcoal furnace where the silver was melted and run into bars.

Down within the mouth of a cañon is a small modern plant. Two thousand feet above it, on the side of the steep mountain, is the mouth of the tunnel from which the ore for this mill is dug. From the tunnel to the mill is a slide down which the ore is shot by its own momentum. The whole country hereabouts is mineralized, but is so difficult of access that as yet comparatively little advantage has been taken of it.

The circular space surrounding Canelas was all under cultivation, and even on the steep mountain sides—so steep that one wonders how man can find footing there—corn and beans are grown. Plowing in these steep places is, of course, impossible, but men crawl along and plant the seed in unbroken ground, leaving the crops to take care of themselves until the harvest time.

An Amateur M.D.

Wilkinson got me into an awkward situation the morning of our second day in Canelas. On the previous evening he had complained of a severe headache, and to relieve it I administered a five-grain tablet of acetanilid. He noted my leather medicine case with much interest, and when his head cleared within an hour decided that I was a physician and immediately sang my praises all about the town.

With his suave and agreeable manner, Wilkinson soon made friends of half the population. A young *peon* whom he met was suffering with a toothache, and he sent the fellow to me for treatment. In the few words of Spanish at my command I endeavored to explain that I was neither physician nor dentist and had no instruments with which to draw the tooth, nor means of curing it. But the man was obdurate. My *mozo* had said I was a *medico*, and he ought to know.

The tooth was very painful. The blessing of the saints would rest upon me if I would exert my skill. If I had

no instruments with me, I had medicines and I could surely give him something.

Finally in self-defense I painted the gums around the offending tooth with iodine, to act as a counter-irritant, and on general principles administered a good dose of compound cathartics. The iodine relieved the pain, and my patient went his way rejoicing, to spread my fame broadcast.

In a little while I was besieged. Applicants for treatment crowded in upon

me thick and fast. They all looked bilious, and as I had nothing else to give them anyway, I dealt out compound cathartics in ample doses, until I had made ten sufferers happy. Then I went for a walk.

When I returned to our quarters at dusk, I gave Wilkinson orders to have the mules saddled and ready to leave town at daylight. I was filled with misgivings and had a pressing desire to see other parts of Mexico.

[*To be concluded.*]

THE MAN WHO RODE "PURGATORY"

BY CHARLES ALDEN SELTZER

Illustrated with Frontispiece by D. C. Hutchison



LOOKING out of the ranchhouse window Sid Tucker, manager of Lazy J, saw a hundred miles of sand and dust, hot, dry, and shimmering in the white glare of a sun that shone down from an empty sky. He saw splotches of cactus, their blossoms scarlet against a dull background, contrasting vividly with gray thickets of mesquite, stunted oak-brush, sage, and yellow tinted soapweed. Between the ranchhouse and the ragged sky-line was an emptiness that suggested interminable space.

The manager had never been able to discover beauty in the picture, and yet for fully five minutes he had given it his undivided attention. Presently he turned to the young man who stood just inside the ranchhouse door, garbed in exaggerated Western costume, beardless, lean-faced, with eyes that hinted at a grave innocence strangely blended with the boldness of youth. And now from Tucker's expression was gone the vagueness of absent-minded contemplation. In his eyes had settled the light of humorous inquiry.

"And so you want to work for Lazy

J?" he asked, as though the idea had occasioned deep surprise.

"I reckon that's why I asked you," returned the young man easily without changing his position.

Tucker's lips tightened. It was said of Tucker that this tightening of the lips was no indication of the trend of his thoughts. In the present instance, he might have been amused or displeased. He held no reputation for levity.

Ten minutes before, when he had seen the young man slide from his drooping cow-pony, fling the reins over its head, and stride into the ranchhouse with boldly whizzing spurs, Tucker's eyes had sought the vista of sand and cactus. The first look he had taken at the stranger had sent his mind on a long journey into the past. That was why he had kept the young man waiting.

"I don't remember," he said abruptly, "that this here outfit has ever advertised to break in tenderfeet."

From under his shaggy eyebrows Tucker watched furtively to see how the stranger would take this unmistakable slur. Except for a slight stiffening of the body and the faintest trace of a smile, the young man gave no indication of feeling.

"I don't remember that I asked you to," he returned, almost tenderly.

In spite of the softness of the tone there was a cold note somewhere. Tucker's lips tightened again.

"Where did you come from?"
"Springerville."

Tucker contemplated the young man gravely. Then after a moment he smiled cynically. "You're from Springerville," he said frigidly. "Why that's Baggett's ranch."

"Sure. I thought you'd know." There was a complacent enjoyment in the stranger's tone.

Tucker made a second inspection of him. He was tall and well set up. The leathern chaps, which had especially aroused the manager's ill-concealed scorn, had seen hard wear. But there was the wide-brimmed hat—too wide for the cowpuncher who had been in the country long enough to appreciate modesty of dress—and the two guns—sagging over each hip—that were more of a drag than a convenience, except when a man was adept in their use.

Tucker finished his inspection and snapped his eyes to a level with the stranger's.

"I expect you know Baggett's foreman?" he inquired abruptly.

"Dave Barry? Sure."

"Humph! And you worked under him!"

The young man smiled drily. "Couldn't have worked at Baggett's unless I did," he said.

Tucker glared with cold unbelief. "Know a fellow over there named Webb Ball?"

The stranger nodded. "Sure. You know him?" he returned.

"Heard of him," was Tucker's answer. "Bronco buster. Barry told me he was a regular dare-devil at breaking horses. Said he was plum quick with a gun, too, but never looked for trouble." He half smiled at the young man. "Just now we could use a man like that."

"Gun-man?" said the stranger, dropping his words slowly.

Tucker's eyes flickered with a tremulous humor. "No!" he said with decision; "that kind is too dangerous for

this locality. Might buckle up against Deveny, our range boss; he's some quick with a gun too. But we're short a bronc' buster. Got some horses that Satan himself wouldn't risk his neck riding. 'Purgatory' 's the worst of the lot. I'd sure like to see Webb Ball try to ride him!" There was a whimsical note in his voice. His eyes met the stranger's. "Now if you was Webb——"

"I am Webb Ball," said the latter quietly.

Tucker fairly spluttered. Then a blush slowly mounted his face. No man likes the sudden humbling of his pride of judgment.

"I've heard about this 'Purgatory' horse," continued the stranger, unmoved by Tucker's ejaculation. "Some of the boys over at Baggett's say as how he can't be rode. I can ride some," he stated, with the calmness of perfect confidence in his own ability, "and I reckon I can ride this 'Purgatory' horse."

Tucker's eyes cooled with slow decision. "You can work here," he said presently; "and you'll ride horses when you're told. And if you ain't the man you say you are——"

"Don't!" said the stranger. And his lips curled and whitened.

Tucker laughed. "I reckon you're no false alarm," he said. "Go over to the bunkhouse and tell Deveny I've hired you."

"Thanks," said Ball. He stepped outside the door, and then returning, stuck his head in.

"If it's just the same to you," he said quietly, "I'd just as soon you wouldn't advertise that I'm from Baggett's."

There was in the manager's mind a desire for enlightenment, but he reflected upon the peculiar notions of the average cowpuncher and smiled with indulgent sarcasm.

"You see," continued Ball, "I wouldn't want the boys here to know that I came over special to ride 'Purgatory.'"

And not waiting for an answer he walked to his pony, tucked the reins under his arm, and led the animal to the corral. Tucker watched him as he let down the bars and replaced them,

watched him as, with his saddle on his shoulder, he strode unconcernedly toward the bunkhouse.

"He's either a conceited son-of-a-gun, or he's the simon pure article," reflected the manager. He watched Ball until he disappeared through the door of the bunkhouse. "Anyhow," he concluded, summarizing his thoughts, "he's the first man that ever had me guessing."

Down in the *adobe* bunkhouse at the edge of a cottonwood clump the Lazy J outfit was performing its ablutions preparatory to sitting down to dinner. A score of eyes were on Ball as he threw his saddle on the ground outside the door and entered the bunkhouse. There was the welcome aroma of steaming coffee and the savory scent of fresh cooked beef. Several of the men were already seated at the long table when Ball entered.

No one showed any surprise, but many eyes met in suggestive squints. Like Tucker, they knew the significance of extra broad brims and leathern chaps.

"I'm looking for Deveny," said Ball.

At the extreme end of the table a tall man rose from a chair, peering through the steam-laden atmosphere at the newcomer.

"Well, what do you want with him?" he demanded brusquely.

Ball swung slowly on his heels and faced the man.

"If you are Deveny," he said quietly, "I want to tell you that Sid Tucker has hired me. I'm going to work here."

Following this matter-of-fact announcement there was a sudden movement at the end of the table. A chair grated on the floor, and out of the obscuring steam clouds came the tall man, shuffling slowly toward the light of the door.

"I'm Deveny!" he said shortly.

He came closer, his attitude one of contemptuous insolence. Folding his arms across his great chest he eyed Ball with evident disfavor. He appeared to be making some pleasing mental calculations, for his eyes slowly closed to a quizzical squint and his lips curved into a cynical smile.

Suppressed curiosity was everywhere. Eyes that had previously been filled with

a glazed unconcern over the monotony of things now brightened with interest as their owners crowded closer to see the stranger. Speculation ran riot in every man's mind, but with the gentle consideration that Western etiquette teaches they forebore speech. Some of them stood with folded arms, their freshly brushed hair plastered over their heads with extravagant precision; others—not yet prepared for the table—poked their tousled heads into the room through the open doorway.

The stranger had said that he was going to work for Lazy J. But was he? Much depended upon how Deveny decided. As range boss for Lazy J, Deveny had lived well up to his reputation for downright meanness.

"And so Tucker has hired you?" said Deveny. He contrived to give his words a venomous twist that made them almost an insult, and he swept his insolent gaze slowly up and down Ball's figure.

"Tucker is sure mighty careless who he hires," he said again.

Fifteen of the sixteen men in the bunkhouse would have resented Deveny's words with an equally insulting retort; fifteen of the sixteen expected the stranger to do the same. If he did not, he would, without further question, be placed among that small number of human weaklings known to the cowpuncher as "Yellows"—which, being interpreted, means cowards. And so in breathless silence they waited for the stranger to "show his hand."

"I told Tucker I wanted work mighty bad," said Ball, apology in his tone.

Deveny's eyes flickered tremulously. Behind and around him healthy lungs sighed in process of deflation. Interest in the stranger had now become largely negative. Several of the men sought their chairs at the table, grinning contemptuously. Deveny placed his hands on his hips and rocked back and forth on his heels.

"Yes," he said, shutting one eye at Ferguson, the straw boss, "you look as though you need work mighty bad. Had 'em long?" he questioned suddenly.

"What?"

"Them guns and that hat," returned Deveny. He laughed around the circle

of faces. "Never saw but one hat like that before," he declared with a slow drawl, "and that was back in Chicago—before I came out here. Saw it in a store window, surrounded with belts and guns and bowies—like no man ever wears. If you expect to work here you'll get a respectable hat. You hear?"

The men waited expectantly to hear the stranger's reply to this second test. Then when Ball answered simply "Yes," they smiled expressively into one another's eyes and sought their places at the table. Deveny returned to his seat at the extreme end in scornful silence. Ball stood beside the open door, staring about uncertainly. Several of the men snickered.

"Sit down and eat, curse you!" said Deveny.

From that moment fifteen of the sixteen men ignored Ball's very existence, giving their attention wholly to their dinners. Ball found a seat beside the sixteenth man.

"Deveny's a bad one," suggested this personage, addressing Ball, while throwing covert glances at the range boss. He might have been about Ball's age, and he was a rugged looking man, but there was that in his eyes that told of timidity and indecision. While he ate he continually cast glances at Deveny from under lowered eyelids.

"I wouldn't take no job here," he suggested in a significant undertone.

Ball caught his glance. "Why?"

The Sixteenth Man hesitated. He awaited his chance before replying. "Well, for one thing," he said finally, "Deveny didn't take a shine to you, and no man can work here if Deveny don't like him."

"That all?" questioned Ball as the Sixteenth Man hesitated again.

"No. You ain't game."

For the slightest instant Ball's face paled and his lips twitched with a sudden hardness. Then he stared straight before him with expressionless eyes. He took several sips of coffee from his tin cup before he replied.

"Then you think Deveny will make things interesting for me?" he questioned.

"Interesting?" The Sixteenth Man's

voice was pregnant with unspoken sarcasm. "Say," he added, "are you a fool, too? Can't you see that he don't want you?"

Whether Ball could "see" or not, he contented himself with allowing the Sixteenth Man to guess what his reply would have been had he spoken. But the Sixteenth Man had prophesied correctly, Deveny had not taken a "shine" to him. The range boss manifested this in many ways, taking advantage of the broad license given him by Tucker, who never interfered with him in his method of handling the men.

Ball had been hired to break horses, but for three weeks after his first appearance at the bunkhouse he labored long days in the irrigation ditches, alone, under a sun that swam in a dead sky; while the other men, on their way to and from the range, smiled comprehensively and sent subtle jeers at him. But he labored patiently and diligently at the digging, and if Deveny thought to discourage him from remaining at Lazy J he must secretly have admitted his failure. And he accepted the range boss's sarcasm in much the same manner that he accepted his place in the ditches.

Then suddenly one day Deveny called him from a ditch and assigned him to a place in the cookhouse. His duties here were to wash dishes and to perform such other menial service as the autocrat of the bunkhouse directed. The first meal dished up to the outfit by Ball was made the occasion of hilarious but subdued jollity. Allusions to the "tenderfoot biscuit-shooter" failed utterly to shake Ball's unflinching patience. Scraps of conversation overheard by him, including such phrases and terms as: "Yellow's two guns" (which he wore always), and the "wagoner's hat" (which Ball still wore in spite of Deveny's profane admonition to procure a "respectable" one), and "scairt cuss," passed unnoticed or were accepted with slowly whitening lips and smoldering glances.

A week after his advent at the bunkhouse Deveny managed to overturn a tin of coffee upon Ball's hand as he attempted to reach over the table. For an instant Ball stiffened and his eyes flashed ominously. Then he smiled

wanly and apologized to Deveny for his clumsiness. The men of the outfit knew Deveny and they snickered into their plates over the incident. For the next week Ball went about his work in the bunkhouse with his hand bandaged.

Apparently the Sixteenth Man sympathized with him. "He's bound to get you," he said to Ball. "Sooner or later you'll find his insults too much and you'll try to pull your gun on him. And then——"

"What?"

"Then you'll die quite sudden, and the boys'll plant you over in the hills."

But evidently, judging from Deveny's manner, it was not his intention to goad Ball into drawing his gun. If this was his intention, he concealed it with consummate skill. It was apparent, however, that he took pleasure in placing Ball in such positions that he appeared a ridiculous figure among the men of the outfit. Besides, having the reputation of being a gun-fighter Deveny might have hesitated about picking a quarrel with the inoffensive Ball, for while the men of the outfit were quite willing to laugh at the young man, they might have resented his being forced into a gun fight that would end in his death. The Sixteenth Man communicated this to Ball one night after supper.

"The boys know Deveny is after you, and while they're not admiring you any, they're going to see that you get a square deal." The Sixteenth Man was surprised that Ball showed no signs of appreciation.

Then one morning about a week later Deveny entered the bunkhouse while the men were at breakfast and Ball was pouring coffee. The range boss's manner was one of domineering insolence.

"Well, Sonny, how do you like cooking?" he asked.

Ball did not look at him as he replied: "It's a heap better than breaking horses."

The range boss meditated, frowning at Ball's averted face. Then he smiled with inscrutable humor. "You don't like to break horses, I take it," he said.

"That's so," assented Ball. For the first time in many weeks he smiled.

Deveny grinned around at the men.

"We're going to round up a bunch of mavericks to-day, and I reckon you'll go along."

Half an hour later as Ball was tightening the cinches of his saddle, Deveny came up to him.

"You won't ride that skate!" he sneered, indicating Ball's pony. "Show him 'Purgatory'!" he ordered, speaking to the Sixteenth Man. Deveny grinned maliciously as he departed for the manager's office.

"Thunder and blazes!" exclaimed the Sixteenth Man, white-lipped, to Ball. "'Purgatory's' a devil; a lightning bolt on legs! There ain't a man in the Territory can——"

"That him in the corner?" interrupted Ball, nodding toward a slant-eyed, mustard-colored pony that had kicked a clear space around him in the corral. The Sixteenth Man made an affirmative sign. Ball was already unslinging the coiled rope that hung at the pommel of his saddle. The Sixteenth Man stepped over to him and laid a detaining hand upon him.

"Don't try to ride him," he said, and his tone was almost a plea. "He'll kill you like he did that other tenderfoot that came out here two years ago. He was only a kid, and Deveny made him ride 'Purgatory'—and 'Purgatory' killed him. No man has tried to ride 'Purgatory' since. And now——"

"What kid?" questioned Ball brusquely.

"A boy named Malone," said the Sixteenth Man tenderly.

"The kid ought to have known better," declared Ball with sudden gruffness. He turned and watched the range boss, listening meanwhile to the Sixteenth Man and still working to uncoil the rope from the saddle horn.

"Shucks!" said the Sixteenth Man with reproving heat. "You didn't know the kid or you wouldn't talk that way about him. Any of the boys would have went to hell for him! I can't forget what he did for me." The Sixteenth Man's voice softened.

"What did the kid do to Deveny that Deveny made him ride 'Purgatory'?" questioned Ball, his face averted.

The Sixteenth Man cursed softly.

"What did you do to him that he wants you to ride him?" he flared back. "Nothing, I reckon. Only Deveny didn't like him any more'n he likes you! Showed it the same way, too. Gets both of you to ride 'Purgatory.' And 'Purgatory' killed the kid and he'll kill you!"

"Maybe," said Ball shortly. He shook out his lariat and climbed the corral fence, making his way slowly toward the pony. A bridle trailed from his left arm.

The Sixteenth Man leaned against the corral fence, prepared to extend his sympathies to Ball when the latter should return—defeated. The Sixteenth Man knew that "Purgatory" had a reputation for evasion that extended throughout the Territory. Several of the men, ready for the trip to the range, rode up to the corral bars and halted to watch Ball's defeat. They said no word, but exchanged eloquent glances. They had all had their trial with "Purgatory."

But Ball wasted no time in false movements. Holding his rope low, so that it almost trailed the ground, he approached within fifty feet of "Purgatory." Then while the watchers marveled at his apparent carelessness there was a sudden swish, a dust cloud as "Purgatory" sensed the impending danger, a struggle—and "Purgatory" lay prone in the dust, his head held down by Ball.

The Sixteenth man took down the corral bars and in awed silence watched Ball lead "Purgatory" forth, the bridle securely adjusted. Then the Sixteenth Man replaced the bars and held "Purgatory's" head while Ball placed the saddle upon him. "Purgatory's" efforts to prevent the tightening of the cinches were fruitless, for the swift and sure movements of this new man took him by surprise.

After a moment he stood flat-eared and vicious, trembling with rage and fear. In two years no man had dared offer him this indignity, and his moment of indecision was given over to a distracted horse expression.

In that moment Ball had sprung into the saddle. At that moment also Deveny came out of the manager's office—the manager following.

"The crazy fool!" said Tucker. "If I had known he was going to try and ride 'Purgatory'—"

"My orders," interrupted Deveny curtly. The eyes of the two men met—Tucker's wide with a slow-dawning comprehension, Deveny's cold and level under his shaggy eyebrows.

"It's murder!" declared Tucker hoarsely. He was white to the lips. He was thinking of the day Ball had come to him. That meeting had aroused a slumbering sentiment which had developed into something almost like affection for Ball.

Deveny laughed evilly. "Yes," he drawled, "'Purgatory's' sure a man-killer."

The manager said nothing more, but came away from the door of the ranch-house and stood silent, his eyes smoldering with a deep fire, watching Ball and "Purgatory."

"Purgatory" had been only astonished when Ball had tightened the cinches; he was stunned when he felt the man's weight on his back. But only for a moment. He required only this small space of time to realize that his arch enemy—man—was again brazenly attempting to conquer him. Then, his brain afire with the man-hatred of his wild ancestors, he squealed with almost human rage and flung himself erect, standing dizzily upon his hind legs, pawing the air frantically. Finding the man unshaken, he bucked. A dozen times he sprang wildly into the air, coming down with arched spine, his four hoofs bunched, his head well down, his thin nostrils distorted with a snorting terror.

But Ball sat in the saddle, swinging his lithe body cleverly to "Purgatory's" eccentric movements, rising in his stirrups when "Purgatory" bunched his feet upon the ground, goading the animal sharply with his spurs when it launched its body into the air, and twining his legs around it when with head down and heels in the air it attempted to pitch him out of the saddle head foremost. Sitting on the top rail of the corral fence the Sixteenth Man ceased mumbling a crude prayer and sat erect, suddenly aware that prayers for Ball

were quite superfluous; evidently he had ridden "Purgatory's" breed before.

"By the Lord!" exclaimed Tucker at this instant. "He *can* ride!"

Deveny grinned, maliciously. "Old 'Purgatory' has got some other tricks that he'll try before long," he said.

"Yes," observed Tucker triumphantly; "that's one of them!"

"Purgatory," coming down with a prodigious buck, had suddenly rolled. This was accomplished by striking the earth with his forelegs unjointed and stiffening his hind legs at the moment of impact. But evidently anticipating this move, Ball had flung his feet free of the stirrups, landing lightly on the earth beside "Purgatory," and was using his heavy quirt with merciless vigor. "Purgatory" snorted with surprise; this spectacular performance had usually been enough for the ordinary rider.

Never before had he been forced to undergo the humiliation of a whipping when he had attempted it. Hard driven, stung by the heavy lash that took him upon all sides, "Purgatory" scrambled wildly to his feet, intent on escaping his tormentor. Before he had taken two steps Ball had vaulted lightly into the saddle again.

"Whoop-e-e-e!" yelled the Sixteenth Man from his position on the fence. And then, in a lower voice and reprovingly, "And I told him he wasn't game!"

Again feeling the weight of his adversary, "Purgatory" whipped around the broad level between the cottonwoods and the ranchhouse, wild-eyed, desperate, making abrupt plunges, swerving with sudden, side-stepping jerks, rearing so far back that an inch more would have sent him crashing down. Still his enemy clung to his back with certain, unshaken determination; still the sharp spurs reminded him that his ancient enemy was supreme.

It was the most terrific time of "Purgatory's" life. He had been accustomed to seeing his enemy from the inside of the corral; the corral fence had been the line that had separated him from the two-legged animal that he feared and hated. And heretofore when they had attempted to sit astride him he had dis-

posed of them quickly and finally. But now here was one of them who could not be displaced, who clung to him as though perforce he was a part of him, who, when he reared, flung himself free of the stirrups and made ready to lash him with the cruel quirt, and when he would arch his back would rise easily with him and at last settle firmly into the saddle to ply the torturing steel.

"Purgatory" halted suddenly and gathered himself for a supreme effort. As his sinews trembled on the verge of action he heard his enemy's voice, taunting him:

"Buck, will you, you red-eyed devil? Well, buck then! Buck!"

Half set for a plunge, "Purgatory" snorted with anguish as the sharp spurs cut into his blood-flecked flanks and rose in the air with a squeal of rage and pain as they sank in again. He had no thought of bucking now; his one great desire was to get away from the tormenting pain of the rolling points of steel that tore incessantly into his sides.

The men of Lazy J saw the victory and they yelled hoarsely as "Purgatory," driven to desperation for the first time in his life, surrendered to the masterful riding of his enemy and fled out upon the plains. The men of Lazy J kept their gaze upon the dust cloud that enveloped horse and rider until both disappeared from view in the distance. Then they drew together, eager-voiced and communicative. There was not one of them but saw the darkness that had settled over the face of the range boss.

Half an hour later "Purgatory" trotted into camp, his head drooping, his red nostrils shrilling the air into his exhausted lungs, the foam of exertion reeking from his sides. Upon his back Ball rode nonchalantly, smoking a scornful cigarette.

The men still lingered about the corral fence, and Tucker saw Ball's triumphant approach from the window of the ranchhouse. He smiled with satisfaction. From a window in the bunkhouse Deveny also saw "Purgatory's" subjugation and he cursed with an abandon that startled the cook into overturning the coffee pot.

When Ball took his place beside the

Sixteenth Man at the supper table the atmosphere of the bunkhouse was vibrant with expectation. Tucker came in before the meal was finished, sitting down at the table with the men—a most unusual thing. Lazy J had sized up the stranger—and had made a mistake. Therefore the men of Lazy J expected developments. But nothing occurred until the meal was finished. Then in reply to a question put to him by the Sixteenth Man, Ball spoke. His voice was clear and sharp—every man of the outfit heard it and paused to listen.

"It ain't much to ride a horse like 'Purgatory'—especially if you've got an object in view. I didn't think of riding a horse—any kind of a horse—until two years ago—this fall past. I was down in Sacramento then and I heard that my kid brother had been killed riding a horse that had a reputation as a man-killer. I don't think the kid knowed much about riding a horse, but he had a way about him. He wouldn't let no man run him. In that respect he was like me." He paused and looked at the expectant faces of the men, turning his eyes finally toward Deveny.

"I've heard that the man who got him to ride the horse that killed him didn't like him any too well. I've heard that this man took a dislike to the kid and got him to ride the horse to get rid of him. It was after this news came to me that I took to riding horses. I wanted to show that range boss that the kid's brother could ride his horse.

"I'd heard of this 'Purgatory' horse over at the place where I work, and I came over special to ride him. I reckon you saw me ride him," he said without boast. He smiled with peculiar sarcasm, continuing coldly:

"I reckon even the range boss will be able to ride 'Purgatory' now!"

The slur was deliberate and intentional. It brought Deveny to his feet, cursing. All the men at the table, as if

by some mysterious telepathy, became aware of the impending crisis. Two or three left the table, others shoved their chairs back and seemed to crouch in them. The Sixteenth Man shuddered, turned pale to the lips, and huddled back against the wall. Only Ball, nonchalantly rolling a cigarette, seemed undisturbed. Yet his eyes, cold with enigmatic purpose, were fixed on Deveny.

The rangeboss smiled evilly from the end of the table. As he leaned forward his right hand fell upon the butt of his pistol, and he spoke with discordant venom.

"Take that back, you——"

Deveny had his pistol half drawn, but from somewhere about Ball's shirt front there was a flash of metal and, instantaneously, of fire. A cigarette—unrolled—fell to the table. And then Deveny sighed, placed both hands to his chest, and pitched forward upon the table, slipping presently to the floor.

Ball, his back to the wall, a pistol in either hand, covered the other men of the outfit.

"Up with your hands!" he commanded sharply; "and don't you move—none of you!" His eyes sought out the Sixteenth Man.

"You saw him try to pull?" he questioned coldly.

The Sixteenth Man took a step forward—white-faced. "I reckon we all did," he said. And then admiringly, "But you was plum quick!"

"It was a square deal," said Tucker. "I reckon Deveny wouldn't have been so reckless in trying to draw his gun if he'd knowed who you was."

Ball smiled curiously at Tucker. "I reckon you don't know either," he said quietly. His eyes swept the faces of the men.

"My name is Malone," he said. "I had a brother out here two years ago, and Deveny made him ride 'Purgatory.'"





THE FUNNY SIDE OF FOOTBALL

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



J. E. BEANS

Illustrated by J. E. Beans



LONG about half past four o'clock of a clear, cold autumn afternoon of seven years ago, eleven sturdy football players wearing the crimson jerseys of Harvard stood in the middle of Soldiers' Field and stared at one another in puzzled astonishment while a Carlisle Indian jogged through their midst and ran undisturbed down the gridiron to the goal they were supposed to be protecting. When he had passed the goal line, the Indian laid down on his back and wiggled himself around once or twice. By this time, the rest of the Carlisle team had gathered around their prostrate comrade and were laughing in aboriginal glee while the surprised Harvard eleven, still petrified in midfield, were being informed by the officials that a touchdown had just been scored against them.

"Touchdown nothing!" exclaimed the Crimson quarterback. "They didn't have the ball."

"Oh, yes, they did," the officials informed him.

"Well," put in the rest of the men, "we didn't see anyone carrying it."

"Of course not," replied the referee, "the Indian you let go by had it tucked up the back of his jersey."

And that was actually what had happened. The Indians, having received the ball on a punt, had calmly stuck it under

the close-fitting jersey of one of their fleetest runners who, swinging his arms wildly up and down as if the ball were anywhere else but on or near him, had jaunted over the chalk marks for a touchdown. The play was a perfectly fair one as far as the written rules were concerned, but it made evident the fact that the Harvard team had failed to read between the lines.

For between those lines, as well as on either side of the two real lines of contending brawn and muscle, there lurk many smiles; these smiles, brought about by incidents that are frequently accidental, quite often materially affect the scores, bringing with them the realization that to the fierce, fighting, piling, plunging sport of football there is a side other than the serious one—and that is the funny side. In witness whereof are the records of the last decade and more, as well as the verbal testimony of the men who have figured in them.

Glen Warner, who coached the Indians in the ball-under-the-jersey play, had worked out the same maneuver for the first time five years before when the Cornell team, in an early season game, executed it with the same result. And while on the subject of the Indians, it will be remembered that a few years ago the Carlisle team wore embroidered footballs on the breasts of their jerseys, arranged so that when the players folded their arms in front of them, it looked as if each of them was carrying the real

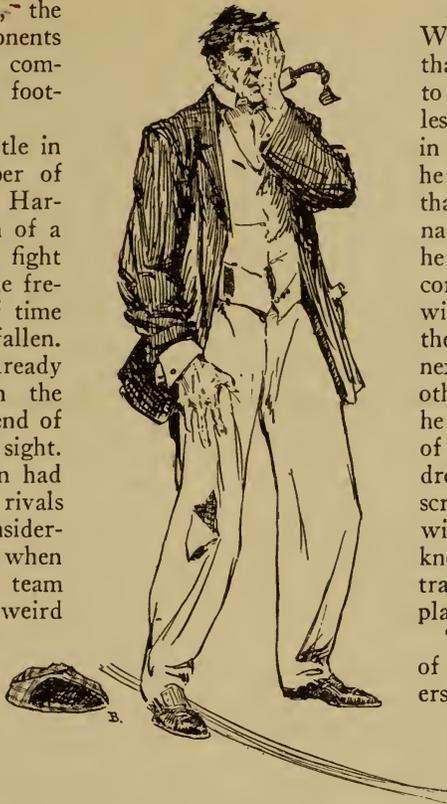
ball. In a game, the vision of their opponents would be tricked completely by the fake footballs.

In a gridiron battle in Cambridge a number of years back between Harvard and the eleven of a rival university, the fight was prolonged by the frequent taking out of time until darkness had fallen. The moon had already begun to show in the heavens before the end of the contest was in sight. The Harvard eleven had been holding its rivals successfully for a considerable period of play, when suddenly, the latter team seemed to gain weird strength.

The Crimson players feeling that they had not lost an ounce of their reserve, were at a loss to account for the increased vim that their opponents were displaying until the Harvard

quarterback, waving his hand for time to be taken out, walked over among the opposing players, counted them, and found there was an extra man in the game. The twelfth player had been brought into the play under cover of darkness. In a more recent game, the University of Pennsylvania eleven found that darkness and an extra tackle had similarly come once again to the temporary assistance of the same team.

During the second half of the game between Williams and Harvard last year, Whiting, the referee, after he had blown his whistle putting the ball into play, glanced across the field, and to his amazement, saw Edwards, the umpire, settling a dispute between the linesmen on the farther side-line. When he blew the whistle, he believed that the umpire was close at hand.



THE REFEREE CARRIED A BLACK EYE FOR SEVERAL WEEKS AS A RESULT OF HAVING LOST HIS BALANCE ON A SLIPPERY FIELD.

Now, inasmuch as Whiting knew full well that it was his duty not to blow the whistle unless the other official was in his proper place and as he realized, furthermore, that having once signalled the play to go on, he could not stop it, according to the rules, with a second blow of the whistle, he did the next best thing. In other words, clad though he was in street, instead of football, clothes, he drove headlong into the scrimmage, got the man with the ball by his knees, threw him in his tracks, and stopped the play.

"Ned" Torney, one of the best football players at Cornell in the late nineties, was extremely nearsighted. During a fierce scrimmage in a game in the season of 1899, he ran madly down the field and fell with all his weight

on what he believed to be the ball but what in reality was the head of Frank Porter, his team-mate, encased in a leather head-guard. Porter's nose was broken and as a result of Torney's falling on the "ball" the Cornell team lost an able player for several weeks.

On another occasion, during a game with Lafayette, Torney, after receiving the ball, became confused and started at top speed for his own goal line. The Lafayette players, naturally allowed him to keep on, making feeble attempts to tackle him in order to urge him all the faster. "Tar" Young, one of Torney's fellow players, dashed after him when he saw what the nearsighted man was about to do and a beautiful race resulted between the Cornell man who was trying his level best to score a touchdown against his own team and the other

Cornell man who was trying to stop him. Two yards from the goal line, Young finally caught up with Torney, tackled him, and then told him what he had been about to do.

There are several similar instances of players who have become confused in a game and have run with the ball toward their own goal. In a contest between the Yale and Crescent Athletic Club teams a number of years ago, Miller, of the latter eleven, did this same thing, as did also a Haverford player in a game several years back. In preparatory school football chronicles, there is the story of Herendeen, of the South Side Academy of Chicago, who, after nearly scoring a touchdown against his own team by running the wrong way in the annual game with the Morgan Park Academy eleven, saw his error and, turning around, ran the entire length of the field to the rival team's goal for a touchdown in favor of his team.

This running in the direction of the wrong goal, however, is not, as might be supposed, the only result of confusion that is set down on football's lighter pages. Decided novelty and unexpectedness of maneuver on the part of an eleven has, at various times, succeeded in puzzling a player on the other team to such an extent that his consequent action has been bewildering, to say the least.

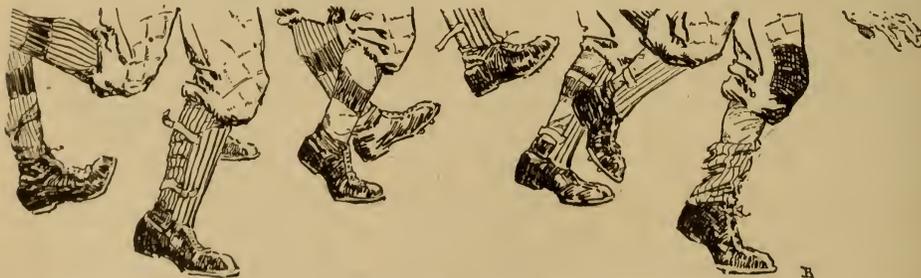
As good a story as any in this vein is told on himself by Dr. John H. Finley, now head of the College of the City of New York. In his days of post-graduate study Dr. Finley was a member of the Johns Hopkins team, one of the most important games on whose regular football schedule was that with Prince-

ton. In one of these games, the quarterback of the latter team, upon gaining possession of the ball, gave the signal to his men for a double-pass.

Now it so happened that this play had never come to the attention of the Johns Hopkins men and its execution took them completely by surprise. "Snake" Ames, acting on the signal and being the initial peg in the play, received the ball and started across the field at top speed. Finley, believing the play to be the usual end run and unaware of the fact that such a thing as the double-pass existed in football, was after Ames like a flash.

The latter, in his flight, tossed the ball to a fellow player, but Finley, with his eyes riveted on Ames, kept close after him. The rest of the Johns Hopkins team centered their attention on the speed contest between these two players and when Finley finally tackled Ames near the side-lines, the Princeton man who really had the ball was well on his way down the field. Dr. Finley admits that it took some time to convince him that he had not thrown the right man.

Everyone who followed football in the nineties will recall the name of Kelly, as able a player as ever wore the orange and black of Princeton. Kelly, prior to his matriculation at Princeton, had entered Yale and had joined the football squad immediately upon his arrival at New Haven. The fact that one of his feet was slightly deformed caused the coaches of the Yale squad to regard his candidacy for the 'Varsity rather dubiously and Kelly was not given all the chances to show his prowess that he believed should have been allowed him. This idea wormed itself into his mind until it assumed the proportions of a



ABE SEIZED THE THONGS OF THE PIGSKIN WITH HIS TEETH AND STARTED AT TOP SPEED ACROSS THE GRIDIRON.

good sized grudge and he told the coaches that if they would not let him show them what he could do at New Haven, he would show them on another gridiron.

Accordingly he left Yale at once and entered Princeton, where his spectacular work in practice quickly gained him a place for him as halfback on the 'Varsity. This was in 1896. Kelly played like a fiend in the earlier games of the season, but kept his reserve strength bottled up for one event—the last game of the season, with Yale. As soon as this contest began, Kelly was here, there, everywhere.

His tackles were dead sure, his dashes with the ball were fierce and never futile, and his general defensive work was even better than his offense. His play became so certain and instilled such confidence into his team that, at several points during the game, the Princeton quarterback, instead of calling out a numerical signal, would shout: "Kelly around right end!" "Kelly through left guard!" or "Kelly through center!" as the case might be. And each time Kelly would do just what the quarterback had called on him for. The Yale men were nonplussed and became demoralized, but there was no stopping Kelly.

He gloated over the team that had held no place for him, a team that the coaches had supposed was too good for a man with a crippled foot. He rubbed it in. After a substantial gain he would taunt the Blue players. "Is that good enough for a man who couldn't make your team?" he would say, or after he had thrown a Yale man in his tracks, "What about this kind of tackling for



FELL WITH ALL HIS WEIGHT ON WHAT HE BELIEVED TO BE THE BALL, BUT WHAT IN REALITY WAS THE HEAD OF HIS TEAM-MATE.

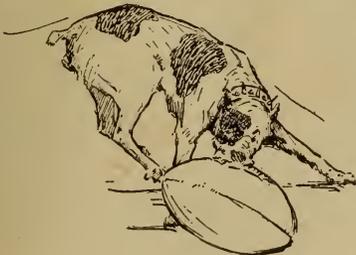
a second-string man?" Princeton and Kelly beat Yale on that day by a score of twenty-four to six.

During one of Michigan's mid-season games in 1903, while the score was a tie and both elevens were on tiptoe for the slightest advantage, a factor appeared that for a few minutes threatened to throw the whole contest out of gear. That factor was Abe, the pet dog of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity men, who, dashing out into the field of play from the side-lines, reached the immediate scene of action just as Michigan fumbled the ball in a scrimmage.

Instantly Abe seized the thongs of the pigskin with his teeth and started at top speed across the gridiron. The players on both teams joined in the laugh with the spectators while the referee and four or five assistant managers headed off the dog.

Although there are some who may regard the case as one of sheer oddness rather than of humor, there was certainly a grain of the latter at least in the last game of football played between Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania. On each of these elevens was a player—and a good one at that—named Rosengarten. The men were brothers who, peculiarly enough, had selected different alma maters.

When the game began, the men knew only the fact that they were fighting for the gridiron honor of their respective universities and their ties of blood were completely forgotten. As a result, when each scrimmage was disentangled



by the officials, the brothers Rosengarten were disclosed at the very bottom of the heap pressing each other's faces in the soil with anything but brotherly feeling. It was to the fight between these two men during this game as much as to any other one thing, that the break in athletic relations between the two universities was due.

With the score a tie in the Trinity-Amherst game last year, Trinity had the ball on Amherst's ten-yard line with two yards to gain on the third down. The field judge (the third official), believing quite naturally that Trinity would make a line play, took a position close up instead of remaining at a distance down the field, where he should have been.

Instead of making a line play, however, Trinity started a run around Amherst's right end and the latter player, in attempting to get the man with the ball, collided with the field judge who was close by. As a result of the collision, both the official and the Amherst player were hurled to the ground under the feet of the rushing teams and the Trinity man scored a touchdown. The dispute that followed was one of the most picturesque incidents of the season.

Taussig, the referee in a recent Navy-Pennsylvania State game, was twice sucked into the tide of scrimmage and buried in the mass of struggling players, and the referee of a Washington and Jefferson contest two years ago carried a black eye for several weeks as a result of having lost his balance on a slippery field and having fallen into the vortex of the fighting pile.

In the annual Yale-Harvard game "in

1893, one of the Harvard men had almost every stitch of clothing ripped from his body in a scrimmage and had to be wrapped in a blanket until he could be provided with a new pair of pants and a jersey, time being taken out for the necessary repairs. It was in the early nineties, too, that the Harvard eleven appeared on the gridiron with greased pants, from which attempted tackles slipped like water.

It was in the course of a Thanksgiving Day gridiron battle between the University of Pennsylvania and Cornell on Franklin Field in the nineties, with the tide of victory flowing strongly in favor



HAD ALMOST EVERY STITCH OF CLOTHING RIPPED FROM HIS BODY IN A SCRIMMAGE AND HAD TO BE WRAPPED IN A BLANKET.

of the Red and Blue and Cornell's chances of even a single touchdown growing smaller every minute, that Beacham, the Cornell captain, called his team aside and planned a fake "dissension." Accordingly, when Cornell got the ball and lined up for play, the tackles protested that the quarterback had given the wrong signal, the right halfback suggested that it be changed to the reverse signal, the fullback argued that it was



correct, and the rest of the eleven began fighting verbally among themselves.

This caused endless and unrepressed amusement among the Pennsylvania players who began playing in a listless manner, knowing that a team that was fighting against itself could do nothing against its opponents. The "dissension" was kept up for two plays and, when the Pennsylvania players were sufficiently off their guard, Beacham shot through the line for a touchdown.

At St. Vincent's College, in Illinois, one of the biggest and strongest men who came out to try for the football team a few years ago was from the country districts. When it came to sheer strength, this man—his name was White—was a wonder, but in the matter of remembering the maneuvers and principles of the game, he was just the reverse. The coach, however, was in need of strong men and decided to use White on the Varsity because of his physical power.

White was not destined to hold his place for long. In the first game of the season, and on the very first play, after one of his own team had caught the ball on the kick-off and was heading down the field for a long gain, White dashed among the players, broke up the interference that his fellow players had

formed around the runner, and, tackling the latter, threw him in his tracks. The coach told White subsequently that he could best serve his alma mater thereafter by playing on the eleven of its most hated rival.

If it were possible to imagine that inanimate objects could have a sense of humor, it would be fair to assume that the oval leather ball with which the game of football is played has its full share. Examples of this are numerous and among them none is more convincing than the instance of the ball's action in a game played several seasons ago between the elevens of the University of Utah and Colorado College.

It was at the crisis of the contest in the second half. Spectators were in a tense and highly wrought state of excitement and every eye was glued on the Colorado fullback who had assumed a position that clearly indicated that he was about to attempt a goal from the field. Back came the ball and the fullback caught it squarely with his good right toe. Up it sailed, high into the air in a straight line for the cross-bar and victory and then—exploded!

In the fall of 1899, Young, the Cornell quarterback, received a bad bump on the head during the first half of one of the early games and was so dazed that he gave the signal for the same play—a tackle buck—eight times in succession. The rival eleven, unable to comprehend such generalship, or rather lack of it, became just as bewildered as the injured quarterback and, in the effort to understand the unintelligible, let the Cornell backs through for a quick touchdown.

The calling out of numbers while the opposing quarterback is trying to give his team the signal for the next play has resulted in numerous tangles. In one of the recent Army and Navy contests, the quarterback of the latter eleven became so confused in one instance when the Army players were shouting out various numbers while he was trying to direct the next play that he actually gave his men one of the series of numbers the Army men were suggesting. The incomprehensible signal and the subsequent mix-up may be better imagined than explained.

On the Yale squad in 1906 there was a man who was not only a good player but an excellent comedian. It is told of him that more than once he put this gift to good account in a game. An amusing remark here, a bit of a story there, then a touch of burlesque—and his rival in the line would forget for the moment that football is too serious a matter for laughter. It is unnecessary to add that the comedian was never so interested in his

own dramatic efforts as to fail to take advantage of their effect on the other man.

Funny things are happening in football all the time and each successive season adds its share of stories to the great gridiron joke-book. For, as a one-time famous player has remarked: "Football is like a comedian with a sour face, deceiving at first but all the funnier afterward because of the contrast."



J.E. Beans

HIGH INTO THE AIR IN A STRAIGHT LINE FOR THE CROSS-BAR AND VICTORY AND THEN—EXPLODED.

TAKING CARE OF YOUR OWN AUTO

BY ROBERT SLOSS



If you have just bought your automobile, or are thinking of it, and if you mean to be a moderate motorist to whom upkeep cost is a vital consideration, the question inevitably presents itself: "Is it possible to run a car for a year and confine expenses to fuel, oil, batteries, and a few extra tires?" There is a mistaken impression that it is not, and the growth of this opinion is largely due to the truthful accounts of the many who rush into possession of a car and heedlessly hurry in its use.

When their ardor has been cooled by a deluge of machinists' bills, embarrassing breakdowns, and the final realization that the car is fitter for the junk-

heap than for use, they rush out again with voluble testimony that it does not pay to keep your own car unless you can afford fabulous sums as the price of having it on hand when you want it and in a condition to be used.

The man in moderate circumstances who has neither the time nor patience to devote a reasonable amount of personal attention to his automobile had better stay out of the game. The same sort of attention is meant that a lover of horses would give to the well-selected cob or span he can afford to keep. One can learn to drive an automobile even more quickly than to drive a horse, but that is far from knowing either animal or machine and how to get the most comfort out of each.

Talk with any automobile enthusiast

—a real one, who has driven many cars of many makes—and if you stir him to the true mood of reminiscence, he will reveal little intimate acquaintances with machines, which will convince you that every motor has its own personality, like every horse—even as between two identical models from the same manufacturer.

He will convince you, likewise, if you are a judge of men, that getting acquainted with a car is largely a matter of personality, or at least of attitude, in the man who uses it. After the very briefest experience, of course, you can “crank her,” climb aboard in the most businesslike fashion, adjust your throttle and spark somehow, throw in the clutch, and wobble along a country road. Soon you will boldly negotiate a city street, make hairbreadth turns and sudden stops, and change speeds with some understanding of the responses your car will make to these operations.

Alas, you are still far from realizing what your digital expertness with steering wheel and levers and your foot play on the clutch and brake pedals are doing to the car. Unless you take pains to learn this, before a year is out one of those sudden unaccountable things will happen, which will mean that you do not motor for at least a week and that there will be a doctor's bill for services to you or the machine or both.

A young physician of my acquaintance illustrates aptly the attitude which it would be profitable for every moderate motorist to cultivate. A year and a half ago he got the automobile fever—or rather it was merely a slight rise in temperature taking the form of an average gasoline town runabout. He was only a few years out of medical school and was struggling to build up a practice, but he thought he could save money in the end by possessing an automobile.

From the first he was as attentive to his machine as if it were one of his patients. To-day he is one of the best amateur drivers I know. He is careful and speedy, and during the many times that I have ridden with him I have never seen him fail to get a satisfactory response even to the somewhat difficult

demand a physician has to make upon a car.

The secret is not far to seek. His scientific training makes him want to know all the whys and wherefores of his machine. Furthermore he is proud of its condition, just as of the scrupulous care he devotes to his surgical instruments or to the diagnosis of a difficult case. He doesn't do everything about the car, because he hasn't time, but he knows exactly what ought to be done. When he sends it to the garage or the machinist, definite instructions go with it. When it is returned, he is able to determine for himself whether the order has been properly filled.

You Must Know Your Machine

The attitude of my friend the doctor should be emulated as far as possible by everyone who counts the cost of owning an automobile. Its keynote lies in knowing your mechanism, especially the parts where personal knowledge and care are absolutely necessary to insure dependence upon its capabilities. It would be impossible to write here a detailed manual of the myriad varieties of motors on the market.

Many such manuals exist, and from them, as well as from the maker of your model, you can get a good idea of the anatomy of the machine you buy. Armed in advance with this theoretical information, the fledgling motorist will do well to keep in mind some vital considerations which will aid him in applying what he thinks he knows to the car in use.

The novice is pretty sure to begin by overlooking the very A, B, C of the experienced driver's creed of efficiency. He learns a lot before he realizes that the motor is the heart of his car, the fuel system its digestive tract, and the ignition apparatus its nerves. Consequently he does not concern himself with the sort of food that should be provided for this sensitive organism. Even if he troubles to obtain a good grade of gasoline in which the percentage of moisture is minimized, he does not think it necessary to strain the fluid each time he fills his tank.

As a result he is likely to have to send his car to a hospital for an acute case of appendicitis in the feed pipe, in whose narrow bore, as well as in the carbureter, the gasoline deposits any impurities it may carry in suspension. One motorist of my acquaintance had trouble in this way despite the fact that he was a crank on straining gasoline. Now he is more of a crank than ever, and instead of using the ordinary strainer he almost filters the liquid through a wad of cotton gauze stuck in his funnel, to keep out the "germs of trouble" as he calls them.

It may seem unnecessary to remind any one possessing a water-cooled car to use as clean water as possible in the radiator, but I have known motorists, who knew better, not only to use dirty water more than half the time, but to crack a cylinder through forgetting, until it was too late, to give the radiator the supply of water for which it had been famishing.

Look Out For These Things

Of all the trouble makers that can percolate through a feed pipe into a cylinder, minute particles of corroded metal do the most subtle harm. A fruitful source of these is moisture in the gasoline so common to the cheaper grades. One of the cleverest and most economical ruses to prevent the recurrence of such trouble came to my attention recently.

An experienced motorist after some "trouble" diagnosed it as an "obstruction in the feed pipe." He disconnected it, blew it out, and discovered a fine sediment of corroded copper. With a stick he scraped around the bottom and sides of the gasoline tank. The stick when pulled out gave evidence of corrosion of the tank walls due to moisture in the gasoline. He washed out the tank, filled it with cyanide solution, suspended some blocks of tin in this, connected up his batteries—positives to tin, negatives to tank—and soon had the inside faces of the tank thickly electroplated with pure tin. Now he does not worry so much about small percentages of water in his gasoline, nor did he have to buy a new tank.

The third important item of diet for the motor is oil. Cylinder lubricants are mineral oils, hydrocarbons. The criterion of their value, aside from their lubricating quality—"body" and "wearing value" chiefly—is the amount of carbon developed by their combustion in the cylinder. It will not take long with a poor grade of oil to acquire a deposit of carbon on the inside of the cylinder and on the piston head as deep in some places as $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch. All sorts of engine troubles result from this.

The motor will "knock" or pre-ignition will occur—always that form of motor heart failure occurs which automobile doctors call "loss of power." In the finely adjusted modern cylinder carbon deposits not only impair efficiency, but if neglected do irreparable harm, sending the car with extravagant frequency to the repair shop to have the engine "taken down."

Various brands of oil are advertised as the best on the market, and the thoughtless motorist tries one of these after the other without knowing their criterion of excellence. The simple test is color. The more nearly "water white" the mineral lubricant is, the less carbon will it deposit when burned. An oil, however, should not be judged by its color alone. The more limpid it is, the more it has been filtered and refiltered to free it from all matter foreign to its essential composition.

Having satisfied himself as to its color, the motorist must judge of its lubricating value by noting its effect in use upon the parts whose working it is intended to facilitate. A great saving in wear is likewise achieved by knowing at all times just how much oil to feed the mechanism. It is the easiest thing in the world to get too much or too little oil into the cylinders, and the motorist must learn by practice what quantity gives the best results, air-cooled motors requiring more than the water-cooled kind.

Having acquired the habit of scrutinizing his oil, his gasoline, and the water for his radiator, and having thus set before him the cardinal Pure Food Laws of Automobilmism, the successful motorist must, in general, keep his car scrupulously clean, both inside and out, with ap-

proximately the same care that he gives his own person. The body, the chassis, and the running gear must be freed from the ordinary dirt picked up in travel—and the sooner the better.

This is most readily done immediately after returning from a trip by turning the hose on the exposed parts (carefully, of course, so as not to hit the engine), or by washing them with a wet sponge. It is much easier to get rid of travel stains in this way than to depend upon an elaborate occasional cleaning. By the time you get around to that, the dirt has worked its way into the bearings where it will do the costliest damage. No harm will come to the bearings from the daily hose treatment, inasmuch as the oil with which they are provided—or should be at frequent intervals—is an absolute safeguard against rust.

If it is worth while to devote some time to the car after returning, it is far more so to make a careful examination of the machine before starting out. This does not take long. It may be confined to the radiator and gasoline tank to see if they are properly filled; to the feed system; to the motor and its connections; and to the ignition system—especially the cleanliness and adjustment of the spark plugs.

The ignition system should receive the most careful inspection. When the motor stops on the road, it is almost certain to be due to trouble with either the ignition or the fuel supply. The general rule is that if she stops suddenly, perhaps can be started again, and again stops, it is an ignition trouble. If, however, the motor gradually dies down and refuses to respond to throttle, spark, or even the crank, the trouble is in the gasoline supply. You can be sure of this indication only by careful inspection of the ignition system before starting out.

I recall one case where the motor stopped in a very puzzling way, with every evidence of trouble in the carbureter or its adjuncts. The driver, however, seemed to have a knack in cranking it into life again—only to repeat the operation after a few miles' progress. The flow of the mixture was found to be all right, and after finally reaching home it was decided to go over

the primary wiring. The battery wire was found in contact with the brake-rod. The insulation had been worn through, so that, in driving, the current was short-circuited at frequent intervals. The trouble could have been avoided by vigilance before the start.

The throttle, which controls the spray of gasoline into the carbureter, is the master-key to driving with the least strain and wear upon the mechanism. Most new motorists, and a far too large proportion of older ones, rely mainly upon the clutch to control the speed of the car. They are constantly and suddenly throwing it in and out, thus subjecting the crank-shaft, the chain or propeller-shaft, the axles, and the tires to serious and unnecessary strain. The clutch should never be thrown in suddenly, whether starting from rest or while the car is in motion.

Make Haste Slowly

It is easy to acquire the habit of letting the clutch-pedal come up slowly, thus permitting the contact surfaces to grip gradually. The clutch itself is another point in the anatomy of the car to be inspected regularly, especially if it is of the cone variety. If this grips too quickly, oil it, using castor oil if the lining be of leather. If the cone shows signs of wear, take it out and scrape it down so that the outer or larger part will engage first.

In short, the careful driver sums up his creed thus: "Never do anything suddenly with an automobile." Only so can wear and tear on the car be minimized—not to mention accidents. Suppose you are confronted with the necessity for a sudden stop. Your amateur impulse will be to jam down the clutch-pedal, grip the emergency brake lever, and clamp the wheels into cessation of their revolution.

The motor, thus relieved of its load, will begin to race; the fly-wheel will spin around with increasing velocity; and you are lucky if, especially on wet asphalt, your car does not skid around like a top, hit the curb, and turn turtle with you underneath. The wear of this sort of stop on the tires should be a

sufficient consideration for you to refrain from cultivating it.

If, on the other hand, you first close the throttle, then throw out the clutch, and apply the brake just hard enough to allow the wheels barely to revolve, your car will come to a safer and speedier stop without strain. The motions to accomplish this must, of course, be practically simultaneous, but they are no more difficult than the ones required for the wrong sort of stop. Once at rest, you open the throttle instantly and advance the spark if necessary to start the engine. The clutch can then be thrown in gradually when you wish to advance.

Make up your mind, from your earliest attempts to drive, never to use the clutch to control speed when you can possibly avoid it—which you can do nine times out of ten by skillful manipulation of the throttle and spark. When you understand their respective functions and know how to utilize them, your technique in driving will have reached top-notch, and the wear on your car will have been reduced to its lowest terms. On the dashboard of every new motor car might well be inscribed this couplet:

The spark advanced will give you speed;
The throttle, power as you may need.

In taking corners, for example, instead of throwing out the clutch and braking slightly, slow down the motor with the throttle until halfway around, then open the throttle slowly and if necessary advance the spark until momentum is regained. Skidding, when it occurs, with its peculiar strain on the tires and mechanism, can be overcome most readily by closing the throttle, then throwing out the clutch, and keeping the wheels straight ahead.

The car will right itself thus more quickly than in any other way. Shutting off the fuel mixture stops the engine and eliminates the gyroscopic effect of the fly-wheel, which is the root of the skidding evil.

Furthermore, the driver should always keep the steering-wheel as still as possible, going straight ahead and not turning out for every pebble or rut. Every time the front wheels are turned a severe side strain is put on the tires—a far

greater danger to their life than possible punctures or wear from the ordinary roughness of the road. Incidentally the tires should not be pumped too hard. Always employ a pump with a pressure gauge, and see before starting that the tires are inflated up to, but not beyond, the point recommended by their maker.

If you have driven your car for a season and have learned how to profit in some measure by all of the foregoing advice, you will have covered, in all probability, between five and ten thousand miles, and whether you lay the machine up for the winter or not, it should have a thorough overhauling before you attempt to use it a second year. It is hardly to be expected that you will undertake to do this for yourself unaided, especially the first time. It would be well for you, however, to take the time to be present during the operation.

Look Into Things Yourself

If you live in the city, you will likely send the car to a garage. There it will take about a day, on the time slip, to overhaul the carbureter, adjust the vibrators of the coil, clean the timer, and perform such other similar preventive measures as you should learn to do for yourself. After a test run of a few blocks, the car is returned to you; as it is likewise if you send it to a machinist who actually "takes it down," cleans and reassembles all the parts, and puts the car together again.

In either case the final "tuning up" is left to you. That is why it is advisable for you to have at least something to do with the overhauling yourself, in order to see just where and how much the parts are affected by the use you have been giving the car.

The ideal way, which is quite practicable if you live in a small town, is to induce the local machinist to go over the car with you, taking her down and putting her together while you try to help and learn what it is all about. In the city such an arrangement is more difficult, but it is well to describe briefly the essentials of the process, as they will reveal a number of important things the motorist can learn to do for himself.

First the body must be got out of the way—either hoisted up with block and fall or slid carefully off the rear of the chassis by means of inclined planks. All the water pipes are then to be disconnected and laid on the floor with the radiator. The bolts holding the cylinder castings to the crank case are next unscrewed, and after making sure that all connections with the exhaust, the inlet manifolds and the ignition wiring, are properly released, each casting is lifted by block and tackle, the chassis rolled from under, and the part lowered to the floor, a definite portion of which has been selected for each—under an overhead beam, of course, where a perfectly vertical pull on the lifting tackle can be insured.

To attain accurate reassembling, each part should be marked in accordance with some definite system, and the small components of a complicated element, like a cylinder casting, should be laid out in orderly fashion on the portion of the floor dedicated to it during the entire overhauling. It is particularly important to see that the pistons and connecting rods are returned to their respective cylinders.

After seeing that the clutch is thrown out, if of the cone type—or, in case of the multiple disk sort, that the clutch-shaft is disconnected from the shaft of the gear set—the crank shaft and fly-wheel are hoisted out and laid in their respective places on the floor, which is now sufficiently full of trouble to make it wise to give minute attention to the parts already laid out.

The radiator should be filled with water and any leaks then apparent should be marked for repair by an expert solderer. Both back and front should be examined to detect any part so damaged or worn as to be likely to give way, and such parts should be reinforced. (The expert machinist will not neglect to make this sort of an inspection of every part of the car; it is the best insurance against wasteful wear, sudden breakdown, and expensive replacements.) With a strong solution of washing soda and hot water the radiator and the water pipes should be flushed, the solution being shaken in them and drawn off and

the process repeated till no more dirt comes away.

The valves should next be taken from the cylinder units; their springs and seat should be examined, and they should be ground in. Every trace of carbon deposit should be removed from the valve ports. Cam faces, rollers, and other contact parts of the cam-shaft must be carefully examined for wear and necessary replacements made. There is no more fruitful source of loss of power in a motor than the interference with perfect valve adjustment which wear and dirt deposits inevitably cause. The water-jackets of the cylinders should be cleansed of dirt or rust to remove all impediment to the water circulation.

The cylinder bores should be examined carefully to see that their surfaces are uninjured. If they are badly scored, they will require reboring. The piston heads must be scraped clear of carbon deposit, and the piston rings carefully examined to see if their surfaces are intact. If not, they must be replaced, as the slightest gas leak resulting from imperfect contact between the rings and the cylinder surface reduces the efficiency of the motor.

Getting Inside the Mechanism

Cleaning out the grooves of the piston rings should not be neglected, nor should applications of the soda solution to the inside of the piston heads to remove all traces of old oil. All bearings in cylinders and cam shafts should be examined for wear, and thoroughly cleaned with gasoline—especially the end bearings of the connecting rods—and if your machinist cannot take up the wear in these the boxes must be relined. The gear of the cam shaft must be carefully timed, as this is a crucial point in the proper working of the motor.

This and most of the attention required by the motor, as indicated above, the amateur will be glad to have the machinist take off his hands, but if he has carefully watched what is done, he will gain a liberal education about the most important part of his car. As the work proceeds from this point he will learn to dismantle the carbureter and give it a thorough cleaning, and it is ex-

tremely desirable that he should know how to do this himself, should the occasion for it arise when the car is in use.

The gasoline tank and tubing are parts which he can himself thoroughly flush out with the soda solution; the tubing should be gone over carefully for signs of injury, displacement, or wear. He should also learn from this taking down of the car how to go over the entire ignition system and examine it for insulation defects or other wear and to replace the entire length of wire in which these occur; it is the quickest and safest way.

He can readily learn also to examine contacts, bearings, and connection of the timer and to take up any undue looseness in these; likewise to readjust the vibrators of the coil, and after the car is reassembled and the motor running, to test the coils with an ammeter for consumption. The contacts of the interrupter of the magneto (if there is one) should be adjusted; if the ignition is of the make-and-break type, defects in contact and insulation of the igniter must be remedied.

The cleaning of the crank case and the oil pump with gasoline is another thing the amateur may learn from this experience. In the case of force-feed lubrication the fine-bore tubes must be painstakingly flushed with gasoline and persistent obstructions removed, preferably by blowing them out with live steam—though the motorist should be able to

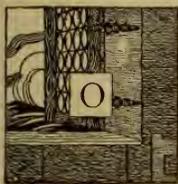
accomplish this in time of need with either an air pump or a length of wire.

It is not difficult to learn how to go over the transmission system of the car, beginning with the cone of the clutch and its spring (where replacements should be made, if necessary), and to test the alignment of every part of the system, especially in the gear box, which should be thoroughly cleaned out; so should the universals, the slip-joint on the propeller shaft, the bevel drive and differential, where any lost motion must be taken up. The wheels of the car must, of course, be removed, and it is simple enough to do this, thoroughly cleaning hubs and axles, boiling the chain in the soda solution or soaking it in gasoline, cleaning and examining the sprockets, and replacing them if badly worn. The entire running gear and the brake system and steering apparatus should receive the most rigid examination, and a thorough cleansing. Any loose adjustments in the two latter particularly should be taken up by competent hands.

What he learns from this course of sprouts, if he is wise enough to take it, will make the motorist competent to do many things about his car, because it will give him the necessary confidence to undertake the simple repairs and adjustments and desirable cleanings, which, if frequently resorted to, will enable him to keep wear under control. It is a knowledge also which should enable him to be forewarned when anything shows a tendency to go wrong.



BUILDING UP THE COUNTRY BY RAIL BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD



PEN your atlas and study the maps of the country west of the Mississippi, noticing carefully the gridiron of railroads that has spread itself over the face of the land all the way to the Pacific. Hunt out any map of that country ten years or more old. See the few sparse transcontinentals finding their weary way across the plains and over the mountains, to the Coast. Dig into statistics. See how old towns have grown and new towns have come into being.

When you have done that you will be prepared to give the railroads full credit for the great work that they have done in the creation of this new territory. For it is these carriers, inspired possibly with no greater ambition than the making of new traffic for themselves, that have built up these new districts and have created new communities in virgin territory.

A single railroad—the Rock Island—reports that within three years it has located 2,054 industries, representing a total estimated investment of \$31,900,000, and covering many lines of manufacturing. These industries represent packing-houses, cement plants, cottonseed oil mills, and a variety of smaller manufactures. The variety can hardly exceed the necessities of the community in which the industries are located.

“We are going to make our territory the granary, the flesh-pot, and the treasure house of the New World,” says the general traffic manager of the Rock Island, and then to show the variety of the enterprises that his railroad is sending down into the Southwest he calls your attention to a half million dollars recently expended in building mills

for the manufacture of alfalfa meal—a feed that has suddenly become very popular for work animals. By the encouragement of this single industry the railroad works for strength in double fashion; it builds up good traffic in a heavy tonnage branch of manufacturing and it makes easier the way of the farmers along its line.

The latter of these considerations is the more important, for everyone of the Western roads—the Sante Fé, the Rock Island, the Harriman lines, and the Hill lines—are still calling the city man west from the big cities. The West is still golden, its lap still filled with inexhaustible opportunity. A single one of the big transcontinentals reports that it has carried 50,000 settlers within three years and that the tide is still rising.

The first of this specialized business began just before the Civil War. Some of the railroads had put their lines back a little way from the western portion of the Great Lakes along in the late fifties, and they needed people to live along them. So the railroad from Galena to Chicago—which was the germ of the Northwestern—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and one or two others started immigration bureaus.

The men who owned those early railroads knew the possibilities of the virgin lands into which they were stretching the rails. The proposition that confronted them was to let the East and even the folks who lived in the crowded lands across the Atlantic know them, too. By means of their first immigration bureaus they accomplished their end. Advertising was a crude science in those days, but it helped.

Throughout the troubled years of the War the men from the East, who had read of the glories of the Middle West,

listened to the tales of the agents of the railroad and coupled them with those of returning travelers, began pouring over the new and struggling railroads. They carried their goods and chattels with them and so the railroad men knew that they were not going back to the old homes again.

At the close of the War the tide rose to flood. Crossroads became villages, villages grew to cities. The railroads no longer struggled. There was a steady flow of traffic over their rails and they were able to engage capital to stretch their rails a little farther West. After they had moved another stretch, more crossroads became villages and villages cities, and still the tides of immigration flowed. That process might have gone ahead in orderly fashion until the Pacific had been reached if the scheme had not been upset.

Too Much of a Good Thing

They built too many railroads; they overworked their idea. In the broad reaches of the Middle West, lines of steel crumbled into rust and crossroads dreamed vainly that they would become villages, many a struggling village failed to become the city that her enthusiastic residents had fancied. They had the big boom in Kansas and the bigger collapse that followed. After that people stayed East for a while and the business of making traffic in that territory became an advanced science.

There was another factor in the situation, too. The summer of '69 saw the first continuous railroad across the American continent—the combination of Central Pacific and Union Pacific. The huge success of that railroad was an inspiration for others. In the generation of men that followed the rails that reached from Atlantic to Pacific multiplied. After that there was a new problem for the owners of the transcontinental railroads.

Their statistical charts of originating traffic showed great black masses at either end of the line—where connections were made with the great traffic-bringers from the East and where the rails ran upon the docks of the Pacific

shore. The rest of the road was a thin black line, like spider-thread. To make that line black and firm at all points, to bring masses of new traffic at intermediate points, was the demand that the railroad owner made of his traffic manager.

It is being done to-day. It has taken time, money, and an almost incredible patience, but it is being done. This is a broad land and there is still much to be done. In Montana there is a single county with an area exceeding that of Maryland and a population less than that of the smallest ward of Baltimore, and hard by another country, as large as Delaware and Connecticut combined, with another mere handful of residents. These are typical.

There are great open stretches in the Southwest—and the Santa Fé, working hand in hand with the Harriman lines, is busy populating and developing these. In the north country James J. Hill's railroads and the new outstretched arm of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul are doing much to exploit the unfarmed lands of Montana and the intensive possibilities of Washington for fruit-raising, market-gardening, and the like. Up and down the Pacific coast the railroads are uniting in similar campaigns of development.

Hill began the campaign in Montana. He is a dreamer and a far-seer, and when he began making presents of blooded steers to the farmers along the Great Northern, people laughed at him and some of his directors thought that he had gone crazy. They thought differently when they saw the traffic reports of new cattle business.

That experiment was typical. The railroad—Hill's railroad and all of the other big transcontinentals—lent itself to the fine development of the traffic that might possibly be obtained within its territory. Heretofore it had combed traffic possibilities roughly; now it began to screen them through a fine mesh. The immigration bureau did its part of the work; the railroad went farther and set hard at it to develop every inch of available land along its lines. Attractive excursions brought settlers to the new country, the railroad was of prac-

tical assistance in finding locations for them.

To return again to the Rock Island. Its field has been the Southwest and it points with pride to what it—with the aid of its traditional rival, the Santa Fé—has accomplished in that region. Government lands in western Kansas, eastern Colorado, and eastern New Mexico, which were at one time considered unsuitable for farming because of insufficient rainfall and a lack of facilities for irrigation, have been successfully “dry-farmed” and the Eastern agents have gone up and down Broadway with dry-farm wheat six feet high, which came this summer from what was considered worthless land two years ago.

In Texas the vast possessions of the cattle kings have been opened to the settler, who combines general farming with stock raising or applies his capital and labor to intensive farming in truck or fruit. Oklahoma, opened to settlers but twenty years ago, has made the banner record for rapid advance of settlement and agricultural and social development.

For southern Missouri and Arkansas a single illustration will tell the story. Complaints came to the traffic men of the railroads from the farmers that they could not make a decent living from their 200-acre farms on the forest-clad hills, south of the Ozarks. The traffic men nosed into the situation and sent their agents across the seas to southern Europe. When these returned they had accomplished a double purpose: they had satisfied themselves that those hillsides were adapted to vineyards and they had found hardy sons of Calabria and Sicily who were willing to come to America's newest country and buy twenty to forty-acre plots from those disheartened farmers.

The raising of fruit and truck became an industry south of the Ozarks, and it was a poor Italian who could not grow opulent upon a twenty-five-acre plot. The land was being used to its greatest possibility and the railroads, whose tendrils extended down into that territory, saw their tonnage increase.

That shows the beginning of the scientific methods of increasing the produc-

tiveness of the country. Some Eastern land had gone stale and sterile because of a lack of scientific methods; some Eastern farmers were growing stale and sterile for the same reasons. The Westerners saw far enough ahead to anticipate the same calamity—and anything that spells reduction in tonnage is calamity to a railroad—and they decided that their scientific methods should begin while their land was still virgin.

So they have worked in accordance with the latest agricultural methods; State and Federal departments have been willing and able to assist them. They all have their educational trains. The Harriman lines have turned from their schemes for promoting the growth of their towns and villages long enough to organize a special train that goes up and down the Pacific coast, over the mountains, and across into the prairies, teaching the gospel of modern farming, and the other big Western roads have not been slow to follow after.

West Teaching the East

From this activity in the West the Eastern railroads have taken a lesson. Originally built in many cases to serve the needs of the farmers of some particular locality, they have become merged and welded in a way that has caused them to serve more particularly the industrial interests of the country. One of the valuable old properties of the Pennsylvania Railroad in New Jersey rejoices in the name of Freehold & Jamesburg Agricultural Railroad.

When, after the serious slump in traffic that followed the panic of 1907, the railroads of the East found themselves, for the first time in a decade, with more facilities than freight, they began to cultivate more carefully the traffic branch of transportation science, taking quite readily to the lesson that the transcontinentals gave them.

For some years past the problem of the unimportant branches has been a serious one with the big Eastern systems. These branches, many of them once profitable feeders, had been allowed to deteriorate while main-line traffic developed and increased under active conditions of

competition. The little towns along the branches seemed to retrograde, too, while the busy cities of the country, on the main lines of the railroads, grew in size and developed new energy.

Sometimes the branch lines were paralleled by inter-urban electric railroads—able to operate at far less cost than steam railroads and so to charge lower rates of fare—and their slight passenger traffic continued to grow slighter. The freight traffic had long since dwindled to very slim proportions—the branch lines were almost entirely agricultural railroads—and the farmers of the East were discouraged and disheartened.

The movement in the East began in western New York, which is fairly grid-ironed with a network of these unprofitable branch railroads. It was started even before the panic of 1907. New York State, with its great resources and its fat treasury, has long been engaged in the development of scientific farming—which means farming for the largest profit that can be brought from the soil. It has a great agricultural school as a part of Cornell University and an interesting experimental school along similar lines at Geneva.

These schools have done a great work. They have educated young men to be modern farmers in every sense of that phrase and they have sent leaflets to each corner of the Empire State. But even these methods were not far reaching enough. It is not every farmer's boy who can afford to go down to Ithaca for a college education in the tilling of the soil and few of the older men care to mingle with the boys at such an institution. Even the pamphlets sent out from Geneva were not sufficient.

So the railroads seeking to make traffic in a dull time and to rehabilitate their branches in the farming districts, made alliance with the agricultural schools. Special trains were sent out, carrying a competent corps of instructors from the schools. Day coaches made good school-rooms for the itinerant institutions and a baggage-car filled with specimens of fruit and grains, grown under scientific methods, was generally attached. The trains were similar to those of the Western roads.

A train of this sort will "make" half a dozen towns in the course of a day. The stops are not far apart and the schedule generally permits a stay of about an hour in each. The coming of the "farmers' special" has been thoroughly announced by handbills, posters and the local newspapers. Whether the day be wet or fair, the token of appreciation of the enterprise that started the special out is sure to be a crowd that packs the day coaches and not infrequently causes overflow meetings to be held from the rear platform of the train.

There is no cause for disheartenment in the soul of the farmer after he has been down to the train. He learns the things that his land is capable of and yet has never reared for him. Take the perennial and hardy alfalfa, for instance. Crowd into the car, where a hundred earnest men from the country round-about are gathered, and listen to the man from the State agricultural college talk of it.

Getting Down to Cases

"An acre of good alfalfa," he is saying, "produces twice as much digestible nutrients as an acre of good clover. It is therefore profitable to our farmers to make every effort to establish alfalfa fields. Your climate is favorable to alfalfa, which can be grown on a variety of soils. The most favorable is a gravelly loam with a porous sub-soil. There must be drainage, fertility, lime, and inoculation. Alfalfa is a lime-loving plant and if you haven't a limy soil, apply lime at the rate of one to two thousand pounds per acre. These figures will be given you in a pamphlet as you leave the car."

And so it goes. If the train is in one of the great fruit-growing districts of western New York, fruit is the theme of the lecturers. There is no product that the soil may give, directly or indirectly, that is too humble for the attention of the "farmers' special." All of the roads that run through western New York have taken part in the campaign—the Erie, the Lehigh Valley, the New York Central, and the smaller roads have sent out the train over their lines, each in due turn.

The idea has gone into the Middle West and back to Pennsylvania again. The Pennsylvania Railroad, which creates traffic from every conceivable source, has operated since November, 1908, four agricultural and two fruit tree and shrubbery specials. The agricultural schools of the territory it traverses have furnished the lecturers and their material.

Now it is preparing to establish down in the Eastern Shore country between the Chesapeake and the Atlantic Ocean, a great development farm on which it will show the farmers of that agricultural district the greatest use that they can make of their land. It has gone into the sandy southern part of New Jersey and made the potato crop for New York and for Philadelphia into a vast yield, bringing an increased profit both to the farmer and to the railroad.

The first of these development farms in the East was established by Mr. H. B. Fullerton, under the auspices of the Long Island Railroad at Wading River, N. Y. The Long Island possesses a territory that particularly needs work of that sort. It has a good suburban business adjacent to New York City, but there is not a town of importance the entire length of its lines. There is no manufacturing of consequence and it has been driven to the necessity of making traffic.

Fullerton's farm is another traffic-maker by education. He has taken the worst of the sandy soil that covers thousands of acres at the east end of the island and has created on it a model farm. The farm has had to pay its way. It has not been nurtured by any extensive appropriations from the railroad, but has had to win its success under the same conditions that would confront the farmer who measured his available capital in hundreds, rather than in thousands of dollars.

It is teaching its lesson. Arid soil, on the very hearthstone of the metropolis of the continent, is being given over to profitable truck-farming and the Long Island Railroad for its modest farm investment is beginning to harvest substantial traffic returns.

Through the schools of a number of the corn-growing States, into which this

new work has spread, boys and girls are being stimulated by prizes to plant little patches of corn. Out of each community where an exhibit is held ten prize-winning ears are sent to the county fair. From this the ten best ears are sent to the State fair and plans are already under way for an inter-State corn competition.

Sometimes a great deal can be done through personal work. Your railroader who leaves his private car behind on a trip and makes his way over the line in local trains often sees some new possibility for making traffic. A short time ago a big traffic man was caught by an upset in his arrangements and forced to spend several hours in a small Eastern town—an unimportant junction point on his system. He asked the station agent what he could see in the neighborhood and the agent advised him to take a trip up the river. Within an hour he noticed a number of vineyards lining the shores. He was a man who put two and two together and he found himself asking, "Where are those grapes shipped and over what road?"

How Business is Made

The station agent told him. The grapes went for wine and over a foreign road. That settled the traffic man. He gave up all thought of making his train, secured a horse and wagon, and made a personal tour of the vineyards. It took a whole day of his well-filled time, but before that day was done he had made the farmers promise that they would ship at least some of their product over his road if he could find a market for it.

The traffic man slipped back to the biggest town on his road and saw the commission merchants. They gave him small comfort. Such a quantity of white grapes would flood the town they said. Finally one man agreed to take them on consignment and the traffic man planned a selling campaign. It was new work for him, but he was soon deep in it.

The grapes came through on Saturday morning—the preceding afternoon the railroad had sent a wagon out to the vineyards to gather them in. The freight agent had done some effective ad-

vertising by placards and notices in the newspapers, and by nine o'clock that Saturday morning every basket of the grapes had been sold and people were calling for more. A regular trade was established and as a result of that little trick of the traffic man a thousand carloads of grapes are shipped from those vineyards over his lines every season.

There is still another side to this. The railroads are making more than a new traffic for themselves—they are making a new wealth for the communities through which the rails are stretched. It has been estimated by a Pennsylvania agronomist that the value of the staple farm crops in the Keystone State in a single year exceeds \$170,000,000, and that some 224,000 farmers enter into this production. If, by training and education, each of these farmers can increase his yield of corn one bushel to the acre, the additional corn revenue from that one State will be \$1,044,000.

Further than that, he says that \$780,000 would roll into the pockets of these farmers if they would choose their seed corn carefully and thus add ten kernels to each ear of corn grown by them in the course of a twelvemonth. That sort of thing looks like a coöperative benefit at almost any angle from which you may view it.

Works More Ways Than One

But the railroad is not confining its efforts at making traffic to the products of the soil. What is good method with the farmer is also good with the manufacturer. So you now see the railroads, East and West, working with the aid of industrial commissioners.

Take, for instance, a typical railroad running from New York to Chicago. It has ample docks on the seaboard and extensive ramifications within the coal mining districts; in the West it taps both the Great Lakes and the transcontinentals which reach across the land to the Pacific. In all of this district it is under hard competition, gaining its traffic—every ton of it—by the sweat of the general traffic manager's brow. That railroad has its industrial commissioner and if you are a prospective manu-

facturer looking for a site for a new plant, you are sure to come to him. You tell him that you want to build a factory. He tilts back his chair and looks at you easily.

"What kind of a factory?" he asks. "We've room for ten thousand more along our rails. If it's a silk mill I can suggest Paterson where the help is trained and the dyes and raw materials handy. If you are going to turn out a steel product, somewhere in the Pittsburgh district—Youngstown, Ohio, is the most economical point in the United States to-day for the turning out of finished steel. Perhaps yours is a canning factory? If you want to can fruit we can fix you up out in western New York among the orchards. If you want to can tomatoes—well, sir, there is nothing like Indiana for tomatoes."

You specify your new business and its requirements in some detail. The eye of this practical minister of commerce illumines.

"I have the very thing you want," he says, without hesitation, "over at W—, just half a mile above the city limits along the river. It has siding facilities, and you say you want fresh water. Well, there's five thousand gallons a day of the purest soft water in the East for you."

His eyes shine with enthusiasm. He reaches for pad and the next instant he is sketching the plot for you—with remarkable accuracy and with a similitude of scale. Here is the river and there is where you can build your dam. Over there is the main line of the best railroad in America—he leaves no doubt in your mind as to that—and your siding can go in there with less than one per cent. grade. The highroad is there and close by it the trolley leading into town.

It sounds good and within a week you are bound to W— with him to meet the secretary of the chamber of commerce. If things are as he has represented them to you and your mind is unbiased, you build your factory and the railroad picks up two hundred tons a day off your siding. That single transaction has been worth the commissioner's salary for a year to the railroad. There is a variety of method in making traffic.

The general passenger agent has to keep his end up. Any G. P. A. of today found entertaining the old-fashioned idea that the traffic that flows of its own volition up to the ticket-wickets is going to be sufficient to satisfy his employers is out of present-day development. The general passenger agent who gets patted on the back nowadays is the man who goes to the president in a dull season with a sheet showing gains over a preceding busy season. He may have to bring water from stones to increase it, but it must be increased. There are no two ways about what is expected of him.

One railroad reaching out of New York into the mountains at the southeastern corner of that State and losing itself at some obscure town; a railroad without valuable connections and ramifications, has made its passenger business a little gold mine by scientific nurturing. It sent its passenger representatives up into the country towns and they sought to improve conditions of every sort there. They started agitation for better roads from the railroad into the uplands where city folk were prone to wander; they helped the boarding house landlord and the country hotel-keeper to bring their facilities up to attractive standards.

Take the case of Atlantic City. Atlantic City used to be a collection of wooden hotels, set along a pleasant sandy beach, which were content with six or eight weeks of good business in midsummer. The railroads that stretched their rails down to it registered good earnings during that hot season, but they had to put in extensive plants to handle the six or eight weeks of heavy traffic. These plants were idle the great part of the year and there was a lot of capital wasted. The managers of the railroads told the summer hotel proprietors that and asked why beach property should be a losing investment ten months out of the year.

That was a new sort of proposition for a resort hotel proprietor, but it seemed sound argument and the hotels extended their seasons at either end. They combined with the railroads in making attractive special rates for these duller parts of the season and before long one

of them—the spring—was wellnigh as popular and profitable as the midsummer.

Folks came over from Philadelphia and Pittsburgh and up from Baltimore and Washington to spend their summers at Atlantic City and the scientific business-making there created a fashionable season for Northerners from Easter forward. The building of wooden hotels ceased and fireproof structures of brick and stone, steel and concrete, began to rise along the beach. Capital ceased to lie idle at Atlantic City. The hotels kept open the year round and the scientific methods of the biggest of the railroads were so effectual that it built a million-dollar bridge across the Delaware at Philadelphia to handle through traffic down to Atlantic City.

Making the Season Longer

Still the railroads worked in harmony with the hotels and the fashionable season began at Christmas instead of Easter. Before long they will make the fall fashionable, and then the hotels will be crowded all the year round. When there is a little lull in the season they bring on half a dozen conventions and fill the trains and the hotels with the delegates. That Atlantic City plant does not lie idle much of the time.

There you have the best example of this new creed of the practical railroader—making traffic. It is not a lost example. Across the land every city and town, every resort from the haughty spa with a cluster of brilliant hotels down to the humblest inn that ever cuddled by the shore of a silvery lake is taking notice of the creed.

The farmer is bending himself to increase the yield of his land—while the railroad reaps a benefit. The marketman from town is reaching out for better sources for his produce—the railroad helps him and reaps a benefit. The resort hotel arranges a joint rate and ticket with the railroad that covers both transportation and board for a "week-end" in the dull season—and the passenger receipts are swelled in some degree. And so the railroad builds up the country—and is in turn built up.

FALL OUTINGS FOR EVERYONE

BY HERBERT WHYTE

(The Herbert Whyte Service of Information exists solely for the use of our readers. Mr. Whyte is glad to supply information on all outdoor matters, and particularly advises where to go for recreation, what to take, what railroad and steamship lines to use, and what sort of recreation to seek. This service is free to subscribers and buyers of the magazine. The following article is an outgrowth of inquiries that reached Mr. Whyte's desk during the month of September. All inquiries are answered promptly by letter. Only subjects of general and practical interest are touched upon in this monthly review.)

RATHER a diversified mailbag has been coming to my desk each morning for the last month. This is decidedly encouraging, as it shows that our subscribers and readers are keenly aware of the advantage of the Herbert Whyte Service Bureau. A few of my answers given here may contain such general information as to be of some assistance to our friends.

For instance, a subscriber in Alabama writes: "Can you give me any information regarding the *Salvelinus fontinalis*? Is it considered a scale fish?"

The brook trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) is covered with cycloid scales, very small, but easily discerned with a magnifying glass. In fact, they are so small as to be considered microscopic. On scraping a museum specimen and examining it under a microscope, scales of a very minute character were found, but the concentric markings were very distinct.

A friend in Maine asked: "Can you give me some climate similar to Moosehead Lake, Maine, in the summer, where I can do some hunting and ride horseback and yet not be too far from civilization? I do not want any high altitude, as I desire to escape the cold."

This is rather a difficult query to answer, but after looking up several of the places that might answer h's purpose, I finally selected Pinehurst, North Carolina, as a suitable locality. This is six hundred and fifty feet above the sea, in the middle of the State, and is only eighteen hours from New York. Both the Seaboard and the Southern Railway run through Pullmans direct to Pinehurst during the season. The region was originally covered with great forests of the long leaf pine, and Government scientists have declared that the air contains

more ozone than any place east of the Rocky Mountains.

The average winter temperature is 51 degrees. A great deal of attention has been given to stocking the 35,000 acre game preserve maintained in connection with Pinehurst. Every year about 2,000 quail are liberated, as well as a large number of pheasants. The laws of North Carolina require non-resident hunters to pay a license of ten dollars per season. Guide and dogs may be obtained at reasonable charges.

The riding conditions are excellent; the horses and equipment are unexcelled. The roads are soft and long rides through the country in the clear, bright sunshine are to be remembered. About once a week a gymkana is held in the riding ring and hundreds of people enjoy the tournament, relay and pursuit races, and other sports.

Another subscriber writes: "Will you kindly inform me of a locality for caribou, total cost of transportation from New York, guide's fees, grub, outfit, etc.?"

Excellent caribou spots are found in the vicinity of Spruce Brook, Stevensville, and Bay of Islands. Accommodations may be had respectively at the "Log Cabin," St. George's Hotel, and Humber View Hotel. I would advise securing your accommodations in advance. The "Log Cabin" at Spruce Brook is especially well equipped with guides, outfits, etc.

The pay of a guide varies from \$2.50 to \$3.50; a very good guide may be obtained for \$3.00. Your best route is via the N. Y., N. H. & H. Ry. to Boston, and then by the Plant Line steamer to Halifax. These boats leave Tuesday at noon, Wednesday at noon, and Saturday at 2 p.m. This is a thirty-hour trip; fare one way \$7.50; round trip, \$13.00. From Halifax take the steamer

to St. Johns, thence by rail to either of the places named.

From West Virginia a subscriber wrote: "I have read Mr. Dillon Wallace's articles on Mexico with great interest. Can you tell me something of the opportunities offered in Sinaloa for an American?"

The completion of the branch of the Southern Pacific R. R. from Nogales, Ariz., to Mazatlan, via Guaymas, Sonora, marks the beginning of an epoch in the history of the state of Sinaloa and will be of vast benefit, not only to the state but to the entire coast of Mexico, which has been deprived of railroad communication. This is sure to bring about more improvements in the next five years than have occurred in the last twenty-five.

Sinaloa is rich in silver and gold, and has magnificent timber and agricultural land, on which, with the assistance of twelve large rivers for irrigation, nearly everything raised in California can be grown. Stock-raising and dairying also offer excellent opportunities for foreigners to make profitable investments.

Many new colonies are being started, both in Sinaloa and in the neighboring territory of Tepic. There are five or more American colonies already and one Russian colony, which is quite prosperous. The new railroad will have a mileage of over 1,400 miles from Nogales and Cananea to Guadaluajara. The road is completed to Mazatlan. Millions of acres of rich farming, mining, and timber lands will be opened up. Frost, or even freezing weather, is unknown along the entire west coast of Mexico, a fact which is of great importance to agriculturalists.

San Francisco asks: "I want to do some fishing in the Klamath region; will you help me?"

I was rather surprised when I looked up this district to find that it offered such ideal sport. The Klamath River flows through heavily timbered country and, crossing southeastern Oregon, passes the California line near Klamath Hot Springs. The best fishing is in the tributaries of the Klamath, the most noted of which is Shovel Creek. These waters abound with fish, among which are the steelhead and Quinnot salmon.

As to locality, one can range up the river six miles to the falls with the knowledge that fish will be found all the way. Below

the mouth of Shovel Creek are deep pools where big fish rest on their way to the spawning grounds. These pools between rapids are found all the way to the ocean. Rainbow are everywhere—big and little.

At Klamath Lake the mammoth trout is found. A twenty-two pounder is the record, while a five-pounder is an everyday catch. From Klamath Falls the steamer *Winnona* runs to Odessa, in Pelican Bay, where good accommodations and the choicest of fishing grounds may be found. Several of the neighboring streams offer great sport, e. g., the Crystal and Williamson rivers.

The game warden of Lexington, Miss., writes: "I saw somewhere that the State of Maine derives \$250,000 per annum from hunters' licenses, in addition to which are the very considerable amounts left with the tradesmen, guides, etc. Can you help me verify that statement?"

In the State of Maine the fees collected from non-resident hunters, resident guides, and other licenses and the fines paid for violation of the fish and game laws amount to between \$40,000 and \$45,000 annually. In addition to this, the State of Maine in the last fifteen years has appropriated \$25,000 yearly for the propagation and protection of fish. The only funds at the disposition of the game commission are those received from the license fees and fines.

This year, however, the appropriation for the fish hatcheries was increased to \$35,000; next year it will be \$45,700. As to the income to the State in general as a result of visiting fishermen and hunters to the inland territory, exclusive of the summer resort business on the coast, the best authorities estimate that over \$15,000,000 are left in the State annually by these visitors.

To prove that this is not overestimated, several years ago a partial canvass of the State inland territory was made, and although incomplete, it showed that nearly 134,000 persons came that season to fish, hunt, or spend a vacation. The average amount spent by such visitors is not far from \$100 per person. Consequently, nearly \$13,000,000 were spent that year, yet these returns were incomplete. The number of visitors has been increasing each year and the amount of money spent yearly by the visitors in railways, hotels, camps, guides, etc., is in the neighborhood of \$20,000,000.

Harry Whitney Will Tell His Story in OUTING

ONE day the news came over the wires and through the air from Labrador that Harry Whitney, Arctic hunter, explorer, and reception committee of one to finders of the North Pole, was on his way back to civilization by way of Newfoundland. Immediately the idea came to us that here was the man for THE OUTING MAGAZINE.

Mr. Whitney had spent more time in the Arctic than any other white hunter ever had. He has carried his rifle into regions untouched and practically unknown. His camera had seen and recorded Arctic sights the like of which the sensitized plate had not known before. Finally, fitting climax to a year of strange adventure, he had been the first white man to greet Dr. Cook on his return from the Ultimate North, and Peary, too, had found him still there when he came back from his quest.

Not long ago I stood near Dr. Cook while the reporters—forty of them—battered him with questions. One of the queries flung at the explorer was: "What did you say to Whitney when he met you?" Another wanted to know what he said to Cook.

These are only a few indications of the interest in Harry Whitney that have reached my ears and eyes in recent days. Unquestionably a large portion of the American world and no small part of the European has been awaiting the return of this intrepid hunter of Arctic game, anxious to know not only what Cook and Peary said, but also what he himself said and did.

Therefore, when the news came down from Labrador that Harry Whitney was on his way home nothing was more natural than that THE OUTING MAGAZINE should send someone to meet him beyond our borders and to secure from him the story of his months in the shadow of the Pole. It was on Monday that the decision was reached. Tuesday noon our representative was on his way, armed with full powers to capture the hunter and bring back his narrative. Thursday afternoon I turned away from watching the Hudson-Fulton military parade long enough to open a telegram from Truro, Nova Scotia, and to read these words: "Have arranged for three articles—first to be ready for January issue—good photographs." That was all, and it was enough.

But we didn't want to wait for January to begin the story. Therefore we put in a plea for a little more haste and, as a result, the first installment will be printed in our December issue. I have told this little story here, first, because I am convinced that the readers of the magazine will be interested to know what is coming and how it was secured; second, because I am of the opinion that the matter is important enough to be dwelt on; and, finally, because the editorial department of this magazine is a little proud of the effective way in which the arrangement with Mr. Whitney was made and the celerity with which the great opportunity was met.

THE EDITOR.



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MR. WHITNEY AND THE FIRST MUSK OX THAT FELL TO HIS RIFLE IN ELLESMERE LAND.

THE OUTING MAGAZINE



VOLUME LV

DECEMBER, 1909

NUMBER 3

HUNTING IN THE ARCTIC *By Harry Whitney*

On the Trail of the Musk Ox in Ellesmere Land

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

WHEN I sailed for northern Greenland on the *Erik* in the summer of 1908 I had no other expectation than to return home in the autumn. I had no part in the Polar Expedition to which the *Erik* was attached. I was simply a sportsman passenger in search of such shooting as the voyage to Etah might afford. Walrus and other large aquatic game would be certain to offer good sport, and perchance some trophy might be obtained of the musk ox, so coveted by sportsmen because it inhabits only the most inaccessible and remote regions of the Far North.

My ambition to secure musk-ox trophies had not been realized when the order came for the *Erik* to turn her prow southward, and though I had

hardly dared hope for such good fortune, my disappointment was now so keen that suddenly I resolved to be put ashore for a year's big game hunting under the shadow of the Pole. I expressed my desire to Mr. Robert E. Peary, commander of the expedition, who informed me he was establishing a cache at Etah, and very considerately granted my request to be permitted to remain there and hunt musk ox the following spring. And so it was that the *Erik* steamed away without me, and I took up my life among the Highland Eskimos to brave the rigors of an Arctic winter, with no other object than that of sport.

Supply bases and home camps were established at Etah and Annotok, on the Greenland shore of Smith Sound. Annotok, forty miles north of Etah, is the most northerly Eskimo settlement in the world. Here the hunters of the tribe

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CROSSING SMITH SOUND SEVERAL SEALS WERE KILLED BY THE ESKIMOS OF THE PARTY.

gather with their families in the autumn, to remain throughout the winter, that they may take advantage of the abundance of land and sea game to be found in the surrounding region.

This section, too, has a peculiar interest in the history of Polar research. Smith Sound has witnessed the struggles and defeat of many expeditions, and the rocks and cliffs that line its shores on either side, could they but speak, might tell the story of many tragedies. On a very clear day one may see in dim outline Cape Sabine, in Ellesmere Land, rising beyond the ice-choked waters, where so many of Greely's brave men gave up their lives.

Our camp at Annootok was established in a miniature shack, constructed of packing boxes by Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the explorer. This has been his home during the previous winter. It was here I spent the trying months of the long Arctic night, varying the tedious existence with short sledging journeys, during moonlit periods, in search of reindeer and bears.

These journeys gave us sufficient exercise to preserve a healthful condition of mind and body. No words can adequately describe the awful pall of the Arctic night. It is unreal and terrible. The continued darkness brings with it a

fearful stillness, over which seems to brood impending doom—something intangible, indescribable, uncanny. The only sound that ever breaks the quiet is the occasional cracking of a glacier, with the report of mighty thunder, startling and unexpected. Intense and severe as the cold may be, any active man can stand it without serious suffering, for that acts only upon the physical being, and can be guarded against; but the prolonged, sunless night has a dire effect upon the mind, which only exercise and diversion can counteract.

It may be imagined, then, with what thankfulness we greeted the first hint of dawn, when it finally appeared, with its suggestion of the blessed light of day. At length the sun raised his head above the eastern horizon, to instill new life and vigor into our half-torpid minds and bodies. With each return he grew bolder, raising his face higher into the heavens and remaining longer, and then I began to plan my hunting trips for musk ox.

It was at this time that my Eskimo friends discovered, one day, three moving figures slowly making their way toward Annootok over the tumbled ice of Smith Sound. We could scarcely be certain at first that they were men, but presently our dogs were harnessed to



H. WHITNEY, 1909

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ELLESMERE LAND, WITH THE BAD ICE OF SMITH SOUND BEHIND THEM.



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ESKIMO DOGS REWARDED FOR THEIR PATIENCE WITH THE BLOOD OF A SLAUGHTERED SEAL.

sledges and we were dashing away to meet them. The few miles that intervened were quickly traversed, and what was my astonishment, as we approached, to find one of the travelers to be a white man, and what my further astonishment when he introduced himself as Dr. Frederick A. Cook, whom we had come to believe had perished in the North. For the first time in more than a year Dr. Cook was enabled to converse in his native tongue, for his stalwart young Eskimos spoke no English, and the pleasure he must have felt in meeting a fellow-countryman thus unexpectedly after his long exile can better be imagined than described.

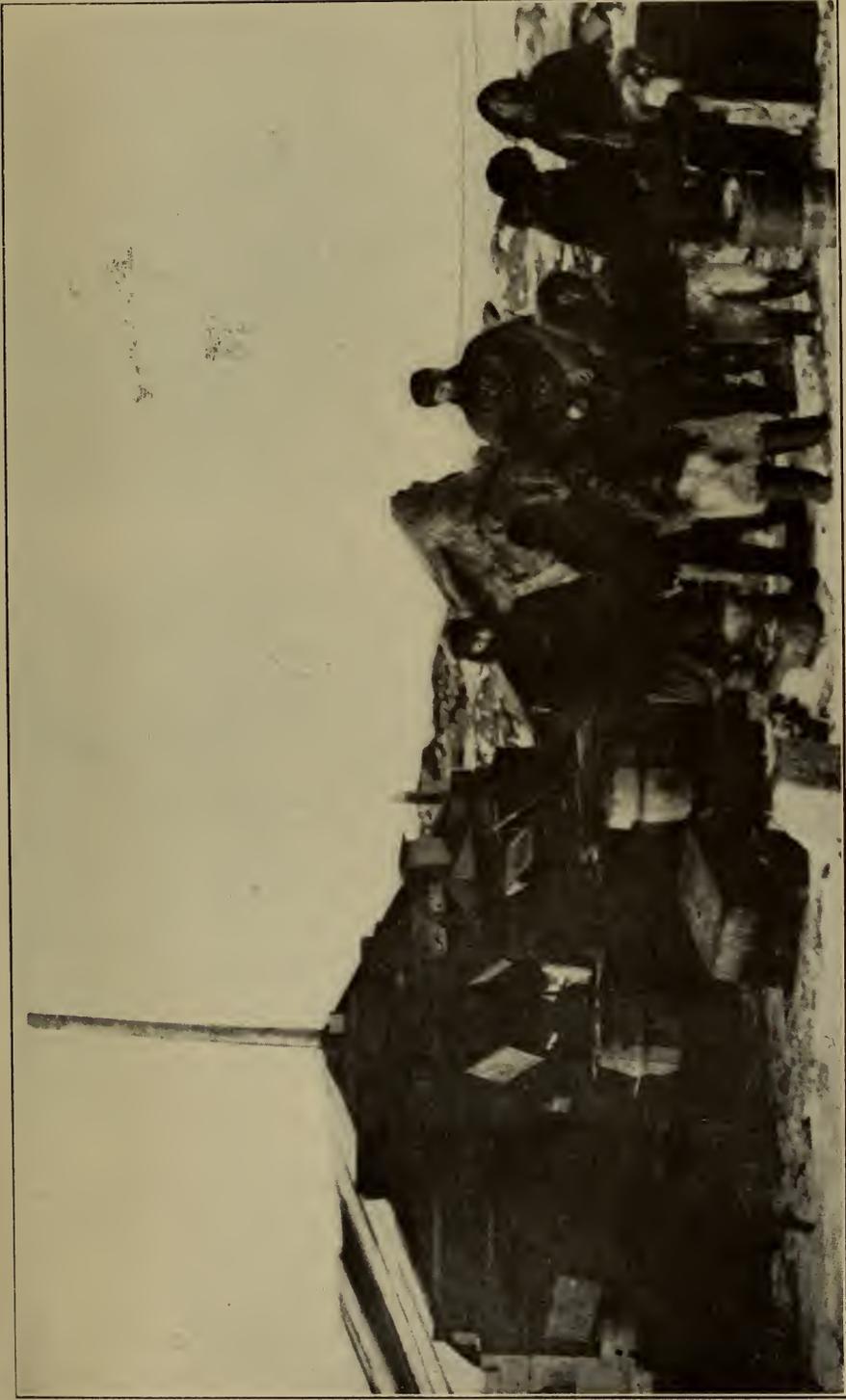
The three men were without provisions, unkempt, and much reduced in flesh through privation. We carried them on our *komatiks* to Annootok, and there the Doctor recuperated for his sledging trip to Upernavik, where he was to connect with a steamer for civilization. Here it was that he honored me with his confidence and thrilled me with the announcement that he had

reached the North Pole on the twenty-first of April, 1908—the great goal for which men had been striving and offering up their lives through more than two centuries.

Before his departure for the South, he described to me a region through which he had passed, well stocked with musk ox. This, I decided, should be the scene of my hunt, and the Doctor arranged that his two young Eskimo companions, Ahwelah and Etukishuk, should be of my party.

It is a long and difficult sledge journey to Upernavik. I was expecting a vessel to come to my relief in the autumn, and therefore Dr. Cook placed in my charge his instruments and such of his personal belongings as might be injured or lost in sledge transportation, or would impede progress. I accompanied him to Etah, where we said good-by, and then returned to Annootok to prepare for my hunting expedition to Ellesmere Land.

Komatik (sledge) loads were lashed into place on the evening of May 12th.



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DR. FREDERICK A. COOK'S SHACK AT ANNOOTOK, IN WHICH MR. WHITNEY PASSED THE WINTER.



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THE MAIN CAMP OF THE WHITNEY PARTY IN THE MIDDLE OF ELLESMERE LAND.

Biscuits, tea, sugar, canned corned beef hash, and beans were to be our food staples, oil our fuel, a sixteen-ounce canvas tent and reindeer-skin sleeping bags our shelter. At half past two the following morning, with Eskimos active and eager for the chase, harnessed dogs jumping and yelping in traces, and everything ready for the start, I gave the word. *Komatiks* were broken loose, and away we went.

There were six sledges each in charge of an Eskimo—Eiseeyou, my head man; Etukishuk and Ahwelah, Dr. Cook's two companions on his Polar dash; a man named Tukshu, and two bearing the name Okspuddyshou; all capable and active travelers and hunters. In explanation of the two Okspuddyshous it may be interesting to state that it is not uncommon for two or three men in the same family to bear the same name and for several in the tribe. Several others, not attached to my party, accompanied us across Smith Sound but there left us to return to Annotok.

Our course was to the northward, that we might circumvent an open lead some ten miles out on Smith Sound. The crisp Arctic atmosphere was brilliant and exhilarating, and for five miles the ice, smooth and perfect, enabled us to make rapid progress. Then we came

upon rough rafted ice, and ice axes were brought into use to open a road. Dogs and *komatiks* became scattered in what seemed to me a hopeless effort to find a passage. But no situation is so hopeless and no physical obstacle so great that the resourceful Eskimo cannot overcome it.

Now and again, when the way was blocked, they climbed ice pinnacles to look ahead for possible routes, then returned to the task of cutting away obstructions, hauling, lifting, pulling at the traces to aid the willing dogs. It is little short of superhuman—the energy of those men. Six hours of toil and we found ourselves again on smooth ice. It was new ice, formed within the previous fortnight, and as polished and perfect as a field of glass. The dogs appreciated it as well as ourselves, and forged ahead at a rapid pace.

Many seals were seen on the fresh-made ice, and Eiseeyou, my head man, expressed a desire that I take charge of his dog team while he stalked some of them. Seals are extremely shy, and great caution must be practiced in approaching them. The Eskimos use a blind in the form of a miniature sledge, about eighteen inches in length by six inches in width, with bearskin tacked on the runners. Fore and aft are two



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NEITHER COLD NOR WIND MATTER TO SLEEPY ESKIMOS.

upright crotched sticks, upon which the rifle rests and to which it is lashed. On the front of the sledge a crossbar sustains two long perpendicular sticks, over which a piece of white cloth is stretched, or when that is not attainable, hare skin is substituted. Through a hole in this cloth screen the rifle muzzle protrudes.

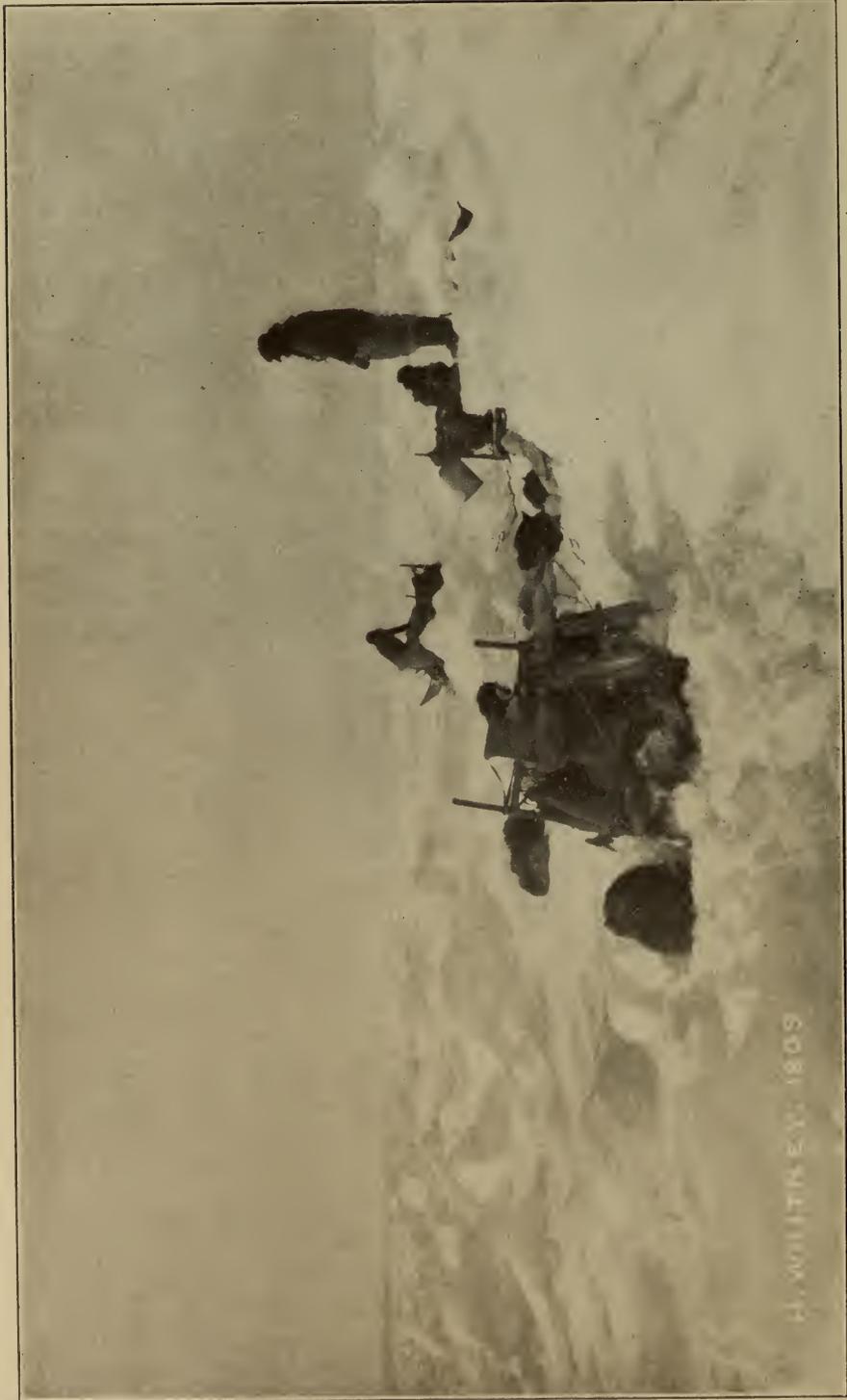
Holding his blind before him, Eiseeyou was enabled to walk within three or four hundred yards of a seal without startling it, then he dropped on hands and knees and pushed the little sledge before him. Thus hidden behind the cloth screen, which so blended with the ice as to arouse in the seal no suspicion of danger, he approached within fifty yards before shooting. Seals always lie close to their holes, and it is necessary to hit them in the head or under the shoulder and have the bullet penetrate the heart and kill them instantly; otherwise they will flop into the hole and sink before it is possible to reach them.

The dogs are trained to lie down and remain quiet until the shot is fired. With quivering bodies and nerves tense for a run, they watch with the most acute anxiety every movement of their master. The instant the report of his rifle rings out, they spring to their feet and dash forward, with an impetuosity and eagerness that nothing can restrain.

Eiseeyou was successful, and in spite of anything I could do, the dogs broke away in a wild dash to the slaughtered seal, and only the whip preserved the carcass from being torn to pieces on the spot. While I kept the dogs in subjection, Eiseeyou cut a bowl-shaped hollow in the ice, and into this bled the seal. Then the dogs were released to drink and feast upon the warm blood. This is their reward for patience and restraint while their master stalks his game, and only his own team is permitted to participate in it.

In this manner Eiseeyou killed two very large seals. These were sufficient for immediate needs. We lashed them upon a *komatik* with sealskin thongs, and without great delay resumed our journey toward Ellesmere Land.

For some distance our course followed a wide lead of open water, where could be seen numerous seals and white whales, with an occasional walrus, while overhead hovered large flocks of sea pigeons and small gulls. Presently the dogs crossed a fresh bear's track and, wildly excited, took the scent and were off on a dead run after the quarry. We were as anxious as the dogs to catch the bear. Eiseeyou cut loose one of the seals to lighten his load, and for a time our speed over the smooth ice was terrific.



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CROSSING SMITH SOUND THE ICE WAS OFTEN HUMMOCKY AND THE TRAVELING BAD.



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AT TIMES THE WHOLE PARTY CLIMBED HEAPS OF SNOW AND ICE TO SPY OUT A BETTER ROUTE AHEAD.



M. WHITNEY, 1909

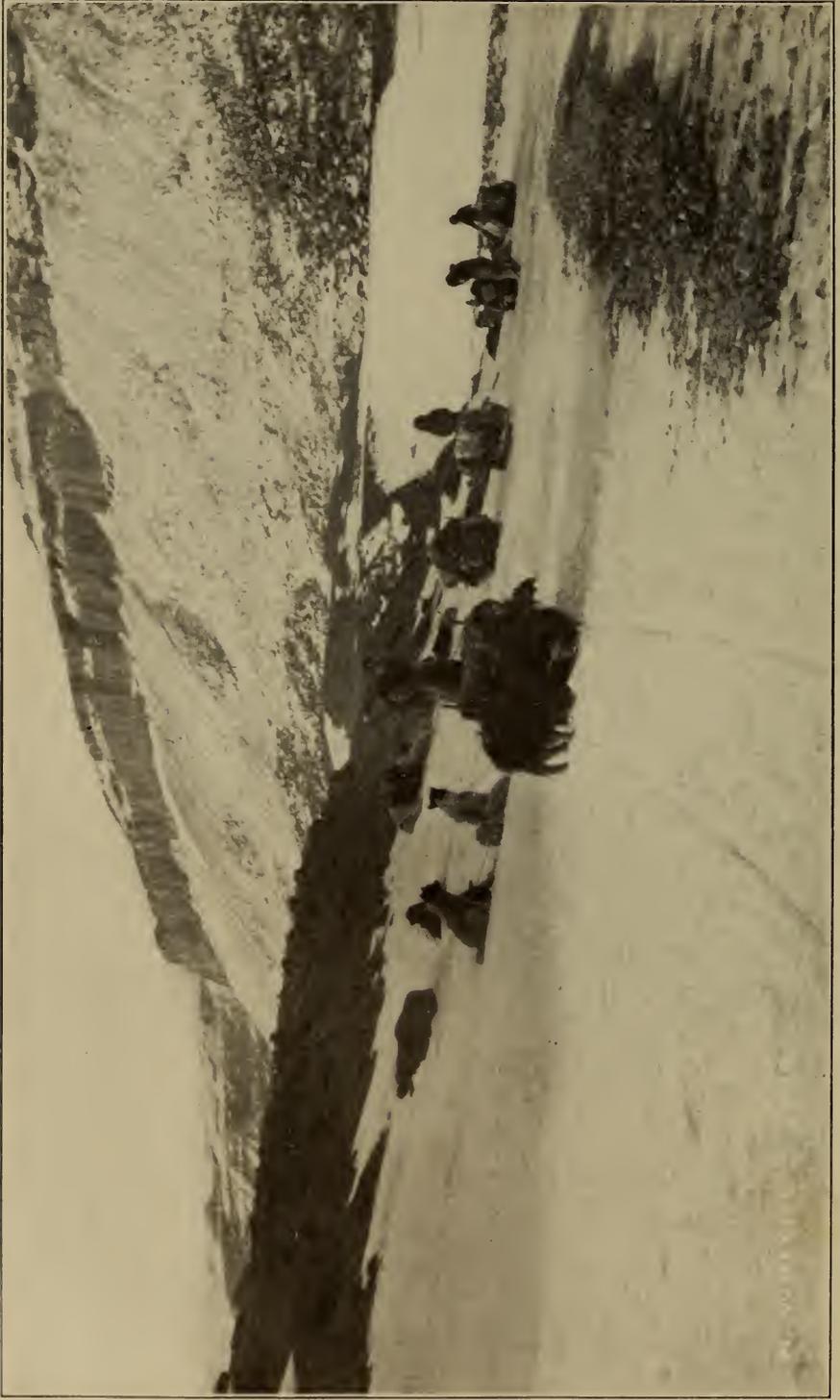
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NOW AND THEN SMOOTH ICE WAS FOUND WHERE LOST TIME COULD BE MADE UP, AFTER A LITTLE REST.



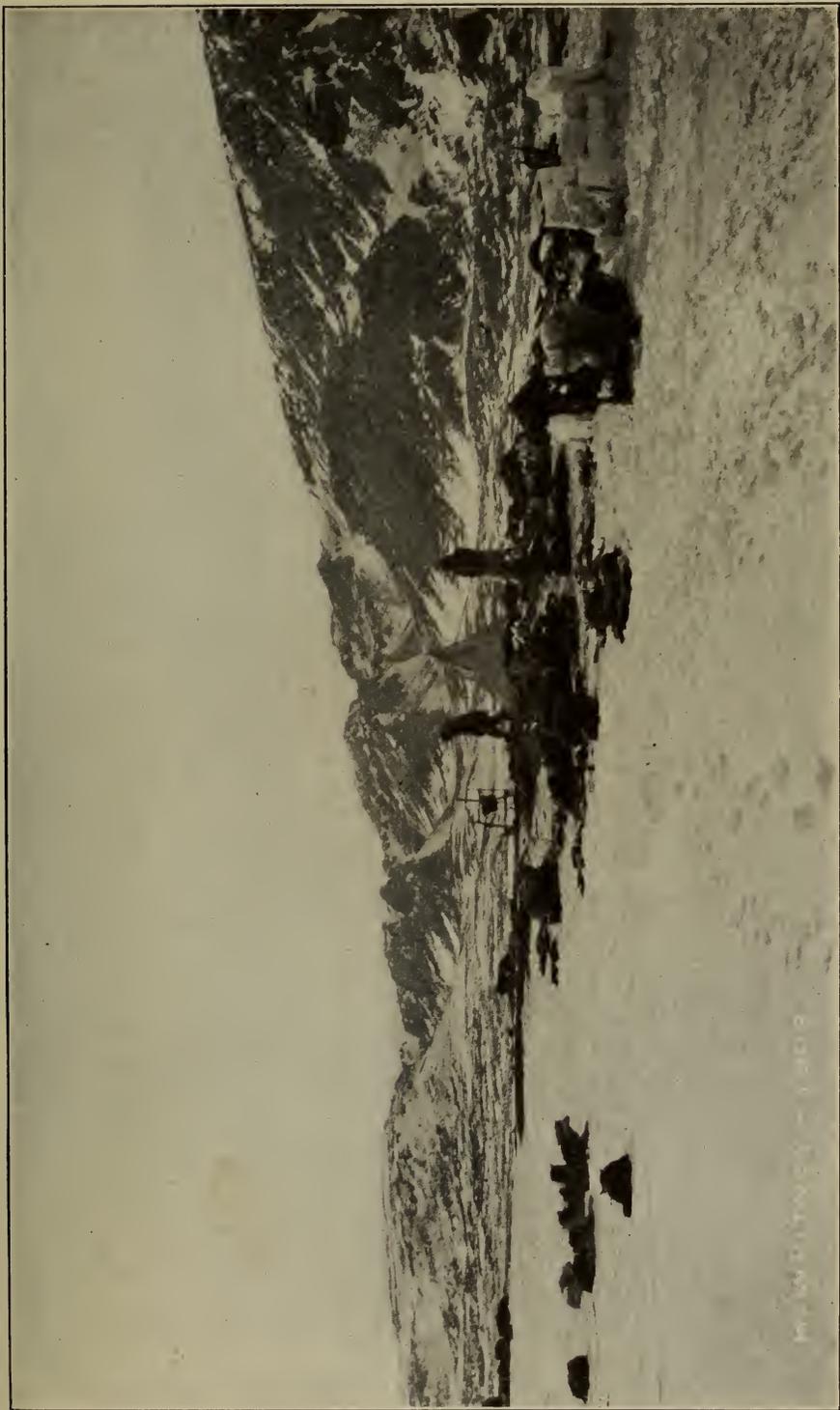
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CROSSING THE SOUND THE PARTY WAS ACCOMPANIED BY OTHER ESKIMOS, WHO TURNED BACK BEFORE REACHING ELLESMERE LAND.



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SLEDGING DOWN FLAGLER FJORD, NEAR VICTORIA HEAD.



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LAST HALT ON THE ICE BEFORE STRIKING OVERLAND TOWARD THE HAUNTS OF THE MUSK OX.



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PAUSE FOR REST AT THE HEAD OF FLAGLER FJORD.

it. Here it was all too loose, and as a last resource our bivouac was made in the lee of a convenient iceberg that broke the force of the bitter wind.

Though I wore dark glasses as a protection, the white glare had seriously affected my eyes. They had a burning sensation, and the eyeballs felt as though sand or some similar substance was imbedded in them—the warning of approaching snow blindness. In addition to this, with insufficient shelter from the north wind and consequent inability to protect myself from the cold, I was far from comfortable, but the Eskimos consoled me with the statement that we had passed the roughest ice and that with four more “sleeps” should find ourselves in the musk-ox country.

Nature asserted herself, and my sleep was long and dreamless. When I awoke, much refreshed, the wind had died, the sky was cloudless, the sun was shining, and the day was the mildest of the year. The Eskimos had been up for several hours, but had not ventured to disturb me. It is characteristic of them

that they will not awaken a slumbering white man.

The traveling was much improved, the drivers pushed the dogs as rapidly as possible, and progress was good. On an island that we passed I killed three Arctic hares with my .22 automatic rifle, and Okspuddyshou killed five, a welcome variety to our diet. The Arctic hare is several times larger than our ordinary hare and the flesh is even more palatable.

I shall never forget the feast that those Eskimos had when we next halted. I made a careful note of what the six men consumed within three hours—seven hares, one seal, about a bucketful of dried walrus meat prepared by Dr. Cook for dog food while at Annootok, and two large cups of tea and four biscuits per man. A good part of the seal and all the hare meat they ate raw, like hungry dogs. I trained my camera upon them, but Eskimos have a decided objection to being photographed while they eat, and out of respect to their wishes I desisted.



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ARCTIC HARE, SHOT IN ELLESMERE LAND, FROZEN INTO STARTLING LIFELIKENESS.

The drivers had been urging their dogs forward with unusual speed, and now the reason developed. They were anxious to reach a cache made by Dr. Cook more than a year before, when he was on his way north. It was expected that tobacco would be found in it, and the Eskimos were simply crazy to get at it. We found it on the side of a steep hill, with the supplies covered with rocks. Camp was made a few hundred yards from land. I insisted that all should be made snug before the cache was opened, and every one worked with feverish haste. Finally, when camp was in order and I gave the word, they rushed forward.

Under the stones we found four large tin boxes containing one box of tea, one box of sugar, one box of coffee, five cans of cranberry sauce, twenty-four boxes of matches, a number of cakes of chocolate, two boxes of films for small camera, six rolls of films which I found would fit my own camera and which I appropriated, one plane, one small knife, some .22 cartridges which had gone bad and

some rifle cartridges which were as good as ever, one large and one small fry pan, and one large box of dried walrus and narwhal meat—the dog pemmican customarily made by white men in the Arctic—but to the great disappointment of all, no tobacco.

Though the pemmican was intended for dogs, the Eskimos seemed to enjoy it immensely. Everything was carried down to camp, and there, in accordance with Dr. Cook's request, I divided between his two men, Etukishuk and Ahwelah, such things as I did not need myself.

Here in our camp near the cache we halted for seven hours. I slept indifferently, weary as I was, and put in a miserable night, owing to the constant cracking of the ice with loud reports, sometimes directly beneath us, when it would tremble and threaten to swallow us up. The Eskimos were all sleeping soundly when I arose and got my oil stove going, but they were soon up, preparing the sledges for the advance.

Again we came upon open water and



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FIRST MUSK OXEN OF THE TRIP BROUGHT TO BAY BY THE DOGS.

were compelled to turn a long distance out of our course to get around it. However, the ice was in the finest possible condition, and we were able to cover in this march twenty miles by the chart, though we halted once to kill seals, a number of which were to be seen on the ice, as we needed them badly for dog food. I succeeded in getting two and the Eskimos brought in five among them.

At length we reached the head of Flagler Fjord, and left the ice for the land. High winds had swept the rocks pretty clear of snow, and traveling became, therefore, exceedingly bad. The country was very rough and we could see only a short distance ahead, but there seemed small prospect of improvement. There was so little snow, in fact, that it became evident that we should have to lighten our *komatiks* of every pound we could spare from our equipment, dispensing with everything not absolutely necessary to our existence, even at the expense of comparative comfort. A small amount of tea and sugar and twenty-

five pounds of biscuits were retained. Among other things, my oil stoves and oil were cached, and beyond this point I used the Eskimos' stone lamps to do my cooking.

Here we encountered the hottest day of the season. The thermometer registered at one time fifty-eight degrees above zero, though later, when in camp, as I wrote my journal, I noticed that it had dropped to six degrees above. Traveling in this high temperature was exceedingly uncomfortable. Perspiration ran into my eyes, already inflamed by the glare of sun and snow, and they became very painful. Okspuddyshou and Tukshu had delayed the use of smoked glasses too long, and were suffering a great deal of pain from snow blindness.

Hares were very plentiful in the valleys which we were ascending, and so tame that we could approach within a few yards of them. I shot several for food, though they were very poor. The skins, too, were in high demand by the Eskimos for socks.



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MAKING HIS LAST STAND ON THE BARE STONE.

While hunting hare with Etukishuk I came upon the heads of five large musk oxen which had been killed a long time ago, and also saw a great many old musk-ox tracks. One pair of horns was in fair preservation, and this I took with me, but the others had lain in the snow for so long a time they were valueless.

In spite of the many tracks that were seen here, I held to my purpose to push on to the country for which we had set out. Here the tracks were not of recent date, while in the farther country there was no question but that we should find an abundance of game. In fact, Eiseeyou assured me that we were now so close to it that after another "sleep" or two at most we should have musk oxen for dinner.

The difficult conditions of traveling compelled us to shorten our next march to eight hours. Men and dogs were exhausted. Our eyes were bloodshot, highly inflamed, and painful. The temperature had suddenly dropped, and when I attempted to sleep I suffered

more from the cold than at any time since leaving Annotok. The moisture from our breath froze at once into crystals upon everything it touched.

The short marches, the necessity of halting to rest the dogs, and our own weariness brought about by constant back-breaking lifting of *komatiks* over rough, rocky places made progress slower even than had been anticipated. But encouragement came in the increasing freshness of musk-ox signs, which gave promise that our ambition was soon to be realized.

Finally we turned into the bed of a very large river—a river when the weather was warm enough to make the water flow, but now a stretch of solid ice. I should say it was a mile and a half in width. On either side snow-covered mountains rose abruptly to lofty heights, with glaciers from the interior ice cap now and again pushing down through ravines.

Everywhere we were surrounded by frozen desolation. It would be difficult to imagine a more God-forsaken region,



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ARCTIC HARE, SO TAME THAT THE CAMERA COULD BE TRAINED UPON THEM AT TWENTY FEET RANGE.

but withal it possessed a rugged, austere beauty, an impressive and inspiring grandeur. Here in the midst of this bleak, barren land came to me a day that shall remain a life memory—a day that brought full recompense for all the hardships and sufferings that I had endured in the Arctic.

We had halted to make camp after many hours of desperate struggle, when Eiseyou called me to him and pointed to what appeared to be two large black rocks at the foot of a mountain, a half mile or so distant, and as he pointed, said laconically, "*Omingmong!*" (musk ox). All the Eskimos broke at once into an excited babble, and set to work with feverish haste to straighten out the dogs' traces preparatory to a long run at high speed.

I could make little of what they said, for it requires not one, but several years of constant residence among the Eskimos for a white man to obtain sufficient grasp of their language to understand a running conversation. But when I saw

them remove their guns from the cases, I knew they were preparing for the chase and told them very forcibly that I must hold them to our agreement, that I alone should shoot all the musk ox and any bear seen upon the trip, unless I chose to give others the privilege, and this I did not propose to do, on the present occasion, at least.

They were very sulky at first, but finally replaced their guns in the cases. In great haste and confusion everything was made ready. Three of the Eskimos cut one dog loose from each of their teams, and these dashed away on the trail of the musk ox, putting new life into those attached to the light sledges, which, though the snow was soft and deep, took up the chase at a mad run. For a few hundred yards our speed was beyond belief. The dogs were wild for the hunt.

The three dogs that were first cut loose overtook the musk ox and attacked them by biting at their heels. When we had come within fifty yards of the ani-



MR. WHITNEY PUTTING HIS OIL STOVE IN OPERATION FOR BREAKFAST.

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ESKIMO DOGS AROUND THE DRYING MUSK-OX SKINS IN ELLESMERE LAND.

mals, Eiseeyou cut his eight dogs loose, and the pack brought the game to bay. There was a large boulder rising above the snow, and both musk ox backed up against it and kept the dogs off with lowered heads and frequent charging, always backing up to the boulder to protect their rear.

They were the first musk ox of my experience and they were the most peculiar animals I had ever seen. Their long hair hung down and dragged in the snow, leaving a trail where they had walked on either side of their tracks. For a little while I watched their method of fighting the dogs, and then raised my rifle and gave each a shot behind the shoulder. I was very close to them when I fired and both animals were killed instantly.

I may say here that for either long or close shooting, the high-power small bore sporting rifle, carrying a good weight, soft-nosed, jacketed bullet, is, in my experience, the most effective and satisfactory weapon. I have done rapid shooting, always with killing effect, at many hundred yards, with such a weap-

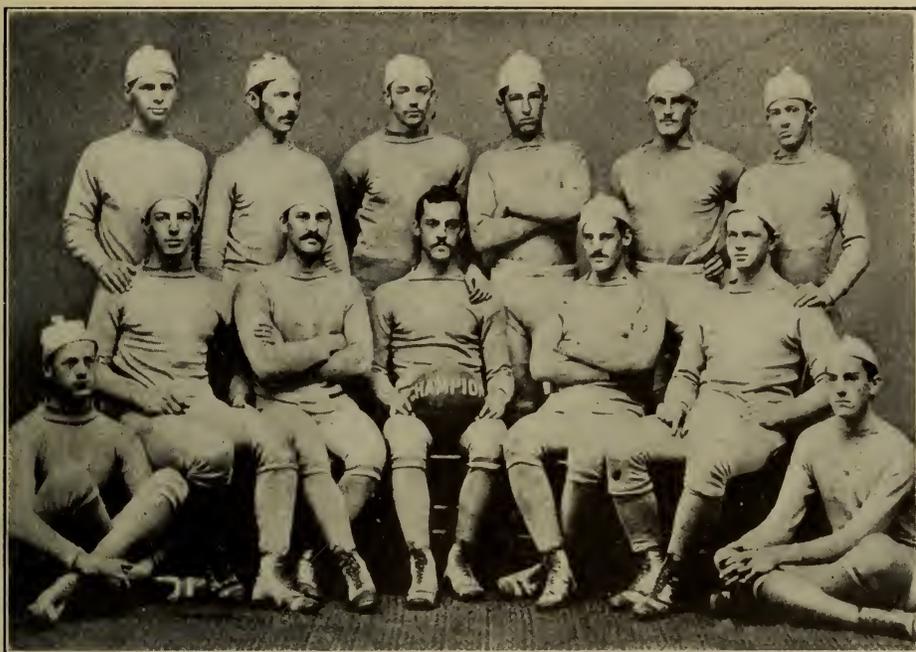
on, and when big game is hit it cannot escape.

The instant the musk ox dropped, all of the dogs were on top of them and would have torn them to pieces had the Eskimos not driven them off with their whips. These were two very large old bulls, with magnificent heads, trophies alone worthy of my hard trip from Greenland.

Camp was made close by, and Eiseeyou, always with an eye for game, strolled off to the top of a small hill to look the country over with my glasses. In a few minutes he returned, much excited, to report two more bunches of musk ox. In one he could count four. In the other there were many more, but owing to the fact that several of them were lying down, he could not tell the number. We talked the situation over and decided to go for them at once. The two herds were not a great distance apart, and I decided that I, with two Eskimos to assist me, should attack the larger herd, while I gave permission to the other four Eskimos to follow the smaller one.

(To be continued)

In the January number Mr. Whitney will round out the narrative of his musk-ox hunt, and begin the tale of his experiences with the walrus, which actually precedes the present installment in chronological order.



FIRST YALE TEAM TO PLAY THE RUGBY GAME, 1876.

Back Row.—Clark, C. Camp, Hatch, W. Camp, Wurts, Taylor.
 Front Row.—Davis, Downer, Walker, Baker, Bigelow, Thompson, Morse.

GREAT TEAMS OF THE PAST BY WALTER CAMP

WHENEVER a group of old football players is gathered together there are sure to crop up reminiscences of old days, former players, and earlier teams, and with this review of the past comes discussion as to what was really the strongest team that ever lined up on the field. For a long time at New Haven the belief prevailed that Lee McClung's team was the best that Yale ever produced, but the advent of Gordon Brown's eleven with its powerful tackle back formation first began to shake the confidence of the adherents to the older team.

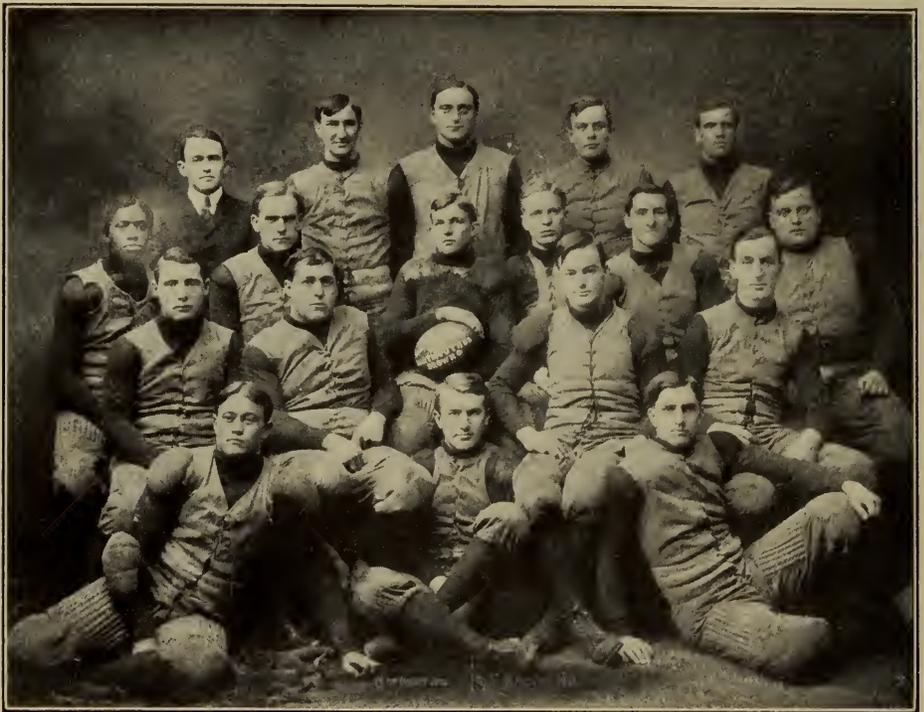
Just after Brown's season closed there

was a disposition wherever Yale men met to make this an issue, and the younger contingent stood firmly for the opinion that Gordon Brown's men could have beaten McClung's. Naturally, it was a point that could never be settled, but it is safe to say that while the individual brilliancy, and beyond that the individual independence and football initiative of the men comprising McClung's team stand probably unequaled the style of team play perfected by Gordon Brown's men, in attack, could not have been met successfully by any team, even one like McClung's, unless that team had had an opportunity of practicing against the tackles back play, and that, too, for a considerable period of time.

Hence it is as certain as anything can

be in a football way that Brown's team would have been able to carry the ball against McClung's for very considerable and oft-repeated gains which would have resulted in scoring. In return McClung's team would have pretty certainly scored on Brown's, through the use of their favorite "twenty-thirty" play, with McClung carrying the ball. This player was unmatched by anyone,

very powerful. Winter and Wallis were dashing tackles, while Hinkey's ability as an end has never been surpassed. Hartwell, at the other end, was exceptional in strength and speed, while the back field of Barbour, quarter, the light-haired end runner L. Bliss as one half and McClung, himself, as the other, were splendidly supplemented by Vance McCormick at fullback.



THE DARTMOUTH TEAM OF 1903.

"The most powerful that college has ever turned out." Defeated Harvard, Williams, Amherst and Brown, and lost only to Princeton. Captain Witham is shown holding the ball.

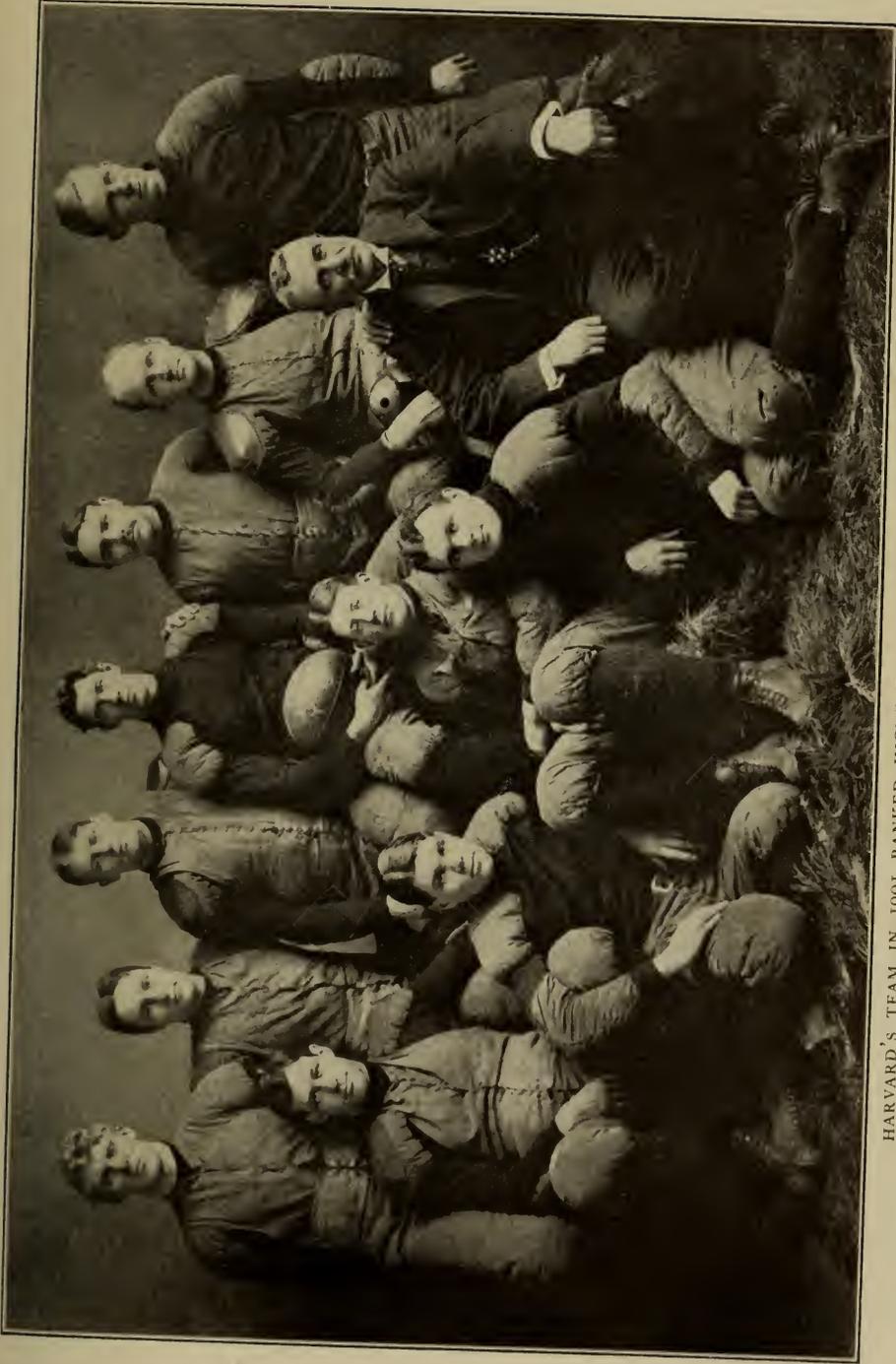
in the Princeton game, the year before, he had actually averaged, in a succession of some seven or eight plays, nineteen and a fraction yards to the run.

As two of these runs carried the ball over the goal line his possible average would have been nearer twenty-five yards. Then, too, Heffelfinger was a bigger man than Gordon Brown; both had been brought up in the same school of football and neither had found his match.

Sanford, of McClung's team, was one of the most versatile of centers, and

This team was never scored upon by any opponent, and ran up four hundred and eighty-eight points in thirteen games, an average of thirty-six to the game. Surely Gordon Brown's team would have had their work cut out to keep this aggregation from knocking at the gates of their goal.

Such discussions as this at Yale are typical of similar arguments at other universities. Having had the pleasure of seeing most of these teams play, and following the developments of the game and the players from year to year, it has



HARVARD'S TEAM IN 1901 RANKED HIGHEST OF HARVARD TEAMS BY MANY EXPERTS.

Back Row:—Graydon, fullback; Barnard, right guard; _____, Campbell, left end (Capt.); Blagden, left tackle; Lee, left guard; Bowditch, right end;
Front Row:—Cuttis, right tackle; Marshall, quarter-back; Kernan, left half-back; Ristine, right half-back; McMaster, trainer.

occurred to me that many of those who have seen these various organizations come and go would be interested in harking back a little and recalling some of the great events of the past.

When Harvard came down to New Haven in the fall of 1876, flushed with pride as the conquerors of the All Canadian Rugby team, there were few indeed in the college at New Haven who believed that the Yale team stood any chance against them. In fact, as we measure the game to-day, Yale would have been defeated, but not so under the Rugby Union rules of 1876. These provided that goals only counted, and the only case in which touchdowns had any effect on the score was when neither team secured a goal.

Yale scored a field goal and Harvard, try as they would, made each of their three touchdowns at the corner of the field and not one of the goals was kicked.

Small Beginnings at New Haven

Yet much is to be said of the rugged development of that team of Captain Baker's of 1876. Everything was against it, but it plugged along with little sympathy and no support, practicing on a Dixwell Avenue lot where one touch line was the curbstone and the other a picket fence. Up to within a couple of weeks of the Harvard game the only ball they had was the old round rubber Association ball, Harvard later lending them a Rugby ball for their practice.

It must be confessed that O. D. Thompson's field goal was made by kicking the ball on its side instead of the end. However, that little team came back from Hamilton Park heroes, and laid the foundation for Rugby football at Yale.

The most noted Harvard team was Arthur J. Cumnock's, for it was that eleven which turned the tables on Yale, for the first time after many desperate struggles, by a score of 12 to 6. On that team played Lake, who was recently lieutenant governor of Connecticut. The team also included Dean as quarter-back whose name and signature are now so familiar to football readers, as well

as Newell, later to become Harvard's greatest tackle.

The game was remarkable in many senses. Yale just previously had defeated Pennsylvania no less than 60 to 0, and both teams were regarded as very powerful. The result proved this, for they struggled through the long first half without a score, and the game had gone no less than thirty minutes in the second half in the same manner when Lee, the Harvard sprinter, who had been put in fresh, circled Yale's end for a touchdown by a long run.

This was followed almost at once by Dean, the Harvard quarter-back, breaking through the Yale substitute center, seizing the ball, and running with it for another touchdown. Both the goals were kicked.

Yale then came back with a desperate attempt to tie the score. They succeeded in a very few minutes in carrying the ball straight down the field and across Harvard's goal line for a touchdown which McClung, then a freshman, converted into a goal from a very difficult angle. Soon they were on their way toward the goal again, but time was called before they reached striking distance.

Harvard's two other great teams were those of Ben Dibblee, 1898, the team that for the first time since 1890 succeeded in defeating Yale, and of Dave Campbell, whose team accomplished the same feat in 1901.

Dibblee's team, with Cameron Forbes as coach, defeated Yale by a score of 17 to 0 at New Haven on a day which began with a drenching rain, in the midst of which the freshmen contest between the two universities took place. The weather was still most unpropitious when the spectators gathered for the afternoon game. The result was that many of them were clothed in oilcloth covering borrowed from the tables in various restaurants, and the stands were a strange sight.

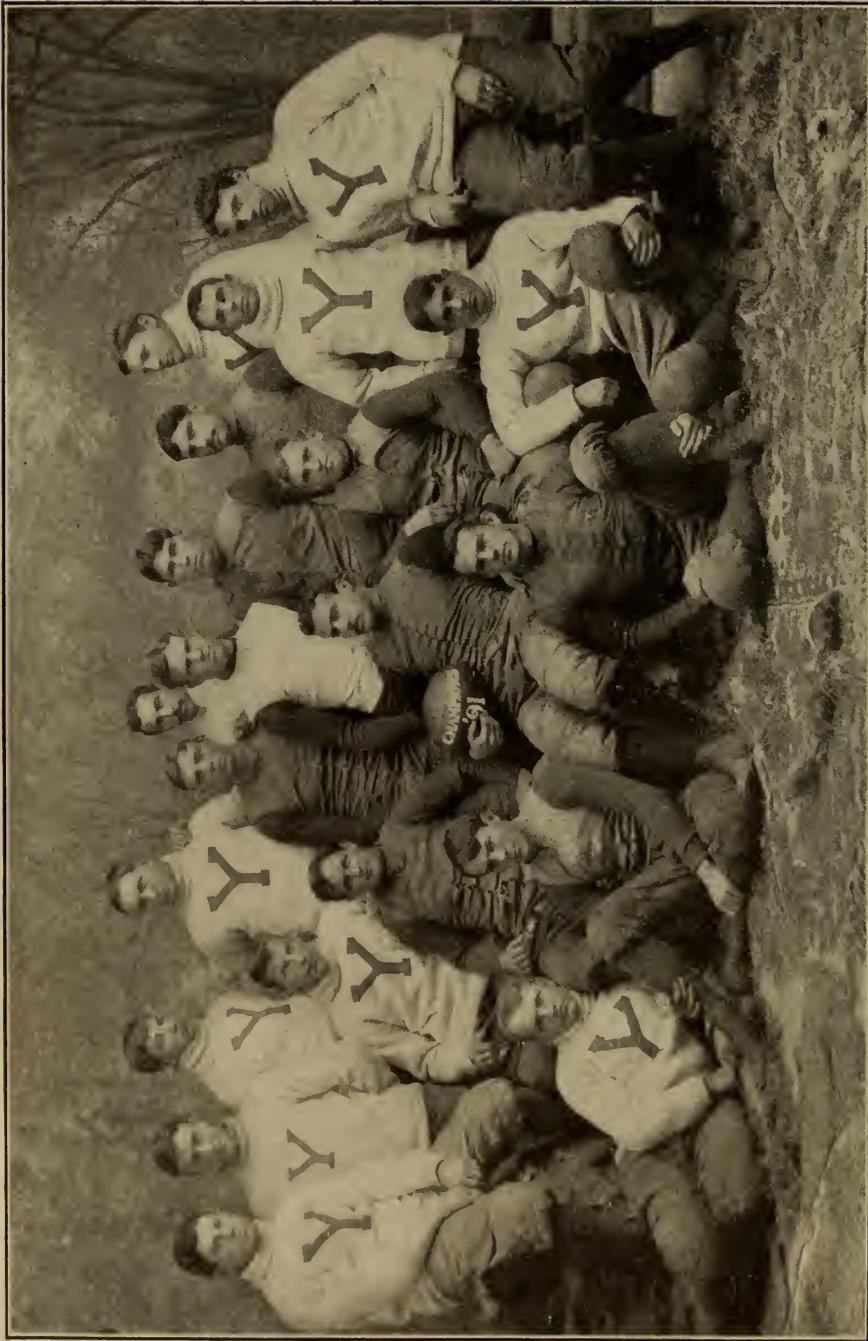
Upon this team played Reid, later to become Harvard's coach as well as captain; Haughton, Harvard's present coach, and Daly who was probably the most noted quarter-back of his time. They had started the season well, beat-



CHICAGO'S 1900 TEAM, ONE OF THE GREATEST IN THE UNIVERSITY'S HISTORY.



THE WISCONSIN TEAM OF 1901 WAS A CHAMPIONSHIP ORGANIZATION.



THE VICTORIOUS YALE TEAM OF '91.

Back row:—Wallis,——,Cockran,——,Hartwell,——,Morison, Hefelfinger, Winter,——,Graves, Stillman. Middle row:—Sanford, McCormick, McClung, L. Bliss. Front row:—C. D. Bliss, Hinkey, Barbour, Dyer.



“ IN 1896 THE CARLISLE TEAM HAD AS ITS CAPTAIN AS GOOD A PLAYER AS EVER WALKED THE GRIDIRON.”

ing Dartmouth, 21 to 0, Amherst, 53 to 2, West Point, 28 to 0, and Chicago, 39 to 0.

Then there seemed to be a slight let up, for the Indian game was only 11 to 5, the Pennsylvania game, 10 to 0, the Brown game, 17 to 6. But the power still remained sufficient and was much in evidence at New Haven. Harvard was never in danger except possibly once when a field kick was attempted.

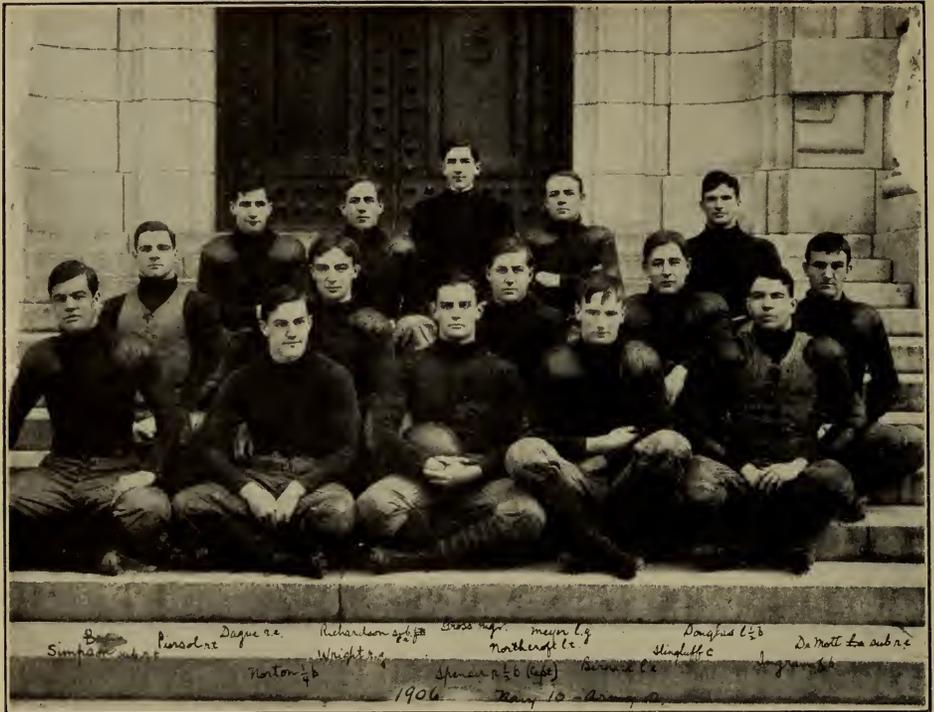
Dave Campbell's team represented Harvard in 1901 and defeated Gould's team at Cambridge by a score of 22 to 0, in spite of the fact that in the first few minutes of play Yale was twice within Harvard's twenty-five-yard line. This team numbered, together with Campbell who was an All America end for three years, Kernan, the powerful back, Marshall, Blagden, now Harvard's member of the Rules Committee, and the celebrated Cutts.

It is worth while to compare the Harvard teams of 1898 and 1901. The scores of Dibblee's team of 1898 have

already been given, and it will be noted that there was a curious letting down previous to the final games. Campbell's team showed something of the same characteristics, defeating Columbia, 18 to 0; West Point, 6 to 0; the Indians, 29 to 0; Brown, 48 to 0; Pennsylvania, 33 to 6, and Dartmouth, 27 to 12.

From this comparison it is fair to conclude that Campbell's team had the greater scoring possibilities of the two. The men who composed the team in 1898 were, in the line, Jaffray, Burnett, Burden, Haughton, Donald, Cochrane, Hallowell, and Boal; behind the line, Daly, Dibblee, Reid, Farley, and Warren. In 1901 the line consisted of Sargent, Blagden, Lee, Barnard, Cutts, Campbell, and Bowditch and the back field of Kernan, Graydon, Marshall and Ristine.

DeCamp's Princeton team of 1885 seemed to be the cradle for many noted players. Both the Hodges played on it, Adams, Savage, as well as Tracy Harris, while Irvine, now head of the



“THE NAVAL ACADEMY TEAM OF 1906 WAS ONE OF THE BEST THAT HAS EVER REPRESENTED ANNAPOLIS.”

Mercersburg School, was one of its powerful men, as were also Cook and Toler. Most noted of all were Cowan and Lamar, the latter the man who made the long run, the length of the field, which settled the Yale game in the last few minutes of play, and the former the big captain and tackle who was soon to become the most prominent man on Princeton's team.

This game was a most remarkable one. The Harvard faculty had this year forbidden the team to play any games with other colleges. At New Haven most of the old players had graduated so that there were only two of the team of the former year left. Yale had, however, shown remarkable strength for a green team, having been scored on only once during the season and defeating Pennsylvania the week before her Princeton game by a score of 53 to 5.

Princeton came to New Haven and the play was exciting from the very start. Yale forced the ball into Princeton's

territory and Watkinson, Yale's full-back, narrowly missed a goal from the field. Finally he secured another try and this time made the goal, making the score by the ruling of those days 5 to 0 in Yale's favor. In the second half Princeton carried the ball almost to Yale's five-yard line, but was held for downs.

Yale then responded with a succession of running plays which took the ball out once more to the middle of the field. From that point Watkinson made a long punt toward Princeton's goal, but a little to the side. Toler was coming up on it when it struck him squarely on the chest and bounded off to the side, Lamar getting it on the bound just out of reach of the Yale men who had followed the kick down.

This gave the Princeton man a perfectly clear field until he should reach the backs. These he dodged easily and landed the ball behind Yale's goal line after running the length of the field. The goal was kicked and the score

stood 6 to 5, with only five minutes left to play; no further score resulted.

For clean-cut, steady, consistent development and safety of play, the University of Pennsylvania's team of 1904 was a paragon. They began in a small way, defeating Pennsylvania State, 6 to 0, and had a hard time with Swarthmore, the final score being 6 to 4 in favor of Pennsylvania, but that was the only game in which they were scored on during the season and their progress was steady and consistent.

They defeated Brown, 6 to 0; Columbia, 16 to 0; Harvard, 11 to 0; Lafayette, 22 to 0; Carlisle, 18 to 0; and wound up by swamping Cornell, 34 to 0. Pennsylvania had other remarkable teams, but this one was the one upon which its adherents could bank with greatest certainty.

The Dartmouth team of 1903 was one of the most powerful that college has ever turned out, and it is small wonder that they defeated Harvard, 11 to 0; Williams, 17 to 0; Amherst, 18 to 0;

and overwhelmed Brown in the last game of the season by 62 to 0. The strange feature of their career, like that of many other noted teams, was a slump in midseason. Dartmouth, in view of the men on her team that year, expected to defeat Princeton.

There were many others who thought so too, but the result proved that they had misjudged the situation for Princeton won 17 to 0. The Dartmouth team never got on its feet in that game from start to finish, but in spite of that defeat this team made a big start for Dartmouth football and paved the way for further great teams.

Hooper, the center on the team that year, was one of the best in the position and was chosen on the All America team. Other men of prominence were Witham, Glaze, Vaughn, Maine, Gilman, Foster, and Lillard, later the Dartmouth coach.

Columbia teams have shown the greatest reversal of form, playing with especial brilliancy at one time and again,



“REDDEN'S TEAM OF MICHIGAN CONTAINED THE BEST COLLECTION OF MIDDLE WESTERN FOOTBALL TALENT EVER ON ONE TEAM.”

in the same season, being badly beaten. In 1899 they defeated Yale, 5 to 0, and West Point, 16 to 0; but almost immediately after were beaten by Cornell, 29 to 0, and when they faced the Indian braves, only a few weeks later, were beaten no less than 45 to 0.

The following year they again played one or two games brilliantly, beating Princeton, 6 to 5; Annapolis, 11 to 0, and taking revenge on the Indians by defeating them 17 to 6. But they were tied by Williams, neither side scoring, and beaten by Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, in the two latter games, 24 to 0 and 30 to 0.

In 1901 they defeated Pennsylvania, 11 to 0, and Carlisle, 40 to 12, but were beaten by Cornell, 24 to 0 and Syracuse, 11 to 5; also losing to Harvard and Yale, but by lesser scores. In 1902, after showing very good form, defeating Swarthmore, 24 to 0, they were beaten by Princeton, 21 to 0; Pennsylvania, 17 to 0; Brown, 28 to 0; and Amherst, 29 to 0. In 1903 they again defeated Pennsylvania, 18 to 6; and Cornell, 17 to 12; but were beaten by Yale, 25 to 0.

Army and Navy Star Teams

The United States Military Academy team of 1904 was one of the strongest that West Point, phenomenally good at the game, has ever put in the field. It was strong in all departments, and had in its number some remarkable stars as well. The very names of Tipton, Torney, Graves, Erwin, Doe, and Gillespie still inspire awe in the men who faced them. This team had the satisfaction of defeating Yale by a score of 11 to 6, played a game early in the season which Harvard won by a bare 4 points, defeated Williams, 16 to 0, Syracuse, 21 to 5, and the United States Naval Academy, 11 to 0.

The United States Naval Academy team of 1906, Captain Spencer's team, which defeated the Army, 10 to 0, was one of the best and most versatile which has represented Annapolis. In it were the star end Dague, who made the All America team, Northcroft, Ingraham, Slingluff, Douglas, and Norton.

The game with the army was hotly

contested until the Navy scored a field-kick goal. This seemed to give them greater dash in their attack and greater confidence, for they very soon worked the same forward pass which was used in New Haven the week before and were eminently successful, securing the ball and a touchdown. This same team played the strong Vanderbilt eleven a tie at 6 to 6 early in the season, was beaten by Harvard by only a single score, defeated Lafayette, 17 to 0; Pennsylvania State, 6 to 4, and Virginia Polytechnic, 12 to 0.

Cornell has had a checkered career in football, but has done some excellent work and has turned out teams which at one time or another in their season were exceptionally strong. They have usually been stronger at the time of their Princeton game than at the end of the season. For instance, in 1899 they defeated Princeton, 5 to 0, but were beaten that year later in the season by Pennsylvania, 29 to 0, and by Chicago, 17 to 5.

In 1900 they again defeated Princeton, this time 12 to 0, and also defeated Dartmouth, 23 to 6, but were beaten by Lafayette, 17 to 0, and finally by Pennsylvania, 27 to 0.

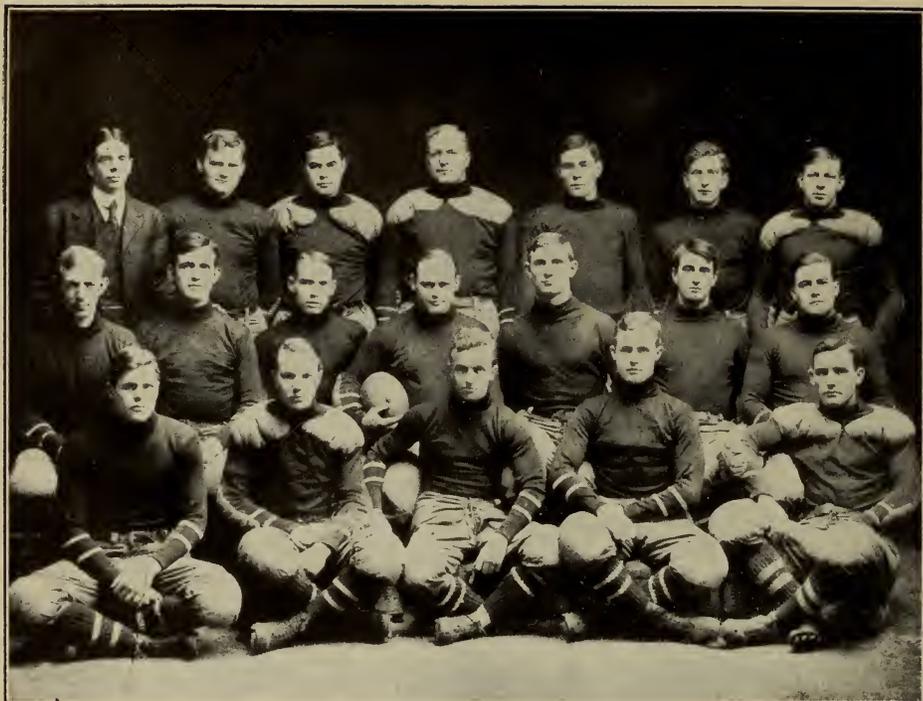
On the whole their team of 1901 was probably one of the best, and although they did suffer defeat at the hands of Princeton, it was by a very close score, 8 to 6. In that season they defeated the Carlisle Indians, 17 to 0; Columbia, 24 to 0, and triumphed over their main rivals, Pennsylvania, in their big game by a score of 24 to 6.

The Indian has exhibited an especial adaptability to the strategy of football. The Carlisle team of 1896 had as its captain one of the best players the Indian school has ever turned out; in fact, as good a player as ever walked the gridiron—Bemus Pierce. The same team also contained Wheelock, Cayou, Metoxen, Seneca, an All America man of that year, and that marvelous little quarter-back, Hudson, but the team play was not as strong as that of some other Carlisle teams, the defense being less perfected than the offense. They scored on Princeton, Yale, and Brown, but were defeated by each of these teams



THE PRINCETON TEAM OF 1889 THAT WON THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Captain Poe is shown holding the ball; Cowen and Janeway, guards; Riggs and Cash, tackles; and Black, Ames, and Channing, half-backs, were also members of this team.



THE CORNELL 'VARSITY OF 1901.



OUTLAND'S PENNSYLVANIA TEAM—A COLLECTION OF STARS.

1, Tolwell; 2, Stehle; 3, Rugenberg; 4, Walker; 5, McCracken; 6, Hodges; 7, Outland (Capt.); 8, Snover; 9, Garnett; 10, McCloskey; 11, Overfield; 12, McMahon; 13, Gardner; 14, DeSilver; 15, Hare; 16, Harrison.

on account of their lack of strong defense.

While the Indians were beaten by Princeton, 11 to 0, they succeeded in defeating Pennsylvania, 16 to 6. Lubo and Exendine were two noted players on this team, but the most remarkable of all was Johnson who played quarter two years later for Northwestern.

The Carlisle teams of 1905 and 1907 were the most noted of recent years. The team of 1905 scored 11 points on Harvard, but were beaten again through weakness in defense, 23 to 11. Pennsylvania beat them, 6 to 0, but they defeated the strong Pennsylvania State team which had held Yale to a score of only 12, Carlisle making almost as many points as Yale had, namely 11. The Indians also defeated West Point by a score of 6 to 5.

The team of 1907 was still more remarkable, defeating Syracuse, 14 to 6; Pennsylvania, 26 to 6; Harvard, 23 to 15; and Chicago, 18 to 4. They also defeated Minnesota, but by a very close margin, 12 to 10, and were beaten by Princeton who stopped them from passing 16 to 0.

Journeying westward, Redden's team of Michigan contained the best collection of Middle Western football talent that has probably ever been on one team, Neston, Tom Hammond, Longman, Norcross, Gregory, and finally Curtiss who was just beginning to make his mark as a tackle and later became captain.

The Michigan teams of 1901-2-3 all showed fine scoring abilities. In fact, they made what was at that time a record, by running up 128 points in 1901 against Buffalo. In the same year they defeated Carlisle, 22 to 0, and Chicago by the same score, nor were they scored on during the entire season.

The following year they were scored on by both Case and Minnesota, but for all that against the other Western teams their scoring machine was in good working order. They defeated Minnesota this year 23 to 6 and Chicago, 26 to 0. Wisconsin gave them trouble, but was defeated 6 to 0.

The following year, 1903, the experience was repeated, except that they had a tie game with Minnesota, 6 to 6.

They defeated Chicago, 28 to 0, and Wisconsin, 16 to 0.

The great teams of the University of Chicago were those of 1900 and 1905. In 1900 Chicago defeated Michigan, 15 to 6, and in 1905 played the most remarkable game that East or West has ever seen, the final result being a victory for Chicago, owing to a safety made by Michigan in the last few minutes of play. Up to that time honors had been easy, each team working desperately to secure a score, but neither being able to get over the other's line. Finally Eckersall drove a low punt across Michigan's line and Michigan's quarter, in the attempt to run it out, was tackled and thrown back for a safety.

Two State University Teams

The University of Wisconsin team of 1900 was a first-class organization and played excellent football. It is true that the Minnesota game resulted in a victory for Minnesota by a score of 6 to 5, but all the Western teams were playing a mixed schedule which made comparisons difficult. Minnesota, for instance, played a tie game with Chicago, 6 to 6, but Wisconsin defeated Chicago a month later, 39 to 5, and Michigan was beaten by Chicago, 15 to 6, while Pennsylvania defeated Chicago no less than 41 to 0. The team of 1901 was their best eleven, defeating Minnesota, 18 to 0, Chicago, 35 to 0, and being scored on only by Knox and that early in the season.

The Minnesota team of that year was an excellent one, consisting in the back field of Van Valkenberg, Knowlton, Faus, Smith, Dobey, and in the line, Hoyt, Rund, Page, Flynn, Mueller, Fee, and Tweet. This team, as noted above, played a tie game with Chicago, but defeated everybody else they met. The final game was with Nebraska and was a hard-fought one, Minnesota winning by 20 to 12.

Minnesota's team of 1904 took away the record from Michigan for scoring, running up 146 points against Grinnell and winning all their games, their closest contest being with Nebraska, 16 to 12. They defeated Wisconsin, 28 to 0.



THE SKI OPENS MANY BEAUTIFUL VISTAS TO THE TRAVELER.

SKIING, THE SPORT THAT MADE A NATION



by Charles F. Peters

Illustrated with Photographs and Drawings by the Author

YOU know how you feel when you shoot the chutes? Well, imagine that, instead of sitting, you are standing on the seat of the boat, head erect, body inclined forward, arms extended to their fullest, and as you reach about the center of the inclined coasting plane imagine that the boat stops and you spring straight out into the air, sail through space for a hundred feet or so, then gently land upon the lake at the bottom, skim along the surface with a singing swish of white foam, and round to and stop with an easy graceful swerve. Then you will have a faint

idea of the sensations of the skilled ski-jumper.

It is hard to understand why Americans have not more enthusiastically welcomed this sport of the Norsemen, for they have so many of the qualifications necessary to become skilled among its votaries. It is true that there is a National Ski Association of America in the Northwest, but a glance at the names of the officers and members shows that the majority of them are Americans only by adoption.

Many folks will tell you that skiers are born and not made; that it is necessary to begin practice in early infancy if one wishes to acquire real skill. But this statement, as Mark Twain said



A BIG JUMP IN GOOD STYLE.



THE LAST BIT OF FLYING.



IN THE LONG-DISTANCE RACES AT HOLMENKOLLEN.



THE CROWN PRINCE HAS TAKEN TO THE NATIONAL SPORT AT AN EARLY AGE.



SKI TRACKS THROUGH THE WINTER WOODS.

about the report of his death, has been greatly exaggerated. The first requisites are, of course, proper weather and topographical conditions, and these America supplies with prodigality. Next in line come good health, courage, and the willingness to take a chance. The rest is a matter of perseverance. One does not need to be a "Squarehead" to be a skier.

Probably the great reason for its rarity outside Scandinavia is the extravagant and perverted idea about the sport, not only in this country, but throughout a large part of Continental Europe. Many people seem to think of the ski as a poor substitute for an aeroplane, whereby one can take marvelous flights through the air, blithely skipping over such minor obstacles as houses or trees. It is painful to dispel such an enticing illusion, but truth compels the statement that the longest jump on record is 135 feet, made upon a hill especially adapted to the making of a record. In ordinary travel, even through hilly country, fifteen to forty feet will about average the jumps one will find the opportunity to make.

The tales of fabulous speed are also delusions, though it is equally untrue to say that one can travel no faster on ski than one can go on foot in ordinary weather. For a comparatively short distance, traveling light, an expert skier can easily average from eight to ten miles an hour. Soldiers on the march, however, carrying regular field equipment, make only about five miles an hour. In racing the longest distance ever run at a stretch was covered by a Lapp at Jokkmokk, Sweden, who went 137 miles in 21 hours. Long-distance races are not very closely followed in Norway, except at Holmenkollen.

But though ski are neither flying machines nor magic boots, they afford more exhilaration and thrill, I verily believe, than any other winter or summer sport. The effort expended in learning to use them is amply repaid, and the tumbles one gets are fully compensated for by the physical betterment, the added mental poise, and the enjoyment which may be derived from their use.

It is difficult to fix the exact origin

of the ski, or to decide definitely what people were its originators. It is mentioned in history long before the Christian era, and it is probable that the Aryans, who have left neither records nor ruins, found it necessary to contrive some sort of a snowshoe upon which to



AND YET ENGLISH WOMEN SAY THAT SKIING DOES NOT IMPROVE THE FIGURE.

travel in their wanderings over the vast plains of Central Asia, and that thus the ski's origin is inseparably bound up with the unknown early ancestry of man.

The Greek historian, Prokopus, mentions that the Lapps, or "Skrid-Finner"—meaning the Finns who glide—were the best of all men at the art, and as the word itself (which, by the way, is pronounced *shee*) undoubtedly comes from the Finnish *subsi* or *suksi*, the Central Asia hypothesis is about complete.

The character of the country to be traversed determines the style of ski most practical to use. There is the long, narrow variety, used so extensively



ERECT AND PLIANT AT THE START OF THE RUN.

in Osterdalen and Sweden, and the short, broad ski, more suitable for broken, difficult country. These two general types have been modified according to topographical requirements, until now almost every district in Scandinavia has its particular kind.

Notwithstanding that ten years ago it was estimated that outside Scandinavia only about one hundred men had ever had ski on their feet, Continental Europe already had its own type, which they called the Lillienfeld ski and binding. These were the inventions, or rather the improvements, of a certain Herr Zdarsky, an Austrian philosopher who in the quiet of his Alpine village suddenly decided that the "unwieldy planks" might be of use in mountain climbing. He accordingly sent to Norway for a pair and proceeded to teach himself their use.

After a short trial he decided that he could not only infinitely improve upon the instruments, but that he could reduce their use to an exact science. The result is that they have a safe and sane style of skiing throughout Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, which consists of proceeding slowly and carefully, turning with great nicety, making many complicated maneuvers in a small space, and above all preserving one's dignity and equilibrium. It is needless to say

that they will have none of the Lillienfeld style in Norway.

And surely Norwegians should know what's what in the sport. Have they not made history with their ski? Would they be the united, free, and independent little country they are to-day had it not been for the ski and their army's ability to use them? Would they not be merely a succession of ice-free ports maintained for the convenience of England, Germany, and, most of all, Russia? They had a pretty hot little war all their own in 1807-08, and if it was short they have

only their commander, Prince Christian Augustus, and their infantry on ski to thank.

All Europe was busy trying to keep Napoleon from smudging out the lines of the map, and nobody would help Norway, except the already besieged Denmark. She, though willing, was prevented from sending food and ammunition by the English war vessels that blockaded the Norse coast, and with Sweden battering them by land and England by sea, poor little Norway could only sit tight and wait for the approach of the season when Thor should throw his hammer and the Frost Giants of Jotunheim would fight her battles for her.

And, lo! the Swedes allowed themselves to be outwitted. Just as their Army of the West, which outnumbered the Norsemen ten to one, arrived at the frontier and brought up their heavy field artillery, the White Bear from the Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon sent his feathery flakes and brought confusion and defeat to the invading forces.

Their fieldpieces were buried, their men could only flounder about in the deepening drifts, and to add to their discomfiture little flocks of green dots began to appear upon the surrounding mountain crests, to skim down within

range, fire carefully aimed rifles, and glide away again before resistance could be attempted by the demoralized Swedish hosts. Thus the entire war consisted of much starvation, but only three battles, in all of which Norway was completely victorious, and peace was made before the year ended.

Mindful of these circumstances, the cadets of the war academy are taught, if, indeed, they need teaching, to become expert skiers. Whole companies are taken out in midwinter, carrying field equipment, which includes canvas for tents, sleeping bags, and provisions, so that they may learn to live comfortably in Eskimo-like huts, dug out of the snow and roofed over with canvas, and to move easily through seemingly impossible storms and over apparently inaccessible heights.

It is an inspiring sight to see a company of the Norwegian Jaegers, the King's Guard, maneuvering on ski, going up hill and down dale, taking what jumps present themselves, alighting, man after man, and proceeding on their way as though they were on parade in Christiania.

Curious though it may seem, in spite of the painful way in which the usefulness of the ski as a means of defense has been demonstrated to it time and again, the Swedish government has never given the sport the official recognition that Norway has. The contests held and the prizes offered undoubtedly raise the standard of performance among Norwegian boys, just as automobile contests serve to improve the general average of motor cars. Though there are always many Swedish competitors in our Holmenkollen contests, never, to my recollection, has one of them won a prize.

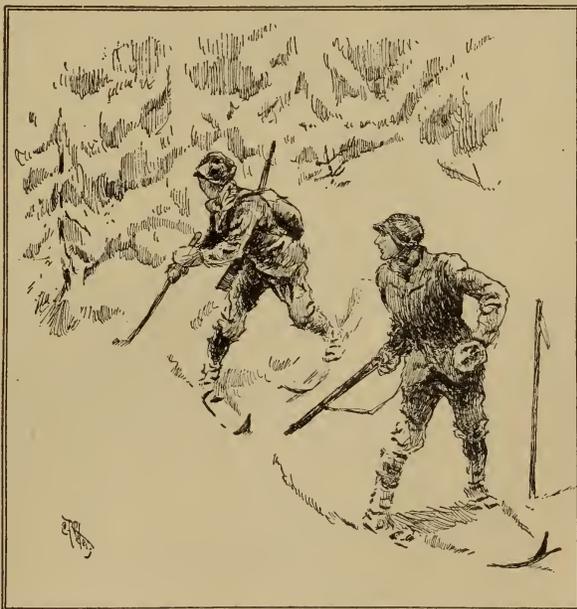
In many districts, notably Telemarken, communication during the long, dark winter months

is almost wholly by the ski. School is held one month in one farmhouse, and the next month in another, and all the scholars come on ski. If sickness visits the house, the doctor has to be sent for and to come on ski. If the trains are snowbound, and always throughout territory that the railroad does not cover, the mail has to be distributed on ski. If fresh meat is to be eaten during that season, it has to be hunted on ski.

This last condition serves two purposes—food and recreation—and many volumes could be written about the thrilling incidents and feats of strength of the peasant farmers and their guests in the bear, elk, and reindeer hunts conducted during the dark season in northern Norway.

But it was neither the utilitarian nor the defensive properties of the ski that led it to become the national sport. We loved it for itself alone. The peasant boys, in their almost constant use of the boards, gradually became exceedingly skillful upon them, and rivalry naturally arose between them. To settle these questions of superiority the different farms organized meets and constructed artificial jumps to test the boys' skill.

News of these contests reached Chris-



FARMERS DEPEND ON THE SKI FOR THEIR FRESH MEAT.

tiania in the course of time, and the town boys were fired with an ambition to do likewise, only more so. In 1879 their wishes were gratified, and an organized meet was held on Huseby Hill. But sad indeed was the exhibition given by the city folks. Jumping was an unknown art among them, and when they came to the specially constructed platform they did not leap, they *trickled*, until they struck the hill, when they rolled the rest of the way to the bottom.

Several Telemarken boys, who had been brought down for the occasion, looked with huge amusement upon these performances, and when their turn came, they proceeded to show the city folks how the peasant could jump. Standing erect and pliant at the start, sliding down the hill with an ever increasing impetus until they came to the platform, then drawing themselves together, as it were, they sprang out into the air with confident sureness, landed squarely, and glided down the rest of the course to the bottom, where they brought themselves to a standstill with

an easy, graceful turn. To this day one of the chief methods of coming to a stop is called the "Telemark swing."

The record jump at this meet, 1879, was 76 feet. It was made by one Torjus Hemmestvedt, and it is interesting to note that fourteen years later he was still making records, only this time in Red Wing, Minn., U. S. A., where his score stood 103 feet. Five years later Sven Sollid and Cato Aal added 6 inches to this, which stood until 1899. Asbjorn Nielsen and Morten Hansen raised it to 107 feet on Solberg Hill, and at the same place in 1900 Olaf Tandberg brought it up to 116½ feet.

Two years later Paul Nesjo, a boy of eighteen years, made the phenomenal distance of 130 feet, which on February 9, 1902, at Modum, Norway, was raised by Nils Gjestvang to the still more remarkable length of 135 feet. This stands to-day as the world's record.

But to return to Huseby Hill, Christiania, in 1879; after the inspiring performance of the Telemarken boys, the wildest enthusiasm reigned. Everyone



NOT THE SMALLEST PLEASURE OF SKI-RUNNING IS THE GOOD FELLOWSHIP IT PRODUCES.



THE CADETS OF NORWAY MUST BECOME EXPERTS.

became a skier. Fritjof Nansen, who was at that time studying for his degree at the University, was warned that unless he gave more attention to his studies and less to his ski he would be flunked in his class.

"You must take your choice," stormed the irate professor. "Which would you rather be, a doctor of science or an expert skier?"

"Upon my, soul, sir," replied Nansen, "I have been wondering!"

Subsequent events have proved him not altogether wrong, for it is certain that he would not be the celebrated explorer he is to-day were it not for his skill upon ski. He crossed Greenland on them, and during the year and a half he and Lieutenant Johansen spent in their futile search for the elusive Pole they might be said to have almost lived on ski.

For a long time public opinion denied to women the pleasure their husbands and brothers were enjoying, but soon it was no uncommon sight to see a group of girls, in their picturesque skiing clothes, come skimming over the frozen snow along with their male escorts, and Mrs. Grundy quickly ceased to look askance at them. How much benefit this has been to Norway's race as a whole cannot be estimated, and though English women say they do not believe

skiing improves the figure, Norway's well-loved English Queen Maud has been among the most enthusiastic of its promoters. Nowadays the ladies have meets of their own, during which, however, very little jumping is done, and prizes are awarded on the ground of beauty and grace alone.

Though Holmenkollen is the big official meet of the year, there are many other contests, notably those on the steeper hill at Solberg, well adapted to the making of records. But Holmenkollen is an international affair, to which every skiing country of Europe sends representatives. A royal box is provided in which the king and queen sit, the military turns out in force, and all the regimental bands vie with each other in making the occasion festive.

Peasant boys from all over the country save their money for eight months of the year in order to be able to come and show their skill. Should they win a prize it is in the shape of either a gold or a silver medal, of small intrinsic value, which if sold would not pay the carfare of many a youngster, but it means more to him than the whole value of his father's farm.

The affair is managed by the united ski clubs of the country. The hill is private property, and no one may ski on it save when his chance comes in the

contest. He is given three non-consecutive trials, and is judged according to a series of credit marks given by a selected number of judges. Style, grace, and distance count equally, so it will be seen that one may jump the greatest distance, and still not win the coveted King's Prize, if he has sacrificed form in the performance.

The contests start at two o'clock in

and that most Germans are Lillienfelders. Sometimes, in the intermissions, an adventurous foreigner, who has not been officially entered but who wishes to prove that his system is as well adapted to making "athletic exhibitions" as the Norwegian, essays to make the jump. Frequently, one might say invariably, he comes to grief, and as he tumbles down the hill, in a mingled



THE LAPS WERE THE BEST OF ALL ON THE SKI.

the afternoon, but it is fashionable to go up early and have lunch at the interesting inn at Holmenkollen, which is beautifully furnished in old Norse style. Many people prefer to bring their lunch in their knapsacks and only purchase their liquid refreshments, and for these the hotel has a special "sports cabin." There one finds mostly young people, and consequently there fun is rampant. The bands are playing, the flags are flying, a pleasant, holiday air pervades, and good fellowship reigns supreme.

I have said before that the Lillienfeld system does not run much to jumping,

cloud of ski and snow, the bands strike up "Die Wacht am Rhein."

It is noteworthy that the musicians very seldom have the chance to play "Rule Britannia" in this connection, for though an Englishman will cheerfully fall and smilingly pick himself up and try again on unofficial occasions, he is too good a sportsman to want to make an exhibition of himself.

There is only one time when serious accidents befall, and that is when a jumper lands on his back, and the rear ends of his ski stick in the snow. This, however, very seldom happens, for a

man of sufficient ability to be entered is usually able to avoid it. A skilled skier can feel how he is going to land the instant he leaps, and if he knows a spill is inevitable he will simply relax and let himself go. The chances are that when he stops the casualties will be nothing more serious than a scraped nose and a deal of melting snow down his back. A man who goes skiing in a linen collar is either very skilled or very ignorant of the chances of the sport.

Ecclesiastic recognition has been given the sport in the special short, early services held in all the churches during the season for the convenience of skiers. These services are called skiing prayers, and a stranger coming into the sacred edifices on such an occasion might think he had blundered into the barracks of a ski corps. However, the services are much liked and very well attended, and there is no difference of opinion about the wisdom of the church authorities in thus encouraging a sport making so strongly for healthy bodies, and therefore going a long way toward making healthy souls.

One of the most beautiful phases of travel on ski is the good fellowship that exists between parties meeting in the woods. One might say "thou" to the king without offense if he were on ski, and "thou" is the sign manual of intimacy in Norway. Indeed no small part of the popularity of this Danish prince, who became the Norsemen's

king, is due to his attitude toward and skill in the national sport.

And if, as a former president has said, Norway has given America some of her most desirable citizens, why can she not go further and give America one of the most desirable of sports? Of course, the work of the National Ski Association of America is a step in the right direction, comprising as it does about thirty-five clubs, with a membership of some 3,500 active skiers. The American records, too, are very satisfactory, proving as they do that outside of Norway the most creditable performances in skiing take place in this country. The record of Cark Ek, of 103 feet, made here in 1902, has been steadily increased to 131 feet, made by John Evensen at Duluth, Minn., in the tournament of 1908.

But why should skiing be confined to the Scandinavian population of the Northwest? There are several months in the year when almost the entire Middle Atlantic and Rocky Mountain districts offer good weather conditions, and though most of the dealers in sporting goods have been unable to show a desirable type of ski, this state of affairs would cease to exist as soon as a demand was created for the right kind. Let us hope that the time when this shall be so is not far off, and that soon the splendid sport of skating will be no more popular than the even more splendid sport of the ski.





THE DOUBLE CROSS

by Charles Alden Seltzer

Illustrated by T. S. Tousey

MONTY sagged wearily in the saddle, giving the pony an unusually loose rein. The world drowsed, the silence breathed premonition, space was an unending thing that stretched into interminable distances. It was a world of sand and white heat and treeless waste, in which living, breathing man was an atom—not even important in his own estimation.

The pony drooped, forcing its tired legs forward with slow, automatic regularity. A hundred yards in the rear the pack horse trailed with lowered head, dragging its hoofs in the hot sand.

Had the ruler of the universe looked down into Purgatory Valley on this afternoon he would have seen the bald hills and the precipitous rock walls that

marked the course of Purgatory River. He would have seen the sand and dust and the cactus—fixtures of a changeless country. Twenty miles into the western distance he would have seen the straggling adobe headquarters of the Bar Cross ranch, set down in the center of desolation. He could not have failed to see Monty and his pack horse and the pony approaching Purgatory River from the west; he could not have failed to see Miss McVea and her pony approaching from the east.

There was water in the Purgatory River, and water was what Miss McVea and her pony needed; it was what Monty and his pony and the pack horse needed. Monty was half a mile nearer the river than Miss McVea, and the hills obscured his vision. So he rode glumly forward, unaware and disconsolate.

When he reached the trail that sloped down into the bed of the stream he found it unnecessary to urge his beasts. They drank eagerly, burying their muzzles deep. Monty dismounted and knelt on a projecting rock ledge, scooping up the water in dripping handfuls. He stood up presently, stretching his tall figure to disperse the saddle weariness. Then he drooped, his expression becoming the lugubrious mask of self-pity.

"A cowhand ain't nothin'," he declared to the surrounding silence.

He gazed abstractedly at the rock wall on the opposite side of the river. After a time his expression hardened. Again his mind dwelt on the cause.

Monty's presence at Purgatory River was not a result of chance. McVea had committed the unpardonable sin of casting him off in the middle of the season, when any cowpuncher had a right to expect a ranch manager to consider his services invaluable. Yet Monty did not profess ignorance of the cause. That was a thing which every puncher in the Bar Cross outfit had discussed exhaustively. Only lately had McVea stumbled upon it. And then—

So Monty was bound for Trinidad, where he intended to linger in liquor until he found that solace which time brings. Afterwards he would look for a job. Now he stood on the projecting rock ledge above the bed of the stream. Bitterness had settled into the marrow of his bones.

Unaware of the presence of Monty, Miss McVea approached the river.

"A cowhand ain't nothin'," declared Monty again.

There was the flatness of utter hopelessness in his tone. Refreshed, the water dripping from its muzzle, the pony turned a thankful, inquiring eye upon him. He approached it, patted its steaming flank, and then swung stiffly into the saddle. Riding into the shallow water of the crossing, he urged the pony toward the rock trail that led up the opposite bank of the stream.

He had not yet cleared the water when Miss McVea's pony clattered down the slope.

"Jessie!" said Monty. In his voice

two notes were dominant—surprise and pleasure.

"Why, Monty!" was all Miss McVea said.

The two ponies browsed the tops of the dried river weeds unmolested. The pack horse sagged to a halt and did likewise. On a bald rock Miss McVea and Monty sat and talked. Monty's glumness was now only a haunting memory.

"Of course father does not expect me back for a week," said Miss McVea, smiling demurely into Monty's eyes, "but things were so dull over at Yeager's that—and Two Butte Creek is dried up, and—and I wanted to see you again."

At that Monty's glumness returned. For a sweet moment he had forgotten.

"You're seein' me again for the last time," he said shortly, kicking savagely at a lizard that regarded him with stony gaze.

"Monty!" Miss McVea seized his shoulders firmly and looked into his eyes for evidence of untruth. There was none.

"It's all up," he said. "Your father knows, and I'm leavin' Bar Cross."

Miss McVea's cheeks whitened, but her lips were firm.

"Where are you going?" she questioned.

"Trinidad," responded Monty.

"And then—" Miss McVea hesitated for an answer.

"Don't know. Reckon I'll land somewhere."

Defiance wrought steely points in Miss McVea's eyes.

"Monty," she said tensely, "do you love me?"

"Shore," said Monty, "but——"

"Then prove it!" interrupted Miss McVea.

Monty lifted puzzled eyes to hers. How was a man to prove his love for a woman when the world had gone back on him?

"We might elope," he suggested, scenting a way out of the difficulty.

"We won't elope," returned Miss McVea decidedly. "And you won't go to Trinidad, or—or land somewhere. You'll go right down the valley to

Shallow Bend and take up a quarter section. You'll build a cabin and a corral and some sheds. And when you've got a start we'll be married.

"This is Government land and dad don't own it any more than you do. I've got some money that was left me by dad's brother, and I'll trust you to do the right thing. We'll be a company, and I'll take half the profits."

"I'd be a nester," said Monty reflectively. "You know what happens to nesters around these parts."

"If I was a man I'd be a man," said Miss McVea coldly.

"I reckon I'm a man," returned Monty. "To prove it I'm going down to Shallow Bend and stake out my land."

II

ONE day the range boss stepped into McVea's office to make his report. For three days the Bar Cross outfit had been working the river range, after having swept the grass from the plains.

There was peace in McVea's mind. For two months he had been relieved of Monty's presence. Miss McVea seemed unmoved by the cowpuncher's absence and went about her household duties with a song on her lips and an unwonted sparkle in her eyes. She had not mentioned Monty, but she had gone on long rides—alone. This was unusual, and McVea had cautioned her.

"There's nothing on the range or in the foothills for a girl to see," he said, speaking solicitously. "And I don't want you to take such long rides. If you must do it, there's Pete, or Bud, or Webb Ball could go with you and—"

"I can take care of myself," she said coldly. "When I want a male chaperon I'll let you know."

This made McVea smile. It was the McVea spirit.

When the range boss stepped inside the door of McVea's office the manager was busy poring over his cattle tally. He hesitated in this work as he caught the range boss's eye.

"There's a nester over on Shallow Bend!" said the range boss.

McVea placed his chin on his hands

and looked at the range boss over the top of his desk. As the eyes of the two men met, the range boss smiled. Whatever McVea read in this smile caused his lips to straighten as he rose from his chair and stood rigid, his face darkening with a growing suspicion.

"Well?" he said.

"It's Monty."

Silence fell in the manager's office.

The Bar Cross manager had a way of dealing with nesters—a way which the range boss knew. In at least half a dozen cases which the range boss might have mentioned the method had proved efficacious.

But heretofore the method had been applied only to strangers. The men of the outfit would run off a strangers' cattle or burn his buildings or work ruin and misery upon him in numerous other ways—all in a spirit of reckless fun. But would they do this to Monty? Monty had always played fair with the boys of Bar Cross.

"Maybe it's a bluff," said McVea presently. "He feels some sore because I laid him off in the middle of the summer. I reckon he'll stick around a while and then make tracks."

"Nary a track," the range boss assured him. "He's built a cabin and a corral, hauling the timber from the cottonwood down by the Bend. He means to stay."

"If he stays," said McVea, "we'll—" He held back the bald threat. "The Bar Cross range is unhealthy for nesters," he concluded, going back to his tally sheets.

Having a knowledge far beyond that suspected by the manager the range boss turned his head and smiled. Riding the river trail a month before, the range boss had come upon Monty, building his cabin on Shallow Bend. Miss McVea's pony was hitched near by. Clearly, it was the duty of the range boss to report immediately, but the honorable man has never yet been able to resist the importunities of woman, and Miss McVea was always most attractive in her persuasive moods. Therefore had the range boss been derelict in his duty, stolidly awaiting the time when the herd would sweep into the valley

near Shallow Bend and discovery be inevitable. That time had now come.

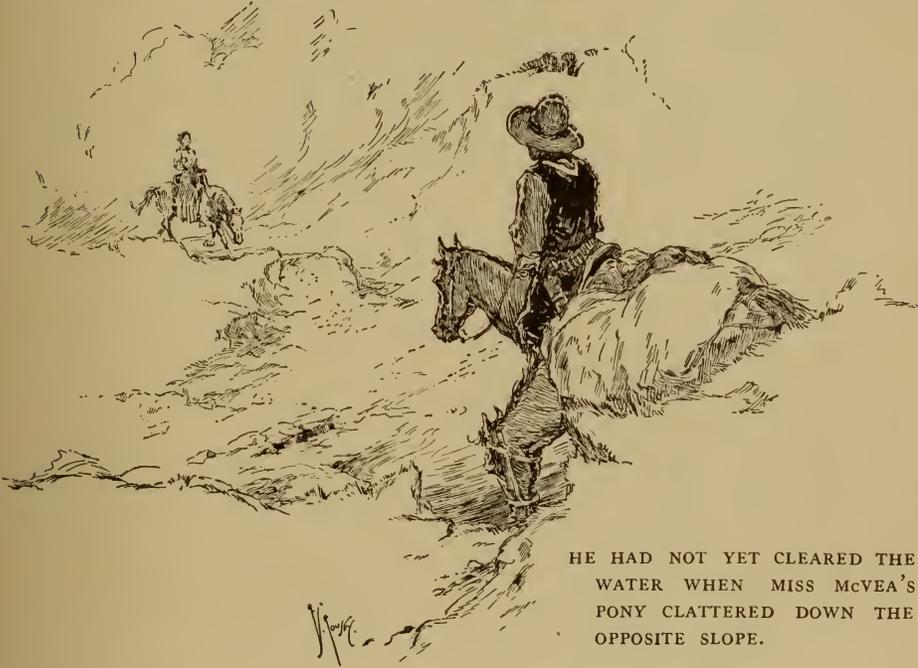
The range boss had finished his business and was going out when McVea called him back.

"We'll ride over to Shallow Bend tomorrow afternoon and see his layout," he said.

When the range boss had departed McVea summoned his daughter. She

had never been able to accept literally her declaration that life at Yeager's was dull. She had always shown a wisdom far beyond her years.

"I know enough about Monty to know that he ain't naturally a nester," he said, wisely ignoring her reply. "And his hanging around Bar Cross is for a purpose. That purpose is to be near you."



HE HAD NOT YET CLEARED THE WATER WHEN MISS McVEA'S PONY CLATTERED DOWN THE OPPOSITE SLOPE.

came through the door that opened into the sitting room and stood in the opening, a tall, slender figure, erect, the ghost of a smile in her eyes and on her lips.

"Jessie," said McVea sternly, "Monty is nestering over on Shallow Bend."

Miss McVea's smile broadened but she said nothing. McVea continued earnestly:

"I've noticed that Monty has been kind of sweet on you. Of course you know that I don't want you to get thick with any scrub cowpuncher."

"That's why you sent me over to Yeager's," said Miss McVea sweetly.

McVea flushed. He had told her to stay at Yeager's for a month, until he could dispose of Monty. She had returned at the end of three weeks. He

"Well?" said Miss McVea.

"I don't want him hanging around here!" snapped McVea.

Miss McVea laughed. "Really," she remarked, quite unruffled, "I don't see how you can prevent him from staying at Shallow Bend and proving his claim."

McVea scowled. "There's some ways," he said brusquely, "that I don't like to mention. They ain't polite nor gentle. And they'd mean heaps of trouble for Monty."

He hesitated, looking at her intently and speaking with broad insinuation. "There's one way which would make him pull up stakes without my having to get him into trouble."

His daughter's eyes were unwavering. "Well?" she questioned.

"That's for you to send him a note telling him that you don't care to have him hanging around Bar Cross."

Miss McVea smiled gently. "But that would be a lie," she said.

The tally sheet dropped from McVea's fingers. He started up, red of face, with a curse on his lips. Then he sat down again, dull fire smoldering in his eyes.

"That means you've fallen in love with him, I suppose?" he sneered.

Miss McVea's eyelids drooped. McVea picked up the fallen tally sheet and nervously made some meaningless figures upon it.

"That's all," he said gruffly. "I reckon we'll have to try one of the other ways."

III

MEANWHILE, over on Shallow Bend, Monty labored doggedly to found a habitation. The cabin grew—a pretentious structure one story high, with one room and a lean-to. The walls were of logs, hauled with infinite patience and labor from the adjoining cottonwoods. The roof was sod, bedded down on stout timbers. Two windows and a door furnished light.

Much serious thought had been given to the building of the cabin. Many close conferences had been held while the work of construction went slowly forward. Had McVea known that his daughter rode every day to Shallow Bend he would have regretted dismissing Monty. Love amidst the solitude, with no witnesses but the trees, was nothing less than Paradise.

"The cabin is small, of course," said Miss McVea, viewing it from the fallen tree trunk in the cottonwood shade, where she and Monty passed innumerable hours making plans and considering the future, "but we must make it answer."

There were no serious differences over the plans. The cabin was completed amidst an atmosphere of perfect happiness.

Then Monty fenced in his quarter-section with a rambling array of posts

—and barbed wire secured from La Junta and charged to Miss McVea. A shed rose, then another; a fenced inclosure to be used as a corral was built. Then Monty was ready for business.

His animals—the pack horse and the pony—occupied the corral for a time, but presently steers began to make their appearance and a new and smaller inclosure was staked out for the horses.

On an afternoon two months from the time he had begun operations, Monty leaned against the corral fence and surveyed the result of his labors. Miss McVea had been gone from Shallow Bend for an hour. Shining down upon Monty was the sun—unchanged. It was the same sun that had almost overpowered him at Purgatory crossing two months before.

Over him was the same empty sky, around him the same silence and the interminable distances. And yet these things seemed not the same. For Monty's heart was lighter; before him was a future. He stood erect and stretched himself.

"It ain't a half bad place," he said.

He turned, the clatter of hoofs reaching his ears. Emerging from the shallow water of the crossing were two ponies with riders.

"McVea and the range boss," said Monty, and certain hard lines fell about his mouth.

He watched their approach for an instant and then, turning unconcernedly, deftly drew his six-shooter from its holster and stuck it between his shirt and the waistband of his trousers in front. Then while McVea and the range boss clattered up to the corral gate he carelessly whistled a selection from his picturesque musical repertoire.

He held his position at the fence. It was strategical and convenient. He merely nodded at McVea and the range boss as they pulled up their ponies and dismounted within twenty feet of him. He knew why McVea had come. McVea's first visit to a nester was always indicative of dire tragedy to follow. There had never been an exception.

"Reckon on proving this claim?" asked McVea by way of getting down to business.

Monty nodded toward his buildings. "I reckon it's proved," he stated shortly.

Catching Monty's eye the range boss smiled genially. "Proved?" McVea laughed satirically. "I reckon you don't prove nothing around these parts without witnesses."

Monty smiled, but from his waistband came his six-shooter, and he leveled it in the general direction of McVea and the range boss.

"It's the same old game," he said quietly, but his tone conjured up thoughts of death and violence. "It's the game you've worked on every man that's tried to prove a claim in these here parts. Sometimes it worked because the men got scared out quick. Sometimes when it didn't work you tried other things. But you've struck something different. I ain't a bit scared of you."

He smiled with level eyes at McVea. "You got that down?" he said coldly. "I ain't a bit scared. And I'm goin' to stay right here!"

There was no bluster in his manner, only the calm positiveness of the man who knows what the next step will bring.

McVea thought to parley. "If that's the way you feel about it, I'm willing to buy——"

"You couldn't buy nothin' that belongs to me," interrupted Monty, "not even that old skate of a pack horse."

"But——"

"That's the final word, I reckon," resumed Monty. "I don't care to waste any more time gassin' with you. And I don't remember that I asked you to come over here to talk to me about anything."

McVea crimsoned. "I'll visit you again——" he threatened.

A flash shot from Monty's pistol; smoke curled from the muzzle. McVea's hat lifted and settled down again. Near its crown a ragged hole showed where Monty's bullet had traveled.

"I reckon you heard me say something about wastin' time with you," he drawled. "As for you visitin' me again——" He laughed. "Don't you come near me," he warned.

He was still standing at the fence when the range boss and McVea reached Shallow Bend crossing on their way to Bar Cross ranch, but he was looking at them from behind the muzzle of his six-shooter.

It was too good to keep. The range boss chuckled to himself at the camp fire, arousing thereby the curiosity of the boys.

"McVea done rode over to Shallow Bend to scare Monty," he said to the eager-eared group.

"Yes?" they chorused.

"But Monty didn't scare," returned the range boss. "Didn't feaze him at all. An' I reckon you-all never seen slicker shootin'."

"Monty is plum quick!" agreed the admiring listeners.

"Yes," the range boss drawled. "Mac told me later that it wasn't Monty's bullet that lifted his hat—it was his hair. He was that shocked."

"Mac won't let up on him though," said a tall puncher who had been long at Bar Cross. "Mac ain't the kind to let a nester get the best of him."

"I'm looking for onusual doings," commented the wagon boss. "We-all know that Monty ain't no spring chicken. That time he shot Hank Williams over on——"

"There's more than cattle stealing in this case," said the horse wrangler. "I reckon Miss McVea might tell something about Monty takin' up that claim on Shallow Bend."

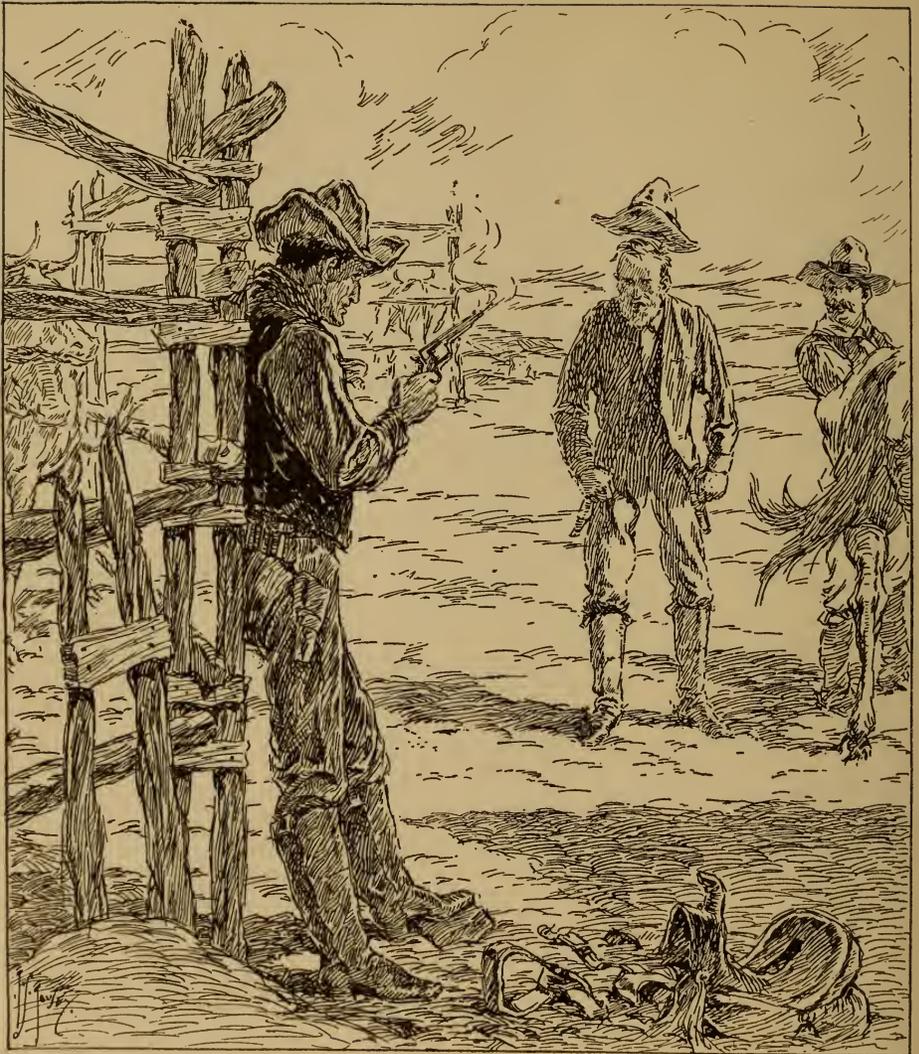
A silence fell around the fire. The boys had heard—and resented—McVea's allusion to the unfitness of any cow-puncher to become his son-in-law. Sympathy for Monty was bound to show.

"I reckon one man is as good as another in these here parts," said a tall puncher presently.

Heads in the shadows bobbed affirmatively.

"I'm banking on Monty to win hands down," commented the wagon boss.

In the darkness the range boss saw the significant grins that swept around the circle. Then his own face was turned toward the distance and the silence.



A FLASH SHOT FROM MONTY'S PISTOL; SMOKE CURLED FROM THE MUZZLE.

IV

MONTY thrived amazingly. His small herd grew to hundreds, and his hundreds roamed the range unmolested. Early in his new venture he adopted a brand—the Double Cross. The adoption of this brand provoked the members of the Bar Cross to grim humor and sent McVea into transports of bitter anger.

The manager looked upon Monty's use of this brand as an act of defiance, and though he made no direct charge,

the men of the outfit began to understand that McVea suspected Monty of planning to appropriate Bar Cross stock as opportunity offered. Vigilance alone would prevent the merging of the Bar Cross brand into that of the Double Cross.

The merging of the two brands was a simple problem in pyrography. The Bar Cross sign, applied with a red hot iron to McVea's cattle, read thus, "—+", which might readily be transformed into the Double Cross by the addition of a vertical bar. Viewed

from a mechanical standpoint the operation was so trifling that detection would be practically impossible. And so each addition to Monty's herd was viewed with suspicion by McVea, for there was always the thought that under the sign of the Double Cross many of the Bar Cross cattle were masquerading.

But of course suspicions availed nothing. To all appearances Monty walked the straight and narrow path, neither meddling with the Bar Cross cattle nor obtruding his presence upon McVea. His meetings with the manager were marvels of frigidity.

Not so did Monty meet the boys of Bar Cross. Between him and the boys in previous times had existed the most cordial relations, and something more than mere rivalry was needed to disturb them. This thing McVea saw—and heeded. His knowledge had come through a conversation with the range boss, which had occurred one day when McVea had felt particularly worried over the situation.

"Monty's been nester on this range for a whole year," said McVea. There was resentment in his voice.

The range boss nodded languidly. "We've had nesters in these parts before," he returned.

"Sure," said McVea, astonished that the range boss should ask confirmation on this score.

"And the boys have always helped you to show them that this country didn't need them."

"Sure. What you driving at?"

"I reckon you're going to play a lone hand in driving Monty out. The boys are with him."

McVea had suspected this, but had not dared speak it. Now his long subdued anger surged forth spitefully.

"I'll fire every damned one of them—" he began. But he broke off abruptly when the range boss smiled dryly.

"I wouldn't say that very loud," he admonished quietly. "You see, Monty's pretty well established. He's got a corral that's plenty big enough, he's got some buildings, and he's got some steers. I'm figgerin' that he'll get more. He's

got water. And there ain't a piece of country around here that's got a better range than that bit around Shallow Bend. I reckon if you fired any of the boys some of them might go over to Monty." The range boss smiled very slightly.

McVea would have defied the boys had he dared. He would have stormed at the range boss had he not caught the latter's smile. That had told him better than words of a thing he had suspected already—that the range boss secretly sympathized with the discharged puncher. He would have meditated violence upon Monty had he not suspected that such an action would be resented by the men of the outfit and that Monty would return his compliments in kind. Where the element of personal danger threatened the manager was not hasty.

For many days thereafter he gave much thought to the situation. In the range boss's words there had been much to think over. He was at liberty to discharge every man of the Bar Cross outfit, but if he did one result was inevitable—his thousands would dwindle by many 'head. Monty's brand would be substituted for his own. The boys of Bar Cross would do this in a spirit of grim reprisal.

And the law? Purgatory cattlemen laughed at the law. No; McVea did not intend to give Monty that advantage. As long as the boys were in his employ they would guard his interests, and much as they liked Monty they would hang him without hesitation should it be proved that he had appropriated Bar Cross cattle. The thing to do was——"

McVea was riding down near Purgatory crossing when the thought came to him, and for a time he struggled with it, feeling something of the thrills that come with inspiration. Then suddenly he shut his jaws with decision and turned his pony's head in the direction of Shallow Bend.

Monty's cattle were feeding far down behind the cottonwood when McVea rode near them to cross to the long slope that led up the valley. Quite casually he skirted the edge of the herd, his

eyes alert for Monty's brand. There it was—the Double Cross.

McVea scanned the distance for signs of man. Seeing none, he sat long on his pony, mentally measuring the size of the Double Cross brand. Then, smiling placidly, he continued on his way.

That night the manager slept the first sound sleep he had known for many nights, but in his dreams there occurred a curious confusion of cow-brands. Try as he might he could not prevent the Bar Cross brand from merging mysteriously into that of the Double Cross.

The day following McVea's trip to Shallow Bend he sent the blacksmith with the wagon. During the latter's absence the manager spent the greater part of the day in the shop busy at some mysterious labor. The next morning the boys drove in a bunch of yearlings for branding. After they were corralled, McVea drew the range boss to the fence.

"We've got some fine yearlings this season," he remarked casually.

"I reckon they're as good as the next man's," returned the range boss.

"Clean-cut bunch," observed McVea; "and they ain't marked none to speak of."

"Except that shorthorn over near the gate," said the range boss. He indicated a steer with a rich, red-brown coat, broken by a patch of dead white near the right shoulder.

McVea nodded assent, smiling with gratified eyes. "There ain't another steer like that in the corral," he said. "I reckon that one is a freak. You're branding them to-morrow," he added.

"Sure," returned the range boss.

He looked quickly at McVea, surprised that he should ask the question. It is not good business to confine cattle to the corral for more than two consecutive days.

The next morning the Bar Cross outfit sweated amidst the reek and dust of the corral. An hour after noon Miss McVea rode down to look on for a moment before starting on her daily ride. A steer with a rich, reddish-brown coat and a dead white patch near the shoulder was down on the floor of

the corral and a puncher was applying the red-hot iron of the Bar Cross.

"An odd mark," commented Miss McVea in the presence of the range boss.

"Just what the Old Ma—the Boss said yesterday," returned the range boss, blushing.

Then Miss McVea rode on, the range boss looking after her and smiling his worshipful admiration.

Miss McVea returned at dusk and unbridled her pony at the corral gate. As she passed the cattle corral she noticed that it yawned empty. She went into the house and removed her travel-stained garments.

"Ride far?" questioned McVea over the supper table.

"To Shallow Bend," she returned.

McVea sipped his coffee in a dead silence. He stole a furtive glance at his daughter, remarking mentally how greatly the forward thrust of her chin resembled his own; more evidence of the McVea spirit. He could not be harsh with her, and yet he could not let her best him.

"I reckon Monty is still over on Shallow Bend?" he ventured.

Miss McVea smiled. "He was still there at three o'clock," she returned quietly.

"Glad I got rid of him," sneered McVea. "Any man who lays around days is no fit man for the Bar Cross."

Miss McVea stiffened with sudden coldness. "There's only one man besides himself," she remonstrated sharply; "a man called Bud, from Trinidad. And he is in the bunkhouse with a broken leg. Monty rides watch from sundown until near dawn. Then he comes in and takes care of Bud. He is not lazy!" she added stoutly.

McVea inspected his empty cup. "When I sent you East to school," he said finally, very heavily and slowly, "I didn't think you would come home and take up with a cattle thief!"

Very deliberately Miss McVea arose and stood beside the table, her eyes blazing indignation. Her father's eyes met hers as he looked up. Across the table the McVea spirit flashed its indomitability.

"If you have said that for the purpose of making me think less of Monty you will not succeed," said Miss McVea frigidly. "If Monty has a good season, we will be married in the spring."

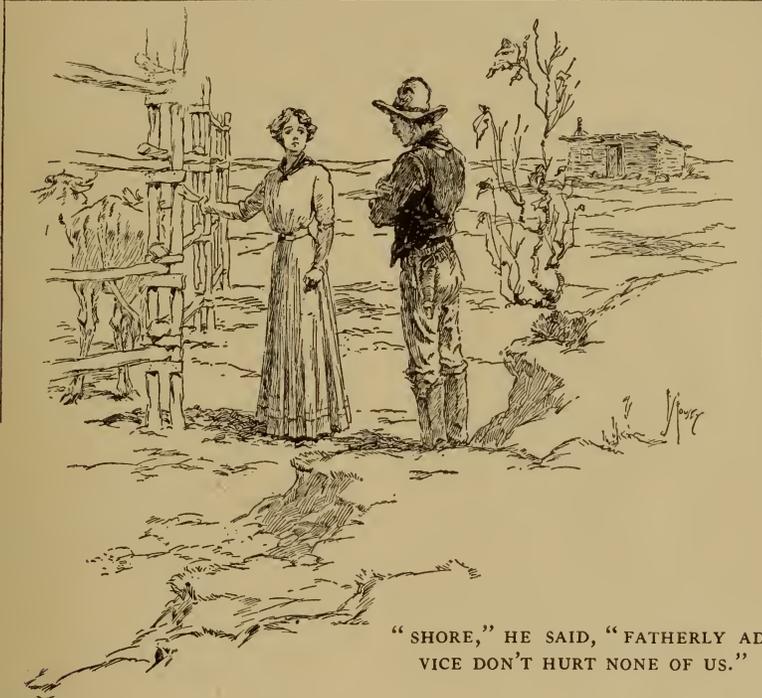
McVea rose abruptly, his face red with wrath. "This won't be a good season for cattle thieves," he threatened.

He returned to the range boss, his face showing perplexity.

"It's the Double Cross! Monty is shore careless with his steers."

"Saw the brand from here," said the range boss with a sigh of partial relief. "Thought I was locoed."

"This is to-day," he added, speaking



"SHORE," HE SAID, "FATHERLY ADVICE DON'T HURT NONE OF US."

Then he went into the office and slammed the door. Miss McVea could hear him mumbling profanely.

V

RIDING the range with Webb Ball, the range boss reined in his pony and stared with wide, troubled eyes at the edge of the herd nearest him.

"How in hell—!" he began. And then he turned to the puncher. "Do you see a reddish-brown yearling with a patch of dead white near the shoulder?"

"Shore," returned Ball.

"What's her brand?" questioned the range boss.

The puncher spurred his pony alongside the yearling, taking a swift, searching glance at the brand on its flank.

to the distance, "and we branded them yearlings yesterday and drove them out here last night. I reckon you won't say that's a lie?" he demanded, defiance glinting in his eyes.

"I reckon not," returned the puncher. "To-day is to-day, and we drove them yearlings out here last night."

"And how far do you say it is to Monty's herd?" questioned the range boss.

"Twenty miles."

"Nearer twenty-five," stated the range boss heavily. He drew out a massive silver timepiece, consulting it with grave deliberation.

"It's nine o'clock," he said. "We started from Bar Cross last night at seven, and we got here this morning at six. That leaves three hours. And we've got a steer branded with the

Double Cross. That steer couldn't have come from Monty's herd, you reckon?"

Ball made a negative sign. Then he smiled. "I reckon I branded that steer yesterday over at Bar Cross," he said. "You and Miss McVea was standing beside the fence."

"Yes," said the range boss. There was a little grimness in his smile. "I'm glad I'm seeing things right," he said.

VI

A MUCH better view of the corral could have been obtained by walking to the edge of the cottonwood, but neither Monty nor Miss McVea appeared to be desirous of changing their viewpoint. The fallen log afforded an excellent seat, and, besides, a corner of the corral could be seen, and Bud, his broken leg quite healed, could not grin furtively at them over the top of the corral fence.

It is not considered polite for a common cowpuncher to hurl orders to his employer while that employer tarries in the shade beside a pretty young woman, or Bud would have bawled his protest ages ago. With commendable forbearance in the face of obvious neglect Bud continued to brand cattle. Through the gnarled and twisted branches of a bunch of nondescript timber Monty and Miss McVea watched him.

"Two hundred and fifty head for the first year's work ain't half bad," said Monty.

"We'll double that next year," boasted Miss McVea.

"And if we do," grinned Monty, "there'll be something else going double."

"Brazen—" began Miss McVea. The timber clump obstructed Bud's view.

Bud had swung his rope again. Monty and Miss McVea watched as the loop fell true and a yearling came prone to the floor of the corral. Through the bars of the fence the reddish-brown coat of the steer caught and held Miss McVea's sharp gaze. She started up from the log and stepped rapidly around the bunch of nondescript

timber, and was halfway to the corral fence before Monty caught up with her.

"What's up?" Monty was at her side vainly trying to subdue his excitement.

Miss McVea was at the corral bars before she answered. Then she drew herself up proudly, with a haughtiness that more than once had moved Monty to awe when he had seen it applied in his presence. He had never thought of her being haughty toward him. His shoulders drooped; surprise had dealt him a blow that threatened to topple over his structure of self-esteem.

"I should have listened to father," said Miss McVea coldly.

Monty's jaw dropped. Was repentance come at the eleventh hour? There had been times when he had half feared she would fail him at the last moment. If that moment had come she would find him a man. He straightened up, became the care-free, careless puncher he had been before he knew there existed such a person as Miss McVea.

"Shore," he said. He folded his arms and rocked slowly back and forth on his heels and toes. "Fatherly advice don't hurt none of us."

The chill of strife and contention settled down over the spot where love and peace had dwelt. Miss McVea sensed the apathy of burned out passion. She had recognized the steer as the yearling that had been branded before her eyes in her father's corral some days since.

Of course Monty's affected carelessness was mere bravado. She had heard that all cattle (Ah! how she abhorred the word) thieves pretended this carelessness. It showed their absolute indifference. And yet Monty—

Monty did not see Miss McVea's lips quiver, for she had turned her head when she felt her emotions surging within her.

"Monty," she said, her head still averted, "how did you come by that yearling?"

Monty fell easily into sarcasm. How could he know that Miss McVea's hopes clung to his reply? If he had told her that he had come by the steer in the

regular way, she would have believed him in spite of the evidence of her own senses. But it pleased Monty to rush headlong into trouble.

"I reckon I must have rustled it from your father," he returned tartly.

"I suspected as much," said Miss McVea.

She sighed. Monty kicked grimly into a hummock. He was puzzled and indignant.

"I am going home to Bar Cross," said Miss McVea. She stared over Monty's head as she spoke to him.

"I suppose you won't object to my driving the steer home to its proper owner?" she said coldly, with obvious sarcasm.

Monty flushed with momentary anger. Then grim humor moved him to impulse.

"Shore," he said shortly. "I reckon I don't want to keep you from takin' what belongs to you."

Very stiffly Monty made his way to the corral gate and directed Bud to cut out the reddish-brown yearling. This done, Monty stood rigid beside the gate while the steer charged out and was driven down into the river trail by the astonished Bud. Miss McVea lingered for a moment.

"Monty," she said through suspiciously tense lips, "I am sorry."

Then, swinging into the saddle, she fled down into the shallow water of the crossing, driving the steer before her.

Monty watched her until she disappeared behind the foothills on the opposite side of the river.

"I reckon she's give me the double cross," he said glumly.

VII

McVEA was standing in his office door when his daughter drove the steer up to the corral gate. A loafing puncher lowered the bars for the newcomer and then replaced them, while Miss McVea dismounted from her pony and approached her father. McVea had recognized the yearling and his eyes were wide with surprise and wonder. This was getting results more quickly than he

had expected. It had not been much more than a week since he had secretly branded the yearling and less than three days since he had given orders to an unprincipled puncher to see that it was safely among the Double Cross cattle within the next fortnight. Evidently the puncher had been alert to his orders.

McVea was elated. He was also puzzled. His plan had been to swoop down upon Monty with half a dozen of the Bar Cross boys, catch him red-handed with the yearling, and then and there apply the law of the range. This course would have accomplished the two things he desired. The last person he had expected to enlist on his side was his daughter. Therefore he awaited her first word in wondering silence.

"I have brought the yearling home," she said.

Her voice was listless—flat. She sank down on the lower step of the porch and stared stonily in front of her, not even taking the trouble to shake the dust from her skirts.

"I reckon you found it over on Shallow Bend?"

"Yes," dispassionately.

"H'm!" McVea's exclamation was couched in fulsome triumph.

He shuffled his feet nervously for a moment, at a loss for words to speak his thoughts. It was a time when he should have been diplomatic, for he should have known that while a woman will suffer humiliation in silence, she will refuse to condemn utterly the man who has been her ideal.

"Monty is a common cattle thief," he said sonorously, unable to hide his satisfaction over the turn of things. And then— "You should have listened to your father."

Miss McVea nibbled at her lips nervously. Those were almost the words she had used to Monty. She had used them then because she had been surprised and startled at seeing her father's yearling among the cattle in Monty's corral. Used by her they were mere figures of impulse; coming from her father they were burdened with a cold, calculating, and horrible significance.

They would hang Monty! She had

been—she would be—the instrument of his death. She had not thought of that! She rose suddenly, her face white, her eyes filled with a new determination. She laughed nervously as she confronted her father.

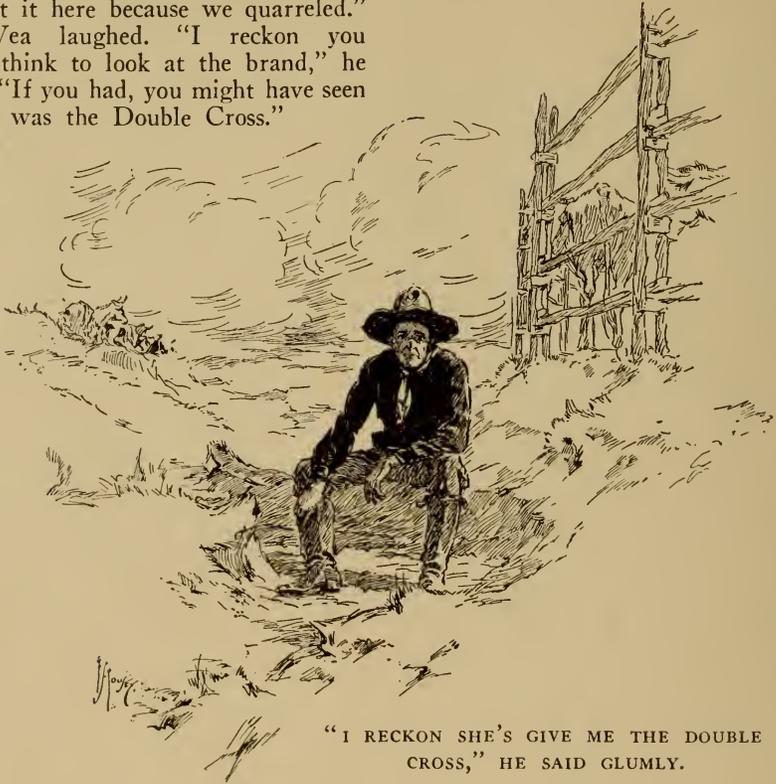
"I told an untruth," she said with a queer little quaver in her voice. "I did not get the yearling from the Double Cross; I found it feeding down the valley near the Bar Cross herd. I brought it here because we quarreled."

McVea laughed. "I reckon you didn't think to look at the brand," he said. "If you had, you might have seen that it was the Double Cross."

amidst which rode several men, approaching Bar Cross with whirlwind speed. They rode in a compact mass, and in the center was a horseman whom the others seemed to guard. McVea's smile grew very grim.

"I reckon you won't need to go to Shallow Bend," he said significantly; "the boys have got him."

Miss McVea steadied herself by the



"I RECKON SHE'S GIVE ME THE DOUBLE CROSS," HE SAID GLUMLY.

Miss McVea started. Then her eyes went slowly to the corral where the lone reddish-brown yearling stood broadside to the view. The distance was too far to distinguish the brand. Knowing the steer bore the brand, she was not able to trace a single line of it. How could her father—?

She rose swiftly, calling to the puncher who had taken charge of her pony. McVea smiled, interpreting her action to mean that she intended to ride to Shallow Bend to warn Monty of his danger. A good mile out on the plains McVea saw a ballooning dust cloud,

slender post that served as a porch column, standing rigid and silent, her face white with a growing fear.

"Reckon they must have got Monty directly after he took the yearling," remarked McVea. "I told Yeager to keep an eye on the cattle when they got close to Shallow Bend."

Miss McVea said nothing, but when the riders rounded the far end of the corral fence she smiled.

The group swept up to the porch with a flourish. Long before they had arrived there, McVea had seen that something had gone wrong. The man

riding in the center guarded by the boys was not Monty; it was Yeager, the man to whom McVea had given his instructions regarding the reddish-brown yearling. McVea's smile had disappeared.

"We've caught a thief," said the range boss. He spurred his pony up to the porch and sat in the saddle, eyeing McVea calmly. "We thought we'd fetch him over so's you could look at him before we hang him."

McVea's glance swept Yeager's. There was an almost imperceptible flicker of the thief's eyelids.

"How in blazes—" began McVea.

"Caught him in the act," said the range boss sententiously. "That reddish-brown yearling you talked to me about got lost, and me and Webb Ball was looking for it. When we found it Yeager wasn't far behind. He was headed for the Double Cross. Reckon him and Monty must be in——"

"Got the yearling?" interrupted McVea.

"You bet!" returned the range boss, with a lightning glance at Miss McVea, who was suddenly radiant; "got him roped to the wagon, and he's got the Double Cross brand on him. I reckon this is a bad case for Monty and Yeager here."

Miss McVea tittered. The range boss tried hard to suppress a sympathetic smile. McVea's face worked uncertainly and then grew dark with wrath.

"You let Yeager go back to work!" he said sharply. "He's been acting under or——"

"Father!" Miss McVea's eyes sparkled luminously.

Something, perhaps the irrepressible mirth in her voice, warned him against further speech. The girl drew near him and twined her arms about his neck, whispering persuasively into his ear. The boys looked on in silent appreciation.

"They are ready to laugh at you, daddy," she said softly. "They know something has gone wrong, but they don't know about the yearling in the corral. Tell them the yearling they have on the range belongs to Monty."

McVea turned a sullen face to hers.

Light began to filter through the haze of doubt.

"I reckon," he said heavily, "that you and Monty have been playing a deep game. You knowed all the time that that yearling in the corral belonged to Monty."

He would have said more, but Miss McVea's fingers were pressed suddenly over his lips.

"Hush," she said. "I wish Monty could think that."

Over on Shallow Bend the moon filtered its light through the branches of the cottonwood and down upon the figure of a disconsolate puncher who sat upon a fallen log. The indescribable silence of the night did not disturb him; for an hour he had sat perfectly motionless, debating a thing that had befallen him.

"I reckon she's give me the double cross," he said aloud for the hundredth time since sundown. And again he bemoaned the fickleness of woman.

A clatter of hoofs at the crossing moved him to action. He rose to his feet, unbuckling his pistols. The grimness of despairing recklessness was in his face.

"I reckon it's McVea and his dirty crowd," he said. And he tried his pistols to see that they were ready for the work he was to give them.

Then out of the shadows of the crossing rode a woman. Directly for the fallen log at the edge of the cottonwood she rode, and Monty's pistols went back into their holsters.

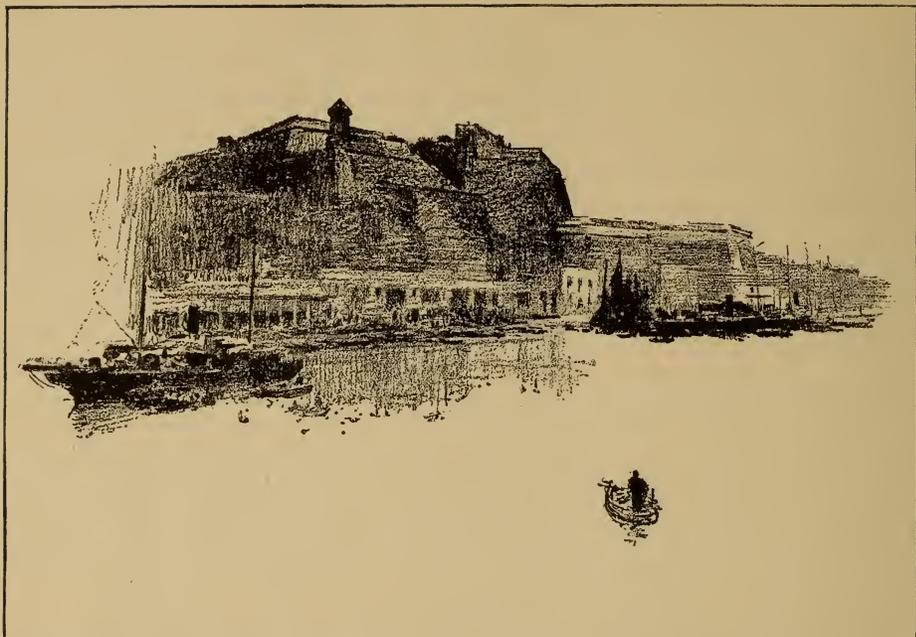
"I have come back," said a subdued and repentant feminine voice.

"For another steer, I reckon," said Monty resentfully.

Miss McVea was down beside him. "Yes," she said, her voice all a-quiver, "for the entire Double Cross outfit. Daddy says you shan't be a nester. There's work for you at the Bar Cross."

"Oh, Monty!" came Bud's voice from the bunkhouse door, "it's bedtime if you're thinkin' of drivin' in the mornin'!"

But to Bud's ears came no answering sound from the cottonwood.



MALTA, A LAND OF YESTERDAY
by Albert Bigelow Paine
Author of "The Tent-Dwellers"

A SMALL DELEGATION OF "THE SHIP-
DWELLERS" SPENDS *the* DAY ASHORE

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

WE came a long way around from Algiers to "Malta and its dependencies," the little group of islands which lies between Sicily and the African coast. We have spent two days at sea, meantime, but they were rather profitable days, for when one goes capering among marvels, as we do ashore, he needs these ship days to get his impressions sorted out and filed for reference.

We were in the harbor of Valetta, Malta, when we woke this morning—a rather dull morning—and a whole felucca of boats—flotilla, I mean—had

appeared in the offing to take us ashore. At least, I suppose they were in the offing—I'm going to look that word up, by and by, in the ship dictionary, and see what it means. They have different boats in each of the places we have visited—every country preserving its native pattern. These at Malta are a sort of gondola with a piece sticking up at each end—for ornament, probably. I have been unable to figure out any use for the feature.

We leaned over the rail, watching them and admiring the boatmen while we tried to recognize the native language. The Diplomat came along and informed us that it was Arabic, mixed

with Italian, the former heavily predominating. The Arabs had once occupied the island for two hundred and twenty years, he said, and left their language, their architecture, and their customs. He had been trying his Arabic on some natives who had come aboard and they could almost understand it.

The Patriarch, who had been early on deck, came up full of enthusiasm. There was a Phœnician temple in Malta, which he was dying to visit. It was the first real footprint, thus far, of his favorite tribe, and though we have learned to restrain the Patriarch when he unlimbers on Phœnicians, we let him get off this time, softened, perhaps, by the thought of the ruined temple.

The Phœnicians had, of course, been the first settlers of Malta, he told us, thirty-five hundred years ago, when Rome had not been heard of and Greece was mere mythology; after which preliminary the Patriarch really got down to business.

"We are told by Sanchuniathon," he said, "in the Phoinikika, which was not only a cosmogony but a necrological diptych, translated into Greek by Philo of Byblus, with commentary by Porphyry and preserved by Eusebius in fragmentary form, that the Phœnicians laid the foundations of the world's arts, sciences, and religions, though the real character of their own faith has been but imperfectly expiscated. We are told——"

The Horse-Doctor laid his hand reverently but firmly on the Patriarch's arm.

"General," he said (the Patriarch's ship title is General) "General, we all love you, and we all respect your years and your learning. We will stand almost anything from you, even the Phœnicians; but don't crowd us, General—don't take advantage of our good nature. We'll try to put up with Sanchuniathon and Porphyry and those other old dubs, but when you turned loose that word 'expiscated,' I nearly lost control of myself and threw you overboard."

The bugle blew to summon us to go ashore. Amidst a clatter of Maltese we descended into the boats and started for

the quay. Sitting thus low down upon the water, one could get an idea of the little shut-in harbor, one of the deepest and finest in the world. We could not see its outlet, or the open water, for the place is like a jug, and the sides are high and steep. They are all fortified, too, and looking up through the gloomy morning at the grim bastions and things, the place loomed sadder and did not invite enthusiasm. It was too much like Gibraltar in its atmosphere, which was not surprising, for it is an English stronghold—the second in importance in these waters. Gibraltar is the gateway, Malta is the citadel of the Mediterranean, and England to-day commands both.

But Malta has had a more picturesque history than Gibraltar. Its story has been not unlike that of Algiers, and many nations have fought for it and shed blood and romance along its shores, and on all the lands about. We touched mythology, too, here, for the first time; and Bible history. Long ago, even before the Phœnicians, the Cyclops—a race of one-eyed giants—owned Malta, and here Calypso, daughter of Atlas, lived and enchanted Ulysses when he happened along this way and was shipwrecked on the "wooded island of Ogygia, far apart from men."

I am glad they do not call it that any more. It is hard to say Ogygia, and it is no longer a wooded isle. It is little more than a rock, in fact, covered with a thin, fertile soil and there are hardly any trees to be discovered anywhere. But there were bowers and groves in Ulysses's time, and Calypso wooed him among the greenery and in a cave which is pointed out to this day. She promised him immortality if he would forget his wife and native land, and marry her, but Ulysses postponed his decision and after a seven-year sample of the matrimony concluded he didn't care for perpetual existence on those terms.

Calypso bore him two sons, and when he sailed away died of grief. Ulysses returned to Penelope, but he was disqualified for the simple life of Ithaca, and after he had slain her insolent suitors and told everybody about his travels he longed to go sailing away again to

other adventures and islands, and Calypso, perhaps, "beyond the baths of all the western stars." Such was life, even then.

The biblical interest of Malta concerns a shipwreck, too. St. Paul on his way to Italy to preach the gospel was caught in a great tempest, the euroclydon, which continued for fourteen days. Acts xxvii and xxviii contain the story, which is very interesting and beautiful. Here is a brief summary.

"And when the ship was caught, and could not bear up in the wind, we let drive. . . .

"And when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay upon us, all hope that we should be saved was taken away."

Paul comforted them and told how an angel had stood by him, assuring him that he, Paul, would appear before Cæsar and that all with him would be saved. "Howbeit, we must be cast upon a certain island."

The island was Melita (i. e., Malta) and "falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground."

There were two hundred and sixteen souls in the vessel and all got to land, somehow.

"And the barbarous people showed us no little kindness: for they kindled a fire and received us everyone, because of the present rain, and because of the cold."

Paul remained three months in Malta and preached the gospel and performed miracles there, which is a better record than Ulysses made. He also banished the poison snakes, it is said. It was the euroclydon that swept the trees from Malta, and nineteen hundred years have not repaired the ravage of that storm.

Gods, Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Arabs, Normans, Germans, Spanish, Knights of Jerusalem, French, and English have all battled for Malta because of its position as a stronghold, a watch tower between the eastern and western seas. All of them have fortified it more or less, until to-day it is a sort of museum of military works, occupied and abandoned.

After the gods, the Phœnicians were

the first occupants, and with all due deference to the Patriarch, they were skedaddling out of Canaan at the time, because Joshua was transacting a little business in warfare which convinced them that it was time to grow up with new countries, farther west. The Knights of Jerusalem—also known as the Knights of St. John and the Knights of Rhodes—were the last romantic inheritors. The Knights were originally hospital nurses who looked after pilgrims that went to visit the Holy Sepulcher, nearly a thousand years ago.

They became great soldiers in time, and knightly crusaders with sacred vows of chastity and service to the Lord. Charles V of Spain gave them the Island of Malta in the same year that he failed in his expedition against Algiers, probably in recognition of their service, and they became the Knights of Malta henceforth. They did not maintain their vows, by and by, and became profligates and even pirates. But meantime they had rendered mighty service to the Mediterranean and the world at large.

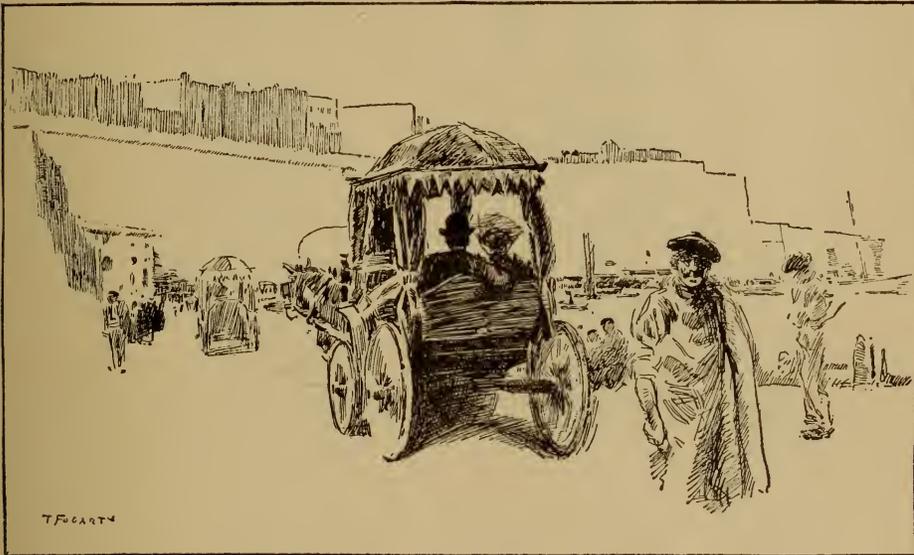
Under the twenty-seven Grand Masters of the order they made fierce and successful warfare against piracy, and prevented the terrible Turk from overrunning and possessing all Europe. Under John de la Valette, the famous Grand Master, Malta stood a Turkish siege that lasted four months, with continuous assault and heavy bombardments. The Turks gave it up at last and sailed away, after a loss of over twenty thousand men.

Only seven thousand Maltese and two hundred and sixty knights were killed, and it is said that before he died each knight had anywhere from fifty to a hundred dead Turks to his credit. It must have been hard to kill a knight in those days. I suppose they wore consecrated armor and talismans and were strengthened by special benedictions. And this all happened in 1565, after which La Valette decided to build a city, and on the 28th of March, 1566, laid the corner stone of Valetta, our anchorage.

It is a curious place and interesting. When we landed at the quay our ve-

hicles were waiting for us, and these were our first entertainment. They resembled the little affairs of Gibraltar, but were more absurd, I think. They had funny canopy tops—square parasol things with fancy edges—and there was no room inside for a tall man with knees. I was only partly in my conveyance, and I would have been willing to have been out of it altogether, only we were going up a steep hill and I couldn't get out without damage to

However, these slight inaccuracies do not disturb us any more. We have learned to accept places where and as we find them, without undue surprise. If we should awake some morning in a strange harbor and be told that it was Purgatory we would merely say, "Oh, yes, Purgatory; we knew it was down here somewhere. When can we go ashore?" And we would set out sight-seeing and shopping without any further remark, some of us still serene in the



THEY HAD FUNNY CANOPY TOPS AND THERE WAS NO ROOM INSIDE FOR A TALL MAN WITH KNEES.

something or somebody. Then we passed through some gates and entered the city.

I don't think any of us had any clear idea of what Malta was like. It is another of those places that every one has heard of and nobody knows about. We all knew about Maltese cats because we had cats more or less Maltese at home, and we had heard of the Knights of Malta and of Maltese lace. But some of us thought Malta was a city on the north shore of Africa and the rest of us believed it to be an island in the Persian Gulf.*

*There would seem to have been some sort of confusion of Malta with the city of Muscat. Perhaps the reader can figure out just what it was. It had something to do with domestic pets, I believe.

conviction that it was an African seaport, the rest believing it to be an island in the Persian Gulf.

But there were no Maltese cats in Malta—not that I saw, and no knights, I think. What did strike us first was a herd of goats, goatesses I mean, being driven along from house to house and supplying milk. They were the mildest-eyed, most inoffensive little creatures in the world, and can carry more milk for their size than any other animal, unless I am a poor judge. They did not seem to be under any restraint, but they never wandered far away from their master. They nibbled and loafed along, and were ready for business at call. They seemed much more reliable than any cows of my acquaintance.



WHAT DID STRIKE US FIRST WAS A HERD OF GOATS BEING DRIVEN ALONG FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE AND SUPPLYING MILK.

But presently I forgot the goats, for a woman came along—several women—and they wore a black headgear of alpaca or silk, which was a cross between a sunbonnet and a nun's veil—hooped out on one side and looped in on the other—a curious headgear, but not a bad setting for a handsome face. And that is what those ladies had—they had rich, oval faces, with lustrous eyes, and the *faldette* (they call it that) made a background that melted into their wealth of dusky hair.

We have not seen handsome native women before, but they are plentiful enough here. None of them are really bad looking, and every other one is a beauty, by my standards.

We were well up into the city, now, and could see what the place was like. The streets were not over wide, and the

houses had an Oriental look, with their stuccoed walls and their projecting Arab windows. They were full of people and donkeys—very small donkeys with great pack baskets of vegetables and other merchandise—but we could not well observe these things for the beggars and bootblacks and would-be guides, besides all the sellers of postal cards and trinkets.

It was worse than Madeira; worse than Gibraltar, worse even than Algiers. England ought to be ashamed of herself to permit such lavish and ostentatious poverty in one of her possessions as exists in Malta. When we got out of the carriages we were overwhelmed. They stormed around us; they separated us; they fought over us; they were ready to devour us, piecemeal. Some of us escaped into shops—some into the mu-

seum—some into St. John's Cathedral, which was across the way.

Laura and I were among the last named, and we drew a long breath as we slipped into that magnificent place. We rejoiced a little too soon, however, for a second later we were nabbed by a guide, and there was no escape. We couldn't make a row in a church, especially as services were going on; at least, we didn't think it safe to try.

It is a magnificent church—the most elaborately decorated, I believe, in all Europe. Grand Master John L'Eveque de la Cassar, at his own expense, put up the building and other Grand Masters and orders near and far supplied the furnishings. It was begun in 1573 when Maltese knighthood was in its fullest flower, and all Europe contributed to its wealth and splendor. Its spacious floor is one vast mosaic of memorial tablets to dead heroes.

There are four hundred of these richly inlaid slabs, each bearing a coat of arms and inscriptions in colors. They are wonderfully beautiful; no other church in the world has such a floor. Napoleon Bonaparte, who was a greater vandal than a soldier, allowed his troops to rifle St. John's when he took possession of Malta in 1798. But there are riches enough there now, and apparently Napoleon did not deface the edifice itself.

The upper part of the cathedral can only be comprehended in the single word "gorgeous." To attempt to put into sentences any impression of its lavish ceiling and decorations and furnishings would be to cheapen a thing which, though ornate, is not cheap and does not look so. There are paintings by Correggio and other Italian masters, and rare sacred statuary, and there is a solid silver altar rail which Napoleon did not carry off because a thoughtful priest quickly gave it a coat of lamp-black when he heard the soldiers coming.

The original keys of Jerusalem and several other holy places are said to be in one of the chapels, and in another is a thorn from the Savior's crown, the stones with which St. Stephen was martyred, and some apostolic bones. These

things are as likely to be here as anywhere, and one of the right hands of John the Baptist, encased in a gold glove, was here when Napoleon came. Napoleon took up the hand and slipped off a magnificent diamond ring from one of the fingers. Then he slipped the ring on his own finger and tossed the hand aside.

"Keep the carrion," he said.

They hate the memory of Napoleon in Malta, to this day.

The ceiling of the church is a mass of gold and color, and there are chapels along the sides, each trying to outdo the next in splendor. I am going to stop description right here, for I could do nothing with the details.

I have mentioned that services were in progress, but it did not seem to interfere with our sight-seeing. It would in America, but it doesn't in Malta. There was chanting around the altar and there were worshipers kneeling all about, but our guide led us among them and over them as if they had not existed. It seemed curious to us that he could do this and that we could follow him unmolested. We tried to get up some feeling of delicacy in the matter and to make some show of reluctance, but he led us and drove us along relentlessly and did not seem to fear the consequences.

We got outside at last and were nailed by a frowsy man who wanted to sell one dirty postal card of the Chapel of Bones. We didn't want the card, but we said he might take us to the chapel, if he knew the way. Nothing so good as that had ever come into his life before. From a mendicant seller of one wretched card, worth a penny at most, he had suddenly blossomed into the guide of two American tourists. The card disappeared. With head erect he led the way as one having authority.

Our crowd was waiting admission outside the chapel and we did not need our guide any more. But that didn't matter—he needed us. He accepted his salary to date, but he did not accept his discharge. We went into the Chapel of Bones, which is a rather greswome place, with a lot of decorations made out of bleached human remnants—not a pleas-

ant spot in which to linger—and when we came out again, there was our guide, ready to take us in hand. We resisted feebly but surrendered. We didn't care for the regular program and wanted to wander away, anyhow. He suggested that we go to the governor's palace and armory, so we went there.

The armory was worth while. It was full of armor of the departed knights and of old arms of every sort. We think breech-loading guns are modern, but they had them there from the sixteenth century—long, deadly-looking weapons—and they had rope guns; also, they had little mortars not more than three or four inches deep—mere toys—a stout man with a pile of rocks would be more effective, I should think.

We saw the trumpet, too, that led La Valette to victory in 1565, and some precious documents—among them the Grant of Malta made by Charles V to the knights, in 1530. These were interesting things and we lingered there, until within a minute of noon, when we went out into the grounds to see the great bronze clock on the governor's palace strike twelve.

And all the rest of our party had collected in the grounds of the governor's palace, and pretty soon the governor came out and made us a little speech of welcome and invited us to luncheon on the lawn, with cold chicken and ices and nice fizzy drinks. No, that was not what happened—not exactly. Our crowd was not there, and we did not see the governor and we were not invited to picnic on the lawn. Otherwise the statement is correct. We did go out into the grounds, and we did see the clock strike. The other things are what we thought should happen and they would have happened if we had received our just deserts.

No, those things did not materialize, but our guide did. He would always materialize so long as we stayed in Malta. So we reëngaged him and signified that we wanted food. He led us away to what seemed to be a hotel, but the clerk, who did not speak English, regarded us doubtfully. Then the landlord came. He had a supply of English, but no food. No one is fed at a hotel

in Malta who has not ordered in advance. At least, that is what he said, and we went away, sorrowing.

We were not alone. A crowd had collected while we were inside—a crowd of the would-be guides and already beggars, with sellers and torments of various kinds. We were assailed as soon as we touched the street, and our guide, who was not very robust, was not entirely able to protect us from them. He did steer us to a restaurant, however, a decent enough little place, and on the steps outside they disputed for us and wrangled over us and divided us up while we ate. It was like the powers getting ready to dismember China.

We laid out our program for the afternoon. We wanted to get some Maltese lace and to make a little side trip by rail to Citta Vecchia (the old city) which two native gentlemen at our table told us would give us a good idea of the country. Then we paid our bill, had a battle with a bootblack who had been surreptitiously polishing my shoes, fought our way through the barbarians without, and finally escaped by sheer flight, our guide at our heels.

We told him that we wanted lace. Ah, a smile that was like morning over-spread his face. He took us to a large shop, where we found some of our friends already negotiating, but we did not linger. We said we wanted to find a little shop—a place where it was made. He led us to another bazaar. Again we said, "No, a little shop—a *very* little shop, on a back street."

Clearly he was disappointed. He did find one for us, however, a tiny place in an alley, with two bent, wrinkled women weaving lace outside the door.

How their deft fingers made those little bobbins fly, and what beautiful stuff it was, creamy white silk in the most wonderful patterns and stitches. They showed us their stock eagerly, and they had masses of it. Then we bargained and cheapened and haggled, in the approved fashion we have picked up along the way, and went off at last with our purchases, everybody happy—they because they would have taken less, we because we would have given more. Only our guide was a bit solemn. I

suppose his commission was modest enough in a place like that.

He took us to the railway station—the only railway in Malta. Then I made a discovery: we had no current coin of the realm and the railway would take only English money. No matter. We had discharged our guide three times and paid him each separate time. He was a capitalist, now, and he promptly advanced the needed funds. We were grateful, and invited him to go along. But he said “No,” that he would remain at the station until our return.

He was faithful, you see, and he trusted us. Besides, we couldn't escape. There was only that one road and train. We took our seats in an open car, on account of the scenery. We didn't know it was third class till later, but we didn't mind that. What we did mind was plunging into a thick, black, choking tunnel as soon as we started; then another and another. This was scenery with a vengeance.

We were out at last, and in a different world. Whatever was modern in Malta had been left behind. This was wholly Eastern—Syrian—a piece out of the Holy Land, if the pictures tell us the truth. Everywhere was the one-story, flat-topped architecture and the olive trees of the Holy Land pictures; everywhere stony fields and myriads of stone walls.

At a bound we had come from what was only a few hundred years ago, mingled with to-day, to what was a few thousand years ago, mingled with nothing modern whatever. There is no touch of English dominion here, or French, or Italian. This might be Syrian; it might be Moorish; it might be, and *is*, Maltese.

We saw men plowing with a single cow and a crooked stick, in a manner that has prevailed here always. We mentioned the matter to our railway conductor, who was a sociable person and had not much to do.

“You are from America,” he said.

“Yes, we are from America.”

“And do they use different plows here?”

He spoke the English of the colonies,

and it seemed incredible that he should not know about these things. We broke it to him as gently as possible that we did not plow with a crooked stick in America, but with such plows as they used in England. However, that meant nothing to him, as he had



A CURIOUS HEADGEAR, BUT NOT A BAD SETTING FOR A HANDSOME FACE.

never been off the island of Malta in his life. His name was Carina, he told us, and his parents and grandparents before him had been born on the island. Still, I think he must have had English or Irish pigment in that red hair of his. His English was perfect, though he spoke the Maltese, too, of course.

He became our guide as we went along, willing and generous with his in-

formation, though more interested, I thought, in the questions he modestly asked of us, now and then. His whole environment—all his traditions—had been confined to that little sea-encircled space of old, old town, and older, much older country.

He would like to come to America, he confessed, and I wondered, if some day he should steam up New York harbor and look upon that piled architecture, and then should step ashore and find himself amidst its whirl of traffic, if he would not be even more impressed by it than we were with his little forgotten island here to the south of Sicily.

We passed little stations, now and then, with pretty stone and marble station houses but with no villages of any consequence, and came to Citta Vecchia, which the Arabs called Medina, formerly the capital of the island. It is a very ancient place, set upon a hill and bastioned round with walls that are too high to scale and were once impregnable. It has stood many an assault—many a long protracted siege. To-day it is a place of crumbling ruins and deserted streets—a medieval dream.

It was raining when we got back to Valetta, and our faithful guide hurried us toward the boat landing by a short way, for we were anxious to get home now. Every few yards we were assailed by hackmen and beggars, and by boatmen as soon as we reached the pier. He kept us intact, however, and got us into our own boat, received the rest of his fortune—enough to set him up for life, by Maltese standards—waved us good-by and we were being navigated across the wide, rainy waste toward our steamer, which seemed to fill one side of that little harbor.

What a joy to be on deck again and in the cozy cabin, drinking hot tea and talking over our adventures and purchases with our fellow wanderers. The ship is home, rest, comfort—a world apart. We are weighing anchor now, and working our course out of the bottle-neck, to sea. It is a narrow opening—a native pilot directs us through it and leaves the ship only at the gateway. Then we sail through and out into the darkening sky where a storm is gather-

ing—the green billows catching the dusk purple on their tips, the gulls white as they breast the rising wind.

We gather on the after deck to say good-by to Malta. Wall upon wall, terrace upon terrace it rises from the sea—heaped and piled back against the hills—as old, as quaint, as unchanged as it was a thousand years ago. Viewed in this spectral half-light it might be any one of the ancient cities, Ephesus, Antioch, Tyre—it suggests all these names, and we speak of these things in low voices, awed by the spectacle of gathering night and storm.

Then as the picture fades we return to the lighted cabins, where it is gay and cheerful and modern, while there in the dark behind that old curious island life still goes on; those curious shut-in people are gathering in their houses; the day with its cares, its worries, and its hopes is closing in on that tiny speck, set in that dark and lonely sea.

A Sunday at Sea

We are in classic waters now. All this bleak Sunday we have been steaming over the Ionian Sea, crossed so long ago by Ulysses when he went exploring, and crossed and recrossed a hundred times by the galleyed fleets of Rome. We have followed the exact course, perhaps, of those old triremes with their piled up banks of oars, when they sailed away to conquer the East and when they returned loaded down with captives and piled high with treasure.

A little while ago Cythera was on our port bow, the island where Aphrodite was born of wind and wave and presently set out to make trouble among the human family. She and her son Cupid, who has always been too busy to grow up, have a good deal to answer for, and they are still at their mischief, and will be, no doubt, so long as men are brave and women fair.

However, they seem to have overlooked this ship. There is only one love affair discoverable and even that is of such a mild academic variety that it is doubtful whether that tricky jade, Venus, and her dimpled son had any concern in the matter. It is rather a



A TINY PLACE, WITH TWO BENT, WRINKLED WOMEN WEAVING LACE OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

case of Diana's hunting, I suspect, and not a love affair at all.

I have mentioned that this is Sunday, but I acquired this knowledge from the calendar. One would never guess it from the aspect of this ship and its company. We made a pretty good attempt at Sabbath observance the first Sunday out, and we did something in that line a week later. But then we struck Genoa, where we lost the Promoter and took on this European influx of languages, and now Sunday is the same as Friday or Tuesday or any other day, and it would take an expert to tell the difference.

I do not blame it all to the Euro-

peans. They are a good lot, I believe; some of them I am sure are, and we have taken to them amazingly. They did teach us a few new diversions, but we were ready for instruction and the Reprobates would have corrupted us anyhow, so it is no matter. The newcomers only stimulated our education and added variety to our progress. But they did make it bad for Sunday—the old-fashioned Sunday, such as we had the first week out.

Not that our "pilgrims" are a bad lot—not by any means. They do whoop it up pretty lively in the booze-bazaar, now and then, and even a number of our American ladies have developed a

weakness for that congenial corner of the ship. But everything is p. p., which is Kurfürst for perfectly proper, and on this particular Sunday you could not scrape up enough real sin on this ship to interest Satan five minutes.

Even the Reprobates are not entirely abandoned, and only three different parties have been removed from their table in the dining saloon by re-

going again, for he found no comfort there, and he is unable to furnish the Doctor with a sane reason why anyone should ever want to go there, even once. I suspect that when the sale of tickets for the side trips began the Apostle in his innocence feared that there might not be enough to go around and thought he had better secure one in case of accident. I suspect this from his manner



“GENERAL,” HE SAID, “WE WILL STAND ANYTHING FROM YOU, EVEN THE PHENICIANS; BUT DON’T CROWD US, GENERAL.”

quest—request of the parties, that is—said parties being accustomed to the simpler life—pleasant diversions of the home circle, as it were—and not to the sparkle and the flow of good fellowship on the high seas, with the *bon mot* of the Horse-Doctor, the repartee of the Colonel, and the placid expletive of the Apostle which the rest of us are depraved enough to adore.

The Apostle, by the way, is going to Jerusalem. He has been there before, which he does not offer as a reason for

of urging the Doctor to secure one for himself.

“You’ll be too late, if you’re not careful,” he said. “You’d better go right up and get your ticket now.”

The Doctor was not alarmed. “Don’t worry, Joe,” he said. “You’re booked for Jerusalem, all right enough. I’ll get mine when I decide to go.”

“But suppose you decide to go after the party is made up?”

The Doctor stroked his chin. “Hell-of-a-note if I can’t go ashore and buy

a ticket for Jerusalem," he said, which had not occurred to the Apostle, who immediately remembered that he didn't want to go to Jerusalem anyway, had never wanted to go, and had vowed, before, he would never go again.

However, he will go, because the Colonel is going; and the Colonel is going because, as the Doctor still insists, he made his money by publishing Bibles without reading them, which I think doubtful—not doubtful that he did not read them, but that he is going to the Holy Land in consequence. I think he is going because he knows the Apostle is going—and the Doctor, and the game of piquet. Those are reasons enough for the Colonel. He is ready at a moment's notice to follow that combination around the world.

But if we no longer have services on these sea Sundays we have other features. The Music Master plays for us, if permitted, and he gave us a lecture this afternoon. It was on ancient music, or art, or archeology, I am not sure which. I listened attentively and I am pretty sure it was one of those things. He is a delightful old soul and his German is the best I ever heard. If I could have about ten years steady practice, twelve hours a day, I think I could understand some of it.

The "Widow" entertains us, too. She belongs to the Genoa contingent and is one of those European polyglots who speak every continental language and make a fair attempt at English. It is her naïveté and unfailing good nature that divert us. She approached one of our American ladies who wears black.

"You a widow, not?" she said.

"Oh, no, I am not a widow."

"Ah, then mebbe you yus' divorcee, like me."

She informed us with great good humor and vivacity how her ex-husband had regarded her merely as a source of allowance—a sort of "human meal-ticket," as the Diplomat put it, and how she had preferred at last the part of a "herbaceous widow," that is, a divorcee.

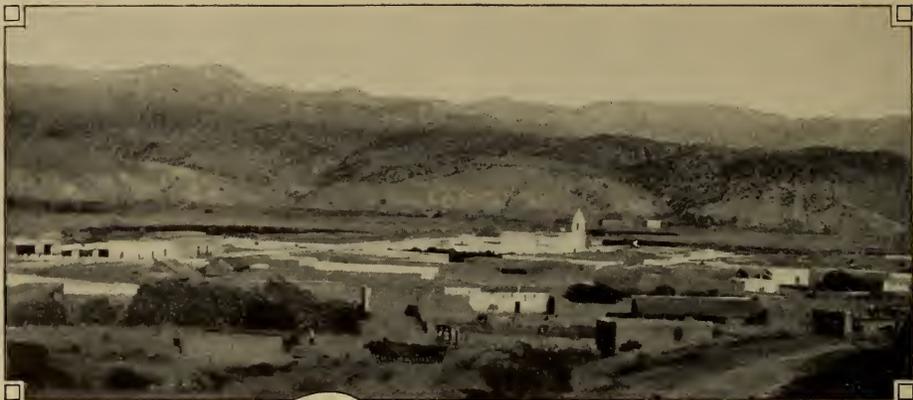
She is enjoying her freedom and her trip, and she is frank and honest, with nothing to conceal. The ship is better for her presence. On the whole we get along well with the Europeans. Our captain tells us he has never seen the nations mix more harmoniously, which means that we are a good lot, altogether, which is fortunate enough.

But I am prone to run on about the ship and our travelers and forget graver things; I ought to be writing about Greece, I suppose, and of the wonders we are going to see, to-morrow, in Athens. I would do it, only I haven't read the guidebook yet, and then I have a notion that Greece has been done before. The old Quaker City excursion was quarantined and did not get to land in Greece (except one or two parties who went by night) and the "Innocents" furnishes only that fine description of the Acropolis by moonlight.

But a good many other excursionists have landed there, and most of them have told about it, in one way and another. Now it is my turn, but I shall wait. I have already waited a long time for Athens—I do not need to begin the story just yet. Instead I have come out here on deck to look across to Peloponnesus which has risen out of the sea, a long gray shore, our first sight of the mainland where heroes battled and mythology was born.

I expected the shores of Greece would look like that—bleak, barren, and forbidding. I don't know why, but that was my thought—perhaps because the nation itself has lost the glory of its ancient days. The Music Master is looking at it too. It means more to him than to most of us, I imagine. As he looks over at that gray shore he is seeing in his vision a land where there was once a Golden Age, when the groves sang with Orpheus and the reeds with Pan, while nymphs sported in hidden pools or tripped lightly in the dappled shade.

To-morrow he will go mad, I think, for we shall anchor at Athens, in the Bay of Phaleron.



BEYOND *the* MEXICAN SIERRAS

by Dillon Wallace

VII. The Cañon Trail and Home Again

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

WE were in the saddle at dawn and five minutes later had begun the tedious ascent of the mountain barrier. For several hours we climbed steadily. Canelas shrank away into the depths and finally, as we entered the forest on the upper levels, was lost to view. Here we came into snow again, but two days of sunshine had settled it and a pack-train had broken the trail.

All day and for several days we rode through a magnificent forest of virgin pine. Many of the trees had been tapped by the Indians for rosin. At one point a great number of fine saw-logs had been cut and piled and lay rotting, because there were no means of taking them out at a profit. At a rough estimate I should say two million feet of lumber had been thus cut and abandoned at this place.

On the afternoon of the day we left Canelas we passed a small Indian settlement and toward evening entered another, where we halted for the night. There were eighteen Indians in the hut where we took up our quarters—or

rather outside of which we slept on the ground. This was the filthiest aggregation of humanity I have ever come in contact with and evidently as degraded as filthy. I never saw anything to surpass them, in this respect, among Eskimos or northern Indians. There is excuse for Eskimo filth, where the people live in snow igloos and water can be had only by melting snow or ice over the meager blaze of a stone lamp, but here in the mountains of Mexico, with abundant water flowing past their door in brooks of crystal purity, there is absolutely no excuse for it.

I believe these Indians never bathe at all. In fact there is a belief among them that to bathe is to court sickness and death. There was a sick boy in a hut where a friend of mine stopped one day, and my friend suggested to the father that a bath might cure him. The father held up his hands in horror.

"A bath! That would kill him!" he exclaimed. "I never bathed in my life, and my children never bathed and never will."

Down in the low countries they do bathe once a year. At midnight on the 29th of June—St. Peter's and St. Paul's

day—the two good saints calm the ocean and make the water harmless, and those within reach of the sea, who have sufficient faith in the protecting powers of the saints, gather there on that day and recklessly wash their bodies. At points removed from the coast, the 24th of June is the annual bathing day. This is St. John's day, and that good saint has a concession to mollify the rigors of the rivers for the benefit of the would-be clean ones.

Like nearly all wilderness dwellers, the mountain Indians are exceedingly accommodating and as hospitable as circumstances allow. At every hut where we spent a night the women offered us a bit of their cookery to help out our cold victuals, and after we had eaten, invariably cleansed our cups by wiping out the coffee grounds and drying the cups on a corner of their reeking skirts.

In general the Indians of the interior Mexican mountains are far inferior in intelligence and ambition, if not in physique, to our Indians of the United States. The difference is in race and temperamental qualities. It cannot be said that their lack of energy is due to an enervating climate, for in these mountain heights the atmosphere is crisp and inspiring and would move any ordinary human being with red blood in his veins to exertion. The climate is quite different from that of the hot and humid tropics, where fever and burning sun combine to sap life and energy from man and beast alike.

Every night during the winter months the temperature drops several degrees below the freezing point, and often the wind is sharp and piercing, yet not one of these people possesses an adequate shelter. Their miserable huts usually contain a single room, with an overhanging roof in front to form a shed. Between the unchinked logs one can thrust one's fist, and the wind is hardly checked. Their fire is a tiny blaze, for they are very sparing of the wood, although the pine forest in which they live offers an abundance of fuel for the wielding of an ax.

They are clad generally in the scantiest and thinnest of cotton garments. Some of them wear sandals, but many

go barefooted. The head of the family usually owns a *zerape*, which he retains to cover his own precious body at night while the women and children are left to huddle together upon the bare earth in a vain endeavor to keep warm. Everywhere deer are plentiful, and there are other animals with warm coats that could be had for the hunting. But hunting demands an expenditure of vital force, therefore this Indian rarely hunts. Occasionally he may kill a deer for the flesh, but the skin is discarded.

So far as my observation goes, there is but one thrifty, active body of Indians in all Mexico—the Yaqui Indians of Sonora. This tribe, which belongs to the Apache family, stands out in marked contrast in this respect to all the others. I believe that the Mexican military, as well as all who have come in contact with the Yaquis, will vouch for their initiative, energy, and activity. For a long while they played hide and seek with the soldiers and led them a merry dance. They not only maintained themselves during this period, but kept up their warfare against the government with a persistence that was commendable.

Combining Work and War

Some of them sought employment on the new railroad construction work, until the government forbade the railroad harboring them, and some engaged as *cargadores* at various points on the Pacific coast. How they managed to escape detection and capture by the soldiers I do not know, but probably by traveling singly or in pairs. In this way they would leave their country for a time, earn and save as much money as possible with which to purchase fresh supplies of arms and ammunition, and then return to the main body of their people to join in the fight for freedom and the right of property.

One of them was employed on the railroad bridge abutment at Culiacan when I was there. He was a typical full-blooded Yaqui Indian and a fine specimen of his race. His foreman told me that he was worth any three of the other native workmen and received double the wages of any other man on

the job, because he did not shirk and was a hardworking, industrious, and conscientious fellow.

Originally the Yaquis were an agricultural and a home-loving people. They once possessed a rich tract of land along the Yaqui River in Sonora, where they planted their corn and lived in peace with all men who left them alone. The Spaniards tried to dispossess them but did not succeed. The Mexicans persecuted and hunted them until they were driven to fight for very existence.

All they ever asked was justice—plain justice—and to be dealt with fairly. They claimed title to the land they had always held, and the right to cultivate the soil and live peaceably upon it, undisturbed. They were willing to give allegiance to the government of Mexico, to pay taxes, and to be good citizens.

Mexico, on the other hand, denied them any rights, granted their holding to rich *hidalgos* or corporations, and sent troops to enforce the recognition of these grants. They have striven to drive the Yaquis from their ancient home, they have murdered them and their women and children, or taken them as slaves to die in the fever swamps of Yucatan. Many reliable witnesses told me they had seen bands of Yaqui captives on the

Tepic road driven, like cattle, under the lash, by mounted soldiers. They saw old men and women fall by the wayside and die, and mothers bearing dead babes in their arms totter hopelessly to their doom.

During the winter I was in Mexico sixteen Yaqui prisoners, on a southward bound vessel, when off Mazatlan jumped overboard into the sea, preferring death in the waves to an ignoble slavery in Yucatan. Six of them were drowned and the others when retaken deplored the fate that had denied them the death of their comrades. Nothing but keenest misery could prompt such feeling.

For two days we traveled at an altitude of eight thousand feet. Here the snow had disappeared, but each morning the ground was frozen hard, a half inch of ice covered water pools, and a heavy coat of hoar frost lay upon everything. In sheltered places, like ravines and gulches and on the shaded sides of hills, the ice remained the whole day long.

Those were glorious mornings. The frost sparkled and scintillated as the sun broke brilliantly over mountain peaks, the air with its tang of winter was like wine, and the scenery magnificent and inspiring. Now and again, as we rode



INDIAN CABIN WHERE WE HALTED FOR THE NIGHT; LINE OF PACK-SADDLES IN THE FOREGROUND.



ADOBE HUTS TOOK THE PLACE OF LOG CABINS.

over a ridge and emerged suddenly from the timber into an open, grass-grown hollow, deer scampered away, their white tails showing for an instant before they disappeared into the timber. We had excellent opportunities to shoot them, but could not have used the venison and therefore let them go without interference.

On the third day out of Canelas we reached the junction of the Canelas and Tepic trails and began to meet mule trains carrying supplies from Tepehuanes to the mines. Once we passed a long train laden with bars of silver, on its way to the railroad. In the distance we could hear, echoing through the forest, the "Ho—o—ah—ho—o" of the muleteers, as they shouted to the animals. In the evening we saw their camps, and sometimes passed them in the early morning before they were astir.

Finally we entered a rough country again, where we ascended steep trails to an altitude of nearly ten thousand feet, skirted and crossed cañons, and were treated to some scenery of exceptional grandeur. Here towering cliffs of lime, glistening white in the sun, were passed.

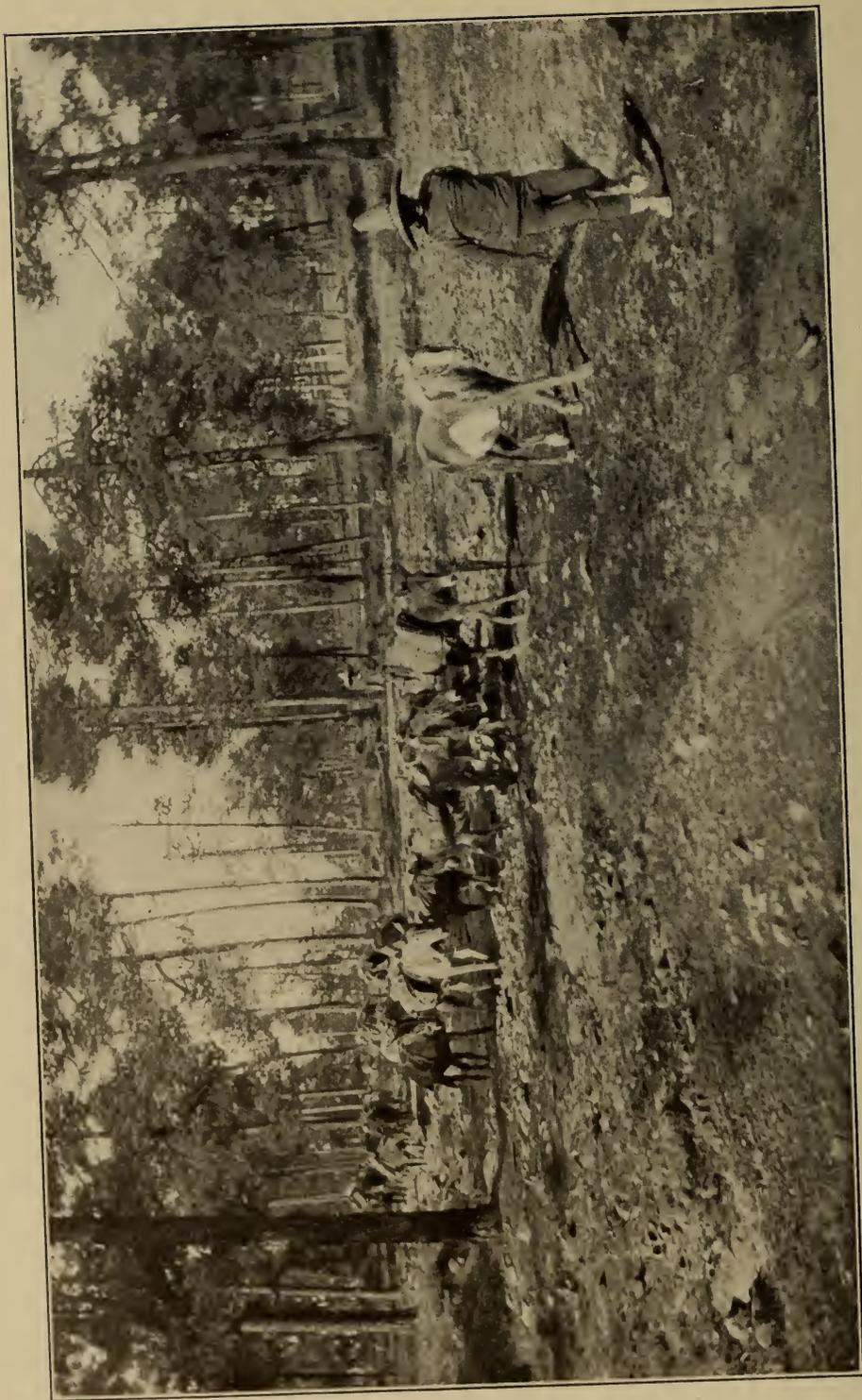
The mountain cabins assumed a better character. Some of them were calked and snug and the people were more civilized. One instance of this was the

abandonment of the ancient stone, and the adoption of iron mills, similar to sausage mills, for grinding corn for *tortillas*. But even here the kerosene lamp has not yet supplanted the pine knot as a means of illumination.

We had crossed the divide, and the waters now flowed toward the Atlantic. For a day we maintained a high altitude and were surrounded again by snow, but at last, one morning, began our eastern descent.

At twelve o'clock on December 9th we came out on a high bluff, and below us lay a fertile valley. The forest was behind us. As we dropped into the plain, fields of *maguey* and corn sprang up about us. Adobe huts took the place of log cabins, and gardens of tuna cactus, cultivated for its fruit, lined the trail. Within three hours the whole aspect of the country had changed.

The trail was crowded with pack-trains of merchandise, the people had assumed a more conventional air, and at last, when we forded a river and came upon a stage road, I knew that the railroad was near at hand and was not disappointed. Two more fordings of the river, then up a hill, and below us lay Tepehuanes, and the cozy American railroad station and lines of rails leading away to link it with the world.



A PACK-TRAIN LADEN WITH BARS OF SILVER.

Narrow, crooked streets, lined with adobe huts; Indians lounging in doorways; stray pigs and numberless dogs, foraging for refuse; a gray church spire; brown, barren hills rising beyond, a river winding at their base; the whole bathed in dazzling white sunlight with patches of ink-black shadows spread upon the ground—this was Tepehuanes as we rode into it that brilliant December afternoon.

In the central and more substantial part of the town we found the Hotel Internacional and entered its wide doorway to dismount in the *patio*. Here an effusive and polite landlord greeted us and assigned me a room—the best, he declared, in his most excellent establishment. It had no windows, the stone walls were damp, and water oozed out of the earthen floor in one corner. There was a bed, however, with mattress and clean sheets on it, and this promise of comfort counterbalanced all defects.

In the little dining room Wilkinson and I were served with a very good dinner, and while we ate our host stood over us, smiling and rubbing his hands and talking.

"Where did *señor* come from? Culiacan! *Es* possible! A long journey! Was there not much snow in the mountains? Yes? And it was very cold? Where is *señor* going? Mexico? A beautiful city! I have been there often. But *señor* will remain with us for two days. The train is already leaving. *Mañana?* No, there is no train *mañana*. The *señor* will rest here until the day after, when there will be a train."

This was all my slight smattering of Spanish permitted me to gather from our loquacious landlord's conversation, but it was enough to cut my dinner short and hurry me down to the railroad, for I had no desire to remain two days in Tepehuanes.

Below the village is a stretch of sand, then the river, and on the opposite bank the passenger station. No bridge spanned the stream, and no means of crossing the swift-flowing water without a mount presented itself. But it made no difference. I reached there just in time to see the engine with a string of

freight cars and two passenger coaches puffing up the grade. Resigned to an enforced residence in Tepehuanes, I returned at a more sober gait to the hotel.

Wilkinson and the mules were established at a *masson* in a by-street. Our saddle mules were quite worn out with their hard mountain climbing, but Maud, the irrepressible pack mule, in spite of her lame shoulder and one eye, was as bright and chipper to all outward appearance as the day we rode out of Culiacan. She had justified herself.

Unlike the other animals, she was a good forager, and never lost a moment, when we halted for any purpose, to gather in whatever there was in sight to be eaten, and to her everything green was included in this category. I often saw her, in dangerous descents, where the other mules could hardly find a footing, slide gayly down the rocks with the utmost unconcern and grab at tempting boughs by the way.

Rather Late for a Train

The morning sun had not yet driven away the hoar frost when I emerged, after a good night's rest, for a walk before breakfast and to enjoy the snappy morning air. Tepehuanes lies in a river valley, at an altitude of sixty-five hundred feet above the sea. It has a delightful and picturesque situation. The valley through which the river courses is verdant and fruitful, the first rise of hills seared and red brown, in marked contrast to the lower green, and above all to the westward, tower in grandeur the mighty mountains that we had crossed, their higher peaks at this time white with snow.

After breakfast I saddled Bucephalus and rode over to the railway station to verify my landlord's statement as to trains. I found it a typical American station, and in contrast to the native buildings of Spanish design—those cold, cheerless, unsympathetic blocks of masonry—it appealed to me as exceedingly cozy and homelike. This sense of cozy reminder was increased when I entered the little waiting room and heard telegraph instruments in the adjoining office ticking off messages in English. I

paused for a moment to listen to them before presenting myself at the ticket window. Sitting at his desk was the station agent, a pleasant-faced, middle-aged American.

"Good morning," I greeted him. "When can I get a train to Durango? I wish to connect there for Monterey and Mexico City."

"Good morning," said he, rising and coming to the window. "The next train will leave at five-thirty to-morrow evening, and will make a close connection for you at Durango. Come into the office and I'll show you the time card. We've a fire."

"Thank you," I accepted, explaining as I entered, "I'm an old telegraph operator as well as railroader and I enjoy getting alongside the instruments."

"My name is Boon Barker," remarked he, extending his hand, "and it's a pleasure to meet a railroader from home."

I returned his hearty handshake, and introduced myself, adding: "My last railroading and telegraphing was on the Fitchburg, down in Massachusetts, and I quit there in 1889, so you see I've degenerated into an old-time plug."

"You're not Dillon Wallace of Labrador?" asked Barker.

"I've been to Labrador," I confessed.

"Well! Well!" he exclaimed, shaking my hand vigorously. "Then we're old friends. THE OUTING MAGAZINE introduced us."

This and Barker's intense interest in Northern exploration put us upon terms of goodfellowship at once. I learned that he was an old soldier of the regular army, and was a first sergeant under Lieutenant Lockwood at the time Lockwood volunteered for service on the Lady Franklin Bay Arctic expedition. They were in Colorado at the time, running



FRANCISCO, A COMPANION
OF THE WAY.

Government telegraph lines, and he was Lockwood's telegraph operator, sharing the same tent.

I had the pleasure of an introduction to Mrs. Barker and their three children, and my afternoon with the family is one of the pleasant recollections of my journey. The oldest child, a boy of seven, rides with his father into the high mountains and is already an accomplished horseman, always eager for the sport of a hunting or camping trip. When the little girl learned that I was going to a place where there was a great deal of candy of all kinds, she climbed upon my knee and told me in the strictest confidence what varieties and flavors she liked best.

On the evening of December 23d I returned to Tepihuano, after a two weeks' visit to Mexico and other of the conventional cities of the east. Wilkinson met me at the railway station, and I instructed him to have the mules saddled and ready for a prompt start the following morning on our return journey, for already I was overdue in Mazatlan.

Mr. and Mrs. Barker urged that I remain with them until after the holiday. The little ones were filled with the spirit of Christmas. Florence and Howard, the two older children, told me of the many things they expected Santa Claus to bring them. A big bronze turkey from the mountains, a barrel of luscious, red-checked American apples, and other good things gave promise of a day of feasting and pleasure, and in the face of all this it was a hardship to decline. I accepted, however, a cordial invitation to spend the night with my friends, rather than in the cheerless hotel.

It was past ten o'clock the next morning when Wilkinson appeared with the

mules. He was never very ambitious to leave the larger towns in which we stopped. I had reason to believe him a gay Lothario, with a sweet-heart in every place he visited; or at least a very susceptible fellow, and at the same time a very fickle one. He was always loath to part from the charmer of the moment, but under the glances of a new pair of flashing black eyes he melted as readily as butter in the summer sun, and sparkling black eyes were plenty in every village by the way. When we finally rode out of Tepehuanes my saddle bags were well filled with red-cheeked apples and a loaf of Mrs. Barker's good bread.

Christmas Day was one of superb loveliness. The deep blue sky was still studded with stars when we ate a meager breakfast in the open, and before the sun had tipped the sea of surrounding peaks with silver, and while the cañons and ravines were still dark, we swung into the saddle to enjoy, as we rode, the radiant morning, the pine-scented forest, and the awakening of the marvelous world that lay about us.

No halt was made during the day save to recinch the saddles. A few apples sufficed for luncheon while we rode, and it was finally dusk when we dismounted at a mountain cabin, ready to enjoy to the utmost a Christmas dinner of *tortillas*, very hot *chile-concarne*, and strong black coffee; and weary enough to roll into our blankets upon the ground, after a solacing pipe, and sink at once into slumber.

At noon on December 27th we rode again into Canelas. Wilkinson urged that we stop here for the night, assuring me that it would require nearly the whole afternoon to replace a shoe that one of the mules had cast. But I superintended the shoeing of the mule, a hasty dinner was eaten, and in two hours we were away.

The trail that we were to take from



THE YAQUI AS HE
REALLY LOOKS.

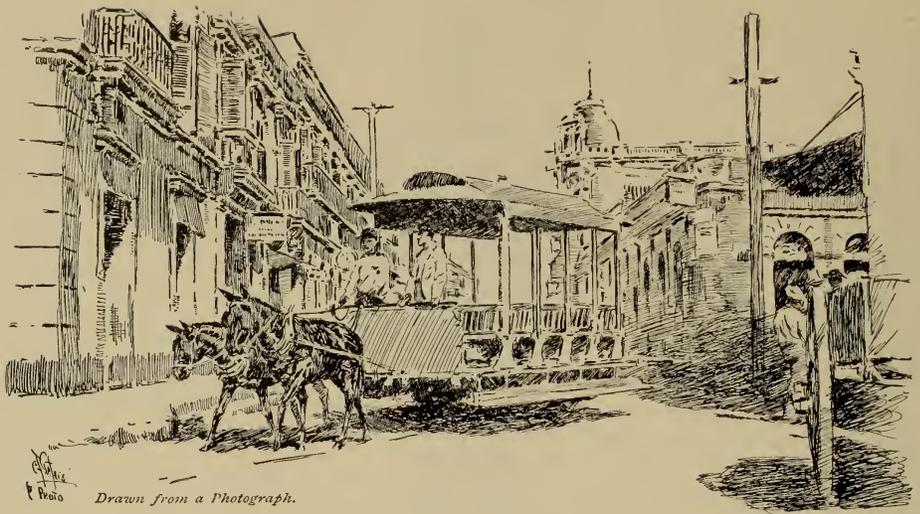
this point leads down into a deep box cañon, and thence follows the bed of a river which flows westward between the cañon walls. Only at infrequent intervals was it possible to travel at a pace faster than a walk. Great boulders, washed bare by the turbulent stream during the freshet season, were strewn thickly from water to wall of the narrow cañon, and the river, in its crooked course, now swings to one wall, now to the other, necessitating frequent fordings. They say that there are three hundred and sixty of these fordings to be made, and I can readily believe it. In many places the water was so deep that the mules could scarcely keep their footing, and we were constantly wet to our knees.

Here and there nature has scooped out nooks and left small level plots of alluvial deposit above high-water mark.

In these nooks one is pretty certain to find primitive little thatched Indian huts of bamboo, surrounded by gardens of banana and orange trees. These cañon Indians are extremely polite, never failing to touch their sombreros and offer a cheery "*Buenos dias, señor,*" or "*Buenos tardes, señor,*" when one meets them. To the traveler from Durango this courteous bearing is particularly noticeable, in pleasing contrast to that of the more sullen folk of the mountains to the eastward.

It was our custom, while in the cañon, to halt at night at one of the Indian huts, where we were always sure of a cordial welcome and permission to spread our bed under a thatched roof shed. Such protection was appreciated, for though the days during this period of our journey were clear and perfect, showers fell at night.

These cañon nooks are charming spots. The atmosphere about them is charged with the perfume of flowers, the river below sings a soothing song, while, high above, the cañon rears perpendic-



Drawn from a Photograph.

RAPID TRANSIT IN MAZATLAN.

ular walls, mighty and impressive. The scenery here compares with that of the Royal Gorge, in Colorado, and reminds one of it strongly.

Well down the cañon a ruined flume of masonry was passed. It must have been nearly two miles in length and was intended to carry water to an extensive mining mill below, also abandoned and going to decay.

We had been in the cañon two days when our trail left the main river to ascend a smaller stream, and presently, at an altitude of 1,700 feet, to burst out into a gently rolling country. Here flowers and fruits lined the well-beaten road, and the balmy air was laden with summer fragrance. This sudden transition from rugged, snow-capped mountains and high-walled cañon into a wide and verdant sub-tropical land is a pleasant surprise. It is an example of the contrast of physical features and climatic conditions to be met often by the traveler in Mexico.

The following day we rode through a half-ruined village of the Spanish period—the first settlement of importance since leaving Canelas—and at half past four in the afternoon we dismounted at the Hotel Cosmopolita in Culiacan.

The little city was all agog with preparations for a great New Year's Eve

ball, to be given in celebration of the coming of the Southern Pacific Railroad, which was to open Culiacan to the north during the new year. This ball was an invitation affair to cost upward of \$6,000, and was under the patronage of the governor. I was honored with an invitation, but had no proper clothing with me, and besides was to be up bright and early on New Year's Day to catch the tri-weekly train for Altata, and therefore declined.

The faithful Wilkinson came gratuitously to assist me in getting my baggage packed and to act as a self-elected body servant until the very hour of my leaving Culiacan. I believe he was genuinely sorry to see me go, as I was to part from him, for our companionship on the trail had been pleasant.

It was mid-afternoon on January 1st when our slow-moving train, which had consumed six hours in making the run of forty-seven miles, coughing and heaving like a decrepit old horse, came to a stop at the Altata station. I at once took up my quarters at the principal "hotel," a thatched roof shack overrun with big fat fleas, though serving good enough meals.

Here I was informed that the *Luella*, one of a line of little Mexican steamers plying between Gulf of California ports, was due the following day, southward

bound to Mazatlan. This was good news, for a stay in Altata cannot be too short.

During the evening I sauntered up the main street to buy some cigars. The town was filled with natives from the surrounding country, celebrating the holiday. In front of the *mescal* shops were groups of quarrelsome men who had partaken too freely of liquor, and I was quite satisfied to return to the hotel for a quiet smoke. It was dark when I turned across the deserted plaza, a barren, unlighted stretch of sand. I had not gone a dozen yards when some one at my elbow startled me with the remark:

"Good evening, sir. It is not safe for you to walk here alone after dark, and I will go to the hotel with you."

Until I heard the voice I was not aware that anyone was near me. The man spoke in broken English. In the dim light I could not make out his features, but could see that he was somewhat under average height, dressed like an American, and wearing a cap instead of the usual sombrero. The cap alone was sufficient proof that he was not a Mexican.

"Good evening," I said in return. "Why do you say I am not safe alone?"

"I've been listening to those half-drunken Mexicans. They have been talking about you and saying, 'That is

an American, and he has much money like all Americans.' Some of those men are bad men, they are full of *mescal*, and they'd stick you with a knife for a *peso*. You must not walk here after dark."

"But I have a gun," I assured him.

"No matter. The knife would be in your back before you could use your gun. They could hide in this sand and steal on you like a cat before you saw them. There may be men lying along this path now waiting for you, but they won't attack two of us."

We walked to the hotel together. There I offered him one of my cigars, and we sat and chatted for an hour while we smoked, and I drew from him his history.

His name was Francisco, a Spaniard from Barcelona. He was drafted into the Spanish navy two or three years before the Spanish-American war, and served as a machinist until one day his vessel entered an American port and he took advantage of an opportunity to desert. This he felt he had a moral right to do, as he had been forced into the service against his will and had received harsh treatment there.

He worked as a machinist in Boston until the outbreak of the war, when he secured a berth on one of our transports, which he held until peace was declared. His wanderings had carried him to the West Indies, South America, the Far



Drawn from a Photograph.

"CHAMBERMAID," COOK, AND WAITER AT ALTATA HOTEL.

East, and Alaska. He had visited nearly all of our principal cities, remembering and describing accurately the chief streets and attractions of many of them from Boston to San Francisco.

Experience Wide as the Country

He had been employed as engineer in mines in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California. The last mine in which he worked had suspended operations some weeks before our meeting, and he had walked the hundreds of miles from Los Angeles to Altata, by way of Guaymas, in search of employment, and was now en route to the new railroad construction camps at Mazatlan, hoping to find work there.

"How are you off for money?" I asked.

"I've used all I had, sir, and am broke," he answered.

I offered him a *peso*.

"No," he said positively but politely. "I thank you, but I never take money as a gift. I always earn my own way."

The following day the *Luella* steamed past Altata without even speaking the port. We could see her in the distance. She had a full cargo and complement of passengers and ignored us wholly. Francisco was with me at the time and was keenly disappointed, as he had hoped for an opportunity to work his passage on her to Mazatlan. When this hope was gone he disappeared.

Altata is not a good place to tarry in. At the steamship office they assured me that *mañana* the *Alamos*, another of their vessels, would come, and for several days thereafter *mañana* was the star of hope that kept up my courage. There was nothing to do but pace up and down the beach and enjoy the balmy sea breeze as best I could, or lounge on the shady side of the hotel and read and reread the pages of an old newspaper which I was fortunate enough to possess.

But everything has an ending, and one day the *Alamos* actually did arrive, when I had begun to think her a mythical ship of *mañana*. No time was lost in going aboard, for I half feared that, after all, the *Alamos* might prove to be a phantom vessel and dissolve into air.

Her decks were very substantial, however. In an hour we were steaming southward, and early the next morning rounded *Cerro del Creston* and came to anchor in the picturesque harbor of Mazatlan.

This city, with a population of twenty thousand, is not only the largest city in Sinaloa but the metropolis of Pacific Mexico. There are several hotels here, and one of them, the Hotel Central, whose proprietor learned the art of hotel management in California, is a very comfortable hostelry, perhaps the best west of the Sierra Madres. This I made my domicile during my stay, taking advantage also of the American Club.

A boom was in progress in Mazatlan at this time, induced by the prospect of early railroad communication with the North. The Cananea, Rio Yaqui and Pacific Railroad, the extension of the Southern Pacific system before mentioned, had established extensive construction camps some three or four miles back of the town, and these camps drew a large number of Americans. The railroad is now, I am informed, in operation to this point, and to-day one may board a Pullman car in Los Angeles and be set down at Mazatlan without change.

In spite of its importance, this is the first railway communication the city has ever had. In this connection perhaps it is worth while to mention an erroneous statement appearing in a voluminous and presumably authoritative work on Mexico, published in 1907, in which the author states: "Mazatlan, in the State of Sinaloa, is more fortunately placed, since there are two lines of railway running from the port into the interior, but neither as yet communicating with the Capital."

There are no such lines of railway here. A survey was once made for a proposed railroad to connect Mazatlan and Durango, but the engineers found the grades too steep to negotiate, and no actual construction work was ever done upon the line.

Unfortunately for Mazatlan, its harbor offers no shelter to shipping, and therefore, during heavy weather, it has sometimes been shut off for considerable



MAZATLAN AS IT APPEARS FROM THE HILLS.

periods from sea communication. A plan for building a safe harbor to cost between six and seven million *pesos* has been approved by President Diaz, and it is hoped that the work will be begun shortly. The annual exports from this port to San Francisco alone amount to \$3,000,000 United States gold, and its imports to upward of \$1,500,000. This does not take into account the large additional coastwise trade.

There is an excellent opportunity here for Americans with limited capital to enter into business, with profits large and certain. For instance, there is not a shoe store in the city, though there is a strong demand for one. Those desiring information upon the subject should communicate with the American consul on the ground. Germans at present enjoy a large share of the retail trade.

A new sewer system has been established, and this, together with other sanitary improvements introduced by the authorities, should make Mazatlan as healthful as nearly any of our own Southern cities. In 1902 and 1903 the population, then 18,000, was reduced to 4,000 by an epidemic of bubonic plague, and upward of one thousand houses were burned to stay the plague's progress. This, however, was due to unusual circumstances, and it is highly improbable that it will ever be repeated. The new sanitary reforms and a strict, though sometimes illogical, quarantine are sufficient insurance against it.

Immediately on establishing myself in Mazatlan, I paid my respects to Mr.

Louis Kaiser, the United States consul. Mr. Kaiser has occupied this post for several years, and is one of the most active and efficient of our consular agents. He extended many courtesies to me, placed much valuable data at my disposal, and exerted himself to make my stay in Mazatlan a pleasant one.

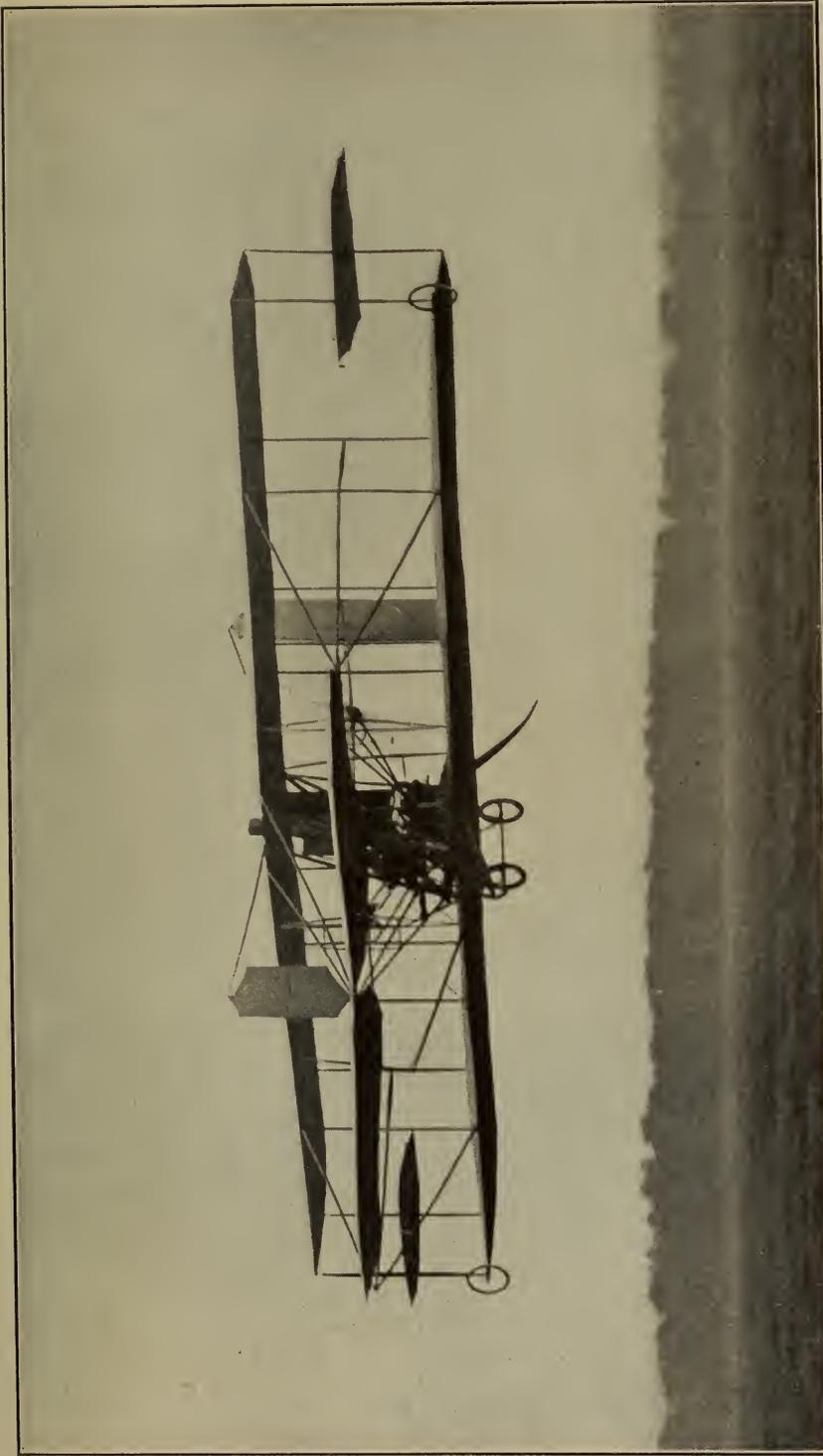
The day following my arrival I visited the railroad construction camps. The organization was perfect, and the work was being pushed with the utmost rapidity. Mr. D. E. H. Manigault, the engineer in charge, was good enough to show me over the ground and afterwards to entertain me at dinner in the tent where he had established a temporary home.

As I was leaving the hotel en route to the construction camps, I met, most unexpectedly, my friend Francisco. He had walked a part of the way from Altata, when he overtook the stage coach stuck fast in a muddy stream. As recompense for aiding the driver to free the vehicle, he was given passage to Mazatlan. I had the satisfaction of learning, before I sailed, that he had found work at the railroad machine shops.

On the morning of January 18th the Pacific Mail steamship *City of Sydney*, northward bound to San Francisco, came to anchor in the harbor. My work was finished. I bade good-by to my many friends and went aboard, glad to be homeward bound at last, but carrying with me many pleasant memories of the wonderful land of fruits and flowers beyond the Mexican Sierras.

(The End.)





Photograph by Eolaks, London.

AN AMERICAN AÉRONAUT IN ENGLISH AIR.

Captain F. S. Cody, an American by birth and an Englishman by recent naturalization, has been setting the pace in English aeronautics. His most spectacular performance was a forty-seven mile cross-country flight in sixty-three minutes. His machine was broken recently in a fall.



Photograph by Deltus, Paris.

A MOTOR BOAT OR NOT AS YOU PLEASE.

SOMETHING NEW IN MOTOR BOATS

An Engine that Can Be Attached at Will When the Oarsman Wearies of His Labors, or Wind or Tide Impede

FRANCE is responsible for this latest freak among motor boats. The motor is a light, single cylinder type, although it is intended that a more powerful engine be used if desired. The propeller is attached to a long steel rod which permits it to be buried in the water at approximately the same depth as though the boat were constructed in the usual fashion. The apparatus is fastened to the stern of the boat with a simple arrangement of iron braces which permit it to be swung aboard when it is not in use or needed.

The most obvious obstacle to the use of the device is the liability of breakage of the braces on short turns owing to a sudden increase of the side strain. It would also be interesting to compute the difference in power developed in this type with the power applied to a point above the water's edge and that developed in the ordinary type where the "drive" is transmitted at nearly the lowest point of the keel. So far as known no motors of this type have been introduced in the United States, but their usefulness to sportsmen and others is quite conceivable.

BUYING AN AUTOMOBILE



By Robert Sloss



CHOOSING a car is by no means so esoteric a task as choosing a wife, since, of course, there could never be as many nice cars in the world as there are nice girls. But there are enough of the former to quite bewilder anyone who approaches the array of them for the first time with serious intentions. I venture to put it thus because of an apt illustration furnished by an acquaintance of mine who chose his wife and his automobile at the same time.

He had driven considerably in hired or borrowed cars before he met the lady at the New Jersey seashore home of a friend who was entertaining both of them for the summer. When the host saw how things were going, he turned over to the young folks a light runabout which had been practically constructed for himself the year before. It was built for two, and the young lover soon became expert enough to manage it most of the time with one hand. At any rate, he finally persuaded the girl to marry him then and there and to spend the honeymoon in touring back to his home in Pennsylvania, using that very automobile, which he induced his host to sell to him.

Benedick spun along the level New Jersey roads with the exhilaration that can be felt only by a man in love with a girl and an automobile at the same time. But when he reached the hill country of his native State he learned that love at first sight is a safer guide in choosing a wife than in choosing a car. The smart little runabout did not spin any more, and as it ran more and more slowly and laboriously, his enthusiasm ebbed.

The car became more and more reluctant to take the steep, loose-surfaced

roads of Pennsylvania. It was "stalled" repeatedly on steep hills, and when finally, on a particularly rough stretch, it broke a front spring, Benedick, with a sigh of relief, took his bride the rest of the way by rail and left the car to follow in the same way.

At home, the car was repaired, and after some months of similar unsatisfactory experience, young Benedick sold it, having learned how to observe the three cardinal rules in choosing a car, in accordance with which he subsequently purchased another. It still gives him and his young wife the delights which he anticipated from the first one.

To be sure, two of these cardinal questions were negligible in Benedick's case. In the exalted frame of mind in which he purchased the car, he did not care how much it cost, nor did he dream of ever needing an automobile built for more than two. He did not, however, pause to consider the work which the mechanism would have to do on the roads where he wished to use it. Neither its gearing nor power was suited to road conditions in Pennsylvania, though both would have been perfectly adequate on the exceptionally good New Jersey highways. The car itself, though built like a watch, was so lightly constructed that its range was practically confined to the vicinity of the country home of the man from whom he bought it.

Our friend's experience suggests a word in passing in answer to the question whether it is better to buy a used car instead of a new one. If used carefully and not too long, presumably a car has a record to its credit, but it is only the experienced motorist who knows how to discriminate here.

Even if the amateur can induce an expert machinist to look over the second-

hand car and assure him that it is not defective or badly worn, he is likely to fall into the fallacy of purchasing a heavy touring car simply because he can get it second-hand at the price of a new light car. Of course he forgets that the cost of upkeep in the case of the former will be greater than should be proportionate with the first cost he has decided upon.

Cost is the first thing he must decide. "How much do you want to put into a car?" is the first question that an automobile salesman asks you. He means how much money, of course, but he will also want to know how much weight. If you make the average reply, "four passengers," and if he is conscientious, he will tell you that you must reach about the thousand-dollar mark before you will find an assortment from which to choose at all.

Autos to Fit All Incomes

You can buy an automobile from \$300 up, the whole length of your pocketbook. If you will make a list of the cars of 1910 you will find that, beginning with seven horse power for the \$300, this detail will range almost in direct proportion with the price, provided you eliminate unusually expensive bodies and equipment.

Fortunately, though there are spring fashions in automobiles just as in millinery, these are really quite extraneous to the root of your problem—what you can get for your money. That is much more easily answered to-day than three or four years ago, when the automobile industry in America began to be standardized. Hence the automobile exhibitions of 1910 cannot possibly prove as puzzling to you in essentials as was the first exhibition in America, held in Madison Square Garden during the fall of 1900. That exhibition was made up mainly of imported cars which members of the Automobile Club of America either owned or induced their friends to loan. In the nine years since then the American industry has made such strides that not only do the foreign manufacturers now hold an exhibition of their own, but there are actually

more American cars sold in Europe than there are imported cars sold in this country.

This is a significant fact for the man who hesitates to spend the price of the heavy American touring car, plus forty-five per cent duty for its foreign prototype. That is a millionaire's game, and the fact that one prominent Italian firm of manufacturers is already prepared to construct their cars in this country so that they may escape the duty indicates the passing of the shibboleth of the foreign car in automobilism.

The day is no more when the salesmen can offer you infallible proofs that the foreign car, weight for weight, and horse power for horse power, is better constructed than its American rival. He can truthfully tell you that foreign manufacturers first brought the heavy touring car of high power to its present state of efficiency and that American manufacturers began and ended with the light car as their *chef d'œuvre*. It is this American light car which sells so extensively abroad and has caused at least one foreign manufacturer to market a type to compete with it.

If you are partial to those who have the longest record for successful manufacture of the heavy car and if you do not have to count the cost too carefully, you may conclude, if you want to carry seven passengers, to buy the foreign make as against the American. But you will find plenty of experienced motorists and an army of salesmen to argue you out of that course if you submit yourself to them.

But to return to the matter of cost—what you can afford to pay—which is after all the main consideration with the majority of American purchasers. There are more medium weight American cars, costing from \$1,200 to \$3,000 and rated at from twenty-four to forty horse power, sold in this country to-day than any other type. That, of course, is no reason why you should buy one until you have convinced yourself that it is what you want. You may be content with a \$300 single-cylinder run-about, but if you have not carefully considered where you want to use it, you will not be content, and like our

friend Benedick, will either get another car better suited to your needs, or, if you feel that you can't afford it, you will quit experimenting with the horseless vehicle.

That is why, next to your pocketbook, you must carefully scrutinize the character of your automobile ambitions and ask yourself unequivocally what you want an automobile for. That is not so foolish as it sounds. You will probably think, in approaching the subject of choice of a car, that you ought to know all about types of motors, transmission systems, and structural materials. Such knowledge, if you take the trouble to familiarize yourself with the text-books, will be useful when you come to care for your own car, but it is not essential in making a wise selection of it.

The vitally significant fact for you to remember is that the development of the American automobile industry, especially in recent years, has been toward a standard type of medium-weight gasoline car, the ever-increasing demand for which is the secret of its prevalence.

Manufacturers have practically ceased to vie with each other in turning out surprises, "something absolutely unique in motor-car construction." Their effort is now confined to perfecting, even by the smallest increment, the details of mechanisms of practically standard excellence. The arrival last year of the double ignition system—magneto with auxiliary storage battery—is an instance of this. Though it is a sound principle, likely to become more and more generally adopted in the construction of medium-priced cars, it is not a sufficient reason in itself for your choosing a high-priced car, unless it is necessary to do so in order to meet your motoring requirements. Likewise you may study carefully the relative advantages of the planetary and the speed-gear systems of transmission. But if you find that you require a certain degree of power with three speeds forward, you will have eliminated the former system from your calculations altogether. Thus it is with mechanical details of cars in general, and it is safe for you to conclude that reputable manufacturers of the present

day have equipped the type of car you may eventually choose with a mechanism the details of which are admirably suited to do the work required of them.

In fact, as an authority said to me recently, "sometimes the best thing you can say about a car is that it has no talking points." In other words, the more closely your mechanism approaches the type which manufacturers are developing along standard lines, the more comfort and use will you get out of your selection. It is but common sense to avoid freak construction, for which the claim may be made that it will accomplish more easily what is already being accomplished in a way which experience has taught the skilled mechanics of the industry to be the most reliable and worthy of dependence.

Standardizing the Rule of the Day

Furthermore, most of the parts of cars of standard types are now interchangeable between different makes, a fact that will save the owner time and trouble in obtaining quick repairs from any machinist. The freak car may be out of commission for extended periods, while parts are being obtained from some remote factory.

It is this consistent development and standardization of the gasoline car that makes it the only type about which it is necessary to offer special advice to the prospective purchaser. If he incline toward an "electric" or a "steamer," he can safely be left to discriminate among the representations of salesmen. In the case of the electric vehicle, care of the car is reduced to a minimum for him, though its uninterrupted use will be confined to a radius of thirty miles, which may not be a disadvantage in the city where charging stations are fairly plentiful.

For the steam car greater flexibility of power will be the chief advantage urged. In the spheres of both sport and service the "steamer" has many records to its credit which have shown it quite capable of all the performances of the gasoline vehicle. It is also true that purchasers of the former rarely abandon it for the latter. But the fact

that one of the chief manufacturers of steam cars is entering the gasoline field with a new model this season is but another indication that popular favor is responsible for the predominance of the gasoline car in the development of the industry.

The chief reason for this is, of course, that it has been found possible to secure greater power with less weight in the gasoline-driven car. In its construction there has been a more or less steady advance during the decade in which the limitations of the single cylinder have been learned and methods of combining it into groups of two, four, and latterly six have been evolved, all for the purpose of giving you the most power for your money with the least weight.

Depends on What You Want

Remembering this, and the experience of our friend Benedick, you may return to the question, "What do I want to use my car for?" If you are sure that you will never want to drive it anywhere but on the well-paved city streets or smooth suburban roads, you will be content with an electric or a light gasoline runabout, according to your purse.

If you are sure you can confine your radius to short spins in level sections of the country, where the roads are as exceptional as in New Jersey or Massachusetts, you can get along with less horse power, supplemented by higher gearing for speed. Even here it is better to err by allowing a greater margin of power, which will add greatly to your complacency in negotiating stretches you did not anticipate.

The topography of America is so varied, within comparatively small radii, that even a moderate ambition to tour will make it necessary for you to have abundant horse power and low gears in order to feel comfortable in hilly country. The additional power will more than make up for the loss of speed which low gearing would otherwise entail on level stretches.

This question of gearing can be safely worked out by you with the salesman of the various cars you may fancy—once you have carefully thought out the con-

ditions under which you will want to use the car. It is determined by the weight of the car—which depends somewhat on your special needs—the nature of the country over which it is to be used, taken in connection with the size of wheels, engine speed, and horse power.

In hilly country you will not be very comfortable if the weight of your car, loaded, is more than seventy-five to one hundred pounds per horse power. The manufacturer has these ratios figured out for the stripped car, and has only to add to it the weight of the body you may fancy and the number of passengers you wish to carry. A five per cent grade more than doubles the necessary draft at a speed of eight miles per hour.

A rough average test for hill-climbing ability is to compare the piston displacement with the weight of the car loaded. By multiplying together the number of cylinders, the square of the bore in inches, the stroke in inches, and the constant .7854, you may ascertain the piston displacement in cubic inches. Cars giving less than eighteen cubic inches of piston displacement per hundredweight, will not be very good hill-climbers.

The above hints are given to enable the prospective purchaser to calculate approximately for himself the relation between load and horse power which he may require. It is the problem of the average American road which has confronted the automobile industry in America from the start, and manufacturers have solved that problem by producing the average American car of medium weight and power. Abundant records made under all the varying conditions of use stand to the credit of all reputable manufacturers, showing that the problem has been solved for all careful average uses. This means that a wide margin is left beyond this point for special exigencies.

In the light of the foregoing the selection of the style of body for your car is the only remaining element in answering the question: "For what do I wish to use the car?" Though a confusing and alluring variety of body designs is the first thing to confront the prospective purchaser who visits an automobile show, it is the element which

should be considered last in order, as it is here.

The two-seated car with comparatively short wheel base, rated from seven up to twenty horse power, is ordinarily classed as a runabout, but you will see two-seated bodies in great variety of design and fitted with many styles of tops employed upon cars up to thirty and even forty horse power, just as you will see the three-seated and the four-seated runabout body on lower-powered cars. Here again it must be remembered that not the body but the chassis is what really makes of the car, a runabout or a tourer, from the standpoint of use.

If you are impressed with the obvious advantages of one or two extra removable seats, you must be careful to take into account the additional load they will involve and to make sure that you do not attempt to employ them on a low-powered and lightly constructed chassis. In other words, you must not attempt to make a runabout do the work of a touring car. The attractive "toy tonneau" body, for example, will prove a disappointing toy, indeed, unless you are sure that you have power and weight enough in your chassis to carry your four passengers uphill and down dale through the country where you intend to use it.

With a chassis of medium-heavy weight and with adequate power, you may choose between the regular ton-

neau, carrying from five to seven passengers with doors at either side of the rear section and with or without one of the various styles of folding tops as a protection against weather, or the landaulette, which can be used as a closed car or opened, leaving the front standing after the manner of the average taxicab; or for exclusive town use you may prefer the permanently closed limousine. The range of use of these different styles is quite obvious, the regular tonneau being the most generally useful for those who contemplate touring.

The "close-coupled" body is one of the new types of the season in which the two rear seats are set forward of the rear axle, at some sacrifice of room, but securing easier riding over rough places. The "torpedo" body is another new design, both front and rear seats being inclosed and reached by doors, and the body in general tapering, front and rear, like a torpedo boat, the object being to eliminate dust as much as possible.

You may consider the advantages of these and many other special designs, but remember that when you depart from the type of body in average use it will cost you more for some special advantage and proportionately reduce the range of uses to which a car may be put provided it has a good average relation between chassis, body, and possible passengers.

In the January number Mr. Sloss will take up the question of automobile accessories, pointing out those which are indispensable and giving reasons for eliminating many which will be offered to the car owner or purchaser.

WINTER CARE OF THE MOTOR

ALL motors are designed to operate at a certain temperature of the cylinder walls, depending upon the size of the water jackets, the rapidity of the circulation, and the area of the cooling surface in the radiator. Although overheating is bad for the motor, its highest efficiency will not be obtained if the temperature at which it operates falls below a certain point. It is evident that on cold days the motor runs at a much lower temperature than in summer, and to obtain the conditions for which it was designed, many drivers place a sheet of cardboard, canvas, leather, tin, or rubber over a part of the front of the radiator. This reduces the area over which the cold air passes and naturally raises the temperature at which the motor operates, thus giving the same conditions as though warm weather prevailed.

WINTER CARE *of* FISHING TACKLE



by Louis Rhead



BY the time this is printed, fishing will be over, except through the ice with tie-ups, and codfishing on the banks in fair winter days; the latter I shall describe in a later issue, for it is an experience worth taking, and one that most people will want to repeat. After the last trips of the inland and coastwise fishermen are made, however the wise and careful anglers will want to go over their entire outfit, to sort out that which is broken, weak, and of doubtful strength, and to repair it for next season's sport. My own tackle has accumulated considerably because of the varied methods of fishing in both salt and fresh water, so that it requires double the work and care to keep straight.

Unhappy is the man, it seems to me, whose pockets overflow with the means to replenish a new outfit each spring, and who throws or gives away injured rods, reels, and rigs with a lavish hand, without a knowledge of the pleasure it is to mend them. There is great joy in mending a strained rod tip, a frayed fly, or gut, and while working over it, to ponder over the battle which caused the strain; there is pleasure in making of a hobby a pleasing pastime and a tender friend.

Thus it is that at odd times on winter evenings we get out our tackle to repair it so that it shall be ready to pick up at the opening of the season in early spring. Among the rods we possess, be they of solid wood, bamboo, or steel, there are sure to be parts that need repairing. A steel rod should be looked over carefully; rusty scratches and blemishes sandpapered and enameled; if the joints are dry or rusty they should be well oiled after being thoroughly cleaned; the rings that fasten the reel

should have attention that they may work easily, all dust and sand being removed.

When the enamel is quite dry, the rod can be put in its case or tied in the linen cover and put away. On rods of solid wood, especially those used in salt water, the silk or cord winding is soon frayed or broken; these should be rewound, particularly on tips. This applies equally well to a bamboo rod as in this, being of sliced wood, a defect soon becomes a disaster. Every angler should know one of the many ways of making an endless wind, one method being shown in the accompanying cut.

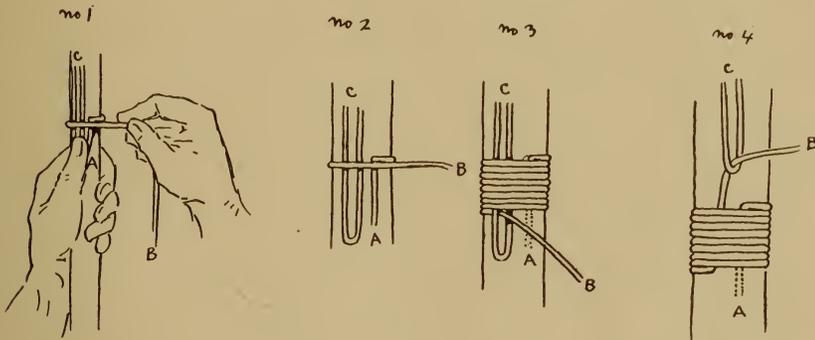
The red or green silk should be waxed; refined white wax, or common beeswax will suffice. After the windings are perfect and the guides rewound, if necessary, the silk should be coated with the best grain alcohol shellac to preserve the color of red and green; this shellac soon dries, ready to be varnished. The best varnish for rods is known as "extra light coach." Before use the tin varnish can should be placed in a vessel of hot water. This varnish will not crack, and dries quickly, with a good gloss, if used while quite warm.

Two flat camel-hair brushes should be used to apply the varnish and shellac, which can afterwards be cleaned with soap and hot water for subsequent use. After the various rod parts are varnished, they can be put together and the rod suspended in a warm, dry room free from dust, for two or three days. When it is thoroughly dry, place it carefully in the rod case and put it away. If a ferule is loose, take out the brad, then warm the ferule over an alcohol flame; it will soon come out and can be reset with shellac, glue, or cement.

The most satisfactory and durable material for rod handles is cork or

wound cane, though salt water destroys the varnish on cane or cord-wound handles, so that marine rods are best made of hard rubber or cork. I make no effort to keep plated or silver rod mountings bright or shiny, because in fly or bait casting the flash of light is seen by bass and trout on bright days and in low water. So long as the makers furnish these undesirable features, the best way is to take off the shine with acid, to obtain the dull finish found in aluminum after a season's wear. German silver is the best for salt water; it is dull and will not rust.

There are three important lines that require the greatest care to preserve their usefulness. The raw-silk line, used in bait casting for bass, the enameled waterproof braided-silk line for fly fishing, and the hand-laid twisted Irish-flax line for salt water. Raw-silk lines become weak and rotten after a season's wear unless they are carefully dried as soon as possible after being used; few anglers do this, but my view of the matter is that it is wiser to buy the very best line in the market and then look after it carefully so that it will last for years. The greatest detriment to such a line,



HOW TO TIE AN ENDLESS WINDING FOR HOOKS AND GUIDES.

C should be long enough to hold and pull B through, underneath the winding. B winds over A and loops through C.

The salt-water rod butt should always be washed after use, in fresh water and the mountings rubbed over with machine oil. Then they may be packed away for the winter. The best reels are now made practically dust and dirt proof; nevertheless, they require some care and attention at the end of the season. Take out the spool, clean the cog wheels, removing every particle of dirt; then put it together so that all screws are firm and tight. It should be oiled with clockmakers' oil, though tackle dealers supply a special reel oil.

Salt-water reels require more care; the big surf-casting reel, or the tarpon reel, with jeweled bearings and throw-off attachments, should never be allowed to get out of order. When it is not in use, put it in a leather bag or case. From such a reel, remove every particle of sand or salt, making it thoroughly dry and oiling it.

is drying it on the spool and winding it irregularly. Should it be laid away for the winter in that condition, by spring-time it will break in almost any section and will be unfit for use.

The enameled waterproof line does not require drying after use, because that left unwound on the reel is waterproof and not liable to injury, though I think it wise to unwind the entire line at the end of the season to give it an even airing. The first one hundred and fifty feet should be run through a rag soaked with best boiled linseed oil until it is coated soft and pliable. Then wipe it off before rewinding and laying it away for the winter. I find that the best lines do not require oil, but keep perfectly smooth, hard, and void of any tendency to stickiness.

It is advisable to unwind the line in the spring and wipe it over with a clean, soft rag. Always remember to tie the

line securely to the spool shaft, or some day a big fish will sneak away, leaving the reel bare. Salt-water lines need washing, or laying out in the open air to dry every time they are put to use. If the wet line is allowed to dry on the reel, it becomes rotted and so weak that one season's use is the end of it. After much service salt-water lines become bleached, dry, and roughened. I believe that a good plan before putting away for the winter would be to run along the used portion with white wax. In this way the frayed, rough edges are smoothed down, and after being evenly wound on the spool, will be much less liable to rot.

Even, regular winding is of great importance to all lines. If a rusty hook is left in the wound reel, it leaves iron-rust stains and rots the line, so that a break is almost sure to be the result at that point.

Mending Broken Lines

Cheap lines require more care and attention than good ones. One of the best ways to preserve a line is to wind it regularly so that the air is excluded and the water cannot soak the inside. When a line, of whatever material, has been in use for a season or two, it should be taken off the reel and reversed, so that the unused and comparatively new part is available. Sometimes lines for big game fish get broken and a long piece is wasted, as it cannot be knotted to run easily through the guides, but it may be spliced. Lines of linen from six to eighteen thread may be joined together by intervening parts of the untwisted strands of each. There are two useful splices; a short and a long splice, as shown in cut. The short splice makes a thicker tie, but is just as strong. The long splice is made by unlaying the ends of line that are to be joined together and following the lay of one line with the strand of the other until all the strands are used, and then neatly tucking the ends through the strands so that the size of the line will not be changed. After the splice is made, pull tight, then wax the joined parts.

Fishing tackle of every description

should be kept in a dry place and away from the light (with the exception, perhaps of gut), either in a drawer or dark closet. Some anglers have a tackle chest made specially for the purpose, but those I have seen are, to my thinking, no advantage, perhaps because they have not been arranged properly.

Salt and fresh water leaders made of gut will keep strong and sound for years, if treated properly when not in use. Salt water is hard on everything in the anglers' kit but gut. The best way to care for leaders and snells is to first sort out the imperfections, leaders that are frayed or cracked or have poorly made knots, silk windings that are loose on the hooks, etc., every imperfection should be either mended or discarded. Before mending gut it should be soaked a couple of hours in tepid water, and the leaders stretched on two wire nails.

After being repaired and dried they should be wound separately and put in an air-tight glass jar. Never leave ends of gut at the knots or loops and be careful to have snells to match and of the same quality and thickness as the leader. A defective leader breaks more readily on a big fish, so that all doubtful places should be cut and retied. Loose hooks should be tied to gut with silk, then coated with shellac, the silk having an endless wind similar to the method shown in the cut. I prefer looped leaders for fly fishing, instead of tying the snells fast, which always frays and weakens the leader. This is especially true if the snells are taken off repeatedly in changing flies.

The salt-water, woven-gut leaders should be well soaked in fresh water and stretched, before being laid away at the end of the season; the same thing should be done with gut snells. I used to wind hook snells, but I find it more useful to keep them stretched and straight so that they work properly when you begin to fish; otherwise, being curled at first, they become entangled in the leader. This also applies to snelled flies, which should always be straight, and not curled; a long leader cannot possibly be kept straight, so it is necessary to dampen it before fishing.

Another trouble caused by salt water

is that hooks soon become rusty and the points blunt, even though they are enameled. With the large hooks, the best and easiest way is to clean them with fine sandpaper and file the points. A rusty, blunt hook is of no more use to hold a game fish than a bent pin. After the season's use, the hook windings should be reshellacked to avoid a possible weakness and stop any rotting during the winter.

We are all apt to be careless with small things, fish knives, nippers, disgorgers, etc. Yet it pays to watch them. Otherwise, before the season closes, knives won't shut, nippers won't open, and all will be so thick with rust as to be far less serviceable than if kept clean and well oiled; the only cure-all for salt-water rust is the oil can and a small towel to wipe things dry. Trout and bass fishermen are saved from this extra trouble as fresh water dries readily on the tackle and rust is no worry to them.

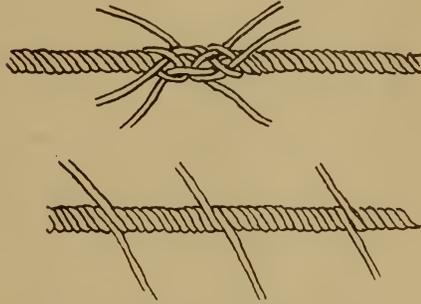
On the other hand, the fly book and leader boxes need constant supervision. The moth that once finds a nest among the bright-colored feathers will destroy enough in one short winter to buy a new rod and reel of the finest make. Some anglers carry an array of many flies for years and never use them. They keep adding to the stock at the suggestion of various friends till there remains no more room to place them in order in the book.

At the end of the season the best plan is to take the entire stock from the book and sort out the useful, killing flies; carefully examine and place them in a glass jar. The empty book may be wrapped in tarred moth-paper. I kept a valuable book of three hundred salmon flies for several seasons wrapped in tarred paper with powdered moth balls scattered right through the pages of vellum, my reason for not removing the flies being that if they were exposed to the light the brilliant hues would fade.

The bass fishermen who have a numerous assortment of artificial lures will do well to polish nickel or copper spoons and wrap them in tissue paper, taking care that the hooks are free from rust; minnows and phantoms, if they have been chewed by the fish and are bent or other-

wise damaged, with a little fixing can be made to do duty over again.

Outside of tackle, there are numerous articles used in fishing that need putting by in shipshape order to preserve their use for a longer period. The true angler is twice blessed in making every detail of his angling kit an interesting care; it not only preserves his outfit, but it



THE UPPER DIAGRAM SHOWS THE SHORT, THE LOWER THE LONG SPLICE.

also provides an additional zest to his fishing.

I am not referring to the bloated nabob whose pockets and check book are always at floodtide, but rather to him who finds pleasure in making one bright dollar do the work of two.

Some ardent anglers like to devote their spare time to making rods, tying artificial flies, etc. In such matters I am no oracle, and would therefore refer those seeking advice to the many books published that cover the subject. I can easily see, however, that such a pastime is both interesting and useful. Rod parts, the necessary woods, and other materials can be procured from any high-class tackle shop.

I have seen some excellent rods made by amateurs, as good in most respects, indeed, as the high-priced articles one buys, or would like to buy. Cheap tackle is useless and the best tackle is very expensive. It can be said with truth that the springtime replenishing usually makes such a big hole in a twenty, or even a fifty, dollar bill as to require a magnifying glass to find the change. The cost is doubled if you practice all-round fishing in salt as well as fresh water.

LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT

BY NORMAN H. CROWELL

Illustrated by C. F. Peters

“I WAS in a hunt once,” remarked Uncle Ezra, as he pushed a bouquet of fine-cut tobacco into his mouth. “That was just about the sizzlin’-est hunt I ever was in. We’d been layin’ around th’ hull winter chewin’ and speculatin’ on what kind of weather we’d git afore mornin’ an’ some sech nonsense. Everything was froze up tighter’n a hangman’s knot an’ th’ fellers was gittin’ callouses on their breeches a-settin’ down so much.

“Time we’d drug along through th’ holidays an’ tackled January we was feelin’ some leetle cagey an’ old Lem Buffum, th’ storekeeper, let out that he was goin’ to raffle off his pet hound dog, givin’ a free an’ untrammelled ticket with every quarter’s worth of tobacker. We chewed stiddy for a week afore Bill Fikes, my old sidewinder, drewed th’ dog, and while Bill was cussin’ his luck in general an’ petikelar, th’ dog got scairt an’ jumped through a front winder. Of course, Buffum made Bill cough up for th’ winder an’ under th’ circumstances Bill was excusable for killin’ th’ dog, which he did after runnin’ it three mile.

“When Bill got back he passed it out that th’ next feller that saddled a dog off onto him under any pretecks whatever ’ud get his hide shot so full of holes it’d be good for chair-bottoms. Real peevisish, Bill was, and out of breath from runnin’ so.

“After that eppysood we rested quiet for two intire weeks. Th’ only real amusement we got was in watchin’ old Buffum figgerin’ up his daily losses an’ drivin’ new nails into th’ covers of th’ mack’ril keg and cracker boxes. We was munchin’ away as usual one night, when all to once Hen Peters slaps his off leg with th’ fire shovel, and cackles up hilariously.

“‘What d’ye see, Hen?’ says Abe Snooks, unrollin’ his limbs an’ dustin’ off half a pint of prune pits sort of casual. Hen calmed down and took his pipe out.

“‘Tell you what!’ he says, ‘we’ll have a leg hunt! That’s something with sport in it—that is!’

“‘Nobody said nothin’ for a spell and then Bill Fikes coughs a trifle and wants to know if it comes in cans or by the yard. Hen he squints at Bill like he’d jest spied a new brand of horned toad.

“‘My gosh!’ says he. ‘Jest listen to that, boys! Fifty year old and never heard of a leg hunt! Whew!’

“‘Nachelly, that made Bill some mad and he told Hen to take his consarned leg hunts and be hanged to him.

“‘That’s it! Jest as I expected! Ign’runce always gets warm under the collar when ye probe it. Now if Bill’ll jest let up lookin’ at me as if he was goin’ to jump over ’ere an’ swaller me, I’ll tell ye what it is.’

“Bill colored up and tucked in a prune.

“‘For instance,’ remarks Hen, ‘we’ll suppose that Bill Fikes and Ez Boggs is th’ captains. They choose up sides from th’ rest of us. Th’ two sides go huntin’ an’ th’ side that wins th’ biggest bunch of counts gets a free supper at th’ expense of th’ other fellers. It’s as simple as A, B, C—don’t ye see?’

“‘We took a minute to think it over. Then Buffum breaks in:

“‘How about them legs? Where do they come in, Hen?’

“‘H’m—I overlooked that. I forgot you was all nursin’ infants. Maybe I’d better get a blackboard an’ draw ye a picter of it an’ a diafram. Legs counts points—one leg, one point—two legs, two—three, three—etcetry. A quail counts two points, havin’ two legs.’

“‘Ah!’ remarks Buffum, tragic, ‘I see it all! If a feller shot a three-legged rabbit it’d score three points, eh?’

“‘Sech intelligence is nothin’ short of wonderful,’ says Hen, lookin’ at Buffum admirin’ like.

“‘Anything barred in a leg hunt?’ says Bill Fikes.

“‘Nothin’ that wears fuzz or feathers,’ says Hen.

“Then we picked our men. Bill got Hen Peters, Lem Buffum, and Rube Withers. I got Abe Snooks and Zeke Claggett. There wa’n’t no more men left except Deafy Hanks, an’ after a lot of hagglin’, I had to take him. Knewed he wa’n’t no use in this world or th’ next, but seein’ as th’ hull leg hunt depended on him bein’ took, I up an’ done it.

“After we’d yelled ourselves hoarse tryin’ to pound it through Deafy, Buffum had th’ illuminatin’ idee of writin’ out th’ hull thing on paper an’ lettin’ him read it. We finally got it done, although Bill Fikes an’ Hen Peters nigh had a fight over th’ spellin’ of ‘leg.’ Bill claimed that there was two ‘g’s’ like there was in ‘egg.’ That caused considerable doubt but we finally cut off the extra ‘g’ for luck.

“Deafy perused th’ paper a spell an’ then he grinned real knowin’ an’ nodded his head.

“‘Legs, hey?’ he says.

“‘Yep—LEGS!’ we says all together.

“‘All right—legs!’ says he.

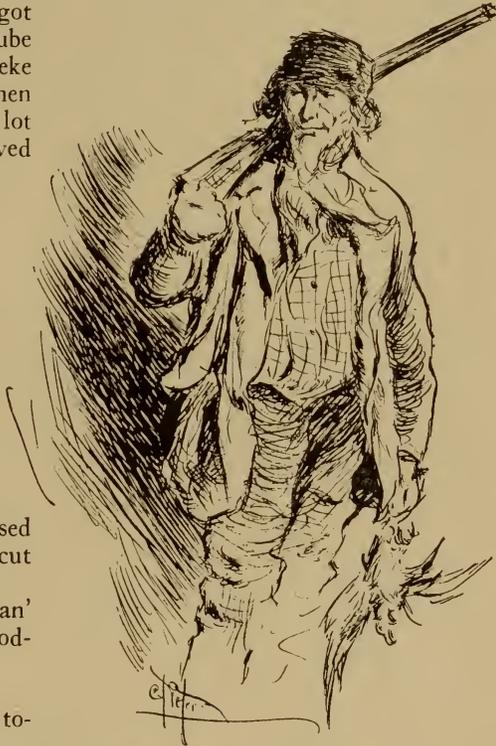
“We didn’t say a word—it wa’n’t no use.

“We set th’ hunt for th’ next day from nine to four. ‘Bout a minute to nine Josh Wintergreen tooted off a sonatty on a duck call which he used in th’ constable business for callin’ help—this bein’ th’ first time he’d had to use it. Then we tore into th’ woods—Bill’s gang one way and mine another.

“In five minutes you’d ‘a’ swore th’ Confed’rit army had surrounded th’ place. I never heard sech a rattlin’ an’ crashin’ of musketry as them leg hunters kep’ up. I jedged it’d take about six drays to haul in th’ game they was slaughterin’. Bullets an’ gun wads kep’

whistlin’ through th’ air an’ th’ smell of powder growed powerful stimulin’.

“Pussonly, I wa’n’t havin’ no special great luck, only pottin’ a leetle, weezened-up cottontail an’ a hen hawk. Once I run onto Deafy. He’d jest blazed away at somethin’ with both barrels an’ was chucklin’ fit to kill. I was drawin’ in my wind to congratulate th’



“‘PUSSONLY, I WA’N’T HAVIN’ NO SPECIAL GREAT LUCK.’”

old snake when—say—wow! Somethin’ nigh knocked me down! That ornery pest had shot into a family of skunks an’ he said he’d wounded one. Jedgin’ by th’ air, however, I cal’lated he’d wounded about twenty-eight. And th’ critter had got away at that.

“I went on, leavin’ old Deafy crammin’ newspapers an’ shot into his weapon, tickled as a kid. I searched high an’ low, an’ walked till I was black in the face, but couldn’t raise another thing all day. Finally I headed for Buffum’s Emporium, feelin’ in my boots that my side was beat to a froth.

"We all lined up in front of the counter an' Bub Jones, th' clerk, kep' tally of th' killin'. Bill Fikes threwed down three squirrels and a mink and then winked at his men confidential while Bub was countin' up th' legs. When I heaved in my dinky leetle rabbit and hen hawk Bill nigh busted his gallusses a-laughin'.

"Sixteen to your six, Ez!' he says. 'Hip! hip! hip——'

"Hold on!' says old Buffum. 'Don't humiliate a fallen enemy! It's bad enough to get beat without goin' an' rubbin' it in, Bill.'

"Rube Withers disgorged five crows and a quail agin Zeke Claggett's brace of bunnies. That put my side on th' toboggan for sure an' we begun lookin' real long in th' jaw. Lem Buffum showed down a pair of quail and then drug out a lizard wrapped in tisshy-paper. Gosh! How we did kick on that there lizard! We kicked high an' we also kicked low an' even went so far as to dare th' hull Fikes side outdoors, but they was stubbornner'n mules an' said it had to be let in.

"A lizard don't have fuzz nor feathers, does it?' says I, real vinegary.

"What! Maybe you want to examine this lizard?' says Buffum.

"That's jest what we do!' says I.

"Buffum unrolled th' tisshy-paper an' laid th' lizard on th' counter. We took a look. That infarnel lizard had a nice, warm coat o' white fuzz! Buffum had mucilaged th' brute an' stuck cotton battin' onto him. But seein' we was beat anyhow, we let it go an' Abe Snooks pulled out a dead weasel and tossed it onto th' pile.

"Is that all, Abe?' says Bub, lookin' up.

"That's th' hull shootin' match,' says Abe, pretty weak.

"By th' way, what's th' score at this innin'?' says Bill, stickin' his thumbs into his vest pockets, pompous.

"Thirty-six to eighteen!' Bub announces.

"In whose favor?' Bill inquires.

"Yourn, o' course!' says th' kid.

"Then Hen Peters yanked out two pigeons.

"Even forty for us, Bill!' he says. 'We've got 'em skinned a mile an' a half easy!'

"That jest left old Deafy to hear from, but after lookin' th' reptyle over we allowed 'twa'n't no use to bother him about it. He hadn't killed no game—we could see that—an' he was too busy eatin' codfish to take any notice of how bad we was bein' beat. We was standin' there lookin' at th' score an' feelin'



HE HAD JUST BLAZED AWAY AT SOMETHING.



THEN DEAFY REACHES IN FOR MORE.

sorrowful when Deafy got a bone in his throat. We grabbed him an' pounded him on th' back—every man gittin' in a lick that could. Finally Deafy coughed up an' begun wipin' his eyes.

"Ought to let him choke, th' ol' pup!" says Zeke. "I knowed he'd beat us if we took him in this hunt!"

"In a minute Deafy braces up and asks if we are countin' up th' tally list.

"SURE! YOU LOSE!" says Bill Fikes.

"Eh? Repeat!" says Deafy, grabbin' his ear.

"YOU—ARE—SKINNED!" says Bill, gettin' up close.

"Oh! All right, I'm ready," says Deafy.

"Bill nigh fell down at that, but he steadied himself. Then Deafy run a hand back into th' hind parts of his ol' jacket an' puckered his features up into a bowknot. After skirmishin' around a bit, he jerks out about a quart of field mice an' tosses 'em acrost at Bub. Bub

jumped a yard an' then Deafy reaches in for more. Bill Fikes staggers over agin Buffum an' croaks:

"We're doomed, Lem! We're doomed!"

"After draggin' out a few more mice, Deafy dusted off his hands an' went back to th' codfish, leavin' us to engage in th' terrificallest chewin' match you ever see. But we got them mice O. K'd an' counted. We had Bill's crowd beat thirty-eight points.

"After that nothin' was too good for Deafy. We filled him up on oyster stew till he yelled for help an' then dragged him home on a sled. Ye see th' cuss had got to diggin' after that skunk an' had struck a mine of mice. Bein' no fool, Deafy had put in th' rest of th' day harvestin' mice an' he sure did call th' showin' made by Bill's side.

"It was a snappin' cold day, too, an' we hadn't a drop of anything to—what? Thank ye kindly, Jim."



MY NORTHERN HOME

By E. P. Powell



I WAS born on the western slopes of the Oriskany Valley, in central New York; one of the loveliest spots in all America. It was a university of itself and, as Asa Gray, who was born just across the valley, said, "Every one of these trees is a professor." In boyhood my best lessons came from wandering about under the maple groves and through the glens, or following the long lines of ash trees that my father had planted by the roadside, and looking down into the valley until it took me in charge.

Then I would get paper and pencil, and sitting on a wild strawberry knoll or a conglomerate boulder would draw plots of my future orchards and gardens and house—somewhere out in the wide world. Into all these dreams went a good deal of this beautiful valley, and it has stayed there ever since. I have resided in half a dozen States, but I have lived nowhere all these years but with my birthright valley.

The little mother used to lead me of an afternoon over to the maple glen, where at the bottom grew ferns, and all over the slopes were mayflowers and strawberries, violets of half a dozen sorts, and a few orchids. There she would hunt out for me the rare things and the beautiful, and give me their homely names—home-ful I might better say. There was putty-root and pepper-root and pigeon berry and with all the rest, witch hopple and witch hazel; for that matter nearly every plant in the woods grew life-ful by finding out its name and its purpose.

My father used to stop his field work a little before night, and shake a beech-nut tree in autumn, that I might gather the child-loved nuts; or in spring he would come to lead me through the violets and across the log bridges, until

we reached the wild strawberries over in the Palmer pastures. Ah! but those were days, and one had nothing to do but be happy. I found him one day grafting the wild cherry trees that crowded each other along the edge of the maple grove, "that the birds might have better cherries, my boy." And so it was that their love for nature went also into my making, along with the beautiful valley and the hills that were my birthright.

By and by college life came with its erudition that one can never use, and its stuff that only makes stuffy, and the hillside home still kept me close to the realities. And once more at a later date, as a preacher in a Western city, when the vacation problem pressed, my mind turned back to the dear old valley and the old homestead. So I bought out the other heirs, and once a year spent two months under its trees and tilling its acres. I built a cottage on the spot where my boy dreams had seen one, and then, with the little mother still there, I let the gardens grow and planted new orchards.

You see it was a matter of economy as well as sentiment, for by this method of using my summers my money was not spent at resorts, but was invested at ten or twenty per cent interest in raspberries, strawberries, cherries, pears, and apples. Wholesome exercise, in close association with Mother Earth, was also no small gain. There is this charm about our new intensive land culture, that one may find a great deal to do without need for the muscles of the old-fashioned farmer; grafting, transplanting, trimming, picking berries, currants, plums, and pears—and this was the sort of work with which my vacations were filled.

It tells as much as plowing and mowing in the development of health; and

best of all was the intellectual power that came from experimenting with new things. I was learning what possibilities were hid in nature, and how to create something new and better out of the inferior; that is, while recreating myself, I was creating something else.

All this while I was also collecting material for sermons, by widening of sympathies that went very rapidly to soften whatever old-fashioned theology had been inherited by my brain cells. I could not grow strawberries successfully and cultivate a hundred varieties of roses without losing a lot of Calvinism out of my nature.

I found that God was a practical gardener, and not only planted one eastward in Eden, but that he had something to do with all the decent gardens nowadays. I found also how literally true it was as the poet sang "He prayeth well, who loveth well both man and bird and beast." In other words, while the sweeter sympathies of the soul with nature were developing, it was impossible to hold fast to the crude and irrational notions of God.

Gradually the vacation home grew into something ideal and symmetrical, and it gained reputation at the same time. I would take there some of my church boys, not only to make them happier and simpler in tastes, but to learn more about the soul, of which I could only talk in the pulpit. It pays to let nature have a chance to do some of your preaching for you.

The dear little mother passed away, but a wife and children had come; and the house and the gardens and the orchards grew; the birds were finding us out and coming to live with us, until it was a bird paradise. Among the rest there were eight catbirds who divided the grounds between them, and I do not know how many robins built in the ash trees, or how many orioles swung cradles in the old orchard.

These apple trees were the remainder of a great orchard that was planted by the missionary to the Oneidas in 1791. They were huge trees, not a few of them two feet in diameter, spreading their limbs over a grand area and yielding annually thirty-five bushels to the

tree. These stalwarts are now seldom found in our orchards, probably because we have less good apple-tree food in our soil.

The pears stood about the house in a careless way, and the little harvest pear had a way of dropping its fruit on the roof over the bed where I slept as a boy. To these had been added the Gansel's Bergamotte and other newer sorts, as they were created by the pomological enthusiasts. The plums were mostly of the Damson and Horse varieties, but there was also the Green Gage and the Magnum Bonum, while cherry trees stood clear around the homestead, where boys and robins reveled with equal content.

Dawning of the New Day

The passion for improvement was already getting control of the whole country. The Downings had begun to write and to plant; Wilder had become famous with his new pears; Kirtland was multiplying his Bigarreau cherries; and in every direction new and better fruits were being planted. The Sheldon, Bartlett, Seckel, and Anjou I already had in rows across my upper meadow, while a new apple orchard covered all the slope to the southeast. Berries multiplied as berries will, until there were plants enough to fill up my spare acres, and there was a surplus of fruit for the market.

I remember well the year that, beyond my home supply, gave me a cash return of between seven and eight dollars for my sales. The next year I sold over one hundred dollars' worth, and from that time my vacation home was not only saving me expense but adding to my income. As berries and plums and cherries were planted, of course my pastures and meadows grew smaller. At last the cow's range, which had been two or three acres in extent, narrowed down into a large, shady, and well-watered yard. Yet she was better fed from the lawn clippings and the sowed corn than when tramping about a pasture and wasting half of her feed.

I discovered that a three-acre pasture, if planted to raspberries, would give me

cow feed for all summer and berries enough to pay for her winter's hay, with a nice sum over for general expenses. This is the key of intensive farming, that it puts an acre to its very best capacity and makes it at the same time able to yield all that is asked of it. Still it was curious to me to find how very much larger the income from an acre of pasture might be made. At first I asked only that these acres should give me enough to feed my animals and myself; gradually I learned that they were able to do a great deal better than that.

Small but Mighty

There were about twenty acres at the outset, but these had decreased by sales until I had less than ten. The income went up to three hundred dollars a year, and then to four hundred, and reached eight hundred, while the apple trees were still preparing to add to the sum. In about ten years these apples had felt their way up into strength, and were yielding me at first forty or fifty barrels of salable fruit; then one hundred and fifty, which is now doubled. Altogether the income from these acres had climbed up to between fifteen hundred and eighteen hundred dollars per year.

Meanwhile, at least half of these nine acres went to the beautiful; were devoted, in other words, to roads, hedges, lawns, rose gardens, and a shrubbery. My hedges, if extended in a straight line, would have measured over one mile. I do not mean by beautiful that one half the place was doomed to the ugly. Our orchards and gardens were as fully inspired with the lovely as were our lawns, but from the shrubbery and the hedges and the lawns there was less income.

Purely as an economic measure, however, the beautiful pays. It raises the price of land more rapidly than fine crops. There is nothing that will draw purchasers so rapidly as that which pleases the eye. Clean streets, neat lawns, and plenty of shade pay about as well as good water, and that is the prime essential to a country home. For this reason I did not consider that one half of my property was too much to

devote to the ornamental. But in all such cases the owner should remember that work must be fairly distributed, so that what begins as ornamental shall not soon run into the neglected.

But meanwhile I had become a journalist and ceased preaching; had written a book, and more were on the docket. The vacation home had already become a stationary home, and it had something else to do than serve my needs for rest and recreation. It must do more than welcome birds; it must educate boys and girls. Instead of sending my young folks to public schools, to learn a good deal that I did not care for, and fail to learn much that I valued, why should I not recognize my house and home, with orchards and gardens, as a school and myself be head teacher as well as head master?

In order that their mechanical or constructive natures might be developed I built a shop and supplied it with tools, but left them to construct most of the tools as they required them. The second story of this building was a laboratory, equipped for botany, chemistry, geology, and entomology. Why not? My acres were full of bugs to study, my soil needed chemical examination; there was botany everywhere, and plenty of geology under foot. Certainly there was no need of going to a schoolhouse somewhere else.

I did not put up the sign No Whispering Allowed, neither did I seat them on patent stools for five hours a day. I did not want a teacher to pass over to them what some one had passed over to him; only I sought out a young fellow to lead them in their studies and to investigate what they were investigating. The laboratory rapidly became a most fascinating place, with its collection of bugs and butterflies, and was of no little value in stimulating this sort of study throughout the neighborhood.

The shop brought out all these characteristics of mechanical tact, too often not discovered in time. Between the two rooms a boy's nature soon expressed itself, and I knew what to do just ahead. Two of the lads had mechanical genius, while the rest of the boys and girls were gifted with taste and power of inves-

tigation. No country home should be without a shop, purely as a measure of economy. It saves in the repair of tools as well as in the direct work of the house and barn.

I think I can say that my shop was worth one hundred dollars a year to me. Later, when the apple crop required a cider mill, it was worth two or three times as much annually.

About this time a great cry arose all over the world about going back to na-

and each one was developing a bias of his own and a trained will.

In the shop ambition began to express itself, and an automobile was built. I cannot say that it was exactly a model, and yet the one or two hundred dollars used in the construction was not lost money. You must let wings be oiled, or you must clip them. I am inclined to think that a great deal of damage is done by the latter course. At any rate, I must see that the ambitions of my



THE WHOLE FAMILY AT HOME.

ture, and Mr. Wagner was preaching the Simple Life. Whether we had anything to do with this enthusiasm or not, we had much to do with the reality. We were living simpler, and we were obeying nature's laws fairly well. We went to bed every night pretty much as the birds did; we slept all night and so repaired ourselves completely; we didn't worry about the nighthawk's pleasures; and we rose at daylight, full of life. The boys, and better yet the daughter, did not care for the shallowness of social life, had pretty much all they could crave at home—pleasures as well as labors, and so home was the center of the universe to them. There was no smell of tobacco smoke mixed with the rose and clover fragrance of the lawns,

young folks were wisely directed, and I must not be too positive that every farm boy must be a farmer.

I secured three of them, two sons and one daughter, as partners in fruit-growing and general horticulture. Two others went into mechanical employments, quite to my satisfaction and approval. But it is by no means sure that this Clinton home of mine has been of any more value to the tree growers than to the machine builders.

Both parties have been charged with love for the beautiful and the good as well as the useful, and both will carry out their education with finger tips and brain wits. This, after all, is the real thing, to induce the young folks to honor labor and glorify achievement, as well

as mere thinking; at the same time to do all of their hand work, as Joshua Reynolds painted, with brains.

The present stock of those of us who hold to the old homestead consists of over eighty varieties of apples, yielding about three hundred barrels a year. These could be made more profitable by reducing the number of varieties to about ten or twenty. The ten that I should select as the best combination for family use and profit, at the same time giving a good succession throughout the years, would be something like this: Red Astrachan, Sherwood's Favorite, Gravenstein, McIntosh, Walter Pease, Hubbardston, Northern Spy, Stayman's Winesap, King David, and Delicious. This would leave out a few that are very profitable as well as good, like Wealthy and Shiawassie Beauty.

Keeping up with the Fruit

It would leave out also a few of the very best flavored apples, like Mother and Stuart's Golden. It would omit also apples of great local value, such as the King and Jonathan and Newtown Pippin and Grimes's Golden. But in a place like ours a much larger variety is allowable, because we consider testing and general investigation of quite as much importance as sale profits.

Our cropping begins in June with a few strawberries and about one hundred trees of cherries—mostly of the Morello and Duke types. The strawberries are raised mostly for home use and for trial, and although we have frequently forty varieties in our beds, we rarely market anything. But we do know a good deal about the varieties that are sent out with high recommendations. We give the birds their share of the cherries and cover the rest with mosquito netting.

Berries begin in July, together with currants, to make busy work. Everyone rises with the sun, and his day ends when his fingers can no longer find the fruit. This sort of work lasts for about six weeks, and most of it is as delightful as it is profitable. One hundred bushels of currants and another hundred of berries are carried to market. In August we begin on the plums, pears, and early

apples. All picking and handling are done with care and mostly by home hands.

Generally there are applications from high school boys or girls, some of these from New York City or elsewhere, to be allowed to spend vacation with us, and learn horticulture. With very sharp restrictions, this is sometimes allowed.

Bees are necessary on a fruit farm to pollenize many sorts of grapes as well as apples and pears. As a consequence, from a dozen hives we obtain nearly one thousand pounds of honey in a year. Of grapes we are cultivating over one hundred sorts, largely selected seedlings under test.

So the years go by, and there is a steady call from the gardens until November. All surplus is sold to private customers at excellent prices. The keynote is: Do right every time by your customers, and you will find that your customer will generally do right by you. Mutual advantage is the only possible basis for good business. While living an active literary life, this sort of work is quite possible, provided our boys and girls have been rightly educated to country tastes.

All this while we have not only grown trees and raised fruit, we have also done it comparatively. We have cross-bred many stocks and have originated some choice improvements. Among these is a blackberry, which we call the King Philip; it is now in the hands of a propagator. One whole garden is given up to seedling gooseberries, several of which are of decided value, while we have been enabled to extend the season from July 1st to September.

We have been able to develop only one apple of decided value, a sweet, superior to anything else unless it be the Danchy. Strawberries we find quite capable of easy evolution, but new sorts slip away from us so easily that we have never placed any on the market. In the currants we have originated a sort that stands seven feet high and bears one third larger crops than Fay. Of beans we retain half a dozen sorts of great value, out of five hundred sorts thrown away.

That is, we are doing the same sort



UNCLE NED, THE GARDENER.

of work, on a small scale, that Mr. Burbank and Mr. Munson and some of the experiment stations are doing on a large scale. I recommend this kind of work for every rural home, so as to inject into the hard labor the relief of novelty. It prevents routine dullness, and the young people become fascinated with the art of creating. It will be surprising if the result is not to refine the manners of the youngsters.

This cross-breeding of plants is a very delicate piece of work and may be called the refinement of labor. It combines science and art, and there is always something ahead to anticipate—something novel and entertaining. A lad will weed in the garden cheerfully, if he can have the seedlings which he discovers; that is, a lad brought up as I have described.

We raise, as you see, about everything that we eat, and then have a surplus with which we could easily pay all the bills of a modest family life. Nothing is allowed to go to waste, and no time must be frittered away, although all of

must be made charming. Every apple is picked up, and if not decayed, is turned to cider or vinegar. This one item of economy is worth a good many dollars each year—dollars that are thrown away by nearly all our farmers.

At this season of the year our shop becomes the cider mill. The boys have built a two horse-power engine and a press adequate to our needs. That cider, after every apple has been washed, is such a beverage as Priscilla Alden would have been quite willing to give to John. It commands a price. Besides honey and fruit, we have our own eggs, milk, chickens, and the choicest vegetables. This leaves us to buy only our spices and sugar and meat.

Do we buy meat? I sat down the other day to decide whether I should deliberately remain sufficiently a savage to continue eating my pet hens and my favorite cow, or should I make one big stride forward and refuse to taste any more meat. You see that I found nothing quite satisfactory in the fact that I eat very little meat, for that very noon



FRONT VIEW OF THE NORTHERN HOME.

I had eaten a fricassee of a chicken that I had taught to eat corn from my hand. It was partly a matter of conscience, but it also concerned my notion of decency, good taste, culture, manhood.

Do you wish to know how the matter came out? Well, I am not yet sure about it myself. When it came to razor-backs and Texas steers, sentiment went out of the case and the problem was purely sanitary. On the whole I have been eating less and less of animal flesh these twenty years back, and I am growing healthier all the time.

The soil of this Clinton home had been worked as soil usually is worked, that is, without any consideration of exhaustion, and it had been denuded of its best elements by washing, as most of our hillsides are constantly being washed and wasted. Some of the knolls were already too barren for either fruit or vegetables. Evidently our efforts must be put to the stoppage of waste, and we soon learned that making soil was the basis of all success in land tillage.

To stop wastage we adopted thorough

drainage, and a system of carrying quick showers off the land by runlets, instead of allowing them to sweep the surface. The creation of new soil we accomplished by means of our compost piles. We learned to save everything, until a bunch of old weeds was sacred material. Road waste, especially that in road ditches, had its value.

A hundred loads of autumn leaves went every year into our stables, first for bedding and then for soil, comminuted with yard manure. When one really begins to save in this way it is surprising how much he can find to save. Nature helps eagerly. Into what is saved she flings seeds, that while growing will weave in more of the elements of the air, and these again go to soil.

New York State is not as gifted as Florida with legumes, but alfalfa and clover plowed under enrich the soil marvelously. Year by year our barren knolls became fatter, and now we can grow anything that we please, without signs of starvation.

We have never bought a pound of

commercial fertilizer, although this sort of stuff serves as a temporary bridge. It has, however, the effect of a whip on a tired horse, doing the horse no permanent benefit. What we want is soil, not stimulant, and the successful farmer must find this out. We feed our trees just as we feed our animals, and we believe in giving them balanced rations quite as much as we do with our horses and cows. If you surfeit a tree the result will be as disastrous as with a cow or horse. Overfeeding a cherry tree will split the bark and set the worms at work. Overfeeding an apple tree will make weak shoots for the winter, and the result will be easy killing by zero weather. We have been very positive on this point, and believe that nature furnishes material for renewing soil, and if we will look for it we shall find plenty.

Good horticulture is catching and so is good farming. We owe much to the father of Senator Elihu Root, who was professor in Hamilton College, with his land adjacent to our own. "Root's gardens" became a synonym for the beautiful in its highest degree. It was a marvelous place, taking in the glens and knolls overlooking the whole country. We believe that we have also done something to disseminate the idea of uniting the useful and the beautiful.

Those who laughed at our hedges and drives and lawns are now the most enthusiastic admirers. These things have made our property valuable, quite as much as the increased cropping power has done. The beautiful and the useful always harmonize, and the chief end of a country home is not any more potatoes than roses. It is possible to lay out grounds so that there shall be the maximum of results both ways. In fact everything is beautiful if planted and tended wittily.

Remember always that houses and gardens and orchards should fit the spot where they are made to stand. Nature did not forget to make an apple tree lovely to look at as well as stout for bearing fruit. The man who despises the beautiful in his plantings should have apple trees and cherry trees that never blossom in pink and white.

A few years ago, when I could reach out my hand and touch seventy and grippe was getting too familiar and I was growing tired of the wrenching of Northern winters, I bought a piece of land in Florida among the pines. We manage now to close our work at this Northern home early in November and spend five or six months where the thermometer abhors zero.

This plan fills the year full of enterprises and gives less time for books, but it gives more time for the big book, which after all is the only real one. All winter we are reading the raised letters with our fingers as well as our eyes, and under skies that are as soft and sweet in January as in June. Of this Southern garden I shall have something to say in my next article.

Doing It, Not Talking About It

This is the way a vacation retreat became a model fruit farm, and then a home for old age. The story is a sort of personal pronoun, but after all it is the life story that tells; not our words only but our deeds, although words are wonderful things and one should learn how to use them. The best compliment of my life came to me the other day from my friend, N. O. Nelson, the St. Louis leader in American coöperation.

After tramping about our gardens and orchards, he said, "Well, while a good many have talked going back to nature, you've gone and done it."

Yes, we have tried to find the heart of Mother Nature, and she has not made it a difficult task. You can do very little in the country if you do not make the acquaintance of this universal spirit of life. It will not do to take too much advice on trust from your neighbors; listen politely; judge carefully, but act freely.

You may be sure that the country is full of people who are working on inadequate data. Keep yourself close to nature, and investigate for yourself. However, as I am soon to open a series of articles in *THE OUTING MAGAZINE* on *The Art of Making a Country Home*, I shall not enlarge further on this point at present.

OUTDOOR NEWS TOLD BY THE CAMERA

SCOTLAND holds the American women's golf championship, thereby securing an indirect revenge for the victory scored by Walter Travis at Sandwich in 1904. The winner of the 1909 women's tournament held at Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa., during the week ending October 9, was Miss Dorothy Campbell of North Berwick, Scotland. The runner-up was Mrs. Ronald H. Barlow, of the home club, who was defeated by three up and two to play. Of the other foreign contestants only Miss Teacher, former woman champion of Scotland, succeeded in reaching the semi-finals.

One of the most important games on the schedules of the Eastern universities is that at West Point. This year Yale defeated the Army 17-0, all the scores being made in the second half. Distinguishing features of the game were Yale's use of the forward pass in the second half and the unexpected stiffness of the Army line in defense.

The only American entry in the Gordon Bennett balloon races started from Zurich last October, Mr. Mix, was adjudged the winner. His balloon landed near Warsaw, an air-line distance of 1,100 kilometers, about 648 miles, from the starting point.



Photograph by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

ENGLISH AND SCOTCH ENTRIES IN THE NATIONAL WOMEN'S GOLF TOURNAMENT, AT PHILADELPHIA.

Left to Right:—Miss Dorothy Campbell (winner of the tournament), Miss Frances Teacher, Mrs. C. H. Gray, Miss J. Spurling, Miss S. Temple.



Photograph by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

MISS DOROTHY CAMPBELL, THE ENGLISHWOMAN WHO WON THE AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP AT PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 4, 1909.



Photograph by Paul Thompson, N. Y.

MRS. R. H. BARLOW, MERION CRICKET CLUB, RUNNER-UP TO MISS CAMPBELL.



Photographed for The Outing Magazine.

ARMY TRYING YALE'S LEFT END ON A FAKE KICK.



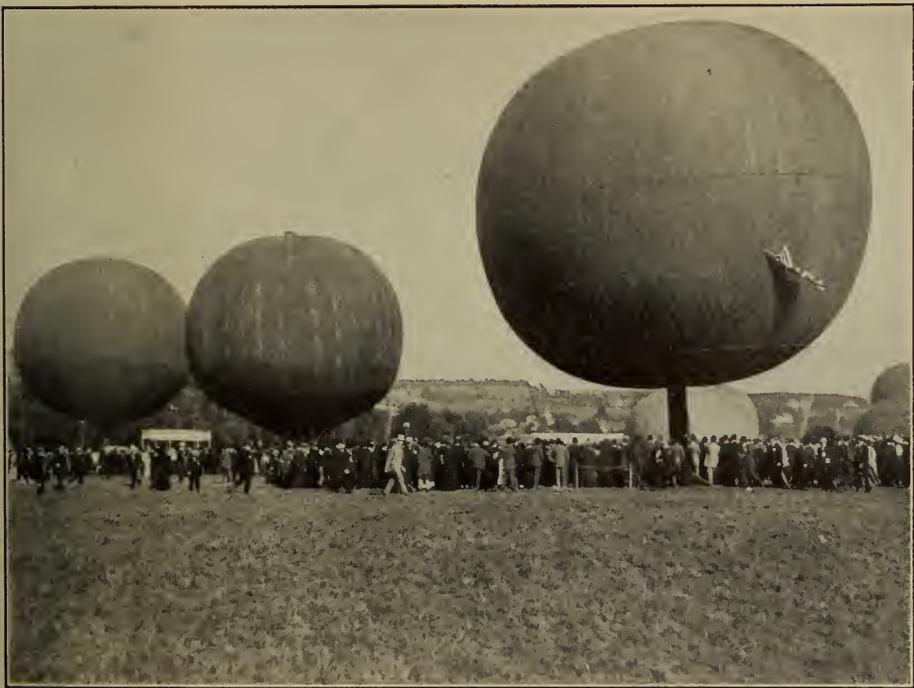
Photographed for The Outing Magazine.

THE CADETS STARTING A STRAIGHT DRIVE BETWEEN END AND TACKLE.



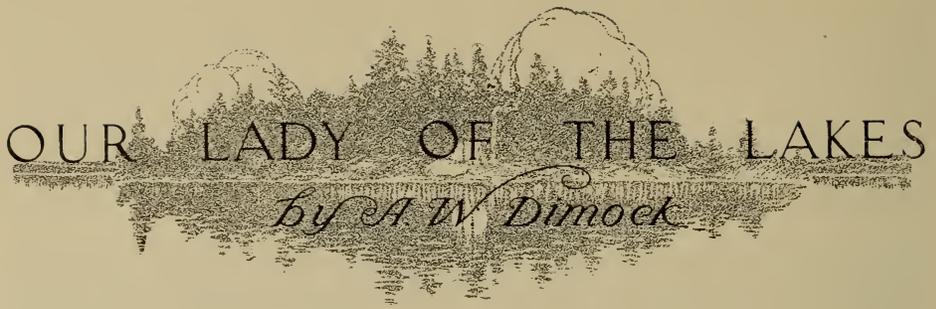
Photographed for The Outing Magazine.

THE ARMY FULLBACK DROPPED BACK AS THOUGH FOR A KICK, BUT THE LEFT HALF TOOK THE BALL.



From Trans-Atlantic News Service Co.

START OF THE GORDON BENNETT LONG-DISTANCE BALLOON RACE, ZURICH. WON BY MIX, THE ONLY AMERICAN ENTRANT, 648 MILES.



OUR LADY OF THE LAKES

by A. W. Dimock

Illustrated with Photographs by Julian A. Dimock

THE Spirit of the Wild laughed to himself, as he looked down upon three eager faces grouped above a map of Canada. Ten minutes before we had scoffed at him, the Camera-man and I, as we lingered over our dessert and declared that never again would we submit to the sorcery of the Wilderness, which had so often dragged us from our home, as the magic strains of the Pied Piper led away those other children. Then came the "hail and farewell" of a friend who was bound for the wilds of Canada. His casual invitation touched elemental depths and the next day we found ourselves on a north-bound train.

Time passed swiftly as we traveled and talked. We discoursed of the sordid city and of the uplifting life in the woods. When we crossed the Canada line, custom-house men made moderate charges for the time consumed in not examining our baggage.

We left the railroad at Temagami and took a launch for Temagami Inn, where our companion found the guide, canoe, and camping outfit, which he had ordered by wire, ready for him. Everything was up to date, from an aluminum cooking set, improved duffle bags, and a highly varnished canoe down to patent tent pegs and a Waldorf-Astoria guide.

The commissary contained samples of whatever grub happened to be in the store, while the guide had an itinerary like a railroad folder. I was introduced to a grizzled ex-official of the Hudson Bay Company who looked quizzically at

the plunder spread out beside the canoe. I asked him what he thought of the outfit.

"Ax and rifle are all right and they will need some matches and a little salt. I've made many a trip in the woods on that," replied the veteran.

"But how about camping?" I inquired.

"That's what the ax is for."

"And the grub?"

"A man who can't feed himself with his rifle doesn't belong in the woods."

The Camera-man and I engaged two Indians, who had their own birch-bark canoes, as our guides. One was an Ojibway, taciturn but efficient. The other was a voluble Penobscot, who, just as we were starting, asked for an advance of a few dollars to buy clothes, which he surely needed. He promised to overtake us before we reached camp.

The Camera-man and I got into the canoe of the Ojibway, who promptly transferred from the other canoe to his own every item of our stores. Then he provided an extra paddle, and soon shore and islands were gliding past as the canoe responded to exuberant strokes which soon quieted down to a business basis.

We made camp early, on an island in the mirrorlike Ko-Ko-Ko Lake, where the guides set up a tent for us and another for themselves, while the Enthusiast, as we had learned to call our companion, built us a bed of balsam, so deep, so fragrant, and so soft that it held us in slumber till the next day's sun was high and breakfast had long been waiting.

While we were eating, our Penobscot guide came wabbling across the lake in his canoe. He had invested the money we advanced him in firewater and was a ludicrous wreck. So far from buying more clothing he had burned off one leg of the trousers he had on. Whether he was wearing them at the time I was unable to gather from his somewhat confused account which was given in a grieving tone, seeming to imply that we had set him on fire. He said he must go back for more clothes, but wore an injured expression when told that he need not trouble himself to return.

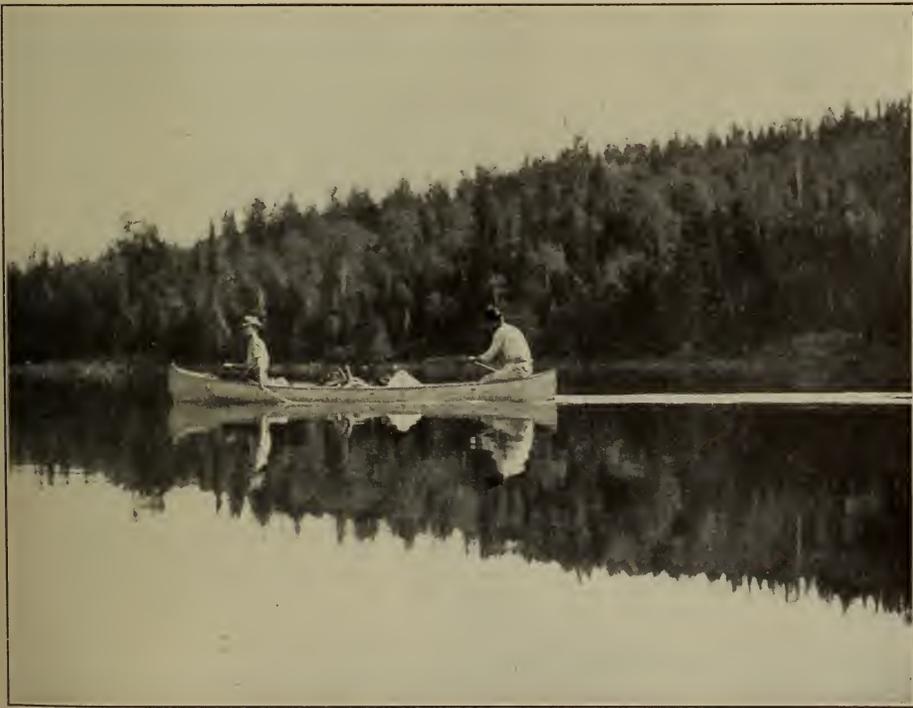
The Camera-man set up his machinery, the Enthusiast got busy with some bass, while I "loafed and invited my soul" through the hours of a perfect day. The Enthusiast cooked the fish he caught with such success that he was promoted to the position of *chef*. We lost time on the portage the next morning, trying to locate a ruffed grouse by the roll of his drum, until clouds had piled up and a storm gathered. The rain caught us as we paddled to an early camp on Bear Island, where we

slept to the music of wind-driven water beating against our tent.

In the morning the sky was clear, but the wind had increased to a gale from the north. As we entered an arm of Temagami Lake our bark canoe was lifted on the crest of waves where the wind tore fiercely at its high sides and turned-up ends. The Ojibway held its bow to the wind, while the Camera-man and I dipped our paddles with desperate haste in efforts to drive it ahead. The whitecaps of many of the waves spilled over us and in two hours' paddling we advanced only as many miles.

Daylight had departed when we made our camp at Sharp Rock Portage and there were no beds of balsam beneath our blankets that night. The guides promised to begin portaging around Lady Evelyn Falls at daylight and we guaranteed that breakfast for all hands should be ready when they returned from their first carry. We awoke in disgrace, for the sun was high, breakfast ready, and canoes and stores had been portaged when we opened our eyes.

We spent a day in paddling and por-



SOON SHORE AND ISLANDS WERE GLIDING PAST.



AT OUR CAMP FIRE . . . OUR LADY COMPLAINED OF THE COMFORTS.

taging to visit a stream where, we had been told, we could catch more trout in ten minutes than we could eat in a week. I have no clue to the identity of our informant beyond the fact that he is a member of the Ananias Club.

But the trip was not wasted, for as we turned back a big black bear stepped out on a rock on the hillside and stood gravely looking at us from a distance of less than a hundred yards. He paid no attention to the *zip* of a 30-30 steel-jacketed missile from the rifle of the Enthusiast, but when the Camera-man unlimbered his eighteen pounder, Bruin took to the woods with a "*Wouf*" of alarm.

Exploring a chain of lakes with connecting portages of about half a mile each occupied us for three days, one of which was spent in the tent, during a torrential rain which compelled the building of a roof over the camp fire. We fished for trout and caught pick-erel. Our *chef* wrapped them in leaves and baked them in the ashes, and we doubled his salary.

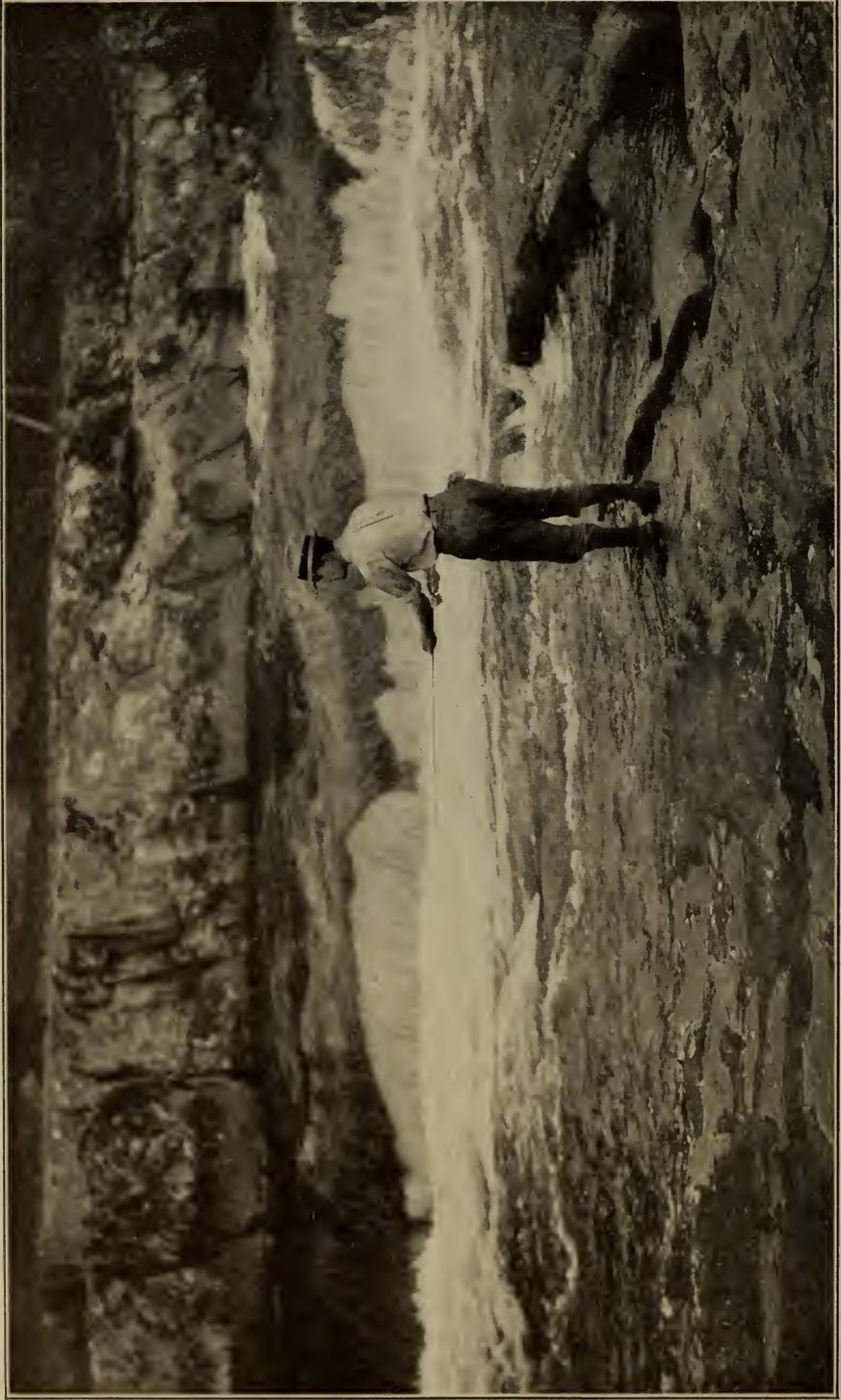
One of the ubiquitous fire-rangers of the Province visited our camp, asked our names, and inquired, with what seemed impertinent particularity, regarding our whereabouts on a few preceding days. Shortly afterwards we had another call from him, at our camp near Matawabi Falls. He had taken an all-day paddle to explain that he had wrongfully suspected us of having started a fire that had done some damage in the woods near where we were encamped.

There were tears in the eyes of the Enthusiast when the fire-ranger left us. He explained that such courtesy on the part of an official reminded him of his own dear city—of New York.

On our way down the Montreal River we met a Chippewa Indian, with his family and all his household effects in a bark canoe. The heads of a puppy and a papoose, resting side by side on the gunwale of the canoe, made a funny combination and we interviewed the head of the family. The craft served as a poultry yard as well as a convey-



ALL WENT SMOOTHLY UNTIL WE WERE NEAR THE FOOT OF THE RAPIDS.



A STREAM WHERE WE COULD CATCH MORE TROUT IN TEN MINUTES THAN WE COULD EAT IN A WEEK.

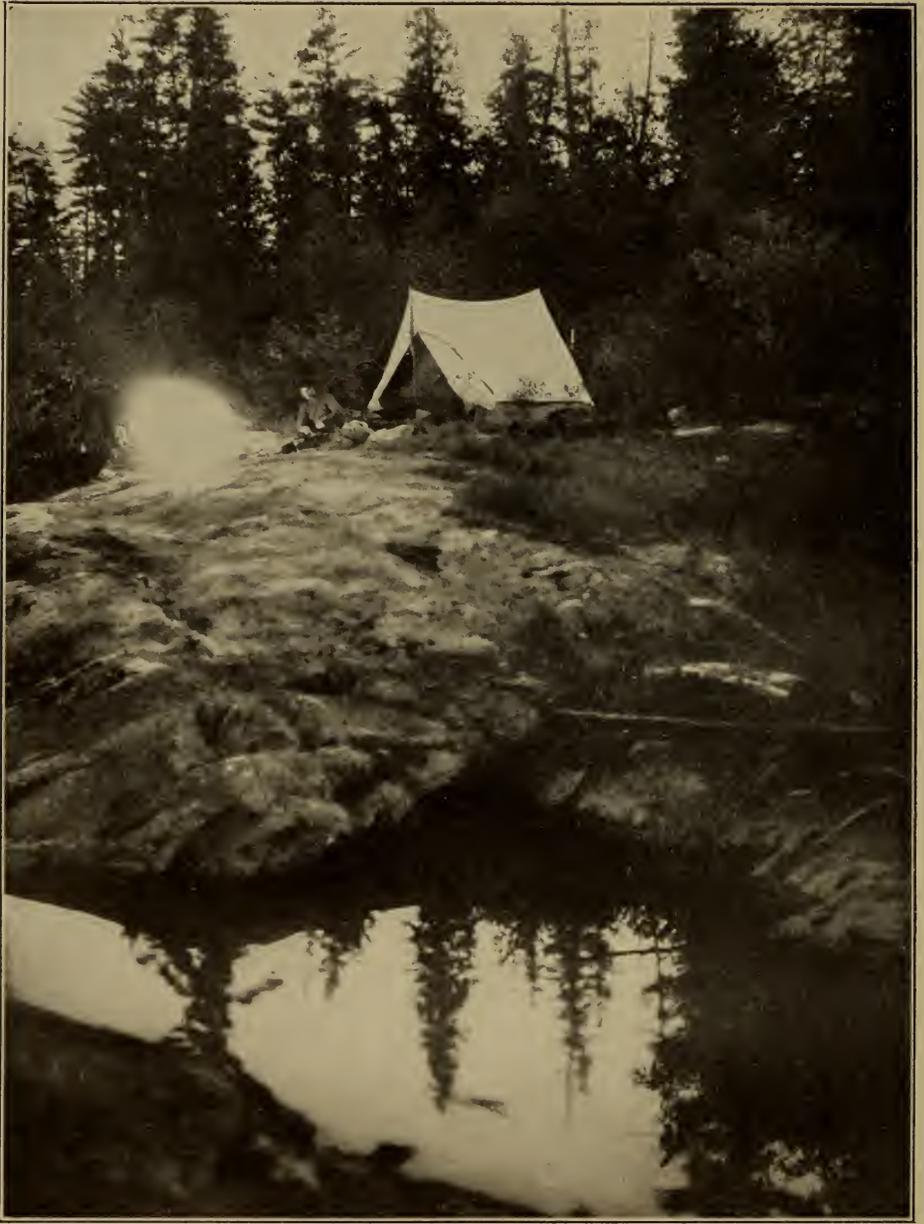


THE GUIDES CARRIED CANOES AND DUNNAGE UP HILLS THAT SEEMED VERTICAL.

ance, and while we talked two dogs swam out from the bank of the river just to announce that they belonged to the family.

After unloading at the Pork Rapids Portage the Ojibway proposed to run his empty canoe through the rapids. When I announced that I would go

with him he made no reply. All went smoothly until we were near the foot of the rapids, when the Indian's paddle caught in the rocks and he had to let it go. He had my paddle in his hands within a second of the mishap, but it was too late to avoid a sharp rock which tore a hole in the bark of the craft.



WE CAMPED ON A BLUFF NEAR A CREEK WHICH ENTERED THE RIVER FROM THE WEST.

The canoe was half full of water when we got ashore and it took the Indian an hour to patch it. When it had been fixed, the Ojibway and I went for the lost paddle which was standing upright in the rapids. Holding the canoe against the rush of the water was a feat of skill and strength.

Our gains were made when the Ojibway found a rock to push squarely against and, holding the bow of the canoe centrally against the current, overcame the pressure of the torrent, inch by inch. Slowly we neared the paddle, which stood in the foam of the falling water, swaying slightly to its

varying pressure. When I first thought to stop paddling for the fraction of a second and grab at the implement, the Indian divined my intention and warned me.

It seemed minutes later, when the canoe was close beside the paddle and I a little beyond it, that he called on me to be quick and careful. There was need of the warning for the paddle was held tightly and it took a strong pull upstream to loosen it. The first few rods of our return were difficult, but I had only to paddle ahead, while the Indian guided the backward drift of the canoe until the craft could be turned, and then, when all was safe, as I looked around at his stolid face he flashed back one of his rare half-smiles.

As we reached the shore I faced the camera of a friend from the metropolis who with her husband and guide had just landed on the bank by the portage. At our urgent request they camped beside us, and our *chef* found the lady his equal in enthusiasm as they wrangled over the camp supper, which they prepared jointly. Great Babylon was forgotten at the camp fire, where we sat until the small hours and came nearer one another than years of city convention had brought us.

"Our Lady," as we solemnly christened her that night, demanded that we turn back with her husband and herself and spend more weeks in the wilderness.

The Enthusiast turned melancholy eyes upon Our Lady, as he told her that his vacation was over and he must hurry home. Then he looked sadly at the Camera-man and me, silently reproaching us for the defection he foresaw.

In the morning our mournful Enthusiast continued down the river, while the rest of us portaged around the rapids on our way upstream. At night we camped on a high bank of the river near the Chippewa family which we had met the previous day. We were welcomed as we landed by the Indian dogs, which growled as they hopped around us on three legs, each dog having one foreleg tied to his neck. We visited the Indian camp and Our Lady petted the funny little papoose, as if it

had been a real baby, while, from habit, I talked pigeon dialect to a red man who replied in good English.

At the camp fire that night Our Lady complained of the comforts that were crowded upon her; said she came into the wilderness to rough it, and wanted to know when it was to begin; so far, she declared, it had been like picnicking in Central Park and sailing around in a gondola. She asked if we couldn't get off the track of tourists and have adventures and suffer hardships.

Didn't Want to be Comfortable

I told her of my talk with the ex-official of the Hudson Bay Company, and she flared with enthusiasm. We called the guides from the fire where they were smoking, to attend a council of war. The lady asked her guide for the program of the next day. He pointed westward, talked of an easy portage, a pleasant camp, and the pretty Lady Evelyn Lake on the following day. The Indian said nothing.

I inquired of the tourist-trained guide about the country to the northeast. He said the regular route did not run that way and he thought it was a rough country. The Indian still said nothing. I told the guides that we would start for Hudson Bay and the North Pole the next day by way of the best water they could find.

As they returned to their fire the tourist-guide looked disturbed, but there was a gleam in the eye of the Ojibway. Mr. Harris nodded his approval of my assumption and the face of his wife beamed with satisfaction. Our canoe took the lead through a day of hard paddling, but the banks of the stream were cut by fresh tracks of moose. At night we camped on a bluff near a creek which entered the river from the west.

The Ojibway told us that the creek came from little lakes high up in the hills, where there were beaver and moose, but that the portages were steep and only hunters went there. We said we would go there and the guides carried canoes and dunnage up hills that seemed vertical, across bogs, and through thick woods, until one night

Our Lady remarked as she leaned, exhausted, against a moss-covered log:

"I guess I'm getting what I asked for."

A Call from a Native

We were camped on the border of a lake where there were many tracks of moose, and to please the lady the Indian made a horn of birch and at night imitated with it the call of a cow moose. Soon there was a crashing in the thick growth on the hill behind us and a great bull moose charged into the opening beside the camp.

The lake was the home of a colony of beaver, and each morning showed us saplings and branches of willow freshly cut for the winter food of the family. Near the lake was a cranberry swamp, while on the hillside we found small trees from the branches of which we gathered mountain cranberries and carried them to camp in improvised baskets of birch bark. We climbed hills and wandered through the woods until the thought of the city seemed like the memory of a dream. The peace of the wilderness possessed us.

Mr. Harris smiled, where once he might have sworn, when he missed the grouse for which he had carried his gun, while the Camera-man toted his weapon with cheerfulness through woods that were too thick for its use. When our hunter returned without game the Ojib-way went out with a pole and knocked stupid spruce partridges out of the trees.

We returned to our camp on the river through the first snowstorm of the season, and arrived at dark after an absence of five days. After supper we sat around the camp fire bundled up in coats and blankets to protect us from the fast-falling snow. The wavering flames lit up the white flakes, were reflected from the tents, and gave ghostly semblance to a snow-draped spruce near by.

Beyond the light of the fire the darkness could be felt and I incautiously asked the Indian if he would go on a moose hunt with me. His matter-of-fact assent, as he started at once for the canoe, left no line of retreat open.

When I slowly rose from my seat by the fire, Our Lady sprang to her feet.

"Take me!" she exclaimed.

"Lots of room for you, but none for your husband," I replied.

"Couldn't hire me to go," said Harris, from beneath the rubber blanket where he was hidden.

By the light of a fat pine torch we got into the bark canoe, in the middle of which the lady sat smothered in blankets, while the Indian held the guiding paddle and I knelt in the bow. We needed no warning to be quiet and the silence in that canoe could have been felt as we paddled up the river. I could see nothing and paddled blindly, expecting every moment to bang my head against the projecting branch of a tree. Several muskrats splashed in the water beside the canoe and one struck it with such violence that Our Lady barely repressed a scream, as she confessed afterwards.

After each five minutes of paddling, which was hard work for me because of the need of making it soundless, we rested and listened intently for several minutes. The soft snow drifted into my face and settled on my unguarded hands. The intervals of listening lengthened and as hours passed I became chilled through and through. My nervous shivering seemed to shake the canoe and I wondered if the lady was suffering, too.

Then, suddenly, from out of the silent, ghost-peopled darkness came a sound, loud, clear, and not to be mistaken. It was the fierce stamp, in shallow water, of an aroused behemoth.

I could feel a slight change in the course of the canoe as I gently laid down my paddle and took up a magnesium-charged pistol. Foot by foot we pressed slowly forward, but I could see nothing, hear nothing, and feel nothing but the softly falling snow. Imagination told me of our almost imperceptible advance, and pictured the great creature before me as nearly touching my face with his antlers.

Time stretched out interminably; the breathing of the lady behind me became quick and audible; and I was sure I felt the breath of the monster in my face.

There was a sudden plunge at the very bow of the canoe that splashed water over us; a quick, half-repressed cry from behind me; and in the white glare of blazing magnesium a great bull moose with wide spreading antlers, stood facing us, while near him a cow, half turned in flight, with her calf beside her, completed the family group.

In the double darkness that followed the flame I could feel the thrust of the threatening antlers and hear the crushing of the canoe beneath the big hoofs and ponderous body of the angry animal. I was beginning to chafe at the strange delay with its painful suspense, when there came the loud splash of retreating steps, the heavy tread on the bank, the crashing in the brush, and the rattling of stones as the family of Flat-Horns scrambled up the near-by hill.

Down the broad river, through the blackness of the stormy night as if it were day, the Ojibway guided the canoe for the six miles that lay between us and the light of our camp fire on the bluff. During our return down the stream there was no thought of silence and even the Indian uttered a few monosyllables, while the lady expressed her emotions in snatches of song.

"Are you dying of cold?" I asked.

"I'm freezing to death," she replied, "and I've got forty different kinds of cramps, but I was never so happy in my life."

For two days we paddled and portaged up the river, with only such mild excitements as were furnished by the screech of kingfishers, croaking of ravens, hooting of owls, and the occasional glimpse of a moose through the trees. But the microbe of mischief was working in the brain of Our Lady, and as we talked one night at the camp fire, of the Blanche River, which lay somewhere to the east of us, she proposed that we portage across the hills till we struck it.

Her husband suggested that the portage would take days of hard work, through an unexplored region, and she asked him what they came to Canada for. I chipped into the family discussion and assured the lady that it was impracticable to carry our canoes and dunnage through unbroken woods and

trailless swamps. She at once called the guides and asked them if they could portage for her across to the River Blanche.

It was a mean advantage that Our Lady took, in this appeal, for she knew that she had charmed both of the guides and that her lightest suggestions were vermilion edicts to them. Even the tourist-guide assured her that nothing could be easier than to do as she wished.

In the morning we started across the hills. Mr. Harris carried his gun and the personal belongings of his wife and himself to the weight of about forty pounds. The Camera-man and I burdened ourselves to a similar extent. Each of the guides loaded himself with packs that approached in weight the sum of ours and then topped them off with a canoe in addition.

At Home in Hard Going

The Indian led with a confidence that never wavered; through woods so thick that it troubled me to follow him; along logs so slippery that I sometimes lost my balance and always wasted a lot of time; across marshes where I wallowed and my pack became burdensome; and from this "Slough of Despond" to a "Hill Difficulty" up which I crawled slowly and painfully. When the guides stopped it was only that the lady might rest, for they were machines that when wound up could run all day.

We camped early, beside a marshy little lake where Mr. Harris distinguished himself by shooting four ducks. He nearly extinguished himself while recovering one of them, for he fell full length into a bog. As he smoked by the camp fire that night his garb was mostly feminine, while his guide was busy with laundry work.

Our Lady decided that the day's work had been too hard for the guides and decreed that thereafter we should make camp at noon and play the rest of the day. The guides made no complaint at this arrangement.

Our camp the next day was beside a small pond, in woods so unfrequented that the wild inhabitants were tame. Mr. Harris hunted with the Indian in

the afternoon and shot a pine marten for which he sorrowed when he learned how scarce the creatures had become. He also brought to camp a muskrat, which the Ojibway converted into a savory musquash stew, a dish which is highly recommended by outfitters who have never tried it. All of us tasted the mess and the Indian ate it.

Where He Drew the Line

He was just finishing his feast when a little black and white creature with a bushy tail came toward him in friendly fashion, as if hoping to share his meal. Mr. Harris offered to shoot the creature for the Indian's dessert, but the Ojibway shook his head. Evidently even he had his prejudices.

I was awakened in the night by the lonesome cry of a loon and a moose came to the pond within a hundred yards of our camp. One day was spent in our tents, while the pluvial floodgates were open, and then two more of tramping brought us to Blanche River and we camped on its bank in a swamp. A light rain in the evening became a deluge by midnight and drowned us out of our camping place.

As we were building up the fire Mrs. Harris and her husband joined us and announced, as they sat down on a log, that the water was a foot deep in their tent. The guides proposed to find a dry place for the camp, but Our Lady declined and said she wanted to sit by the fire the rest of the night. She said she had heard much about camp-fire stories and asked that they be told exactly as if she wasn't there. This was promptly agreed to by all hands, but I have reason to suppose with some mental reservation.

The rain slackened, we ate breakfast by firelight, and were on our way down the river before the sun had risen. We paddled downstream and through little lakes; portaged around rocks, rapids, and log jams until, near the end of a busy day, the Indian brought our canoe to the bank at the head of a series of rapids that roared threateningly.

He told us that we had better follow the portage and carry anything we cared

much about. When he said he was going to shoot the rapids I told him we would help him and pushed the canoe out in the stream. The Ojibway motioned to the other guide to make the portage. Then standing upright for a moment, he studied the falls we were approaching and resuming his place drove the canoe with powerful strokes to the middle of the river.

As we entered the white water the Camera-man and I held our paddles within the canoe, out of use but ready for emergencies. The frail fabric danced from rock to rock, always about to be dashed upon some sharp point, always sweeping aside at the critical moment, sometimes turned by a quick stroke of the Indian's paddle and sometimes borne away by the side thrust of the recoiling water.

Scylla called and Charybdis beckoned, but the pilot evaded both, while I held my breath, thrilled to my finger tips by a display of which I seemed to myself to be an unconcerned spectator. We were carried into the midstream current, where rocks were fewer and immediate peril less, but our craft seemed to fly, the hollowed water, walled up on each side, left us in a trough, while before us the river was plunging into space.

We approached the brink obliquely, but a quick, strong stroke straightened the canoe and we plunged bow first down the chasm and deep in the water. The craft leaped almost out of the element, but the submerged bow had taken in a barrel of water and we were waterlogged as we headed for the bank near at hand.

Before we reached it a sweeping stroke by the Indian turned us back toward the maelstrom below the falls and we saw the other canoe just plunging into the abyss. It went even deeper than ours and would have been swamped had not the tent been so stowed in the bow as to shed much of the water. As it was, there was trouble enough. The craft was sunk to the gunwales, the smallest waves washed over them, and it was a matter of seconds only before the canoe must go down.

The bank was a score of yards away and the guide paddled desperately, but

before half the distance had been covered the craft was taking water over the side. The tourist-guide dropped his paddle and resting his hands on the gunwales, leaped overboard so deftly that the balance of the craft was not disturbed and it ceased to take in water, just as our canoe came beside it. We were dangerously low in the water ourselves and all I could do was to cling to the other craft and steady it as the Indian and the Camera-man strove for the shore.

Both Our Lady and her husband had sat quietly through the perils of the falls but as the canoe touched the bank Mr. Harris started to rise and the craft rolled over. He caught our canoe as he fell and in an instant we were all in the river. The water was little above our waists and as an eddy held the current to the shore we were soon on the bank with everything wet, but few things lost. A cold wind was blowing from the north, there was snow in the air, and it was only Mr. Harris's water-

tight matchbox that enabled us to build a fire.

We sat late drying ourselves and our clothing, but the camp fire lacked the spirit of other evenings. The guides looked troubled; the Camera-man mourned the loss of all his plates except a few which had been packed in a water-tight box; the quiet humor of Mr. Harris was no longer in evidence; and even his wife seemed in doubt whether to laugh or cry.

Two more days of paddling and portaging restored our spirits and landed us at the mouth of the river. We made late hours at our last camp on the border of Lake Temiscaming and our final song was to the air which fitted alike the soil on which we reclined and the land where our thoughts were resting.

We said good-by to our friends in the early morning and promised to dine with them on our return to the city, but I wondered as we parted whether we would then, or ever again, find Our Lady of the Lakes.

ROUTES TO THE NORTH POLE

By Robert E. Peary



ALITTLE less than four centuries ago the first expedition started out toward the North Pole. Since that time, with periods of greater or less intensity, practically all the civilized nations of the earth have made attempts to reach that charmed spot.

As a result of all these explorations, extending through nearly four centuries, the possible routes to the North Pole

have dwindled to three. In my own personal opinion they have dwindled to two, but I note the three. First, the drift method, north of Asia, as devised, inaugurated, and put into execution by Nansen. The possibilities of this method are generally acknowledged, but it by no means follows that another ship, or even the *Fram* herself in a second attempt, would be as fortunate as she was in the first voyage.

Again, it requires a man of excep-

This article is reprinted from The Outing Magazine of February, 1908. Commander Peary's success is a complete vindication of his choice of the Smith Sound route by which all of his own efforts have been made.

tional temperament, and a crew of almost superhuman qualities, to undertake a voyage which means that for four or five years at least ship and people are but a helpless bit of flotsam entirely at the mercy of the ice in which they are drifting, and practically unable to control their own fortunes, or contribute by their efforts to success. Presumably Nansen and Sverdrup are advocates of this route, yet neither has, to my knowledge, expressed a desire to repeat the experience of the *Fram's* voyage.

By Franz Josef Land

The second route is the so-called Franz Josef Land route. Wellman is, I believe, the only present advocate and adherent of this route. Payer and Weyprecht, Leigh Smith, Jackson, Wellman, and the Duke of the Abruzzi have all exploited the Franz Josef Land route with greater or less success. Of the various expeditions, however, Abruzzi's is the only one that succeeded in pushing beyond the northern limit of the Franz Josef Land Archipelago. He is not at all in favor of this route; in fact, he uncompromisingly advocates, in words I shall quote to you later, the third—the Smith Sound or "American" route.

In attempting a review of North Polar efforts, it is assumed that the reader is aware that attempts to find the Pole comprise but one branch of Arctic effort and exploration, the desire to find the north-east and the north-west passages which would give a short route to Asia having been the incentive to at least an equal number of expeditions.

It may be well to note here, for the sake of completeness, that the original incentive to Arctic exploration was the spirit of commercial enterprise, the desire to find a northern short route to the wealth and trade of the East. As early as 1527, King Henry VIII sent out two ships to seek a route to China across the Pole, and for many generations these efforts were continued. When this quest was found impracticable, the spirit of scientific investigation took the lead as the principal incentive; and this in

turn has been somewhat overshadowed by the spirit of international rivalry. As a matter of fact this international rivalry has been the strongest motive of most so-called scientific expeditions, though not openly admitted.

The various attempts to reach the North Pole may be grouped under four main routes, *viz*: the Bering Sea route, the Franz Josef Land route, the East Greenland-Spitzbergen route, and the Smith Sound or American route. The order in which these routes were first utilized is Spitzbergen-East Greenland, Smith Sound or American, Bering Sea, and Franz Josef Land; and the route which has been essayed the most times is probably the Smith Sound route.

Practically all of the attempts have been confined within the limits of 70° E. and 90° W. Long. from Greenwich. In the 120 degrees of longitude between Franz Josef Land and Bering Strait, De Long and Nansen are practically the only names; and in the quadrant from Bering Strait to the western coast of Ellesmere Land it may be said that no attempt has been made.

I will take up these four routes in order, beginning with the Spitzbergen-East Greenland route as the oldest, and the one that in the present state of our knowledge of Arctic ice and currents is no longer considered practicable. This route is most generally known by Parry's brilliant attempt in 1827, when he obtained a northing of 82° 45', never since reached in the same region and not exceeded anywhere until 1876. The principal attempts by this route have been those of Hudson, Phipps, Buchan, Parry, Koldewey, and Wellman.

Henry Hudson made his first recorded voyage in 1607 under direction of the Muscovy Company of England, which, by its whaling and trading enterprises, did much to advance exploration. He sailed from Greenwich on the first of May. His object was to establish a route directly across the polar sea. He touched along the east coast of Greenland, then sailed north-east and in five days reached Spitzbergen. He coasted northward until his reckoning gave him 81° 30', but as Spitzbergen only extends

to 81° his reckoning must have been incorrect. He found multitudes of seals, and after some further coasting returned to England in September, having found the ice impassable for his ship about 82° north.

Capt. John C. Phipps (afterwards Lord Mulgrave) set out on June 2, 1773, on a government expedition with the *Racehorse* and *Carcass* to repeat Hudson's attempts to find a passage across the Pole. He sailed along the coast of Spitzbergen, took soundings, and made magnetic and other observations. He found the polar ice at $80^{\circ} 37'$ N. Lat. and made several attempts to round it, alternately to the eastward and then to the westward, retracing his path many times. He succeeded in reaching $80^{\circ} 48'$, the highest point attained up to that time, but he could get no farther north and finally returned the same summer, reaching England in September. In 1818 Captain Buchan was sent out with two ships to essay the same route, but with no greater success than Phipps.

In 1827, Captain Parry made an attempt to reach the Pole by sledge over the frozen polar ice, rather than by ship alone as in previous expeditions. He sailed in the *Hecla* on March 27th, and met the ice at a low latitude. After cruising about he left the ship at Hecla Cove in Spitzbergen and set out on June 22d for his trip over the ice. He carried seventy-one days' provisions and started in boats which carried them eighty miles before reaching the ice. He traveled by night to avoid the blinding snow glare, and thus had the warmer hours for sleeping. He carried his boats on runners and then used them for crossing open water.

Owing to slow progress he soon gave up all hope of reaching the Pole, but determined to push as far north as possible. Soon reaching smoother ice his progress became greater and he made as high as twelve miles a day. He finally reached $82^{\circ} 45'$, but a shift of the wind to the northward gave the ice a southerly drift, which carried the sledges almost as far south every day as the men, tugging at the drag ropes, could make to the north; so Parry

finally turned back, reaching the ship on August 21st.

In this effort Parry reached a latitude higher than any previously attained, which was not exceeded for nearly fifty years. More than this, his ice journey was the first attempt to make use of other means than the ship alone, and his expedition was the beginning of the present method of using a ship to get as far north as possible, then leaving her and pushing on over the ice with boats or sledges, or both.

The Only Try on East Greenland

The German Polar Expedition under Captain Koldewey, in 1869-70, was the first and only attempt to utilize the East Coast of Greenland as a line of advance to the Pole. The expedition comprised two ships, the *Germania* and *Hansa*. In forcing through the ice barrier to reach the Greenland coast, the ships became separated and the *Hansa* was crushed and lost. Her people having thrown out provisions, equipment, and their boats upon a large floe, they drifted south on it during the winter and in the spring took to their boats and reached one of the Danish Greenland settlements.

The *Germania* got through the ice and wintered at Sabine Island, Lat. $74^{\circ} 40'$. In the spring of 1870, Payer, with sledges, reached Cape Bismarck, $76^{\circ} 47'$ N. Lat.

Mr. Walter Wellman, the American, made an attempt in 1894, from the northern part of Spitzbergen as a base. His ship, in a harbor at Walden Island, was crushed by the ice soon after he started on his sledge, and a messenger being sent to him with the news, he returned. He went north again, but had to abandon the attempt near the 81st parallel.

The Bering Strait route attracted attention as far back as 1773, when Cook passed through the strait and reached Icy Cape, in $70^{\circ} 43'$ N. Lat. Lieutenant G. W. De Long's expedition of 1879-81 was the first organized attempt to reach the Pole by this route. His vessel was the *Pandora*, built at Davenport, England, and rechristened

the *Jeannette*. She was of four hundred and twenty tons, one hundred and forty-two feet long by twenty-five feet beam, drew, with Arctic outfit, about thirteen feet, and steamed about six knots. Capt. Sir Allen W. Young, R. N., had made two Arctic voyages in her. The expedition numbered thirty-two persons.

Why Bering was Chosen

The Bering Strait route was selected on the theory that the Japan current opened a way through the strait to the Pole; it was also believed that Wrangell Land would prove to be a vast continental tract, and that the explorers might follow its coastline very far to the north, if not to the Pole itself. The *Jeannette* sailed from San Francisco on July 8, 1879. On September 13th, after many disappointments, an attempt was made to land on Herald Island. The ice drift slowly carried the party to the north of Wrangell Island, and De Long now saw that the island was only a small affair after all.

On January 19, 1880, two streams an inch in diameter, began to flow into the vessel, and on February 19th, De Long wrote: "All our hoped-for explorations and perhaps discoveries this coming summer seem slipping away from us, and we have nothing ahead but taking a leaking ship to the United States."

For about a year and four months after this entry in De Long's diary his ship was driven, fast in the ice, at the mercy of the winds, moving slowly to the west and northwest. On June 12, 1881, the vessel was set free by a split in the floe, but soon the ice caught her again. On the following day, however, at 4 A. M., the *Jeannette* sank in thirty-eight fathoms of water. All hands had abandoned her five hours earlier.

[The crew was divided among three boats, of which that commanded by Engineer Melville and Lieutenant Danenhower was the only one to escape. Two members of De Long's party also made their way back.]

The incidents and results of Nansen's voyage are so generally known

that it seems almost a waste of space to present them here. Basing his program upon the experiences of the *Jeannette*, and particularly upon the supposed drift of some articles from the *Jeannette*, alleged to have been picked up on the Greenland Coast, he proposed to enter the polar ocean via Bering Strait, force his way into the ice as far as possible, and then, provisioned for five years, to drift with the ice over or near the Pole. For this he built a specially constructed ship, the *Fram*, of such a shape as to rise upon the surface of the ice when squeezed, instead of being crushed by it. Later he changed his original plan of going through Bering Strait and went north via the north coast of Europe and the Kara Sea.

Leaving home late in July, 1893, his party on the *Fram*, on September 25th, were fast in the ice northwest of the New Siberian Islands, where the drift of the *Fram* began. Drifting slowly northwestward, month after month, the intolerable monotony finally drove Nansen to his sledges, and after two or three starts he finally got away from his ship on March 14, 1905, with one companion, in an attempt to get farther north. The *Fram* was then in 84° 4' N. Lat.

Proceeding northward until April 7th, when the latitude of 86° 14' was reached, Nansen then turned southwestward for Franz Josef Land, where he arrived late in August. Wintering in the northern part of this land, he started south in the spring, and coming upon the headquarters of Jackson, the British explorer of that archipelago, he remained there and returned on the *Windward*.

The *Fram*, after Nansen left her, drifted more westerly, though still making a northing, and in November, 1895, reached a latitude within less than 20' of that attained by Nansen, the highest north ever reached by ship. Then the drift became southwesterly and then southerly, and finally on August 13, 1896, the *Fram* was extricated from the ice just north of Spitzbergen.

The main results of this brilliantly planned and courageously executed voyage are the determination of the nonexistence of land through a wide extent of

previously unknown polar region, the unexpected discovery of a deep polar basin, and the attainment of a latitude exceeding by $2^{\circ} 51'$ any previously reached. The voyage also places Nansen's name indelibly in the front rank of Arctic explorers and stamps his drift method, with all its possibilities, as one of the principal methods of attack upon the Pole. This method will always have its strong adherents.

The history of the Franz Josef Land route presents an interesting and ever striking instance of the romance of Arctic discovery. The Austrian Arctic Expedition under Weyprecht and Payer, having for its object the exploration of the large northeastern area of the polar ocean, and with an eye either to the Pole or the Northeast passage, was beset in the ice north of Nova Zembla on August 20, 1872, and drifted helpless and discouraged (as Payer puts it "no longer discoverers but passengers against our will") until August 30, 1873, when the lifting of the fog showed them a new and unsurmised land, a high bold coast, to the northwest in Lat. $79^{\circ} 43'$. The expedition had added Franz Josef Land to the map.

Close to this land, which they were able to visit on but two days of that year, the ship remained fast in the ice, and not until the winter of 1873-74 had passed and the sun had again returned was it possible to explore the land so strangely discovered. The sledge journeys began on the 10th of March, 1874, and ended on May 3d, four hundred and fifty miles having been traversed in the meantime and the latitude of $82^{\circ} 5'$ attained. The surveys and explorations resulting from these sledge journeys gave us the first map of Franz Josef Land, and seemed to indicate the probable extension of the land to high latitudes.

It was decided to abandon the *Tegetthoff*, as she was still frozen fast in the ice. On May 20th, the retreat southward began, and after more than a month of alternate boating and sledging the party reached open water and returned home.

The lands thus discovered were visited in 1880 and 1881 by the English-

man, Leigh Smith, who surveyed the southern coasts through twelve degrees of longitude, but finally lost his ship, the *Eira*, and retreated in boats, as did the *Tegetthoff* party. In 1894, F. G. Jackson selected Franz Josef Land as his base and spent three years there. By boat and sledge he practically completed the map of the Archipelago, though he did not reach its northern terminus, and thus left the question of its northern extension indefinite.

Nansen's arrival in the Archipelago from the northeast narrowed its extent still more, and later, the *Fram*, crossing the Arctic Ocean a little north of 85° , showed that Franz Josef Land did not extend that far. Still, the route did not lose its attraction and Jackson was followed by Wellman in 1898-99. The Wellman expedition occupied partly the same base on the southern shore of Franz Josef Land as Jackson. After several mishaps, an accident to the leader caused the return of the expedition before it attained the northern limits of the Archipelago.

Italy Takes a Hand

Next comes the brilliant expedition of Luigi di Savoia, Duke of the Abruzzi. He purchased the Norwegian whaler *Jason*, repaired and refitted her in Norway, rechristened her the *Stella Polare*, and sailing in June, 1899, navigated her to $82^{\circ} 4'$ and then went a little southeast to a harbor in Teplitz Bay, Crown Prince Rudolf Land, close to the northern extremity of the Franz Josef Land Archipelago, in $81^{\circ} 47'$ N. Lat., something which no ship before him had been able to do.

Wintering here, in the spring his navigator, Captain Cagni, with his companions, in a most effectively planned and courageously executed sledge journey almost due north, reached the highest latitude yet attained, $86^{\circ} 34'$. Returning to the ship, she was extricated from her winter quarters, and, though badly strained by being forced ashore by the ice, navigated home, returning to Europe after an absence of sixteen months. The *Stella Polare* was a year in Teplitz Bay.

The Duke of the Abruzzi was the first to reach and determine the northern limit of the Franz Josef Land Archipelago, and he had in the short time of one year attained the highest north. His expedition showed most conclusively what an effective sledge party may accomplish when starting from a base with a high northing. More than this, his work satisfied him of the futility of further attempts to reach the Pole by this route, and his conclusions are so sound that I quote them here:

"It would be useless to repeat the attempt (of reaching the Pole) by following the same plan (the route from Franz Josef Land). It would, at most, be possible to push a few miles farther toward the north if the ice of the Arctic Ocean was in an unusually favorable state; but the results should not afford any compensation for the fatigue and privations undergone. While following, therefore, the invariable plan of setting out from some point on land, and not from a ship drifting in the ice, on account of the reasons put forth in the first chapter of this work, it will be necessary to find some other method of shortening the distance which has to be traveled with sledge.

"What I should recommend would be to sail along the western coast of Greenland to the north of Kennedy Sound, where it ought to be possible, under favorable conditions, to go to a still higher latitude than that reached by the *Alert* off Grant Land."

The route best known to Americans is the Smith Sound or American Route, from the fact that most American expeditions have followed it. This route has been followed by Baffin, Davis, Ross, Inglefield, Kane, Hayes, Hall, Nares, Greely, and Peary. John Davis, though his object was the Northwest passage, was the pioneer in what became known later as the "Smith Sound Route." In successive voyages in 1585-6-7, he reached as far north as Sanderson's Hope, near what is now Upernavik.

Thirty years later, in 1616, William Baffin, following on Davis's course, crossed Melville Bay, entered the "North Water" of the later whalers,

and reached $77^{\circ} 45'$, nearly the latitude of Cape Alexander, on July 5th, a date which is very early even now for expeditions equipped with steam vessels. Two hundred years elapsed before anyone followed Baffin, and, in the meantime, his discoveries had been forgotten and the name Baffin Bay was omitted from the charts.

Then, in 1818, Sir John Ross crossed Melville Bay again, discovered the Eskimos of that region, whom he called Arctic Highlanders, and made the circuit of Baffin Bay in a summer's voyage, which was unique in its sequence of erroneous deductions or inferences as to the geography of the region. In 1852 Inglefield crossed Melville Bay, and though he did not reach Cape York till August 21st, he passed Cape Alexander, attaining a latitude about forty miles beyond Baffin. He looked into the northern waters beyond Cape Sabine and Littleton Island, and, in a brief summer voyage, accomplished more than both of his predecessors.

Beginning of the Winter Campaigns

Thus far we have had only summer voyages, brief flights into the regions of ice, with no idea of braving their rigors for a winter. Now we come to expeditions setting out with the expectation and intention of passing one, two, or more years in the Arctic regions. The expedition of Dr. Kane was the first of these, and the feeling that they were undertaking a dubious enterprise seems to have pervaded every member of the party, even the leaders. His party numbered eighteen men. He himself was fresh from a winter in Lancaster Sound, under De Haven, searching for Franklin. His ship was the brig *Advance*. He reached Cape York on August 4, 1853, and after ineffectual attempts to push far north, was driven to a refuge in Rensselaer Harbor, just north of Smith Sound in Kane Basin, from which his ship never emerged.

William Morton of his party in a sledge journey reached Cape Constitution, in latitude about $80^{\circ} 35' N.$, and looked out on what was supposed to be the open polar sea. Dr. Hayes crossed

Kane Basin to the west and reached about $79^{\circ} 43'$ in the vicinity of Cape Frazer. In the second summer the *Advance* was abandoned and the party retreated to Upernavik in boats. Kane's expedition was the first to pass through the narrow northern extremity of Smith Sound and enter the expansion of the channel which now bears his name.

Five years later Dr. Hayes, who had been with Kane as surgeon, essayed to reach the open polar sea, the existence of which, it was thought, Kane's expedition had demonstrated. His idea was to navigate it to the Pole. Hayes's party numbered twenty-one. His vessel was the topsail schooner *United States*, and he reached Cape York on August 25, 1860. Wintering in Foulke Fjord, the Etah of the Eskimos, he sledged across to the Grinnell Land coast and then northward to a point in $81^{\circ} 35' N.$, according to his observations, which have been disputed. From here, like Morton, he thought he saw the open polar sea. Breaking the schooner out of her winter quarters the same summer Hayes returned home.

Eleven years later, in 1871, came the *Polaris* Expedition under Hall, its avowed and prime object being the attainment of the Pole. Hall's party numbered thirty-three and his ship was the U. S. S. *Polaris*, the first steamer to undertake the voyage, Inglefield's little screw schooner *Isabella* hardly deserving the name. His experience or luck in regard to the ice was phenomenal and has never been duplicated. Finding that Smith Sound was entirely free from ice, the *Polaris* steamed through it and rapidly pushed north through Kane Basin, Kennedy Channel, Hall Basin, Robeson Channel, and out into the Arctic Ocean, where she was stopped on August 30th by heavy pack ice in $82^{\circ} 16' N.$, up to that time the highest north attained by vessel.

Retreating from this ice front, the party tried to enter a small indentation (Repulse Harbor) on the Greenland coast, but the pack ice from the north came down and carried the *Polaris* fifty miles south, where the expedition wintered in an open roadstead on the Greenland coast, which they named

Thank God Harbor ($81^{\circ} 38' N.$). Hall was taken ill and died on November 8th, just after he had returned from a successful sledge journey north to Cape Brevoort, from which he looked across and saw the northeastern shore of what is now known as Grant Land, and which he said extended north to about $83^{\circ} 5'$, an observation that was not far out of the way. The command now devolved upon the sailing master, Captain Buddington.

Fate of the Polaris

An attempt was made in the early autumn to steam south, but the *Polaris* was caught in the pack and slowly drifted south out of Smith Sound. Caught in a terrible gale north of Northumberland Island, the pack was disrupted, the *Polaris* nearly foundered, and nineteen persons, including Captain Tyson, who were on the floe where a part of the supplies and a boat had been placed, were exposed to all the horrors of a drift on the ice through the darkness of the winter night. The castaways drifted for one hundred and ninety days, fifteen hundred miles down Baffin Bay, Davis Strait, and out into the Atlantic, where they were rescued off Labrador on April 30, 1873, by the barkentine *Tigress*.

The fourteen other members of the expedition drifted on the *Polaris* to Life Boat Cove near Littleton Island, where their unseaworthy vessel was beached, a house was built, and in the spring the party started for Upernavik by boat, when a whaler rescued them at Cape York.

The geographical results of this expedition were very important. Hall was the first civilized man to look east and west along the northern shores of Greenland and Grinnell Land, to reveal Hall Basin and Robeson Channel, and to see the ocean beyond them. His surprising voyage and supposed sighting of land far to the north aroused renewed interest and hope in this route.

Four years later came the British North Polar Expedition under Nares. This was the most elaborate and expensive expedition yet sent into the Arctic

regions, numbering one hundred and twenty-three men in two powerful screw steamers, the *Alert* and the *Discovery*. They sailed from Portsmouth on May 29, 1875, and reached Cape Sabine late in July. The ships left Cape Sabine on August 4th, and their experience was the direct antithesis of Hall's. They had an incessant battle with the ice and the *Alert* attained Floeberg Beach, $82^{\circ} 25' N.$ (practically the same position as the *Polaris*), only on the 31st of August (twenty-seven days). The *Discovery* had been left farther south in Discovery Harbor.

Wintering at these two stations, three sledge parties were sent out in the spring of 1876, one under Aldrich, to go west along the northern shore of Grant Land, one under Beaumont, east along the northern shore of Greenland, and one under Commander A. H. Markham, due north toward the Pole. Both the former were conspicuously successful, Aldrich exploring the northern shore of Grant Land and Beaumont adding one hundred miles or more to the Greenland coast. The northern party, after thirty-nine days of effort, reached $83^{\circ} 20' 24'' N.$ The death of several men from scurvy and the disabling of others led Nares to return home in the summer of the same year.

The Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, popularly known as the Greely Expedition, which started north in July, 1881, was not a polar expedition or

even primarily for exploration, but was one of the International Circumpolar Stations for simultaneous scientific observations, the scheme of which originated with Weyprecht. Two of its members, however, Lockwood and Brainard, did splendid geographical work by extending the exploration of the coast of Greenland to the northeast some hundred miles beyond Beaumont's farthest. In so doing they reached $83^{\circ} 24' N.$, thus exceeding the British record by about four miles and gaining the highest north. Members of the expedition also crossed Grinnell Land to its western coast.

My own work in the same region is too recent to be given space further than to note that it resulted in the delimitation of the northern terminus of the Greenland Archipelago, Cape Morris Jesup, $83^{\circ} 39' N.$, the most northerly known land on the globe, and the attainment of $84^{\circ} 17' N.$, on the sea ice north of Grant Land.

The names which, in connection with each of these routes, stand out most brilliantly are, Kane for the Smith Sound or American route; Parry for the Spitzbergen-East Greenland route; Nansen for the Bering Strait or drift route; and Abruzzi for the Franz Josef Land route. And it is characteristic of the international character of the polar quest that these names represent four nationalities, American, English, Norwegian, and Italian.



A MAN WORTH KNOWING

DR. WILFRED GRENFELL is one of the occasional heroes of earth who falls upon fame where he seeks only an opportunity to serve. A little over fifteen years ago he landed on the Labrador coast to find himself the only resident physician along nearly six hundred miles of barren rock and reef. For this decade and a half he has driven and walked and sailed and rowed and steamed up and down this storm-beaten shore line, busy day and night with the cure of bodies and souls.

The world knows the story of his service. To quote the language in which Oxford University conferred upon him the honorary degree in medicine—the first time such a degree was ever given at Oxford—he has “despised the perils of the ocean, which are there most terrible, in order to bring comfort and light to the wretched and sorrowing.” That is a marvelous story in itself, but it has been told. Recently there has been published a little book, “Adrift on an Ice-Pan” (Houghton-Mifflin Company), which tells in simple, unpretentious fashion the tale of one night’s experience of Dr. Grenfell’s, that is better worth reading than many stately volumes.

This is the story in brief: On Easter Sunday, 1908, at St. Anthony, Newfoundland, word came from sixty miles to the southward that a boy with a broken leg was in need of the doctor. It was bitter cold and ice was heaped along the shore and snow lay deep on the hills, but Dr. Grenfell set out at once. The first ten miles of his journey was across an arm of the sea, over salt-water ice. This the doctor was to negotiate alone, his companions having been sent ahead to a “halfway house.”

A quarter of a mile only separated

Dr. Grenfell and his dogs from the land when the wind changed and began to blow offshore, breaking up the loose ice. Then his struggle began. After infinite labor, and in spite of dangers that would have killed the spirit of a weaker man, he found refuge on a floe of snow ice that threatened every moment to break under them.

Here he drifted the rest of the day and through the long night, the wind driving him farther from shore and possible rescue each hour. Two of the dogs he killed that he might have their skins to protect him from the cold. And always the sea pounded at his treacherous raft and the floating ice threatened on all sides. The night wore away, and when morning came he rigged a signal with the disjointed legs of the dead dogs lashed together for a staff and his shirt for a flag. The day passed in what seemed fruitless waving, but late afternoon brought hope. What might be the flash of oars was caught across the ice glint, and half an hour later he was in a boat and sturdy Newfoundland arms were forcing a way back to shore and warmth and food.

And here is the climax. Dr. Grenfell had spent more than thirty-six hours on his shivering ice floe with death at times a mere matter of inches or seconds away. Yet no more time was “wasted” in resting than was necessary to attend to a pot of hot tea and a plate of stew. Then the doctor was off again on his long journey to the bedside of the injured boy. It is worth noting that the boy recovered.

That’s the kind of a man Wilfred Grenfell is. Read this little book some time when your faith in humanity wavers. It will eradicate cynicism and annihilate the blues.



HERBERT WHYTE'S ANSWERS

QUESTIONS THAT READERS ASK AND PRACTICAL HELP FOR THOSE WHO WANT TO KNOW AND TO DO

[It is Herbert Whyte's business to help readers of *THE OUTING MAGAZINE* with practical information and advice on outdoor topics. If there is any question that puzzles you in games, sport, travel, occupation, or recreation, or any other subject in which you are interested, don't hesitate to write him. He will tell you the thing you want to know.]

AN extract from a letter of one of *OUTING*'s readers concerning his recent trip in Mexico may cause a few of us to change our opinion on that country. "The morning after we arrived we went over into the Condela Range, and I have never experienced such scenery, even in British Columbia. It was simply magnificent. Every hour and with each new camp it was a dispute if it were or were not more beautiful than the last."

"Unfortunately, the birds for the greater part had nestlings, so we could not kill them at all, but we enjoyed them perhaps even more, for we had powerful glasses. The deer were very plentiful. We called them fleas, both as regards size and the nimble way in which they covered the country. A standing shot was unknown, and I have never enjoyed deer hunting as much in my life. When a man by still-hunting puts up one of these deer and gets him on the jump, he has done a bit of woods work worth while. At least, that is the way it struck me. It was more like antelope hunting in sheep country than anything else I can imagine.

"We had two 'Mozos' with us who upset all preconceived notions which I have held in regard to Mexico. They were tireless workers, neat and clean about camp, very anxious to please, and one was a splendid woodsman. As to packing, I thought I knew a little about that art myself, but I have concluded that I never saw a pack put on before—it was simply wonderful. I am sure the mules were crossed with goats, and not horses—the packs they carried—and the way they stayed on.

"We were not fortunate enough to meet with any bear; in fact, the season seems to have been a poor one for them, but from the standpoint of scenery, a picturesque peo-

ple, and a most enjoyable time, this trip has been the best that I have ever taken, and I do hope that others will go and see for themselves this most beautiful country."

I do not doubt in the least that before another year has passed more than one of the *OUTING* family will have seen "this most beautiful country."

A Wisconsin subscriber was very much interested in the article "Turkey Tracks in the Big Cypress," by A. W. Dimock, which appeared in the October *OUTING*. He writes: "I would like to learn whether the plumage of the wild turkey is of uniform color, or whether, as among the domestic turkeys, such colors as buff, white, and a brownish black are found. Does the wild turkey grow to as large a size as the domestic? What may be the derivation of the name 'turkey' for the bird?"

I thought I'd sound Mr. Dimock on this, so I wrote him. Here is what he said: "I have always thought the wild turkey, especially as I have seen it on the prairies of the West, a bigger bird than his cousin of the New England farm. I have never seen in the wild turkey those variations of color which are not uncommon in the domestic bird. On the other hand, I have never seen a domestic cock turkey whose plumage didn't look like thirty cents when compared with the gorgeous metallic, iridescent armor, comparable only to that of the ruby-throated humming bird, of that magnificent creation, the fully developed wild turkey."

Why the bird is given the name "turkey" is unknown. It is certain that it was introduced into Europe from the New World, and that it had no connection with Turkey or the Turks. Some naturalists claim that it was named from its call note. The general color of the plumage is dull bronze, with green and metallic reflections. The

quills are brown, barred with white, and the tail feathers are chestnut, narrowly barred with black.

A rather interesting statement was contained in a letter from a Virginia reader who purchased five pairs of Hungarian partridges for planting. "Since writing you some time ago concerning the five pairs of Hungarian partridges, I have discovered two additional covies, which, together with the other two covies found some time ago, will aggregate over 100 birds. One covey of seventeen has been run out of a cattle-barn loft two or three times, where they were eating the millet seed. The barn is a long way from any house. They are well grown and doing fine."

The remarkable fact that five pairs of Hungarian partridges have produced over 100 birds in one season should certainly be an interesting item to many of our readers.

Decreasing Game Birds

From a friend in Willimantic, Conn., comes this query: "Can you give me information in regard to the diminishing of our game birds, or the tendency of their utter annihilation?"

Unless strong protective measures are soon adopted, the woodcock and wood duck, two popular and valuable game birds, will become extinct—the woodcock absolutely, the wood duck over a large part of its range. These game birds differ materially in habits, as well as in other particulars, but the conditions affecting their decrease are very similar. As winter approaches, they leave their summer homes and gradually work southward. Within the confines of their winter home, where almost no protection is afforded them, they are slaughtered in large numbers, and as the Southern States place very little restriction on their export, they are shipped North in quantities, limited mainly by the demands of the market or the endurance of the gunners.

These birds are subjected to this exterminating treatment throughout the winter, but when the season of migration comes and they return to their summer homes, they fare little better, for a majority of the States in which they are found permit them to be shot while nesting or at the time when the young are unable to take care of themselves. In view of these facts, it is not surprising that

the woodcock, with its limited distribution and only moderate fecundity, is rapidly passing away, and that the wood duck has disappeared or become rare in places where once it was so common.

The chief causes that have led to the deplorable state of the woodcock may be summarized as follows: (1) Natural enemies; (2) severe storms; (3) lack of winter protection; (4) spring and summer shooting.

From a subscriber interested in motor boats: "What is the best time of year to purchase a motor boat to insure a prompt delivery?"

Most of us have had the habit of waiting until the last minute before purchasing, and as a result have found that the motor-boat company could not fill the order at once. As a result the season is well advanced before we have our boat—and then, you know, the season is not very long, anyway. For instance, you may have had under consideration for a long time the purchase of a cabin cruiser, and very likely you will place your order in February or March and expect a delivery in May. As a matter of fact, you do not give the manufacturer half a chance. There is a dull season and a busy season with boat builders, as with everybody else. So be fair and don't wait until February before placing your order—that is, if you want your boat.

A Pennsylvania subscriber writes: "Can you tell me of any place in Virginia where I can get good quail shooting and, incidentally, good accommodations?"

You might go to any number of places and yet feel equally satisfied. However, I will mention two that offer everything conducive to a pleasant outing. One is Pine Top Lodge, at Yale, Sussex County, and the other is a 25,000-acre preserve at Boydton, Va., owned by Dr. H. L. Atkins.

From Binghamton, N. Y., this comes: "I would like to be informed of a good place for duck shooting—somewhere on the coast, and yet not too far away."

If you care to become a member of either of two clubs which offer their members the best duck shooting along the Atlantic coast, I would suggest that you communicate with Mr. R. E. Reed, Norfolk, Va., or Mr. A. W. Paige, 30 Church Street, New York City. The clubs are both located on Currituck Sound, Va., and the ducks run 80 per cent canvasback. Other places nearer New York

are at Forked River, Barnegat Bay, accommodations at the Parker House; on Long Island ducks are plentiful at Seaford, Amityville, Babylon, Islip, Bayport, Blue Point, Patchogue, Bell Port, Centre Moriches, East Moriches, Eastport, West Hampton, and Good Ground. I have on file a list of guides for any one of these places, and will be glad to send you a copy of the list should you so desire.

A friend in Missouri wants to know something of the hunting in the southern part of that State. My reply was as follows: "Deer are found in the pine hills around the Current River and near the White and James rivers, in the southeastern part of the State. Taney and Ozark counties probably afford the best, and the winding courses of the James and White rivers make it easy for the hunter to reach the big game and to change his camp as frequently as is necessary.

"The region around the Current River offers good opportunity to bag a 'whitetail.' As a suggestion, you might ship your camp to Doniphan. The Belmont Branch of the Missouri Pacific is the most convenient route. Along the James and White rivers is also a dandy turkey country. The roosts may be reached from Aurora, Crane, Branson, or Hollister. The game is not confined to any particular locality, but may be found almost anywhere in the woods."

Florida as a Place to Live

Several requests have been received during the past week asking about Florida—one or two from people who are contemplating living there permanently; the others from readers who intend spending only the winter months. Florida has always been of interest to visitors because it is so wholly different from any other State. This interest has been intensified by the extension of the Florida East Coast Railway to Key West. A trip over this route, on account of its proximity to the Keys, or islets, will make it a voyage through a wonderland. The historical points of interest are not to be missed; for instance, the old fort at St. Augustine, built some time in the sixteenth century. Then, too, there are the ruins of the old Spanish mission at New Smyrna.

The fishing in Florida has attracted worldwide attention, tarpon offering the most ex-

citing sport, while at Indian River, Lake Worth, and Biscayne Bay trolling for kingfish, jacks, crevalle, and bluefish may be enjoyed. In fact, there is enough variety to please any angler, in whatever mood he may happen to be.

A subscriber in California writes: "Can you tell me any facts about the migration of birds?"

This yearly migration has been an observed phenomenon for more than two thousand years. The extent and course of routes traveled have become known, but there still remains a mystery and the question, "Why do birds migrate?" is still unanswered. The subject is dismissed by many with the statement that the fall migration is caused by a failure of the food supply, spring migration by the love of home.

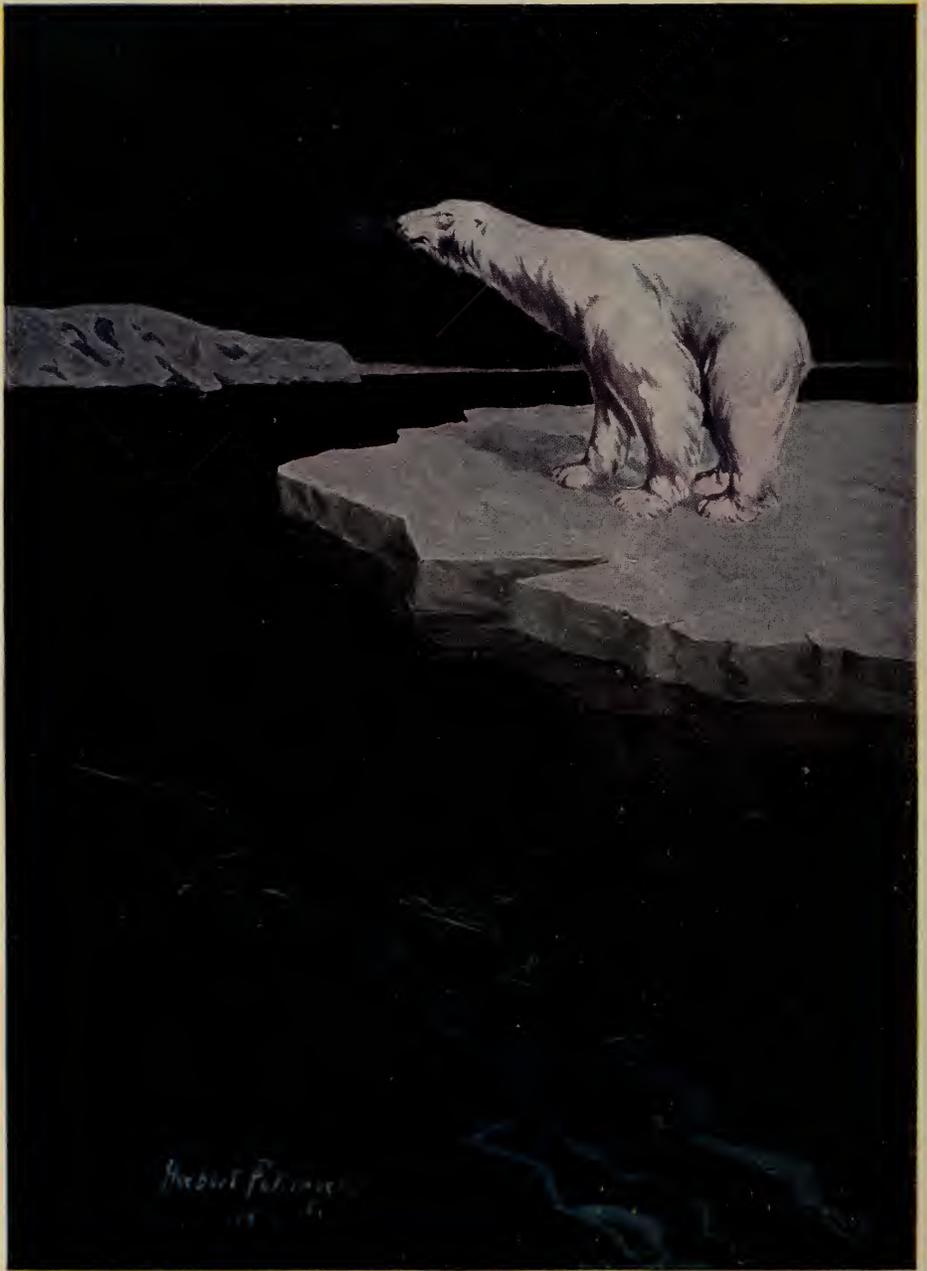
Another question which has puzzled the Biological Survey for many years is, "How do birds find their way?"

Mr. Wells W. Cooke says: "Among migrants sight is probably the principal guide. On clear nights, especially when the moon shines brightly, migrating birds fly high, and the ear can scarcely catch their faint twittering. If clouds overspread the heavens, the passing flocks sink their course nearer to the earth, and their notes are much more distinctly heard; and on very dark nights one may even hear the flutter of vibrant wings but a few feet overhead.

"Nevertheless, something besides sight guides these travelers in the upper air. In Alaska a few years ago members of the Biological Survey on the Harriman expedition went by steamer from the island of Unalaska to Bogoslof Island, a distance of about sixty miles. A dense fog had shut out every object beyond a hundred yards. When the steamer was halfway across, flocks of murre began to break through the fog wall astern, fly parallel with the vessel, and disappear in the mists ahead.

"The power which carried them unerringly home over the ocean wastes, whatever its nature, may be called its sense of direction. We recognize in ourselves some such sense, though imperfect and easily at fault. Doubtless a similar but vastly more acute sense enabled the murre, flying from home and circling wide over the water, to keep in mind the direction of their nests and return to them without the aid of sight.

HERBERT WHYTE.



CHIEF WARDER OF THE FROZEN NORTH.
From an oil painting made for *The Outing Magazine* by Herbert Pullinger.

THE OUTING MAGAZINE



VOLUME LV

JANUARY, 1910

NUMBER 4

HUNTING IN THE ARCTIC

by Harry Whitney

*Days in the Land of the Musk Ox and
Over the Ice for Walrus*

PART II.

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

IN an incredibly short time dogs were harnessed to the *komatiks*. Eiseyou, one other Eskimo, and myself, with dogs at a run, were dashing toward the larger herd of musk ox, while the four remaining Eskimos and their dogs tore away after the smaller herd. A few minutes earlier, tired and ravenously hungry after our strenuous day's work, luscious steaks and sleeping bags tempted us. Now all weariness and hunger were forgotten.

As we neared the herd I could see several lying down. They had not yet discovered their danger, but almost immediately the other party began firing, and in an instant the animals were on their feet and charging up the steep mountain side. It is a trick of the musk ox when pursued

always to seek the highest available land. Eiseyou cut all his dogs loose at once, and we followed as rapidly as we could.

In all my experience I had never encountered a rougher, more difficult country in which to hunt than this in Ellesmere Land. Ordinarily, I should have believed these mountain sides, with walls of smooth rock sheathed with a crust of hard ice and snow, quite unscalable. In places they were almost perpendicular. Rarely did they offer a crevice to serve as foot or hand hold, and jutting points and firm-set boulders were too widely scattered to be of much help.

In this his native land the Eskimo has a decided advantage over the white hunter. His lifetime of experience has taught him to scale these ice-clad heights with

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MR. WHITNEY AND HIS ESKIMO AIDES IN ELLESMERE LAND.

The names of the Eskimo, beginning at the left, are: Awhele (with Dr. Cook on his trip to the Pole), Eiseeyou, Tukshu, Young Oxpuddyshou, and Old Oxpuddyshou. The photograph was taken by Etukishuk, who was also with Dr. Cook.

a nimbleness and ease that are astounding. He is quite fearless, and even the mountain sheep is not his superior as a climber. As if by magic, and with little apparent effort, the two Eskimos flew up the slippery walls, far outstripping me. How they did it I shall never know. Now and again I was forced to cut steps in the ice or I should inevitably have lost my footing and been hurled downward several hundred feet to the rocks beneath. I was astonished even at my own progress, and when I paused to glance behind me I felt a momentary panic. But there was no turning back and one look down robbed me of any desire to try it.

I had made but half the ascent, exhausted by the tremendous effort, when Eiseeyou, already at the top, was shouting to me, "*Tieitie! Tieitie!*" (Hurry up! Hurry up!) There was no use, however, in attempting to hurry, and I called to him to try to keep the musk ox rounded up a little longer.

As I struggled toward the summit of the ridge I passed some dead and wounded calves that the dogs had overtaken and attacked. Short of breath, nose bleeding from the effect of unusual exertion and high altitude, I finally

turned a point of rock and there, twenty yards away, thirteen noble musk ox were at bay. They stood tails together, heads down, in defensive formation. Whenever a dog approached too closely one of them charged and immediately backed again into his place in the ranks.

While I recovered my breath and composure of muscles, I studied their tactics and movements, and made some camera exposures, before beginning to shoot; but I could not delay long for two of the overventuresome young dogs had already been gored to death, another badly wounded, and all were in great danger from the sharp horns of the musk ox.

The round-up, though near the top of the ridge, was still in so steep a place that as my shots took effect and the animals fell, their bodies rolled down into the valley, hundreds of feet below, gaining great impetus before they reached the bottom. Thus seven of them were killed, when suddenly and unexpectedly, as though by prearranged plan, the remaining six sprang from the ledge upon which they had made their stand, and were off at a terrific rush along the glassy hillside. My footing was so in-



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BRINGING THE BOOTY TO THE MAIN CAMP IN ELLESMEIRE LAND.

secure that it would have been foolhardy for me to have attempted to run.

I handed my rifle to the excited and anxious Eiseeyou, and nimbly as a hare he was after them, keeping his equilibrium in a most marvelous and inexplicable manner. Three of the dogs joined in the mad, reckless chase, but to my consternation the remainder of the pack turned down into the valley, and presently, powerless to prevent, I saw them tearing like hungry wolves at my hard-earned trophies which had rolled to the rocks below.

There was nothing to do but follow Eiseeyou at the best speed I dared. Finally I overtook him with the six musk ox again held at bay by the three faithful dogs. Eiseeyou, who had considerably withheld his fire, at once surrendered the rifle to me, and as rapidly as possible I dispatched the remaining animals. One of them required three shots to drop him.

In this connection I may say that wounded musk ox display absolutely no signs of pain. I noted this remarkable fact on several occasions when I placed a ball near the front shoulder, and no indication was given by the animal that it was hurt until several minutes later it fell dead.

Bad Country for Hunting

These last animals lodged where they fell, and we set about skinning them immediately. Presently the Eskimos that had followed the smaller herd joined us. Among the six trophies secured on the hill—the last ones—were two fine bulls, remarkable specimens. But after a consultation among the men, Eiseeyou informed me that we had made our killing in so inaccessible a position it would be difficult, if not impossible, to get them out.

This was a keen disappointment and I insisted that in some way we must save the skins at least. Finally it was decided that this might be done if the heads were cut from the skins close to the body, and the heads abandoned, and to my intense gratification, though I regretted the loss of the fine heads, this was done. The Eskimos, of course, took

good care that none of the flesh was wasted. They are extremely economical in this respect, especially so on this trip as they were out for food for the coming winter as much as for sport.

The descent to the valley was even more difficult than the ascent had been. I found it a tedious and dangerous undertaking, and though I finally accomplished it without accident, I was much longer about it than the seemingly reckless Eskimos.

Here to my disappointment I found that nearly all the skins of the first animals killed were ruined. In rolling down the mountain side large patches of hair had been torn out on sharp boulders and the dogs had also done considerable destruction. However, I succeeded in saving one fairly good specimen complete, and, with the other skins secure, felt well paid for my hunt.

Now came the reaction. Early in the chase I had found my *kuletat* (hooded fur coat) an incumbrance, and discarded it upon the hillside. In the descent I had forgotten to recover it. Though the day was very cold the exertion and excitement threw me into a dripping perspiration. A keen north wind was blowing, and I soon began to shiver. To add to my discomfort, I had in the mountain climbing, severely bruised the soles of my feet on the rocks, and now I realized that they were so tender that walking became extremely painful. However, there was nothing to do but recover the *kuletat*, and exercise was necessary to keep my blood in circulation until I secured its protection, which I finally did.

The experience of the other hunters was similar to ours. They had secured the smaller herd, but the animals were killed on a mountain side, and two rolled to the bottom with more or less injury to the skins.

However, to my great satisfaction, this party captured two calves alive. One of the objects of my adventure was to secure some live calves in the hope that I might eventually succeed in bringing them home as a zoölogical contribution. With this in view I had taken upon the *komatiks* a good supply of condensed milk as food for them, for I realized that



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MR. WHITNEY AND SOME OF THE TROPHIES THAT FELL TO HIS RIFLE.



Drawn by C. F. Peters from a Photograph by Harry Whitney.

THE INFURIATED BULL CHARGED WITH LOWERED HEAD.

any calves small enough to capture would still be suckling babies.

It was a tedious journey back to camp. For fifteen consecutive hours I had been exerting myself to the limit of my physical endurance, and during this period not a morsel of food had I taken. Let the hunter who has passed through similar experiences picture then the satisfaction and anticipation with which I rested and watched a pot of musk-ox meat boil for supper, sniffing its appetizing odor.

Imagine my feeling when Eiseeyou, who was sitting near, sprang to his feet and began talking earnestly and excitedly to the others. He spoke so rapidly that I could make out but one word, "*Omingmong!*" "*Omingmong,*" meaning musk ox, and when the men began to get the dogs ready, I knew that more game had been sighted. Eiseeyou endeavored to point the animals out to me—four musk ox, he said—on the opposite mountain side, though with my naked eye I could see nothing of them. Finally, with the aid of glasses, I was just able to make them out near a point where the ice cap ran down in a glacier to the frozen river bed.

"Will you go after them?" asked Eiseeyou.

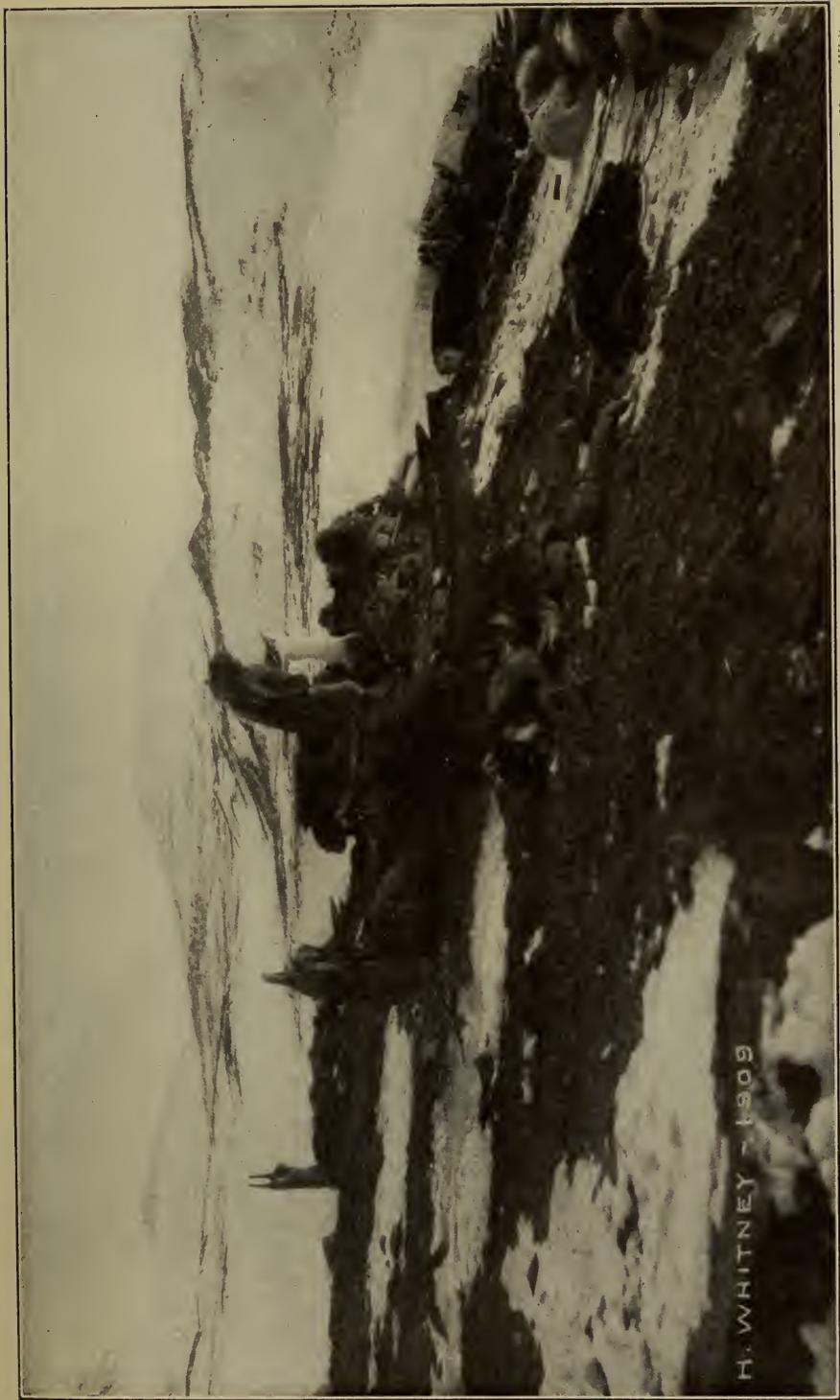
I had come too far into that desolate country to permit mere physical wear-

ness to dissuade me, so, reluctant as I was to leave the kettle of boiling meat and the inviting sleep bag, I answered "Yes."

At the foot of the mountain twenty-one dogs were cut loose. They did not see the game and Tukshu, springing forward like a deer, led three of them to the trail above where the animals had turned. Here the three dogs took the scent and instantly the whole pack were behind them.

As on former occasions, the round-up was made at a high elevation. The Eskimos, far ahead of me, were shouting, "Hurry up! Hurry up!" long before I reached them, and urging me on. When I finally gained the mountain top I took a position at close range. One big fellow attracted me and, wishing to photograph him, I, giving my rifle to Tukshu with instructions to kill the animal if it attempted to attack me, approached very near with my camera. At the instant that I made the exposure, less than a dozen feet away, the infuriated bull broke from the ranks and with lowered head charged me. I had no further business in that immediate vicinity and proceeded to establish a sprinting record in the opposite direction.

While I am not an aspirant for athletic honors, I have always been sorry



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THE HUNTERS MAKING THEMSELVES AT HOME IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MUSK OX COUNTRY.



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EISEEYOU DID NOT FULLY APPROVE OF THE HUNTER'S EFFORT TO CARRY A YOUNG MUSK OX BACK TO ANNOOTOK.

there was no one present with a stop watch to time that effort. Tukshu held his fire much longer than I thought necessary. Perhaps he was interested in my performance. Presently, however, he did fire and the beast dropped at my heels.

Fortunately its body became wedged between two rocks where it hung until we were able to prop it up. Thus all four of the musk ox were secured without damage to the skins, though it was with the utmost difficulty that we finally succeeded in getting the trophies into camp.

I was now so tired that even the kettle of meat had lost its attraction, and I ate very little. I was too utterly weary, in fact, to remove my clothing before crawling into my sleeping bag to rest. Once there, I told Eiseeyou that if he sighted any more musk ox he and the others could go for them if they chose, but as for myself, I intended to sleep, whatever else happened.

In the excitement of the chase I had taken off my dark glasses, and now I felt the first pains of snow blindness. Bruised feet, inflamed eyes, completely exhausted, I cannot remember that in all my life I ever experienced greater misery of body than at that moment. But after several hours of slumber, followed by a delicious breakfast of musk-ox tongue and liver—musk-ox meat is the most toothsome meat I have ever eaten—I was quite myself again.

There was much to be done before continuing our hunt westward. Carcasses had to be hauled to camp, after giving the dogs all they wanted, trophies cleaned and made ready for transportation, and everything packed snug for our departure. While the Eskimos were busy with these details, I turned my attention to the numerous hare which were to be seen everywhere in the valley in bunches of from twenty to fifty. They were thoroughly tame, doubtless because of the fact that they had never



Copyright, 1909, by Harry Whitney.

THE FINDING OF WATER UNDER THE ICE IN ELLESMERE LAND WAS SOMETIMES AN OCCASION FOR EXCITEMENT.



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AN ARCTIC NIMROD ON THE BODY OF HIS FALLEN PREY.

been hunted. Often I killed two with a single shot from my .22 automatic rifle.

My object here was to secure skins for my friends, the Eskimos, at Annootok and Etah. There hares are wild and difficult to get, and the people were badly in need of skins for socks. The pelts are very light and easily carried, and I felt that I could do no less than take advantage of this opportunity to secure a stock of them to supply the demand at Annootok.

When all the musk ox were finally hauled into camp, where the men could prepare them for transportation, I left two men to complete the work, and with four men and four sledges proceeded westward for a distance of ten miles. Here a halt was made to permit Eiseeyou to climb a high mountain and view the country with my glasses. Upon his return he reported that we were not far from the place where the western coast of Ellesmere Land drops down into the Frozen Ocean. No game was in sight, and there was poor outlook in the country beyond for musk ox, though it was believed that a journey of four "sleeps" would carry us into a good hunting region.

Four "sleeps" indicated nothing. It might have meant two hundred miles, or

it might have meant fifty miles. The Eskimo has no conception of distance. He is endowed with certain artistic instincts which enable him to draw a fairly good map of a coast line with which he is thoroughly familiar, but he cannot tell you how far it is from one point to another. On very many occasions I noted this peculiarity when traveling with them. Often when they told me a place we were bound for was very close at hand, it developed that we were far from it. This is something they are never sure of and cannot indicate.

Though some of the specimens secured were not as large as I might have wished, at least six were equal to any the Eskimos had ever seen, and I was, on the whole, well satisfied with the results of the hunt. We already had full loads for nearly all the *komatiks*, and at most could not have carried more than four additional heads. In view of these circumstances, I gave the word to return to camp, where we arrived after a tiresome march in the teeth of a keen north-east wind, and began to prepare at once for our retreat.

Since leaving Annootok I had not touched water to face or hands and was as dirty as the dirtiest Eskimo. Their hands, in fact, were much cleaner than



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THE ESKIMO TOOK GOOD CARE THAT NONE OF THE FLESH WAS WASTED.

mine, for they were in the habit of washing them now and again by rubbing them in snow, an art that I did not master. The prospect of a bath when we should reach Annootok was therefore a pleasant anticipation for the future.

The young musk ox were doing well, and I had high hopes of success in getting them out. At first they were very troublesome to feed. They had not been educated to a condensed milk diet, and until hunger drove them to it, I had difficulty in inducing them to accept it, but in a remarkably short time they learned to like and look for it, and became quite tame and contented.

Though the sky was overcast, the glare was awful. These cloudy days were more trying to the eyes, in fact, than when the sun shone brightly. Our eyes were inflamed, and the Eskimos as well as myself suffered much pain and inconvenience—they perhaps more than I. But there was no time for rest. My calculations placed us nearly one hundred and fifty miles from Annootok. A cloudy sky and shifting wind foretold a storm, and should snow come, the difficulties of travel would be vastly increased. As quickly as possible, therefore, everything was made ready for the *komatiks*.

Now for the first time I realized how great was the mass of trophies and meat that awaited transportation, in addition to our camping paraphernalia. It was no small problem to load the *komatiks*, and it soon developed that all could not be accommodated. The Eskimos wanted to abandon some of the skins and heads that no meat might be left behind, but I insisted that every trophy be taken, and a cache made of the surplus meat. The country to be traversed was exceedingly rough, which required comparatively light loads, with every unnecessary pound eliminated; to lighten the *komatiks* further I left with the meat cache, one box of biscuits, one small bag of corn meal, four cans of baked beans, and all the grass we had brought for our boots which we believed we should not need.

The temperature at this time was a few degrees above zero. All the skins were frozen stiff as boards, which increased the difficulty of packing the loads closely and snugly, a detail I left to the ingenious Eskimos. The tent and other belongings of my own I attended to personally. While the Eskimo will do everything possible for the white traveler's comfort, one thing, my experience taught me, he will not do. He

will not interfere with a white man's personal belongings. You must collect these things yourself and put them in proper shape for loading, or they will be left behind.

We began our retreat with a strong northeast wind blowing, and increasing indications of snow. Tukshu's team had been reduced to six dogs through casualties in the hunt, which threw upon him much hard shoving and hauling of the heavily loaded sledge. One of his dogs, a very fine animal, badly wounded but still living, he attempted to carry on the *komatik* in the hope that it might recover, but the poor beast died soon after our start. I called a halt that the dog's pelt might be removed. Here I learned that the Eskimos have a superstition against skinning a dog whose death has been caused by another animal, and there was much discussion before they consented to do it.

A tragedy was the result of our stop. One of the musk-ox calves wandered into a bunch of dogs, and before I realized its danger, was so badly bitten that we found it necessary to kill it. The other calf followed us like a dog for ten hours. Her mother's skin was lashed on one of the sledges. She had sniffed it, and this was what drew her on.

Bringing the Musk Ox Calf Out

Finally, she became so tired that in descending a slippery ice grade she was unable to keep our pace, and I took her in my arms and carried her until we made camp. Then I warmed some condensed milk as quickly as possible, and, very hungry, she drank her fill and was quite contented. From this on I carried her for the most part in my arms. The Eskimos wished to kill her, as she was a great incumbrance, but I would not listen to it and she soon learned to look to me for protection.

Several "sleeps" took us back to Cape Albert, and presently into the rough ice, which we found even worse than on our outward journey. Two sledges were broken, and five hours lost in making repairs. Roads had to be opened with axes, always tedious work. To me, with my little charge in my arms, it was par-

ticularly trying. When at last smooth ice was again reached a gale arose and I began to fear lest the pack would break up.

We were a little less than halfway across Smith Sound when this fear was realized. The Eskimos became suddenly excited, and I quickly discovered the cause. The floe we were on had separated from the main ice. The men whipped up their dogs, and shouted at them to urge them toward a narrow lead, where as yet but two feet of water separated our young ice floe from the stationary ice. Fortunately we reached it in time, and over the steadily widening lead made our escape without accident.

The traveling here was fearfully rough. Soon snow began to fall, and in a little while a terrific blizzard was blowing. It was so thick one could not see objects twenty feet away. An effort was made to construct an *igloo*, but the snow was too soft. There was nothing to do but make the best of it. I put up my tent, but it was poor protection from the gale and searching snow. Musk-ox skins were spread about to keep out the wind, and here we slept until the storm abated and the weather enabled us to resume our journey.

When we started again the glare was terrible. I no longer removed my glasses when I slept, for without them the intense light penetrated through the lids and burned the eyeballs. Three of the Eskimos became snow blind, and as temporary relief I dropped a solution of cocaine into their eyes.

Presently we missed one of the sledges and I turned back to search for it. I found the driver lying face down across his load, unable to open his eyes. He had abandoned himself to his suffering and to whatever fate might befall, while the dogs, unnoticed, stood about with tangled traces.

Traveling grew steadily worse, and six miles from Annotok the ice barrier became practically impassable with here and there open leads of water which led northward. Five hours were consumed in opening a road and getting around leads; then half our load was abandoned and for several more hours we labored through that six miles of ice. The ef-



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EDUCATING A YOUNG MUSK OX TO A CONDENSED MILK DIET.

forts of the Eskimos were little short of superhuman. Finally the obstacle was overcome, and we found ourselves safely and thankfully back at Annootok.

The tireless men at once returned for the abandoned goods, while I devoted myself to making the little musk ox comfortable. The hard traveling, the storm, and the unnatural conditions had worn upon her. She was very weak and quite ill. I built a box house shelter for her, wrapped her in a blanket, and did everything in my power to save her, but later, in spite of nursing and coddling, the poor little thing died. During the great number of miles that I had carried her in my arms we had become greatly attached to each other, and her loss grieved me more than I can say.

After an absence of six hours, the *komatiks* returned with the abandoned trophies. Unfortunately the tips of some of the horns had been cracked by coming in contact with rough ice. The skins were wet, and before I permitted myself much needed sleep and rest, I spread them out to dry.

Recuperated, I deemed it wise to push south to Etah. The Arctic spring was at hand. The ice was breaking up, and the snow rapidly disappearing from the hillsides. Fourteen hours were con-

sumed in making this journey, but it was filled with interest. Great numbers of gulls hovered over Littleton Island, and large numbers of little auks and eider ducks were on the water, while snow bunting and a sweet-singing sparrow abounded on land. It was glorious to see this bright life again. It brought us into touch with the great outside world and nature. It broke the silence that had brooded over the dead world for so long, and brought joy and lightness to our hearts.

One incident fell under my observation at Etah, too interesting to pass without mention. Shortly after my arrival, I engaged some Eskimo women to clean the musk-ox skins, and gave them presents of food delicacies in return. To one of them fell some musk-ox fat and meat. While she was absent from her *tupek* a dog—a big, fine fellow belonging to her husband—stole in and devoured the meat and fat.

Some of the children, returning in time to see him gulp down the last tender morsel, raised a cry that brought the woman, who was a few hundred yards away, on the run. The children explained to her what had happened. She at once secured a rope, fastened a slip knot around the dog's neck, passed the



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THE MUSK-OX COUNTRY OFFERS LITTLE VARIETY OF SCENERY.



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A WALRUS CARRYING DOWN WITH HIM AN ESKIMO HARPOON.

other end of the rope over a ridgepole, and drew up on it until the dog's hind feet just touched the ground. There she fastened it and walked away.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Get the meat," she answered laconically.

When she returned ten minutes later the dog was dead. She cut the carcass down, dragged it out on the ice, cut it open, and removed the scraps of much chewed fat and meat. Two of the children brought pails of salt water, and in this she washed the delicacies piece by piece. Thus recovered and cleaned, she displayed them to me with the remark: "Just as good as ever."

The principal walrus hunt in which I had a part took place in January preceding my musk-ox hunt, and in the midst of the long Arctic night. We were in camp at Annotok when the Eskimos announced that conditions south of Cape Alexander should be right for walrus, and a hunting party was organized.

It was two o'clock on the morning of January 11, 1909, when our expedition, with several well-loaded sledges, turned southward. The weather was bitter cold. A bright moon lighted the measureless expanse of ice and snow, and the heavens were aflame with the aurora borealis, now flaring across the sky in every direction like a thousand powerful search lights, now melting into a mystical, luminous vapor of changing color, now taking a form that fancy easily imagined a mighty flag waving in a strong breeze.

This display of northern lights must have been one of unusual brilliancy and variation, for even the stolid Eskimos exhibited a keen interest and talked long and earnestly about it. To me it was awe-inspiring and grand, typifying that inexplicable mystery that enshrouds the great white Arctic world—something evasive that one feels and knows exists but never can quite grasp—a ghostly being that repels but always and inevitably draws one back to the land where



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ON THE RETURN FROM ELLESMERE LAND YOUNG OXPUDDYSHOU WENT SNOW BLIND AND ABANDONED HIMSELF TO HIS FATE.

it stalks, just as a magnet draws particles of iron.

We halted briefly at Littleton Island while the Eskimos opened a cache made the previous summer, and filled two bags with eider-duck eggs. These eggs were frozen as hard as rocks, and it puzzled me to know how they were to be eaten. This was soon solved. An Eskimo placed an egg in his mouth, and in a little while it thawed sufficiently for him to remove the shell. This done, the icy substance was sucked like candy.

Fourteen and a half hours' journey brought us to our closed shack at Etah, where we were to halt and rest; but to my chagrin I found that the winter storms had blown the stovepipe down, torn a great rent in the canvas roof, and drifted the place full of snow. I had been looking forward to a warm fire, a hot meal, and a cozy rest. Now it required more than an hour to clean out the snow, and even then we had difficulty in keeping the pipe in position against

a strong northeast wind while a kettle of snow was melted for tea, and I was half frozen when at length I crawled into my sleeping bag for five hours' rest.

It was intensely dark when we left Etah. The stars were like a million icicles hung in a silvery sky. At times meteorites fell in glittering showers. The wind was searching cold and bit to the very marrow. Eight hours carried us close to Cape Alexander, where we found large lakes of open water, and, to our disappointment, conditions bad for walrus hunting. This was a hunt of necessity so far as the Eskimos were concerned, for they were in urgent need of food for man and dog, and it was determined to push still farther south until game was found.

The ice barricades were so bad that we were forced to turn to the land. With the greatest difficulty we forced our way up the slippery side of Crystal Palace glacier, and when at length we reached the smooth plain of the ice cap above, I was dripping from head to foot



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WHEN AN ESKIMO TURNS TAILOR HE TAKES LITTLE ACCOUNT OF COLD OR THE DISCOMFORTS OF EXPOSURE.

with perspiration. For miles we sped along at a good pace, when it was decided to try the ice foot again. The snow was hard as ice, steps had to be cut, sledges lowered with lines and infinite effort was expended in the descent, but all to no purpose.

Rafted ice made progress here impossible, and again we were forced back upon the land. Two mountains were climbed in regaining the ice cap, and then for about five miles a gradual slope of smooth going on Childs glacier carried us to the glacier's face. Here a perpendicular wall of ice dropped down about a hundred feet, to end our road.

The Eskimos held a conference, and presently undid their harpoon lines and harpoon shafts from the sledges. The dogs were unhitched, a hundred yards from the precipice, and I was left to guard them while the Eskimos cautiously cut steps in the steep and slippery ice slope to the very brink. Here a number of harpoon lines were tied together

and passed three or four times around Sipsu, and he was cautiously lowered by the others over the face of the ice wall, cutting steps as he descended. This done, Oxpuddyshou tied a harpoon line about me, and while I took advantage of the niches cut by Sipsu, they lowered me.

Sipsu was then hauled to the top and the sledges lowered to me. Then came the dogs, four at a time. The poor brutes objected strenuously, but were pushed over and reached the bottom at the end of the lines in safety. One by one the Eskimos followed until Sipsu, the last to come, passed the line around a block of ice, and with its aid joined us at the bottom.

Three hours were thus consumed in descending to the ice foot. We had then been traveling about twenty-eight hours without rest or food, and I felt that I had reached the limit of my endurance. But the only reply I could get to an appeal to build an *igloo* was "*Witchchow*" (by and by).

When a smooth bit of ice was reached where we could ride, I observed that the Eskimos invariably slept on the sledges. This plan I adopted, but the best I could do under such conditions was to catch momentary dozes that were only a little better than no rest at all.

In their own country, the Eskimos have a white man "stung to death" from every point of view. They not only can go to sleep promptly, but sleep soundly and well as they travel, when circumstances permit. They get sustenance, too, by eating hard frozen walrus and seal meat or blubber. This I could never do, for it is so strong in flavor that it invariably nauseated me, though I did

succeed very well with raw hare or deer's meat when I had it.

Finally, when I declined to go farther, they informed me that very near at hand was an *igloo*. At length we reached it, to find it broken down and not habitable. This necessitated a return of nearly a mile on our trail, to a cave, in which a cheerless camp was at length made after nearly thirty-four hours of steady traveling.

Six hours of rest, and we were again on our way. At the broken *igloo* the sledges turned to smooth ice and in the distance water clouds loomed up, giving promise that our hunting ground was near.

(To be concluded)

In the third and final instalment of Mr. Whitney's story, to be published in our next issue, he will describe the closing scenes of his walrus hunt and the chase for the bear that followed.

AUTOMOBILES FOR AVERAGE INCOMES.

By G. F. Carter

CONSIDERING that it was only fourteen years last November that the first feeble attempt at holding an automobile race meet was made in America it is not surprising to find many of us a little auto shy. The evolution of the automobile is now progressing through a cycle of history that is threadbare from frequent repetition. In 1823 the indignation of an outraged public was let loose upon the speed cranks who drove a stage coach from Utica to Albany and return, a distance of two hundred miles, in seventeen hours and twenty-eight minutes.

When the same species of idiots, a few years later, annihilated space at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour on that new fangled freak, the railroad, the public outcry was redoubled. Less than twenty years ago indignation meetings were held throughout the country to protest in perfervid resolutions against the advent of that chariot of death, the trol-

ley car. No, it isn't to be wondered at that there has been feeling "agin" the automobile. Human nature is the one thing in this world that never changes.

That being the case, it is quite as natural to find the prejudice against the automobile beginning at last to melt away like a snowdrift under an April sun. In 1910 approximately 150,000 American citizens will part with their antipathy to automobiles and become the worst, because the newest, of motor maniacs. The only reason a greater number will not undergo this metamorphosis is not because the people cannot raise more than the two hundred million dollars they will have to pay for this number of cars, but solely because the manufacturers cannot assemble the men, machinery, and material to build more than a hundred and fifty thousand. They will try to do better.

It is only fair to say in this connection that in addition to the hundred and fifty thousand converts of 1910 and the one hundred and fifty thousand who



Photograph by Spooner & Wells, N. Y.

TWENTY THOUSAND OF THE 150,000 CARS TO BE BUILT IN 1910 WILL BE OF THE LIGHT, HIGH-WHEELED TYPE.

owned cars at the beginning of the year, approximately three times that number will crack the shell of prejudice preparatory to becoming recruits for the ever-growing army of automobile owners. For a new car in the neighborhood spreads its insidious lure with all the certainty with which a case of measles goes through a boarding-school. Whatever he may say for public consumption, the average man's real grievance against the automobile is that he doesn't own it.

Realizing this great truth, the crafty manufacturers are building only enough \$11,000 cars to relieve the sufferings of those who cannot get rid of their money fast enough and are concentrating all their energies on the endless task of supplying the needs of the average man. The present year marks the real beginning of the era of the low-priced car, which, as the dealers understand the term, is one that calls for less than two thousand dollars.

Precisely how much less depends upon the individual purchaser, his bank account, and the service required of the car. The average selling price of the hundred and fifty thousand cars built in 1910 will be \$1,200, though there is every indication that the cars selling below that will be in considerable demand.

If a two-passenger car for ordinary use is wanted, a runabout that will fill the bill can be had for \$500 or even a little less. For \$180 more a better car can be bought, while one still better, with a seat in the rumble can be had for \$750. For \$850 a touring car seating five may be had which will fully meet the requirements of the average man, if he is a reasonable person.

In fact, most of these cheap cars will go anywhere that a fancy-priced car can go, though they will not go so fast. In the New York-Seattle run of 1909 and in many another hard-fought contest the cheap car demonstrated its ability to

stand up remarkably well with anything on wheels.

For the man of moderate means these low-priced light-weight cars have many decided advantages. Not only is there a great saving in first cost but there is also an equally great economy in the expense of maintenance and operation. It is obvious that the heavier the car the more power will be required to move it. The ratio of fuel consumption to

cents when purchased by the barrel. While the average driver under average conditions will hardly do more than half as well, he should be thankful to be able to travel at a cost of a quarter of a cent to half a cent per passenger per mile for fuel. A heavy car that runs nine miles per gallon of gasoline is doing well.

As for actual available power the purchaser of an \$850 five-passenger touring car, with its twenty horse-power



Photograph by Spooner & Wells, N. Y.

THE AUTOMOBILE IS AT HOME ON WESTERN PRAIRIES.

horse power developed is as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians are alleged to have been.

The fuel consumption of the cheap little runabouts is wonderfully small. In an official test at the New York automobile carnival a year ago, the record established was 42.6 miles to a gallon of gasoline, though another car actually scored 46 miles per gallon, but lost the record by deviating from the prescribed course.

A gallon of gasoline costs anywhere from twenty-five cents, when bought at a roadside garage, down to twelve

cents when purchased by the barrel. While the average driver under average conditions will hardly do more than half as well, he should be thankful to be able to travel at a cost of a quarter of a cent to half a cent per passenger per mile for fuel. A heavy car that runs nine miles per gallon of gasoline is doing well.

As for actual available power the purchaser of an \$850 five-passenger touring car, with its twenty horse-power engine, gets exactly as much as he could get in a \$2,000 car with a thirty horse-power engine. The cheaper car weighs only twelve hundred pounds. Assuming the weight of the passengers to be six hundred pounds, the total dead and live load is eighteen hundred pounds, or ninety pounds per horse power.

The more expensive car will weigh two thousand one hundred pounds or more, which, with the same live load, would make two thousand seven hundred pounds, or ninety pounds per horse power.

The hill-climbing power of the lighter

machine, therefore, would be the same as that of the heavier, as has been demonstrated so often that there is no longer any room for argument.

There is one thing, though, that neither the \$850 nor the \$2,000 car can do with safety, and that is to make the speeds of fifty to sixty miles an hour which the big two-ton machines often achieve when there are no constables near. Not a few tragedies may be

A tire on a big car in ordinary use is relatively short-lived as compared with the performances of a lighter machine. With a careful driver who has the good fortune to escape punctures a set of tires not infrequently lasts a season. The difference in first cost of tires for a light machine and for a heavy one is marked.

The \$850 car mentioned has 30-inch wheels, taking 3-inch tires in front and



Photograph by Spooner & Wells, N. Y.

COUNTRY ROADS HAVE NO TERRORS FOR THE MODERN CAR.

traced to the attempts of owners of light cars to crowd them beyond the limit of safety.

Most conspicuous of the economies in owning a light car is the saving on tires. M. Michelin, an authority on tires, recently read a paper before the French Society of Civil Engineers, in the course of which he said:

"The total travel of which a tire is capable is inversely proportioned to the cube of the weight which it carries. For example, if the load is doubled the average wear and tear on the tires are multiplied by eight."

$3\frac{1}{2}$ inch in the rear. The former cost from \$15 to \$16.50 each and the latter from \$22 to \$24 each, while the big cars require tires costing from \$36 to \$60 each.

One owner of a \$2,500 car, who kept a careful account of his expenses for thirty months, during which time he averaged a thousand miles a month, found that his outlay for tires was five cents a mile; for gasoline 2.7 cents per mile; for incidentals .09 cents per mile; total 7.79 cents per mile, or, adding garage charges and chauffeur's wages, \$2,300 a year. Another man

having the same general type of car found his total expenses footed up 33 cents a mile.

On the other hand there is the case of T. H. Proske, a farmer near Denver, Colorado, who found the expense of running a 28 horse-power touring car eighteen months at an average of 35 miles a day totaled 5 cents a mile. He found that the cost of gasoline, oil, and batteries amounted to \$12 a month, as compared with \$35 for the cost of feeding two horses the same length of time. For the whole period his automobile cost him \$1,136, including depreciation, or difference between buying and selling prices, while the cost of a team and carriage for the same time would have been \$1,980, a saving of \$844.

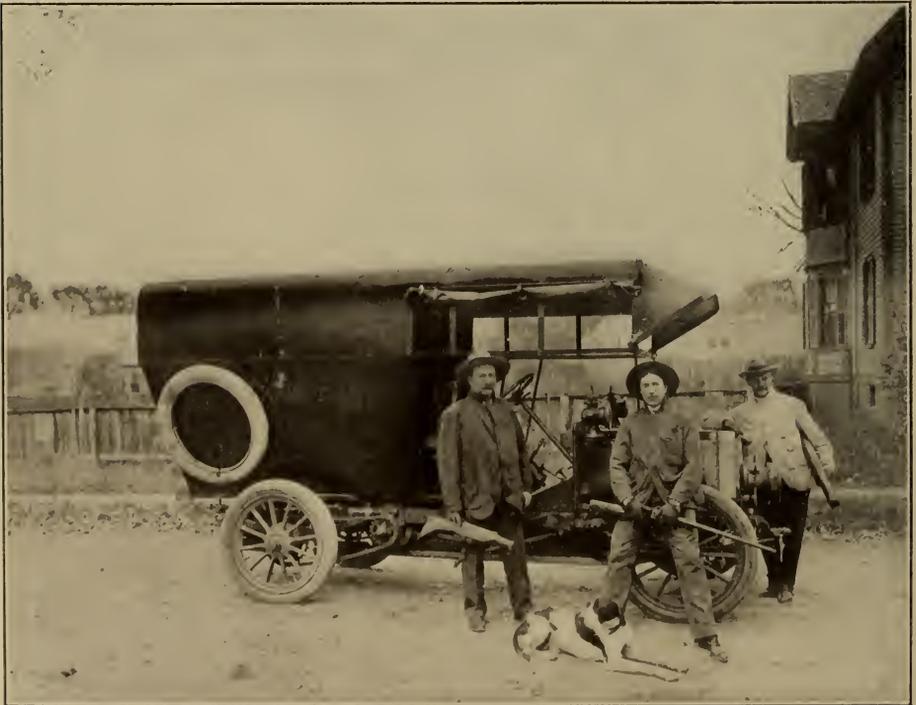
The owner of a light car who knew how to run it and take care of it found that the cost did not exceed twenty dollars a month. A California owner of a similar car who had formerly kept a horse at an outlay of a hundred dollars a year for feed alone, to which must be added \$2 a month for shoeing, be-

sides the expense of repairs to harness and carriage, found he could get a great deal more service out of a little automobile at an outlay of \$2.50 a month. He could take a ride of thirty-five miles for 40 cents, and he never had to feed the car when it wasn't working.

The manufacturer of a cheap auto looked up the records of one hundred and fifty of his cars. He found that their owners had driven them an average of nine thousand miles each at an average outlay of \$40 each for repairs. The cars had averaged eighteen miles per gallon of gasoline.

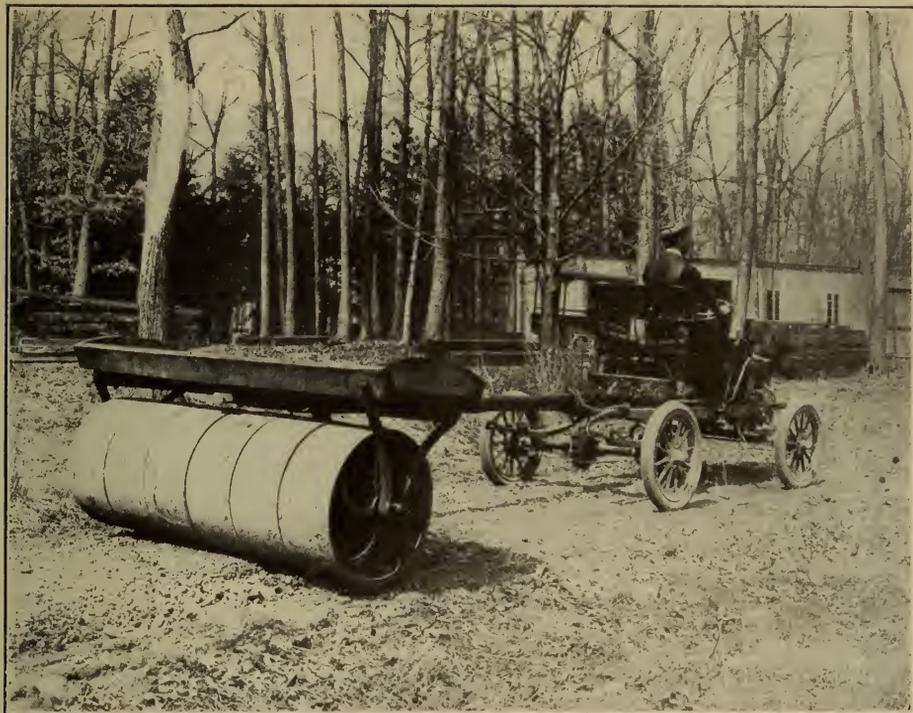
After all, statistics about automobiles are of little value, for in the last analysis the expense of maintenance and operation is found to depend more on the driver than on the machine. There is just as much difference in individual ways of handling automobiles as there is in driving horses. Incompetence or recklessness will ruin an automobile as quickly as it will kill a horse.

So far as the average man is concerned, the expense of maintenance and



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

HUNTERS CAN HAVE CARS EQUIPPED TO SUIT THEIR EVERY NEED.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THE CAR IS A RELIABLE DRAFT HORSE IF NECESSARY.

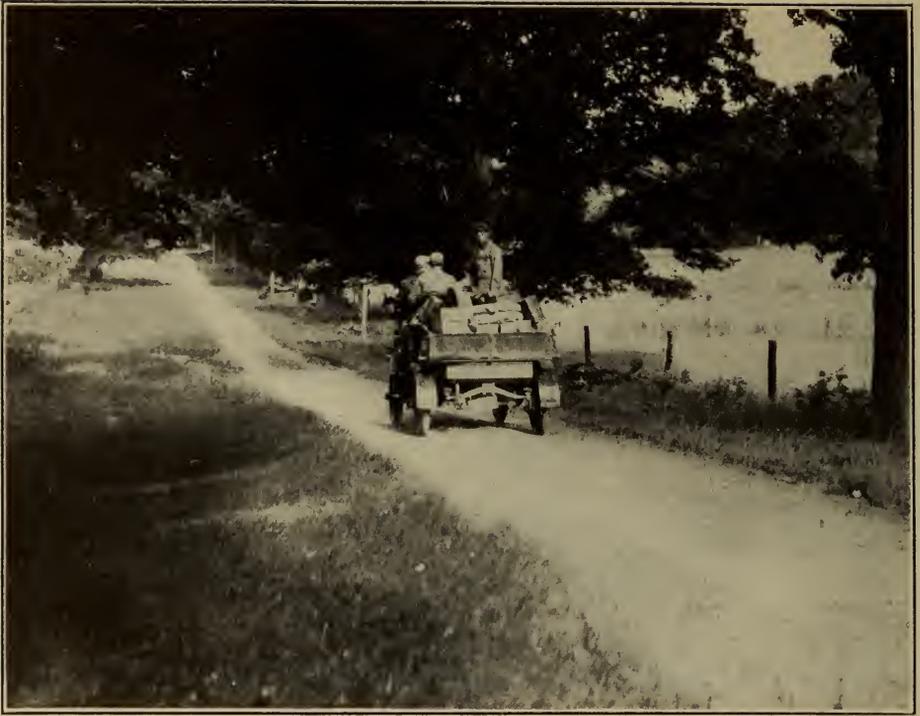
operation is more than offset by the many economies of owning an automobile. The man who has been reduced to the humiliating necessity of earning an honest living finds the automobile an ever present help, no matter what his occupation or his place of residence. Gardner, Massachusetts, a town of ten thousand inhabitants, is afflicted with ten doctors, every one of whom makes his rounds in an automobile. The country doctor who owns a car finds the territory in which he can practice extended to a radius of fifty miles, while twenty miles is the extreme limit a doctor depending on a horse and buggy can hope to cover with safety to his patients and profit to himself.

Surrounding every large city is a rapidly increasing class of suburbanites who save time, which is said to be money, save doctor's bills, which is worth more than can be computed in dollars and cents, by taking a fine airing morning and evening, and save railroad fares by using automobiles.

Buyers of grain, fruit, and cattle find the automobile of inestimable value, for it enables them to cover ten times the territory that they could otherwise. On many of the ranches of the West and Southwest where horses are cheap and abundant the foremen use light cars to get around in. No matter how many horses they used these men simply could not do as much work nor do it as well as they can do it with an auto.

Country merchants living within forty or fifty miles of a jobbing center are relieved of the necessity of carrying large stocks, as the automobile will bring them small supplies on very short notice. In a light express business the automobile is a big money-maker for its owner and a boon to his patrons on account of the quick service it affords.

For rural mail carriers the cheap run-about is a priceless blessing. W. J. Johnson, a mail carrier at Ottawa, Kansas, on a route of 25 miles, with 84 boxes to serve, used to spend all day at



Photograph by Spooner & Wells, N. Y.

AN AUTOMOBILE EXPRESS SERVICE IN COUNTRY DISTRICTS IS ONE OF OUR MODERN BLESSINGS.

his work with a horse and wagon, and he had to keep three horses. Now he does it in three hours daily with a motor runabout at an expense of \$61.80 a year.

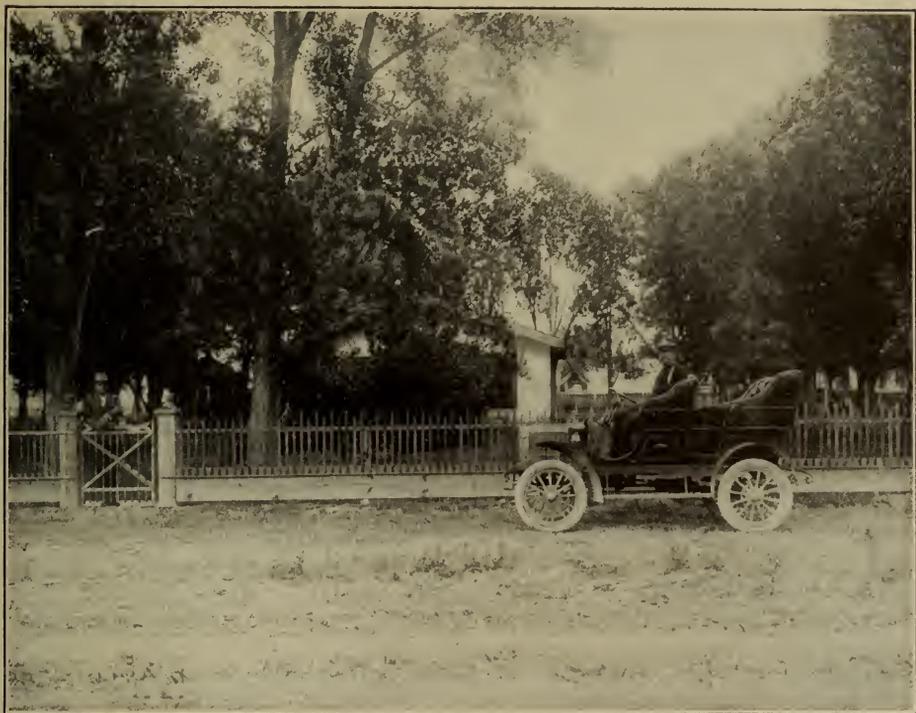
W. G. Raish, of Clarks, Nebraska, concluded to move to California, so he loaded his family and belongings, including tent, bedding, gasoline stove, etc., to a total of 2,100 pounds, on an automobile and started across the plains just as they did in '49, only he made better time.

Real estate agents find the automobile the greatest promoter of business they have yet discovered. They get potential customers into their cars and whirl them out to remote properties in such quick time that the victim imagines he is right in town and so magnifies the bargain he is offered. Being exhilarated, too, with the swift ride in the open air, he closes the deal out of hand. The awakening comes when he flounders over the weary way with a horse and wagon.

After all, though, it takes a farmer to get the worth of his money out of an automobile. Notwithstanding popular delusions to the contrary, the farmer is not at all slow in adopting any good things that may come his way. Moreover, he is generally shrewd at a bargain.

There are many people who have the automobile craze so bad that they must have a new car every year. This throws on the market a good many second-hand cars that are really in excellent condition. They do not stay there long, for they are snapped up eagerly by the farmers of the Middle West at low prices, considering their condition, and still lower in view of their potential utility.

Once a car falls into a farmer's hands it may safely count on earning its gasoline. To begin with, it is simply priceless for running errands in a busy season, and most seasons are busy on a farm. The farmer living ten or fifteen miles from town, who breaks a plow or a



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

THIS IS THE HOME OF A MONTANA FARMER WITH HIS AUTOMOBILE WAITING FOR HIM AT THE GATE.

mower, or who needs supplies of any kind, can jump into his machine, go to town, attend to his errands, and get back home with the loss of little more than an hour's time.

It is no effort at all to lift a can or so of milk or a small lot of fruit, eggs, or other produce into an auto and take them to the creamery or to market and get back home before the dew is off the grass. The radius within which truck farming can be profitably conducted is quadrupled by the automobile. Not a few farmers have utilized their automobiles in plowing, raking hay, and other tasks generally supposed to be reserved exclusively for horses.

When the farmer's automobile isn't doing anything else it is jacked up so that its rear wheels are clear of the ground and is used as a motor for shredding corn, elevating grain, stowing hay in the mow, pumping water, churning, sawing wood, running a cream separator, a washing machine, or

a threshing machine, or any of the numberless other chores that are always waiting to be done on a farm.

On rainy days it takes the children to school and brings them home, and on Sundays it takes the whole family to church with never a grumble from its prudent owner because it is overworked. The automobile is revolutionizing social life in the country. Wherever it has appeared it has robbed the farm of its isolation, made the farmer's wife twenty years younger, and developed in his children an appreciation of the old homestead they never knew in lonelier days.

It is so easy to get to town now that the farmer, when he gets too old or too prosperous to work, has no desire to move there as he formerly had. His neighbors who moved to town a few years ago are buying cars and moving back to the farm where they can really live. It is also revolutionizing economic conditions, for every automobile owner becomes an advocate of good roads.



Photograph by Spooner & Wells, N. Y.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY MEET ON A WESTERN ROAD.

Already these zealous missionaries have produced results which almost justify the hope that the time may come when the expenditure of a billion dollars a year to get the nation's crops from the farm to the nearest railroad station may be reduced to something near the four hundred million dollars it ought to cost with decent roads. New York, which has more automobiles than any other State, also has the most ambitious scheme for highway improvement. Fifty million dollars are to be expended in building roads.

The State is to build and maintain 3,332 miles of roads connecting the principal cities and to contribute half the cost of 4,700 miles of local highways to be constructed by the counties. Pennsylvania, which owns the second largest number of automobiles, has arranged to spend \$8,000,000 for road-building. Michigan, the leading automobile manufacturing State, is spending large sums for road-building, some counties devoting \$100,000 a year to this purpose.

New Jersey, which ranks fourth in the number of automobiles owned by its citizens, has also many miles of splendid highways, and is constantly building more. In Massachusetts, where the automobile craze is acute, the science of road-building is farther advanced than anywhere else this side of the Atlantic. Maryland is spending \$5,000,000 for better roads.

Altogether, sixteen States in which the automobile is rapidly gaining favor have highway commissions that are trying to solve the problem of providing good roads. In Iowa, Kansas, and other States of the Middle West, where 1½ per cent of the farmers already own automobiles, and where automobile manufacturers count on making their heaviest sales this year, the State agricultural colleges have arranged courses in road-building as well as in automobile engineering.

No wonder the automobile manufacturers are paying particular attention to the requirements of the farmer, and

even building special types for him. These include low-priced cars with detachable tonneau, which, with a slight twist of the wrist, so to speak, can be transformed from a family carriage into a market wagon, or vice versa, and high-wheeled or buggy-type cars that will straddle the deeply gullied roads of the prairies or the stumps and stones of the Pacific Northwest.

The latter type has been developed to a degree surprising to the confirmed city dweller. No fewer than forty concerns are engaged in their manufacture, of which eleven are in the State of Indiana. Twenty thousand of the hundred and

fifty thousand cars built in 1910 will be of the high-wheeled type.

In brief, the automobile is getting into the hands of the people just as fast as the two hundred million dollars invested in its manufacture and distribution can place it there. Just as rapidly the time is approaching when it will cease to be a nine days' wonder, when manufacturers will have to pay regular rates for their press notices, and when the popular prejudice against the automobile will take its place in the museum of history along with the once prevalent belief that "love apples," otherwise tomatoes, were poisonous.



LAYING UP THE MOTOR BOAT

BY LAWRENCE LARUE

STRANGE as it may appear at first glance, the man who keeps his boat out of doors during the winter, exposed to the season's storm and cold, may find his craft in better condition at the beginning of the next summer than if he had been lucky enough to possess a boathouse in which to store it. This is because of the fact that when the fall and spring sun beats on the roof of the boathouse, the interior is heated and dried out thoroughly and the chill and dampness of evening cannot counteract this effect as they can in the open air. As a result the hull of the boat stored indoors under these conditions is dried, and if exposed to this parching air for too long a time, the seams will be opened and a good job of caulking made necessary before the craft is ready for the water.

This trouble can be obviated, however, if the boathouse is made a two-story affair, or if a ceiling is placed over the lower floor so that an air space is left

between the boat and the roof. This keeps the air around the boat at a more even temperature for the same reason that the lower floor of a dwelling is always cooler in summer time than is the attic.

If, on the other hand, the boathouse is a simple structure consisting merely of the four sides and the roof, a part of the hull should be left in the water as long as is practicable before freezing weather sets in, and the boat should not be left high and dry for any longer than is necessary in the spring.

When the boat is stored for the winter, all locker covers, doors, and the like in the interior should be removed to allow a free circulation of the air between the planking of the hull and flooring and sides of the cockpit. Damp, stagnant air remaining in a small inclosure throughout the winter will have a tendency to rot the wood, and the life of the boat may be shortened to a considerable extent.

RACING FOR THE VANDERBILT CUP

Photographs by W. H. Wallace

THE fifth annual contest for the Vanderbilt Cup, held over the Motor Parkway course on Long Island, October 30, was won by the Alco car, Harry F. Grant driving. Second honors went to E. H. Parker in a Fiat. The average speed of the winner was 62.77 miles per hour, nearly two miles slower than Robertson's record last year.

Grant's victory was due to steady, careful driving and good generalship. The game he played was the waiting one; he did not waste effort and incur needless risks by endeavoring to force the running in the early stages of the race. As a consequence he was able to forge to the front at the finish with the fastest round of his race, making a speed of 71.9 miles an hour.

The general conclusions from the contest appear to favor the use of the stock chassis, since, although the course was more difficult in many ways than in previous years, the cars showed a high average of enduring qualities. Twice before Grant has been close to the honors in big contests, at Lowell and at Fairmount Park, and each time an accident has put him out of the running. This time his luck held good.

In the contest of "middle-weight cars" for the Wheatley trophy the prize went to R. W. Harroun, driving a Marmon. In fact he was the only driver in this event to finish the full fifteen laps, his average speed being 59.76 miles per hour, a performance that would have put him fourth in the main event if he could have kept it up throughout the full twenty-two laps.

"Joe" Matson, driving a Chalmers-Detroit "30," carried off the trophy for the ten laps of the Massapequa contest with an average speed of 58.4 miles per hour.



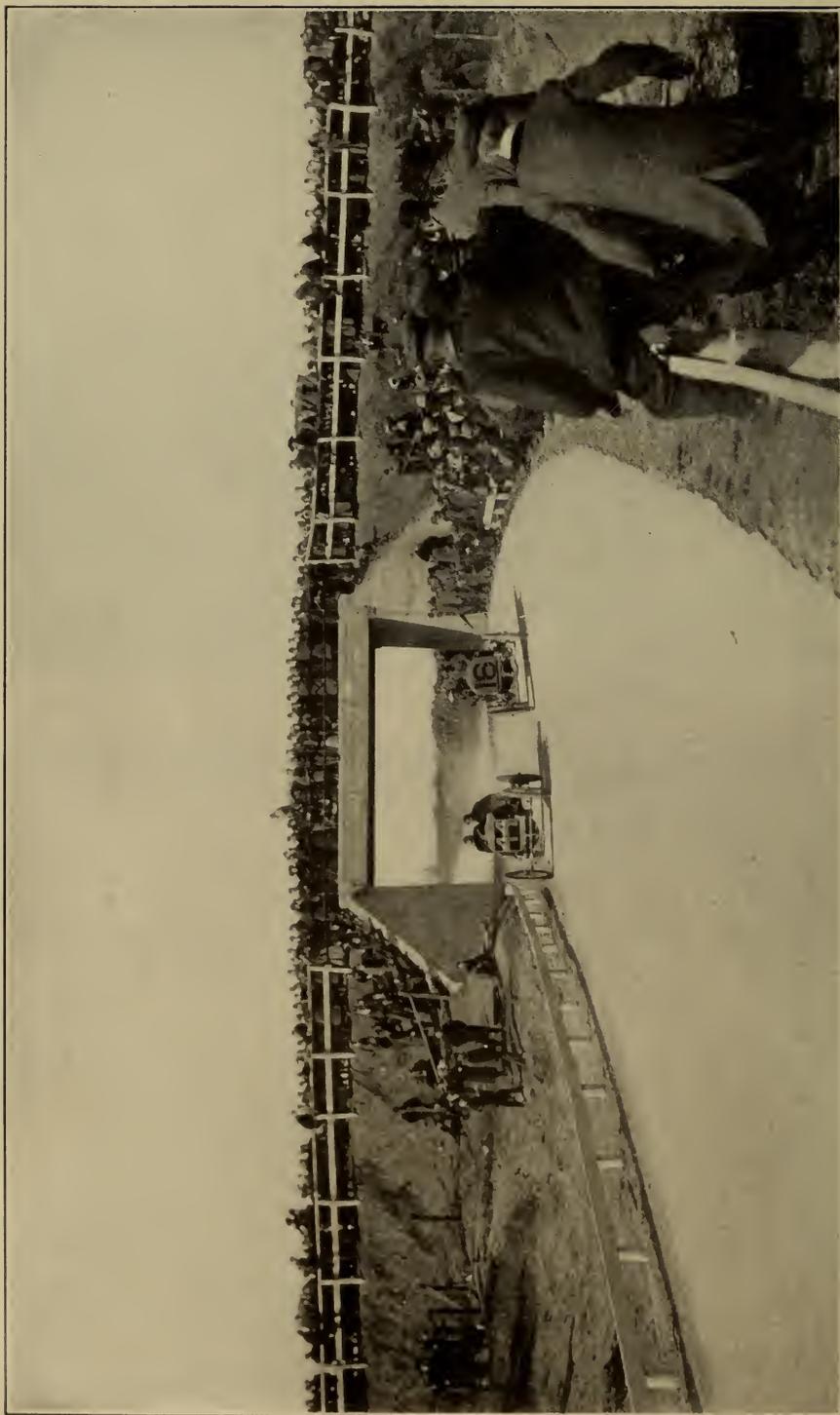
IT WASN'T NECESSARY TO BUY A SEAT IN THE GRAND STAND IN ORDER TO SEE THE RACE.



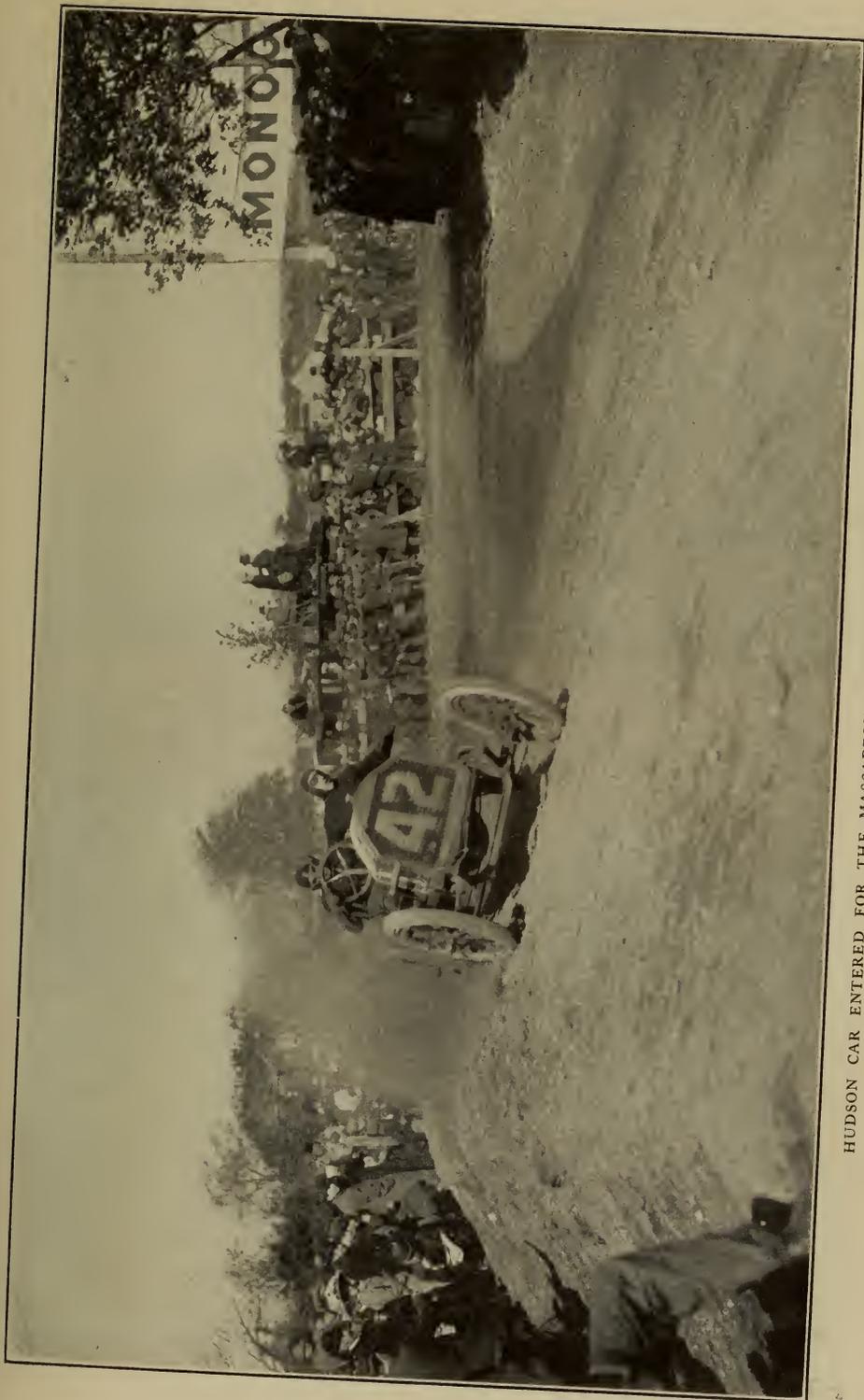
READY FOR THE START, FIAT CAR AT THE MARK, SIMPLEX CLOSE BEHIND.



THE APPERSON CAR COMING OVER THE PARKWAY VIADUCT.



MAXWELL CAR IN THE MASSAPEQUA CONTEST, EMERGING FROM UNDER ONE OF THE VIADUCTS WITH THE BIG MERCEDES AT ITS HEELS.



HUDSON CAR ENTERED FOR THE MASSAPEQUA TROPHY, MAKING THE WESTBURY TURN.



WHEN THE WINNER CROSSED THE FINISH LINE.



AND THEN THE CROWD STARTED FOR AUTO AND TRAIN.



A PORT OF MISSING DREAMS

by Albert Bigelow Paine

Author of "The Tent-Dwellers"

"THE SHIP - DWELLERS" DROP ANCHOR IN *the* BAY OF PHALERON

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

THESE were low voices on the deck, just outside my porthole. I realized that it was morning then; also that the light was coming in and that we were lying at anchor. I was up by that time. It was just at the first sunrise, and the stretch of water that lay between the ship and the shore had turned a pinkish hue. Beyond it were some buildings and above the buildings, catching the first glint of day on its structured heights, rose a stately hill.

The Amiable Girl (I have mentioned her before, I believe) and a companion were leaning over the ship's rail, trying to distinguish outlines blended in the vague morning light. The Amiable Girl was peering through a binocular, and I caught the words "Parthenon" and "Caryatides"; then, to her companion, "Take the glass."

Which the other girl did and, after gazing steadily for a moment, said:

"Yes! Oh, yes, indeed—I can see them now, quite distinctly!"

And then, even with my naked eye I could make out certain details of that historic summit we had traveled so far to see. Three miles away, perhaps, the Acropolis arose directly in front of us—

its columned crown beginning to glow and burn in answer to the old, old friend that had awakened it to glory, morning after morning, century after century, for a full twenty-three hundred years.

The light came fast, now, and with my glass I could bring the hilltop near. I could make out the Parthenon—and the Temple of Victory, I thought, and those marble women who have seen races pass and nations crumble and religions fade back into fable and the realm of shades. It was all aglow, presently—a vision! So many wonderful mornings we have had, but none like this. Nor can there be so many lives that hold in them a sunrise on the Acropolis from the Bay of Phaleron.

I lost no time getting on deck, but it seemed to me that everybody was there ahead of me. They were strung along the rail, and everyone had his glass, or his neighbor's, and was pointing and discoursing and arguifying and having a beautiful time. The Diplomat was holding forth on the similarity of modern and ancient Greek and was threatening to use the latter on the first victim that came within range. The Patriarch, who is religious when he happens to think about it, was trying to find

Mars Hill where St. Paul preached; the Credulous One was pointing out to everybody Lykabettos Hill as Mt. Ararat (information obtained from the Horse Doctor), while the Apostle and the Colonel were quarreling fiercely over a subject which neither of them knew anything about—the rise of Christianity in Greece.

I got into a row myself, presently, with one of the boys, just because I happened to make some little classical allusion—I have forgotten what it was now and I didn't seem to know much about it then, from what he said. We were all stirred up with knowledge, brought face to face with history as we were, and bound to unload it on somebody. Only the Music Master wasn't. A little apart from any group, he stood clutching the rail, his face shining with a light that was not all of the morning, gazing in silence at his hill of dreams.

Athens Under the Hill

We went ashore in boats that had pretty Greek rugs in them, and we took a little train on which all the cars were smoking cars (there are no other kind in Greece), and we looked out the windows trying to imagine we were really in Greece where once the gods dwelt, where Homer sang and Achilles fought, and where the first Argonauts set sail for the Golden Fleece. I wish we could have met those voyagers before they started. They wouldn't have needed to go then. They could have taken the Golden Fleece off of this crowd if they had anything to sell in that Argosy of theirs, and their descendants are going to do it yet. I know from the conversation that is going on behind me. The Mill and a lot of her boon companions are doing the talking, and it is not of the classic ruins we are about to see, but of the lace they bought in Malta and Gibraltar, and of the embroidery they are going to buy in Greece.

Our chariots were waiting at the station—carriages I mean, nice modern ones—and we were started in a minute, and suddenly there was the Thesceum, the best preserved of Greek ruins, I believe, right in front of us, though we

did not stop for it then. But it was startling—that old, discolored temple standing there uninclosed, unprotected, unregarded in the busy midst of modern surroundings.

We went swinging away down a fine street, staring at Greek signs and new types of faces; the occasional native costume; the little panniered donkeys lost in their loads of fruit. I was in a carriage with Laura and the Diplomat, and the Diplomat translated Greek signs and was rejoiced to find that he could make out some of the words; also that he could get a rise out of the driver when he spoke to him, though it wasn't certain whether the driver, who was a very large person in a big blue coat (we christened him the Blue Elephant) was talking to him or the horses, and we were all equally pleased, whichever it was.

The Acropolis was in sight from points here and there, but we did not visit it yet. Instead, we turned into a fine boulevard, anchored for a time at the corner of a park, waiting for guides perhaps, then went swinging down by the royal gardens and the white marble palace of the king.

It is King George I, now, a worthy successor to the rulers of that elder day when Greek art and poetry and national prosperity set a standard for the world. Athens was a pretty poor place when King George came to the throne in 1863. He was only eighteen years old, then—the country was bankrupt, the throne had gone begging. In "Innocents Abroad" Mark Twain says:

"It was offered to one of Victoria's sons, and afterwards to various other younger sons of royalty who had no thrones and were out of business, but they all had the charity to decline the dreary honor and veneration enough for Greece's ancient greatness to refuse to mock her sorrowful rags and dirt with a tinsel throne in this day of her humiliation—till they came to this young Danish George and he took it. He has finished the splendid palace I saw in the radiant moonlight the other night and is doing many other things for the salvation of Greece, they say."

This was written in 1867, four years



HE WOULD SWING HIS ARMS AND POINT TO SOMETHING AND BEGIN
 "YOU SEE—!" THE REST REQUIRED A MIND READER.

after King George ascended the throne. For the good of Greece he has been spared these forty years and more to continue the work which in this noble palace he began. Athens is no longer a mendicant and a reproach, but a splendid marble city, preserving her traditions, caring for her ruins, reestablishing her classic tongue.

The Diplomat told us some of these things as we drove along and the others we could see for ourselves. Then suddenly we were brought face to face with the most amazing example of Athens renewed. We were before a splendid marble entrance—a colonnade of white pentelican stone, pure and gleaming in the sun. We entered and were in the vastest amphitheater I ever saw—the mightiest in the world, I should think—all built of the pure white pentelican, the marble seats ranging tier upon tier and stretching away until it looks as if the audiences of the world might be seated there. It was the stadium, the scene of the Pan-Hellenic games, re-

stored upon the spot where the ancient stadium stood—renewed in all its splendor by a rich Greek named George Averof, a monument such as no other Greek has left behind.

I believe King George, however, was chiefly responsible for this noble work. The ancient stadium was laid out in a natural hollow by Lycurgus, before Christ over three hundred years, and was rebuilt something less than five hundred years later by the Averof of that day, Herodes Atticus, whose body was buried there. Then came the tumble and crumble of European glory; the place fell into ruin, was covered with debris and lay forgotten or disregarded for a thousand years; after which, King George took up the matter and dug out the remains as soon as he could get money for the job.

That was Averof's inspiration. Without it he would most likely have spent his money in Alexandria where he made it. Certainly without the good King George to point the way the progress of

Athens would have been a sorry straggle instead of a stately march.

The stadium seats fifty thousand, and has held half as many more when crowded. In the revived Olympic games in 1896 the Greeks won twelve prizes, the Americans followed with eleven, France carried off three, and the English one. That was a good record for the Americans and we didn't fail to mention it, though I think most of us were thinking of those older games, won and lost here under this placid sky, and of the crowds that had sat here and shouted themselves hoarse as the victors turned the goal. Then standing high on the marble seats we looked across the entrance, and there rose the Acropolis, lifted high against the blue, just as they had seen it so long ago; through half closed lashes we recreated it, too, in the gleaming pentelican and so gazed upon a vision, the vision they had seen.

A "Linguistic" Guide

It was hard to leave that place. It would have been harder if it had not been for the guide we had. He insisted on talking in some language which nobody recognized and which upon inquiry I was surprised to find was English. He had learned it overnight, it having been discovered suddenly that the guide engaged for our party had been detained—probably in jail for the same offense. Still our sample would have done better if he had sat up later. As it was he knew just two words. He would swing his arms and point to something and begin "You see—!" The rest required a mind reader. The German guide was better—much better. I haven't a perfect ear for German, but I concluded to join that party.

It was not far to the Olympian—the group of fifteen Corinthian columns which are all that remain of what Aristotle called "a work of despotic grandeur." It must have been that. There were originally one hundred and four of these columns, each nearly sixty feet high and more than five and a half feet in diameter. Try to imagine that, if you can!

Think of the largest elm tree you

know; its trunk will not be as thick as that, nor as high, but it will give you a tangible idea. Then try to imagine one hundred and four marble pillars of that size, the side extending in double row the length of a city block, and the ends in triple row a little less than half as far—pure-white and fluted, crowned with capitals of acanthus leaves, and you will form some vague idea of what Aristotle meant. We cramped our necks and strained our eyes, gazing up at the beautiful remnant of that vast structure, but we did not realize the full magnitude of it until we came near a fallen column and stood beside it and stepped its length. Even then it was hard to believe that each of the graceful group still standing was of such size as this.

Peisistratos, the tyrant, began this temple and picked the location, said to be the spot where the last waters of the Deluge disappeared. It was to be dedicated to Deucalion, the founder of the new race of mortals, and the low ground was filled up and made level and bulwarked round with a stone substructure that is as good to-day as it was when it was finished, twenty-five hundred years ago.

Peisistratos did not get the temple done. He died when it was only fairly under way, and his sons did not remain in power long enough to carry out his plans. He was a tyrant, though a gentle one, ambitious and fond of all lovely things. He had his faults, but they were mainly lovable ones, and he fostered a cultivation which within a century would make Athens the architectural garden of the world.

The example of Peisistratos was followed lavishly during the next hundred years, but his splendid temple was overlooked. Perhaps Pericles did not like the location and preferred to spend his money on the Acropolis where it would make a better showing, I don't know. I know it was left untouched for nearly four hundred years and then the work was carried on by Antiochus, of Syria, who constructed on a grand scale. But it killed Antiochus, too, and then it waited another three hundred years for the Emperor Hadrian to come

along, about 174 A.D., and complete it, and renew it, and dedicate it to Jupiter Olympus whose reign by that time was nearly over.

Never mind who built it, now, or what creed was consecrated there. The glory of the Golden Age rises on the hill above us, but I think one can meet nothing more impressive than this in all Greece.

Hadrian made other improvements. He believed in Athens and Athens believed in him. He founded a number of things, including a Pantheon and a fine aqueduct, still in use after nearly eighteen hundred years. It was during his reign that Herodes Atticus put marble seats in the stadium and built a theater at his own cost. Wherefore, I think, King George may be called the modern Hadrian, as Averof is the modern Herodes.

Hadrian's arch is just beyond the Temple of Jupiter, and we drove through it, on our way to the Acropolis. It is not a very big arch, nor is it very impressive. I don't think Hadrian built it himself or it wouldn't have been like that. It looks as if it had been built by an economical successor. However, it is complimentary enough.

On the side toward what was then the new part of Athens, called Hadriapole, is an inscription in Greek which says: "This is the City of Hadrian, and not of Theseus," and on the side toward the Acropolis, "This is the old city of Theseus." And old it was, for the newest temples on the Acropolis were six hundred years old, even then.

It was only a little way to the foot of the Acropolis and the Theater of Dionysus. We have visited no place where I wished so much to linger. This was the theater of Greece in her Golden Age. Here Æschylus and Euripides had their first nights—or days, perhaps, for I believe they were mostly matinees—and Sophocles, too, and here

it was that the naughty Aristophanes burlesqued them with his biting parodies. Here it was they competed for prizes, and tried to be friends though playwrights, and abused the manager when they got into a corner together, and abused the actors openly and vowed that some day they would build a theater of their own where they could present their own plays in their own way, and where



WE CHRISTENED HIM THE BLUE ELEPHANT.

their suppressed manuscripts could get a hearing.

Perhaps history does not record those things, but it does not need to. I know a good many playwrights and managers and actors, and I know that human nature has not changed in twenty-four hundred years. I know that the old, old war was going on then, just as it is now and will continue to go on so long as there are such things as proscenium and auditorium, box office, gallery, and reserved seats.

I took one of the last named—a beautiful marble chair in the front row, just below the plinth where once the throne of Hadrian stood—a seat with an inscription which told that in the old days it was reserved for a priest or dignitary—and I looked across the marble floor where the chorus did its rhythmic march, and beyond to the marble stage front with its classic reliefs and the figure of Silenus whose bowed shoulders have so long been the support of dramatic art. The marble floor—they

called it the Orchestra then—is no longer perfect, and grass and flowers push their way up between the slabs. The reliefs are headless and scarred, but the slabs are still the same the chorus trod, the place is still a theater, and one has but to close his eyes a little to fill it with forms vague and shadowy indeed, as ghosts are likely to be but realities none the less. Our party had moved

suddenly announced that the show was over and that everybody but us had gone long ago.

If I had lived in that elder day I should have gone mainly to the plays of Aristophanes. They were gay and full of good things, and they were rare, too, and poetic, even though they were not always more than skin deep. That was deep enough for some of his contempo-



WE STOOD ON THE BEMA AND TOOK TURNS ADDRESSING THE MULTITUDE.

along now, to other things, and Laura and I lingered for the play.

It was much better than our theaters at home. There was no dazzle of lights, no close air or smell of gas, and there was plenty of room for one to put his feet. However, the play I did not care for so much as the chorus. The acting was heavy and stilted, I thought, and declamatory. I was inclined to throw a piece of the theater at the leading man.

But the chorus—why, the very words "Greek Chorus" have something in them that rouses and thrills, and I know, now, the reason why. In movement, in voice, in costume it was pure poetry. I would have applied for a position in the chorus, myself, but Laura

aries. Deep enough for the popocrat Cleon who tried to deprive Aristophanes of his citizenship, in revenge.

Aristophanes wrote a play that acted like a mustard plaster on Cleon. It made him howl and caper and sweat and bring libel suits. Whereupon Aristophanes wrote another and when he could get no actor to take the leading part—that of Cleon—he took it himself and Cleon went to see it and wore out his teeth on tenpenny nails during the performance. Yes, I should have had a weakness for Aristophanes in those days, though I wish he might have omitted that tragic satire which twenty years later was to send Socrates the hemlock cup.

We climbed the hill a little way to

a grotto and drank of the spring of Æsculapius and all our diseases passed away. It only cost a penny or two, and was the cheapest doctor bill I ever paid. I never saw a healthier lot than our party when they came out of the grotto and started for the Odeon—the little theater which Herodes Atticus built in memory of his wife. It was a noble thing to do, but it lacked the interest of the older, larger theater.

Two thousand years ago Cicero wrote home from Athens: "Wherever we walk is history." We realize that here at the base of the Acropolis. From the Theater of Dionysus to the Spring of Æsculapius is only a step. From the Spring to the Sanctuary of Isis is another step; from the Sanctuary to the Odeon of Herodes is a moment's walk; the Pnyx—the people's forum—is a stone's throw away, and the Hill of Mars. All about, and everywhere, great events have trod one upon the other; mighty mobs have been aroused by oratory; mighty armies have rallied to the assault; a hundred battles have drenched the place with blood. And above all this rises the Acropolis, the crowning glory.

We postponed the Acropolis until after luncheon. There would have been further riot and bloodshed on this consecrated ground had our conductor proposed to attempt it then. Our Argonauts are a fairly well-behaved lot and fond of antiquities, even though they giggle at the guide now and then; but they are human, too, and have the best appetites I ever saw. They would leave the Acropolis for luncheon, even though they knew an earthquake would destroy it before they could get back.

We did stop briefly at the Pnyx hill—the gathering place of the Athenians—and stood on the rostrum cut out of the living rock—the "Bema" from which Demosthenes harangued the multitude. The earliest Greek structure is here, a huge artificial assembly platform cut in the rock above, supported by Pelasgic masonry below. As usual Laura, age fourteen, and I got behind the party. We stood on the Bema and took turns addressing the multitude, until we came near being left altogether by the Diplo-

mat and the Blue Elephant who finally whirled us away in a wild gallop to the Hotel Grande Bretagne which, thanks to Jupiter and all the Olympian synod, we reached in time.

We made a new guide arrangement in the afternoon. It was discovered that the guide for the German party could handle English, too, so we doubled up and he talked to us first in one language, then in the other, and those of us who knew a little of both caught it going and coming. Perhaps his English was not the best, but I confess I adored it. He lisped a little, and his voice—droning, plaintive, and pathetic—was full of the sorrow that goes with a waning glory and a vanished day. We named him Lykabetos because somehow he looked like that, and then, too, he towered above us as he talked.

"The Glory that Was Greece"

So long as I draw breath that afternoon on the Acropolis will live before me as a sunlit dream. I shall see it always in the tranquil light of an afternoon in spring when the distant hills are turning green and forming pictures everywhere between mellowed columns and down ruined aisles. Always I shall wander there with Laura, and resting on the steps of the Parthenon I shall hear the sad and gentle voice of Lykabetos recounting the tale of its glory and decline. I shall hear him say:

"Zen Pericles he gizzer all ze moany zat was collect for ze army and he bring it here. But Pericles he use it to make all zese beautiful temple, and by and by when ze war come zere was no moany for ze army, so zay could not win."

Lykabetos's eyes wander mournfully in the direction of Sparta whence the desolation had come. Then, a little later, pointing up to a rare section of frieze—the rest missing—!

"Zat did not fall down, but stay zere, always ze same—ze honly piece zat Lord Elgin could not take away," and so on and on, through that long sweet afternoon.

I shall not attempt the story of the Acropolis here. The tale of that old citadel which later became literally the

pinnacle of Greek architecture already fills volumes. I do not think Lykabettos was altogether just to Pericles, however, or to Lord Elgin, for that matter. Pericles did complete the Parthenon and otherwise beautify the Acropolis, and in a general way he was for architecture rather than war.

But I do not find that he ever exhausted the public treasury on those temples and I do find where his war policy was disregarded when disregard meant defeat. Still, if there had been more money and fewer temples on the Acropolis, the result of any policy might have been different and there is something pathetically gratifying in the thought that in the end Athens laid down military supremacy as the price of her marble crown.

*Extenuating Circumstances for Lord
Elgin*

As for Lord Elgin, it may be, as is said, that he did carry off a carload or so of the beautiful things when he had obtained from the Government (it was Turkish then) permission to remove a few pieces. But it may be added that the things he removed were wholly uncared for at that time and were being mutilated and appropriated by vandals who, but for Elgin, might have robbed the world of them altogether. As it is, they are safe in the British Museum, though I think they should be restored to Greece in this her day of reincarnation.

We stood before the Temple of Victory and gazed out on the Bay of Salmis where victory was won. We entered the Erectheum, built on the sacred spot where Athena victoriously battled with Poseidon for the possession of Athens, and we stood in reverential awe before the marble women that have upheld her portico so long. We crossed the relic-strewn space and visited the Acropolis museum, but it was chilly and lifeless and I did not care for the classified, fragmentary things. Then we entered the little inclosure known as the Belvedere and gazed down on the Athens of to-day.

If anybody doubts that modern

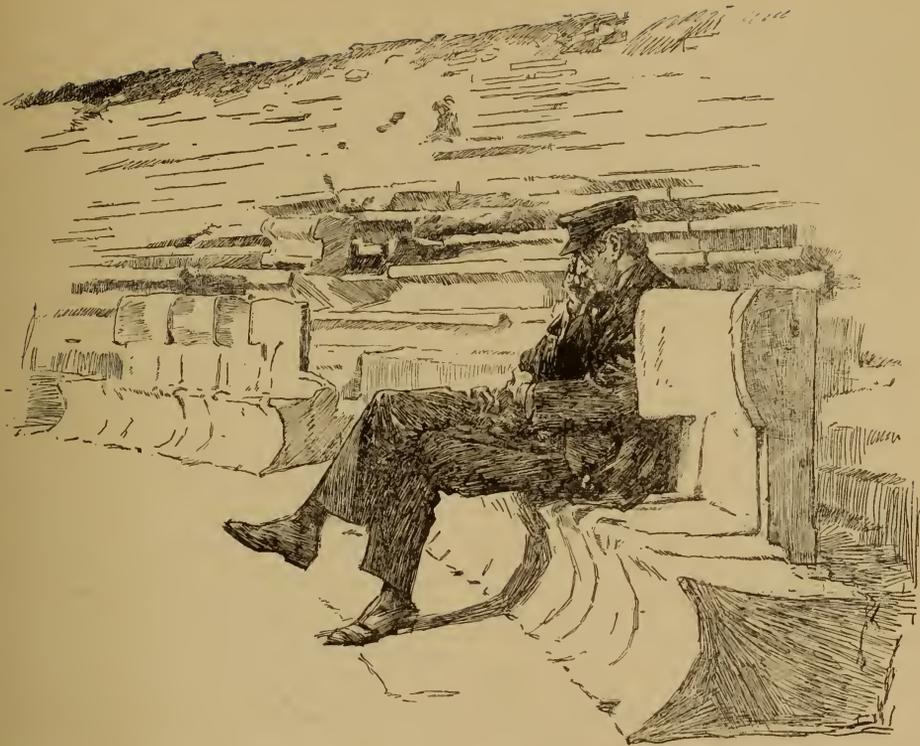
Athens is beautiful, let him go to that spot and look down through the evening light and behold a marble vision such as the world nowhere else presents. Whatever ancient Athens may have been, it would hardly surpass this in beauty, and if Pericles could stand here to-day and gaze down at the new city which has arisen to preserve his treasures, I think he would be satisfied.

When the others had gone to visit the Hill of Mars, Laura and I wandered back to the Parthenon, followed its silent corridors, crossed the open space where more than two centuries ago the explosion of a Turkish powder magazine fired by a Venetian bomb wrecked the center of the temple, and saw it all again to our heart's content. And when our eyes were tired, we rested them by looking out between the columns to the hills, Hymettus and Pentelicus, glorified in the evening light, wearing always their "violet crown."

They are unchanged. Races may come and go, temples may rise and totter and crumble into dust. The old, old days that we so prize and honor—they are only yesterdays to the hills. The last fragment of these temples will be gone by and by—the last memory of their glory—but the hills will be still young and wearing their violet crown, still turning green in the breath of a Grecian spring.

Down through that splendid entrance, the Propylæa, at last, for it was growing late. We had intended climbing the Hill of Mars, where St. Paul preached, but we could see it plainly in the sunset light and there was no need to labor up the stairs. I think it was about this time of day when St. Paul preached there. He had been wandering about Athens, among the temples, on a sort of tour of observation, making a remark occasionally—of criticism, perhaps—disputing with the Jews in the synagogue, and now and again in the market place. The story, told in the seventeenth chapter of Acts, begins:

"Then certain philosophers of the Epicureans and of the Stoicks encountered him. And some said, 'What will this babbler say?' Other some, 'He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods,' be-



THE PLACE IS STILL A THEATER, AND ONE HAS BUT TO CLOSE HIS EYES TO FILL IT WITH FORMS VAGUE AND SHADY.

cause he preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection."

They brought St. Paul here to the Areopagus, that is, to Mars Hill, where in ancient days an open air court was held, a court of supreme jurisdiction in cases of life and death. But it would seem that the court had degenerated in St. Paul's time to a place of gossip and wrangle. "For all the Athenians and strangers which were there spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or hear some new thing."

Paul rose up before the assembly and made his famous utterance beginning, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious." It was a fearless, wonderful sermon he delivered, and I like to think that it was just at the hour when we saw the hill; just at the evening time, with the sunset glory on his face. Paul closed his remarks with a reference to the resurrection, a doctrine new to them:

"And when they heard of the resurrection of the dead, some mocked: and

others said, 'We will hear thee again of the matter.'"

Which they did, for that was nineteen hundred years ago, and the churches of Greece to-day still ring with St. Paul's doctrine. We climbed into our waiting carriages, and turning we saw the Acropolis in the sunset, as we had seen, it in the sunrise that now seemed ages ago—as indeed it was, for we had been traveling backward and forward since then through the long millennial years.

I wanted to see Athens by night, and after dinner I slipped away and bribed a couple of boatmen who were hovering about the ship to take me ashore. It was not so far, but the wind and tide had kicked up a heavy sea and I confess I was sorry I started. Every time we slid down one wave I was certain we were going straight through the next, and I think the boatmen had some such idea for they prayed steadily and crossed themselves whenever safety permitted.

We arrived, however, and I took the

little train for the Theseus station. I wanted to get a near view of the temple and I thought night would be a good time. I would have walked there but I did not quite know the way. So I got into a carriage and said "Theseum," and he took me to a beer saloon.

It was a cheerful temple enough, but it was not classic. When I had seen it sufficiently, I got into the carriage and said "Theseum," again, and he took me to a theater. The theater was not classic, either, being of about the average Bowery type. So I got into the carriage and said "Theseum" again, and he took me to a graveyard. It didn't seem a good time to visit graveyards. I only looked through the gate a little and got back into the carriage and said the magic word once more and was hauled off to a blazing hotel.

Night at the Theseum

That wouldn't do either. These might be, and doubtless were all Theseums, but they were that in name only. What I wanted was the sure enough, only original Theseum, set down in the guide-book as the best preserved temple of the ancient Greek world. I explained this to a man in the hotel who explained it to my driver and we were off, down a beautiful marble business street, all closed and shuttered, for Athens being a capital is a quiet place after nightfall—as quiet as Washington almost.

We were in front of the old temple soon. It was fairly dark there and nobody about. There was a dog barking somewhere, but I did not mind that. Dogs are not especially modern, and this one might be the three-headed Cerberus for all I knew or cared. What I wanted was to see the old temple when other people had gone to bed and the shadows had shut away the less fortunate near-by architecture. They had done that now; the old temple might be amidst its earliest surroundings so far as I could see.

I walked up and down among its graceful Doric columns and stepped its measurements and found it over a hundred feet long and nearly fifty wide; then I sat down on the step and listened to Cerberus bark—he had all three heads

going at once now—and tried to imagine the life that had gathered there when this old fane was new. It is one of the temples of that brief golden period when all Athens burst into architectural flower, and it was dedicated to Theseus and Hercules, and perhaps to a few other heroes and demigods and goddesses that they happened to think of when they laid the corner stone.

One story has it that it was built on the spot where the Marathon runner fell dead, after telling in a word his news of victory. I like to believe that this is true. I like to reassemble the crowds here—the anxious faces waiting for the earliest returns from that momentous struggle which would decide the fate of Greece. I like to picture that panting, white-faced runner as he dashes in among them and utters his single glad cry as his soul goes out, and I like to believe that this temple, dedicated to other heroes, was established here in his memory.

But for Marathon there would have been no Golden Age—no Pericles, no Parthenon, no splendid constellation of names that need not be repeated here. The victory of Marathon was the first great check to a Persian invasion that would have Orientalized not only Greece but all Europe. So it is proper that a temple should be built on the spot where that great news was told, and proper, too, that of all the temples of that halcyon time this should remain the most perfect through the years.

On the road that leads from the old market place, up past the Theseum to the Acropolis, there is a record of a humble but interesting sort. On the lower corner block of an old stone house, facing the highway, are three inscriptions. Two of them have been partly erased, but the third is quite legible and one who knows Greek can read plainly a description of the property in metes and bounds and the original Greek word for "hypothecated," followed by "1000 drachmas."

It is a "live" mortgage, that it is what it is, and it has been clinging to that property and piling up interest for more than two thousand years. The two half-obliterated inscriptions above it

were once mortgages, too, but they were paid some time, and canceled by erasure. The third one has never been satisfied and would hold, like enough, in a court of law.

The owner of the property wrestled with that mortgage, I suppose, and struggled along, and died at last without paying it. Or perhaps the great war came, with upheaval and dissolution of things in general. Anyway, it was never paid but has stayed there century after century, compounding interest until to-day the increment of that original thousand drachmas would redeem Greece and leave something over.

I was half a-mind to look up the heirs of that old money lender and buy their claim and begin suit. Think of being involved in a tangle that has been stringing along through twenty-three centuries and would tie up yesterday, to-day, and forever in a hard knot! I would have done it, I think, only that it might take another twenty-three centuries to settle it, and I was afraid the ship wouldn't wait.

If there is anyone who still does not believe that modern Athens is beautiful and a credit to her ancient name, let him visit as we did her modern temples. We had passed the ancient market entrance, the Tower of the Winds, and other of the old landmarks when suddenly we turned into a wonderful boulevard, and drove by or visited, one after another, the New Academy, the University, the National Library, the gallery of Fine Arts, and the National Museum. If Pericles were alive to-day he would approve of those buildings and add them to his collection.

All the old classic grace and beauty have been preserved in the same pure white pentelican marble, of which it is estimated that there is enough to last any city five thousand years. Corinthian, Ionic, and Doric columns that might have come from the Acropolis itself—and did, in design—adorn and support these new edifices as they did



THE "CHAPERONE" STANDING IN REVERENTIAL AWE BEFORE THE MARBLE WOMEN OF THE ERECTHEUM.

the old and lend their ineffable glory to the rehabilitation of Greece.

We have learned, by the way, to distinguish the kinds of columns. They were all just Greek to us at first, but we know them now. When we see a column with acanthus leaves on the capital we know it is Corinthian, because we remember the story of the girl of Corinth who planted acanthus on her lover's grave and put a hollow tile around it for protection. Some of the leaves came up outside of the tile by and by and a young architect came along and got his idea for the Corinthian capital.

We know the Ionic, too, because it looks like its initial—a capital “I” with a little curly top—and we say “I is for Ionic”; and we can tell the Doric because it’s the only one that doesn’t suggest anything particular to remember it by. It’s worth coming to Greece to learn these things. We should never have learned them at home—never in the

it on our own hook, but he did not move. We had already made up our minds that he was subject to fits, or was just plain crazy, for more than once he had suddenly broken away from the party and whirled us around side streets for a dozen blocks or so to something not down on the program, rejoining the procession in some unexpected place.



WE CAME TO A TINY HAMLET ON THE WATER'S SIDE AND LYKABETTOS ENGAGED A LATEEN SAILED LUGGER.

world. We should not have had any reason for wanting to learn them.

We got tired of the Museum—Laura, age fourteen, and I—we are too young and frivolous for such things, though they are wonderful enough, I am sure. But then museums we have always with us, while a day in Athens is a fleeting thing. We wanted to take one of our private side excursions, and we tried to communicate this fact to the Blue Elephant, who was our driver today, as yesterday.

It was no light matter. He nodded and smiled when we indicated that we wanted to leave the procession and go

But whatever may have induced his impulses then, nothing seemed to stir his ambition for adventure now. I gesticulated and produced money; I summoned the Diplomat to tackle him in his best Xenophon, but it was no use. I got the guide, at last, and then there was an exciting harangue that looked as if it might end in blood. I suppose our man thought he wouldn't get his full pay if he deserted the ship crowd. He must have been convinced finally, for he leaped upon the box and away we went in a wild race for the shops and by-streets where we had begged the guide to let us go.

We had explained that we wanted some bags—some little embroidered bags, such as we had seen earlier in the day when we could not stop. The Blue Elephant understood now and took us to where there were bags—many bags. The whole street was lined with bags and other embroideries, and the Greeks turned out to give us welcome.

It is said that one Greek is equal to three Turks, and I believe it. The poorest Greek we saw was too much for two Americans, and we were beset and besieged and literally borne down and swamped by a rising tide of bags. We bought at many prices and in many places; we piled the carriage full and fled away at last when they were going to dump upon us a collection of costumes and firearms and draperies that would have required a flat-car.

We were breathing easier when the Blue Elephant pulled into another narrow street, and behold it was another street of bags. Dear me, how could we explain that we had enough bags and wanted to see other things? I would have given almost four hundred dollars to have been able to tell him that I wanted to visit the old Byzantine structure we had passed that morning—the one with all the little shoemakers downstairs—but the thing was impossible. I must buy some more bags, there was no help for it. So I did buy some more, and I picked out a place where the man spoke enough English to give the Blue Elephant a fresh start, and we got to the old Byzantine building and the little shoemakers.

Then we saw the street of a hundred clanking sounds—anyway we called it that, for they made all kinds of copper vessels in there—and we got out and told the Blue Elephant to wait, for the place was very narrow, but we couldn't lose him, seeing he was always at our heels, ready to whirl us away somewhere, anywhere, in his crazy, fitty fashion. We had to let him do it, now, for we had used up all the interpreters we could find; besides we didn't care any more.

Still, when it got to be near luncheon time we did begin to wonder where the party had gone. It did not matter greatly, we could lunch anywhere, but

we were curious to know whether we should ever see them or the ship again, and when we mentioned the matter to the Blue Elephant he merely grinned and whipped up his horses and capered across another square. But presently I realized that some sort of procession was passing and that he had turned into it, and then it was all just like dreams I've had, for it was our own procession and we were calmly going along in it and right away were being personally conducted through a remarkable church where the queen and king go, and sit in golden chairs. Alice in Wonderland could hardly have had a more surprising adventure.

Sailing over Salamis

Our party was free after luncheon, and Laura and I engaged Lykabettos on our own account and drove out to the Bay of Salamis where Xerxes made his great mistake in the matter of fleets.

Perhaps Lykabettos had taken a fancy to us, for he engaged a carriage that had been awarded a prize last year in the games, he said, and the team with it. We believed Lykabettos—anybody would—and anyway it was a beautiful outfit and we cantered away over a fine road, past wayside shrines, past little huts and houses, past a little memorial that marks the place on a hill where Xerxes placed his silver-footed throne so that he might sit comfortably and watch the enemy's ships go down. Only, the program didn't work out that way, Lykabettos said:

"Zen Xerxes he pretty soon see zat it was not ze Greek ship zat sink, and he mus' run pretty quick or he will be capture; and hees ship zay try to escape, and zay not take away hees army from zat little island you see over zere; zay stay zere and are all massacre by ze Greek—by ze men and ze women, too, who have watch ze battle from here and go over and kill zem."

The little island Lykabettos pointed out was Psyttalleia and the flower of Persia perished there. It was a tiny bit of barren land, then, and is to-day, and the hills around Salamis are barren, too, covered only with a gray weed like

the sage brush of Nevada, with here and there stunted groves of scrubby pine and ground cedar—referred to by Lykabettos as “ze forest.”

We came to a tiny hamlet on the water’s side, a collection of two or three huts, and Lykabettos engaged a lateen sailed lugger (I should call it that, though its name was probably something else, and with a fresh wind half ahead we billowed over the blue waters of Salamis, where twenty-five hundred years ago the Persian ships went down. It was a cloudy afternoon and there was a stormy feeling in the sky. It seemed just the time to be there, and there was nothing to dispel the illusion of imminent battle that was in the air.

I was perfectly sure, and so was Laura, that the Persian fleet was likely at any moment to round the point and land troops on Pysttalleia; also that the

Greek fleet was hiding somewhere in the Bay of Eleusis, and that there were going to be very disagreeable happenings there in a few minutes. There was a hut where we landed on the Island of Salamis and a girl making lace at the front door, but she might have been there twenty-five hundred years ago, as well as not—perhaps was—and saw the great victory.

We sailed back then, crossing again the exact spot where the battle raged, and drove home through the gathering evening, while Lykabettos recounted in that sad voice of his the history of ancient days. We are on the ship now, with anchor weighed, looking to the Farther East. Athens with its temples and its traditions drops below the horizon. Darkness and silence once more claim the birthplace of gods and heroes as we slip out of these quiet waters and head for the Ægean Sea.



THE SUNSET PINES

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

THE pines give forth their evening hymn,
 A wild sweet melody they weave,
 The deep bass-horns are blowing dim,
 The stormy tenor-trumpets grieve.

A gray rain sweeps the pinewood through,
 Yet gorgeously the sunset shines;
 Now breaks above the happy blue,
 And splendor paces through the pines.

I hear in yonder forest lone
 Tremendous music rolling free,
 Where tall pines echo, tone for tone,
 The tumult of the thundering sea.

Far and more far the sunset shines,
 The cool, clear heavens are silver-gray;
 The moon is roaming through the pines,
 Alone upon her radiant way.

HOW I MADE MY CAR PAY FOR ITSELF

EVERY owner of an automobile believes that his car is worth while; otherwise he would not keep it. Not everyone, however, has taken the thought or trouble to add up the various items on the credit side and discover for himself or for anyone else just how his car has repaid the money invested in it. For that reason the two articles which follow, written as a result of a general invitation to the readers of *THE OUTING MAGAZINE*, are little short of a revelation. In each case the car owners have found that not only was a car worth having, but also that the reasons could be stated precisely, and in one case at least, in dollars and cents.

FREEDOM FOR THE SALARIED MAN

BY JAMES S. MADISON

I AM a salaried man whose place of business is so far from my residence that walking is out of the question. The trolley service is unsatisfactory. Even at its best it involves a walk to the car, then the ride, and another long walk from the terminus. Not infrequently there is a wait of fifteen to forty minutes for the car, and in winter storms the line is sometimes snowed up for several hours. In order to save time, energy, and the annoyance incident to the delays, it was decided to investigate other means of transportation.

Inquiries were made as to the cost of a horse and buggy, which for the kind wanted was about three hundred dollars. A liveryman near my home informed me that he would take care of the horse and send him to me four times a day (two round trips from house to office every day) for twenty dollars a month, plus the cost of shoeing, etc. Aside from the expense, the fact of having to depend upon the good will and promptness of the average small town livery hand, to say nothing of his society, decided me against that kind of investment.

The next possibility was to engage a cab driver to take me to the office in the morning and bring me back in the evening. I took my luncheon with me six days in the week in order to save time and expense. I paid the cabman from ten to fifteen dollars monthly, and was thoroughly dissatisfied with the arrangement, involving as it did the daily cold lunch. Finally, after several years of this, the limit of human endurance was reached, and I turned to the automobile as a possible solution of the problem. After a thorough preliminary investigation as to original cost and cost for maintenance, supplies, etc., I was convinced that the right kind of a motor car would go a long way toward smoothing out the difficulties. I decided to buy.

The first step was to send for catalogues of every well-known manufacturer, having arrived at the decision, which subsequent events have shown was wise, that I would buy, not the lowest-priced car of the type wanted, but the best that could be found. After much study, being entirely ignorant of gas engines and automobiles, many demonstrations in different cars, and much

advice, including many varieties of information and misinformation, it was perfectly clear to me that I wanted a sturdy, heavily built, reliable car of moderate power that would take me back and forth over this hilly section without mishaps on the way.

I therefore purchased a 14-16 horse power, two-cylinder, four-cycle, air-cooled runabout, with top and curtains making the seats weather-proof. The price was \$1,450 f. o. b. factory. I then had built a small garage, 10 x 14 ft., on the rear end of my lot, at a cost of \$85. It is equipped with electric light, electric vulcanizer, an overhead traveling pulley, shelves, tools, supplies, extra parts, etc. The equipment represented an expenditure of about \$215, making a total investment of \$1,750.

Getting Acquainted With the Car

When the car was delivered I did not attempt to run it, but spent the greater part of two days in studying the machinery, moving this lever, observing that one, learning the names and functions of every part I could lay my hands on. With the aid of the instruction book and the agent I acquired a fair knowledge of a rather complex machine in that time. In view of the fact that I knew nothing of machinery or mechanical principles, I felt very well satisfied with my progress.

On the third day I took the car out, having had previously about three hours' experience in running the agent's car, similar to mine. The difficulties of steering which generally beset the beginner soon vanished. In a comparatively short time I had acquired complete control of the engine and of the driver, so that I could start out in the morning without questioning the ability of the car to get me to my work and back again, with no unpleasant experiences.

At the time of writing the car has made 864 trips from the house to the office with but *one* breakdown, and that was due to the breaking of a copper wire in the ignition system. Five minutes were required for the repair. The machine is used daily in all sorts of

weather, rain or snow or mud, winter and summer as the case may be. Since it has been in my possession it has been out of commission but once, when it was sent to the shop to be revarnished. During the whole of last winter it was in use every day with the exception of eight days when the temperature was too low or there was too much snow to drive with comfort.

It has been driven 6,000 miles without a single serious accident or mishap, and has proved to be remarkably reliable. Its great usefulness and ability to do its work day after day may be attributed to two causes: first, the care and the honesty with which it was manufactured—the maker did his part thoroughly well; second, I give the car careful attention and handling. Every day I spend ten to fifteen minutes on it, and once a week about two hours, when I give every vital part a rigid inspection.

The result of this policy is that I have never had a breakdown on the road. An ounce of prevention is worth considerably more than a pound of cure in dealing with automobiles. The man who is not willing to give so delicate a piece of mechanism as that of the automobile most careful attention, and is unable to pay some one else to do it for him should not invest. His experience is not likely to be a satisfactory one. To be a successful driver requires some intelligence, some enthusiasm, not for going at great speed, but for knowing when the engine is working at its greatest efficiency, some love for wheels and gears and valves, and some degree of willingness to get into the grease and grime to right some part if it needs it. The man who merely knows how to wiggle the levers and turn the steering wheel is missing much of the joy of motoring.

I make all my own minor repairs; those which require special skill or appliances are made at the shop. This fact has helped to keep my expense account low. For the first twelve months the up-keep of the car, including repairs, gasoline, etc., was \$150, or \$12.50 per month. This was less than I formerly paid the cabman and less than I

could keep a horse on. During the second year I expect the average monthly expense to be \$35, this increase being due to a new set of tires. During the third year I calculate the expense will be \$40 per month.

I know of no reason why it should ever exceed that, in the succeeding years. I have no doubt in my mind that the car will last me for ten years, unless I should sell it before the expiration of that time, a matter which I have not yet contemplated, and probably shall not until I find another car that has all the good points of the present one.

Even should it cost me \$40 per month for the rest of its life, I should regard the expenditure of that amount as a much better investment than the smaller amount which I formerly paid to the cabman. The difference between the two amounts is a small sum to pay for better health, and mine is decidedly better, due to the fact that I am getting three satisfactory meals a day. Also I am getting much more of the out-of-doors. I frequently leave home a little early in the morning that I may have a longer drive.

Every Sunday and holiday, when the weather conditions are favorable, my wife and I spend on the road, exploring new parts of the adjacent country, drinking in the fresh air and the fine scenery of the mountains, and returning at the end of the day better in body and mind for our outing, and blessing the men who have invented and perfected the automobile. We have frequently and unanimously decided that if the car should ever burn up we would economize on clothes, shoes, hats, and gloves until we should have saved enough to buy another one. It has become so much a part of our pleasure that either of us would much rather economize on any single item of our expense account than on gasoline.

Motoring affords the most complete and perfect diversion. No matter how weary a man may be from struggling with mental problems all day, or how tired he may be from physical exertions, if he will take his place behind the steering wheel of his car for a short run, he will find that his troubles will dis-

appear with about the first or second revolution of the fly-wheel. It is difficult, if not impossible, to think of one's cares while driving a car through crowded streets or even along country roads. Although the engine may require no attention other than the movements which the hands and feet soon learn to make unconsciously, the succession of new thoughts and new impressions which come with ever greater rapidity as one gets farther from the beaten paths leave no room for dull care.

Best Kind of a Vacation

As a means for getting the greatest good out of a vacation, either short or long, I know of nothing quite so satisfying as motoring. I have been an ardent devotee of several branches of sport, but the fascination of motoring has, for the present at least, eclipsed the love for all the others.

One summer my wife and I decided to go to the Jersey coast for our outing, largely because of the fame of the good roads of Jersey, and because we had never visited the northern shore resorts. We selected a small town—any small town where one can get comfortable accommodations for himself and car would do just as well as the one we selected. One needs only a base of operations from which to start in the morning and to which to return at night. We found a small, attractive cottage at a moderate rent, with quarters for the car just across the street. The distance from our winter home is 110 miles. We made that run four times, and during the two months we were at the shore we were out in the car every day but four.

The roads were so good and the sea air so invigorating that the summer was ideal. We drove from Lakewood through Asbury Park, Allenhurst, Long Branch, over the Rumson Road to Atlantic Highlands and back many times. At the end of the summer we returned to our winter home in the automobile, feeling that we had had the most beneficial and the happiest vacation of our experience.

During all this driving there was not

a single mishap of any kind, not even a punctured tube or other tire troubles. The car was in the repair shop once during the whole season; the steering knuckle began to show signs of wear, and I had a thin washer put in at a cost of thirty-five cents. That was my total repair expense for that summer. Next year we shall probably go to Massachusetts or some other New England State where civilization has advanced to the point of good roads.

Looking into the future I foresee a number of splendid vacations which will bring health and pleasure and create many happy memories for the days when one can no longer motor. Each year we shall probably select, so far as is possible, new scenes, so that the charm of novelty may be one of the vacation assets.

Thus motoring opens many possibilities that the nonowner has not thought of. These are so many and so varied that they come almost like a revelation to the man who purchases his first car. He may count definitely on a certain expense, a certain amount of trouble, a certain risk, but he may also count just as definitely upon a fascinating diversion that will bring him a greater pleasure, a larger proportion of red corpuscles, a greater zest in life, than he has had heretofore.

Because all these things have come to me in full measure, because I have evidence of the fact that I am in better health, and am therefore a better business man and a better citizen, I have long since been convinced that my car has paid for itself over and over again.

FIRST AID FOR AN OVERWORKED MINISTER

BY GEORGE F. SALTON

AUTOMOBILE be hanged. I wouldn't have one as a gift. They cost more than they are worth." The language was not elegant, but it was emphatic, and, as nearly as I can remember, it was precisely what I said five years ago to one of my officials as we sat in the church vestry discussing automobiles from the sordid standpoint of church collections. "Wouldn't like to tempt you, parson," said my friend.

At that time I was pastor of a large and peculiarly influential church in the capital city of Ottawa, but though the church was wealthy, I, for various reasons, was miserably poor. It was this poverty more than anything else which made me shiver at the bare thought of bringing an automobile "into the family," and caused me to forget for a moment the customary dignified verbiage of a parson.

The next day friend B—— dropped into the study and said, "Dominie, I hear you want to buy a car, and I have one to sell cheap."

The suddenness of the attack made me hilarious. I laughed long at the incongruity of our opinions on the matter, and yet the fact that at least one man remotely dreamed of seeing his pastor in a paid-for car of his own awakened a dormant feeling of self-importance which toned down my hilarity somewhat, made me forget the ridiculousness of the proposal, and compelled me to answer weakly, "Sit down, Harry, and tell me all about it."

That was my undoing. From that moment I was lost. When my friend entered I had no more idea of buying a car than I had of buying an aeroplane; when he left I knew that I had committed myself too far to withdraw without being thought a coward. For two hours he held me spellbound with his

glowing descriptions of "morning spins"; of "evening runs" with two or three congenial chums; of work done in a tenth of the usual time and no longer a drudgery, but the keenest of pleasures; of visits paid to old friends or otherwise inaccessible trout brooks, and all this at a cost of a few gallons of gasoline, a cup of grease, and a cleaning rag.

"Yes, certainly I will be pleased to take a spin in your car to-morrow," said I. The next morning we were running up and down the magnificent new driveway, and by nightfall I had exchanged all my earthly possessions (valued at eight hundred dollars) for Harry's second-hand car.

It was a single cylinder, eight horsepower, leather-topped car that stood at the parsonage door a few days later, a car that to-day the rich man would not deign to inquire about, but it was *mine*, and to me it was good, substantial, "nifty," and, above all, likely to prove reliable. My wife is not extravagant, but she smiled broadly when she saw it; the boys danced around like crazy loons and thought the millennium had dawned. I stood aside and quaked as I thought of the folly of a staid old parson entering into such a dare-devil game as driving an auto.

I knew absolutely nothing about an automobile, and when the driver who brought the car talked glibly about how I should handle the carburetor, the use of differentials, the necessity of carrying an extra valve-stem, the wear on the cone clutches, and how to relieve compression, it sounded so like the jargon of some South Sea islander that I fancied myself for the moment a missionary in some far-off land and turned sick with horror at my "silly purchase." But I would show the world that I was game, so I pretended I understood it all.

My next outlay was for half a dozen magazines and a valise full of books the like of which are seldom seen in a parson's study. Then for at least a week my parishioners saw nothing of me and thought I had gone fishing. I forget whether my subject the following Sunday was "The Superiority of Mineral Lubricants" or "The Principal Causes of Defective Mixtures," but I remem-

bered seeing more than one puzzled expression during the morning discourse.

Soon I began to know that a spark plug is not the cause of a car skidding, and I would oftentimes sally forth alone, "speeding" at a rate that brought smiles (whether of derision or satisfaction I never could tell) upon the faces of even the guardians of the peace. During those first few days I can truthfully say that I was never summoned for exceeding the speed limit.

A Tale that Will Never be Told

The woes of that first month will never be written. I would not dare to live them over again, even in thought, but at its close I summed up the cost and found that the outlay had been \$58.80 over and above the purchase price. Had the car *paid*? I was out of pocket, out of patience, and out of temper. But had it *paid*? I hadn't enjoyed the thing, my wife and children had seldom been in it, partly because I was afraid and partly because it had been to the repair shops so often getting a little patch or a little paint where trees and telegraph poles had interviewed it, *but had it paid*?

To myself I gladly confessed that the knowledge I had gained about automobiles, the ease with which I could talk to my fellowmen about ignition coils and vibrators, the information, practical and theoretical, which I now possessed about cars, the new avenues of thought and life opened to me which could never again be altogether closed, were all gains against which \$58, even to a poor preacher, seemed trifling indeed. Yes, it had paid already, for I knew that one hundred dollars spent in any other form of education could not have afforded me so broad an outlook.

Besides, my boys had already begun to handle the car, and when I saw how resourceful they became in difficulty, how alert to dangers, how quick to discern the slightest divergence from smooth frictionless service, I blessed the day I bought it. I am quite within the bounds of truth when I say that the education my lads secured through the use of that car (for education is not

so much a passive attitude to impressions from without as it is the increased power of expression from within) was worth to me, as a father, more than the car had cost.

Up to this time neither health nor pleasure nor economy were factors in the calculation, for I had secured none of these things, and yet I felt that I had made an investment which was yielding me a better dividend than if I had invested the same amount in bonanza stock. For the first two weeks I regarded my car as my enemy, as an antagonist I had to throw or, literally as well as figuratively, it would throw me.

Troubles Vanish in a Day

Then there came a change—as suddenly as the automobile came into my life my anxiety one day disappeared. I was at last master of this thing which had been a nightmare. I understood it. I began to enjoy it. Then its real worth became self-evident to me. The joy of doing in a day what had up to this time taken me several days was keen indeed, but keener far was the satisfaction of being of some practical use to the “shut-ins” of my congregation.

Pastoral visiting had always been my *bête noire*, but now it was one of the greatest pleasures imaginable. It had always been distressing for me to say to my sick flock, “You really must get out more,” when I knew that they had no means of getting out; but it was exhilarating—physically and morally—to be able to say, “You need fresh air. Wrap up well and I will give you a little run.” Worth it? Indeed it was.

I thought it was worth fifty dollars a day to own even a one-cylinder run-about when I saw the color creep back into the face of some invalid parishioner after a run of only a few miles, and the little tremor of nervousness that always accompanies a first trip seemed oftentimes to add to, rather than detract from, the health restoring nature of the ride.

But what effect had it on my own health? Let me state sober facts. During my pastorate in the largest church

in the city of Hamilton diphtheria in the home had so shattered my nervous system that I was on the verge of a breakdown. Erysipelas seized me, and four times I took to my bed helpless and worthless. I dreaded its return when I moved to Ottawa, but out in the bracing air as I was at every legitimate opportunity, the disease could get no hold, and during my stay there I had not the first hint that it still lurked in the blood.

So whether I consider the health I gained for myself or the health I was the indirect means of giving others, I have not the slightest hesitation in saying that my car paid for itself.

I know nothing of the joys of driving big cars at sixty miles an hour over prepared tracks for the purpose of proving what a powerful thing a gasoline engine is or how expert a chauffeur may become. I know nothing about the thrill of running down jack rabbits on the prairie by automobile, or of throwing open the throttle until there is only a blur of scenery on either side of the road and a pair of tired hands weary with clinching in their grip the seat of a bumping machine. But if you talk about the gain to tired mind and heart by the soothing spirit of the quiet country; if you refer to the old lessons learned anew from the birds; if you speak of the lure of the berry, or of the glory of the marsh-mallow gleaming white and gold against green masses of dock; if you mention the strength which the breath of the hills and the kiss of the winds sink deep into the blood, I can understand you, for these things have been revealed to me by excursions in my steady old car.

Indeed, the car owner with open mind learns more than he dreams of; he learns to appreciate the simple life; he sees as never before the difference between the necessities and the mere frills, and God's great out-of-doors becomes to him a temple wherein dwells the spirit of peace. As a means of pleasure to my family, to my friends, and to myself my car has more than repaid its original cost.

In a moment of timidity and anxiety I parted with my car. This is how it

happened. Two years ago the itinerant system in the Methodist Church compelled us to leave the much-loved society of Ottawa and take up our abode in the railroad city of Stratford. We brought the car with us. Its first appearance made a mild sensation for there was at that time only one other car in town; besides, my particular make of car has an unfortunate way of making itself heard, whether other cars are near or not, for it is probably the most noisy machine on the market (now no longer on the market, the company having ceased making that style).

The streets in Stratford are notably bad. The city fathers have for years struggled with the problem heroically, but without complete success. In the rainy season it is unwise to drive through any of the streets except in the business section of the city. More than once we were up to the hubs in clay, and had not our little engine been of the very best we might have been there yet. This makes the pleasure of auto-driving somewhat questionable.

"But the country roads are good?" Yes, yet in one respect our country driving was as troublesome as the city. The farmers here, unused to the automobiles, would stop us every half mile or so, often out of pure mischief, for the horses were seldom as scared as the driver, and we, anxious to offend no one, would stop the engine every time an autocratic hand was raised.

All this got on my nerves, and when I considered the brevity of Stratford's automobile season (only six months, May to October, and six weeks cut out of that for summer holidays in the woods) I weakly and foolishly decided that it was not worth while to keep the car. So when, with the help of a mortgage, I saw an opportunity to exchange the car for a dwelling house I seized it.

For at least twenty-four hours I was supremely happy. No car to clean, no gasoline or grease to buy, no dangers to face, no punctures to fear (I never had a single puncture in all my four

years driving), but instead a steady rent from a careful, honest tenant. Yes, I was happy, but my happiness was short-lived. Sickness for the first time since the purchase of the car seized the boys.

We were quarantined for seven weeks; then came my old friend the erysipelas, and I lost more weeks. Twice since then it has returned. I don't get out enough. There is nothing to take me out. Since parting with the car I have paid more to the druggist alone than I paid during four years residence in Ottawa for the running of the car and drugs combined.

Sorry He Sold It

"Hear now the conclusion of the whole matter." My car did not cost me during the four years I possessed it, including "wear and tear," more than three hundred dollars, and if in an enlarged education for myself, in more effective service to my people, in more and better work done in the study, in freedom from sickness, in added independence, courage, and resourcefulness gained by the children, in pleasure to my wife and her innumerable friends, I did not secure a return worth twice my outlay, I am the most deluded mortal on Canadian soil.

If so much happiness, health, and profit can be found where the season permitting the satisfactory running of the car is only six months long, and of those six months the car is idle two months because of the enforced absence of its owner, what a gold mine must that car be to him who can run it twelve months in the year, and use it both in business and pleasure!

Having learned a little common sense, and being absolutely certain that it does not pay a professional man to be without a car, I am looking around for some one who has a car to exchange, because I am quite sure I will have to pay out, either for grease and gasoline, or for drugs and physicians what salary I get and I prefer to spend it for the former.

THE LURE OF WILD HONEY

By Bannister Merwin

Illustrated by Charles F. Peters

A CATSKILL morning in September. On the lower slopes of the valley the heat eddied in a hazy shimmer above the asters and golden-rod and the purple mountain mint which is, in a way, the heather of the region. The surrounding wooded heights gained distance in this atmosphere; one mile looked like three. Below, where the willows grew thick, the trout stream hurried noisily down its rocky bed. As Bob and Charlie appeared, overall clad, each with a square box under his arm, I left the shack and went to meet them.

"A good morning for us," I suggested.

"Yep," replied Bob, "they oughta work fine to-day. I'm for going up by Velvet Hollow, where we got that line started last week." He looked inquiringly at Charlie.

"Sure," said Charlie. "Anyhow, there's been so many trees cut just around here lately that more'n likely we'd strike a swarm that had lost their old tree and hadn't fairly got started new."

So we trudged southward a mile and more by the road, to where the valley was divided by the wedge of Terrace Mountain; then we turned up the western fork, stopping at last in the fields near Velvet Hollow. There, in a quarter-mile area, lay a rocky farm. We clambered over a stone fence and made our way up a little gully that was yellow and purple with the flowers of early autumn. Bob stopped and scratched his head.

"I thought we'd go up into the buckwheat," he said, "but this looks as likely a place as any."

He opened his box and made it ready. Into the piece of old wax comb at the

bottom he poured from a bottle a mixture of honey and water, then closed the slide that was fitted into the box just above the comb and scattered in the upper part of the box a few drops of essence of anise.

"Bees'll come miles to anise," he explained. "Now we'll see if we can find one."

"Here you are," said I, pointing to a little honey maker that was buzzing about a stalk of golden-rod near by.

But Bob shook his head. "That's a native bee. See, its back is black. I want an Eye-talian. Ha! There's one!"

He slipped his box under a blossom and quickly clapped on the glass cover from above. I bent over and peered through the glass at the surprised insect.

"An Eye-talian," he said. "Look at the yellow stripes across his back."

He pulled out the slide, uncovering the honey-filled comb, but the bee still beat against the glass.

"It'll take him a while to get busy," he explained, covering the glass with his hand to darken the interior.

Presently, when we looked again, the "Eye-talian" was half buried in a cell of the comb, digging out the unexpected sweetness with proverbial industry. Then Bob gently placed the box on a stump and removed the glass cover. We lay on the ground a few feet away and fixed our eyes on the box. Within a minute the bee arose drunkenly and began to zigzag hither and thither.

"There he goes!" I cried.

"No—here! He ain't gone yet. Now!"

Bob was pointing with a quick finger. "See!"

But I couldn't see. I had lost the tiny point against the dark green background of the mountains.

"He went jest over that chestnut, in a line to the ridge," said Bob, indicating distant cliffy steeps.

I started up, supposing that we were to follow. But bee-hunting is a patient sport.

"Hold on," said Bob. "We'll wait till they're working better. Sometimes they try to fool you at first; and when they get used to coming to the box, they don't circle around so much."

was back at the box—Bob said he must be our bee—and others quickly followed him.

"That tree can't be far away," exclaimed Bob. "It didn't take him no time to get back. No use bothering to mark him, either."

"Mark him?"

"Sure. Sprinkle a little flour on his back and you'll know him the next time you see him, won't you?"



"AN EYE-TALIAN," HE SAID. "LOOK AT THE YELLOW STRIPES ACROSS HIS BACK."

"Then it will come back?"

"Sure it will—and bring more of them. They tell each other." He raised his voice. "Got any, Charlie?"

"Yep," replied Charlie, who had taken his box a few rods away.

"Eye-talian?"

"One line of Eye-talians and one of natives." Charlie indicated with gestures two almost opposite directions.

I suppose that in the world of bees the sudden appearance of two boxes containing honey ready made was a miraculous event of considerable news value. At any rate, within two minutes our bee

Pretty good sport, I found it, sitting there watching the box. More and more bees came to it, until at last one or another was departing, full laden, at intervals of a few seconds. They were "workin' fine," as Bob remarked; and as time passed I caught the knack of following their flight with the eye. Perhaps it was, as Bob said, that they were now flying from the box almost without any preliminary zigzagging. But it astonished me to discover how far we could see the tiny honey-bearers winging homeward. Infinitesimal dots, they were visible against the hazy sky for what

seemed to be two or three hundred yards.

"Now," said Bob, rising and putting the glass cover on the box, "we'll go nearer to where these willing workers live."

The bees were beating against the cover, and he pushed in the slide to keep them from gumming their wings with the honey. Then we set out with the box, up through the rocky pasture, along the line the bees had flown.

"Go over there to the left and get a cross line," Bob called to Charlie.

I knew what that meant. Charlie, carrying in his box some bees that lived in the same tree, would get a line to the tree from a different angle. Then, following his line as we were following ours, he would, in time, meet us at the point where the tree ought to stand. The operation reminded me of astronomers finding the parallax of a star—only that the astronomer cannot go to his star.

Close to where the mountain growth encroached upon the clearing, Bob set up his box again. The bees, uncertain for a few minutes, soon resumed their goings and comings, and we discovered that we had apparently veered a bit to the right of our true course. So, without long waiting, we pushed up through the undergrowth and in among the trees.

It was bad going—a succession of little cliffs to be climbed, with the unpleasant complication of briars and nettles—but we were not to pick an easier way than the straight course. Struggling upward through difficulties, to me greater and greater, we paused at an easier slope. For the life of me, I couldn't see how we were to tell where the bees went in this tangle. But Bob explained:

"Sometimes we take a hand ax along and clear out a place, but I've got a better game than that. You stay here a few minutes."

Quickly he swarmed up into a small hemlock near by—up, up, till the upper stem bent with his weight. Then, uncovering the box, he held it high. There swaying, he remained for some time, descending at last with the information that we were almost exactly on the line. So we struggled upward, with an eye on every likely tree we came to. At last

we topped the terraces of cliffs and found ourselves on the summit of the ridge. Bob now climbed another hemlock.

"Say!" he called down, after a minute. "We've passed it!"

"How's that?"

"They're taking a backward line."

He came down and studied the forest trees behind us. "We'll separate a little," he said, "and walk back a ways. Look for some good-sized tree that's hollow and has a small hole in the trunk, thirty or forty feet up. There'll be a light stain around the hole, and you'll see the bees comin' in and goin' out."

It may seem as if to find a bee tree within an area of a few square rods would be no very hard task, but a small hole, thirty or forty feet up the trunk, is not always easily seen through the foliage. I stumbled around, my eyes scanning the gaps in the leafy roof above us, but I found nothing. Then, from below and to the right, came a shout.

"Charlie's coming up with his cross line," Bob exclaimed. "Now we'll corner 'em!"

This was the dramatic moment of the day's campaign. Charlie's line would determine the end of our search. A moment later, as we had a glimpse of him pushing up at a diagonal to cut our line at a point a rod or two below the place at which we were standing, Bob dashed down the slope with a yell. From a dozen trees his experienced eye selected a big soft maple, and when I reached him he was peering up into its branches from the lower side.

"See anything?" called Charlie.

"Nope, not yet." Bob made a leap for a low branch, swung himself up and disappeared among the leaves. Presently his legs reappeared and he remarked, as he let himself down: "This ain't it."

We ranged about for a short distance to cover the area included in probable errors of direction. There were so many trees and so much undergrowth. I was standing beneath a high trunk when a faint hum came to my ears—distant, indefinable. At my shout, Bob and Charlie came at a stumbling run.

"There it is!" Bob pointed upward. "See 'em going in and out!"



THEN WE SET OUT WITH THE BOX, ALONG THE LINE THE BEES HAD FLOWN.

Yes, there it was—a little hole, away up amid the foliage, with tiny specks alighting at its edge—and I felt as a hunter feels when he wins his first brush. Bob and Charlie, less excited, were speculating. They thought of the find in money terms, for at twenty cents a pound the bulk of honey might well make the day's outing profitable.

"They're fine big bees," Bob was saying. "I'll bet we get sixty pound, if we get one."

But Charlie was pessimistic. "I ain't so sure," he answered. "Jack Hurley cut a tree somewhere up in here last week. Mebbe this is the same swarm."

"Aw! This ain't no new tree! Look at that stain, will you?"

"Well, I dunno," said Charlie, "but I'll gamble we don't get over thirty."

"What do we do now?" I broke in. "Build a fire and smoke 'em out?"

"We don't do it that way often," Bob explained. "Fires ain't very safe in these woods this time o' year. No, we'll come up to-night and cut it."

"After dark?"

"Sure. The bees are sleepy then."

"But don't they sting?"

"Sure, they sting."

I asked no more questions.

II

THAT night at seven we met near the shack—Bob, Charlie and Ross Ketcham, with pails, an ax, and a cross-cut saw. We carried lanterns, too, and when we reached Velvet Hollow, we lighted them and climbed up through the pastures, like a procession of fireflies.

How different the woods and the cliffs seemed at night in the dancing shadows from our lanterns! Landmarks which I had supposed I could never miss were lost to me or so grotesquely altered that they were puzzlingly unfamiliar. But Bob and Charlie never faltered. Upward they plunged, keeping their true course without a thought that their performance was astonishing. They had been to the tree once; that was enough.

And what a pace they made! They went up those cliffs, burdened though they were, with the agility of mountain

goats, while I struggled breathlessly behind them, losing ground till only the twinkle of their lights far up the ledges remained to guide me. Shins barked, hands and face brier-scratched, heart pumping like an engine at a three-alarm fire, I came to them at last as they stood about the ghostly tree, so engrossed that they had not noticed my absence.

"We'll fell her there," said Bob, pointing.

He went at the tree with the ax, while, at the other side, Ross and Charlie worked the saw. The chips flew wide beyond the shut-in circle of our lantern-light and the saw shrieked into the wood. The tree, old monarch that he was, must come down, because in his age, he had become the guardian of a treasure valued more than he. And we were the plunderers. Bob, with his swarthy, glistening face, swung the ax relentlessly; the saw ate deeper, deeper.

"Hold on, there! She's shakin'!" cried Ross. "Wait till we get the saw out."

Charlie and he freed the saw and laid it at one side; then threw their weight on the trunk while Bob struck his final



"WOW!" YELLED ROSS.

blows. A slow, rending groan; a tottering moment; the men leaped to safety; and the old tree reluctantly bowed lower and then leaped headlong among the smaller trees over which it had so long been lord. We ran forward. Bob was stuffing a handful of leaves into the gateway of the honey.

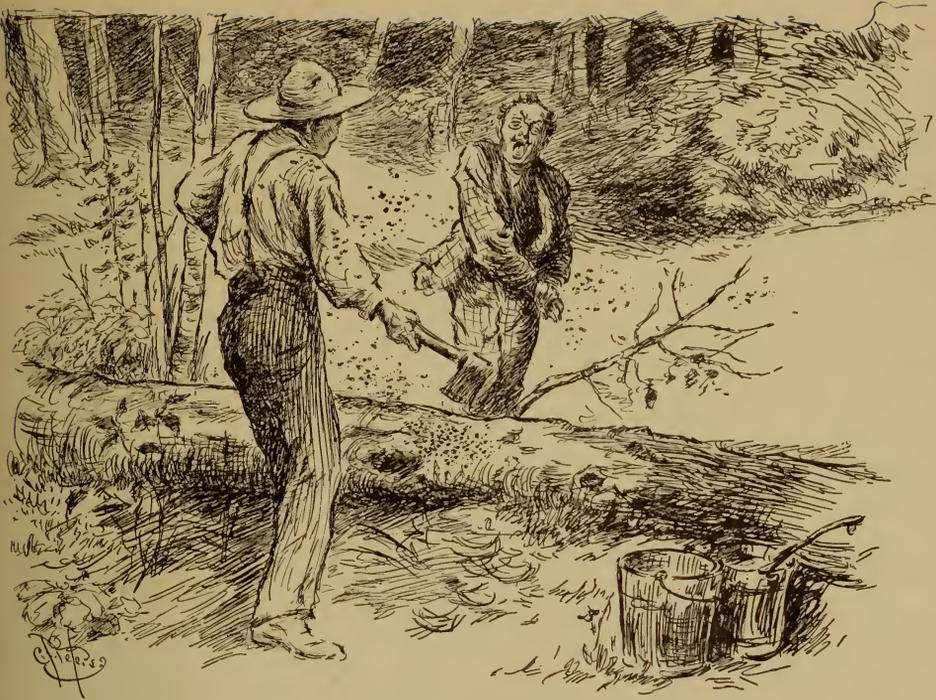
"Tie this around the bottom of your pants," he shouted, handing me some pieces of twine.

For the puzzled bees, it appeared, are prone, in this emergency, to crawl rather than fly. I could see a number of them moving about the bark, wondering, no doubt, in a sort of stupid honey-drunkenness, what catastrophe had come upon them. One was creeping along the back of Bob's hand. He paid no attention to it.

With saw and ax the men worked fast to cut out a slab from the trunk and gain easy access to the honey. And soon—gently, in order that no dirt might drop within—they lifted out the section and disclosed the black cavity. Thousands of bees emerged—some flying, but most of them crawling. They huddled in dusky, moving masses on the trunk as



A GOOD SIXTY POUND.



"DON'T TRY TO BRUSH 'EM OFF," BOB CAUTIONED.

we raised our lanterns and bent forward to see what we had won.

"Wow!" yelled Ross.

"Get you?" asked Bob.

"Yep. Just above the eye."

But at that moment a burning needle pierced my cheek, and for a short time I lost interest in Ross. Bob and Charlie were poking into the cavity with long iron spoons. Presently they lifted out a strip of luscious, dripping comb.

"Gosh! Ain't them bully cells!" exclaimed Bob, as he dropped the comb into one of the pails.

"How much—?" I began, bending forward again. An apiarian stiletto cut me short, with a thrust into my wrist.

"Don't twitch your skin when they light on you, and don't try to brush 'em off," Bob cautioned.

He was taking out another strip of the glistening, golden wax, heedless of the bees that clung to it. Above us the leaves whispered their protest against our despoilment. In the flicker from our lanterns, strange, nervous shadows leaped among the near-by hedges. An owl was

hooting sorrowfully. And Bob and Charlie scooped out the treasure, comb after comb, distributing it among the pails, and exclaiming excitedly as they discovered more, and still more.

Ross's left eye was swollen almost shut. My wrist was puffing, and my cheek felt throbbingly fat. When at last the hollow lay empty under the spoons, we "hefted" the pails.

"A good sixty pound!" cried Ross.

And the others solemnly shifted the pails from hand to hand, and agreed with the estimate.

"What'll happen to these bees we've just left?" I asked as we gathered up our traps and made ready to descend.

"They'll hunt up a new tree close by," said Bob.

"Then they will live?"

"Well, if they can hustle enough honey to keep 'em going through the winter, they'll live."

I exclaimed loudly and moved abruptly away from the tree, for a final needle thrust in my neck had reminded me that the bee is not without just resentment.

EQUIPPING YOUR AUTOMOBILE



by Robert Sloss

YOUR newly purchased car, like your newly erected house, requires considerable fitting out to make it a comfortable and convenient home in which to enjoy your particular road activities. It is true that the car usually comes from the maker with some assortment of accessories—lamps, a horn, a kit of tools. It is true likewise that there are plenty of concerns to which you can turn over the car with a blanket order to have it fitted with every modern convenience and necessity, just as you would turn loose a firm of interior decorators in your new house. Even if you can afford this, the result will not be so gratifying as if you personally study out and build up the equipment which is most likely to meet your individual needs.

Scarcely any two veteran motorists will agree upon the same equipment in its entirety. That is simply because no two have had exactly the same experience, even in the same make of car. Furthermore, careful personal attention to this subject should be part of the education of every fledgling who intends to run and care for his own car. Even if his equipment is selected for him by some one else, he must himself know at least what is the importance of each item and how to use it when the occasion arises.

Any representative auto-supply emporium that makes pretension to completeness is obliged to carry an adequate stock of about six thousand distinct items, inclusive of sizes. You need not be terrified by this variety, however, as it has arisen chiefly to meet exigencies of individual taste rather than those of necessity.

Take the question of horns, for instance. The salesman will show you an assortment variously operated and emitting sounds ranging from a sweet old bugle call of coaching days to the vicious snarl of a bear robbed of her whelps. You can strike a happy medium by choosing one which you can be sure will always respond to your hand with a toot loud and authoritative enough to arrest the pedestrian, without throwing him into panic, at the precise moment which gives him time enough to see and avoid his danger—and you time to avoid him if he does not act as you expected.

Among lamps also you will be shown many makes. Here, too, the viewpoint of utility settles everything but your personal taste. In the first place, if you purpose touring ever so little, you need five lamps: two side lamps showing red to the rear and white forward; two good headlights low down on the frame in front of the engine hood, capable of throwing a strong beam on the road ahead; and a tail light showing red to the rear and white to the side on the license number.

Since the headlights should burn gas preferably, they will require either a generator or a storage tank of acetylene gas. The latter demands more attention and forethought to insure its always containing a sufficient supply; the former gives less trouble where much driving is done at night on country roads.

If the roads on which you are likely to travel much by night are hilly, winding, or poorly surfaced, a good swivel searchlight, set in the middle of the dashboard, is almost a necessity for safe driving. It also will burn acetylene gas. As the searchlight is inconvenient and unnecessary in city and most sub-

urban driving, you will not be inclined to substitute it for the two headlights, and you will add it to your equipment only in case you intend to tour considerably in addition to using the car in town.

For the simple reason that there is always the off chance that your gas supply will fail or your headlights be disabled unexpectedly, they must be backed up by the sidelights, which, like the tail light, burn oil. In a great many States sidelights are required by law. They will also take the place of a lantern in case you need to inspect the car by the roadside.

A wise addition is one of the varieties of pocket flash lamps or an electric candle attachable to the batteries. It will enable you to see parts upon which you cannot bring the larger lamp to bear.

This suggests the possibility of road repairs, and your equipment for this purpose is of primary importance. In general you can fall into either of two egregious errors, both of which are exemplified with sufficient frequency by amateurs; you can practice the false economy of adopting some meager list or accepting the maker's equipment as complete, or you can overload your car with accessories, only to find in either case that you are confronted on the road with some trouble for which you discover that you have omitted the one thing needful.

It will not be possible for you at the start to be omniscient as to your future needs. Much road experience is the only thing that can teach you how to be absolutely forearmed. The experience of others, however, is a valuable guide to appreciating the essentials in an equipment which should be adequate for all ordinary happenings.

The tools you cannot omit fall naturally into two classes: first those required most frequently, and they should be kept rolled in a canvas kit under the driver's seat or somewhere where they will be instantly accessible. Among these a pair of fair sized double-grip pliers will come into frequent use for unscrewing tank caps, extracting and inserting split pins, and for tightening nuts, etc. In addition, a pair of ordinary small pliers will

be handy in such operations as twisting wire or holding a bolt while the nut is being tightened by the larger pair.

It will be a time-saver if the large pliers have a screw-driver end, but a small screw-driver should be provided to reach parts whose situation precludes the use of the pliers. Right here it should be said, however, that combination tools are best avoided. They will rarely do the work so well or so quickly as the single tool for a specific class of operations.

To this emergency kit should be added a small screw wrench—a bicycle wrench will do—a small hand vise, and above all a good stout jackknife. This last will be useful for a score of things, such as cutting the insulation from the end of a wire and scraping it clean or cutting an asbestos joint or a piece of hose for the water system.

Tools for the Real Troubles

Secondly, the more extended list of tools necessary for more serious work may be placed in a leather handbag and put with the spare parts into a tool box affixed to the footboard on the driver's side. Among these a prime essential is a reliable hammer, one head thin and flat, the other thick and round, with about a ten-inch handle. I have seen motorists try to make the pliers and the monkey wrench do the work of this tool.

You can use it with the cold chisel to cut a bit off the end of a valve spring to secure better adjustment, or to wedge off a tight washer or bolt. With a blunt punch, of which you should have several, the hammer will budge a nut otherwise unyielding, and with a hard copper rod interposed you can hit a bolt on the threaded end to get it out safely. A ten-inch screwdriver will be useful here for holding bolts notched in the head, or for turning them into the nut till it is tight enough for the spanner. The upper part of the shank of this screw driver should be squared so that it can be held by the monkey wrench when necessary.

You cannot be too careful about including an adequate set of box spanners—several long ones to take a different

sized nut at each end—and at least one short and bent for getting at nuts inaccessible to the long spanners. Preferably these all should be of steel tubing. There are also a number of convenient designs among the more expensive varieties, such as the kind with a universal joint and a set of interchangeable boxes of different sizes.

Include six-inch files as follows: Flat, half-round, triangular, and small round, all fairly fine except the half-round one, since it is used only in preparatory work to be finished by the others. You will need files to cut steel wire, to ease a damaged screw thread, to fit rivets, to open out round holes, etc.

Learn to Use What You Have

Add to the above a key driver, some tool steel, a small brush for cleaning spark plugs, an assortment of fine needles both curved and straight for cleaning out carburetor needle valve and spray holes and a pair of flat cutting pliers for wire, and you have a tool kit which will serve you in all ordinary emergencies. You can elaborate on this list considerably by adding special tools which may or may not assist your inexperience. It is far better, however, to learn how to use standard tools well than to accumulate a mass of implements, each supposed to do some one thing superlatively. You will waste as much time choosing among these as you would in figuring out how to utilize a smaller array to accomplish the same ends.

There are other larger tools which must not be forgotten. A strong jack, a reliable air pump with pressure gage, scissors, etc., belong in your tire kit. The contents of this will be considered in detail when we take up the tire problem next month. You must not forget a good-sized funnel with strainer as fine as you can get. It is wise to supplement even this with a wad of cotton batting or wool to be inserted each time you fill your gasoline tank.

Add a folding canvas pail and two squirt guns, one for kerosene and one for lubricating oil, with a straight and a bent nozzle each for reaching parts read-

ily. A valve-grinding tool, with a tin of fine emery paste may save you much annoyance on tour and takes little room. Also, if your car has a chain drive, a chain-repair tool will save much vexation in case you find it necessary to insert a new link, several of which should always be carried with you.

I know a man who for the need of this simple little tool abandoned in disgust what promised to be a pleasant day's outing. Loaded with a party of four his car was halfway up a mile grade when a link in one of the chains broke. Stopping the car with some difficulty, he recovered the chain and, not being very resourceful, was in a quandary to hold the chain in place when adjusted over the sprockets while he inserted a link. He had a dozen links but no chain-repair tool. He could not keep the ends of the chain together long enough to make the repair.

The little tool was the one thing needful in this case, and after working himself into a passion he finally coasted down the hill, drove slowly four miles on the level road with his remaining chain, and reached the nearest repair shop. When he saw how readily the machinist inserted the link with the aid of the tool above mentioned, he was so disgusted that he abandoned the trip.

It is highly advisable to carry, in a special box, one duplicate of every kind of bolt and nut used on the car. It is very easy to lose a nut in making some adjustment on the road, and the constant vibration of the car is diabolically potent in working things off without your knowing it. Other important spare parts to carry with you are three or four spark plugs with extra porcelains for them, two or three extra valves and valve springs, as well as valve-stem keys.

Whether you have a magneto as the main arm of your ignition system or not, a current-indicator for testing your batteries is indispensable to ascertain when the extra set of batteries, which you should always carry fully charged, should be switched on or connected up, as the design of your car may necessitate. Several yards of the best insulated copper wire, as well as a complete set of ignition connections with terminals, will help

greatly to forearm you against ignition troubles. It is highly advisable also to carry several spare platinum-tipped screws for tremblers or contact breaker.

Above all things do not forget a dozen lamp wicks and a tin of kerosene for your side and tail lights, nor to provide extra burner-tips for your headlights and a reserve tin of calcium carbide for your generator if you are making a run of any length. In that case an extra tin of gasoline will pull you out of many a hole where you might be stalled for want of that precious liquid.

A gallon or two of cylinder oil and one of lubricating oil and a pound can of gear grease are obviously indispensable. You will need also an assortment of washers, one duplicate of every asbestos or rubber joint ready cut, a roll of rubber tape, some annealed iron wire and some steel wire, copper wire and a little sheet copper, an assortment of cotter pins, some emery cloth, some asbestos card and asbestos string, and plenty of cotton waste and a cake or two of some good soap or a box of compound for removing grime and grease from the hands.

This may seem a somewhat staggering enumeration to the new motorist and may suggest to him that a great deal of time must be spent in making repairs on the road, but the object of carrying all these things is to provide just the right one or right combination to make it possible to overcome a road trouble quickly whenever it occurs. This, with reasonably careful driving, will not be often, but when it does arrive unexpectedly without the proper equipment to meet it, an exhilarating outing is inevitably turned into a doleful period of profane inactivity.

In the matter of other accessories, such as hoods for your lamps, foot rails, bumpers, trunk racks, side baskets, tire-cases, lunch baskets, you may be left to the eloquence of salesmen, modified by your own taste and common sense—and the capacity of your car.

A good speedometer, however, must not be forgotten. There is a tendency in England and on the Continent—slowly making itself felt here—among magistrates to take the reading of speedometers

of standard make as evidence in cases of arrest of motorists for speeding. The tale the speedometer tells is quite incontrovertible, if you choose the variety fitted with a registering hand which remains at the speed at which the car was last going.

The choice of a top for your open tonneau or runabout is also a question likely to come up if you do much driving in wet weather, for though the occupants of the car may be thoroughly protected by the use of rubber shirts or other clothing, comfort is not thus so readily attained, especially when the inside of the car becomes thoroughly soaked. If that happens you will appreciate a good-sized sponge with which to mop up.

A Folding Top Comes in Handy

The most serviceable form of top for protection against wind and rain is one of the extremely foldable variety. Some may be collapsed to almost inconceivable dimensions. The top should be so constructed that at either side curtains may be let down to suit the needs of the occupants for protection against a quartering wind when driving slowly. When entirely folded the top should be so arranged as to form a shield against the dust sucked up behind. A folding windshield of glass attached above the dashboard adds greatly to the comfort of the person who drives.

There still remains the question of automobile apparel, and here you will find a bewildering elaboration of styles suited to taste and pocketbook. The sensible plan is to fit yourself out for the season in which the car is first used and to add to this wardrobe subsequently as occasion may demand.

Goggles, of course, should be worn by the driver on all but the shortest runs, and the other occupants will find them always a great comfort. Not only do they protect the eyes against dust, but also from the chilling and drying wind, and in summer they are almost indispensable because of insects. I know several cases where a driver has been so blinded by a gnat that he was rendered incapable of managing his machine

just long enough for a serious accident to occur.

It will pay to tuck a humble pair of overalls and a jumper in with the repair kit. They may seldom be needed, but they will save clothes and complacency if you ever have to make an extended exploration of the machinery by the roadside.

The rubber rain shirt is an excellent thing to keep always aboard the car for emergency. Drawn snugly about the neck and wrists it is large enough to go over anything except a fur coat. It is fastened in such a manner as to shed water completely, and is very light and capable of being compactly stowed. On days which turn suddenly cold it is usually quite sufficient to supplement ordinary wraps effectively in excluding the wind, and is even serviceable for ladies' use.

In summer the men of the party require no special garments other than dusters, caps, and a light pair of ventilated gantlet gloves for the driver. At least the palms of these should be of the durable but very soft deerskin. Driving gloves for whatever weather should be drawn snugly about the wrists.

Women's wear in summer, beside goggles, should include a veil, a small hat, linen or silk duster, lisle thread gloves, and, for rainy weather, a raincoat with a hood large enough to cover the hat. Contrarywise, the hat should never be too large to be covered thus, even in fair weather, since a twenty-mile breeze is not compatible with the Gainsborough style of millinery.

In the colder weather of spring and fall a man can get along nicely with an old overcoat, knitted muffler, a sweater, and perhaps a chamois vest for emergencies; also fleeces-lined gloves and

woolen cap. A raincoat, felt hat, together with gloves, muffler, sweater, and chamois vest, are equally suitable for ladies.

When the temperature drops below 35 or 40 degrees, especially on long rides, furs are indispensable. These differ in essential respects from those worn afoot or in carriage driving, since the speed of the car will rob the body of its heat more quickly than any other form of locomotion. These garments must be very full, and the fur affords better protection outside than inside, the lining being of quilted cotton batting. A wide turned-up collar buttoning closely at the throat and roomy sleeves and skirts are essential.

It is unnecessary to buy expensive furs as their beauty is soon spoiled by the inevitable dust. The same fortunate fact applies to fur robes, which it is advisable to provide for all seats but the driver's. Since he must have his feet free, he must depend upon some sort of heavy overpants, which will be necessary only in the coldest weather. Ordinarily he will find extra heavy underwear and puttees sufficient. Fleece-lined overshoes may add to the comfort of the feet, and all but the driver may use some variety of the many charcoal-burning foot warmers.

For prolonged exposure, especially in a fast car in winter, a face mask is desirable for ladies, but the veil and goggles may suffice. They will have their own muffs, of course, to supplement wool-lined gloves. Either a fur cap or a thick felt hood is the most sensible headgear for them. The driver will now require fur gloves and a fur cap, the gantlets of the former being big enough to go easily over the sleeves of his fur coat and strap to the wrist.



CONQUEST *of the* NORTHERN HERON

*Illustrated
with
Photographs
by the Author*

*By
Herbert
K. Job*



GREAT BLUE HERONS ON THEIR NEST.

THE very name of heron savors of the wild and calls up visions of reedy swamp, quaking bog, tangled morass, overflowed woodland, or margin of river, lake, or pool. Whenever the surroundings are wild, wet, tangled, impenetrable, lonely, silent, there we may look for the heron.

“Far up some brook’s still course, whose current mines
The forest’s blackened roots, and whose green marge
Is seldom visited by human foot,
The lonely heron sits, and harshly breaks
The Sabbath silence of the wilderness;
Or you may find her by some reedy pool,
Or brooding gloomily on the time-stained rock,
Beside some misty and far-reaching lake.”

The beloved haunts of the heron are not adapted to patent leather, silks, or broadcloth. To ferret out with any satisfaction this monarch of bog and swamp, long rubber boots and old clothes are indispensable. The enthusiast desiring to make this exploration can appreciate the feelings of the present German emperor, who is said to have remarked regretfully that he had no old clothes, he was not allowed them.

A host of weird imaginations, a halo of poetic association, cluster around the shy, lonely sentinel, which stands, in-

finitely patient, upon the water’s margin, the long neck drawn in and head thrown back watching for the finny denizen.

“How bright thy savage eye! Thou lookest down,
And seest the shining fishes as they glide:
And, poising thy gray wing, thy glossy beak
Swift as an arrow strikes
its roving prey.”

Then, throwing aside his mask of secrecy, he dashes after the fleeting school. Often have I seen him thus in feverish pursuit, rushing on his stiltlike legs through the shallow water, now this way, now that, with all the animation of an eager boy pursuing a dodging butterfly. Vainly do they flee, for with impetuous strides he keeps among them, nor does he cease till he has exacted sufficient toll.

All in all, the herons are an exceedingly interesting tribe to become acquainted with in their chosen wilds. The very difficulties in the way make the pursuit fascinating, and whoever comes to know the wary heron intimately can feel that he has fully earned the privilege. It was some thirty years ago, when a small boy, that I became imbued with this ambition. The herons did not really want me, but finally, overcome by my persistence, they seemed to tolerate me.

Although in our extreme Southern States the heron family is represented by a considerable number of species,



AMERICAN BITTERN ON NEST. TO TAKE THIS PHOTOGRAPH THE REEDS OBSCURING THE NEST WERE MOVED ASIDE WITH A LEG OF THE CAMERA TRIPOD.

there are but five which are widely known over most of the country and up into Canada. It is of these five common herons of practically national interest that I shall treat in this article, telling some of my experiences with them and marshaling some of my trophies of conquest with the harmless but effective camera.

First of them all is the great blue heron. This is the tall, imposing, blue-gray creature, exceedingly wary withal, which we see on the margin of the pond or out in the meadow, with long neck outstretched, watching us from afar. It sees us first and takes no chance of our having a gun, for away it goes, with slow, measured beats of its broad wings, neck drawn in, the long legs trailing behind. Sometimes we can approach nearer by driving, if the bird thinks it is not noticed. One October day I was driving past a bog at the head of a pond, when, as my gaze roamed absent-mindedly over the expanse, I suddenly espied one of these birds standing motionless

on a hummock hardly fifty yards away. No sooner, though, did I stop the horse than the heron flew.

For the most part the great blue heron is a hermit, a recluse by preference. But with the return of spring, like most of its tribe, it forsakes its solitary habit. But while some of the other herons aspire to build considerable cities of nests, for this wild savage the restraints of village or hamlet suffice. Only from five or six to a few dozen pairs generally unite for this purpose, selecting the wildest, loneliest possible locality. In some parts of the West, for lack of trees, they nest on the ground, among rushes bordering a lake or morass. Preferably they use the loftiest available trees in the most inaccessible swamp.

Sometimes one immense tree shelters the entire colony, as was the case in the almost interminable swampy spruce forest near Pictou, Nova Scotia. Another similar colony in Virginia I had the pleasure of visiting. On the shore of a woodland lake, surrounded by pine trees



A COLONY OF GREAT BLUE HERONS IN SASKATCHEWAN, UNAWARE THAT THEY ARE
POSING FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

of ordinary size, stood a few perfectly enormous pines of virgin growth, somewhat scattered, towering head and shoulders above the rest. In their tops were some fifty large nests built of sticks, from one to eight to a tree, the lowest not less than one hundred feet from the ground, and all out at the extremities of the limbs. Small chance was there for scraping an acquaintance with creatures thus innocent of any feeling of vertigo.

So wary are they and so long had I vainly tried to secure a close approach to them with the camera that it seemed almost too good to be true to find myself at last accepted practically as one of themselves by a group of these stately, exclusive birds. This happened one day in June, out in distant Saskatchewan, in northwest Canada. Driving with a friend over the bare, rolling prairie, battling meanwhile with the mosquito swarms, we approached a small stream whose course was marked by an irregular line of bushes and low trees, ex-

tending like a ribbon of deep green as far as the eye could reach.

The trees were only twenty to thirty feet high, and in the top forks of some of them we could see a dozen or more bulky masses of sticks which stood out conspicuously against the sky. On each one stood one or two of the great birds, with outstretched necks, on the alert over the approaching danger. A quarter of a mile was as near as they would let us come; then, one by one, they flapped heavily away.

Inspection showed that each of the nests contained three or four naked, callow young, or, in a few cases, the same number of large, pale-blue eggs. It was evidently the opportunity of a lifetime to secure intimate photographs. So, choosing a clump of bushes which commanded a clear view of several of the nests, I was soon concealed in my olive-green umbrella tent, pitched within the clump and covered with a few boughs, while my companion made an open show of departing.

It has been my experience that birds cannot count. At any rate, within a few minutes after he had left the woods and was well away, they began to come back. I heard heavy wing beats overhead, and immediately a great bird, a confused mixture of neck, head, and legs, it seemed to me, was alighting on the topmost twigs just over a nest. For a few moments it stood like a statue, save for the turning of the head, surveying with keenly critical eyes the entire surroundings.

I peered out through my peek hole hardly daring to breathe lest I should be discovered. But my frail house passed muster, and the heron, reassured, descended to the nest by a dignified hop. This was the signal which banished fear from other heron breasts. In a short time the mate was at the nest, and the others began to arrive until the entire colony was back.

The few mothers who had eggs were soon warming them. Those with young, as the air was mild, did not brood, but stood, each pair upon its own home nest, enjoying each other's company and the contentment of their offspring, whose little crops bulged with the anomalous mess of half-digested fish which had been regurgitated into them. Nothing occurred to alarm them, and their attitudes were perfectly natural and unconstrained. They stood in silence, preening their feathers, or resting in sleepy poses, while I was busy with the camera.

The telephoto lens, sheltered by the tent from the wind, worked beautifully, and I was so near that the image of the birds almost filled the plate. On one nest the beautiful pair posed with especial grace. One of the birds stood on a branch back of the other, making, with their curved necks, a strikingly artistic, statuesque arrangement, as though they had specially posed for the purpose. The photographs can give but faint suggestion of the impressiveness of the scene.



NIGHT HERON FLYING OVER
THE ROOKERY.

To add to the effect, a shower approached. Against the background of inky clouds the tall birds stood silent, unaffrighted, impressive, while thunder muttered, lightning flashed, and a few drops of rain pattered down. As the clouds passed off, the effect of the returning mellow rays of the sun in lighting up their plumes was exquisite.

In two hours my plates had all been exposed, and I was thinking of the consternation which my emerging would create, when, as though they had read my thoughts, every heron was at attention. A moment more, and with suppressed guttural croakings, they fled one by one. My friend was returning, and presently we left the heronry without the citizens ever knowing that a spy had encamped in their midst and learned their domestic secrets.

After discussing blue herons, by way of variety we may turn to another color. We have a very familiar species known as the green heron, and the contrast is further heightened because this bird is comparatively short of stature. Like all herons it is timid, yet not nearly so much so as the great blue. If we take a walk in the meadow some day, or over the salt marsh, we may be startled by a shrill scream, and from our very feet, out of a ditch or clump of grass, away will go a small heron with green back and brown neck.

There it has hidden till the last moment, hoping that we would pass it safely by. But we happened so near that the nervous creature could contain itself no longer, and the secret is out. The boys think it says "skeowk" when it flies up, and down on Cape Cod they give it that for a name.

Late in May, or throughout June, we may find its saucer-shaped nest of curiously curved sticks in almost any thicket or woodland in the vicinity of water. Like the great blue heron it lays four or five pale-blue eggs, though much



A PAIR OF NIGHT HERONS RETURNING TO THEIR NEST.

smaller ones. Unlike its relative, each pair prefers to nest by itself, though at times several nests may be found scattered about in the same swamp. Often I find its nest in dry woods near the shore of pond or river, about fifteen feet up in a convenient tree, but its favorite site is in a wet swamp, and alders growing out of water exactly meet its requirements.

Such a breeding place as this last is

near my home, and every season there are several pairs nesting in the low alder bushes. Finding a convenient nest low down, I set up the camera near it on the tripod, deck it with foliage, and hide at some distance on a hummock, holding a thread which is attached to the shutter. After some time the little mother comes sneaking back home, nervously jerking her stubby little tail. She hesitates at sight of the bedecked

camera, but at length she settles down upon her eggs, and, presto! her picture is taken.

It is in a rather peculiar and unexpected manner that some of us have begun acquaintance with the third of these our common herons. As we walk out at evening twilight along some street of town or city, issuing from far up the darkening vault comes the harsh, guttural cry, softened by the distance, "quok, quok." It is the common black-crowned night heron, or "quawk," as it is popularly nicknamed from its note, on its way from the swampy woods where it has roosted by day to some feeding ground on open marsh or shore.

Preferences of the Night Heron

Though to some extent it feeds by day, it prefers to wander abroad under cover of night. It is of medium size, rather stout and stocky, gray in general color, with dark green on head and back, with a few curious, long white plumes trailing from the back of the head. The immature bird is dull brown, streaked with white.

It is by far the most gregarious of our five common herons, and we generally find it in flocks, or at least small parties. As with the green heron, we may find the night heron feeding in the meadows or along the shores of rivers or ponds, but particularly on the salt marshes.

Most interesting in its career is the period when it resorts to swampy woods in colonies for the purpose of reproduction. These heronries or rookeries vary in size from a few dozen pairs to thousands. One of these great heron cities which I have often visited I will describe. I first discovered it when I was fifteen years old, down on Cape Cod. From a tract of scrub oaks and other trees on the edge of a salt marsh, as I approached it one August day, arose a cloud of great brown and gray birds, thousands of them. Beating wings and hoarse voices, together with breaking branches, created a tremendous uproar.

It was an old, historic rookery of night herons, resorted to by them certainly for many years, as the inhabitants

testified, and very possibly even before the Pilgrims first explored those sandy shores on their way to Plymouth. The young were now grown up and on the wing with their parents, but the trees were full of the disused nests, and the filth was appalling.

Since then I have often returned to it, fascinated with the activities of the strange city, and recently I invaded it in May, when all the nests contained their complements of eggs. Several years before this vandals had shot many of the breeding birds and frightened the survivors away. But the State passed a law protecting them, and now they were back in large numbers, perhaps a thousand pairs. Each of these now had a rude nest of sticks and from three to five light-blue eggs.

When I entered the woods there was wild scrambling and squawking. Nests were everywhere, some trees containing as many as six. From one spot, without stirring from my tracks, I counted one hundred and six nests. When I climbed a tree, I looked down upon a sea of blue eggs, dotting the woods as far as one could see through the branches.

Later, when the young were hatched, they would scramble out of the nests if we attempted to ascend, and clamber along the branches by the aid of bills and feet, disgorging upon our devoted heads the contents of their crops, consisting of half-digested fish, frogs, and snakes!

It was difficult to photograph the adult birds without some special device. I finally solved the problem by the use of a little umbrella tent, which I had dyed brown to harmonize with the dead leaves which strewed the ground. Selecting a spot on the slope of a knoll, from which a number of nests could be seen with unobstructed view and at close range, I pitched the tent, concealing it somewhat with dead leaves and branches, and left it overnight.

When I returned next morning, the birds were all on their nests, having accepted the tent as part of the natural surroundings. The multitude flew wildly away as I approached. Under cover of the general confusion I rushed under the tent before any of the birds

had circled back, and was out of sight. When they returned to reconnoiter, they soon made up their minds that I had gone, and in a few minutes they were all back at their nests, or perching quietly among the neighboring branches. It was a wonderful sight for me, as I peeped through the little opening and watched the beautiful birds with their airy plumes.

camera. The light was dull, so I had to make short-timed exposures, but the birds were quiet and fortunately there was no wind. The telephoto lens again proved very useful for single portraits. As I moved the camera and put my face up to the little windows in the tent, the birds seemed to be looking right at me, yet with perfect unconcern, not seeming to realize at all what was going on.



THE AMERICAN BITTERN WILL ASSUME ITS HIDING POSE EVEN WHEN SURPRISED ON AN OPEN SHORE.

I could hardly get over the amazement of having hundreds of great, shy birds all around me so near and showing no more concern than so many barnyard fowls. Every nest was covered by a brooding parent, sleepily engaged in the long vigil of incubation, the long neck drawn closely in upon the shoulder. Some stood by their partners, dozing or preening their feathers. One was repairing a nest, poking the sticks awkwardly with her large beak. Hardly a bird stirred or a sound broke the stillness.

For hours I was at work with the

Thus the day passed, and at length it was time to leave. After packing up everything ready to start, I collapsed the tent. At the very first movement, pandemonium broke loose, and the quiet home scene was instantly changed into one of flight and terror. As quickly as possible I withdrew my unwelcome presence and left the birds to their privacy and domestic, though malodorous bliss.

The remaining two of our widely distributed North American herons are called bitterns. One of these is appropriately named least bittern, for it is



A YOUNG GREEN HERON DOING ITS BEST TO LOOK PLEASANT.

diminutive and little known, owing to its retiring habits. It is a resident of bog and morass, and might easily be mistaken for a rail or small marsh hen as it flushes from the tangle, soon to drop in again and take to its nimble heels, reluctant to afford even this fleeting glimpse of itself as it dashes from cover to cover to avoid the unwelcome visitor.

In color it is yellowish, with back

and crown dark green like the two last described. The nest is a little platform of dry stems suspended in the midst of a clump of reeds or rushes in the wettest part of the morass, and one must wade deeply and search hard for it and its four or five bluish-white eggs. After these are hatched, we may find the curious fuzzy youngsters clinging to the reeds or climbing about like acrobats without falling into the water. If, per-

chance, they should fall, swimming and climbing would soon restore them to safety.

The other species, the common American bittern, is especially well known for its remarkable notes.

From the distance we hear but a single note, a booming cry, like the stroke of a mallet or pile driver. But close at hand we hear it all, the bittern's love song—the best he can do, though it sounds as if his emotions were strangling him, or he were trying a water cure, or, perchance, gargling his throat. The sounds of raising water by an old-fashioned wooden pump are the most like it of anything I know, and the note has won for its composer and performer such popular names as post driver, stake driver, pumper, and boomer.

The bittern is of medium stature, about the size of the night heron, though more slender, and in color a beautiful mottled yellowish brown, with a black stripe on either side of the neck. It is distinctly a lover of the reedy bog or wet meadow. As we approach, it will probably skulk off out of sight. But it also has a curious trick of standing perfectly still, its bill pointing up in the air. When it does this, it is almost impossible to distinguish it from a dead rush or tuft of dry grass. Even when it is surprised feeding on an open shore where there is no shelter, it will instinctively go through the same performance.

The nest is a rudely hollowed platform of dead rushes or reed stems, usually placed on the ground in a rank growth of such plants in the bog. The four, five, and sometimes even six eggs are of a deep olive buff or brown color, very much unlike those of our other herons. The young are the oddest little fellows imaginable, covered with a wavy yellowish down, and they hiss like a den of snakes if one approaches closely. They are great walkers and leave the nest before they are able to fly, yet I had to own myself surprised once to meet one tramping nonchalantly along a dusty highway.

Ordinarily the brooding bittern jumps from her nest and flies off with hoarse croakings when we wade within ten yards or so of her home, but occasion-

ally I have come close upon them and seen them on the nest. Once was in the Turtle Mountain country, in North Dakota, when I was wading through a strip of reeds bordering a lake shore in a pouring rain. Suddenly I noticed within a yard of me, at my left hand, a bittern on her nest, holding her bill up in the air. So well did she blend with her surroundings that I had not distinguished her from the reeds. As soon as I stopped and looked at her she saw that the game was up, and sprang into the air, leaving her eggs to soak in the downpour.

Sometimes the Bittern is Friendly

An even more interesting incident occurred in Saskatchewan. Knee-deep in water among the reeds out from the shore of a large prairie lake, I was wading along, one morning in early June, finding nests and eggs of the canvas-back, redhead, American coot, and of various grebes, when some creature near by in the reeds set up a tremendous hissing and grunting. On investigation I discovered a bittern sitting on her nest amidst a jungle of reeds, her plumage ruffled like that of a brooding hen.

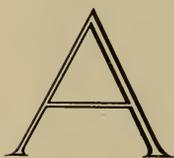
She allowed me to set up the camera on the tripod and photograph her, first a few yards away, and finally at the closest desirable range. As she seemed to be braving me, the idea came that possibly she would remain while I cleared away the intervening reeds to get a picture of her in the open.

Very slowly and cautiously I began to poke away the reeds, one at a time, with the front leg of the tripod, until I reached those close to her head. Instead of being frightened, she actually grew angry and pecked at the tripod.

Presently I had the view entirely open and was able to take detailed timed exposures, even waiting for clouds to cover the sun so as to soften the light. Probably she was guarding hatching eggs or newly arrived young. I never knew to a certainty, for I was so much impressed by her bravery that I withdrew without flushing her. That much at least I owed her for the remarkable photographic opportunity which her courage had given me.

POINTER OR SETTER - WHICH ?

By Todd Russell



YEAR ago it was pointed out in this magazine that pointer breeders were fast bringing to the front certain dogs that could fairly compete on even

terms with English setters; Manitoba Rap and one other were mentioned as among the dangerous opponents of the setters in the then coming National Field Trial Championship. Two months later, Doc P. being withdrawn from all competition, Manitoba Rap went through the difficult ordeal of that stake to brilliant victory and became the first of his breed to achieve that goal and to remove the last doubt of the setter men as to the possibility of producing a pointer that would be the peer of their pets.

Whether or not, in his all-age form, Manitoba Rap could have defeated Doc P. must remain an unsettled question. The enforced absence of the latter dog from field trial and breeding records, due not to the dog but to violation of field trial rules, is a misfortune to setter men which they cannot sufficiently regret. In the minds of many, Manitoba Rap was never his equal in anything except looks, where he is immeasurably the superior.

But that discussion is of no importance here and the old rivalry between these dogs now only goes to show that in a single season, not one, but two pointers of different breeding were to the fore and able to hold their own against all comers of any breed, not of the one year alone, but of recent years. This is undoubtedly a great achievement and a source of comfort to those devoted and aggressive breeders who have pinned their faith for years to the short-haired

dog, possibly to a greater degree than is justifiable or safe; even two swallows are no sure sign of summer.

While a renewed impetus will be given to pointer breeding, those who follow it will do well to bear in mind their old difficulties and to bring renewed determination and unceasing vigilance to bear in overcoming them. The differences between setter and pointer still exist and one or two individuals of the latter kind while showing what heights this dog may reach, can do but little to improve the breed as a whole. A standard is set but no mold is formed for future generations.

In coat alone lies a large part of the physical difference between the young pointer and the setter. The hunting instincts are similar, but the effects of age are more marked in the pointer; he shows a too early tendency to loaf about his work and to give it up entirely or in part, when fatigued. At the field trials where the competing dogs must be kept at the highest degree of speed in performance, the pointers retire at a much earlier age than the setters, and in those that are found in competition after their third year there is the same disposition to take things easy, when the pace grows hot or the heat prolonged, that we find in shooting dogs of less class. Perhaps the chief distinction between the breeds is one of mental qualities which in their manifestations go to make up bird sense, determination, courage, and all the elements of that complicated thing called class.

Pointers early develop great intelligence in finding birds, and it seems almost unfair to ascribe this to effort forced upon their heads by the wish to save their heels, but that appears to be the case. It is a fact that may be used



From a Painting by E. H. Osthaus.

A GOOD EXAMPLE OF THE HIGH BRED SETTER.

to argue the superior intelligence of the breed, but the kind of intelligence that devotes its effort to avoiding labor rather than to making effort more profitable, is not to be desired.

Old setters sometimes seem to act on similar promptings, but as a general rule this breed is the more determined to find game at whatever expenditure of physical energy and more disposed to go on through disagreeable conditions and great fatigue, not only in youth, but in later years. This circumstance bears a potent relation to the size of the game bag and the sustained merit of the day's sport. This form of argument invests dogs with very human characteristics, but it is by considering them in such a way that their differences, at least in the higher degrees of excellence, are best understood.

In early development, which is of importance chiefly to breeders and trainers, the pointer excels. The pointing instinct generally appears at an earlier age and is more marked for some months at least than it is in the setter.

Also the pointer is more easily gotten in hand and retains his early training better than the setter. One season's training makes a comparatively finished performer in the one case, while a short term at school is needed in the setter's second mature year.

Young pointers usually surpass setters of the same age as to finish in training during their first season, and this affects the owner's pocketbook, for most trainers charge for their work at a monthly rate. It must not be thought, however, that this backwardness of the setter is an argument against him. It is the contrary.

The difficulty in training him comes not from lack of intelligence or desire to hunt, but from a more rugged and independent state of mind, a higher determination to hunt and a consequent longer resistance to being brought under control. The hunting instincts, being primarily for supplying the animal with food and always under only an artificial control, are the most valuable where most strongly manifested,



THE HIGH-HEADED DOG IS MOST CONSPICUOUS.

and while they are more trouble for the trainer, are the more valuable to the shooter.

After the setter is well trained he retains his education no less well than the pointer and both dogs add to their fund of experience from year to year. But as they grow older the pointer is the harder to get into condition each season. Once in hard working shape, the setter remains so, while the pointer is liable to go stale and to take weeks to get back into condition. This is a consideration of great importance to the owner of one or two dogs, particularly if he lives in the city where they get little real exercise for most of the year.

The setter will always have the advantage of his long coat which protects him from briars, from cold, and from wet, and, in spite of arguments to the contrary, which must be based more on inference than on experience, he endures heat equally well with the pointer. Among burs, Spanish needles, and particularly the dreaded sand bur of Florida and some other sections, the pointer has an advantage, but it is not enough to make up the balance in any case, and if the setter have his feather removed and the hair clipped short under

the flanks and shoulders the difference almost entirely disappears while there is no method of protecting the thin-coated pointer against torture in a country unsuited to him.

When the dogs are tired the setter is the more dependable of the two. It is here that the pointer's superior instinct becomes a failing, for he is sometimes given to false pointing to an astonishing degree and nearly always to some extent, while the equally fatigued setter is freer, though not immune, from this failing. A dog can have no more irritating fault than that of assuring the shooter that there is game where game is not, and a confirmed false pointer is not worth his feed.

At almost any age and any stage of the day's hunt most setters can be depended upon to do the quicker and snappier work and are more pleasing to the eyes of many, particularly when they assume those high-headed attitudes on point which the pointer rarely achieves, his point being more often in the nature of a crouch as if about to spring. This matter is one of personal preference partly, but there is a practical difference between the high and the low standing dog in regard to the ease with which



THE POINTER HAS A TENDENCY TO CROUCH TO GAME.

they are seen in heavy cover or failing light.

But in the matter of breeding lies the setter's greatest superiority after all. Even in the results of the most careless or ignorant mating this dog more uniformly shows offspring of good type and future promise with the best characteristics of the breed in more or less consistent evidence. The most important reason for this is perhaps that pointer blood is the more mixed of the two, there undoubtedly having been a number of out crosses to hound stock in England not so many years ago, when certain hound characteristics were required by bench judges in this type of dog.

The bad effects of the efforts to win purely show prizes with this or any other class of sporting dog are still in evidence in the breed and liable to persist for generations. It is always harder to detect the hound strain in the pointer, owing to certain general similarities in coat and conformation than it is to perceive evidences of alien blood in any mongrel setter. Atavistic tendencies are persistent and, after many generations, pointers tracing to some of the best known strains may be frequently

heard giving enthusiastic tongue after a fleeing rabbit or pottering with nose to the ground on the foot scent of birds, with thorough and houndlike determination to locate their prey in this manner.

Of course, no out crossing to alien breeds is now being done by our breeders, their every effort being directed to eradicating the traces of former errors of this sort. The pointer blood lines, as they came to us, are being kept straight and true and, by some men at least, refined at every possible point.

Disputes between men devoted to the pointer or the setter are continuous and sometimes acrimonious as to the relative merits of their favorite breed. This is to be regretted as it is certain that the efforts of all men interested should be directed to the perfection of all the dogs devoted to the gun and its continuation rather than the promoting of one breed at the expense of another. Commercialism in dog breeding has something to do with the matter, personal prejudice much, lack of extended experience a great deal. As far as stud-book records go the setter has received, so far, an overwhelming popular verdict, all the available statistics showing that many

more setters than pointers are bred and owned.

The record of field trial results shows a setter predominance in victories, now being gradually reduced from year to year. In some of the flat prairie sections of the West, where the cover is largely wheat stubble and comparatively free from briars, the pointer is the more popular among shooting men, but everywhere else setters make up the larger

working dog should be those that make for merit in the field. All hunting dogs should be required to prove their real utility for their intended purpose before they are admitted to competition on the bench. A bench show rule made with such a purpose in view would make a sad gap in sporting-dog entries for a time, but would do wondrous good for Eastern and other sportsmen who often purchase at or through the



A SETTER WORKING IN OPEN GROUND.

proportion of the gun dogs. Any training kennel has them in the majority unless it has the reputation of specializing in one breed.

Most of the good field pointers are Western or Southern dogs for in the East the pointer is more of a bench show pet. The most prominent breeders attempt at most to scale that difficult peak of bench form and field excellence combined, with the usual result, and at the worst have a trainer teach their show dogs a few tricks in the manner of a field performer, the lamentable deficiency in knowledge and natural ability only appearing when the dogs go down in even ordinary competition under average conditions.

It can do no harm to insist again that the only standards of excellence for a

medium of the shows and whose liberality sometimes exceeds their judgment in securing dogs for shooting.

The field trial associations show every desire to combine with the show organizations on this point and one of the leading field trial clubs (the Continental), is taking a long step in the right direction this year, by enlarging its bench show classes for dogs competing in its trials and by instructing its field judges to award certificates of merit to those dogs whose work justifies it, without regard to whether they are placed in the competition or not. Other clubs are following this lead and the results cannot be otherwise than good, in that a new standard of conformation will arise which fits the working dog instead of his being fitted to it. Also dog

owners can prove the worth of their dogs before competent and responsible judges and have evidence thereof other than unsupported statements.

Bench show setters have all the failings that follow the pointer, but these are less harmful to good sport. This dog is no longer a field dog at all, but almost a distinct strain, and even the novice has little difficulty in avoiding him for field work.

bring us another step nearer the determination of the controversy. A brilliant derby puppy of each breed competed in many stakes last year. Master John, the setter, had a little the better of his pointer rival, Fishel's Honest Scrap, but this homely named puppy showed almost equal promise.

In considering chances of this sort the great merit of field trials again becomes apparent. It is only in these that



From a Drawing by E. H. Osthaus.

“GILT EDGE,” A POINTER. A BRILLIANT FIELD TRIAL WINNER OF GREAT PROMISE.

His “beauty,” which will be surely, carefully and convincingly pointed out to the intending purchaser, would alone exclude him.

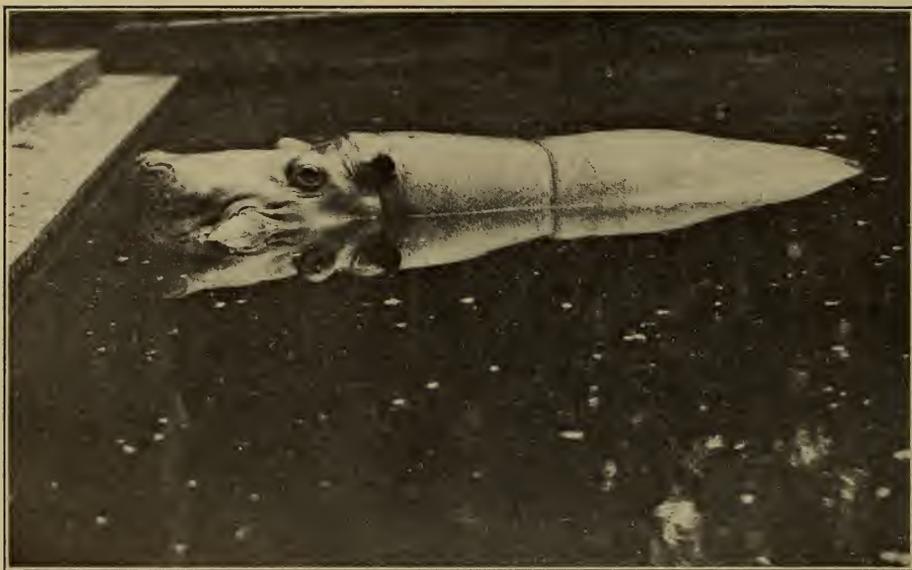
For the sportsman the choice between the two breeds of bird dogs is so close that a decision cannot be reached off-hand and the difference is so slight that it need never outweigh personal preference. But where no preference exists the best advice for some years is to use setters under nearly all conditions, and to stick to them for successful field trial competition unless you wish to join those whose chosen task it is to prove that pointers can now be consistently bred of a quality high enough to hold their own in the fastest company.

The coming field trial season will

the selections of the country's best dogs can meet in actual and prolonged competition, until at the end of the season there can be but little doubt as to which is the best dog of the year while at the end of several seasons a fair conclusion is possible as to the relative merits of many strains and breeds.

Let the final verdict wait a while. Be sure that whether you pin your faith to setter or to pointer your dog will sometime meet another of the same or different breed which will force him to take the second place either in a field trial or in friendly competition, unless you happen to own—as what good shooting man who loves him does not?—that *rara avis* of the kennels, “the best dog in the country.”

FREAKS OF PHOTOGRAPHY



IT LOOKS LIKE SOME WEIRD MONSTER, BUT IT IS REALLY ONLY A HIPPOPOTAMUS LYING IN STILL WATER.



A THREE-LEGGED SKATER—THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN AGAINST THE SUN, WITH THE CURIOUS SHADOW EFFECT SHOWN IN THE PICTURE.

CLEARY CHIEF OF ARTILLERY

by *L. K. Devendorf*



Illustrated by W. J. Enright

THE wheezy little coasting steamer was wobbling its way to the dock that kept the sea from licking up the port of one of the Central American states whose chief industry is the breeding of revolutions. From my position on the rail I could see that something out of the ordinary was taking place on the shore. Lined up along the water front was a company of soldiers. Before this bare-footed, variously clad martial array was a brass band. Before the band was a group of officers and a man clad in white duck.

As the boat drew nearer, the band started to play and the man in white duck developed into a white-armed windmill. All the others crowded about him as if eager to take him by the hand. When the small cargo had been run ashore and the few passengers discharged, two big blacks picked up the small figure in white and carried it up the gang plank. It was then that I had my first good look at his face.

It was Cleary, Cleary of international fame; a man I had run across in many places—mining stock salesman in Boston; sure-thing horseman in New York; swamp-title man in New Orleans; war correspondent in Cuba; diamond expert in Brazil; and general gentleman of wits with various, more or less subtle accomplishments that the law does not exactly prohibit nor openly recommend.

I found him on the lower deck collapsed into a wrinkled white heap, mopping his little, red, wrinkled face.

"Cleary, we meet again," I said, as he looked up and recognized me.

"Greetings and salutations!" he exclaimed, placing his wet hand in mine.

"And what is it now—orange-grove speculation, or two columns a day from our sister republics?" he asked.

"Neither," I replied. "Nothing short of a mahogany concession."

"And you landed?"

"Yes."

"Good! Furniture or burial caskets?" he asked, smiling.

"Plain timber," I answered. "And you, Cleary, what's your latest?"

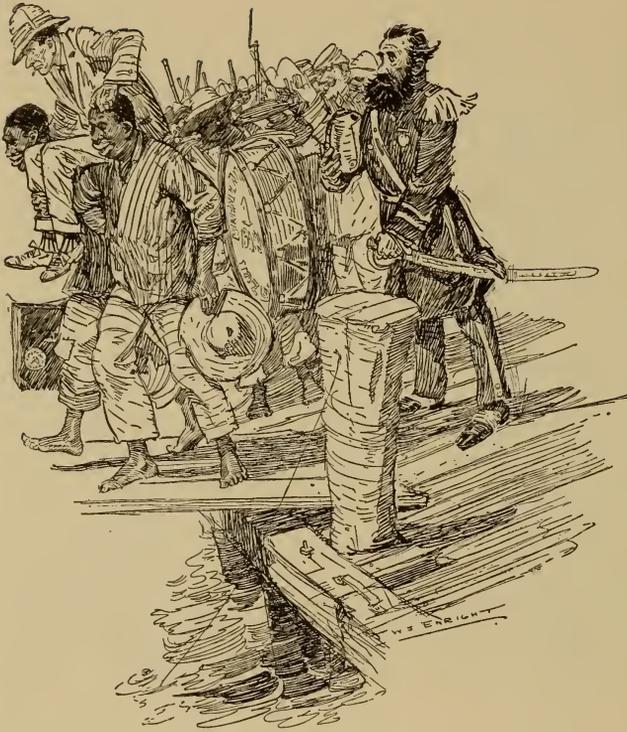
"I'm a warrior. Did you see the procession—the merry villagers—and the 'long live the king' business?" he said, placing one hand upon his flat stomach and raising the other in the air with a theatrical gesture.

"Yes. What is it all about?"

"Sit down and I'll give you the copy," he said, moving two chairs over to the steamer's rail.

"Two months ago I came down here with a consignment of goods marked 'Harvesting Implements.' They had been purchased in New York and shipped to a man who had the 'Pretender' bee in his bonnet and who believed himself born to command.

"Well, we landed the machinery all right. You know how it's done—small boats and all of that. When daylight came, the vessel had slipped out to sea and I was marooned. Nasty trick, eh? The gang seemed to think nothing of this unseasonable departure, and as there was nothing left for me to do, I helped tote



TWO BIG BLACKS PICKED UP THE SMALL FIGURE IN WHITE AND CARRIED IT UP THE GANG PLANK.

the plunder back into the hills behind the town.

"When the boxes were unpacked, the 'Harvesting Implements' turned out to be implements of war—machine guns. They were those peculiar, nasty affairs that you feed ammunition to on a tape. When they erupt, they spatter all over the place like a spray nozzle on a fire hose.

"When we got them back into the jungle, I found that not a man among them knew how to set them up. Your Uncle Hiram being their nurse, it was supposed he knew just how to do it. But me—Ah, me! I knew as much about it as a Malay pirate knows about the seductive lure of a mint julep.

"There I was, and there were the goods. I had to see the thing through, somehow, but I didn't know whether to dress for a funeral or a clambake. About sundown, after jamming in a piece here and driving in a bolt there and dropping in a section where it would

stay without falling through, I managed to use up all the loose pieces, not counting the ones I threw into the tall grass.

"When I declared they were all ready to annihilate the whole Alaskan army, for which I said they were originally intended, I was presented with a general's commission in the army of the Great Liberator, San Juan Miguel de Lopez, and given command of the artillery. Just for an instant, I think, my heart stopped its beating.

"I've been in some rather constricted places, but I've steered clear of any actual participation on the field of combat in these family troubles down here, and in that instant I pictured myself lounging in a cell, festooned with green slime and moss, and then my

face against a stone wall with a firing squad behind me—and, say, some one of those beggars is liable to hit you in spite of the fact that they always shut their eyes when they shoot.

"I protested—business engagement, family, poor circulation, hammer toes, defective eyesight, and all that, but no use. I was elected.

"In the morning they drew the artillery up to a little knoll back of the town, and we trained the guns upon the square before the president's house. Then the Great Liberator sent an emissary to the president, demanding his surrender with a gentle little threat that unless he did so the said Liberator would bombard the town with his artillery.

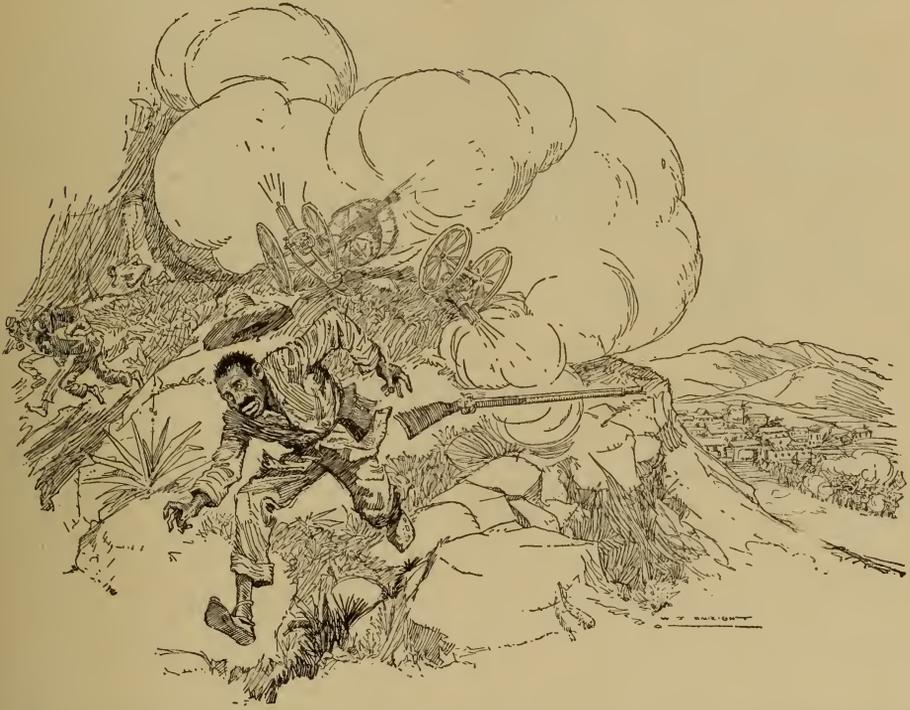
"We waited an hour. Then from out of the square into the grass below us poured the magnificent army you saw assembled upon the dock. It was evident that the president did not intend to surrender. As they came up the slope I aimed the guns over their heads and

told the gunners to fire when I gave the order. I hoped the noise would rout the oncoming army and there would be no bloodshed, for war had assumed an entirely different aspect to me.

"A certain inborn trend and a long line of commercial ancestors had effectively vaccinated me against dallying with martial hordes or interfering with actual hostilities. I wasn't keen on butting

around the top of that hill like a boy with a stomach full of green apples. Why, say, in the few seconds that those guns were emptying it was so hot that Hell would look like a refrigerating plant compared to it.

"After the first explosion I dropped down into the grass and would have traded my chance with a candy cane in an orphan asylum. When the ammuni-



"THEY FLOPPED AROUND, BUCKED, TWO-STEPPED, AND WENT OFF IN ALL DIRECTIONS."

into this domestic deviltry. And, say, if the Spaniards felt the same as I did, I know now why they left the blockhouse that day on Kettle Hill.

"But the national arms kept coming up the slope and the army of the Great Liberator was getting uneasy by the minute. I knew that something had to be done and done quickly, so I gave the order to fire.

"Those guns seemed to be all hinges and muzzles. They flopped around, bucked, two-stepped, and went off in all directions—and they didn't stop either, but whirled, backed, and sputtered like a bunch of firecrackers. They tore up the sod, sat down, got up and wandered

tion strips ran out and I could breathe without strangling, I looked up. The army of the Great Liberator had left the field of glory and I, its general of artillery, was the only survivor. Their retreat had been a masterful piece of maneuvering on the stricken field.

"Below me was the magnificent army of the president loading and firing, some at the wreckage beyond me on the hill, some at the town, others even out to sea, but firing, always firing. When the musketry died down I tied my handkerchief to a stick and waved it above the grass. Enter the president. Where I was going to alight, I didn't know, but I was all for the president, you can bet.



“‘THESE GUNS—ARE THEY YOURS?’ HE ASKED, POINTING AT THE JUNK.”

“‘Who are you?’ he asked, as he came up, sword in hand—all gold lace, trussed in full-dress uniform, heavily padded in front. On his head was a steel helmet from under which the sweat poured down in streams.

“‘I am an American citizen,’ I answered in the regular way.

“‘What are you doing here? These guns—are they yours?’ he asked, pointing to the junk.

“‘No,’ I answered, ‘they’re only in my company. I delivered them as a commercial transaction,—not being able to think of anything more appropriate to the occasion.

“‘You delivered them!’ he exclaimed. ‘My guns—they were bought for me—my government—my great Republic! Why did you not deliver them to me, sir?’

“Then the wheels began to turn again and I suddenly remembered that the man who had bought and paid for the stuff was not the same man who had seen the boxes aboard and marked them. It dawned upon me that some one had given the president the double cross. The secrecy, the great haste to load, the

sudden change of steamers just before sailing time, and the sneaking away of the vessel immediately after the boxes were unloaded, all tallied up well—and I—I had been the goat. I had delivered them to the sometime usurper, instead of the president, and precipitated a war.

“Right then I took a long shot. ‘I understand it all, sir—but I was unable to deal you the aces,’ I answered. ‘When I saw that a great mistake had been made, rather than turn these monsters of war upon their rightful owners I *destroyed them*, and now I beg Your Excellency’s fair judgment of the deed.’

“The old fellow came under the wire like a winner. A home run hit with the bases all full wouldn’t have been a marker to the riot that turned loose when it soaked through His Excellency. He grabbed me by the hand and led me down the hill and into the town.

“For four weeks I’ve been dined and wined and posed as the original patriot. I am so full of grease and garlic and Spanish onions that a dish of salt mackerel will look like a feast to me.

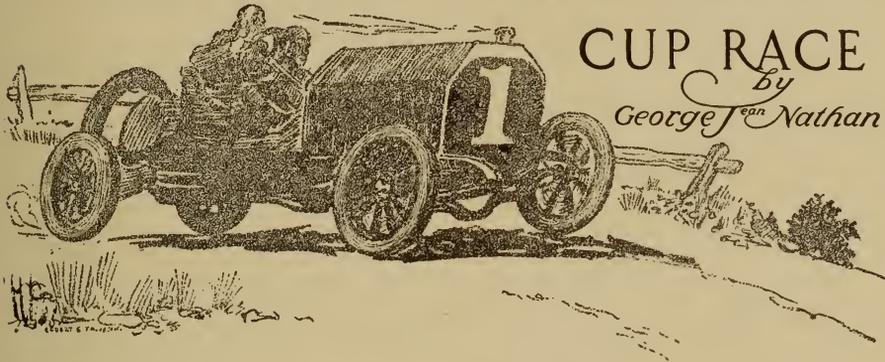
“That vast assemblage of army, gold lace, and brass band that you saw on the

dock was bidding Godspeed to the departing guest of the republic—and here, tucked away in my jeans, is the money for four more guns. Can you beat it?"

he said, as we turned and looked back across the steamer's stern to the red-tiled roofs that marked the line between sea and sky.

HAZARDS OF THE VANDERBILT CUP RACE

By
George Nathan



ON the first lap of the great motor-car race for the Vanderbilt Cup on the morning of the twenty-fourth of October, 1908, a handful of spectators, shivering in the dampness at Toll Lodge No. 1 on the Parkway Course, Long Island, were suddenly transfixed with excitement and fear by as thrilling a spectacle as the automobile has ever presented in a flight against time. This point in the course, half a mile from the beginning of the cement track, has been likened in its complex turns to a scenic railway. Here it bridges a cross road, shoots down a sharp curve to the right, tunnels under another cross road, and then, with still a further twist, plunges on at right angles. The entire maze, moreover, is crammed into a space of about six hundred feet.

An early rain had made the roadway so slippery that a man could hardly keep his feet in crossing it. Besides, at the hour the race began, a mist hung low over the course and the turns were partly obscured by the damp fog and the half light of morning. Out of this gray veil came suddenly the rapidly rising roar that heralded the approach of the first car. The crowd drew back.

Like a flash, Car No. 1, Florida driv-

ing, thundered down upon them. Having opened up when his motor hit the cement track, Florida made the first bridge at top speed. As he reached the incline, he shot ahead without checking its dash and prepared for the dip to the right. Just on the edge of the descent, the driver, holding the wheel in a hard grip, felt the wheels start to skid and the body of the car slide over toward the edge of the steep embankment. He had lost control of a car traveling at the rate of seventy miles an hour!

With a gasp of fear, the men and women turned away that they might not see the end. Florida, however, with steady nerve, knowing that the chances of his making the roadway again in safety were a thousand to one against him, took what appeared to be a leap into his own grave by throwing his body sideways against the wheel. By lightning calculation, or better still by the intuition that dominates men who drive their cars against time, he knew that his one chance rested in jamming enough strength against the guide-wheel to keep the machine going in the direction in which it was skidding and to trust to luck that the tires would grip the track again before they reached the embankment.

To allow the wheels to swerve across

the track while the car was sliding would mean an overturn, and Florida, feeling the truck beginning to careen sideways through the direction he had given it the moment before the slippery track had laid its snare for him, called his full weight to the aid of his arm.

Steadied by his straining body, the Florida car obeyed its driver—for several yards. Then, just as it seemed on the point of swinging straight on the track again, the wheels began to slip once more, this time at a slant across the track away from the embankment. Once more Florida called his body into play; once more he forced the wheels straight ahead for a few feet in their skidding path; and finally he saved himself. The car, still skidding, wavered a fraction of a second. It keeled a bit toward the left. The wheels caught, the car righted, the driver twisted himself into a coil around the driving wheel, and—like a torpedo—the machine plunged on through the tunnel—and the whole thing had happened in much less time than it takes to tell about it.

Skidding Through the Turns

Hardly had the spectators regained control of their breath when, at this same point in the road, Robertson, the final winner of the contest, played with danger in as sensational a manner as had Florida a few moments before. At full speed he came at the sharp turns like a stone from a catapult. Unlike Florida's car, Robertson's machine, hitting the first winding, began to skid at the very outset, and before the driver regained control over the wheels the car had slid a distance of at least twenty-five feet. A few more rods and the wheels went wild again, and Robertson, facing death four times within a distance of six hundred feet, practically drove a skidding car through what is undoubtedly as dangerous a racing labyrinth as there is in existence, trusting apparently to Providence rather than to the wheel on which his hands were gripped.

There were many other close calls at Toll Lodge, but these two instances are chronicled first because it is doubtful if many persons, other than the few fright-

ened eye-witnesses, have ever heard of them. It is such episodes as these—and there have been scores of them in every one of the races for the Vanderbilt Cup—that reveal the hazards of this the most picturesque of the motor-speed battles in America, the dangers that have to be faced and surmounted in the flash of a second by the men who drive.

There are few persons who can appreciate these hazards without seeing them with their own eyes. They cannot learn of them from the newspaper accounts on the day after, because no newspaper has enough men to report everything along the course. And, furthermore, it is in the unexpected places that the unexpected happens. In addition, so much of even the unchronicled danger is taken for granted by the writers for the press that only actual death or serious injury is regarded as worthy of their attention. From first-hand observation and subsequent reading the writer believes that the hazards of the Vanderbilt Cup have never been fairly shown. They have been inferred, to be sure, but not, save possibly in occasional cases, set down in black and white.

In the Vanderbilt Cup race of which we have been speaking a glorious spectacle of daring, which would have spelled death if there had been a single quiver, occurred on one of the early laps at "Death Curve and Dip," as the section of the course at the Central Park Bridge is known. At this point the road and the bridge structure will accommodate but two cars, and with only a few inches to spare at that. Imagine, then, the feelings of the spectators when, on the lap in question, cars Nos. 16 and 12, driven by Robertson and Salzman, respectively, were seen coming down the course neck and neck—with Lytle's car only a short distance back of them and gaining on them rapidly. The general practice of the motorists at "Death Curve" is to slow up a bit, but Salzman, determined to pass Robertson and run away from Lytle, did nothing of the sort. Robertson, firm in his decision to hold the lead, followed suit, and Lytle, instead of slowing down, "let 'er out."

Fifty feet from the bridge the two leading cars were almost rubbing against

each other, side by side, and thus they reached the bridge. Not a car's length behind was Lytle, and in this fashion the almost compact mass of roaring machinery took the forty-foot descent beyond the bridge. But that was not all of the thrill.

At the foot of the incline there is an abrupt turn in the road to the left, and at this moment the inside bank was crowded with careless spectators. As the three cars shot down the drop and flew across the angle, more in the air than on the ground, the drivers, in addition to keeping their cars from crashing into each other, were compelled to clear the crowd by a fraction of an inch. So magnificent was their display of courage, skill, and nerve that when the cars disappeared down the road, the people forgot their own recent danger and gave a cheer for the men who had kept their heads in a tight corner.

During the 1905 race, over the Nassau circuit on Long Island, this spectacle was duplicated when, at Guinea Woods turn, Heath, Hemery, and White met on a similar basis, and with White's car skidding against a slight embankment at one side of the roadway, Heath and Hemery, driving their machines close to a bad ditch near the turn, made the distance to the open track in safety.

On the Nassau course there is a bend, near Albertson's Corners, known as the Serpentine Turn, and it lives up to its name with a completeness that is commendable. Here it was during the 1905 contest that thrill followed thrill so quickly that many instances of driving bravado passed practically unnoticed and were forgotten in the swift sequence of automobile melodrama. The natural danger of the Serpentine Turn was heightened by a giant telegraph pole that stood directly on the second curve.

Jenatzy, hitting the curve at a sixty-three mile an hour pace, on one occasion made the whole turn in exactly three seconds and, in doing so, grazed the pole with the entire length of his machine. Duray, Lancia, Tracy, and Chevrolet missed the pole by an infinitesimal space; Chevrolet, taking the turn at a fearful speed in an effort to pass the car a few yards ahead of him, struck the pole a

glancing blow, and to save himself from being ground to death by the machine pounding down upon him from behind had to drive his car up on a bank of turf. If he had kept to the roadway a fraction of a second longer, he would have been struck by the second car that whizzed past him the moment his own car caught the sod.

Foxhall Keene smashed his machine against the pole while shooting through the intricacies of the turn at fifty miles an hour, and thus afforded Heath, who was bearing down upon him a hundred and fifty feet back, an opportunity for displaying one of the most remarkable pieces of driving in the whole race. It looked as if Heath must crash into the wreck of the Keene car, when, to add to the difficulty of the situation, Luttjen shot into the stretch leading to the turn.

Close Quarters for all Three

And even this was not the worst, for at this moment Keene's mechanic, who had jumped into the roadway when the car swerved into the pole, blocked what little open space remained. Heath slowed down imperceptibly and Luttjen came abreast. Then Heath let out his engine and shoved his car a foot ahead, and, as the mechanic threw himself under the damaged Keene car, Heath skidded past with needlelike precision and blazed the way for Luttjen.

At the famous Hair Pin Turn on the Long Island Course, Haynes, in the 1906 race, gave an exhibition of driving that has rarely been surpassed, and yet, because of the fact that he saved lives by his skill, instead of sacrificing them through lack of ability, his effort went unchronicled. At the turn during this race there was an unusually careless crowd of spectators, including many women, who stood close to the roadway and after a car had passed piled pell-mell into the center of the track. As Haynes came into view on one of his rounds, the crowd was distributed over the entire width of the road, and there was little time to get out of the way.

Accordingly, as Haynes came close to the start of the turn, he was faced with the problem of not only making the

bend, but of keeping clear of the crowd as well. Zigzagging his machine in and out, he got through without slowing down or striking a single spectator. Clément, on the eighth lap, by a similar demonstration, succeeded in avoiding a grocery wagon that an intoxicated man had driven upon the track at Bull's Head Turn, and Nazzaro and Shepard, at the latter bend, avoided a collision with each other by taking what appeared to be the most reckless of chances.

They came at the turn on even terms, both going at a mile a minute rate. As he approached the bend, Nazzaro caught sight of a small log that had rolled off the turf on the inside. It was too late for him to swing his car over, for Shepard held to the outside. To slow down would be to give the latter the inside and forfeit the advantage. There remained but one thing to do—to keep on and trust to luck that the front wheels, if turned out slightly, would clear the obstruction.

Shepard, however, guessed Nazzaro's intention, and, knowing that if the log were pushed aside, he would be unable to avoid it and would thus come into collision with his opponent's car, let out to the last notch and tried to race in ahead of Nazzaro. At this moment—it all happened in a moment anyway—Nazzaro also let his machine out, and, with the two cars almost touching, the drivers sped on through the turn and down the course in safety. If either had slowed down by a fraction of a second, it would have meant destruction for one, if not both of them. Speed alone saved them.

This feat of Nazzaro and Shepard in the 1906 race recalls the parallel achievement of Campbell and Gabriel in the 1904 race over the Long Island Course, when, at Plain Edge corner, these drivers met in a speed battle that three times in rapid succession threatened both of them with death. Plain Edge corner is one of the most dangerous points on the course, as it marks the place where the Massapequa road and the Bethpage turn-pike meet at an acute angle. At this sharp turn Campbell and Gabriel came abreast. They could not have been on

more even terms if they had been seated in the same car.

As they approached the twist in the track, Campbell, who was on the outside, drove his car slightly inward in an attempt to make Gabriel slow down. The latter, however, had no such intention and, forcing ahead with all the speed at his command, shot his machine up on the grass and then down again—ahead of his rival. Three times he did this as Campbell, catching up with him, tried to take the inside track away from him, and three times did both drivers touch hands with death in their frenzied effort to take or hold the lead.

Racing in a Blazing Car

Of the surmounting of hazards other than those presented in speed battles, there can be no better illustration than the bravado and nerve displayed by Foxhall Keene in the 1908 race when, with his car a mass of flames, he rushed down the track near Locust Grove in a vain effort to overtake the car ahead. Several miles down the track from the point named, while he was whirling along at a furious pace his machine took fire and the flames, fanned by the flight of the car, increased in intensity as the automobile sped along.

A mile and a half farther on, the rear of the car was enveloped in flames and the machine resembled nothing so much as a blazing torch shot through space. The driver and his mechanic could not be discerned in the flying fireball by persons alongside the track. The heat must have been maddening. And yet Keene kept on.

The flames lapped closer and closer to his seat until they blew across his head and hands and forced him to stop, a short distance beyond Locust Grove, just as he was on the point of overtaking the car ahead. Although his face and hands were badly burned, no sooner was the fire extinguished and his car put into temporary running shape, than he jumped to his place again and was off like a flash. His burns pained him greatly, but he refused to heed them until he had satisfied himself that the trophy was beyond his reach.

In this race, Patsche's car, No. 11, and Ryall's, No. 7, also caught fire. In fact, the latter's machine caught fire twice during the contest, and once, near Bethpage, the driver narrowly escaped painful injuries.

One of the greatest dangers to be feared at the numerous bends along the course is the turning over of the racing cars. Inasmuch as a car is sometimes lifted partly off the ground in taking a sharp turn, the slightest miscalculation on the part of the automobile drivers must lead to their undoing. How disastrous the merest error at the wheel proves in such cases is best illustrated by the upsetting of Arents's car, No. 5, in the 1904 Cup race, through which the driver was knocked unconscious and his mechanic, Merschel, killed.

The accident occurred at the Hempstead road curve. Arents, in taking the turn, pulled his machine too far to the inside and the car, losing its balance while going at the rate of fifty miles an hour, turned turtle. In this same race, Webb saved his car from keeling over at the Jericho turn by throwing his body against the wheel when, to the spectators, it seemed certain that the automobile would upset, as it had been piloted a foot or so too close to the inside of the bend near the little roadhouse.

In the 1908 contest Stricker attempted to hold so close to the inside of the curve at the sharp Woodbury turn that, feeling his car about to topple over, he saved his life only by hurling his machine into a field along the course. A moment's delay and he must surely have been buried under the wreck of his automobile, with another racer steaming fast upon him, not more than three hundred feet behind.

In the race two years before, Tracy's car was saved from upsetting at the Lakeville turn by the slippery condition of the track. As it was on the point of turning over, the forward wheel that still held to the ground slid in the mud and, after skidding a rod or so, the car righted itself, but it was a narrow escape.

At the Spinnie Hill turn in the latter race, Weilschott tried a daring piece of driving by seeking to guide his one hun-

dred and twenty horse-power car around the curve on the inner edge of the track. His wheel swerved under his hands just as it seemed that he had made the turn in safety, and to save his car he was forced to run it off the road. Before he could apply the brake, he had plowed through a fence and leaped over an embankment.

Although Weilschott escaped death by the rarest of luck, a spectator who was standing near the embankment was badly injured by the flying car. Not long after this accident, Duray and Lancia, by exquisite demonstrations of driving ability, succeeded in righting their cars in the nick of time at the famous "Dip of Death" at Manhasset Hill, when all the odds appeared to be against them.

Dodging the Crowds

The hazards of the track in a Vanderbilt Cup race cannot give the automobilists more troubles than those they are compelled to overcome in piloting their cars through and around the careless spectators who, at every contest, flock into the center of the course. One of the worst cases in this regard occurred at the close of the 1908 race, when several thousand people swarmed over the track after the first two cars had crossed the line, and Florida, in his endeavor to avoid running into the crowd, smashed into a touring car and injured one of its occupants. At the same time many lives were saved from the other machines by the quick action of the Irish Volunteers who turned a fire hose on the throng and drove it to one side of the course. The race had to be called off after the first two cars finished, because all along the track the crowds had disobeyed the police regulations.

In addition to the highly spectacular case of Haynes at Hair Pin in the 1906 race, which has already been mentioned, Christie at this same turn and Clement at Bull's Head managed to steer clear of spectators in the roadway only by taking extreme chances with their machines. Tracy piloted his car directly through two groups of race watchers, near East Norwich, by splendid driving when a slip would have sacrificed many

lives. The year before, Christie, in steering clear of a crowd at Willets, crashed into Lancia's car, and not long afterwards, when his car had been repaired, he again managed to avoid running down spectators with a skidding car only by whirling it almost across the track.

The suddenness of the turn flung Christie twenty feet into the air and buried him head and shoulders in the soft earth. Leichtener, his mechanic, was thrown into a tree at the side of the roadway. Heath, in this race, turned on his brake at Jericho just in time to allow five spectators to scramble off the

track, and Nazzaro saved several lives, and his own as well, by similar quick thought at the Hyde Park corner.

Shepard, in the great contest won by Wagner, while going at top speed near Krug's corner suddenly saw the winding road ahead of him blocked by people. It was too late to put on the brake and, guiding his car a bit to one side, he succeeded in getting through the human maze—but only after killing one of the spectators. That not more were killed can be attributed only to a stroke of good fortune.

And these are only a few of the hazards of the Vanderbilt Cup race.



THE ANTI-CLIMAX

BY L. FRANK TOOKER



Illustrated by Neal A. Truslow

As he jogged back and forth across the quarter-deck, an unheroic figure, Captain Jarvis presented an aspect of easy good nature; one would have surmised at a glance that his comfort meant much to him. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and the soft felt hat that was pulled low over his eyes had the shapelessness that betokened long use and easy adjustment. A worn pair of slippers covered his feet.

His face was rosy and, for all of his sixty years, yet unfurrowed save round the eyes, where the long habit of squinting at the sky and reflecting sea had drawn softened rays in the firm flesh, like a child's rude sketch of twin suns. There was, too, in his eyes a light of kindly humor, as of beneficent luminaries in a world without evil. As he walked he whistled softly, lazily improvising an air in sheer indifference to the orderly succession of remembered notes.

Yet his glance withal was keen for the realities of his profession—the haze that was gradually tempering the hardness of

the winter sun, the lengthening swells that came rolling in across the path of the languid seas whipped up by the dying southwest wind. Once he paused to peer into the binnacle after sweeping the horizon with a glance that ended at the luff of the spanker. Then turning, he let out a fathom or more of the sheet and called to the second mate.

He walked to the forward end of the house as the second mate went forward to execute his orders, and for a moment he stood watching the peaceful Sabbath aspect of his vessel. Two of the crew were mending their clothes on the fore hatch, and Charley Sing, the cook, had come to the door of his galley for a moment's smoke.

He stood leaning against the doorpost with the immobile calm of the Oriental, his feet toeing in, his long opium pipe dropped on his breast, his hands thrust into the sleeves of his loose blue blouse. Beyond the pointed arch of the rail above the fore-castle deck the blurred horizon-line rose and fell.

The two men on the fore hatch were negroes, as were the two other fore-castle hands, the cook was a Chinaman,

the mate a Swede, middle-aged and stolid, and the second mate a short, nondescript sort of creature without racial characteristics, though answering to the name of Jones. He seemed to the captain's well-ordered mind merely the embodiment of human frailties. Vaguely the thought came to him that his companions in his little man-made world were unpromising material with which to face danger.

A cool rush of air across his right cheek roused him from his musing, followed instantly by the rattle of blocks and a dull, jarring thud. Turning instantly, he saw the spanker boom taut on the lee guy-ropes and the spanker aback. The wind had suddenly shifted to the southeast.

When the dreary January dawn broke the next day, the sad-colored light diffused itself over a watery waste in which everything seemed to have turned gray overnight. There was no warmth of light in the east; it was an opaque suggestion of light rather than light itself, as if coming from a great distance through water, like an unsunned cavern below the sea. Even the crests of the huge rollers that came sweeping out of the southeast were not white; they had the dingy-gray aspect of withered flower petals.

And on the watery world, whipped by the wind and the spray, and whining and creaking in every part of her hull, the vessel lay helplessly rolling. A jagged and splintered butt of the foremast rose thirty feet above the deck, the only spar left standing. Alongside, the raffle of wreckage rose and fell with the sea.

At this moment race characteristics and personal individuality were merged in one controlling impulse: to all intent and purpose, the eight men aboard were simply a multiple of the captain, and for him life held but one activity or thought—to remove the wrecked spars from the windward side of his vessel.

He talked incessantly, without excitement, without irritation, but with a sort of explicitness that had for its background a tacit acquiescence in the incompetence of sailormen. He stood at the break of the poop-deck, holding a long

fender between the floating spars and the hull of his vessel, while he directed the crew as they tried to push the heavier spars astern and salve the lighter ones, with the sails and rigging. They had been at it for hours. Above the multitudinous sounds of the gale his voice rang out monotonously:

"Now is your time—push! Push, I tell you! Astern, man! You, George, I mean. You can't push against that sea. And what good 'u'd it do? Come right back. Sam, you stay where you are. Want to get smashed between them spars? Hold hard! Hold hard, everybody!"

For a moment his voice was hushed as a great sea rose under the spars, and with a rush of green water leaped the rail in a long, toppling wave that buried the crew beneath it.

The captain had clung to the dead-eyes of the mizzen rigging, which still stood, and as the sea passed to leeward over the lumber-piled deck, he looked up anxiously for his men. They were all there, and he breathed more freely. Then he stood up, and began again his exhortatory spur to their wearied bodies.

It was the middle of the forenoon before they were free from the wreckage. As the mate came heavily aft to the quarter-deck, where the captain had paused for a moment, he turned to look back at the splintered butt of the foremast swinging against the sky.

"Shall I fasten the ensign, union-down to that stump, sir?" he asked. "I'll put it high's I can."

The captain stared at him. "What would you be doing that for?" he demanded. "To get some vessel to take us off? What for? She's tight, ain't she? You sounded the pumps."

"Oh, she's tight," replied the mate sourly, "but how'll we work her anywhere, with no spars and a deck load of lumber? She ain't nothing more'n a derelict floating round in the track of vessels. Only we're on her."

"Well, they want to look out for her, then," said the captain coolly. His voice changed; there was authority in it: "Get one of them niggers to work his way up that foremast—niggers are good climbers—and we'll send up rigging and put

a square sail on it. Then we'll rig a boom aft for a mainmast.

"I don't set no flag union-down while I've got a tight ship under me. Dog it all! what did I save them spars and sails for? To abandon 'em? Wouldn't that be foolish, now!"

He went below to the pantry, took a long draught of cold tea from the spout of the teapot, and went leisurely up to the deck again. About the foot of the foremast he saw the crew gathered, the mate with them. He was gesticulating angrily, and the faces of the men were averted and wore a sullen look. It was clear that none had been found to rig the mast.

No man of the crew had ever seen the captain forward of the mizzen rigging, and now as they watched him coming toward them, they fell back uneasily. As he paused by the side of the mate he glanced up at the foremast.

"Here, George," he said calmly, without looking at the man he addressed, a tall, active negro, "just put a strap around your waist and around the mast, and see if you can't work your way up. Tie the end of a ball of marlin about you, and when you're at the top, we'll pass up a block and rigging. You can do it; only man aboard who can. I've watched you; never saw a spryer man. Now see how quick you can be."

It was dusk before they had rigged the square sail, and morning again before they had run a stay to the bowsprit for a jib, and, lashing the fore boom to the stump of the mizzen for a mast, had fitted a jib to it for a trysail. Then suddenly out of the northwest the gale broke anew.

"Can't beat against that," said the captain mildly, "but we can lay to. Kind o' lucky, too, come to think; the crew's pretty well played out. Give 'em a rest."

It blew for three days, while, with decks awash, the schooner groaned and pounded in a head sea. Now and then a snow squall whirled down upon them, and the deck load of lumber was slippery with ice.

At noon on the second day the captain, glancing to port, saw a steamer working north, a mile away. His crew

were at the rail amidships, watching her and now and then casting a furtive glance aft. The captain chuckled.

"S'pose they're wondering why I don't signal for a tow or to be took off, like you was the other day," he said to the mate. "Funny how fidgety grown men can be if things don't go just to suit 'em! I——"

He stopped short. Beyond the leach of his flat-trimmed square sail he saw the tip end of his ensign flap out from the jibstay. A moment later he stood under the flag, lashed on the stay, union-down.

"George," he called sharply, "come here!"

The negro came sullenly forward.

"I didn't set dat color, suh," he declared, "but I want to be took off. We can't stand dis sort o' thing, suh; we sure can't."

"Who set it?" demanded the captain, but the negro was silent. The captain went on: "I'm surprised at you, George. Thought you'd have more pride, a good sailorman like you. Who set that color?"

"I don't know, suh," replied the man doggedly.

"Well, you're going to know who cut it down," said the captain. "Now, climb up there and do it."

As the flag dropped to the deck, the captain caught it and went aft to the quarter-deck, where the mate followed him.

"I ain't going to ask who's the cur that took that flag out of the spare stateroom," said the captain; "I'd be ashamed."

"You needn't hint at me, sir," said the mate hotly. "'T wasn't me."

"When I hint, Mr. Ström, you'll know it," answered the captain with dignity and went below.

The wind died down toward sunset, and with the coming of dusk it had shifted to the southwest and they took up their course to the north again. As he went below at twelve the captain turned to the mate.

"Well, you see, Mr. Ström," he said, "all you've got to do is to have a little patience. Look fine, now, wouldn't we, going up the coast in that steamer, with

the old boat drifting north after us, like a lame puppy trying to keep up with the master who'd deserted it? I'd never be able to hold up my head again."

"Well, we haven't sighted Sandy Hook Light yet," pessimistically remarked the mate.

"Nor Davy Jones's locker, either, if you come to that," replied the captain as he went below.

The wind was blowing heavily the next morning, with rain and a rising sea; but it was fair, and the spirits of the crew rose. Then in the heavy swell off Hatteras, worn by the thrashing, the lashing of the jury mizzen parted, and spar and sail fell. In falling, the improvised spar had broken.

It was morning before a new one was rigged again, and the watch below went wearily to their bunks. The wind had fallen, and under the insignificant spread of canvas the schooner wallowed in the seas, with scarcely sufficient steerageway to keep her head to the course.

Yet it was progress of a sort, and in a week they were off the Delaware Capes, though well out to sea; for in his determination to sail his vessel into New York, the captain avoided the regular track of coastwise traffic, fearing that his crew might take to the boat, abandoning the vessel while he slept.

At eight bells in the afternoon of the seventh day he came up to the deck, to face an icy blast from the north. Headed offshore, the schooner was sluggishly rolling along nearly in the trough of the sea, sagging to leeward with every plunge. He saw the mate watching him as his eyes came back to the vessel after a rapid survey of the sky. He affected a vast complacency.

"Well, we've got plenty of sea room," he said with the air of one to whom sea room was more to be desired than any port. "And we've gained. It's natural to get some setbacks, Mr. Ström. Got to expect 'em."

"Well, I guess we'll have all the setback we want for the next three days," moodily replied the mate.

"Mebbe so; mebbe so," agreed Captain Jarvis; "but I ain't calculating on the world coming to an end in that time. There'll be more days to follow. It's

reasonable to expect some of 'em will be favorable."

At midnight, in a howling gale, with the deck cluttered with snow, and the storm inclosing them in a shadowy opaqueness that was worse than absolute darkness, they bore away to the Gulf Stream, turning tail to the storm. As the schooner hung in the trough of the sea before paying off, a great wave swept her, carrying away the booby hatch and flooding the storeroom.

They were five hundred miles farther south, with half their provisions spoiled, and a wearied and desperate crew when in a raw, wet daybreak Captain Jarvis took the wheel and gave the mate orders to bring the schooner on her course again. The whole crew was on deck huddled in the lee of the center house when the mate hurried forward. Not a man stirred. The breaking-point had come at last.

From his position on the quarter-deck the captain recognized the situation. He called the second mate to the wheel and went forward, his hands in the pockets of his sack coat. His face was that of a mildly disinterested observer of a childish quarrel as he paused in front of the group of scowling sailors. The mate stepped back.

"Well, boys, you heard Mr. Ström's order, didn't you?" he asked.

"Yes, suh," replied one, "but we's done beat out an' we can't do no more. An' it ain't no use, suh; she won't do it. Try to make Charleston, suh, an' we'll go to work willin', but she can't make New York. Mebbe she could Charleston. We's willin' to try, suh."

"Charleston?" said the captain. "I don't know such a port. I'm calculating on making New York. That's the way my charter-party reads. Now, you Hermon, go to your station, and the rest of you where you belong. I won't have any such nonsense on my vessel."

Hermon did not stir. His hand was behind him; the captain knew that it gripped a belaying-pin. His own hand was in his coat pocket, and in a flash he drew it forth, covering Hermon with a revolver.

"Hermon," he said coolly, "put that belaying-pin back in the pin-rail where

you got it, and go to the jib-sheet, and go quick. No, wait! I've got a word to say to all of you land pirates. You know me; I do what I say, and the first man that lags after this when an order's given, I'll shoot like a dog. I'll hate like man to do it, but that won't hinder me. Now get a jump on—all of you!" The group spread like quicksilver.

But it was war, though by stealth, from that hour. Never by any chance did Captain Jarvis allow himself to turn his back on any man of the crew when near. He scarcely slept, and locked his door when he did, and lay in the bunk under the deck, with the windows closed and curtained. As he came down to dinner on the second day, the mate glanced over the table, then pushed back his plate, and began to nibble at a piece of ship's biscuit. The captain looked up. "What's the matter? Sick?" he asked.

"No," Ström replied, "but I don't trust that steward: just as soon poison us as not. He's scared blue. If they could get rid of us, they might get picked up. That Chinaman's with 'em, and he wouldn't stop at a little thing like poison."

"Well, we've got to take some risks," calmly replied the captain. "One thing, we've got to eat." Then he finished his meal.

For the most part the men moved about their appointed tasks with the aspect of men wholly without volition. Fate held them in her grasp, and life had become a merely perfunctory moving from one mechanical action to another. They were without the drilled-in sense of obedience that is a part of the racial instinct of men sprung from generations trained to the sea; they were hopeless and wearied beyond all fear of death, yet under that unwinking, stolid symbol of authority masking in the shape of placid middle age they were as emotionless as the piston-rod of an engine.

Yet there was this difference: cowed, apathetic, and impassive, there was about them a stealthy sense of watchfulness. One false step, one moment of forgetfulness, on the part of the captain, and nothing could have saved him. He felt this in every waking moment, and sleep

itself became, in the few moments that he occasionally snatched from duty, a tense, half-conscious state that the slightest sound changed to alert readiness for action.

He no longer walked the quarter-deck, turning his back momentarily to the man at the wheel, but silent and placid would stand by the windward rail. At such moments there was about him something of the preparedness of a lighted fuse.

They were five days in getting up to the latitude of the Capes again. The morning of the sixth broke in one of those perfect days that sometimes fall in January, like strays out of April. The sun was warm; a southerly wind gently fluttered the leach-ropes; there was no sea; around the inverted blue bowl of the sky the horizon stood out with the distinctness of an etched line. The sun went down in a cloudless sky, and when the mate came on deck at midnight, he looked up at the swelling canvas with a sigh of relief.

"Looks as though we'd really make it this time," he said to the captain.

Captain Jarvis looked up, shaking his head.

"See them stars?" he replied in a low voice. "They're too bright. I've been afraid all along this was just a weather-breeder. Them stars show it; we'll get a change before morning. I'll turn in for an hour, but call me sooner, if there's a shift of wind."

When he came on deck at one it was distinctly colder, the sky was overcast, and long before daybreak they were rolling broadside to a howling easter, through snow that thickened the air but never seemed to alight. In the murk of the storm the mate, going forward, saw one of the crew walk off the piled lumber into the cleared space about the windlass.

He found him sitting on the traveler, dazed, his face bleeding with a long gash where the forestaysail sheet block had cut it, and his right arm hanging broken between his knees. The mate led him to the forecabin and hurried aft.

"I believe he done it a purpose," he declared angrily to the captain. "He just walked off."

"Nonsense, Mr. Ström, why should he

do that?" asked the captain. "There's no sense in it."

"He'd get out of working, wouldn't he?" demanded the mate.

"Well, I don't see no sense in it," repeated the captain. "Bring him aft. We've got to set his arm some fashion."

Rudely, but to the best of their ability, they set the broken bone and bandaged the man's cut, and in the blackness before the coming of dawn the mate led him up to the deck and forward to the fore-castle. He was dimly aware, as he moved sleepily but carefully over the lumber, that the wind had increased and the sea was heavier. The realization brought him no added concern.

It was that depressing hour when vitality is at its lowest ebb, and in the sort of stoical unconcern that comes with the utter exhaustion of body and spirit he merely shrugged his shoulders. It did not matter, he told himself. Nothing mattered. They had been doomed from the first, and the sooner the end came the better.

In a sudden lurch of the vessel the man he was leading stumbled against him; and in a sort of despairing flicker his spirit leaped up in an almost insane desire to throttle the fellow and fling him into the sea. The vertigo of sudden rage seized him and he fell to cursing wildly and insanely. The man heard in stolid silence.

He pushed back the fore-castle slide and, thrusting the man down the steep companionway, closed the slide again and went forward, moving cautiously over the ice and momentarily clinging to the rigging as the seas broke over the bow. The fierce wind swept out of the vast darkness, beating him down and holding him motionless, as though he were suddenly petrified. He felt a sudden pity for the man on watch and began to grope for him, with the half-shamed thought of offering him some small word of sympathy. Then all at once he felt rather than saw that he was alone.

His first impression was that the man had been swept overboard; the next, that he had deserted his post. With a swift accession of rage he rushed to the fore-

castle and, throwing back the slide again, peered in. By the smoky fore-castle lamp he saw the injured man still sitting on the edge of his bunk, looking down at his broken arm and muttering in a half-coherent stupor of pain and weariness.

On the opposite side of the close, dimly lighted place he saw two forms huddled in the berths, bracing themselves against the roll of the sea. With an oath he dropped to the floor and caught the man in the upper berth by the shoulder, jerking him out headlong.

"You——"

He got no farther, for with catlike quickness the man in the lower berth leaped out and, catching the mate by the knees, brought him down and jumped upon his prostrate body.

On the quarter-deck Captain Jarvis stood braced against the windward rail, muttering to himself:

"Where in land has Ström gone? That squaresail's got to come in, and here he is mooning about the deck."

He turned sharply, and pitched downward toward the man at the wheel, stopping himself against the box; then he took the helmsman by the shoulder.

"Luff her all you can," he yelled, "luff! You want to keep out of them troughs. Want to roll her deck load off?"

Indistinctly in the roar of the storm he caught the man's shouted "Luff, suh," and saw him strain at the wheel. The captain eyed him dubiously.

"Guess you need help," he called, and staggered back to his post at the rail, peering into the darkness for Ström.

It was with the impression that the mate had been washed overboard that he finally made his way forward, reeling along the lumber and once dropping to his knees as a sea swept them broadside. Then as he rose, he caught the faint glimmer of the fore-castle light whitening the darkness above the open slide in a pale penumbra of driving snow. Quickly he made his way thither.

The man with the broken arm had edged along to the far end of his bunk and was staring with a look of arrested intelligence toward the three motionless bodies huddled about the foot of the

companionway. Two lay prone, with their heads interlocked, but the mate was on his knees, his body bent forward, his face flat on the third step. A trickle of blood made a black path along his up-turned cheek.

For a moment Captain Jarvis stared, his face emotionless. Then with a sickening drop the windward side of the vessel sank with appalling suddenness, and with instinctive sense of what was coming, Captain Jarvis turned the back of his head to the oncoming wave and, shrugging his shoulders together, gripped hard at the framework of the slide.

He was buried completely. It ran through his mind, "Well, this is the end," and somewhere through his disturbed equanimity flashed the thought that he was sorry to lose the vessel. It had never happened before. Then hazily across his streaming eyes there came back to him the picture upon which he had been gazing as the vessel dropped in the trough of the sea. He had an odd impression of the unreality of the whole thing and of having been suddenly aroused from a dreaming sleep.

Then he saw Ström slowly lift his head as if it were a great weight. Oddly enough, at that moment, he wondered what had become of the blood on it. It gave him a curious sort of satisfaction when the idea came to him that the sea had probably washed it off. It seemed an assurance that he was not dreaming and stirred him to action.

"Ström!" he called sharply—"Ström, what's the matter?"

The mate lifted his eyes.

"That you, sir?"

He staggered to his feet, clinging to the stairway for support, looking about him stupidly. Then he remembered.

"We had a little fracas," he mumbled, and pushed one of the prostrate men with his foot. "Here, you, get up!" he growled.

The man only groaned, and the other, disturbed by the sound, moved uneasily. Captain Jarvis was aware of an inward satisfaction and voiced it.

"Well, they ain't dead," he said. "I thought they were—all of you. I guess you ain't much good, though."

He gave Ström a hand, and as the

latter staggered to the deck and leaned weakly against the lumber the captain looked up at the improvised square-sail. "Well, we can't take it in alone, Jones and me," he shouted almost pathetically. "I'll take you below, but you call Jones. He'll have to stand watch. They ain't no one else."

It was the only reference he ever made to the scene the end of which he viewed. Fate had seen to it that upon him, almost alone, should fall the task of saving his vessel, and with no thought beyond the needs of the hour he went stolidly to the wheel, with which the wearied helmsman was no longer able to cope single-handed.

An hour later a dull report, like a gun fired in the fog, rose above the roar of the storm, and out of the blackness of the night the hurrying form of the second mate emerged.

"The square-sail's gone, sir," he shouted—"blown to ribbons."

The captain nodded.

"All right," he called, seeing that Jones lingered; "it needed to come off."

"Anything I can do?" the second mate shouted again.

"No; just stand watch. They ain't anything," answered the captain.

He glanced off to leeward with anxious eyes, and, as was habitual with him in moments of danger, began to talk to himself; but only his lips moved: there was no sound.

"I'd like to throw the lead," he said, "but what's the use? We couldn't work off under this sail; we couldn't do nothing but keep a-going just as we are. One thing, that blame' Jersey coast ain't far away."

He turned to the compass again and threw his weight on the spokes of the wheel; but every lengthening minute for hours of darkness he stood there impassive, with the thought that at any moment he might hear the dull jar of the keel as they struck. Fate spared him that last deadly blow.

Day broke with a dying wind, and they saw the low Jersey coast stretching close under their lee and white with snow. It was afternoon when, close up to the Sandy Hook lightship, a tug, cruising below the Hook for a tow,



“WHEN YOU’RE AT THE TOP WE’LL PASS UP A BLOCK AND RIGGING.”

came out to meet them. From her pilot-house her captain waved a greeting hand as they came within hailing distance.

“Pretty badly banged up, ain’t you, cap?” he called sympathetically.

“Oh, so-so,” Captain Jarvis shouted back. “What’s the news?”

“Not much of anything,” the towboat man replied. “Lots of cripples coming in, though.”

Captain Jarvis nodded; he could readily believe it.

“S’pose you want a tow up,” the man shouted.

Captain Jarvis hesitated, then asked:

“What’s your charge?”

“Seventy-five dollars.”

At that Captain Jarvis laughed.

“Guess you’re one of them land-

sharks we read about, ain’t you?” he asked good-naturedly.

“Well, you can’t sail up under that rig,” replied the other.

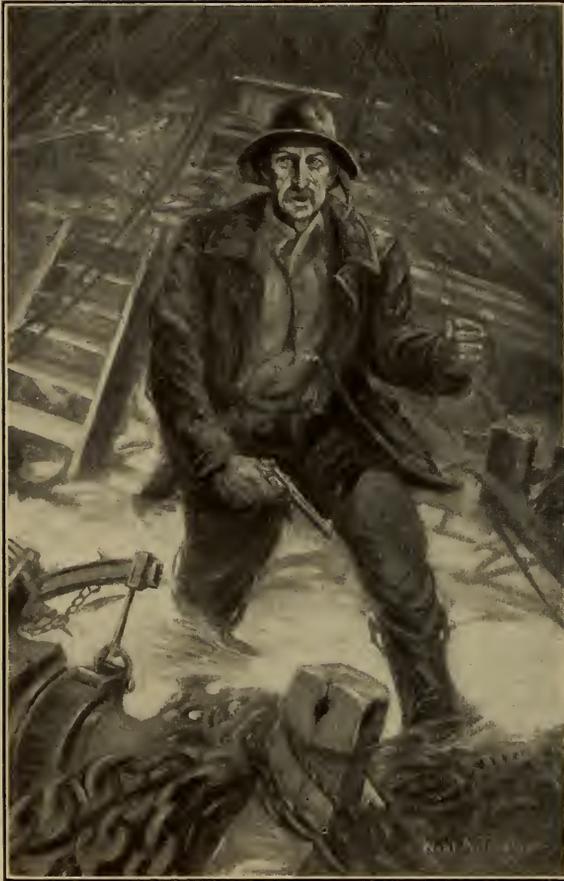
“I kind o’ thought I’d try it,” replied Jarvis, and turned and walked across the deck with an air of dismissal.

“Well, say fifty, then?”

“Give you twenty.”

The towboat man waved his hand in disgust and went back to the pilot-house. Twenty minutes later, with the tug alongside and sails lowered, the schooner was towing up toward Sandy Hook. They had compromised on thirty dollars.

Later the towboat man came aboard for a talk. As they sat on the forward corner of the house, he looked about him.



"I'VE GOT A WORD TO SAY TO ALL OF YOU LAND PIRATES."

"Well," he said, "this is pretty near what I'd call a wreck. How'd it happen?"

"Why," replied Captain Jarvis, "first it came on to blow, and then the spars went; and there you be."

He seemed aware that his account was an indifferent one, and with an effort to add to it, he jerked his finger over his shoulder toward the rest of the ship's company busily at work forward. "They all wanted to leave her," he said grimly.

"Make any trouble?" inquired the towboat captain.

"Not what you'd call real trouble," Captain Jarvis answered. "Kind o' like a passel o' boys."

It was dusk when they tied up to the lumber wharf, and fifteen minutes later

Mr. Ström hurried down into the cabin.

"Captain," he began, but Captain Jarvis interrupted him.

"Mr. Ström," he said, without turning from the table where he sat, "send the men down and I'll pay 'em off. I won't have 'em aboard another minute—a lot like them."

"They're gone," replied Ström—"eve'y man jack of 'em. Skipped over the side when my back was turned. I'd been keeping an eye on 'em, but——"

The captain wheeled and stared.

"Why, what would they do that for?" he demanded.

"I suppose they were scared—afraid you'd have 'em arrested for mutiny."

Captain Jarvis started at him in amazement.

"Arrested for mutiny!" he snapped. "What 'u'd I do that for? I can settle my own mutinies. Never heard of such foolishness.

"Well, I don't know no more about it than you," replied Ström. "They're gone."

"Well, see if you can't find 'em," went on the captain.

"I did," Ström answered. "Ran up the dock, and Jones, too, but it was no use. They'd gone, hoof and hide." He sighed. "I kind o' wanted to get another whack at that Hermon myself," he added.

"Suppose you go up the street a block or two and try the saloons," persisted the captain. "They wouldn't drift far from liquor."

He was treading on the ground of intimate knowledge once more, and his face lightened hopefully. Ström shook his head.

"No use," he replied; "niggers kind o' flock together; they wouldn't stop short of where they was going. Lord knows where that is."



“s’POSE YOU WANT A TOW UP.”

Captain Jarvis said no more, and continued to stare at the four piles of bills lying on his open ledger, the wages of the absconded men. For the first time since the voyage began he was utterly at a loss.

What was he to do with that money? It belonged to the crew. Well and good; then he must pay it. But how? The wrath of the sea had had no power to move him or hamper his instant judgment, but before a sense of obligation to men who had signally failed him, he sat doubtful and distressed.

He was silent at supper, but as Ström left the table to go up to the deck, the captain called him back.

"I suppose," he said questioningly, "if I was to cruise around them news offices and kind o' spin a yarn about this trip to some of them reporter fellows, they might put it in the paper."

"Why, mebbe they might, if they could fix it up to sound interesting to them," Ström agreed. "For my part, I'm ready to forget it. Had enough."

"Put the name of the schooner in, and all—the *Annie D. Lewis*, from Brunswick with lumber—and if any of them niggers saw it and read how I didn't hold anything against 'em," went on the captain unheedingly, "mebbe they'd come back for their money. It's theirs. What you think?"

"They might take it for a trick to catch 'em," suggested the mate. "Guilty folks are mighty scary."

The captain shook his head obstinately.

"Well, I can't help that," he said. "I won't be my fault if they don't take me at my word. Anyway, I guess I'll try it. Seems as if I'd feel easier."

Moreover, that is what he did.

GAME AND GAME FISH IN WINTER



By Samuel G. Camp



Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

THE advantage to the hunter and angler of a good working knowledge of the habits and haunts of game and game fishes is generally conceded. The man who knows the life histories of the deer and grouse, the brook trout and the black bass, has little need of a guide, save in so far as a geographical knowledge of the country to be fished or hunted may be necessary, to show him where to look for trout or where not to look for grouse.

Given two hunters or anglers equally well outfitted in the matter of guns and tackle and equally good shots and casters, and the one who has taken pains in his tramps afield and along the streams to note carefully such habits of the quar-

ry as may have a bearing upon his sport will always make the better showing. There are, of course, artificially planted and preserved coverts and streams where the abundance and innocence of the game will make up for lack of skill with gun, rifle, or fly rod; in such cases knowledge of how and where to look for game is not an imperative factor for success.

Where game and game fish exist in this superabundance getting them is purely a matter of being a good shot or casting a straight line; even the poor shot and the awkward rod handler may obtain enough birds or trout to salve the wounds to his pride caused by repeated misses with the gun or the usual misfortunes of the novice or the confirmed bungler with the fly rod.

There is a certain fish and game preserve controlled by a number of amiable but quite unathletic gentlemen "from the city." Each year, just before the opening of the trout season, the superintendent of this preserve dumps into the stream which runs through it several hundred liver-fed, two-pound trout. A few days thereafter the amiable but quite unathletic gentlemen "from the city" come up and "catch 'em"—on worms. That is one sort of sport.

On the other hand, there is another trout stream not far distant, a hard-fished public stream, from which I am willing to wager that the not too strenuous

gentlemen aforesaid could not take a half dozen trout in a day's fishing—with worms or in any other way. Yet a friend of mine can usually show you fifteen or twenty good trout taken from this stream on flies almost any day. That is another sort of sport.

This is not saying that the amiable metropolitans are entirely lacking in the right spirit, for they are not; the mere fact that they show a certain appreciation of what we mean when we say "trout fishing" is evidence of the existence of the right idea. It is merely



WHERE TWO FOXES CAME DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

saying that sport of the right sort is a matter of skill plus experience and observation.

But knowledge of the open season habits of fish and game, while all that the sportsman absolutely must know, may well be supplemented with some familiarity with the life of game when the season is closed. The appeal of the wilderness and woodland in winter has been repeatedly described and may here be taken for granted. Also, that the exercise of a long tramp along country roads, ice-bound streams, and through white forest lands is no bad thing should go without saying.

If you think there is no inducement for

getting out in the winter time, just try it once. Weather- and brush-proof clothes, a rifle or a camera for company, and an interest in the things you may pick up about the dwellers in the stream and forest comprise the outfit. The field of the winter life of game and game fishes is a very large one. Possibly the following few notes, necessarily neither exhaustive nor detailed, will be of interest to those whose experience outdoors has been limited to the open season.

Winter observation of the habits of

fish is a pretty difficult matter; as, indeed, is actual observation of stream life at any time. The things we know about trout and bass and other game fishes have been in great part gathered from observation of specimens in confinement in hatcheries and aquariums. By this is meant knowledge of the life of fishes, apart from certain phases well known to any experienced angler. The trout stream in winter, banked with snow and, save in the rifts where the current is very broken and rapid, sealed with ice, offers no hint as to the life of its inhabitants.

That the trout brook of January after a fall of snow and in the sunshine is nearly, if not quite, as good to look at

as the trout brook of June is small consolation to the man who wants to know about trout. And yet it would appear that the man who follows down his favorite stream when that stream is nothing more than so much snow and ice learns something about trout; just what, it would be difficult to put into words, but the fact remains that the angler who has an all-the-year-round acquaintance with his stream has a certain advantage over the man whose stream experience is limited to the spring and summer months.

The brook trout of the winter time is a very different fish from the brook trout of June. He is inactive, sluggish, and a bottom feeder. They do not go into retirement to such an extent as do the bass but, nevertheless, are far from active. The brook trout feed more or less, rather less than more, during the winter, and sometimes ice fishermen, trap-fishing for pickerel and perch on lakes inhabited by the speckled trout, catch them through the ice.

In the Berkshires there is a small lake known as Three Mile. Three Mile brook is the outlet of the little lake and has brook trout. Naturally there are trout in the lake. Some time ago some men fishing through the ice with the ordinary "types" or pickerel traps used for the purpose, took fourteen brook trout averaging a pound. The story does not tell whether they put them back or not, but that they caught the trout I know to be a fact. I might add that one of the best known and most skillful fly fishermen in Massachusetts has repeatedly fished Three Mile Pond for



THIS WILD-CAT WAS IN A HURRY. PHOTOGRAPH MADE AT CLOSE RANGE.

brook trout during the open season, with flies and everything else except dynamite, but without success—not a single trout.

This is a fine situation to theorize about if you are given to theories. Opening day trout fishermen have the best luck bottom-fishing with bait, and they will tell you that the trout of April first or fifteenth as the case may be, although they take the bait very freely, are extremely sluggish when hooked and when landed are found generally to be in poor condition. It would seem then that the brook trout is a light feeder in winter rather from lack of opportunity than from inclination, for the conditions prevailing early in April are usually distinctly wintry.

I have taken brook trout on bait standing in snow up to my knees; also in the worst of a heavy snowstorm. Under the same conditions trout have been taken on flies. Brook trout in October or November are found at the headwaters of streams and up the little feeder brooks where they resort during the spawning season. After the spawning season and during the winter months there must be a general drifting back to the main stream, and in the main stream a movement downstream to the usually deeper waters below.

The brook trout migrations mentioned by the naturalists, that is, a general movement upstream prior to the spawning period, followed by a retreat to lower waters thereafter, are, however, not to be taken too literally; it should not be understood that at any time either the upper or lower waters are en-



THE STRAIGHT, PRECISE TRAIL OF THE RUFFED GROUSE IS FREQUENTLY SEEN. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS MADE LESS THAN A MINUTE AFTER GAME WAS FLUSHED.

tirely trout deserted. As in the summer trout may be found about the spring holes so, also, in winter they are found there. In the summer time they seek the spring holes because there the water is cooler, but in winter because, rather curiously, it is then the warmer.

Spring water is slow to freeze. I know a spring-fed swamp brook where black ducks may be found all winter, parts of the little stream remaining open when all adjacent rivers and lakes are sealed with thick ice. The usual habitat of the winter brook trout is in the deeper holes and long, deep stretches of still water.

Formerly there was considerable controversy about the so-called hibernating of the black bass during the winter months, but it is now definitely known that, when the streams and lakes are frozen, they do, indeed, hibernate in much the same manner as certain fur-bearers. Hibernation, however, does not imply complete cessation of the forces of life but merely a dormant state which, under certain circumstances, may be interrupted temporarily. Thus the basses, both large- and small-mouthed, when the water reaches a certain degree of coldness, seek refuge in the interstices of rocks, in hollow, submerged logs, and places of like nature, sometimes burrowing into the mud of the lake bottom, where they remain for long periods inactive and without feeding.

But if several days of warm unseasonable weather should come, melting the ice and raising the water temperature, the bass would again become active. Also it is fairly certain that individuals remain active all winter; that is, all the bass in any given lake are not inactive at any one time.

Catches Through the Ice

Ice fishermen quite often during the winter report catching a single, sometimes two or three, black bass. In the early winter of 1908 a friend of mine, fishing through the ice of a river cove, took eleven black bass, large-mouthed, the largest weighing two and a half pounds. This is the heaviest catch of bass through the ice that has ever come to my notice. The winter bass seeks the deep waters of stream or lake, coming to the shallows when the water grows warm in the springtime.

The winter habits of pike, pickerel, and perch are much the same as in the warmer months, although they are not so frequently found in shallow water. These fishes feed all winter and are quite active at all times. Ice fishing for pickerel and perch, although hardly in the same class with fly fishing for trout, is good fun and widely practiced.

While the winter trampler actually sees very little game, either feathered or furred, a good tracking snow tells him

many things which may be learned in no other way. Signs of fox and deer, wild cat, squirrel, and hare are abundant, and the straight, precise trail of the ruffed grouse is frequently seen. But the man who wishes to learn about the winter life of game should not be satisfied with the mere recognition of the passage of fox, deer, or grouse as the case may be.

When you come upon a well-defined trail, not necessarily a fresh one, follow it out as far as possible, for only in this way can one read from the snow the autobiographies of the forest dwellers. Of the smaller fur-bearers it may be said that their activities are almost entirely confined to the nighttime. A man could live in the woods for years with only an occasional glimpse of fox or wild-cat by day.

The wild-cat is very infrequently seen; so seldom, in fact, that few persons have any idea as to the real numbers in which these animals inhabit the woods. But the snow tells the story; in every secluded neck o' the woods you will find the very sizable prints of their pads, and you may be sure that the trail-makers were bent on mischief. The ruffed grouse suffers from their depredations, and the cottontail and other small animals and birds are continually, and often very successfully, hunted.

As a general thing the wild-cat selects for his den steep, rocky hillsides where scrub brush grows thickly. Although very shy of man and, therefore, contrary to the ideas of many, not at all to be feared, the wild-cat is easily trapped. Every winter many of them are taken, but, save for the fact that when well set up by a competent taxidermist and duly fitted with fierce, yellow, glass eyes and an artificial snarl, they make interesting trophies, the dead cat is as worthless as the live one. The pelts are of little value on the market.

Occasionally you will meet a fox. I have done so twice in five years. Incidentally, I had only number eights in my gun. The fox, too, is chiefly a night prowler, but rather more frequently seen by day than certain others of the fur-bearers. Especially in the rutting season they may be seen in the day-

time; and at this time they also seem to lose some of their innate caution. In New England fox hunting with hound and rifle or shotgun is an established industry, and a good, hardy sport.

The fox den will more often be found near civilization, in woodland as distinguished from forest, than will that of the wild-cat, but, sometimes fox hunters will bring in a wild-cat pelt. The number of grouse killed by foxes is probably exaggerated by upland hunters, but it is

shoe rabbit" since it makes a track approximately (only) the size of a "bear-paw" snowshoe.

This hare, very much larger than the cottontail, will most often be found in thick pine and tamarack swamps. It affords good sport to the winter hunter and is best hunted with hounds. It usually leads away in a circle and to stop one at his best speed requires skilled holding. During the summer its color is brown, gradually changing to pure



THE TROUT STREAM IN WINTER.

a fact that at times the fox captures an unwary bird. I have personally seen blood and brown-barred feathers in the winter trail of Reynard.

Wood mice and squirrels are also sought as food—and poultry! Curiously enough a fox will almost never notice a man standing still, but one movement—when you raise the gun to your shoulder—and he is only a long, red streak over the snow.

In the dead of winter even the very common cottontail is an infrequent sight by day, and the varying hare, now in its white winter pelage, must be carefully still-hunted to be seen. When you hit the trail of a varying, or Northern, hare do not think it a bear track. This animal is well named the "snow-

white in winter, a fine example of protective coloration.

The mink and otter travel during the winter and you will sometimes see their trails along the frozen water courses. The otter will sometimes take an overland trip in winter from one stream or lake to another, and its trail is unmistakable, looking as if some one had dragged a log through the snow. Both mink and otter are at all times great travelers, but when at home they are usually found in burrows in the river banks.

Both are extremely fond of brook trout, are expert anglers, and owners of trout preserves will do well to watch for their trails along the streams and administer cold steel in the form of a number two steel trap. Once, when duck



EVERYWHERE IN THE WOODS THE DEEP-PRINTED SLOTS
OF THE DEER MAY BE SEEN.

shooting in the early winter, I had an opportunity to observe a mink at his hunting. For nearly a quarter of a mile I paddled my canoe behind him as he worked along the river bank.

My chief impression was that the mink is curiosity and wickedness personified. Otters are far less common than mink, although formerly they were quite plentiful; but the trapper has done his work well. Only a few years ago there was an otter "slide" about half a mile from the writer's home in Connecticut, but at present not more than two or three of these animals are seen in the vicinity yearly.

Every year a few black ducks manage to stay out the winter, here in New England, although at times open water must be very difficult to find; but, of course, most of the water fowl and the woodcock journey to their Southern estates before the real back-country winter sets in. There remain the ruffed grouse, the quail, and, latterly, the Hun-

garian partridge. Of the habits of these game birds one may learn much in winter tramps, both by sight and "sign."

The ruffed grouse, in particular, is a very familiar sight in winter. In general these birds, in hunted territory, show no lessening of timidity in the presence of man as compared with their well-known sensitiveness during the hunting season. A very quiet approach is imperative if you would enjoy the sight of an old "birch partridge" pursuing the even tenor of his winter way.

When a heavy fall of snow is on the ground you will flush most of the grouse from the tops of thick pines and hemlocks.

But the snow will show you where the grouse has walked among the young birches, where he has plunged into the soft snow to pass a stormy night, or, again, twin wing marks at the end of an interrupted trail will show you where the bird took wing.

The general impression seems to be that the ruffed grouse "roosts" in trees in winter, but many times you will see where he has passed a night, or possibly two or three, in the lee of a tree stump or log, or on the top of an old stone wall. My own experience has been that in winter the grouse are almost invariably found singly, individual birds being flushed at comparatively long distances apart, but in other parts of the country it may be different. The scarcity of food, necessitating individual foraging, would explain this.

No one who knows anything about the ruffed grouse can help admiring his sturdy self-reliance and hardihood in the face of the rigors of a typical New Eng-

land winter. Barring disease, it is a fact that a very small number of grouse ever winter-kill. Foxes and wild-cats account for a few of them every year, and an ice storm, crusting the snow over a self-buried grouse, results sometimes in the death of an occasional bird.

The deer travel all winter, quite extensively when the snow is not too deep; along old wood roads and everywhere in the woods, where deer are at all common, their deep-printed slots may be seen in the snow. In the Berkshires, a very hilly and well wooded region, cut over just enough to make good grouse and deer brush, the deer pack in winter and bands of five to ten, and sometimes even more, are seen quite frequently. In Connecticut and Massachusetts there is a continual close season on deer and they are yearly becoming more numerous, so numerous, in fact, as to be an

agricultural nuisance in some localities, and it is only a matter of time when a reasonable open season will have to be declared.

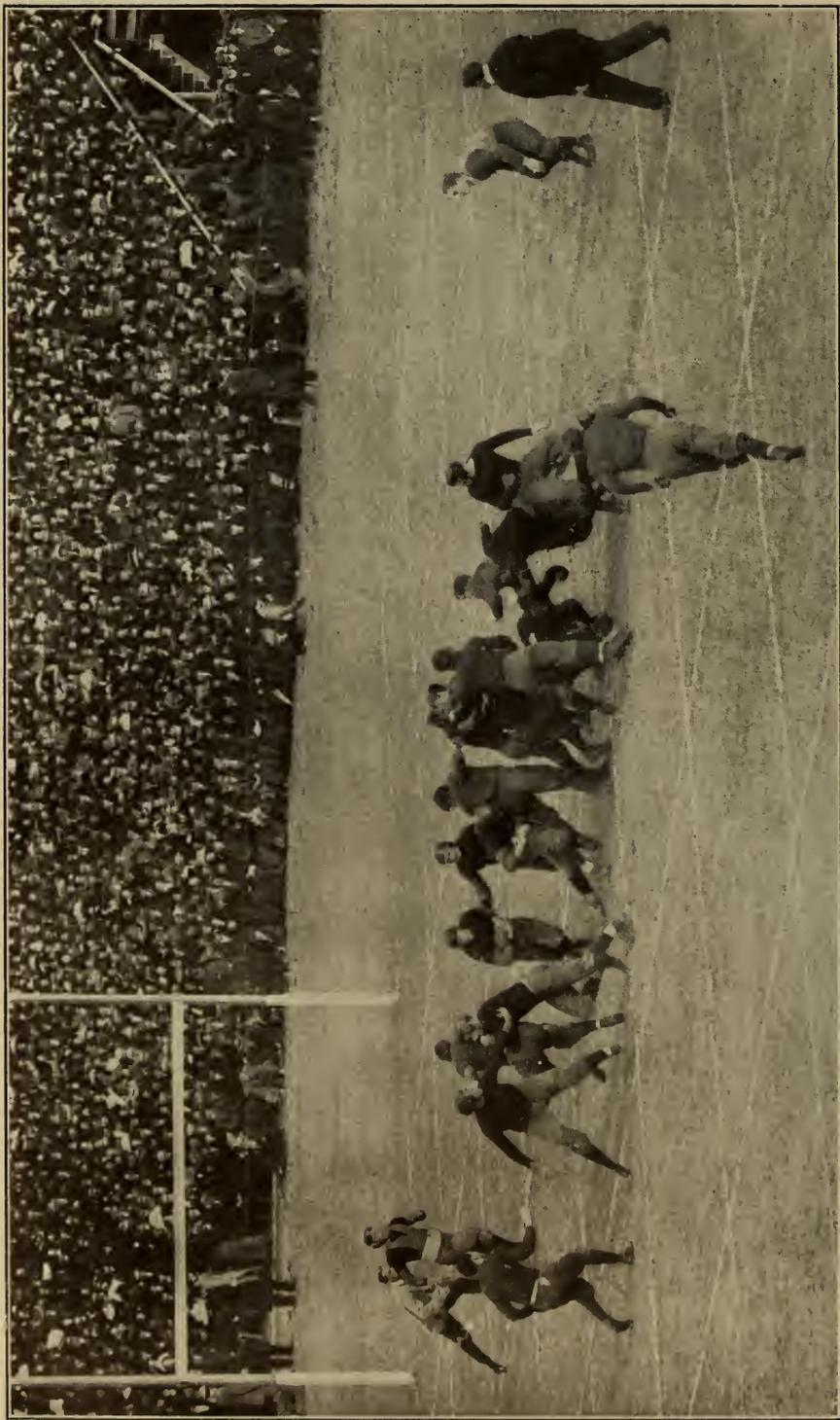
In very heavy winter weather, when the snow lies deep in the woods, the deer seek shelter in protected places, usually in thick growing pines and hemlocks, in lowland or swamp. The trails leading from these shelters are deeply trodden, a good deal like a "rabbit run" on a larger scale. Such places are called deer "yards," a term that is generally misunderstood to mean that the deer remain in some one well-defined place like cattle in a barnyard. Usually the track of the deer is unmistakable, but sometimes it is confused with the tracks of young cattle running wild in the woods. In the deer track the slots are close together at the heel, not spread as widely as with domestic animals.

THE TWO "BIG" FOOTBALL GAMES

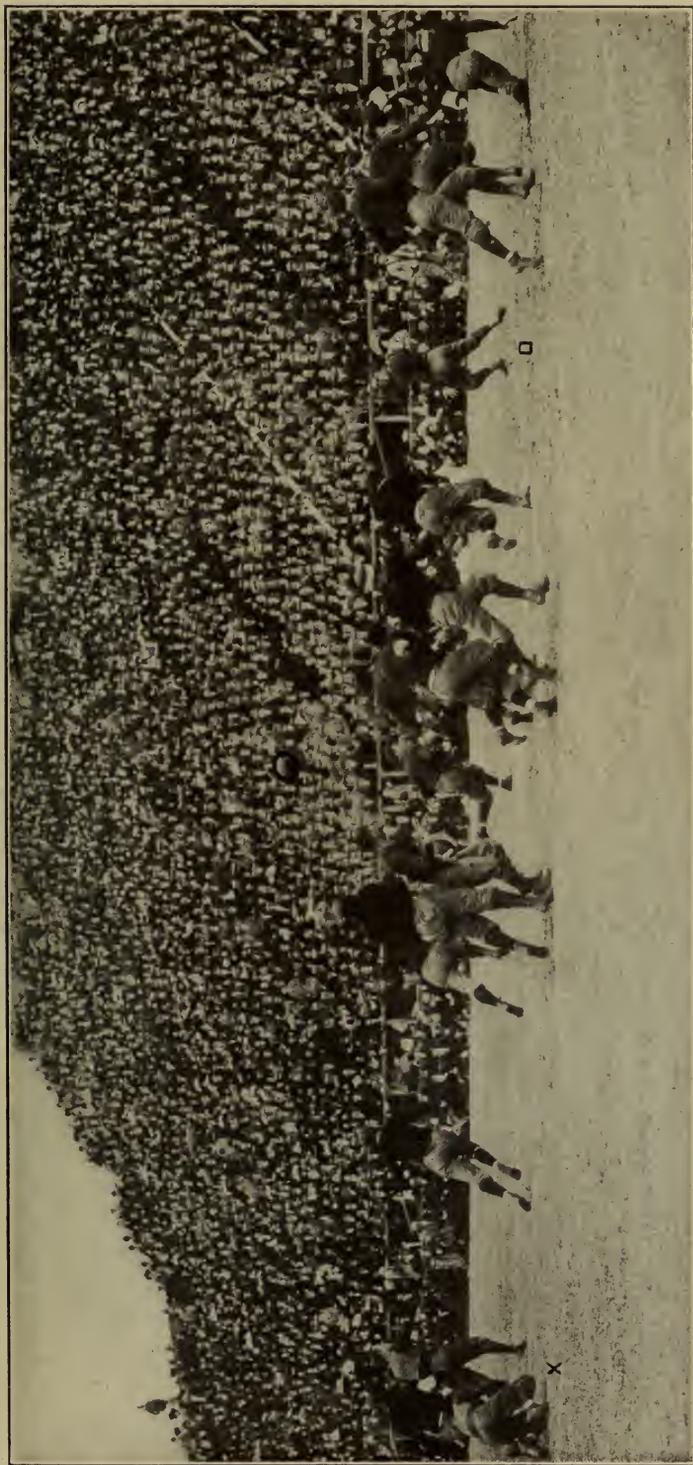
Photographs by Paul Thompson, N. Y.



MINOT, THE HARVARD FULLBACK, GETTING AWAY A PUNT FROM BEHIND THE CRIMSON GOAL LINE IN THE GAME WITH YALE WHICH HARVARD LOST 8-0.



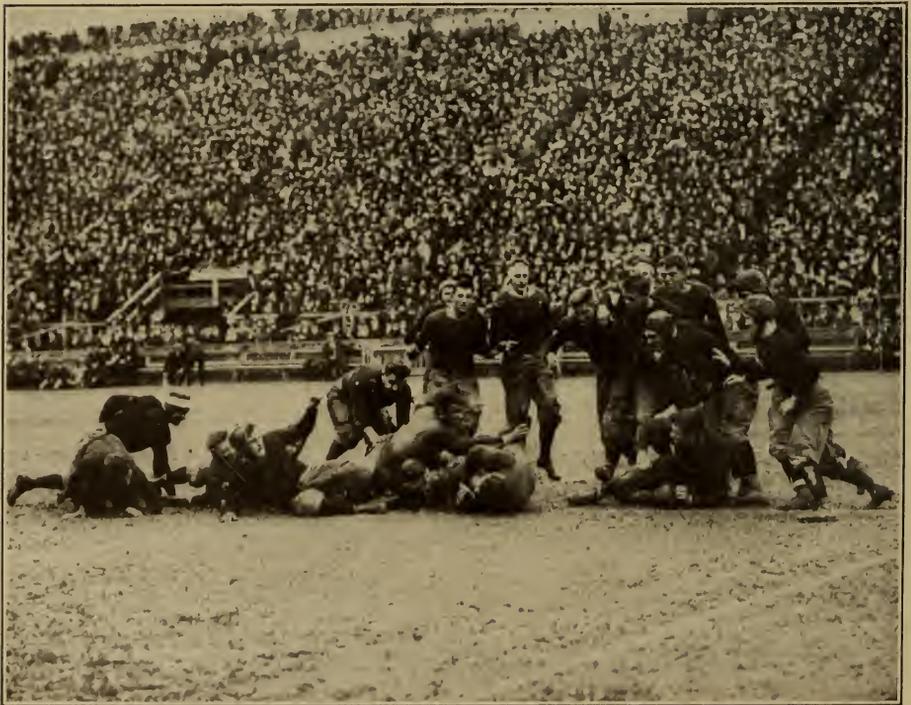
IN THE HARVARD-YALE GAME AT CAMBRIDGE, NOVEMBER 20, HARVARD GAINED 176 YARDS BY RUSHING TO 80 GAINED BY YALE. THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF CORBETT, HARVARD'S LEFT HALF, GOING THROUGH YALE'S LEFT TACKLE SHOWS HOW THE CRIMSON TACKLES OPENED THE BLUE LINE. CORBETT GAINED THIRTY-FIVE YARDS IN THIS PLAY.



YALE MADE GOOD USE OF THE FORWARD PASS IN THE GAME WITH PRINCETON, NOVEMBER 13, WHICH YALE WON, 17-0. IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH THE BALL (OUTLINED IN BLACK) IS SHOWN IN MID-AIR. AT THE LEFT THE CROSSES INDICATE COY, YALE FULLBACK, WHO HAS JUST MADE THE PASS. AT THE RIGHT (MARKED BY A SQUARE) IS HOWE, YALE QUARTERBACK, WAITING TO RECEIVE THE BALL.



THE MAN IN THE FOREGROUND IS LILLEY, YALE TACKLE, BREAKING THROUGH TO BLOCK THE KICK WHICH GAVE YALE HER FIRST TOUCHDOWN AGAINST PRINCETON.



COY STOPPED IN ONE OF HIS RUSHES THROUGH THE PRINCETON LINE.

WINTER DEEP-SEA FISHING

By Louis Rhead

Illustrated with Photographs by Andrew Bogart

NEITHER fresh- nor salt-water anglers visiting New York in winter should fail to take a day trip on one of the boats which carry anglers every day in the week all through the winter, if the weather is reasonably fair, down to the Cholera Banks. It is a good chance for fishermen to try their hands at something new and extremely inter-

esting. The cost is reasonable, the fish are on the ground, and they bite, too, with such vim as to make one imagine the ocean bed fairly alive with fish. They are not all game, to be sure, for there are numerous undesirable customers like dogfish, skate, hackleheads, congers, and others, but these, if of good weight, only help to stimulate the interest. The methods of sea fishing are so many and varied that a mere novice with



WHEN THE FISH ARE COMING OVER THE RAIL IN CLOSE ORDER.



TAKING OFF ONE CATCH AND GETTING READY FOR THE NEXT.



ON NEARLY EVERY TRIP THERE ARE WOMEN ON BOARD TO FISH OR TO WATCH.

only a hand line may land a big codfish up to twenty pounds just as easily as the expert caster who fishes from the upper deck with a costly rod and reel.

The Cholera Banks furnish the best results in medium-sized fish and are the most accessible for a day's fishing I know anywhere. In this locality, the ocean bed is thickly covered with mollusks and crustaceans, no doubt attracted in the first place by food washed down by the Hudson, and later, by the dumping of garbage and waste from New York City. These sea creatures naturally attract vast shoals of migratory fish from the South in summer and the North in winter. The Banks consist of a large area of shallow water about forty feet deep, running out to sea a distance of twelve miles from the Long Island shore to Sea Bright on the Jersey Coast. The section is so named from the fact that during the cholera plague that visited New York during the last century many citizens went aboard seagoing craft and put out to sea, living there for some months anchored within sight of land. To amuse themselves they passed their time in fishing, and it was they who discovered what has since proved to be one of the most fruitful fishing grounds on the Atlantic Coast at all seasons of the year.

The fishing fleet consists of five large vessels and a crowd of smaller craft, most of them starting from the Battery about 8 A.M. The crowd is greatest on Sundays and holidays, but in winter there is always ample room for comfort on a three-deck vessel. As we cross the gang plank it is easy to guess that the fishermen represent every walk in life and many nationalities. All are well dressed, among them being a number of women and young boys who take part in the game.

They are soon scattered all over the boat, some choosing a favored place to fish, others going down to their lockers below to don fishing clothes. By the time the boat is halfway down the bay the transformation is complete and they appear rigged out in sea-fishing togs, and the railings of the two upper decks are lined from stem to stern with rods and tackle boxes and anglers anxiously wait-

ing to begin the fray. Those who fish with hand lines stay below, fishing practically underneath the boat, while the top deckers cast far out to avoid tangled lines.

Meanwhile the little bait shop below has been very busy. Barrels of clams have been handed out in little wooden dishes at five, ten, and twenty-five cents each to a long line of anglers. Farther forward are the bait-cleaning tables where the operation is performed by a professional at five cents a plate with such astonishing dispatch that he doubtless makes a good income thereby. One would think a clam in its entirety would be just a nice mouthful for any deep-sea fish. The trouble is that the greater part is not tough enough to stay on the hook when cast far out.

Ready for the Day's Work

At last comes the welcome hush of the machinery, the slow stopping of the ponderous side wheels, a little bell is heard which is the sign that the day's sport is about to begin. The cable chain rumbles, and before the anchor is on the bottom, whizzing sinkers by the score go flying through the air, to drop with a sounding whack in the water. One marvels at the sight; not a single line is out of place or entangled with the others, but all slowly drop fifty feet or thereabouts to the ocean bed. Anyone who has cast bait for black bass will soon learn the knack of sea-casting, the only real difference being that the rod is held with two hands instead of one. It is not strength, but a proper adjustment and thumb control of the reel that makes an effective cast.

Though most of the anglers are a brawny lot, there are many little fellows who equal their bigger confrères in skill and results. There are many young boys, some not over thirteen years old, whose piping tenor voices are heard among the deep ones giving notice to "low bridge," which is the warning that the heavy sinker is about to start on its journey. The white foam beaten up by the backing of the wheels has scarcely disappeared when up come blackfish in singles and doubles with wonderful reg-

ularity, to be unhooked, dumped into baskets or coarse bags, or strung on a stout cord and laid on the deck, where at the end of the day will be a pile of from ten to fifty fish, according to the luck or ability of the angler. A remarkable feature of bank fishing is the distribution of the fish. Certain places are good for blackfish or sea bass, others for hake and whiting; while cod and a few pollock may be found anywhere.

Bites Are What They Want

The placing of the boat is entirely in the hands of the captain or the pilot, and if bites are not frequent grumblings are heard and suggestions as to the wisdom of trying new quarters. "Move the boat" at first is a single request. Then in unison the demand becomes loud and prolonged. Anchor chains rumble and the boat moves, for the pilot knows that these anglers have not paid their money to spend the time dangling a dead line. It is bites they want, continuously, no matter what the thing is that goes for the bait, dogfish, blowfish, hacklehead or conger, even a starfish, spider crab, or piece of stone—something must be on the hook. When one of the experts on the upper deck hooks a big cod of twenty pounds or thereabouts, he calls out for one of the deck hands to gaff the fish from the lower deck with a gaff having an eighteen-foot handle. The angler then works the fish along the surface within reach of the gaffer. For this work a charge is made of ten cents for each time the gaffer's services are required. Fish up to seven or eight pounds are hauled up by the reel. For that reason alone strong and coarse tackle must be used.

In addition to the weight and the water's resistance, combined with the powerful tugs all marine fish give, it would be invidious to compare bank with trout-fishing tackle. However delicate our hand may have been in more refined fishing, we soon become accustomed to the monster reel, to snells of tarred whipcord, chunks of bait, and rods fit to compare in strength with a policeman's billy. These make up in a measure for the furious onslaughts and

savage pulls that most salt-water fish give. To play a fish would be the most laughable thing imaginable to bank anglers. Most of the rods are short and thick, with double handles, the entire length of two pieces being from five to seven feet. There are many fine, well-built, even expensive outfits, with thirty-dollar rods, and agate guides, some of the rods being of solid wood and others of bamboo of the very best make.

The reels are as varied as the rods, ranging from the big wooden ones to the large surf-casting German silver and rubber variety, down to the small-sized reel used in weak fishing, the latter being put to use only for casting. When the fish is hooked, the line is hauled in hand over hand, in a way similar to that used by the hand liners below. I am bound to say that not many fish escape after once they strike the bait, for the reason that, outside of the blackfish, most winter fishes have large mouths, which will accommodate a big hook and generous bait. Even so, the bait is time and again stripped off the hook without any ceremony or shame. One thing is sure, there is never any doubt when the fish is biting and it is entirely the angler's fault if he does not bring his prey up on deck.

The interest of bank fishing lies in the fact that there is something doing all the time, either with your own or your neighbor's tackle. When an extra heavy fish is hauled aboard by a lucky angler, the others crowd to the same spot, each one casting over the other in a jumble to get another big one. Yet so cleverly is it done that there is seldom any tangle or trouble. There is a spirit of kindly friendship permeating the entire boat. Little talking while at work is the rule, and the businesslike process of unhooking fish and attaching new bait goes on without a break till time is called for the return home.

Not a few fishermen make the trip to the banks two or three times a week and some even go every day, so great is their pleasure in the sport. Many of the anglers who have retired from business take up this recreation, and follow it steadily.

Of course, there are times when success is slight and only the "regulars"

or experts are able to land what is called a "mess"—say ten fish. But there are occasions when the fishing is phenomenal; this is particularly true with the hake, which come up in extraordinary numbers, in doubles and trebles; no sooner does the sinker touch bottom than it is pulled up again, with either one or two hake, and often large whiting. The bottom of the sea seems to be a living mass of fish, each from a pound to three pounds in weight, and this kind of fishing may continue without any signs of falling off in numbers for half an hour or more. Nothing like such fishing is ever seen in fresh water, where some two to three hundred anglers all bunched together in a limited space, can, and often do, land a fish every minute of actual work for a considerable time.

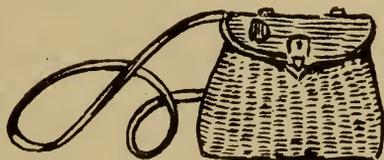
At such favorable times I am sure a low estimate for the entire catch on these trips would be about four thousand fish weighing at least five thousand pounds. It can be imagined from this how many fish are taken by the fleet of five large vessels. A little figuring would show the amazing annual total of five million pounds of fish. At times, hake goes begging on board; there are so many that anglers stagger under the weight they carry away. I saw one angler with a coarse bag containing one hundred and twenty pounds of fish; my own, small in comparison, was more than I care to lug again, but fish only a few hours from the water are joyfully received by one's neighbors.

Immediately the ship turns her prow toward home, lines are hung out to dry, the fish are sorted and cleaned. Thick paper and cord are for sale, and packing up is in order; down below some of the regulars arrange their catch on the deck

floor, offering them for sale to those less lucky or who desire other fish than they have caught. "Who wants a big cod and four blackfish for a dollar," or, it may be "fifty cents apiece for cod." Buyers appear who wish to enhance the value or variety of their catch. Before we reach the dock, thousands of sea gulls are following the ship to gobble up the refuse cast overboard. About 4 P.M. the happy anglers march off the gang plank in "Indian file," not one of them without his bundle of fish that fully pays for the small expense incurred.

It is safe to say that no other large city in the world is provided with such advantages for sea fishing; practically within two hour's sail New Yorkers can enjoy excellent sport with good results. Boats have been specially fitted up for the purpose, some of them with three decks capable of carrying one thousand three hundred passengers, well supplied with life-saving apparatus, though in the trips made one is never out of sight of land, so that danger is reduced to a minimum. The appointments are all that could well be desired in return for the prices charged, which are usually seventy-five cents for men, fifty cents for women, and twenty-five cents for children, covering the entire trip from 8 A.M. to 4 or 5 P.M. The passengers are invariably well-mannered and polite, the boat scrupulously clean, and if lunch is not taken along, a restaurant aboard will usually furnish a meal that is plain and good at reasonable cost.

If passengers are not provided with tackle of their own, all the necessary articles can be procured on board most of the boats at a reasonable cost. All that is absolutely necessary is that a man should possess the will, the time, and the small amount of money for the trip.



FOOTBALL in 1909



By Walter Camp



HONOR LIST OF 1909 FOOTBALL

Yale :	<i>Coy, full back ; Kilpatrick, right end ; Philbin, left half back ; Andrus, left guard ; Hobbs, left tackle ; Cooney, center ; Howe, quarter back.</i>
Harvard :	<i>Fish, right tackle ; Minot, full back ; Corbett, left half back ; McKay, left tackle.</i>
Pennsylvania :	<i>Braddock, left end ; Miller, right end ; Pike, right guard ; Hutchinson, quarter back.</i>
Dartmouth :	<i>Marks, full back ; Tobin, left guard ; Ingersoll, left half back ; Bankhart, right end.</i>
Princeton :	<i>Siegling, left tackle ; Bergen, quarter back ; Cunningham, right half back.</i>
Lafayette :	<i>Blaicker, left end ; McCaa, full back ; Irmschler, right half back.</i>
Fordham :	<i>McCaffery, right end ; Barrett, center ; McCarthy, right half back.</i>
Brown :	<i>Regnier, right end ; Sprackling, quarter back ; Ayler, left guard.</i>
Michigan :	<i>Benbrook, left guard ; Magidsohn, left half back ; Allerdice, right half back ; Casey, left tackle ; Smith, center ; Wasmund, quarter back.</i>
Minnesota :	<i>McGovern, quarter back ; Rosenwald, half back ; Walker, tackle ; Farnam, center.</i>
Chicago :	<i>Page, quarter back ; Worthwine, half back.</i>
Notre Dame :	<i>Miller, left half back ; Vaughan, full back ; Edwards, tackle.</i>
Wisconsin :	<i>Anderson, quarter back.</i>

THE football season of 1909 may be divided into two distinct halves, the first half up to November 1st devoted almost entirely to development work by the wise teams, and the second the November games which showed the results of this drill on fundamentals. Never has there been a more perplexing season, so far as the first few games were concerned, than that of this year. Harvard and Yale were the only teams that seemed to start off normally and indicate a beginning with the fundamentals of play rather than scoring possibilities. Yale met Wesleyan and defeated this team 11 to 0, then Syracuse and defeated them 15 to 0. Harvard met Bates and defeated them 11 to 0 and Bowdoin 17 to 0.

As soon as one turned from these or-

ganizations, however, he was met with the most perplexing conditions, conditions indicating that teams were ignoring the fundamentals of play and before paying any attention to defense were starting off for scores. In the first two games Pennsylvania ran up 42 points and Carlisle 71. Princeton in her very first game made no less than 47 points against Stevens. This could have been explained by the weakness of Stevens, were it not for the fact that Stevens scored no less than 12 points on Princeton.

Dartmouth in her first game ran up 22 points, but in the next game was tied in a scoreless game by the University of Vermont. Cornell made 32 points in her first two games, but was scored upon by Rensselaer, 3, and Oberlin, 6. The Navy ran up 28 points, but was scored upon by both St. Johns and Rutgers, the former 6 and the latter 2. Brown, perhaps, of all the others started off more nearly as in the old days, scoring 6 in her first game and 13 in her second and not permitting her opponents to score.

Then while these three, Yale, Harvard, and Brown, went on normally, Pennsylvania and Dartmouth were the only two that seemed to come back to cardinal principles and begin to build their team along the lines of both offense and defense. Carlisle played five games in October, and in not one of these games did she escape being scored upon by the opponents. Princeton was held down to a single field goal by Fordham, was beaten by Lafayette, and had another field goal kicked on them by the Navy, scoring five points themselves in that game. Cornell was defeated by Fordham and again by Williams, 3 to 0.

These conditions made it difficult for anyone not following the detail of the play to understand what was happening, but as a matter of fact it really meant that in many cases teams had been developed on showy, tricky offense with an almost entire lack of defense. But this was not the most serious feature. The really difficult problem, and the one that brought unfortunate results, was that it was impossible to develop, in the time allotted, an offense which combined

a steady running game with the possibilities of the forward pass and onside kick, and at the same time to take care of the double defense necessitated by these possibilities.

It became necessary, therefore, for a team to decide whether it was better to sacrifice defense to the practice of their strong open play or to attempt to hold the ball a greater proportion of the time by a more compact offense than to develop a broad defense. This, unfortunately, brought back something in the nature of the mass play, for it held out as a possible goal the probability of being able to make three and one-third yards to a down consistently by massing plays on tackle. This was going back with a vengeance to the old game, but strategically it meant, if it could be accomplished, the longer possession of the ball, and by that very means the keeping it away from the opponents and thus avoiding the necessity of constructing a defense for a greater variety of open play.

Fruit of the Forward Pass

It had been pretty well settled in two or three seasons of forward passing and onside kicking that the proportion of successful open plays to the number of times tried was small, possibly no better than one in three or four. It meant, therefore, that the side which habitually practiced open play would surrender the ball to the opponents three times for the privilege of making a successful play once. Now, if the other side, every time they secured the ball, could by heavy plays directed on the tackles make their necessary ten yards two or three times, they would have possession of the ball so much longer than the adherents of the open play that the chances were they would keep the play in their opponents' territory, and the least misplay on the part of their opponents would put them within scoring distance, whereas a misplay by themselves would not have the same result for the other side.

These were the considerations which had their effect on the style of play in the beginning of November, with very marked results on the cripple list at that period of the year.

It has proved a very serious thing for football, for what had been predicted regarding the eventual effect of the forward pass was borne out so decidedly by the season of 1909 that none could fail to read the story true. In order to offset the increased skill in forward passing it was absolutely necessary to take the defensive back away from supporting the tackle. The end had already been taken away in the first year or two of forward passing, but now when the attacking side had become more expert and could get more men through in position to receive the forward pass the half back was moved back and the last support of the tackle in defending against the running game was taken away.

Hard on the Tackle

Now, what did this mean? It meant that one lone man occupying that pivotal position around which the heaviest plays could be swung was left entirely unsupported to meet, time and time again, the mass plays on tackle. No wonder he became exhausted, and no wonder accidents happened after that exhaustion had become extreme. That measures must be taken to meet these conditions is patent to everyone and there is no doubt that the rules will undergo modification to meet this emergency.

Harvard began to show evidence of a strong attack as early as the Maine game on October 16th and followed it up by pounding out a large score against Brown on the following Saturday. Yale was working longer on forward passes and open running and found in the Army game on the 16th that the simple attack was not effective, for they went through the entire first half without a score, in fact without making any very great threat upon the Army's goal. In the second half Yale sent in faster men and opened up the game, running up a score of 17 to 0.

On the following Saturday we find Yale defeating Colgate with better team play, and by the last Saturday in October Harvard had developed an attack on tackle which showed strongly in the West Point game. Yale was still going out with open field runs but easily de-

feated Amherst. By this time Yale's defense had shown the greatest progress of any of the teams, although her attack, while brilliant, was by no means consistent. Thus ended the preliminary season and the teams entered November's games.

On the 6th, Harvard and Yale more nearly approached each other in defensive work, Yale still being somewhat stronger, but for plunging attack Harvard was considerably better; the next week magnified this even more, Yale failing on her concerted close attack to carry the finality across the Princeton goal, but defensively proving wonderfully effective. Harvard in her Dartmouth game showed almost unstoppable plays concentrated around tackle and piercing Dartmouth's line and her defense.

Princeton and Pennsylvania showed far greater irregularity in their careers. Princeton's defense, as mentioned, was poor in the Stevens' game, the first one played in October, the opponent's scoring 12 points. In the Fordham game Princeton caught a tartar, a team that would have bothered anyone at that period. There was no marked change in the Princeton play except a beginning of development of drop kicking which gave Princeton the victory by 3 to 0. On the next Saturday Princeton showed up with greater consistency in attack and defense, while Pennsylvania showed some progress in offense but not much in defense. On the 23d of October, both these teams suffered from this very lack of continued progress, Princeton being defeated by Lafayette 6 to 0, and Pennsylvania tied by Penn State, each getting a field goal.

On the 30th, Penn's attack had much more team play about it and the men got together and helped each other more, showing a distinct advance. They ran up 29 points against Carlisle, the Indians scoring once. Princeton showed less progress, playing a close game with the Navy, 5 to 3. Meantime, Cornell, too, had been suffering in the same irregular way as Princeton and Pennsylvania. Scored upon by Rensselaer and Oberlin, they were defeated the middle of October by Fordham.

The striking features in the play during the month of October were Michigan's excellent all round work in the Syracuse game, especially the running of Miller the end and the successful forward passing as well as the defense of the Michigan line in breaking up Syracuse's plays. Next came the rather remarkable brace of the Pennsylvania team and the pretty playing of Miller of the University of Pennsylvania in the game against Carlisle. Following close upon these was the strong defense displayed by both Harvard and Brown in their contest at Cambridge and Coy's remarkable few minutes of play and his seventy-yard running punt in the game at West Point.

Other play deserving of notice was the all round work of Williams in the game against Harvard, Fordham's clever work against Princeton, and Villanova's excellent stand against the Navy.

Entering upon November, the types of team mentioned above bore out the promise of their earlier work. Yale and Harvard kept up their steady development and when they met it was a wonderful contest in which Yale won out 8 to 0 by superior generalship. Princeton, defeated by Lafayette and by Dartmouth, lost to a strong Yale team. Penn lost to Michigan but defeated Cornell in a sea of mud and slush.

Dartmouth had a very consistent season, and although not securing a victory over one of the so-called big teams as she did last year, had on the whole a good representative season. Their best games were their last two, one a tie with Princeton, 6 to 6, and the other a defeat by Harvard, 12 to 3. Captain Tobin, Marks, and Ingersoll were their best men. They had one other tie early in the season, having picked up a tartar in Vermont on the 2d of October, the score being 0 to 0.

Lafayette had an excellent season and their team showed real class. They defeated Princeton October 23d, 6 to 0, and played a desperate tie with Pennsylvania at Philadelphia on the 6th, each side scoring. Their final game with Dickinson was a hard one, but they won out, thus completing a season undefeated to the great credit of Folwell, their coach.

Cornell developed an erratic team and like Princeton picked up a hot coal when they took Fordham on. It will be remembered that Princeton just managed to get away with her game with Fordham 3 to 0 by a lucky drop kick. Cornell was not so fortunate, for a week later they had Fordham as their guests at Ithaca and suffered a defeat, Fordham scoring 12 to Cornell's 6. But worse was still to follow in the Cornell schedule, for Williams came to Ithaca on the last of October and won by a field goal. Then Cornell commenced to play somewhat better and held Harvard down to 18 points and followed this by a tie game with Chicago, 6 to 6, exactly the same score as last season with the Western team, but lost to Penn in their final and important game, 17 to 6.

Brown's schedule was pretty severe and told on them, although they did some good work. They were not scored upon until they met Pennsylvania in Philadelphia when they were beaten, 13 to 5. Harvard defeated them 11 to 0. When they came down to New Haven they were in rather bad shape and Yale ran away with them to the extent of 23 to 0.

Uneven Season for the Indians

Never before were the Carlisle Indians so eccentric. They started off with some good scores and then met Villanova, and it must be remembered that Villanova was a pretty good team, too, and defeated them 9 to 0. Then they ran up a considerable score on Bucknell but allowed Bucknell to score. On October 9th, they played a tie game with Penn State, 8 to 8. On the 16th, they took on Syracuse, a weak team this year on account of the graduation of all her stars, and were able to beat them only 14 to 11. Pittsburg defeated them 14 to 3 the next Saturday and Pennsylvania 29 to 6 the following Saturday. They finished up with a decisive defeat of St. Louis on Thanksgiving Day.

The Annapolis attack started off fairly well, but the defense was not as strong. They were defeated by Villanova, 11 to 6; by Virginia, 5 to 0; and by Princeton, 5 to 3. But it must

be remembered that Annapolis's season is always pointed for the West Point game and early contests are regarded somewhat as development work. As this game was not played there is little to comment upon in the suddenly closed season of the academies.

Syracuse paid the penalty of the graduation *en bloc* of a team of stars, and it will be necessary for this organization to build up from the bottom again. This year it was hard work. They played a very creditable game, considering everything, in their Indian game at New York where they were defeated, 14 to 11. Their poorest game was that with Michigan when Michigan took revenge for the defeat by Syracuse last year and not only turned the tables but multiplied them, making 43 points to Syracuse 0. Illinois was another Western team to which they lost, 17 to 8. They played a tie with Fordham for their final game, 5 to 5.

Chicago, the champion of the Middle West last year, found their open play still effective, but on account of the increased possibilities of defense and Chicago's lack of heavy line-smashing plays their opponents were not nearly as much nonplused as the previous year, thus proving that some very strong effective line playing is necessary to put the opponents in a position where forward passes can be made most effectively.

They defeated Illinois 14 to 8, but were beaten by Minnesota, 20 to 6, in spite of the fact that last year they defeated Minnesota, 29 to 0. They played a runaway game with Northwestern which was not strong enough to meet their kind of play, but could only tie Wisconsin and Cornell; in the Cornell game they were kept on the defensive a good deal of the time.

Minnesota and Michigan, the former combining line-smashing plays with open plays, and the latter developing a somewhat inconsistent attack, began early to look like the best of the Middle Western teams. Minnesota went on carrying out that prediction, building up on plays and assaulting the line with severity, and at the same time presenting a variety of forward passes, so that by the end of October they had developed a very con-

sistent team in all departments, defeating Chicago, 20 to 6, and Wisconsin, 34 to 6.

In the meanwhile Michigan was having a far more varied career. This team just managed to squeak through the Case game, which they had won the previous year, 16 to 0, by a margin of one field goal. The next week they defeated Ohio State decisively, but State scored on them. On October 23d they had a desperate game with Marquette, winning only because they kicked a goal from the touchdown while Marquette failed. On the 30th, however, Michigan came up with a start and ran up 43 points against Syracuse, but they paid the penalty the next Saturday by a slump and were defeated by Notre Dame, 11 to 3. It should be said that this was in a measure due to the brilliant playing of Miller, a Notre Dame half back, well supported by his whole team. It was proved, however, that this was a slump on Michigan's part by their defeat of Pennsylvania the following Saturday 12 to 6, and their decisive defeat of Minnesota on November 20th, at Minneapolis, 15 to 6.

Landed Penn at Last

To Michigan, therefore, belongs the credit of having, after four years of trial, defeated Pennsylvania. But there is much beyond that that she has accomplished this year. After an early and rather depressing beginning, her team suffered a defeat at the hands of Notre Dame, 11 to 3, only a week before they were due to come East and play Pennsylvania. Thus there loomed up before them the long trip East, another hard game at the end of that trip, and following that journey the return to Ann Arbor and then the trip to Minneapolis to meet the admittedly strongest team in the Middle West.

It looked like a discouraging proposition, an almost impossible one to carry out with success, but Yost and his team accomplished it, defeating Pennsylvania, 12 to 6, and Minnesota, 15 to 6; and it should be borne in mind that Minnesota had defeated Chicago and Wisconsin by almost annihilating scores.

As a summary of the Middle Western season, Minnesota won the conference championship but were beaten by Michigan, while Michigan lost to Notre Dame. Minnesota had combined better the complicated maneuvers of attack with a fierce, plunging, line-smashing style of play. The backbone of their attack was sent from tackle to tackle and had speed and power behind it. They smashed the opposing line with such gains as to force the defensive back field to work on these side-line plays, which gave them an opportunity to bring in their forward passes and onside kicks. But when they faced Michigan, the latter's greatly improved defense was too much for the gophers who lacked experience in comparison.

Chicago had quite as great variety of play as Minnesota, but they did not have the powerful line-smashing attack to prepare the way for their passes and as long as the opposing team could hold its back field in reserve and meet plays with linemen alone, the effective use of forward passes is practically impossible.

In the final game of the year, Marquette and Notre Dame, two teams which had given Michigan more than a little trouble played a tie.

Of individual men developed by the various teams there were for some positions many stars, but in other places a sad dearth. At Yale and Harvard there was a plethora of good men. Coy, Kilpatrick, and Philbin were the three particular stars at New Haven, Coy with his wonderful kicking, Kilpatrick with his end play, and Philbin with his remarkable defensive work and one long effective run which led up to a score. Andrus at guard proved the star of the year, while Cooney and Hobbs did equally high-class work. Howe, an inexperienced quarter, made a good name for himself.

The most noted players on the Harvard team this year were Fish and Minot—Fish the captain and tackle, and Minot the plunging full back. Corbett, however, showed some startling open-field running and McKay did good work at tackle. In truth there was not a man on the Harvard team who did not stand high, but the prominence of Fish

and Minot somewhat dwarfed the others.

Pennsylvania had few stars this season and a difficulty in keeping those she had in condition. Braddock was a first-class end. Miller at times played brilliantly and then very poorly. Pike and Hutchinson did the best work and the latter under good conditions would have proved a real find.

Dartmouth played her usual hard game, and Marks added somewhat to his former fame as a plunging full back, as did Tobin at guard. Ingersoll also showed some good kicking and Bankhart was an excellent end.

Princeton's best man was Siegling, captain and tackle, but in Bergen the quarter back and Cunningham the drop kicker they had two men who did much toward helping out what was otherwise a rather weak team.

Major Work of the Minors

Lafayette came well up to the top, defeating Princeton and playing Penn to a tie. Blaicker was a good end. McCaa has long been recognized as a star, but to this season's list should be added Irmshler in the back field, whose work, particularly in following the ball, deserves praise.

Fordham developed in McCaffery, end, McCarthy, back, and Barrett, center, three men worthy of recognition on any team; the general work of their team, beaten by Princeton only by a field goal, and defeating Cornell, was exceedingly creditable.

Brown felt the loss of some of her stars of former years, but exhibited a first-class end in Regnier, a high standard quarter in Sprackling, and a good guard in Ayler.

Cornell developed some promising men, but was not strong on stars for this year's play, rather building up a team, a fact which showed in the Penn game.

Michigan has a star in Benbrook, the guard, and another new one in Magidsohn, the half back. Allerdice is too well known to need much mention, but in spite of an injury he played a capital game and did some excellent punting.

Casey put up a strong game at tackle and Smith, drafted in as a center at the last minute, did an excellent piece of work considering all conditions. Wasmund at quarter, while playing some games poorly, was at times brilliant.

Minnesota had the best quarter back in the country in McGovern, who met with an accident that kept him out for something over three weeks. Johnson, their star half back, went out earlier and was out for the season. Rosenwald, however, filled the place as half back splendidly and should make one of the stars if he has another season. Walker was a prominent man at tackle and Farnam played the steadiest center in the West.

Chicago made a quarter back out of Page last year's end, and he was a good quarter back, too, but his right position is end. Worthwine did some good plunging work in the back field.

Notre Dame showed in Miller, the half back, Vaughan, the full back, and Edwards at tackle, three excellent men in their positions. Miller was particularly strong and did wonderful work in the Michigan game, being probably the cause of Michigan's downfall.

Wisconsin's best man in the important contest proved to be Anderson, neither Wilce nor Moll, owing possibly to lack of condition, coming up to the expected mark. Anderson surpassed himself as a running back.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

The Case Against Football—Automobiles for all Incomes—

News from the Out-of-Doors

FOOTBALL is once more on trial—and this time it is the new game which was warranted free from undue risks. The rules committee has done its work in all sincerity and with an eye single to the improvement of the game, and yet the fact remains that the season just closed has been responsible for more deaths on the grid-iron than any other of which there is record. Statistics are not the last word in such matters, but it is worth while considering the list of fatalities published by the *Chicago Tribune*, the *New York World*, and other papers, supplemented by figures gathered independently. This is the record of deaths and reported causes:

- Oct. 2. Frank Trimble, tackle, University of Indiana; blood poisoning from blister received in football practice.
- Oct. 5. Robert Millington, half back, Pottsville, Pa., High School; injuries received in game against Shamokin High School.
- Oct. 9. Walter Evans, 18 years old, full back, Guthrie Co., Iowa, High School; dislocated vertebra in game against Yale, Iowa, High School.

- Oct. 9. Joseph Walsh, guard, St. Mary's College, Kansas; blood clot on spine received in practice.
- Oct. 12. Winfield Ludden, Woodlawn, Cal.; member of Davis independent eleven; injuries received while playing against the Vallejo, Cal., team.
- Oct. 18. Raymond P. Thurston, Cambridge, Mass.; paralysis following illness of three days, described by one paper as "infantile paralysis"; autopsy said to have shown that death resulted from injury to head sustained while playing with Phillips Exeter Academy team.
- Oct. 19. Charles Becker (or Broker), half back on team of boys at Findlay, Ohio; 11 years old; injuries received during a "game in a back lot," due to being tackled by another boy.
- Oct. 23. Russell P. Heckle, of Pittsburg, Pa., aged 15; caught under a line plunge and lungs injured.
- Oct. 26. Clarence Pierce, Wilmington, Del.; high school team; injured in game the previous Saturday; 19 years old.
- Oct. 29. Orville Sullivan, Urbana, Ill., aged 13; broken neck.
- Oct. 30. Clinton Brown Kissam, aged 15, Mackenzie School; died at hospital, Dobbs Ferry, N. Y.; spine affected.

- Oct. 30. Michael Burke, aged 24, full back on Medico-Chirurgical team, Philadelphia; fracture of skull in a scrimmage.
- Oct. 31. Eugene A. Byrne, 22 years old, left tackle of West Point; vertebra fractured, respiratory organs paralyzed.
- Oct. 31. Roy Spuybuck, aged 19, Haskell School; died at Kansas City, Mo., after a game at Buckner, Mo.
- Nov. 5. Walter Lloyd Gruber, Decatur, Ill., 21 years old; died at Taylorville, Ill.; injuries received in game at Auburn.
- Nov. 5. Walter J. Luffsey, Jr., Richmond, Va., 21 years old; injuries in a game which developed pneumonia.
- Nov. 10. Albert Arend, 13 years old, of Marietta, Ohio, kicked in the head in a scrimmage.
- Nov. 13. Roy Vogel, a schoolboy of Damascus, Ohio; blood vessel in head ruptured.
- Nov. 14. Archer Christian, 18 years old, of Richmond, Va.; half back on University of Virginia team; concussion of the brain.
- Nov. 19. Albert P. Wibiralске, 17 years old, West Orange, N. J.; right half back on local high school team; vertebra broken by a low tackle in a game.
- Nov. 20. Verne Merrill, Janesville, Ill.; school team; blood poisoning following injuries in a game three weeks before.
- Ray Graham, Waterloo, Iowa; injury to the right temple sustained in a rush during a game between the high school elevens of Waterloo.
- Harry Houston, Crawfordsville, Ind.; heart failure brought on by overexertion during game.
- Charles Stroppell, Cincinnati, Ohio; injuries and concussion of the brain at Carthage, Ohio.
- Langdon Babcock, Buffalo, N. Y., aged 25, former left end for Cornell; injuries received in a game in 1905; breastbone was fractured puncturing lung tissue, causing pneumonia.
- March 19. Dominic De Fine, Massillon, Ohio, aged 18; consumption through exposure while playing in 1908.
- Charles S. Jack, Denver, aged 31; injuries received in game on Thanksgiving Day, 1908; tackle on Colorado team.
- April 19. John McArthur, Wabash, Ind.; injuries received while captain of Huntington High School eleven in 1908; hurt while playing against Wabash High School.

- April 5. Wilson J. Farris, Zanesville, Ohio, 24 years old; Muskingum College; overexertion during training in previous season.
- Jan. 1. Samuel Moore, Camden, N. J.; kicked in the groin in a game, Thanksgiving Day, 1908.
- Jan. 30. Morrill Ricketts, Forest, Ill.; injuries received in a game in 1908.

A careful examination of these statistics shows that first conclusions are probably incorrect. Out of the thirty-one fatalities we have mentioned the last six are not chargeable against the season of 1909. On the other hand, it may properly be urged that we have not yet heard from the injuries of last fall that will or may result in death next year.

Some of the fatalities, it will be noted, should be eliminated at once as not properly standing in an indictment of football as such. A blister on the heel or even exposure on the field are not causes peculiar to this game.

Another fact that may be glanced at, although not to be eliminated from consideration so summarily, is that fourteen of the twenty-five deaths reported for the season were of schoolboys, of an average age of a little over fifteen. In one case the boy killed had been threatened with appendicitis, a condition which was aggravated by a kick in the abdomen received in the game. The Dobbs Ferry case appears to be doubtful, as there were other causes which tended to the weakening of his spine. Still another boy had been prohibited from playing, but played nevertheless. In his case the fact remains that he was killed, and killed playing football. His disobedience hardly seems to weaken the gravamen of the case against the game.

Even granting the extenuating circumstances which we have suggested, as the case against football stands to-day there is altogether too much evidence for the prosecution. It is too early to bring in a verdict, but a brief summing up may be permitted, and we write in a wholly friendly spirit. Football is too good a game to be ended; it has too many friends and too many advantages for us to believe that it will not be mended.

As intelligent critics of the game have been saying for years, the mass play must

go. That thing is sure, as it is also sure that it has not disappeared under the present rules. Indeed, the new formation for the attack has, if anything, rendered it more dangerous. To be sure, there is less weight but there is more speed, and that comes close to compensating for the loss of weight. The favorite plays of the year have been directed just inside or outside tackle, the point that seems to offer the most opportunities for combining speed of attack with number of men in interference.

It is not for us to indicate how this sort of play may be prevented. It will assuredly not be sufficient merely to forbid it without offering an effective substitute. The game must remain as an organized contest in which skill and strength, endurance and speed, and the other qualities that make for success on the gridiron shall have their due recognition and reward.

Possibly one solution may be found by placing a further premium on the use of the forward pass. As it stands now an "incompleted" pass means a loss of distance—on the third down the loss of the ball without regard to who recovers it after the pass. In consequence this play—one of the most spectacular possible and the most easily understood by the spectator if properly played—has been for the most part a last—almost a hazardous—resort. At any rate an effort should be made to open out the play and render unlikely the piling up when the ball is down.

If this can be accomplished in no other way, increase the distance that must be made in the three downs and so reduce the value of the three and four yard plunges through the line. A possible remedy may lie in requiring a fifteen-yard gain between the twenty-five yard lines and permitting the ten-yard rule to obtain within twenty-five yards of the opponent's goal.

There is a demand in some quarters that the diving tackle be prohibited, but in our opinion this is not so dangerous as the mass play. Properly executed it is much less dangerous than it looks, which is not true of plays through the line, although the latter, from a safe seat on the bleachers, are apt to resemble nothing

more serious than a semihumorous heaping up of waving arms and legs. A tackle of any sort is dangerous in the sense that all rapid and vigorous exercise requiring the contact of well-muscled bodies is dangerous.

This leads us to two points frequently brought forward by defenders of the present game, one of which is indicated in the summary of deaths which we publish. These are: that football is not a game to be played by young boys; and that it is not more dangerous than many other sports, such as hunting, automobilizing, sailing, etc. The answer to the first is that it will be extremely difficult to find a dividing line, on one side of which we shall say these "boys" shall not play and on the other these "young men" may play. How old must a boy be before he can play and from whom shall the regulation come? Possibly from the Department of Commerce and Labor. We see no other source. It is conceivable that there should be such a separating of the sheep from the goats, but it would be a difficult task. A much easier solution is to make the game fit the boy rather than select the boy to fit the game.

As to the analogy with other sports, it will not hold. Injury in the hunting field is an accident; on the football field it is an incident. It is only when the latter assumes the dimensions of serious temporary or permanent disability or fatality that it is admitted to be an accident. The distinction is significant.

Many of the accidents in other sports are to be charged up against the willingness of weakheaded individuals to incur unnecessary risks. The fool and his automobile will sooner or later be parted—with disastrous results to both. In football as played to-day the fool and the other fellow are too nearly on even terms as regards liability to injury. This must be changed.

Finally there is much to be said about the game from the spectator's point of view. The hundreds of thousands of enthusiasts who flock annually to the games are entitled to a contest which they can follow intelligently and with unflagging interest and that, we submit, they are not having as the game is played

to-day. Watch the crowd and say what are the plays that bring them to their feet. They are the forward passes, the onside kicks, the long end runs, the crisscrosses that even the tyro can see and appreciate.

It is for the rules committee to give us more of these plays if they wish to preserve the value of football as a great dramatic spectacle. The constant hammering at tackle will bore even the enthusiast, unless he happens to be a violent partisan of the team doing most of the hammering and closely acquainted with the men and their style of play into the bargain.

The case is not all against the game and one word of approval must be given to those captains, of whom Coy of Yale is among the best, who have actually

commanded their teams on the field and have promptly sent to the side lines the men whose playing showed that their condition was not what it should be. This has been not only a mercy to players but to spectators as well. The old melodramatic spectacle of an injured or over-wearied player pleading to be allowed to finish out the game or staggering to his place in the line was gratifyingly absent from the larger games this year.

Football has been improved, no doubt of it. The slugger no longer reigns and the captains and coaches who would drive their men to the last inch without regard to risk or strain rather than lose are passing out. But the game is not right yet and, in the language of the day, it is up to the rules committee to make it so.

AUTOMOBILES FOR ALL INCOMES

PROGRESS is a process of adaptation. Machines as well as individuals that cannot fit themselves to the needs of their time must go. This is peculiarly true of the automobile. It began as the toy of the rich man. Only the large incomes could support its varying and oftentimes freakish whims. To-day it is as much a part of our modern life as is the street-car or the horse. To-morrow—well, to-morrows are long and no man can tell what they will bring forth.

But it is well to remember that the automobile is not peculiarly the property of any kind or size of income. Therein lies its hold on the future as well as its importance to-day. To say that it has been brought within the reach of those of us who have only a moderate amount of money to spend is not to say that it has already passed out of the experience of those who demand large value for a large amount.

The heavy, high-powered car is as much a feature of American roads and streets as is the monster locomotive of our railroads. In other words, the march of progress of the automobile has been a spreading rather than a progres-

sion from group to group, one group losing its hold as the other gained its grip.

Indeed, it is doubtful if modern mechanical prowess has a greater achievement to show than the great cars by which have been solved many of the problems of horseless locomotion. We have our small but efficient cars, to be sure; we also have our monsters of the road that have brought the conditions of travel up to a standard of ease, safety, and sureness hard to be appreciated by those who have never ridden in the roomy, luxurious tonneau of a sixty-horse-power car eating up the miles with an ease and a steadiness that rivals the accomplishments of the Limited.

On another page of this magazine appears the statement that something like \$200,000,000 will be spent for automobiles in this country in the year 1910. You and I who must count our dollars—if not our pennies—will get our share, and a goodly share it will be. But the big cars will be there, too, and there will be no lack of purchasers. In fact, the small car is often only the first step to a larger, and that possibly in turn to one still larger. The process is a familiar one: First a twenty-horse power;

then a forty; next year why not a sixty? The answer will be affirmative in many cases.

And what has the large car to offer? First, room. This is a strong argument in itself if one is of a generous disposition. Second, wide radius of movement in a country poorly equipped with the necessities of automobiling. A large tonneau is passenger coach, baggage car, commissary department, and, if need be, sleeping coach in one. To be sure, it costs more, just as travel on the Limited costs more than a ride in the local pas-

senger. But if you want what a ride in the Limited will give you and are willing to pay for it, the Limited is the thing for you. Thirdly, the large car gives comfort and ease. So comprehensive are these terms that they may be made to cover as wide a ground as individual tastes and inclinations may dictate.

And so the automobile is adapting itself to the varying needs of American life, holding the ground it has won and gaining fresh territory and new adherents every day. What it will be in 1920 he would be a rash man to prophesy.

NEWS FROM THE OUT-OF-DOORS

Football

THE records of the last football season show a constantly increasing strength in the play of the teams that have hitherto been considered excellent practice material for the stronger organizations. Princeton suffered most in this respect, being defeated by Lafayette, 6—0, tying with Dartmouth, 6—6, and beating Fordham by only a goal from the field. Cornell fell a victim to Fordham, 6—12, and Brown held Harvard to an 11—0 score. In the West, Notre Dame caught Michigan napping, and won, 11—3.

In the big end-of-the-season games Yale demonstrated her strength by winning from Princeton, 17—0, and from Harvard, 8—0. No opposing team was able to get within Yale's twenty-yard line throughout the season, and the blue team ran up a total score of 209 to nothing in ten games. The Thanksgiving Day battle between Pennsylvania and Cornell went to the former, 17—6.

In the West honors seem to be somewhat divided. Michigan met a hitherto unbeaten team in Minnesota, and won handily, 15—6. Chicago and Wisconsin fought a tie game, 6—6, and Illinois after a ragged season came East and took Syracuse into camp, 17—8. A week earlier Cornell tied with Chicago, 6—6, and Michigan wiped out the stain of the Notre Dame defeat by beating Pennsylvania, 12—6.

Honors in the South seem to fall to Sewanee, which defeated Vanderbilt, 16—5. Neither eleven had lost to a Southern op-

ponent, and each had lost to a Northern team—Sewanee to Princeton and Vanderbilt to Ohio State. The championship of the Northwest was claimed by the University of Washington as a result of defeating the University of Oregon, 20—6. A claim for the Southwestern championship was put in by the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College on the basis of their defeat of the University of Texas on Thanksgiving Day, 5—0.

The final scores of the larger teams show the following total points for and against: Harvard, 103—17, nine games; Yale, 209—0, ten games; Princeton, 101—50, nine games; Pennsylvania, 146—38, ten games; Cornell, 66—48, eight games; Minnesota, 159—27, seven games; Chicago, 127—40, seven games; Michigan, 115—28, seven games.

The Month in the Air

RECORDS for high aeroplane flight were broken and rebroken by French fliers during the month of November. November 6th, Paulhan, flying at Sandown, England, reached a height of 977 feet, which was claimed as a world's record, the performance of Orville Wright in Berlin and Count de Lambert in Paris not having been certified. On the 19th at Mourmelon, France, Paulhan, competing for the Lazare-Weiller height prize, made 1,170 feet, and Latham, not competing, rose in an Antoinette monoplane to 1,333 feet.

The following day Paulhan outdid himself, reaching an altitude of 500 meters, ap-

proximately 1,600 feet, equalling the unofficial Wright record at Berlin. On the same day he made a distance flight of 37 miles in 55 minutes, reaching a height of 1,000 feet en route, and coasting down from an altitude of 750 feet at the finish with his motor cut off. December 1 Latham rivaled Paulhan's achievement by making approximately 1,600 feet in a forty-mile gale.

An aviation meet was held in Cincinnati, November 12-14, under the auspices of the Cincinnati Aero Club. The first day was devoted largely to dirigible balloons and flights were made by Roy Knabenshue, Cromwell Dixon, and Lincoln Beachey. Curtiss and his pupil, Charles F. Willard, who were the only aeroplane representatives present, made several flights during the meet. The balloon Paddock, which ascended on the last day of the race, landed at Derby, N. Y., a distance of nearly four hundred miles having been covered in ten hours.

Automobiles

THE automobile meet at Atlanta, November 9-13, was a record-breaker for record-breaking. A new mark for a mile on a circular course was made by Louis Strang covering it in 37.7 seconds, 5.3 seconds faster than Oldfield's record at Indianapolis. His car was a 200-horse power Fiat. Another new record was set by Aitken in a 60-horse power National, bringing the mark for the ten miles down to 8:02:41. Ray W. Harroun entered the 120-mile race for the Atlanta Automobile Association trophy with the same Marmon car with which he won the Wheatley Hills Sweepstakes in the Vanderbilt Cup contest, and was again victor with an average speed of 65 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles an hour.

The ten-mile record of Aitken lasted only twenty-four hours, Strang in a Fiat bringing it down to 7:01:94. Aitken responded on the following day by lowering the twenty-mile mark to 16:42:76, and on the day after that Robertson in a Fiat made a new record of 40:14:02 for the fifty-mile distance. Another new mark was set by Chevrolet in a Buick when he drove two hundred miles in 2:37:22.

From January 1 to November 1, 1909, there were 5,795 motor registrations in the

State of Indiana. During the same months of 1908 there were 3,317.

A good roads convention and an automobile show were held at Atlanta in connection with the race meeting that occurred there November 9-13.

With the Athletes

CORNELL won the annual intercollegiate cross-country race at Brookline, Mass., November 20th. This is the tenth team victory for the Ithacans. Cornell's total score was 22, exactly half of the previous lowest score made by any team. Her men finished first, second, fifth, sixth, and eighth. Massachusetts Institute of Technology was second with a score of 88 and Michigan third with 112. The other teams finished in the following order: Yale, Dartmouth, Syracuse, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Princeton.

A new record for the ten-mile run was made by George V. Bonhag, of the Irish-American Athletic Club, at Celtic Park, New York, November 7th, when he went the distance in 52 minutes 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. This is 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds faster than the best previous mark made by Willie Day on Staten Island in 1889.

Everett C. Brown, of Chicago, was elected president of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States at the twenty-second annual convention held in New York City, November 15th. The report of the record committee included the following performances, all of which were approved by the convention. Lunghi in the half mile, 1 minute 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds; Flanagan, 16-pound hammer, 184 feet 4 inches; Smithson, Multnomah A. C., Portland, Ore., 60 yards high hurdles, 8 seconds; 80 yards low hurdles, 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds; Edwards, of San Francisco, is credited with tying Kraenzlein in the 120-yard high hurdles in 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds; Rose's record of 51 feet for the 16-pound shot was also admitted. Sheridan's record of 27 feet 3 inches with the 42-pound stone was rejected as the stone was short of weight.

A new rule adopted by the convention was to the effect that in future no competitor will be allowed to run in events exceeding

five miles unless he is more than sixteen years of age and has passed a physical examination at the hands of a physician appointed by the club or organization holding the meet. Another new rule requires that in the broad jump the ground in front of the take-off shall be flush instead of three inches below.

The Season's Field Trials

DURING the month of November the followers of field trials had the opportunity of watching the working of the dogs in several important competitions. The Derby Stake of the Central States Field Trial Association's trials at Hamilton, Ohio, October 27, was won by Haverland's Frank, pointer, owned by L. G. Haverland. The All-Age Stake run on the following day was carried away by Claud Simson's B., setter, owned by L. S. Bulman.

Honors in the American Field Futurity run at Hutsonville, Ill., November 4, were carried off by Master Ben, setter, owned by Leon T. Cheek.

The following week the trials of the Independent Field Trial Club were held at the same place. The Derby was won by Fishel's Sport Woolton, pointer, J. Bigelow, owner. The All-Age stake went to Cowley's Pride, setter, owned by N. W. Fleischmann.

The Derby Stake in the Kentucky trials at Glasgow, Ky., was carried off by Eugene M., setter, Frank Reily, owner. Manitoba Frank, pointer, owned by Thomas Johnson, came off victor in the All-Age contest.

Eugene M. also won the Derby setter honors in the Continental Field Trial Club trials at Barbers, N. C., November 26. The All-Age competition fell to Cowley's Pride, owned by N. W. Fleischmann. In the All-Age stake of the Pointer Club of America first honors went to Manitoba Frank, and in the Derby to Fishel's Sport Woolton.

Small entries were the rule in both the New England Field Trials at Norwalk, Conn., November 9, and the International Field Trials at Ruthven, Ontario, November 16-18. In the former, the Derby was won by Haverford Count, setter, G. O. Smith, owner, and the All-Age by Albert's Rumney Grouse, setter, owned by J. E. Hair.

At Ruthven the Members' Stake was car-

ried away by Lou Dillon, setter, owner H. H. Woolton; Derby by Selkirk Carmen, setter, owned by W. B. Wells; and the All-Age by Jingo's Dot's Speckles, pointer, owned by W. T. Gilbert.

At the National Beagle Club's trials, Shadwell, Va., November 5-12, the cup honors were awarded as follows: National Challenge and Hermes to J. W. Appleton's thirteen-inch pack of four; Somerset to Sir-Sister Beagles, pack of eight, owned by Chetwood Smith; and the Memorial Cup to Redlands Spry, T. D. Griffith, owner.

Odds and Ends

ON the eve of sailing for London in November Sir Thomas Lipton announced that he would challenge for the America's Cup in 1911, his reason for not making a try in 1910 being the lack of time for preparation.

Kreigh Collins, Western tennis champion from 1897 to 1906, was killed by a street car in Chicago, November 16th.

The California State League was declared no longer an outlaw at the annual meeting of the National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues in Memphis, Tenn., November 9th. This ends a fight that has lasted for three years.

C. C. Miller, newly elected president of the Borough of the Bronx, New York City, is identical with "Cy" Miller, for twenty-five years one of the best lacrosse players in the United States and a pioneer of the Indian game on this side of the Canadian border.

Australasia still holds the Dwight F. Davis international tennis cup won in 1907. The American challengers, McLaughlin and Long, were beaten in all their matches, November 27, 29, and 30. The results in singles were: Brookes, Australia, *vs.* McLaughlin, United States, 6-2, 6-2, 6-4; Wilding, New Zealand, *vs.* Long, United States, 6-2, 7-5, 6-1; Wilding *vs.* McLaughlin, 3-6, 8-6, 6-2, 6-3; Brookes *vs.* Long, 6-4, 7-5, 8-6. Doubles: Brookes and Wilding *vs.* McLaughlin and Long, 12-10, 9-7, 6-3.

HUNTING BY AUTOMOBILE

FROM NEW YORK TO FLORIDA

BY HERBERT WHYTE

[It is Herbert Whyte's business to help readers of *OUTING* with practical information and advice on outdoor topics. If there is any question that puzzles you in games, sport, travel, occupation, or recreation, or any other subject in which you are interested, don't hesitate to write him. He will tell you the thing you want to know and it will cost you nothing. His address is *THE OUTING MAGAZINE*, 315 Fifth Ave., New York City.]

SO popular has hunting by automobile become and so many have been the inquiries along this line that I can think of nothing more seasonable for the month of January than the outline of a trip, beginning at New York and ending in southern Florida. Almost every variety of game bird is included so that every man may find his preference. No attempt is made to suggest the automobile best suited to such a trip, the assumption being that the hunter already owns a car.

The trip suggested may be too expensive for some who may hunt by motor; if so the nearest railroad point to any given locality may be selected for shipment of your car and your runs made therefrom, or I will be glad to furnish railroad and shipping instructions upon request and to add other productive places within short distances.

Leaving New York, run down to Barneгат, N. J., where George H. Cramner has a cozy house for duck hunters. He furnishes blinds, sink boxes, and decoys. Brant, broadbill, and black duck are here in fairly good numbers. One day of this in January will satisfy your hunger for Northern duck hunting. Run across into Pennsylvania through Philadelphia, Wilmington, Dover, along the line of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore R. R. to Ocean City to find good duck shooting with climate warm enough for comfort. The real duck shooting is ahead of you, just two hundred miles from New York City, at Bird's Nest, Va., just above Cape Charles.

John G. Smith, one of the most reliable guides in the South, has live decoys and everything else for your comfort. He guarantees a full bag of goose, brant, broadbill, canvas back, and redhead, and his charges

are reasonable for the service rendered. You will want two days of this shooting. From here to Cape Charles is only seventeen miles over a good sand and clay road. From Cape Charles a ferry plies to Norfolk. Sixty miles of good Virginia road lie between here and Yale in Sussex County, where C. and L. P. Blow have thousands of acres of land preserved which abounds in quail. The Blow Brothers furnish good bird dogs. One day of this and you throw in the clutch with the radiator headed toward Boynton, only ten miles away. Three thousand five hundred acres are preserved for you by Dr. H. L. Atkins, who will furnish good duck and wild turkey shooting. Ten miles north is Chase City, where the Hotel Mecklenburg offers garage facilities, which you may need by this time, and while your car is being spruced up you may enjoy a half day's quail shooting.

North Carolina is now ahead with good Scotchman Armstrong at the Thistle in Barber, and Col. Robert Stride in Kernersville. Barber, by the way, is ten miles north of Salisbury, and you will make a mistake if you overlook it. About the same game will be found in South Carolina, but the topography of the country is sufficiently different to warrant the spending of a day or two there and the going is good. The first stop worth while is Woodstock, where Dr. D. F. Robertson will find you deer, plover, turkey, quail, and marsh hen. Beaufort County lies southwest along the road made famous by Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea.

Follow the road south toward Atlanta to Grahamville, where the plantation of Colonel Howard lies on your left. You will enjoy an evening with the Colonel and

learn a lot of American history, too. The Colonel's son, Hal, a large lad with a small mustache, has two nice setters that will find plenty of quail for you, while the colored folk in the neighborhood will supply a "hound" that will find the cottontail a plenty. A short run takes you into Savannah, where, as in Washington, D. C., the cemetery is very important as a sight for the visitor. The De Soto Hotel is comfortable, and will replenish your gasoline supply, or you may continue to Brunswick, where the Hotel Mecklenburg has garage accommodations, and will furnish guides and dogs for first-class pheasant, turkey, and quail hunting, while twenty miles south is Cumberland Island, well known to duck hunters.

For various reasons, Florida offers the automobile sportsman the acme of the trip. From Jacksonville, in fact, from the northern State line the roads are capital; along the east coast to St. Augustine, important for other reasons than its natural history, down to Ormond, with its perfect sand racing beach, through Daytona to New Smyrna, where the genial F. W. Sams owns one of the most hospitable "old clothes" resorts in the South. It is the Ocean House, and for miles about wild turkey are almost as tame as barnyard fowl.

Shoving the wheel to the right you head toward Leesburg, which is about sixty miles due west and directly in the middle of the peninsula. The Sunnyside Club House, owned by Mrs. Harris, will welcome you to a rattling deer hunt. From Leesburg you can cast about in any direction and find a variety of shooting. Try going south by west seventy-five miles to Clearwater, stopping at the Phœnix. All the way through excellent shooting is offered. From here go south along the west coast to Sarasota, letting your engine run down at the Inn. Snipe shooting is better here than almost anywhere in Florida.

You will need to run northeast twenty-five miles from here to get around Charlotte Harbor and across the Peace River, but the foliage will add to your enjoyment. After crossing the river run due south across to Caloosahatchee River to Naples, which, being on the western edge of Big Cypress Swamp, affords unsurpassed deer and bear shooting. The Hotel Naples will furnish guides and paraphernalia necessary. Within a radius of fifty miles of Naples will be found old Fort Foster, the ruins of Sam Jones's old town, Fort Shackelford, and Fort Simon Drum, all points of historic interest.

If you have any hunt left over by this time, run your car north about one hundred miles and around Lake Istokpoga to the east coast and due south to Miami. This, being on the eastern edge of the everglades, will furnish such a variety of game, large and small, as will satisfy your shooting spirit for one season.

If you decide not to return by motor car, which is quite likely, it may be shipped by freight from Miami by the Florida East Coast Railroad to Jacksonville, and from there by the Clyde Line to New York City. Unless there are to be only two in the party it will not be advisable to take your dogs along as it will be a hard trip for them, unless they have plenty of room. If you intend hunting between places mentioned, you will need your own dogs, but otherwise first-class bird dogs will be furnished by the resorts on the way.

This is a pretty severe trip unless you are an enthusiastic sportsman, but if you are to go anywhere for game of any sort, there is no finer or more productive trip to be found. From this outline I have in mind a hundred short trips in any one State that will satisfy your "nose," but none is so full of something different every minute as the through hunting trip—New York to Florida.







COMING TO THE BANK THE TAPIR STUMBLED IN.
Illustration for "The Black Witches of the Savannah," by Charles Livingston Bull.

THE OUTING MAGAZINE



VOLUME LV

FEBRUARY, 1910

NUMBER 5

THE BLACK WITCHES OF THE SAVANNAH

By Charles Livingston Bull

Illustrated by the Author

IN a nest of matted grass and weeds, under a clump of small trumpet trees growing on a knoll where the jungle shredded out into a broad stretch of grassy savannah, stood a tapir mother and lying beside her was her tiny baby calf. Vividly striped and blotched with cream white, the little creature looked like a cunning spotted pig in contrast with its slate-gray mother. It was but two days old, too young to be able to stand upon its wavering legs for more than a few minutes at a time, and having just finished feeding it was resting quietly.

It was a hot spring morning far in the interior of British Guiana. Out over the savannah swung a pair of large black hawks in graceful flight, seeking a chance to surprise one of the slender lizards which skipped about in the thick grass. In one of the trumpet trees a kiskadee flycatcher sounded its harsh,

complaining cry, interrupting the liquid notes of a colony of black and yellow cassiques in a big eta palm at the edge of the jungle. Among the dead branches of a giant mora, which had been strangled by the pythonlike roots of a wild fig, a pair of gorgeous macaws were screeching at each other as they squabbled over the selection of a hollow branch for their nest.

Just at the foot of the knoll, a little river, now bank full from the spring rains, flowed deep, its dark brown water giving no sign of the strong current save when a fallen leaf struck the surface and was whirled away. The head of the little river was far back among the mountains, amidst countless springs and tiny streams and its waters were swollen as it wound its way through the jungle by many more, till here where it emerged from under the trees into the broad savannah it was sixty or seventy feet wide

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and at this season, swelled by the daily rains, perhaps twenty feet deep.

Though stained to a deep coffee brown by the masses of decaying vegetable matter through which it had come, it was yet surprisingly clear and sparkling. Occasionally one of the curious leaf hoppers or some other insect would fall on the surface. Then there would be a swift swirl and a gleaming of silver, showing that there was no lack of life below the quiet brown surface.

As the sky showed the first fluffy white clouds that heralded the daily downpour, a flock of fifteen or twenty small, black birds came flying lazily along the edge of the savannah from one trumpet tree to the next. With widespread, round wings and tail, the latter curving up at the edges like that of a grackle, they flew with short, slow, gliding flights, each flight consisting of ten or twelve wing beats and thirty or forty feet of soaring.

First Coming of the Witches

Their keen, wicked eyes peered here and there on the lookout for some nest of smaller bird with undefended eggs or helpless nestlings or for a glimpse of tiny lizard or tree frog hiding on branch or under leaf. Picking with curiously grooved, strong, sharp beaks at any object which might satisfy their ever-ready appetites, with loose, fluffy, black plumage and strong, sharp-clawed feet, divided like those of a parrot or woodpecker, two toes forward and two back, these black witches of the savannah were the groove-billed ani of the naturalists, members of the cuckoo family.

The "Bovianders," as the brown natives of the interior are called, say that these birds can cast the evil eye and consequently regard them with superstitious fear. Even modern skepticism must admit that they "look the part" as they sit humped up like little hunchback witches, leering about with first one wicked eye and then with the other. They are very deliberate, almost lazy, in their movements, sitting quietly on a branch for a few minutes after each short flight, apparently careless of danger. But when from high above, one of the red-faced,

black hawks dropped like an arrow, with partly closed wings, they were gone in a flash in the dense grass and underbrush. When the hawk retired, venting his displeasure with querulous cries, the witches were out again, apparently undisturbed by their recent escape, and sailing from tree to tree as unconcerned as before.

The clouds thickened and the sky grew suddenly dark as the daily rain came sluicing down, drenching jungle and savannah. At the first spatter the black witches took shelter beneath the broad leaves of the trumpet trees and stood humped up, tails hanging straight down, waiting. It was the season of the "big rains," and for several hours each day the deluge poured down in a flood. The rivers rose several inches each day and soon they would overflow their banks and the savannah would be covered inches deep with standing water at the foot of the tall grasses.

This is spring in British Guiana, the season of nesting birds, of opening flowers, and fresh leaves. In these Guiana wilds, only a few degrees from the Equator, there is no time when the trees lose all their leaves at once as they do in the Northern winter. Most of them cast off a few at a time, the old leaf being forced off by the swelling bud at its base.

After a time the rain ceased and the sun came out, hot and blinding, setting the drenched jungles and savannahs to steaming so that a soft mist rose, slightly tempering the great heat. The black witches, drenched as was everything else, came from their various hiding places and flew to the branches of a small etabally tree covered with brilliant golden yellow flowers just opening to their greatest expanse. There they sat spreading their wings and tails in the bright sunlight till they were partly dried. Then they went back to their lazy hunting among the trumpet trees.

Soon they came to the little knoll, and one of them, spying the tapirs, gave a low call and the rest of the flock flapped lazily into the trees just over the mother and baby. There the evil birds seemed to hold a silent conclave, posturing and peering and turning their heads



THERE THE EVIL BIRDS SEEMED TO HOLD A SILENT CONCLAVE, POSTURING
AND PEERING.

from side to side as they watched the tapirs with much show of interest. After a little they scattered to hunt for food, but never did they lose sight of the tapirs.

Even when night came they stayed on watch in sheltered perches close about the little knoll, on the slender stems of the big broad leaves, too frail to bear up any of the many night prowlers which might chance to find them out. Not once the next day did they relax their vigilance. When the mother went down to the river for a drink, a few of them attended her, sailing from bush to bush just over and behind her, occasionally flying down into her tracks to pick up worms or insects which her steps exposed, even alighting on her broad back for a moment to snap up the big flies which were ever clustering about her.

Waiting of the Evil Ones

But it was the calf that really held their attention. They seemed to be waiting for something. Two or three of them would fly to a twig just above the little creature, turning their heads from side to side, looking at it with first one eye and then the other. Huddling together, shaking their wings and flirting their long tails, softly snapping their curious ridged beaks, they seemed to be mouthing some wicked incantation. Then they would look away out over the savannah or back through the jungle as if in anticipation. At each strange sound one or more of them would fly off to investigate, but soon back they came to sit about, humped and wicked, waiting, waiting.

For four or five dreary, drenching days they kept their vigil. On the afternoon of the second day one of them found the well-hidden nest of a blue saki or tanager and, in spite of all the protesting cries of the mother bird, took one of the nestlings to the knoll, and flying down beside the tapir calf, proceeded, with cruel deliberation, to snap the leg and wing bones of the nestling and, as its struggles grew feebler and feebler, to pull it slowly to pieces and devour it. A little later it repeated the operation and then again, till there were no more

of the nestlings. Each time it brought its victim down beside the calf which watched with round, unknowing, baby eyes.

The little creature was growing stronger daily, and would soon be able to trot after the mother to the river's edge or down into the savannah for fresh shoots and tender leaves. Now it could stand quite firmly, and in its waking hours its long nose was constantly working and sniffing and its big ears and eyes were busy taking in new impressions.

There were many other visitors to the knoll, for these great jungles fairly teem with life, but most of them were much too small to be a menace to the calf, helpless though it was. Once a deer came walking daintily by and almost stepped into the nest before it noticed the occupant. It stopped abruptly, sniffed the air for a moment, then slowly approached nearer and nearer with outstretched nose till it almost touched the little creature. So it stood a moment, switching its tail; then it turned aside and walked on into the savannah.

A little later two of the black witches, watching and waiting over the little tapir, were drawn off by a sound in the jungle and found a small band of peccaries, those quarrelsome, saucy little black jungle pigs. With a great fluttering of wings and noiseless working of beaks, they hopped and flew along in front of the pigs as though trying to guide them to where the calf was lying, but by the time they came to the knoll, the mother tapir was standing beside her offspring and the pigs, like the deer, passed harmlessly by.

On two successive nights a big brown coaita mundi came waddling on flat, bearlike feet along a fallen trunk up to the edge of the nest, its long, inquisitive nose wrinkling and sniffing and its long, barred tail high in the air, but it was only mildly curious and soon went away through the brush, seeking some sleeping bird or unwary lizard or agouti.

One afternoon a band of pretty gray sackiwinki monkeys bounded and raced through the trumpet trees, leaping from branch to branch with never a miss or



A BIG BROWN COAITA MONDÍ CAME WADDLING ALONG A FALLEN TRUNK.

fumble. At sight of the baby tapir they stopped short, gathered close together, and with many shrill chirps and whistles held earnest consultation, gesticulating and grimacing. But their interest was short-lived, and they were soon off again on their wild race through the jungle.

Many birds, trogons, cassiques, motmots, cotingas, tanagers, flycatchers, hawks, came to the tapir nursery, hunting and hunted, and paused for a few moments or, perhaps, lingered under the leaves for the passing of the daily rain, but always the witches watched and waited.

About a mile upstream, near the bank of the little river in the dense jungle, where the trees were matted and bound together by tangled lianas, grew a great greenheart, its flat, buttressed roots projecting twenty feet above ground, thrust out from the trunk and forming between their walls recesses ten or fifteen feet deep. Across these roots on one side of

the forest monarch had fallen the trunk of another big tree. Weakened first by a violent wind which had torn out its topmost branches, then, quickly attacked by termites and vegetable parasites, it had succumbed to their united onslaught and had come crashing down among the trunks, tearing and smashing, till, wedged between other trunks as great and massive as itself, it settled down on the upper edges of the flat-arched roots of the greenheart.

The creepers were quickly at their work, covering the wreck with a green mantle, and colonies of termites and wood-boring beetles were drilling cavities in the dead and dying wood. The vines and creepers crept about over the trunk and supporting roots till they formed a roof over the spaces below, and in the cavity between two of these roots, a female jaguar had found a secure, well-concealed retreat. Here on a bed of dead leaves were sprawled two clumsy, pudgy, playful cubs.

Spotted like their mother, with their big, round heads and thick legs and paws, they were as different in form from an African leopard cub as a puppy bulldog is from a kitten, but their beautiful color and markings gave them certain resemblance to their Old World cousins. It was early in the night and they were both asleep, for their mother had just left for her nightly hunting.

First she had gone to the river for a drink and had paused on an overhanging root in hope that one of the fish she could plainly see, swimming about just beyond, might venture within reach of her lightning stroke, but the fishes were either too wary or there was no inducement to tempt them near, so she was forced to go farther. Next she went downstream along a faintly marked trail till she came to a leaning trunk stretching across seven or eight feet above. Leaping lightly upon this, she stretched out flat and waited with all her senses alert for the slightest movement.

After a little the alarm her approach had created among the little creatures of the jungle subsided and, emboldened by her absolute silence, they crept forth. First a dead leaf moved and a sharp nose and a pair of bright eyes appeared. Another wait, and the form of a tiny opossum no larger than a mouse crept out for a moment, only to disappear in renewed fright when a bush rat rushed across the trail. A large bat floated among the trees. Then a pair of agoutis, as alert and graceful as tiny deer, darted about among the dead leaves and seed pods.

A rustling of the leaves and a steady, careless tread a little way off between the trees caused the big cat to stiffen her muscles and to gather for a spring, but when she saw it was but a small armadillo she sank back with a silent snarl of contempt. Likewise when one of the black, prehensile-tailed, tree porcupines climbed slowly up a huge liana within a few yards of her, she merely watched it in mild interest.

Once when, from out the top of a near-by forest giant, she heard the weird night song of a band of howling monkeys, she looked about sharply for a few moments, seeking a sloping trunk or

big vine which would afford an easy means of approach, but seeing none and the howling suddenly ceasing as though the monkeys had been startled by something, she settled once more into her ambush. She had long since learned that the waiting game would usually win a better reward than the stalk.

Minutes mounted into hours and down the trail she heard many little hoof-beats approaching. She gathered herself for the spring, but just as her keen nose told her that it was a band of peccaries, the sound of their hoof-beats stopped and they stood grunting and sniffing. There was absolute silence for a time, and at last her nose told the jaguar that the pigs had stolen away. So carefully had they gone that not a twig had snapped to tell of their retreat.

When the jaguar realized that the pigs had departed, she stood up growling softly, leaped to the ground, and stole quietly away among the tree trunks.

The Kittens and a Visitor

Back at the den between the roots, the spotted cubs had slept quietly for a time. Then one of them stirred, blinked, and sat up suddenly sniffing the damp night air. The movement awoke the other and it, too, sat up, yawned, and stretched, then, catching the same odor, stiffened into attention, all its senses on the alert.

Presently they heard a faint, scraping sound as of something being dragged slowly over the ground. The sound came nearer, ceased for a few minutes, then came on again. The faint odor which had first caught their attention was growing stronger and the kittens cowered back into the farthest corner of the den with a whimper of fear.

Nearer and nearer came the sound till it seemed just outside the entrance. There it ceased, and a flat, blunt head appeared and slowly, very slowly, it came in, followed by foot after foot of scaly, glistening, mottled body. It was the big anaconda or water boa which had just shed its old skin and, having fasted for nearly two weeks since its last meal, was very hungry. The kittens spat and



THE KITTENS COVERED BACK INTO THE FARTHEST CORNER OF THE DEN WITH A WHIMPER OF FEAR.



AWAY DOWN THE TRAIL SHE HEARD MANY LITTLE HOOF-BEATS.

growled and bristled bravely in their corner, but their bravado was of no avail.

The big snake paused, drew back its head, and formed into a great coil. Suddenly, with a motion so swift that no eye could follow it, the flat head darted forward and back, and there was but one kitten cowering in the darkness. The other was a shapeless mass beneath the folds of the great body.

The tragedy was mercifully swift. The other kitten followed the first, and sometime after, the great snake left the den and, slowly returning to the river, slid quietly in, swam across, and crept under the overhanging roots of a great tree growing on the brink, where it coiled up and fell into that dormant, full-fed torpor which is as near to sleep as the unwinking reptiles can approach.

All the while far down the river the mother jaguar hunted silently through the night but without success. At dawn

she came near the little knoll and a light breeze carried the odor of the tapirs to her keen nostrils. With twitching tail she crouched a moment, then, even more silently than before, went creeping up the wind toward the source of that enticing odor, nearer and nearer, till at last she could see the slaty mass of the big tapir through the dense foliage.

Slowly she gathered her feet under her, treading the ground lightly with one paw after the other. A slight quiver of the tense body, a lifting of one fore paw, and the jaguar sailed through the air in a high curving leap. It was the fifth day of the witches' waiting, but that for which they watched had come.

A good twenty feet the great cat sprang, alighting beside the tapirs. On the instant she was tearing and rending at the tough skin and thick neck muscles of the mother. The big tapir struggled to her feet and rushed, dragging the biting, clinging jaguar, for the river, know-

ing instinctively that the water was the only thing that could save her.

Crashing through the bushes they went; the low growls of the jaguar were the only sounds save the snapping of the twigs. Coming to the bank of the little river the mangled, bleeding tapir stumbled in. At the sudden shock of the cold water, the jaguar released its hold and with angry snarling scrambled back to the bank and turned to watch its escaping prey.

The tapir, relieved of the awful biting and tearing weight, quickly reached the deep water and started to swim across, but before it reached midstream its blood-stained wake eddying downstream carried a message to a myriad waiting creatures and at once the water boiled about the unfortunate beast and darker blood stains smeared the brown flood.

The tapir reared half out of water, struggling and floundering, while leaping over and around her appeared hundreds of bright, silvery little fishes. From fifteen to twenty inches in length, they resembled in form a large black bass but were thicker and more massive in appearance. Their hard, sharp, triangular teeth were set like sawteeth around the edges of their powerful jaws, strong enough to cut through the heavy sole of a shoe.

They were the perai of the "Bovinders," the dread "Caribes" of all the rivers of northern South America. The jaguar stood on the bank growling and snarling, whimpering and trembling as she saw the fishes tearing the tapir to bits, for well she knew that no wounded creature could ever cross that stream. Soon the struggles of the tapir ceased and its lifeless carcass was carried under. Slowly the red ripples quieted and the brown water flowed smoothly on as before.

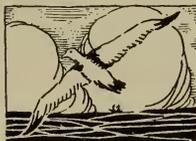
For some time the jaguar watched the water. Then it turned and went slowly back over the trail it had so

shortly before helped to smash through the brush, stopping here and there to sniff at a clot of blood spattered on the leaves. Then came the black witches with fluttering wings and strange mouths to meet her, hopping excitedly from branch to branch above and out of reach of her quick stroke; ahead of and all around her they fluttered. As she came to the nest she suddenly stiffened to attention and as suddenly sprang forward.

When she had first attacked the mother tapir and been dragged away in the mad rush, she had not noticed the baby tapir lying on the other side of its mother. Now as she caught sight of it staring in bewildered wonder down the track where its mother had so strangely disappeared, she sprang forward with an eager, savage growl. One blow of her powerful forepaw crushed out the life of the helpless little creature and she crouched beside it and feasted.

Around and overhead hovered the black witches, gloating, mumbling, fluttering. When the satisfied jaguar picked up what remained of her prey and started off through the jungle, they flew down to the ground and eagerly snapped up the bits of flesh and clots of blood sticking to the leaves. Over the larger pieces they performed strange antics, hopping up and down with drooping wings and spread tails, at times tipping back their heads and working their mouths in what seemed silent, ribald laughter. After a time when there were no more bits remaining they flew up to the branches, preened their feathers, and started once more on their wayward flights along the edge of the savannah.

The tragedy of the jungle had been played through to a finish, thrilling enough to satisfy even their morbid taste. Nature, "red in tooth and claw," had rounded out her ancient drama and the witches moved on to other scenes and perhaps further waiting and incarnations.



OUTDOOR GAMES IN WINTRY WEATHER

THE chances for enjoyment and recreation in the open air do not vanish with the coming of frost. If anything, they are enhanced by the tingle of the icy wind and the crunch of the snow under foot. Of course we all know the pleasures of coasting and skating, that is, all of us who live far enough North to be beyond the zone of perpetual summer. Something there is to be learned, however, in the matter of variety of pleasure to be gained from ice and snow.

Skiing we know, from hearsay at least; much more may be learned by actual practice of this famous Norwegian pastime and useful art in one. In Europe they combine the ski and the horse and have great sport in consequence. Most of us have skated at one time or another, but how many of us have ever ventured to compete in a sack race on ice? Or a three-legged race? They do it at St. Moritz, in Switzerland, which, by the way, is the home of the winter carnival on the other side.

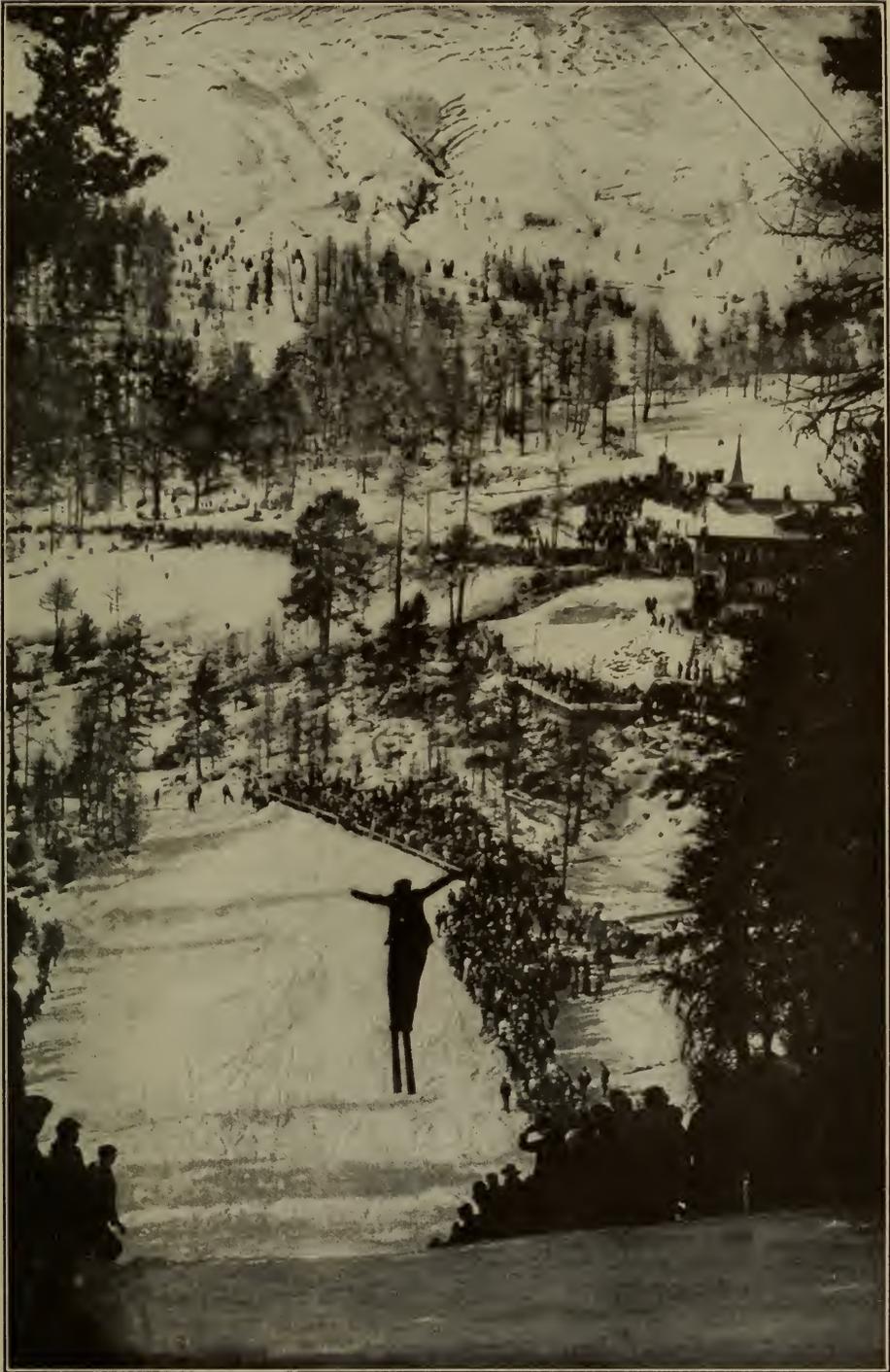
Then there is the egg-rolling race in which the contestants labor valiantly—with might and main of lungs—to put their egg first across the finish line, twenty or twenty-five feet away, where the feminine partners wait to carry it back to the starting point in a long-handled spoon. Curling, dear to the heart of Scotchmen, has found lodgment in some parts of the United States and Canada, where “Soup her up!” is as well known as “Hit her out, now!” to devotees of the great national game that holds the center of the stage in summer.

All in all, there is no reason why those of us seeking recreation in the open air should feel that the gates are closed against us with the ending of the summer.



Photograph from Paul Thompson, N. Y.

THIS IS WHAT THE LOVER OF CURLING CALLS A “BRAW DRAWN SHOT.”



Photograph from Paul Thompson, N. Y.

CATCHING THE SKI-JUMPER IN MID-AIR AT ST. MORITZ.



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.
READY FOR THE START OF A THREE-LEGGED RACE ON SKATES.



Photograph from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.
IN FULL CAREER OF THE SACK RACE ON ICE.



Photograph from Paul Thompson, N. Y.

EVERYBODY HOLDS ON WHEN THE BOB SWINGS ROUND THE TURN AT TOP SPEED.



Photograph from "The Great Northern Railway Co."
HORSE AND MEN WORK TOGETHER IN THE INTERESTS OF EXCITING SPORT.



Photograph from "The Great Northern Railway Co."
DID YOU EVER TRY ROLLING AN EGG ON THE ICE WITH YOUR BREATH?

RETURN of the LEAP RING TUNA

Illustrated

with

Photographs



by
Charles
Frederick
Holder.

Author of
"Big Game at Sea"

I FIRST heard of the leaping tuna when a child. A big boathouse at Swampscott, Massachusetts, an adjunct to one of the trim and beautiful mackerel schooners, bore on its ridgpole, nailed fast, an enormous crescent for good luck. It was the tail of a leaping tuna—a fish that weighed over twelve hundred pounds and was nine or ten feet long, the largest of all the bony fishes. My father, Dr. J. B. Holder, was then studying the fauna of Massachusetts Bay with Louis Agassiz. He reported several appearances of the tuna to Agassiz and secured the first mounted specimen, eight feet long, for the Lynn Museum, which he founded. Their observations of the tuna I found in the Lynn Historical Notes.

The next I heard about the big fish was that 1,000 tunas had been netted in Gloucester harbor, averaging over one thousand pounds each. Then I heard of the tunny fisheries of the Mediterranean and of the vast numbers caught. Up to this time I had never

seen a tuna fresh from the ocean, but one day, some time in the seventies, I walked through Fulton market, New York, and literally ran against a stupendous tuna, or horse mackerel as it was called by the down-East fishermen. This fish, which was about nine feet long and must have weighed 1,200 pounds, took complete possession of my fancy.

I remember that I measured it carefully, drew a picture of it, and published the results in the *Scientific American*. In the eighties I went to the Maine coast, to Ogunquit, and there found a fisherman to whom I propounded the proposition of catching a tuna with a line. He looked at me in amazement and said that these fish came around his dory when he was cleaning dogfish about ten miles out and were as long as the dory. I fished with this man two seasons off Boon Island but never saw a tuna, big or little.

In 1885 I came to Southern California and among the first things I heard of were the tunas. I found their bones

in a large Indian mound where the hotel now stands at the town of Avalon. Then "Mexican Joe" told me of a tuna that stopped his boat when trolling with a big line, and of men being jerked overboard by them; then one day in 1886 I ran into a real school of tunas, leaping. Down the Santa Catalina channel they came like a cyclone, turning the quiet waters into foam, in and out of which the big fishes darted like animated arrows or torpedoes, while the air was filled with flocks of flying fishes fleeing in every direction like grasshoppers.

First Try for the Big Game

This school I followed several miles, losing all my lines and rod tips in that one morning. One line was unreeled so quickly that I actually did not know where it went. My tackle was a toy to these voracious monsters, for monsters they were, and I saw individuals that I thought were nine or more feet long, which means a weight of one thousand pounds. As a nine-hundred pounder was taken in a net that year at Monterey, it was evident that large ones made up the school at Catalina.

Every year the tunas appeared in June and left promptly in August. They ravaged the seas and the scenes they presented to those who were lucky enough to see them will never be forgotten. I continually claimed that I could take a tuna if I had the tackle, but no big reels were available and I made votive offerings with light tackle, hooking scores and landing none until along came Mr. W. Greer Campbell and caught several. Then Col. C. P. Morehouse had a big reel made that would hold 800 feet of twenty-one line, and the sport was on.

For some time no very large tunas were taken, nor was it believed by anyone that a really big fish, say over one hundred and fifty pounds, could be landed, but it is the unexpected that happens, and one day, with a sixteen-ounce jointed rod and twenty-one thread line I brought in the first really big tuna ever taken, a fish that tipped the scales at one hundred and eighty-

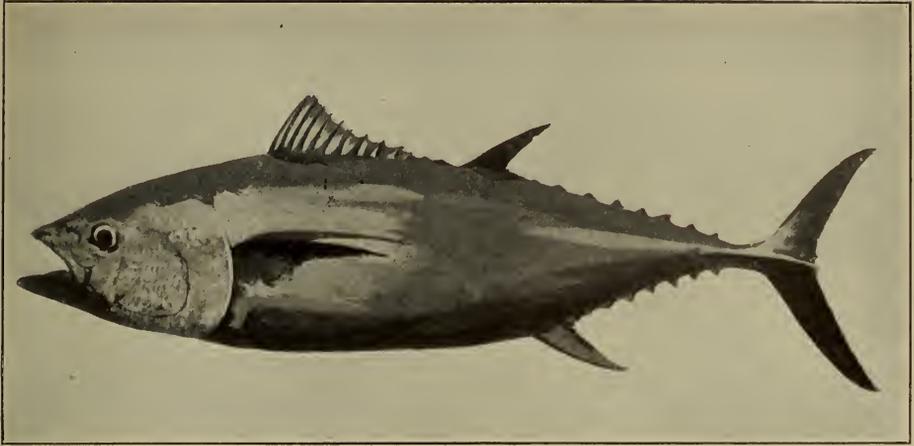
three pounds and was over six feet in length.

With all deference to others, I believe this fish was the hardest fighter ever landed in this locality, as I fought it for four hours steadily, my boatman with oars in the water much of the time trying to tire it out. Yet it towed me and the boat, stern first, ten or twelve miles, made extraordinary plays, and was full of fight and vigor when it was gaffed, nearly smashing the boat when Gardner pulled it in. It is due the fish to say that I was, as General Gordon says, almost played to "a frazzle." Another hour and I would have been beaten at the game, as many better anglers than I have been since.

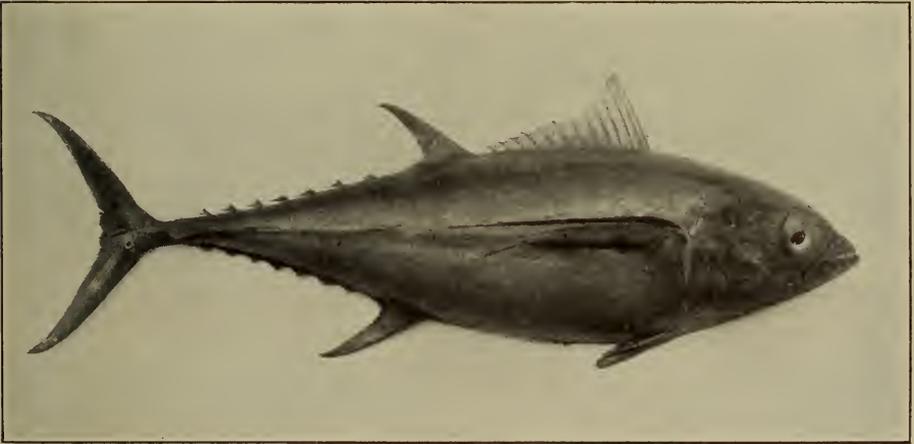
I considered this catch mere luck, and for two years I held the coveted record; then a fellow-townsmen, and one of the best sea anglers in the country, Col. C. P. Morehouse, after a four-hour struggle, brought in a tuna which weighed *two hundred and fifty-one* pounds and which has remained the record of the Tuna Club and of the world ever since, despite the fact that thousands of dollars have been spent in heroic efforts to beat it.

Thus tuna fishing was introduced to anglers. The day after my catch I founded the Tuna Club, not especially to take this fish, but to start a movement for protecting the fisheries and establishing high standards of sport in Southern California, where there were none at all at that time. The name tuna was taken merely as a good one, but the public seized upon the idea that the club was devoted to tuna fishing alone, a mistake.

The organization soon became famous, due to the extraordinary exploits of its members and because no one could vote unless he had taken a one-hundred-pound tuna under the club specifications. This rule holds to-day and has produced, with the tournaments, the most select and envied "trust" in the angling world. About sixty men qualified, and if their adventures could all be collected they would press the credulity of the layman to the breaking point. Yet they were true, and no such adventures were ever heard



Leaping Tuna.



Yellow Fin Tuna.



Long-Finned Tuna.

GREAT MEMBERS OF THE TUNA FAMILY.



GIFFORD PINCHOT, SENATOR WHITE, AND ASST. ATTY.-GEN. SAMUEL WOODRUFF
DISCUSSING TUNA TACKLE.

of before. All these men fought their game with a line not much larger than an eyeglass cord, and with rod and reel, establishing a standard of sport that has challenged the admiration of the world of angling.

Tuna fishing became a fixture and men came from England every year for the season. This lasted five or six years, and then something happened; the tunas gradually stopped biting until the fishing was virtually a blank, the record for the years being a very slim one. Those who now came for the tuna fishing looked askance at the records and the big fish; finally it became a huge joke, and I, as the pseudo-discoverer of the sport, got my full share of the abuse.

An English journal took exception to my including in my books articles on a sport that did not now exist. But I believed that the tuna was a roving fish. I had studied their migrations in the Mediterranean Sea. I had found their

bones in mounds hundreds of years old. I believed that they would come back, and took pains, when I wrote about the past, to emphasize the fact that they were uncertain fishes and could not be depended on. The strange part of it was that not a year passed that I did not see or hear of tunas, but they would not bite and they were not present to the eye in any great numbers.

It is apparently a long lane, even in angling, that has no turning, and in 1909 a boatman off Santa Catalina ran into an old-fashioned school of tunas. They were piling into the air, chasing the flying fish and churning the waters of the Catalina doldrums into volcanoes of foam. For a few moments this man gazed at the spectacle; then he turned and shot his launch inshore as fast as he could. As soon as he landed, he sent a wireless to a good patron, a Tuna Club man, Mr. A. C. Brode of Los Angeles. The latter dropped business on the instant, rushed for the island



BRINGING A TUNA OVER THE SIDE OF THE BOAT IN THE WATERS OFF SANTA CATALINA ISLAND.

steamer, and in a few hours was trolling over the school, the existence of which the discreet boatman had kept to himself. This was on August 19th.

It was not long before the angler had a strike and after a three-hour fight he landed the first good sized tuna (126 lbs.) taken in five or six years. It is impossible to convey to the layman "who is wholly sane" what this meant to the sea-anglers of California. The town of Avalon, with its six or seven thousand summer inhabitants, literally went tuna mad. Boatmen used the wireless to telegraph patrons; anglers in England and Italy and all over the United States were sent for; the press dispatches chronicled the catch as they would the progress of a battle; and the sight around the docks and the rush to reach Avalon and secure boatmen was an extraordinary and laughable feature of the sport.

The great Sea Island Cotton boom or the tulip craze did not create more ex-

citement than did the return of this big game fish in biting humor. Tuna tackle that had been stowed away for years was taken out, twenty-one and twenty-four lines were rigged on big reels, flying fish were at par, and the game was on once more. To say that I was pleased hardly expresses it. I had stood by my faith in the coming of the tunas with a consistency that was possibly hardly justified, and I had fished religiously for them every year as though they were there.

Just as my hope appeared to be a forlorn one they came back and forthwith there opened a season of sport long to be remembered by those who participated in it. Fifty-seven members of the Tuna Club qualified by taking one-hundred pounders or over with the rod and reel specified by the committee of the club. It is believed that these fish spawned in the channel and that they will return now for six or seven years, as they did before, and that abundant

sport will be had, though I may remark that I do not guarantee it.

Tuna fishing is in a class by itself, there is nothing just like it, and there are tunas and tunas, as there are tarpon and tarpon. I have landed a tarpon with rod and reel in ten or twelve minutes. I have had a fish no larger fight me for a long time and escape. This is true of all fish and men. This paper deals with the real fighting tuna, and I present it again, as I did many years ago, as the great game fish of the world.

The tarpon is more spectacular. It jumps when it is hooked. The tuna never or rarely does, but one good tuna can tow and drown two or three average tarpon of the same size. In a word, it is the largest bony fish and the strongest, and in its best condition is invulnerable. Its home is the world. It roams all the temperate seas.

On the New England coast it is the horse mackerel; in the St. Lawrence the skip jack; in the Mediterranean the tunny or tuna, and it migrates up and down the coast with much the same regularity as the birds, preying upon mackerel, flying fish, or any available game. It goes in schools, as does its smaller kinsman, the mackerel. Last September, when I was fishing for them with Gifford Pinchot, we found a school of large size about eight miles off Santa Catalina, and on the side of the wave they presented a most interesting and alluring spectacle. Ten or twelve launches were following them, containing some of the world's famous anglers.

Mr. Murphy, who holds the tarpon record, was trying to induce them to bite by imitating the flight of a flying fish. He had about one hundred feet of line out and would suddenly jerk his bait out of water, after the fashion of skittering, so that the flying fish appeared to make a short flight. Other anglers were going at full speed; some were still fishing, and others again were putting their baits across the leading fish.

A few days previous, at San Clemente, we sighted a feeding school, an exhilarating sight. A flying fish weigh-

ing a pound and a half or more would start from the water and soar an extraordinary distance, nearly out of sight, but every inch of that flight I knew was covered by a big tuna keeping his place just beneath the "flyer" and ready to seize it the moment it fell into the water. This rarely failed. The moment the fish began to drop the tuna would spring at it like a tiger, turning and tossing the spume into the air with a splendid and electrifying rush, a maneuver that was repeated all over the blue channel.

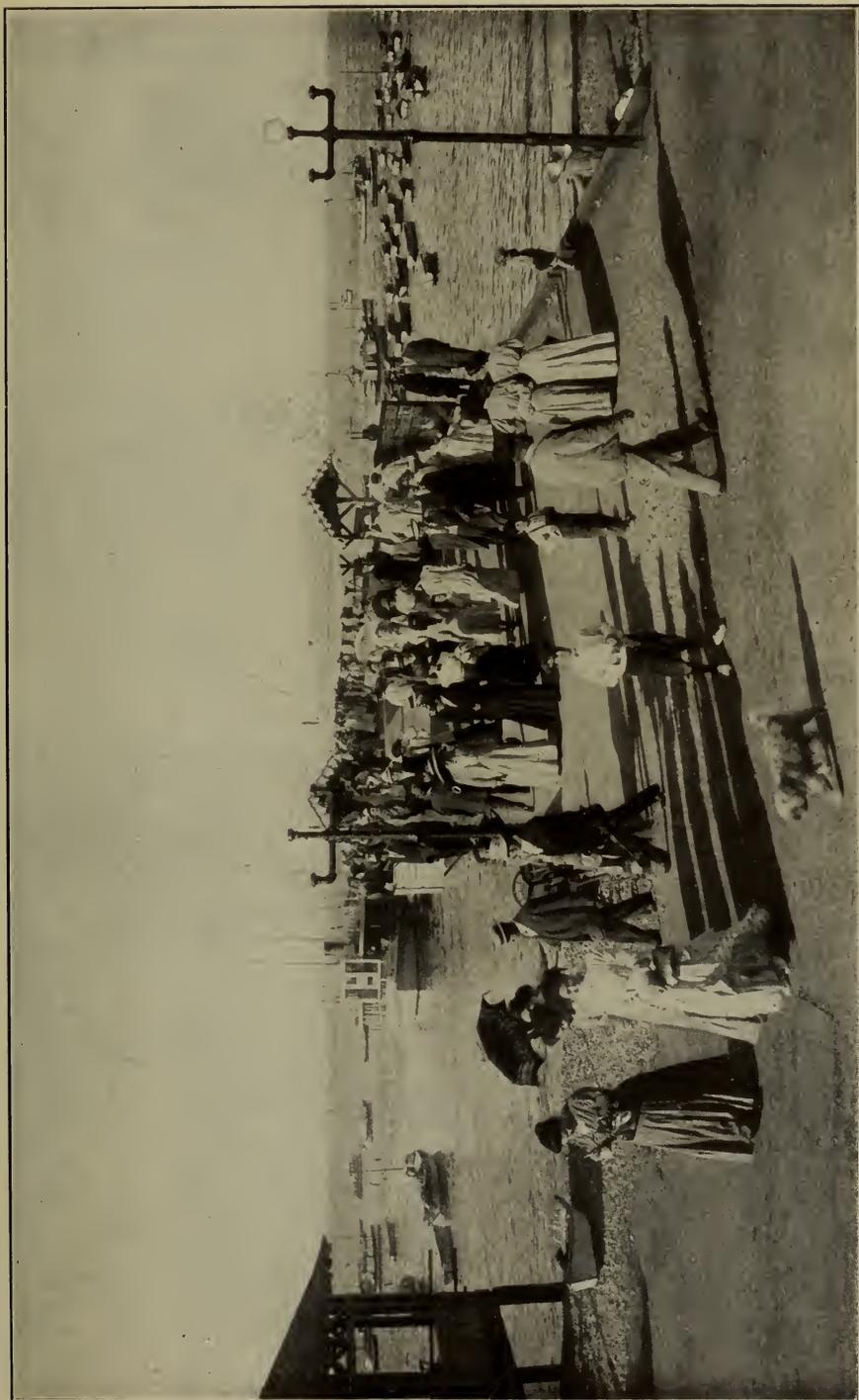
This sensational charge meant that a school of tunas had discovered a school of its natural prey, flying fishes; at once the lust for blood and food was on and carnage was the result.

When the Tunas Are Hungry

I have observed some curious scenes at sea, but never have I seen fear so forcibly expressed as by a school of flying fishes exhausted and at the mercy of the voracious tunas. I have had them gather about my boat and cling to its keel as closely as they could, while the air was full of leaping tunas and soaring flying fish. At such times when a school of sardines is rounded up the fishes are so terrified that men have rowed up to them and scooped them in by the pailful.

I have stood in a boat when the air seemed literally full of fish, the tunas coming up with a rush from below and endeavoring to catch the flying fishes with tremendous leaps. Sometimes they take them in mid air; again they strike and knock them higher, bleeding or dead, or miss them altogether. But whatever the result, the tuna is never displaced; it makes the same spectacular jump, utterly unlike that of the swordfish, shark, or tarpon, returning to the sea head first with a graceful curve.

The great run of 1909 at Santa Catalina and Clemente was marked by several innovations. The fishes were in more collected schools. They remained and struck and were caught until October 7th, an entirely new date, as in former years they generally stopped biting about August 15th.



GOING DOWN TO SEE THE TUNA ANGLERS COME IN AT THE AVALON PIER.

In former years they were mostly taken near shore, from Avalon to Long Point—a distance of about four miles—being the only place in the world where tunas could be taken with rod and reel, despite the fact that anglers went to Madeira, Italy, the St. Lawrence, and other places for them. The conditions must be just right to take the biggest

brought into the Tuna Club house at night when the anglers came home were of a lurid type and a history-making character. It was like a lot of scouts meeting after a battle, taking an account of the injured, the wounded, as they recounted the loss of rods or lines, and a thousand and one lamentable calamities.



MR. HOLDER IN THE STERN OF A LAUNCH TOWING ONE OF HIS BIG FISH INTO PORT.

fish, smooth water being the prime factor. Formerly the tunas charged the flying fish into Long Point bay, rounding them up in soldierly fashion, but this year they laid off shore four, five, or even six miles to the southeast, spending their time there during the day and moving in toward the island at night to charge the flying fishes which also go in to feed, or to escape their enemies.

It was here that the majority of fishes were taken, and as they averaged under one hundred and forty pounds there were not so many really hard battles, though the hard-luck stories

Among these might be mentioned the experience of Mr. Joseph Welch, of Pasadena. He hooked a tuna in the morning, played him several hours, fighting to his very limit with what was undoubtedly a very large fish. At the end of that time the tuna was courting around the boat, when the bait was thrown up the line. Whereupon another tuna, which had been "standing by," dashed at it and—tell it not in Gath!—cut the line, releasing the hooked fish. Mere words failed to do justice to the situation.

Then Mrs. O'Mara, of Salt Lake, hooked a tuna, playing it several hours

with a pluck and fervor that brought plaudits from many anglers. At last she had the fish alongside. The coveted 100 pounds were there, but just as the gaffer was about to take it in, a big shark bit out about ten pounds, and what the lady landed were the mangled remains of a tuna weighing about eighty-nine pounds. This happened to several anglers during the season.

Old tuna fishermen opened their eyes at the methods used. Mr. C. G. Conn of the Tuna Club had the most effective and complete equipment for tuna and caught the most fish. His outfit consisted of a seventy-ton yacht, a thirty-foot high power launch, and various smaller boats. Mr. Conn fished from a light skiff towed at a rapid rate of speed by his launch, while the yacht enabled him to scour the seas and find the schools. As his catch was fifteen tunas, no one can criticise him on the ground of ineffectiveness.

I have taken many tunas but nearly all from a rowboat going at slow speed, on the theory that the normal flying fish is a slow swimmer and is going slowly when the tuna discovers it. But the flying fish at once gets under way, leaves the water, and soars rapidly through the air, trying to escape. In slow trolling it would seem that one had more time to see the strike, but when the tuna is hungry he will strike anyway, and at a variety of lures.

Many anglers use two hooks, as the flying fish is eighteen inches long and it is necessary to prevent it from turning over and over. In my own experience the two-hooks method is a mistake; too many tunas come up foul hooked. I recall once helping to play a tuna five or six hours. I found two men who had hooked a fish exhausted after hours of work, so I took the oars from the boatman and gave him the chance; then I took the rod and worked for an hour but I doubt if I ever started that fish, 200 feet down and heading off shore.

It towed us eight miles to the southeast, out of sight of Avalon. The boat was a good rowboat and safe, yet one would not care to spend the night in

the open channel in her, and we were gradually nearing the mainland thirty miles off with night coming on. We voted on the question—to give up or to stay out all night. If it had not been that three wives would have been greatly worried I think we would have played the fish all night and tried for a port on the mainland, but discretion asserted itself, and we gradually lifted the fish by hand, to find it foul hooked, broadside on, at the tail. We never could have landed it.

The fish which we supposed was a monster weighed only 125 pounds. An hour later a launch out hunting for us saw our white flag and picked us up, just in time, as it was blowing too hard for us to have rowed back.

At Close Quarters to a School

There is nothing to my mind quite so exciting as tuna fishing. One afternoon toward the end of the season of 1909, at San Clemente Island, I was lying on the deck of the *Juanita*. Governor Pardee, of California, was at the helm and Gifford Pinchot and Steward Edward White, of Santa Barbara, were sitting in the skiff trolling for swordfish. I had never heard of a tuna at San Clemente, so I was not looking for them, but suddenly our skipper, George Michaelis, cried out "Tunas!" a word that sent an electric thrill through us.

Pinchot and White turned suddenly in the skiff while I rolled off the deck and following the general direction of the extended arm of the skipper I saw the sight that a hundred times had set my blood boiling. Great masses of foam that the most excited imagination could not distort into mere waves, isolated spurts of flocculent and dazzling silver, long splashes along the surface, now here, now there, yet miles away to the north.

Full speed we went to meet them, and it was hardly ten minutes before we were among them. A great school was sweeping down the island, driving the flying fish inshore. Its general size or scope could be told by the fact that the splashes occurred inshore and as far out into the channel as we could see.

From now on we had an opportunity to see the leaps and rushes. I had the helm and White and Pinchot fished and we rushed them over the schools. Now a terrific splash would come to the east and I would whirl the launch in that direction; then back to another, and so on until I had the patient anglers dizzy, looking this way and that as I shouted. They had five strikes, but luck was against them.

The tunas began biting last year on August 19th, and between that date and October 2d, sixty-seven were brought to land of an average weight of 118½ pounds. The largest was the 160 pounder, caught by E. G. Murphy, and the record for length of play went to C. G. Conn, who had a 110-pound fish on his hook for six hours and five minutes. In 1908 only eight tunas were caught, the largest of which weighed only ninety-four pounds.

The records for 1909 show that Mr. Conn's performances ranged from his six-hour fight with a 110-pound fish to a nine-minute flurry with one that tipped the scales at only a pound less. This illustrates what I have said about the condition of fishes. Some tunas are weakened by spawning, or from other reasons, but your tuna of 130 to 150 pounds in prime condition is a game to dream of. If the stories of the catches of 1909 could be collected with all the details and published, the book would cause many a layman to look askance and think of Ananias.

For example, Judge Beaman, of Denver, was towed thirty miles, or from Santa Catalina to near Redondo and lost his fish at that. Mr. Ben Williams, of the Tuna Club, hooked a tuna on August 26th and fought it eight hours, landing it, I believe, at four in the morning in a heavy sea, after drifting miles off shore in the all-

night fight. Yet the fish weighed but 125 pounds. Mr. Williams got the experience and a little "blue button."

The rush of the tunas into Avalon caught many devotees of the sport unawares. Mr. Earlscliffe was in the Mediterranean, hunting tunas, with headquarters at Sicily, when a telegram caught him. Mr. Hooper was in Boston, and both gentlemen dropped everything and came West. Mr. Hooper brought in several fish. I was en route to Mexico, somewhere in Sonora, when the initial report came to me.

As early as April the president of the Three-Six Club was crossing the Santa Catalina channel when he saw a school and promptly sent me a wireless from mid channel, which a Mexican customs officer delivered to me at midnight down near the Yaqui River, Mexico. I did the best I could and went fishing the next day or so at Guaymas on the Gulf of California which Mr. Conn has discovered to be an angler's paradise.

Tuna fishing is not for the many, just as everyone does not care for elephants, tigers, buffalo, or a charging rhinoceros. I have killed none of this splendid game, but I have compared experiences with men who have, and I am confident that in my four-hour fight and twelve-mile tow in the "battle" with my 183-pound tuna I worked harder than did my hunting friend in dispatching any of the big game mentioned.

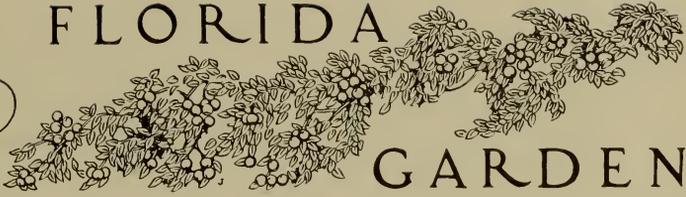
He rode to the tiger hunt with a friend, the magistrate of an Indian state, seated in a comfortable howdah. He shot his tiger at ease as it charged up the side of the elephant, and it was all over in five minutes. Tuna fishing is never over till you land your fish and that may be hours. It is a game for men who rejoice in wild and exciting recreation on land and sea.



OUR FLORIDA

by E. P.

Powell



GARDEN

Illustrated with Photographs

I BOUGHT a few acres in Florida at a venture, without having seen any part of the State and not having very accurate knowledge of what I bought. I had only a general idea that some day I might like to get away from the grippe and zero climate, and Florida offered the only chance in sight. Three years after the purchase it became decidedly wise for me to take advantage of it.

Going southward as if into a foreign land, or on a voyage of discovery, I found things very different from what I had expected. My ten acres were covered at each end with huge pines, standing from sixty to one hundred feet in height. In the middle there was a ruined orange grove, with a wide belt of plums that had died below the graft, making a thicket full of birds' nests. It was a curious place to Northern eyes.

The ground was full of rabbit holes and gopher-turtle holes, and there were a lot of other queer fellows in possession, while all the ground that was not covered with pines was given over to a tall, rank, coarse grass, seven or eight feet high. The turtles would come out at midday, lugging their houses on their backs, to dine on almost any vegetable matter, but always retiring into their holes before sundown. Up from the lake also came water turtles and snapping turtles, wabbling about clumsily, but giving visions of future soups.

I grubbed out most of the orange stumps and grafted the rest. There was little to do with the plums but to grub them also, and to do it very thoroughly, for the ground was full of roots.

Under the pines, at the ends of the lot, were innumerable young oaks and persimmons; oaks of half a dozen sorts, the willow, and the scrub and the black jack being most common. A few water oaks could be selected for making future trees, and the black jacks are very beautiful when carefully trimmed and kept free of moss.

The persimmons were of the native sort, most of them probably barren, but they were good stock for grafts, and we filled them full at once of the Japanese sorts. We grubbed out the oaks, excepting a few of the better sorts, and we pulled the moss from the smaller trees. This moss was one of the curious features of the landscape to us, but it is something of real importance when it hangs down in long tresses from the tall pines. It does away with the necessity for weather vanes, as it will tell you precisely and volubly which way the wind blows.

The front two acres, with their fifty huge pines, after the underbrush had been cleared out, was a superb building lot. It overlooked Lake Lucy, a lake about half a mile across and as pretty a piece of water as you could ask for. Facing it from the east, it gave us such sunsets as I had never seen before.

These two acres or thereabouts I intended to clean up, and make into a lawn, something like what we have in the North. When I began to inquire about grasses, I found that very few of our Northern varieties would thrive here at all, not liking either the soil or the heat of summer. Before I had begun to experiment with St. Lucie grass



WHERE MR. POWELL HAS FOUND A WINTER HOME ON LAKE LUCY.

and Bermuda grass the winter had so far gone that the wild flowers were coming into bloom in rapid succession.

In November I had found violets and some other exquisite flowers here and there about the lake, but about the first of March the procession opened amazingly, and by mid April I had made up my mind that I would rather have this wild-flower garden than any lawn that was ever created with blue grass or any other grass. Wonderful and beautiful, they made a substitute far beyond my conception of wild flowers.

I had lived in Missouri and Illinois and Michigan, but had never seen anything to equal this display—legumes of all sorts, several varieties of sensitive plant, flowers as exquisite and large as sweet peas, two or three kinds of dandelion and coreopsis, and I know not what else. You see this ten acres of mine had not been burned over for fourteen years, and there had been accumulating, all the time, bird-sown seeds of everything collectable in central Florida.

Now, after I have built my house,

although I have large beds for roses, cannas, gladioli, etc., still these wild flowers are not ashamed of themselves, resting their arms or their heads on tufts of grass or huckleberry bushes and looking up to me with a pleasant greeting every morning. Grandest of all was the Cherokee bean, an exquisite bush, out of which springs, all through March, April, and May, long stalks of the most brilliant carmine flowers. Most of our wild flowers have bulbous or large roots of some sort, on which they can feed during dry spells.

Turtles rapidly disappeared after we began cultivation, and so did all the rest of the wild animals. Rabbits still linger where they can find a neglected corner, yet they are doing very little mischief. One of the turtles which the natives call the gopher turtle has a hole on a slope of about forty-five degrees into the sandy soil, out of which he comes at about eleven o'clock in the morning, for a lunch on almost any vegetation he can find.

These holes vary from four inches in



OF COURSE THE ORANGE IS THE TYPICAL CROP IN FLORIDA.

diameter to twenty, and the inhabitants vary as much in size. A well-grown turtle will weigh about ten or twelve pounds, and of course is an unwelcome visitor in a patch of green peas. It is an easy matter to catch these fellows by planting boxes just under the mouths of the holes. As they make their exit for dinner, the clumsy fellows tumble into the boxes and cannot get out. They make excellent feed for hens, and the gopher turtle is a welcome addition to a vegetable diet, in soup or stew.

Foxes we occasionally hear in the distance, and they have been known in our hen yards. The real gopher is not a turtle at all, but a ground squirrel, with pocket jaws; and a mighty busy fellow he is, plowing through your garden or yard. Every few feet he throws up a heap of dirt, and then tunnels forward—going several rods in a single night. It is very interesting to watch him bring up the dirt from below in his pocket jaws and dump it in an orderly way.

The ground mole, here, as in the

North, is not at all an enemy, although he has the credit of doing all sorts of mischief, the fact being that he lives on grubs and is of decided economic value. The real gopher or squirrel is the only pest that we have difficulty in controlling. He is fond of sweet potatoes, and his raids are sometimes very destructive. On the whole, the enemies to our vegetation are not seriously troublesome.

We mowed the weeds and made huge piles for compost, just as we would in the North. The folks advised us to burn it, but this we refused to do. Florida has, for time out of mind, been burned over once a year, until there is hardly a shovelful of humus to a square rod. Nitrogen can be so easily obtained by plowing under legumes that the loss of this element is not so badly felt, but there is need of more phosphorus and potash.

You would suppose that the ash left by the fires would supply the potash, but the ash of pine needles and scrub bushes leaves very little except a bit of carbon. As a substitute the gardeners

and farmers buy commercial fertilizers, for which they are compelled to spend at least one third of all their earnings. This stuff is little more than a gad for a worn-out soil, and, like a whip to a worn-out horse, can only serve for a little while.

Instead of following our neighbors, we began at once making soil and humus, that is incipient soil. No State in the Union furnishes more annual material to make soil and to fatten it than Florida. There are legumes of all sorts, from three inches high up to the velvet bean, which grows seventy feet in a season. These can be mowed for hay or silage, then foddered, and finally plowed under. This adds an enormous amount of raw material for soil making, and the nodules of the roots furnish a splendid deposit of nitrogen.

Results That Count

In a compost pile of half-fermented stuff we grew a sweet potato weighing eighteen pounds. Placing this on exhibition, we left it for an argument, better than words, against the plan of burning up the material we had used for the compost pile. Into such a pile one may throw any sort of wasting stuff, even pine needles. Comminute all this with sand, at the end of each year, and work it into your garden for soil. We found pile after pile to be accumulating, and in the course of three or four years had better success with vegetables than could have been secured by the use of fertilizers.

This annual burning over of the State is very startling to newcomers. Early in January we saw to the west of us a huge fire, sweeping under the pine trees and flaming up to and among the limbs. It was a terrifying sight, to which, however, we soon became accustomed. We found that there were fire lines about houses and orchards, made by plowing a dozen furrows, and, with the people always alert, nobody was in serious danger.

You may expect to see these flames in any direction any time before the end of February. By that time nearly everything outside fire lines has been

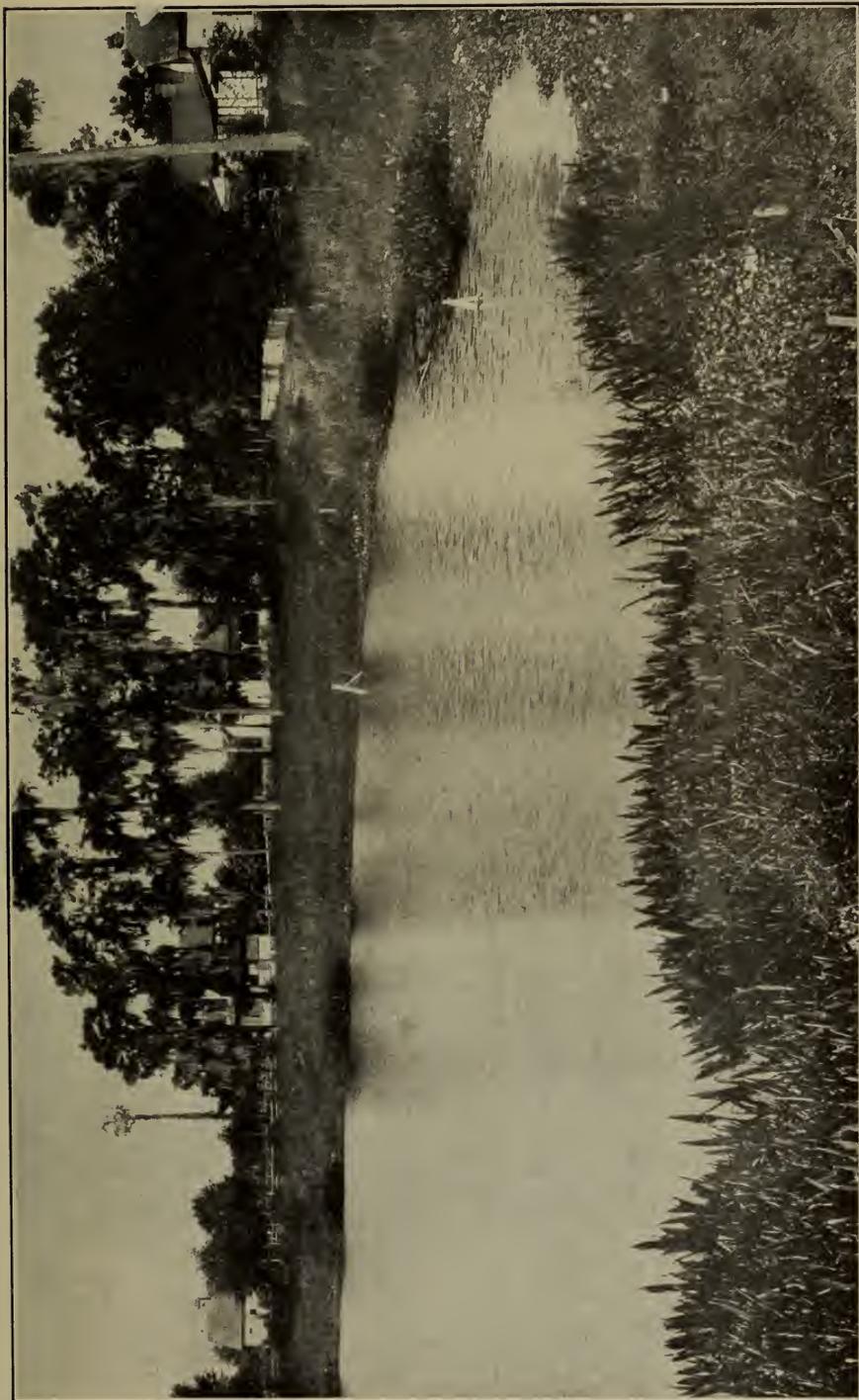
burned over. The pine trees you might expect would easily catch a fire, but they do not—unless tapped or wounded; and tapped trees are always hoed about. So back into the universal ether goes all that vast mass of stuff that Nature has woven of the air to add to the riches of the soil.

It costs millions to the State annually, and the only object is to let a fresh growth of grass come up quickly, to feed the range cattle that roam the woods. But even this is false logic, for these wild pastures are yearly growing slimmer, and they last through a shorter season. So it happens that range cattle are half starved in the winter, and not unfrequently die for lack of food. The two things that Florida needs are a stock law and to stop the burning over of her wild lands.

You do not know the turpentine tappers, but if you come to Florida you will soon find them out. It is a curious business that will deliberately destroy all the forests of a half dozen States, for a little immediate gain; and still more curious is the lassitude that allows the destruction to go on. The French have a method of tapping trees which gives a profitable return and leaves the trees practically uninjured. In this way an industry is perpetuated, but our American tapping is another thing.

The trees are cut with a broad ax, hewing out great slices and leaving scars from which the resin flows into boxes at the bottom of the cut and is scraped once a month into casks. The cut is repeated each year, and in six or seven years the tree is exhausted. So go great forests of pine that stand eighty to one hundred feet high, leaving us thousands of acres of standing lumber which will be cut down by portable sawmills. The end of it all is a haggard waste.

The government of Georgia has instituted an investigation as to the more conservative methods, and I believe is enforcing something of the kind in that State. The principle of the whole business is "After us the deluge." Georgia and the Carolinas are pretty nearly stripped of pine, and Florida is following close after.



SMALL LAKES ARE SCATTERED EVERYWHERE ABOUT THIS SECTION OF FLORIDA.

A forty-acre untapped pine wood I found lying along the lake to my left. I immediately bought it and am dividing it into homesteads, with convenient cottages. We call it Ozone Park, and have named our first homestead Rest Cottage and the second one Peace Cottage. This gave me something like fifty acres of beautiful pine, to which I was able to add lake frontage of twenty acres more.

Word came that the tappers were about to buy the pine bluffs across the lake. This would ruin the whole landscape; be not only a financial damage, but rob us of the glorious sunsets. Bidding quickly, we got it ourselves, and little by little we have been able to get possession of nearly the whole lake and its surrounding acres.

Still the range cattle were everywhere, and forty cows would be at our garden fence every day. There was nothing to do but to fence in our property, clean it up, and put up notices that forbade shooting inside our lines. The quail soon found it out, and came to us, calling out Bob White, which does not happen to be our name, although we respond by feeding them at our doors. The range cattle trailed up and down the road for a while, but now we rarely hear a cow bell or see a pair of horns. The cattle ticks in the grass are disappearing with the cattle.

But the pig is another question. This "razor back" is the most irrepresentable and irresponsible inhabitant of Florida. He has the law, even if you have the recorded deed. You must not shoot him nor maim him if you find him in the middle of your potato patch. If you do, it will cost you probably fifty dollars, if not a lawsuit and a deal of trouble. He can run like a hound, and he can get back in five minutes. It needs two pickaninnies to each hog.

Hog-tight fence costs heavily, and they can root under it. To put such a fence around two hundred acres would cost more for wire than you had paid for the land. So it was nip and tuck for two years, and we used up those two years in fencing and consideration. Never, never were we more tempted by Providence.

We were glad to hear guns, which might mean that somebody had shot a hog. The owner of twenty-five groaned over the fact that he got only one of them home in the fall; what became of the rest nobody knows. We are promised a stock law before long that will give ordinary human rights to hogs and hog rights to human beings. Legislators are afraid to tackle this question for fear of losing votes, yet nine out of ten of the people hereabouts know of nothing more diabolical than to call you a "razor back."

We shall get by the plague within the next two or three years. It is slow work changing old customs. Half the people of Florida still believe that burning of the State is good economy. Just at this moment, with a stiff breeze, a huge fire has started to the southwest—a mile away—and the farmers are off on horseback and on foot to help those who are in danger with back fires.

An Easy Answer and a Soft One

One simple-hearted neighbor tells me that "it is Nature's way; for, if the grass is not burned away annually lightning may strike somewhere, and the accumulated vegetation will make a furious blaze." I tell him that lightning sometimes strikes a Northern church or school house, a thing which could not occur if we had the forethought to burn them ourselves annually.

But it is really wonderful how Nature provides soil-making material all about us. The lakes are low at present, and the vegetable deposit which has been made under the water is many feet deep, in the form of black muck. While the lakes are low we can haul this to our fields and gardens. Treated with lime, or aerated for a year, it makes superb plant food.

The whole of Florida should to-day be covered with vegetable deposit, and it would be but for the annual burning. We make great use of beggar weed, which we call the alfalfa of the South—a plant that grows five or six feet high, and can be mowed repeatedly for

hay and then plowed under. The leaves are very sweet to the taste, and horses prefer it to any other hay that we can secure.

There are a dozen wild grasses, nearly all of which can be utilized by cutting early, but they are badly neg-

winter cover crop against cold; here we need something of the kind against the heat. Nature undertakes this business of covering the ground well against the scalding noondays, but man persistently antagonizes her beneficent work. The larger part of our wild flowers are also



WHEN THE RIPE FRUIT DEMANDS ATTENTION.

lected by the farmers. When fully grown they are dry and woody. The velvet bean was an importation for ornament. It grows from fifty to seventy feet in a season and was used to cover the cottages. The bean is eatable, but it is coarse, and the vine is so rank a grower that it is unsuitable for orchards.

The cow pea, of course, thrives here, and makes a very excellent summer cover crop. In the North you need a

legumes, and as useful as they are beautiful.

Our ten acres with which we started we found to be an ideal homestead. Starting at Lake Lucy, in front, the land sloped upward to the east and then rolled on down into Lake Emerson. The beauty of Lake Lucy was startling from the first; an almond-shaped sheet of water, about half a mile across, the banks, after a rim of flat rich garden muck—splendid for celery and lettuce



CELERY IS A GOOD CROP IN SOME PARTS OF FLORIDA.

—rise to a bluff height, which makes superb building sites, all of them holding the lake in front. It was a curious and complete retreat, two miles from the village; a few select neighbors within reach and lofty pines crowning the whole lake rim, occasionally running down to the shore.

Those that stand near the lake look at their own beauty in the still water, where they are more conspicuous than on the land. It was not greed, but sympathy with Nature, that led me to buy all that I could secure. Lake fronts and knolls soon became inseparable. These small lakes are scattered everywhere about this section of Florida. They vary from a few rods in diameter to half a dozen miles. Some of them are mere ponds, but most of them will some day be utilized by those who desire winter homes, out of reach of frost.

Of course the orange is our typical crop, and an orange grove or orchard is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Either in fruit or in blossom the tree is a model for lawn or grove. After the freeze of 1895, which killed the trees to the ground, suckers came up and were grafted or budded. Five or six of these starting at the ground made round-headed bushlike trees, about

twelve to fifteen feet in diameter. These are covered with golden balls, that ripen from November first to June.

Blossoming takes place in March, and then the whole orchard will be an orchestra of bees. The waves of perfume roll off for half a mile. The grape-fruit tree is very similar, but more inclined to droop. Peaches do quite as well as oranges, and with half the care would give better financial returns. The orchards, however, are neglected so badly that they do not give perfect crops for more than two or three years.

I have fifty fig trees, or bushes, and the magnolia fig is pretty sure to be very profitable. The Japanese plum and the native plums thrive very well indeed, but the European varieties not so well. I have in excellent condition the Bing and Lambert, and a few other cherries, as well as the sour sorts, like Morello and Suda Hardy. With pears experiments have been confined to Kieffer and the other sand pears. They grow well, but are irregular bearers.

The loquat is a semi-tropical evergreen tree, the fruit shaped like a pear but flavored like a cherry. It is delicious, one of the best of the semi-tropical fruits; but slightly in danger of frost—which we get in mild degree once or

twice a year. I have over one hundred quince trees, and every variety that I have tried thrives admirably.

In March and April we have huge mulberries, and in such quantity that we can use them as freely as we please and let the birds take all they want. I was told that apple trees would not grow here, but this positive assurance was untrue. Some of the very finest varieties, notably King David, Red Astrachan, Maiden's Blush, Stayman's Winesap, and Winterstein stand the test as well as they would in Michigan. The key to success with all such trees is heavy mulching; then over the mulch a good layer of sand.

The sandy soil conducts heat quickly, and at midday, with the thermometer at eighty or ninety, the sun scalds the fine young roots. Mulching prevents this; only slope your mulch inward instead of outward, so as to catch all showers. Remember all the time that observation down here is keen, but not trained. It reports on inadequate data and will mislead you if you are not accustomed to experimentation yourself.

Your first winter in the South will be a puzzle. Everything is just as you did not expect it to be. In the first place, it really is winter, although it does not feel like it. The deciduous trees know December from June quite as certainly as in Massachusetts, dropping their leaves in November and not putting them on again till March or April. The birds stop singing for the most part, although you will get an occasional outburst from the mocking bird. The cardinal bird sings all winter, and you will hear other Southern songsters often enough to know that they are about.

Alligators sink down into the mud, and stay there until March, although they occasionally come up to investigate. The water turtles at the same time crawl out from the water and march up almost anywhere to deposit their eggs. It takes our Northern trees some time to find out what to do down here. So it happens that to-day, in my young orchard, we have peaches one quarter grown, while on other trees there is not yet a sign of life. On the shrubbery

some bushes calmly wait for spring as it used to be in the North, while other sorts are running chances.

Nature understands this friskiness and has a way of sending out a succession of blooms; that is, she holds back a part of the limbs, while others are allowed to go ahead with their sportiveness. I never saw a second bloom on a judas tree in the North, but a large one on my lawn, here in Sorrento, gave me two complete blossomings, one in January and the other one just as the leaf buds started.

A Haven for the Gardener

In the vegetable garden there are just as many surprises as there are in the fruit and flower garden. The Irish potato grows quite as well as the sweet and gives as good crops as in Maine or New York. They are ready for shipment, so as to reach the Northern market about the time that we are planting potatoes in the New England States. Cabbages are ready by the first of January, and the October-planted garden is giving carrots, beets, and green peas about the same time.

I find that my pole beans and my bush limas particularly like Florida. Melons cover all the high lands and ripen in May and June. Of course they get into New York City ahead of any rival and command their own prices. Among the nut trees the pecan is coming into decided prominence, and many more groves would be planted if the nut harvest could be realized a little sooner. For the present, while potatoes can demand three dollars a bushel and sweet potatoes one dollar, they will stand among the favorites. I suppose that no larger and finer melons grow in the United States than right here. We can ship them by the car load, averaging over forty pounds to the melon.

Celery might be a favorite crop, only that along the St. Johns River irrigation is so much more easily secured that the energy of our people can best be applied to something else. The pine tree has a happy faculty of renewing itself by seedlings. A Northern forest of beech or maple is always followed by

some other sort of trees, but here the pine succeeds itself.

The annual fires destroy millions of the yearlings, still you will find everywhere little groves of pines that have not been scorched. I think that we shall see Florida pines restored to their control after the turpentine fellows are also under control of law.

Our neighbors are of four sorts; the genuine "Cracker," the negro, the relics of a race that came to exploit Florida and was conquered by the freeze of 1895, and a more recent influx of home makers. The last class is a well-sifted lot, and pretty sure to be able to take a stout grip on the land. The trouble with the exploiters of 1880 to 1890 was that they were not farmers at all and came with money borrowed at twenty per cent to plant orange groves. They spent every dime they had clearing a place in the forest and planting an orange orchard.

The Neighbors

The freeze took from them all their investments, and drove them pellmell from the State. They were teachers, ex-ministers, worn-out lawyers, while very few of them knew how to hold a plow or plant a garden. The negro of central Florida is a pretty good fellow; moderately industrious and civil. I have never seen one who was either rude or drunken. Even if we had no prohibitory law in Florida, this town has not one saloon, as it has only one church.

There is no loafing place of an evening except about the post office, and on Sundays the people all gather together for hand shaking and possibly to listen to the parson. I do not think the church has any special influence, except of a social sort. Theology is softening here at the South almost to the degree that it has in New England. The negroes, of course, have their own church and they have their own theological squabbles. The negro woman is much more industrious than the negro man and generally speaks of her husband as something that she has picked up somewhere to take care of. He is her man.

The Cracker is often a first-class farm-

er and peculiar only for his twang and his curiosity. He is a Southern Yankee and looks upon every bit of news or information as something that he may ask all the questions about that he likes. He will listen, if he can, to a private conversation, and his manners are his own. But in the Florida Cracker there is a lot of making. Only a very small minority of them desire to live in the old, half-savage style of fifty years ago.

The people who are coming at this date are also to be divided into two classes, those who only hire a cottage for a winter and those who buy in order to create a home for themselves. Migratory farming, as we call it, is a growing fashion. Northern farmers find it possible to work seven months in the North and to close up their apple picking and corn husking and get down here early in November, in time to harvest their oranges and plant a winter garden. In the trucking region the farmer gets here in time to take care of his celery and lettuce gardens.

The negro question exists only at the North. Here there is no more distinction between whites and blacks than there is between employers and employees in New York, with the exception of two or three conspicuous features that can be talked about. Separate churches and separate schools are sure to pass out, only so far as the negro himself prefers them. The negro car is a nuisance every way, and yet when well filled with the lower class of field negroes it is not a desirable place for a decent white person. Industrial education is slowly but surely making a change with both whites and blacks and injecting a good deal more of common sense into social relations.

Some features of the old slave life had an element of the beautiful, but the old "mammy" has gone forever. Where one of them is to be found she is merely a curiosity. The new type of negro woman is a laundress. She takes your washing at ten cents an hour, carries it to the side of a pond or lake, often half a mile from her house, where she has her big iron kettle hung over a wood fire. Her garden has lettuce, to-

matoes, and sweet potatoes, which she cultivates herself. She is probably living with her third or fourth man. They are all alive, but she prides herself on having only one at a time.

So it is that the civilizing process zig-zags somewhat, and only in the long run can you discover that there is any progress. The negro makes a good teamster and some of the preachers are really shrewd if not pious. My plowman tells me that he picks up his "textes mosly round de fields, case de good Lawd has sown 'em mose everywhere, and mighty good ones. Yes, suh, I picks 'em up right down here, in your lot, suh! and den I rolls 'em over, and talks about 'em with old Billy here, suh! till my heart gets mighty warm and happy, suh."

What have we done and what are we going to do? We have at least built a home where we can be out of doors nearly every day of winter and most of the time in our shirt-sleeves. In January the thermometer averages somewhere about seventy, going up sometimes to eighty and at night dropping to sixty-five. We have four fire-places, and about sunset a few blazing pine knots make a delightful place to think and rest. We pull off our shoes, push our feet to the fire, and are soon ready for a dreamless sleep.

We can sleep out of doors, if we prefer, in hammock beds which are swung in our broad veranda at night, but drawn up to the ceiling during the daytime. We see very little meat and

have never seen a butcher or a butcher shop. However, fresh meat comes into the village once a week. We live mostly on eggs, sweet potatoes, and oranges. Our bees work all winter and furnish us plenty of sweetening. Our hens lay as well in January as in June, and we have plenty of pasturage for cows. A bowl of bread and milk, filled to overflowing with mulberries or blackberries in April or May, tastes as good as it does sitting under our Northern apple trees in August.

An overcoat is rarely touched, although there are a few chilly days dropped in, at no regular date. The atmosphere is simply delightful, and roses understand it as well as we do, for they are in blossom all winter. Grippe is sometimes brought down by tourists, but it cannot live here. At this moment I can step into my garden and pull for dinner fresh peas, fresh cabbages, fresh carrots, or I can pick a mess of collards, or a huge eggplant, and at any time can dig a mess of sweet potatoes, while there is a supply of cassava for puddings and pies.

This is the kind of garden we have in Florida. Make it at any time that you please, but if made for winter in September or October, you must look out for a possible frost. Have plenty of loose compost to throw over the plants, if the thermometer should happen to drop as low as thirty-three. I have seen it once as low as twenty-eight, but zero, or anything like zero, knows not Florida.



THE SIXTEENTH MAN

By Charles Alden Seltzer

Illustrated by Clarence Rowe

FIFTEEN of the Lazy J men might have been called fixtures. Seldom were there sixteen. Often there were fourteen. Yet when the number reached the lower figure some roaming cow puncher always turned up to fill the vacancy. If the number reached sixteen to-day, to-morrow the outfit became minus one by reason of some dissatisfied puncher asking for his time. Because Tucker's efforts to maintain the Lazy J complement had failed he had grown hopelessly cynical; his confidence in the men of the outfit was manifested by a readiness to hire any man who chanced to stumble on the ranch house in search of work.

The manager might have been more pleased had his men been less addicted to the reckless misconduct that had given the Lazy J ranch its reputation for downright lawlessness. From the Canadian to Two Butte, and from Taos to the Mexican border, cattlemen shunned the Lazy J as though it were the center of a plague district and its punchers blackened devils who went about inoculating the innocent with dire disease.

Yet Tucker was not convinced that the Lazy J outfit differed much from other outfits. Association with the men of Lazy J had dulled his senses to the point where he accepted their vices with grumbling tolerance. Viewed from afar vice is iniquity personified. It may be only moral indifference. And so, considering all things, Tucker thought his men maligned.

The men themselves were only ordinary. From Webb Ball, the buster, who had calmly snuffed out the life of Deveny, a former range boss, to settle an old grudge, down to Hubbard, the gun fighter, who had worked for the Lazy J

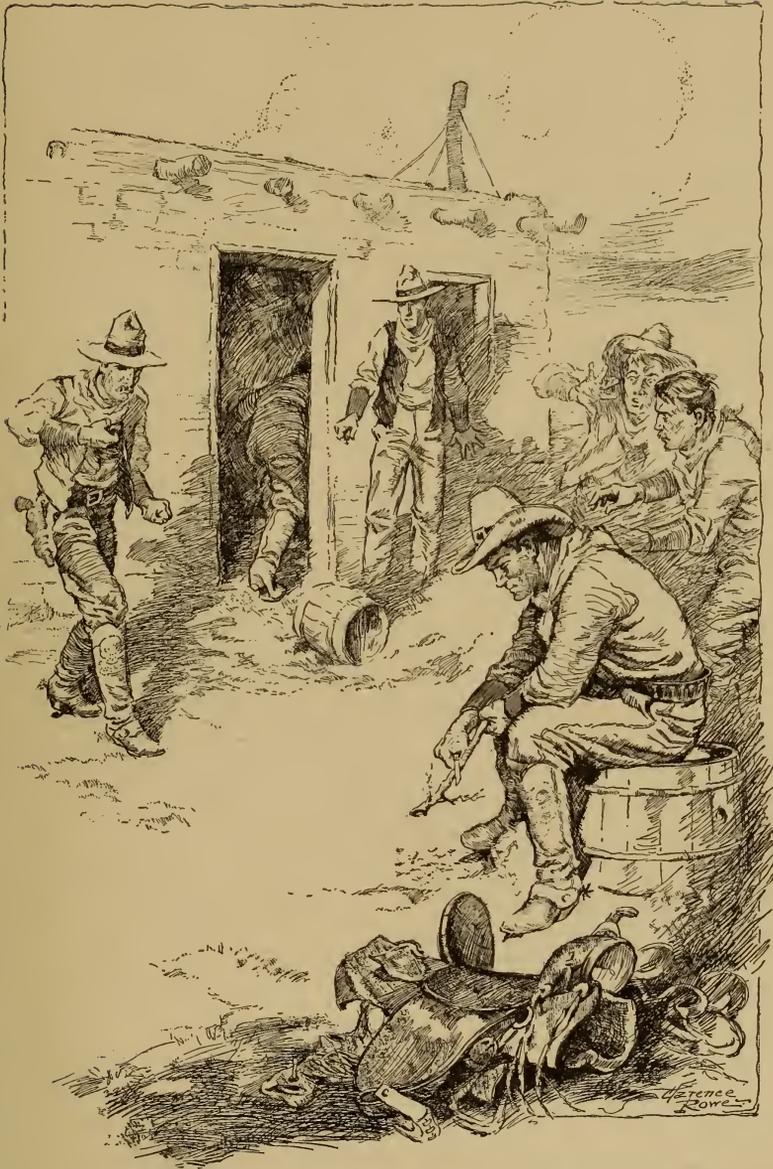
just two weeks, the men were of the irresponsible, unfeared class that found a congenial tramping ground in New Mexico in the early "eighties."

Tucker cared very little for the opinion of the outside world. The Lazy J company had selected him to manage the ranch, and he was doing it to the best of his ability. His one continual problem was that of keeping the number of men in the outfit up to the required sixteen. Just now, at the beginning of the spring round-up, he had fifteen, and he sighed with satisfaction as he glanced searchingly over the desk at the man who had just applied for the sixteenth position.

The applicant was of uncertain age; he might have been either twenty or thirty, and there was nothing particularly striking in his appearance. He was not attractive, neither was he repulsive. A student of physiognomy might have catalogued him "average." That would have been very near the truth.

But there was one thing about the man that caught the manager's attention and held it. This was his eyes. They were mere slits. They did not squint nor flicker, as they met Tucker's; they shone with a steady, subdued, and quizzical light which might have meant either indifference or defiance or slumbering humor.

"My name's McNamara," said the stranger quietly. "An' I'm from Socorro, this Territory. Left Socorro a month ago to-day, workin' up the Rio to Albuquerque. Lookin' for a job. Couldn't git none in Albuquerque. It appears the country's goin' to the dogs. Ranch gangs all full; railroads layin' off men. A swab named 'Pig Ear' Duffy over in Las Vegas said as how I was too graceful to shoot biscuit in his hash foundry."



SIXTEEN DELIBERATELY DEEPENED THE NOTCH IN HIS BRANCH OF CHAPARRAL.

He glanced over his angular legs, grinning reluctantly.

"I don't know what ever made him say that," he said to the world in general. "Didn't git the job though," he continued presently; "an' the boss biscuit shooter had a sign in the window sayin' he wanted a man. I reckon that fellow wouldn't know a man if he seen one."

"You couldn't git a job nowheres?"

said Tucker with a quietness that told that he expected to drive an easy bargain with the stranger.

"No; I reckon not. I wouldn't be here otherwise. Stage company man told me folks wasn't ridin'. Too dry; but not dry enough for the saloons. Buff Eggers of the Dead Eye said he wasn't sellin' enough drinks to get drunk on the profits."

A smile flickered on Tucker's lips.

"You took the east fork from Las Vegas?"

"No. Kept right on to Mora and landed in Cimarron the day before yesterday. No job. So I came on to Raton. Nothin' doin'. I want a job an' I want it mighty bad. If you don't need a man I reckon I'll light out for Trinidad——"

"We're shy of cow hands," said Tucker. "We might take you on if thirty a month an'——"

"Correct!" said McNamara. "I reckon I'll work here."

The name "McNamara" did not stick. At the instant the bargain between Tucker and the new man was struck the range boss stuck his head in the doorway to report.

"Duncan," said Tucker, "I've hired the sixteenth man—again."

The range boss repeated this in the bunk house in the presence of the men of the outfit. They looked up from their meal of fresh cooked beef and black coffee to greet the new man.

"Sixteen," said Webb Ball, gesturing gravely with his tin cup, "you are a numeral. Therefore you are one of us."

The other men snickered. Ball was known to have his periods of humor.

Sixteen was not long in getting acquainted. He talked little and the outfit forebore to question. Even for a puncher he was taciturn and soft-spoken. On his first trip to the Ute River range with the wagon he confided only once. This was to the cook and concerned himself. He was a light eater. Back in Texas he had gone through a week's famine. The cook was uncharitable enough to suspect that Sixteen had hinted at his lack of appetite in order to ingratiate himself. That he did not volunteer other information concerning himself convinced the cook that he had learned some things.

Sixteen could ride. No one—not even the cook—who should have been skeptical after Sixteen's admission to him—disputed that. And he made good from the start. Even the range boss—a glum, silent man, wholly without sentiment—admitted to camp-fire councils that he had nothing to complain of.

Sixteen did his share; more than his share. Apparently he worked his hardest to show his worth to Lazy J, and he gained the admiration of the men. On the drives and in the round-up he was a hurricane of good nature and indomitable energy. He knew where to strike when the proper moment came; he rode as well, or a little better, than the other men, and he threw a rope with a skill that more than once drew flattering comments from the entire outfit.

Yet there was a strange something about him that set the outfit wondering. In some subtle manner he imparted the impression that nothing short of a cataclysm or an earthquake could disturb his equanimity. Even Hubbard, the gun fighter, cold and sneering to the point of insolence, could not shake his self-control. This was demonstrated to the outfit one day in the spring after the first batch of yearlings had been branded.

The hatred that had flared up between the two men was as bitter as it was inexplicable. Apparently it had come as a result of a glance, the curl of a lip, the drooping of an eyelash, or something equally intangible. No man of the Lazy J could have told exactly how, and yet hatred was there. The first clash between the two men proved that.

Lounging in the shade of the bunk house after a hard day's work in the corral, the men gave the evening over to glowing word pictures of past experiences. Hearing voices outside, the cook had come to the door, ostensibly to take the air, but in reality to listen. He stood in the narrow doorway bracing himself with a flabby arm resting against each jamb.

Seated upon a headless nail keg, the range boss expertly balanced himself, attempting to so distribute his weight that no portion of his anatomy might be subject to the tormenting sharpness of the stave ends. The gun fighter lounged against the adobe bricks of the bunk house, sweeping Sixteen with cold, emotionless glances while the latter talked of his travels. The other men were draped about, each according to his notion of comfort.

"You say you've been from the Mizpah

in Montana, clear down to the Pecos district in Texas?" queried the gun fighter, making little effort to conceal his incredulity.

"Why, shore. I just told you about it."

"Then I reckon you must have seen a heap of the country," persisted the gun fighter.

"Well, yes," returned Sixteen, "I reckon I've done seen my share of it."

glumly silent, their muscles tense. Affronts of this character had been known to result in gun play.

But Sixteen calmly continued whittling his branch of chaparral, not even taking the trouble to look toward the gun fighter. The men of the outfit allowed their muscles to relax, but all sensed the unusual.

"When I was down in the Pecos district, Texas, ridin' for a man named



A GRIM JOURNEY THROUGH A GRIM COUNTRY WITH DEATH AT THE END.

He grinned good-naturedly around at his auditors, disclosing a generous mouth and flashing teeth.

"You said you'd been down to Texas before you came here?" said the gun fighter coldly.

"Shore," was Sixteen's answer.

He glanced up as the gun fighter glanced down. The eyes of the two men met in a searching, intense gaze. For a moment the gaze held, and then broke. The gun fighter laughed mirthlessly.

"I've done hearn tell of how the climate of Texas makes men want to talk," he said. "They git so they want to keep right on talkin' all the time. The longer they stay in Texas the looser their tongues git."

"I reckon you don't mean——"

"You must have been down there a long time," said the gun fighter.

The range boss stiffened with involuntary readiness. The cook rested his weight on his toes, preparing to retreat precipitately. The men of the outfit sat

McDonald," said Sixteen, placing subtle emphasis upon the word "Texas" and sending a slow glance upward into the cook's face, "there was a creatoor there that couldn't talk none. Couldn't say a word. But he didn't——"

The gun fighter cursed profanely.

"We was speakin' of men," he sneered.

"This was a man," smiled Sixteen. "Just like you—an' me. Not a bit different. Exceptin' he couldn't talk. But he didn't care none. Had to write on a piece of paper when he wanted to say anything. Used to carry a little pad of it around with him. He wrote on a paper onced, tellin' me it was safer."

"Scared of you," sneered the gun fighter. "I reckon he told you why?"

"Why he wrote?"

The gun fighter nodded coldly. Sixteen sighed, cutting the notch in his stick deeper.

"Yes," he said drawling, "I reckon he told me why. He said that when he

wrote on a piece of paper there wasn't any danger that he'd go around buttin' into other people's business."

The range boss settled heavily upon the sharp stave ends of the headless nail keg and smiled sweetly into the shaded eaves of the roof. The cook wiped his lips upon the tail of his apron and tried to look unconcerned. There was a suspicious movement among the other men.

But the gun fighter's face darkened evilly. The scarf that sagged at his throat was not in pressing need of rearrangement, and yet his fingers hovered around it, lingering near the aperture in his shirt bosom. Knowing from experience just what this movement meant the range boss rose from his nail keg, crouching.

"I reckon you're a liar!" said the gun fighter.

Glancing sidelong, the range boss could see the gun fighter's fingers closing around the ivory butt of the six-shooter concealed in his shirt bosom.

Sixteen deliberately deepened the notch in his branch of chaparral. The knife blade grated oddly in the strange silence that had fallen. If Sixteen did not know the significance of the gun fighter's words and the menace of his stealthily moving hands he lacked understanding. If he knew and was simulating carelessness, he was a consummate actor. Which was it? Considering the situation either way his conduct was marvelous.

And now Sixteen spoke.

"I've done hearn tell of how you're some quick with a gun, Hubbard," he said quietly, almost tenderly, with a strange blending of reluctant admiration and resentment. "That's why you're goin' to prove I'm a liar. You don't reckon I'm goin' to tell you right now that I ain't? Not while you've got a good grip on that fancy 'six.'"

He glanced upward, his peculiar grin flashing over the range boss and the cook. The gun fighter's hand fell away from his shirt bosom. Again the range boss marveled; until now Sixteen had appeared to be unaware of the gun fighter's preparations for trouble, and yet he had known all along. On the instant the range boss decided that Six-

teen knew something of the man with whom he had clashed. Experience had demonstrated her potency, perfect self-control had governed a situation that might readily have become violent.

The range boss again sought the headless nail keg. The cook vanished within the bunk-house door; the men of the outfit breathed freely once more.

The gun fighter sauntered away in the direction of the corral, whistling a popular cowboy ditty. Sixteen unconcernedly continued whittling his branch of chaparral. The talk drifted to the work of the coming summer, which told plainly that the incident just closed was of a nature that forbade discussion.

For days following the clash with the gun fighter Sixteen conducted himself as though he had entirely forgotten it. Apparently he was a trifle more care free than before, giving himself up wholly to his work and taking no part in the songs and talks that ran around the camp fires at night.

For some unexplained reason the gun fighter seemed to take Sixteen's indifference for insult. His manner, when he chanced to be near the latter, was the acme of studied politeness. And yet beneath it, concealed by his slow-spoken words and cold nonchalance, was the cunning insolence that maddens. But apparently Sixteen gave little attention to the gun fighter at these times. Around the circle at night, during the singing and the rough jest, Sixteen would lie on his back and gaze at the stars.

But the cook foresaw trouble. One night, standing beside the chuck wagon, he gave voice to a prophecy:

"One of them boys is goin' to quit Lazy J mighty sudden before the fall round-up."

As the summer waned it seemed the cook's prophecy would be groundless. During the hard work of the round-up the men had little time to devote to their strange quarrel. And then Tucker issued an order that created a stir among the men of the outfit. The gun fighter and Sixteen were to be two of the three men who were to drive a bunch of cows to Trinidad for shipment. The third man was to be Webb Ball, the Buster.

If Tucker had ordered the two enemies to empty their six-shooters at one another he could not have arranged a surer end to their quarrel. And yet there were no objections. If Sixteen and the gun fighter had been preparing for a pleasure jaunt to Trinidad instead of a grim journey through a grim country with death at the end they could not have been more unconcerned. The men of the Lazy J outfit could not have been more silent over the sudden appearance of a funeral *cortège* than they were when the corral gates swung open and the herd of cattle took up the long trail to Trinidad with Sixteen and the gun fighter and Webb Ball doing the honors.

Afterwards Webb Ball swore that he could not remember who had begun the conversation on that third night out from Lazy J. Sometimes he was sure it had been Sixteen, and at other times he was just as positive it had been himself. But one thing was fixed in his memory for all time—that Sixteen was a clever man at telling a story.

On that third night the herd had been driven down into a shallow crossing of the Purgatory River at a point twenty miles from Trinidad. The three men had made their camp upon a piece of sloping bank at the water's edge, from where they could keep a watchful eye on the cattle. A cool wind swept the sparse leaves of the river timber and sighed in its journey up the valley toward the foothills. The camp fire's cheer had lured the men into the circle of its light.

Ball thought that Trinidad, being near, had forced itself into the thoughts of all. Still, being a truthful man, he



THE GLITTER OF HIS HEAVY "SIXES" WAS MET BY THE FLAME SPURT OF SIXTEEN'S HEAVY REVOLVER.

would not swear to the words. He remembered becoming attentive to Sixteen when the latter began to relate the tale of Lanky. Lanky was of Trinidad.

"Lanky," said Sixteen, "was a rustler of cattle. They say he was the slickest man that ever cut out a bunch of stock. I done hearn tell of him way down in the Pecos district, before I came here."

The gun fighter smiled mirthlessly across the fire.

"Texas is plumb quick on hearin' things," he said.

"Yes." Sixteen settled himself on an elbow, stretching out languidly to take the heat of the fire. "Yes. Texas is some quick. But I reckon Lanky could have give Texas pointers on quickness. Hung out in Trinidad—sometimes. Lived in La Junta mostly. La Junta's 'two-gun' man he was. A man that come down to Texas told me he was the slowest lightning flash on two legs. Wasn't no tellin' how quick he could git his

guns out. You seen him?" he questioned of the gun fighter.

"No," said the gun fighter shortly.

"I reckon maybe he's just a ghost," said Sixteen. "Nobody you talk to seems to have seen him. I reckon that fellow I told about down in Texas was just romancin', but he swore he'd seen Lanky."

"I reckon," said the gun fighter. "An' this Texas man you tell about said Lanky was a rustler?"

"Yes," resumed Sixteen; "said he shipped the cows he stole from Trinidad."

"What became of him?" queried the gun fighter.

"Jumped, I reckon. After he killed Colonel Daniels."

"H'm. Was the Colonel a puncher?"

"Puncher nothin'. They ain't anything said when a puncher's put out of business. Daniels owned the Bar K. Lanky shot him out of his saddle one night about ten mile from Purgatory Crossing."

"That's where we are now," said Ball.

"You don't say?" Sixteen surveyed his companions with puzzled eyes. "An' you never hearn tell of Lanky?"

He saw the dull glaze of incomprehension in Ball's eyes. The gun fighter's were turned away.

"Then that Texas man must shore have been a liar," he stated gravely. "An' he said as how Lanky had got away clever after a man named Hiller an' a vigilance committee over in La Junta had caught him with the goods on."

The gun fighter's eyes gleamed with cold curiosity across the fire.

"How did he git away?" he said with a peculiar drawl.

Sixteen smiled placidly.

"I've done told you Lanky was clever. I reckon that wasn't a lie. Hiller an' the vigilance committee corralled Lanky in front of the Alhambra saloon, over in La Junta. There was five men in the committee beside Hiller, an' Lanky knowed there wasn't any use workin' his guns. He figgered that if he did he wouldn't put all of them out of busi-

ness before one of them would git him. An' so he gave up."

"I reckon that Texas man you told about must have a pretty good memory," sneered the gun fighter.

"Well, yes." Sixteen ignored the sneer. "But Lanky was *that* clever! My friend said he just couldn't forget it."

"You said Lanky gave up," said Ball with sudden interest. "A clever man wouldn't do that."

"Shucks!" Sixteen yawned. "That was part of his game. He give up for a purpose."

"I reckon they hung him." This was the gun fighter. He was very attentive; very quiet.

"Well," returned Sixteen, "that's the story. They started out to hang him, but that's where Lanky was clever. He didn't think he'd look handsome in a rope necktie. When Hiller got to gassin' to Lanky just before Lanky turned over his guns he said the thief that was with Lanky the night he'd shot the Colonel had got away toward Trinidad with a hole in him somewheres which he'd got from the Colonel's foreman.

"Hiller remarked that he'd sent word to his son Tuck who was over in Trinidad to look out for the thief. He said also that the Colonel's foreman hadn't got a good look at the thief. Then Lanky shut up like a clam. Just wouldn't admit who the other thief was."

"Of course he wouldn't," observed Ball. "No man would."

"But he did—later," said Sixteen. "When they'd got away from town an' was on their way to the place where they was to hang Lanky he confessed. He told Hiller that his son Tuck was the thief who had killed the Colonel."

"An' then the committee went to Trinidad after Tuck?" suggested Ball tensely.

"I reckon not!" returned Sixteen. "That man Lanky was too clever to tell Hiller about Tuck when the committee was hangin' around. The committee'd rode on ahead. Thought about bein' out for a shivarree, I reckon. You see Lanky had told them he'd go with them peaceable, an' they didn't think to doubt his word."

"Lanky told Hiller that his son Tuck was over in Trinidad hidin' with one of Lanky's friends until he got over the hole in his side. An' so Hiller give Lanky his guns an' a half-hour start, because he didn't want his son Tuck to hang for rustlin' cattle. The New Mexican border was only three hours away—ridin' hard. Lanky got away clean."

"Did they git Tuck?" questioned Ball.

Sixteen smiled strangely.

"They didn't need to," he said. "When Hiller went back home to La Junta he found Tuck there ahead of him. An' Tuck hadn't been hurt at all. Said he'd caught the thief his father had sent word about, which wasn't Tuck at all. He'd never had anything to do with Lanky."

"They didn't hear of Lanky?" queried Ball.

"I reckon not," returned Sixteen, "an' they've been huntin' him. Colonel Daniels's heirs have offered a thousand dollars reward for him—dead or alive."

The three men stared at one another in tense silence. Above the dark, ragged line of the distant foothills the moon's pale disk swam in its shimmering glory. The night murmurings came to the sloping banks of the river with strange por-

tent. Something vague and unusual was going on in the world.

"I'd like to earn that thousand," said Ball presently.

"Yes," said the gun fighter. He had risen and was standing within the radius of the light, his tall figure casting a foreboding shadow. His hands rested on his hips, immediately above the gleaming butts of his pistols.

"Yes," he said again, "I reckon you would. But you'd have to earn it to git it. I'm Lanky, damn you!" he snarled, glaring wolfishly at Sixteen, "an' you never got that story down in Texas. You've knowed me all along. But you'll never collect that thousand!"

The sharp glitter of his heavy "sixes" was met by the dull roar and the flame spurt of Sixteen's heavy revolver. The gun fighter shuddered and crumpled up, pitching forward to the edge of the fire.

Ball's eyes were wide with belated comprehension.

"I just missed makin' a thousand easy," he said regretfully.

And then bewilderment again clouded his brain.

"But how did you know him?" he questioned.

Sixteen smiled grimly into the upturned face of his fallen enemy.

"I'm Tuck," he said.

PEACE

BY CHARLES W. RUSSELL

O MY comrades, why such eagerness and hastening,
Such gulping down of life and never tasting?

I am going—you may tarry here in town.

The trees do not hurry in their growing,
Nor even the little flowers to their blowing,

Nor the red leaf to its fall among the brown.

You will not hide yourselves where I shall hide me,
Where fern and laurel linger green beside me

And soothe the hectic year with dreams of spring;

You will not know the wild primeval feeling

When solitude and stillness, softly stealing,

Untie the cords that bind the spirit's wing;

You will not hear life's undersong the ocean

Singeth around the keen ship's quiet motion

And the cedars and the hidden rivers sing.



CONSTANTINOPLE. THE CITY OF ILLUSION

by Albert Bigelow Paine

Author of "The Tent-Dwellers"

"THE SHIP - DWELLERS" ARRIVE IN THE GOLDEN HORN

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

WE saw but little of the Isles of Greece. It was night and we were tired after a hard day; most of us, I think, turned in early. Now and then a light, a far, tiny speck, appeared in one quarter or another—probably a signal beacon, that was all.

But in the morning—it was soon after breakfast—a gray bank rose up out of the sea, and the word went round that it was Asia. That was a strange thing for a boy who had been brought

up on the prairies of the Middle West—to look out over the bow and see Asia coming up out of the sea. It brought back a small, one-room, white district schoolhouse, dropped down on the bleak, level prairie and the geography class of three, standing in a row and singing to the tune of Old Dan Tucker, the rhymes of the continents:

"Asia sixteen millions,
The largest of the five grand divisions."

It was not much of a rhyme, nor much of a tune, but there was a swing in the way we did it and it fixed those

facts for life. They came back now, and I had to get hold of myself a little to realize that this was the same Asia with all those square miles—the land of the Arabian Nights, of the apostles and the patriarchs—the wonderful country I had one day hoped to see. And presently we were off the Plains of Troy and had passed near where the ships of the Greeks lay anchored, all of which seemed very wonderful, too, I thought. We were in the Dardanelles, then, following the path of those first Argonauts who set sail with Jason and of that later band who set out in the Quaker City, forty-two years ago. No lack of history and tradition and old association here.

But how one's information does go to seed; all of us knew something, but none of us knew much. Not one of us knew positively whether the Hellespont was the same as the Dardanelles or as the Bosphorus, and when, with the help of the guidebook, we decided that it was the former, we fell into other luminous debates as to where Leander swam it when he was courting Hero and where Xerxes built his bridge. The captain said that both these things took place at Abydos, which he pointed out to us, and then we were in trouble right away again as to whether this was the Abydos of Lord Byron's poem, or merely another town by the same name. At all events it was not much of a place.

On the whole, the shores of the Dardanelles are mostly barren and uninteresting, with small towns here and there and fortifications. At one place some men came out in a boat and went through the formality of letting us enter the country. It did not seem much of a permission; I could have given it myself. But I suppose we had to have theirs; otherwise they might have reached us with some kind of a gun.

We entered the Sea of Marmora, passed a barren island or two; then the shores fell back beyond the horizon and most of us put in the rest of the day pretending to read up on Constantinople. It was dark when we dropped anchor in the mouth of the Bosphorus, and we were at dinner—a gala dinner, after which we danced. A third of the way

around the world to the westward, in a country called America, a new President would be inaugurated to-morrow, and in the quiet dusk of our anchorage, with the scattered lights of Asia blinking across from one side and a shadowy, mysterious grove and a fairy-lighted city on the other, we celebrated that great occasion in the West and our arrival at the foremost mart of the East by dancing before Stamboul.

That should have ended our day, but when we were about to break up, a boat load or two of uniformed officials with distinctly Oriental faces and fezzes came aboard and opened business in the after cabin, going through our passports. Then for an hour or so there was most extraordinary medley of confused tongues. We had all our own kinds going at once and several varieties of Constantinoplese besides. And what an amazing performance it was, altogether—something not to be equaled anywhere else on earth, I imagine, unless in Russia—a sufficient commentary on the progress and enlightenment of these two laggard nations.

Curious how some of our ladies hesitate about showing their passports. One's age, stated on oath, goes with a passport.

A City in the Haze

I suppose there is no more beautiful city from the outside and no more disheartening city from the inside than Constantinople. From the outside it is all fairyland and enchantment. From the inside it is all grime and wretchedness. Viewed from the entrance of the Bosphorus, through the haze of morning, it is a vision. Viewed from a carriage driven through the streets it becomes a nightmare. If one only might see it as we did—at sunrise, with the minarets and domes rising from the foliage, all aglow with the magic of morning—and could be willing then to sail away from that dream spectacle, his hunger unsatisfied, he would hold at least one supreme illusion in his heart.

For that is what it is—just an illusion—the most superb fantasy in the whole world. We left anchorage soon

after sunrise and moved over abreast of Galata, a little below the bridge that crosses the Golden Horn and connects this part of Constantinople with Stamboul. We are lying now full length against the street, abreast of it, where all day long a soiled, disordered life goes on. It is a perpetual show, but hardly a pleasing one. It is besmirched and raucous, it is wretched.

Hawkers, guides, beggars, porters weave in and out and mingle vociferously. To leave the ship is to be assailed from every side. Across the street is a row of coffee houses where unholy music and singing keep up most of the time. Also, there are dogs, scores of them—a wolfish breed—and they are seldom silent. This is the reverse of the picture. As the outside is fairyland, so this is inferno.

We battled our way to our carriages and drove across the bridge to Stamboul. Perhaps it would be better there. But that was a mistake—it was worse. We entered some narrow, thronging streets—a sort of general market I should say—that fairly reeked with of-fal. We saw presently that nearly everybody wore rubbers, or stilted shoes—that is, wooden sandal things with two or three inches of heel and sole—and we understood why; it was to lift them out of the filth. I have had dreams where, whichever way I turned, lay ordure and corruption, with no way out on any side. Such dreams were hardly worse than this. A passenger of our party—a lady—said afterwards about the scenes we witnessed:

“When we drove through those streets I felt as if I had died and gone to hell.”

Yet on the whole, I think hell would be cleaner. I am sure it would not smell so. I have no special preference for brimstone, but I would have welcomed it as we drove through those Constantinople streets. I know what they smell like; I can describe it exactly: they smell like a garbage can. Not the average garbage can—fairly fresh and leading the busy life—but an old, opulent, tired garbage can—one that has been filled up and overlooked, in August. Now and then at home a can like

that gets into the garbage wagon, and when that wagon comes along the street on a still summer morning it arrests attention. I have seen strong men turn pale and lovely women totter when that can went by.

It would have no distinction in Constantinople. The whole city is just one vast garbage can, and old—so old—why for a thousand years or more they have been throwing stuff into the streets for the dogs to eat up, and the dogs can't eat some things, and so——

Never mind; enough is enough; but if I ever get home, and if ever I want to recall vividly this vision of the East, I shall close my eyes when that garbage wagon drives by, and once more the panorama—panorama, I mean—of these thronging streets will unfold; I shall be transported once more to the heart of this busy city; I shall see again all the outlandish dress, all the strange faces, all the mosques and minarets, all the magic of the Orient, and I shall say, “This is it—this is the spicy East—this is Constantinople—Allah is indeed good!”

The First Cry of Backsheesh

It was at the entrance of the mosque of St. Sophia—a filthy entrance through a sort of an alley—that we heard our first cry of “Backsheesh!”—a plaintive cry from a pretty, pathetic little girl who clung to us and called it over and over like the cry of a soul being dragged to perdition—“Back-she-e-e-sh! Back-sh-e-e-e-sh!” a long-drawn-out wail. Not one of us who would not have given her freely had we not known that to do so would be to touch off the cyclone—the cloud of vultures hovering in the outskirts. One's heart grows hard in the East; it has to.

At the door of the mosque there was a group of creatures who put slippers on us and made a pretense of tying the wretched things. They didn't do it, of course, and one had to slide and skate and straddle to keep from losing them—which thing would be a fearful desecration—we being “Christian dogs.” The Apostle in those slippers, skating and straddling and puffing his way

through St. Sophia's, was worth coming far to see.

It is a mighty place, a grand place, but it has been described too often for me to attempt the details here. It is very, very old and they have some candles there ten feet high and ten inches through (they look exactly like smooth, marble columns and make the place very holy) and there are some good rugs on

had spent five million dollars on the undertaking and had nearly bankrupted the empire. Nine hundred years later the Turks captured Constantinople and Mohammed II, with drawn sword, rode into St. Sophia's and made the bloody handprint on the wall which remains the Moslem ruler's sign manual to this day.

They showed us the print, but I



ONE'S AGE, STATED ON OATH, GOES WITH A PASSPORT.

the floor. Several of our party who are interested in such things agreed that the rugs are valuable, though they are laid crooked, as they all point toward Mecca, whereas the mosque, originally a Christian church, stands with the points of the compass.

It has been built and rebuilt a good many times. The Emperor Justinian was its last great builder, and he robbed the ruins of Ephesus and Baalbek of certain precious columns for his purpose. On Christmas Day, 537 A.D., he finished and dedicated his work. Altogether he

don't think it is the same one. It may be, but I don't think so—unless Mohammed was riding a camel. However, it does not matter; what we do know is that he promptly converted St. Sophia's into a mosque and said his Mohammedan prayers there for the first time on a day in June, 1453. The Mohammedans covered up the Christian symbols, but many of them show through the gilt and whitewash still.

Some kind of ceremony was in progress when we arrived, but as usual in such places, we did not mind. We went

right in just the same, and our guides, too, and we talked and pointed and did what we could to break up the services. Old turbaned sons of the prophet were kneeling and bowing and praying here and there, and were a good deal in the way. Sometimes we fell over them, but we were charitably disposed and did not kick them—at least, I didn't, and I don't think any of the party did. We might kick a dog—kick at him, I mean—if we tripped over one, but we do not kick a Moslem—not a live one. We only take his picture and step on him and muss him up, and make a few notes and go.

It Would Be Interesting to Try It

I have been wondering what would happen to a party of tourists—Moslems, for instance—who broke into an American church during services, with guides to point and explain, and stared at the people who were saying their prayers and talked them over as if they were wax figures. An American congregation would be annoyed by a mob like that, and would remove it and put it in the calaboose. But then such things wouldn't happen in America. We have cowed our foreign visitors. Besides, there is nothing in an American church that a foreigner would care to see.

We went to other mosques: to Suleiman, to Ahmed, to the "Pigeon" mosque with its gentle birds that come in clouds to be fed, but there is a good deal of sameness in these splendid edifices. Not that they are alike, but they seem alike, with their mellow lights, their alcoves and sacred sanctuaries, their gigantic wax candles, their little Turkeys—Turkish boys, I mean—rocking and singing the Koran, learning to be priests. And everywhere, whether it was prayer time or not, there were old bearded men prostrated in worship or bowed in contemplation. Quite frequently we sat down on these praying men to rest a little, but they were too absorbed to notice it.

There were no women in the mosques. The men supply the souls and the religion for the Turkish household. A woman has no use for a soul in Turkey. She wouldn't know what to do

with it and it would only make her trouble. She is allowed to pretend that she has, however, and to go to mosque now and then, just as we allow children to play "store" or "keeping house." But it's make-believe. She really hasn't any soul—everybody knows that—or, if she has, it is much smaller than the man's, which is quite impossible.

Constantinople is full of landmarks that perpetuate some memory—usually a bloody one—of the Janizaries. Every little while our guide would say, "This is where the Janizaries conquered the forces of Abdullah VI"; or "This is where the Janizaries overthrew and assassinated Mahmoud I"; or "This is where the Janizaries attacked the forces of His Sacred Majesty, Bismillah II," and everybody would say, "Oh, yes, of course," and we would go on.

I said, "Oh, yes, of course" with the others, which made it hard, later on, when I had worked up some curiosity on the subject, to ask who in the deuce the Janizaries were, anyway, and why they had been allowed to do all these bloody things unreprieved. By and by we came to a place where the guide said that eight thousand of them had perished in the flames, and added that fifteen thousand more had been executed and twenty thousand banished. And we all said, "Oh, yes, of course" again, and this time I meant it, for I thought that was about what would be likely to happen to persons with Janizary habits. Then I made a memorandum to look up that tribe when I got back to the ship.

I have done so, now. The Janizaries were a body of military police, organized about 1330, originally of young Christians compelled to become Moslems. They became a powerful and terrible body, by and by, and conducted matters with a high hand. They were a wild, impetuous horde and five hundred years of their history is full of assassinations of sultans and general ravage and bloodshed. In time they became a great deal more dangerous to Turkey than her enemies, but it was not until 1826 that a sultan, Mahmoud II, managed to arouse other portions of his army to that pitch of fanatical zeal which has made Janizaries exceedingly scarce ever

since. I think our guide is a Janizary—he has the look—but I have decided not to mention the matter.

We skated through mosques and tombs of sultans and their wives most of the day, appraising the rugs and shawls and general *bric-a-brac*, and dropped into a museum—the best one, so far, in my opinion. They have a sarcophagus of Alexander there—that is, it was made for Alexander, though it is said he never slept in it, which is too bad, if true, for it is the most beautiful thing in the world—regarded by experts as the finest existing specimen of Greek art. We lingered a long time about that exquisite gem—long for us—and bought photographs of it when we came away. Then we set out for the Long Street of Smells, crossed the Galata bridge and were at the ship—home.

We have only made a beginning of Constantinople, for we are to be here several days. But if it is all like to-day I could do with less of it. I have got enough of that smell to last a good while and of the pandemonium that reigns in this disordered aggregation of thoroughfares, humanity, and buildings—this weird phantasmagoria, miscalled a city. Through my porthole, now—I am on the street side—there comes the most devilish concatenation of sounds: dogs barking and yelping, barbaric singing, wild mandolin music, all mingled with the cries of the hawkers and street arabs, and when I reflect that this is the real inwardness of that wonder dream we saw at sunrise, I am filled with a far regret that we could not have satisfied ourselves with that vision of paradise and sailed away.

Abdul Hamid Goes to Prayer

It was on our second day in Constantinople that we saw the Selamlık—that is, the Sultan Abdul Hamid II, on his way to prayer. It was Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sunday, and the sultan, according to his custom, went to the mosque in state. The ceremony was, in fact, a grand military review, with twenty-five thousand soldiers drawn up on the hillside surrounding the royal mosque, and many bands of

music, the whole gay and resplendent with the varied uniforms of different brigades, the trappings of high officials, the flutter of waving banners, the splendor of royal cortège—all the fuss and fanfare of this fallen king.

For Abdul Hamid is no longer monarch except by sufferance. A tyrant who in his time has ordered the massacre of thousands; has imprisoned and slain members of his own family; has sent a multitude to the Bosphorus and into exile; has maintained in this enlightened day a court and a rule of the middle ages—he is only a figurehead, now, likely to be removed at a moment's warning.

The young Turk is in the saddle. Hamid's force of twenty thousand spies has been disbanded. Men-of-war lie in the Bosphorus just under Yildiz, ready to open fire on that royal palace at the first sign of any disturbance there. The tottering old man is still allowed his royal guard, his harem, and this weekly ceremonial and display to keep up a semblance of imperial power. But he is only a make-believe king; the people know that, and he knows it, too, best of all.*

We had special invitations from the palace and a special inclosure from which to view the ceremony. We had cakes, too, and sherbet served while we waited—by the sultan's order, it was said—but I didn't take any. I thought Abdul might have heard I didn't care for him and put poison in mine. That would be like him.

I was tempted, though, for we had driven a long way through the blinding dust, and it was hot there, and we had to stand up and keep on standing up while all that great review got together and arranged and rearranged itself; while officials and black Nubian eunuchs ran up and down, and men sand-

* Nov. 1909.—The Selamlık here described was among the last of such occasions. A few weeks later, in April, 1909, Abdul Hamid regained a brief ascendancy, ordered the terrible massacres of Adana, and on April 27th was permanently dethroned. He was succeeded by his brother, Mehmed V, who attends mosque with little or no ceremony. Abdul meantime has retired to Salonica where he is living quietly—as quietly as one may with seventeen favorite wives and the prospect of assassination.

ed the track—that is, the road over which his majesty was to drive—and did a hundred other things to consume time.

One does not hurry the Orient—one waits on it. That is a useful maxim—I'm glad I invented it. I said it over about a hundred times while we stood there waiting for Abdul Hamid, who was dallying with certain favorites, like as not, and not remembering us at all.

It was worth seeing, though. Brigade after brigade swung by to the weird music of their bands—billow after billow of brown, red, and blue uniforms. The hillside became a perfect storm of fezzes; the tide of spectators rose till its waves touched the house tops.

Freaks of Time in Turkey

Still we waited and watched the clock on the mosque. Nobody can tell time by a Turkish clock, but there was some comfort in watching it. Presently an informing person at my side explained that Turkish chronology is run on an altogether different basis from ours. There are only three hundred and fifty-four days in a Turkish year, he said, which makes the seasons run out a good deal faster, so that it is usually about year after next in Turkey; but as it is only about day before yesterday by the clock, the balance is kept fairly even.

He was a very entertaining person. Referring to the music, he said that once the sultan's special brass band played before him so pleasingly that he ordered all their instruments filled with gold, which was well enough except for the piccolo player, who said: "Sire, I am left out of this reward." "Never mind," said the sultan, "your turn will come." And it did, next day, for the band played so badly that the sultan roared out: "Ram all their instruments down their throats," which was impossible, of course, except in the case of the piccolo player.

My entertainer said that formerly cameras were allowed at the Selamlik, but that an incident occurred which resulted in prohibiting cameras and all suspicious articles. He said that a gen-

tleman engaged a carriage for the Selamlik and explained to the driver that he had invented a wonderful new camera—one that would take pictures in all the colors—and instructed him just how to work the machine.

The gentleman had to make a train, he said, and couldn't wait for the sultan to arrive, but if the driver would press the button when the sultan reached a certain place the picture would take, after which the driver could bring the camera to the Pera Palace Hotel on a certain day and get a hundred piasters, a sum larger than that driver had ever seen at one time. Then the gentleman left in a good deal of a hurry and the driver told all the other drivers about his good fortune while they waited, and by and by when the sultan came, and got just to the place where the gentleman had said, the driver pressed the button and blew a hole seventy-five feet wide and thirty feet deep right on that spot, and it rained drivers and horses and fezzes and things for seven minutes. It didn't damage the sultan any, but it gave him a permanent distaste for cameras and other suspicious objects.

Laura, age fourteen, who had been listening to the story, said:

"Did they do anything to the driver who did it?"

"Yes; they gathered him up in a cigar box and gave him a funeral. No, the man didn't call for the camera."

I am sorry I have kept the reader waiting for the Selamlik, but the sultan is to blame. One may not hurry a sultan, and one must fill in the time, somehow.

Some carriages go by, at last, and enter the mosque inclosure, but they do not contain the sultan, only some of his favorite wives, with those long black eunuchs running behind. Then there is a carriage with a little boy in it—the sultan's favorite son, it is said—the most beautiful child I ever saw.

A blare of trumpets—all the bayonets straight up—a gleaming forest of them. Oh, what a bad time to fall out of a balloon!

A shout from the troops—a huzzah, timed and perfunctory, but general. Then men in uniform, walking ahead;



FOR A MOMENT EVERY EYE OF THAT VAST CONCOURSE IS UPON HIM—HE IS THE ONE IMPORTANT BAUBLE OF THAT SPLENDID SETTING.



THEY CAN WHIRL AND KEEP ON WHIRLING FOREVER WITHOUT GETTING DIZZY.

a carriage with a splendid driver; a pale, bearded, hook-nosed old man with a tired, rather vacant face. Here and there he touches his forehead and his lips with his fingers, waving the imperial salute. For a moment every eye of that vast concourse is upon him—he is the one important bauble of that splendid setting. Then he has passed between the gates and is gone.

Thus it was that Sultan Abdul Hamid attended mosque. It seemed a good deal of fuss to make over an old man going to prayer.

We drove from the Selamlık to the Dancing Dervishes. I have always heard of them and now I have seen them. I am not sorry to have it over.

Their headquarters are in a weather-beaten-frame-barn of a place, and we stood outside for a long time before the doors were open. Inside it was hot and close and crowded, and everybody

twisted this way and that and stood up on things to get a look. I held two women together on one chair—they were standing up—and I expected to give out any minute and turn loose a disaster that would break up the show. There wasn't anything to see, either; not a thing, for hours.

We were in a sort of a circular gallery and the dancing floor was below. We could see squatted a ring of men—a dozen or so of bowed, solemn, abstracted high priests, in gowns of different colors and tall fezzes. These were the dervishes, no doubt, but they didn't do anything—not a thing—and we didn't care to stare at them and at the dancing floor and the rest of the suffering audience forever.

Then we noticed in our gallery a little reserved section with some more abstracted men in gowns and fezzes, and after a long time—as much as a thousand years, I should think—there was an almost imperceptible movement in this reserved compartment, and one

of the elect produced some kind of reed and began to blow a strain that must have been born when the woods were temples and the winds were priests—it was so weirdly, mournfully entrancing. I could have listened to that music and forgotten all the world if I hadn't been busy holding those two women on that chair.

The perspiration ran down and my joints petrified while that music droned on and on. Then there was another diversion: a man got up and began to sing. I don't know why they picked that particular man—certainly not for his voice. It was Oriental singing—a sort of chanting monotone in a nasal pitch. Yet there was something wild and seductive about it—something mystical—and I liked it well enough. Only, I didn't want it to go on forever, situated as I was. I wanted the dancing to begin, and pretty soon, too. It

didn't, however. Nothing begins soon in the Orient.

But by and by, when that songster had wailed for as much as a week, those high priests on the dancing floor began to show signs of life. They moved a little; they got up; they went through some slow evolutions—to limber themselves, perhaps—then they began to whirl.

The dance is a religious rite and it is supposed to represent the planets revolving about the sun. The dancers serve an apprenticeship of one thousand and one days, and they can whirl and keep on whirling forever without getting dizzy. The central figure, who represents the sun, has had the most practice, no doubt, for he revolves just twice as fast as the planets, who are ranged in two circles around him. His performance is really wonderful. I did not think so much of the others, except as to their ability to stand upright. I thought I could revolve as fast as they did, myself, and I would have given four dollars for a little freedom just then to try it.

Would that constellation never run down? The satellites whirled on and on and the high priest in the middle either got faster, or I imagined it. Then, at last they stopped—just stopped—that was all; only, I let go of those two women then and clawed my way to fresh air.

We went to the bazaars after that. There is where the Kurfürster finds real bliss. He may talk learnedly of historic sites and rave over superb ruins and mosques and such things, when you drag him in carriages to see them. But only say the word bazaar to him and he will walk three miles to find it. To price the curious things of the West; to barter and beat down; to walk away and come back a dozen times; to buy at last at a third of the asking price—such is the passion that presently gets hold of the irresponsible tourist who lives on one ship and has a permanent stateroom for his things.

You should see some of those staterooms! Jars, costumes, baskets, rugs, draperies, statuary—piled everywhere, hung everywhere, stowed everywhere—

why, we could combine the stuff on this ship and open a floating bazaar that would be the wonder of the world.

The bazaars of Constantinople are crowded together and roofed over, and there are narrow streets and labyrinthine lanes. One can buy anything there—anything Eastern: ornaments, inlaid work, silks, curious weapons, picture postals (what *did* those Quaker City pilgrims do without them?), all the wares of the Orient—and he can get a good deal for a little if he is patient and unyielding, and he will be cheated every time he makes change. Never mind; one's experience is always worth something, and this particular tariff is not likely to be high.

To Buy or Not to Buy

We bought several things in Constantinople, but we did not buy any confections. The atmosphere did not seem suited to bonbons, and the places where such things were sold did not look inviting. Laura inspected the assortment and decided that the best Turkish Delight is made in America, and that Broadway is plenty far enough east for nougat. In one bazaar they had a marvelous collection of royal jewels: swords with incrustated handles, caskets "worth a king's ransom"—simply a mass of rubies, emeralds, and diamonds—half a barrel of such things, at least, but we didn't buy any of those goods, either. We would have done so, of course, only they were not for sale.

We called at the bazaar of Far-away Moses, but he wasn't there. He died only a little while ago, and has gone to that wonderful grand bazaar of delight which the Mohammedan has selected as his heaven.

As usual, Laura and I were the last to leave. We were still pulling over some things when our driver, whom we call Suleiman because he has such a holy, villainous look, came suddenly to the entrance, waving frantically. We started then and piled into our carriage. The rest of our party were already off, and we set out helter-skelter after them, Suleiman probably believing that the ship had its anchors up ready to sail.

We were doing very well, when right in front of a great arch one of our horses fell down. We had a crowd in a minute, and as it was getting dusk I can't say that I liked the situation. But Suleiman got the horse on his feet somehow, and we pushed along and once more entered that diabolical Street of Smells. It had been bad by day, but nothing to what it was now. There were no lights, except an oil lamp here and there; the place was swarming with humanity and dogs; general vileness permeating everything. The woman who thought she had died and gone to hell could be certain of it here.

It seemed that we would never get out of that street. We had to go slower and the horrible gully was eternal in its length. How far ahead our party was, we did not know. We were entirely alone in that unholy neighborhood with our faithful Suleiman, who looked like a cutthroat, anyhow. I wished he didn't look like that, and Laura said quietly that she never expected to see the light of another dawn.

Bumpety-bump—bark, howl, clatter, darkness, stench—rolling and pitching through that mess, and then, heavenly sight—a vision of lights, water, the end of the Galata bridge!

We made our way through the evening jam and the wild bedlam at the other end, crossing a crimson tide of fezzes, to reach the one clean place we have seen in Constantinople—that is, the ship. The ship is clean—too clean, we think, when we hear them scrubbing and mopping and thumping the decks at four o'clock in the morning, just about dog-howling time. Which brings me to a specimen of our ship German—American German, produced by a gentle soul named Fosdick, of Ohio. He used it on the steward after being kept awake by the ship-cleaning. This is what he said:

"Vas in damnation is das noise? How can I schlaff mit has hellgefired donner-wetter going on oben mine head?"

That is the sort of thing we can do when we get really stirred up. It is effective, too. There was no unseemly noise this morning.

Heretofore, during our stay here, whenever anyone happened to mention the less attractive aspects of Constantinople, I have said:

"Yes, the city is pretty bad, but I'll wager the country is a dream. Remember Algiers and her suburban villas? It will be the same here."

I do not say that any more, now that we have been to the country. We went over to Skutari (Asiatic Constantinople) and took carriages to Bulgurlu Mountain, which overlooks all the city and a vast stretch of country. It is a good view, but it should be, considering what it costs to get there—in wear and tear, I mean.

Looking Down on Yildiz

Of all villainous roads, those outside of Skutari are the most depraved. They are not roads at all, but just washes and wallows and ditches and stone gullies. I have seen bad roads in Virginia, roads surveyed by George Washington and never touched since, but they were a dream of luxury as compared with these of Turkey. Our carriages bilged and bobbed and pitched and humped themselves until I got out and walked to keep from being lamed for life.

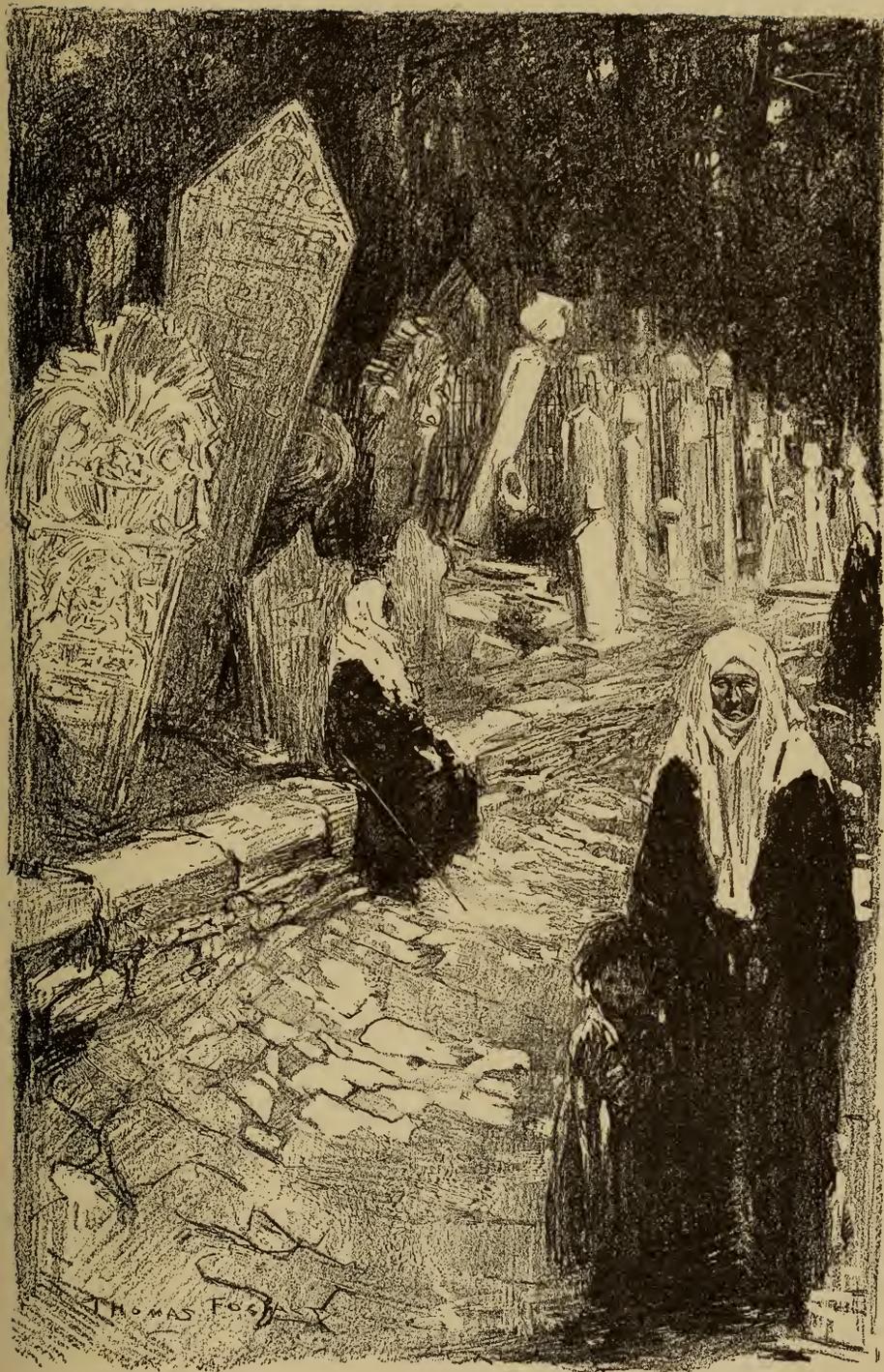
And then the houses—the villas I had expected to see; dear me, how can I picture those cheap, ugly, unpainted, overdecorated architectural crimes? They are wooden and belong to the jigsaw period gone mad. They suggest an owner who has been too busy saving money for a home to acquire any taste, who has spent his savings for lumber and trimmings and had nothing left for paint. Still, he managed to reserve enough to put iron bars on his windows—that is, on part of the house, the harem—every man becoming his own jailer, as it were. I remarked:

"I suppose that is to keep the neighbors from stealing their wives."

But the Horse Doctor—wiser and more observant—said:

"No, it is to keep a neighbor from breaking in and leaving another."

Standing on the top of Bulgurlu—looking down on the Bosphorus and the



THERE IS A WONDERFUL OLD MOSLEM CEMETERY NEAR BULGURLU—ONE OF THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD AND THE MOST THICKLY PLANTED.

royal palaces—the wife of a foreign minister told us something of the history that has been written there:

When Abdul Aziz, in 1876, became Abdul "as was" * (his veins were opened with a penknife, I believe), one Murad, his nephew, an educated and traveled prince, came into power. But Murad was for progress—bridges and railroads—so Murad retired to Cheragan Palace, where for thirty-two years he sat at a window and looked out on a world in which he had no part, while Abdul Hamid II reigned in his stead. Murad was wise and gentle and did not reproach Abdul, who came to him now and again for advice concerning matters of state.

But Murad was fond of watching the people from his window—excursion parties such as ours, and the like—and these in turn used to look up at Murad's window; which things in time came to Abdul Hamid's ears. Then Abdul decided that this indulgence was not good for Murad—nor for the people. Thirty-two years was already too long for that sort of thing. So Murad's face disappeared from the window, and it was given out that he had died—the bulletin did not say what of, but merely mentioned that it had been a "general death"—that is to say, a natural death, under the circumstances—the kind of death a retired sultan is likely to die. And Abdul Hamid mourned many days and gave Murad a costly funeral.

That was Abdul's way. He was always a good brother—always a generous soul—according to a guidebook published in Constantinople during the time when there were twenty thousand secret agents inspecting such things. The author of that book wanted those twenty thousand secret agents to tell Abdul how good and gentle the book said he was; otherwise, the modest and humble Abdul might not remember. Besides, that author did not wish to disappear from among his friends and be sewed up in a sack and dropped into the Bosphorus some quiet evening. But I wander—I always wander.

Abdul Hamid is said to be affectionate with his family—all his family—

* Ship joke.

and quick—very quick—that is, he is impulsive. He is a crack shot, too, and keeps pistols on his dressing table. One day he saw one of his little sons—or it may have been one of his little daughters (it isn't always easy to tell them apart, when they are so plentiful and dress a good deal alike), but anyway this was a favorite of Abdul's—he saw this child handling one of his pistols, perhaps playfully pointing it in his direction.

Hamid didn't tell the child to put the weapon down and then lecture him. No, he couldn't scold the child, he was too impulsive for that—and quick, as I have mentioned. He drew a revolver from his own belt and shot the child dead. There were rumors of plots floating around the palace just then, and Hamid wasn't taking any chances. It must have made his heart bleed to have to punish the child in that sudden way.

Hard Times for Sultans

But by and by the times were out of joint for sultans. A spirit of discontent was spreading—there was a cry for freer government. Enver Bey and Nizazi Bey—those two young officers whose names are being perpetuated by male babies in every Turkish household—disguised themselves as newsboys or bootblacks, and going among the people of the streets whispering the gospel of freedom. Then one day came the upheaval of which all the world has read. Abdul Hamid one morning, looking out of his window in Yildiz Palace, saw, lying in the Bosphorus just below, the men-of-war which all the years of his reign had been turning to rust and wormwood in the Golden Horn.

Abdul did not believe it at first. He thought he was just having one of those bad dreams that had pestered him now and then since spies and massacres had become unpopular. He pinched himself and rubbed his eyes, but the ships stayed there. Then he sent for the Grand Vizier. (At least, I suppose it was the Grand Vizier—that is what a sultan generally sends for in a case like that.) When he arrived the sultan was fingering his artillery and looking dangerous.

"What in h—— that is, Allah be praised, but why, sirrah, are those ships lying down there?" he roared.

The G. V. was not full of vain knowledge.

"I—I really don't know, Your Majesty," he said soothingly. "I will go and see."

He was standing near the door and dodged as he went out. He did not come back. When he had inquired about the ships he decided not to seek Abdul himself, but to send a man—a cheap man—to tell him about it. This was just a dull fellow with not much politeness and no imagination.

"The ships are there by the order of the Minister of Marine, Your Majesty," he said.

Abdul was so astonished that he forgot to slay the fellow.

"Bring the Minister of Marine!" he gasped, when at last he could catch his breath.

The Minister of Marine came—a new minister—one of the Young Turk party. He was polite, but not upset by the sultan's emotion. When Abdul demanded the reason why the old ships had been refurbished up and brought down into the Bosphorus, he replied that they were there by his orders, and added:

"We think they look better there, Your Majesty, as in the old days."

"But, by the beard of the Prophet, I will not have them there! Take them away!"

"Your Majesty, it grieves me to seem discourteous, not to say rude, but those ships are to remain at their present anchorage. It grieves me still further to appear to be firm, not to say harsh, but if there is any show of resistance in this neighborhood, they have orders to open fire on Your Majesty's palace."

Abdul took a chair and sat down. His jaw dropped and he looked at the Minister of Marine a good while without seeming to see him. Then he got up and tottered over to the window and gazed out on those ships lying just below, on the Bosphorus. By and by he went to a little ornamental table and took a pen and some paper and wrote an order in this wise:

Owing to my declining years and my great burdens of responsibility, it is my wish that in future all matters pertaining to the army and navy be under the supervision of the Secretary of War and the Minister of Marine.

ABDUL HAMID, KAHN II.

Son of the Prophet—Shadow of God, etc., etc.

At all events, that was the purport of it. In reality, it was a succession of wriggly marks which only a Moslem could read. Never mind, it was a graceful surrender.

* * * *

There is a wonderful old Moslem cemetery near Bulgurlu—one of the largest in the world and the most thickly planted. It is favored by Moslems because it is on the side of the city nearest Mecca, and they are lying there three deep and have overflowed into the roads and byways. Their curiously shaped and elaborately carved headstones stand as thick as grain—some of them crowned with fezzes—some with suns—all of them covered with emblems and poetry, and passages from the Koran. They are tumbled this way and that; they are lying everywhere along the road and have been built into the wayside walls.

I wanted to carry away one of those tombstones—one of the old ones—and I would have done it if I had known enough Moslem to corrupt our driver. A thing like that would be worth st—adding to one's collection, I mean. The place was full of great cypresses, too—tall, funereal trees—wonderfully impressive and beautiful.

We drove back to Skutari and there saw our driver Suleiman for the last time. I had already tipped him at the end of each day but I suppose he expected something rather unusual as a farewell token. Unfortunately, I was low in fractional currency. I scraped together all I had left—a few piasters—and handed them to him and turned quickly away. There came a sudden explosion as of a bomb. I did not look to see what it was—I knew. It was the bursting of Suleiman's heart.

Up the Golden Horn in the afternoon, as far as the sweet waters of Europe. It is a beautiful sail, and there is a mosque where the ceremony of con-

ferring the sword on a new sultan is performed; also, a fine view across the sweet waters, with Jewish graveyards whitening the distant hills. But there was nothing of special remark, we being a little tired of the place by this time—except the homecoming.

There were *caïques* lying about the little steamer landing when we were ready to return, and Laura and I decided to take one of these down the Horn to the ship. The *caïque* is a curiously shaped canoe sort of a craft, and you have to get in carefully and sit still. But once in and seated, it glides as silently and smoothly as a drifting leaf on the stream.

It was sunset, and the Golden Horn was true to its name. Ships at anchor, barges drifting up and down, were aglow with the sheen of evening—the water a tawny, molten flood, the still atmosphere like some impalpable dust of gold. *Caïques* carrying merchants to their homes somewhere along the upper shores were painted with the aureate hue. Domes and minarets caught and reflected the wonder of it—the Galata bridge ahead of us had become such a span as might link the shores of the River of Peace.

Once more Constantinople was a dream of paradise—a vision of enchantment—a city of illusion.

LONG LIFE FOR AUTOMOBILE

TIRES



by Robert Sloss

THE moment you announce proudly that you have acquired an automobile of your own, you are bound to hear from your wiseacre friends some form of the query: "Have you duly considered the tire problem?" With pitying shakes of the head at your inexperience, they will give to the burden of their remarks an emphasis calculated to convince anyone that "the tire problem" is the only serious one with which the motorist has to contend. Everyone has heard of "the tire problem." Many expert amateurs—and some professionals, for that matter—have heard of it so often that they are finally settled in the belief that tires are bound to blow out or go to the bad generally, without the slightest provocation.

As a matter of fact, there is no tire problem for the motorist willing to devote as much attention to the feet of his car as he should to its other members. It is true that early in the history of automobilism tires were the most uncertain item in upkeep costs, as well as in the realm of annoying troubles that

may confront one on the road. Unfortunately, this early record of the pneumatic tire—for that is the only variety in which the "problem" is supposed to lurk—has fixed the notion firmly in most minds that the motorist must be ever spending fabulous sums for tires. Meanwhile, the manufacturers' skill has reduced the "problem" to such definite terms that not only are pneumatic tires, with proper care, no more likely to get out of order than is any other part of your machine, but their upkeep should cost you less per mile than your necessary supplies of gasoline or oil.

This statement will provoke, perhaps, quite a little whirlwind of denials. They will come almost entirely from motorists who have not learned how to give their tires decent treatment, or else will not take the trouble to do so. Wise is the amateur who gets down to the facts before the incubus of tire tradition—weighted with a few disagreeable accidents due to his own lack of foresight—begins to press heavily upon him and make him a firm believer in "the tire problem."

Last summer nineteen automobilists

kept accurate records of the tire history of their cars, which were in commission throughout the whole season. They devoted only a reasonable amount of attention to the care of their tires in connection with the general care of their cars. At the end of the four months' use, when they averaged up their tire expenses, they found that it came to exactly one cent per mile per car. They had covered in the aggregate 38,000 miles—an average of 2,000 miles per car. That is a fair distance for a car to travel during a summer season.

Here is a strong hint for the ordinary motorist, that, if he will observe the far from onerous precautions of these nineteen gentlemen, his tire bills for a season should be in the neighborhood of \$20 to \$30. Your gasoline will cost you from 15 to 25 cents a gallon, according to its quality and the quantities in which you buy it. A gallon ought to run you about eleven miles, perhaps more. Thus a 2,000-mile season would cost you from \$28 to \$45, or an average of $1\frac{8}{10}$ to $2\frac{1}{4}$ cents per mile for gasoline.

High-grade cylinder oil will cost you from 80 to 90 cents a gallon, which quantity will run you about 160 miles. Here again your 2,000-mile season will cost \$10 to \$12 for cylinder lubrication alone. You will about double that figure if you add the cost of oil for bearings, gear grease, etc., for the same distance. Hence, if you are game to take as much trouble as these nineteen experimenters—and it is not much trouble they took—the “tire problem” may lose its terrors for you at the very start.

As has been said before in these pages, getting the most out of motoring depends much upon temperament. The tire end of the game is no exception. It would be a good introduction to the subject for you to reread the article on “Taking Care of Your Own Auto,” in the November, 1909, number of *OURING*, simply because intelligent care of your tires begins with the general care of your car. Then, if you have acquired the attitude of trying to prevent trouble, rather than taking chances on remedying it when it arrives, you will understand the importance of the statement that a very great proportion of avoid-

able tire wear begins and is fostered by improper adjustments of the running gear and by carelessness in driving.

You need not be told that the standard type of modern pneumatic tire consists of an inner tube of pure rubber, protected by an outer “shoe” or “casing” composed of heavy alternate layers of rubber and fabric, especially reënforced at the “tread,” or point of contact with the ground. It should take no argument to convince you that anything which tends to drag this tread, even over a surface so smooth as asphalt, subjects it to the swiftest sort of deterioration.

What Not To Do

Yet, if you will observe the manner of driving employed by the majority of motorists, especially in city streets, you will learn what to avoid if you wish to save your tires from a large proportion of this kind of wear. Sudden starting and violent stopping are the rule, not the exception. Sometimes these faults are due to imperfect adjustment of the brakes, or to the fact that the clutch grips too suddenly—conditions which should be detected and eliminated at once by any reasonably careful motorist. In the great majority of cases, however, these habits are due simply to the grossest carelessness.

Perhaps the most instructive driving for you to watch in order to learn what to avoid in the interest of long life for your tires is that of the chauffeur to whom is intrusted the ordinary city taxicab. He is supposed to know how to care for his car. Once in a thousand times he may exercise that knowledge conscientiously. Generally he takes the attitude that the company can afford a few extra tires, so long as he can get many extra fares. It is quite true that a multiplicity of fares goes far toward salving any soreness the company feels at paying the enormous tire bills presented to them annually, but such a viewpoint is denied to the private motorist.

You will see taxicabs bowling along above the speed limit, grinding to a stop at crossings, jerking forward when the policeman blows his whistle, skidding around corners, turning sharply and

sinuously among slower vehicles, swinging into the curb and scraping the tire shoes against it for ten feet or so. All of these faults, if you are wise, you will take the time to avoid.

There is one more warning which the taxicab chauffeur may give you if you are observant. Almost invariably, when he has to back up to make a turn in a narrow street, the first thing he does, after throwing off his reverse lever, is to put the steering wheel hard over while the car is standing still. Then he jams in his clutch and goes forward with the blindest indifference to the severe grinding he has given one small spot in each of the treads of his forward tires.

The thing for you to do in a case like that is to let in the clutch slowly and, with the first gentle headway, ease over your steering wheel quite as gently throughout the turn and as gently back again when you attain the desired direction. You will find very few streets too narrow to permit this.

The A, B, C of Tire Care

No matter how carefully you drive, an intelligent attitude toward your tires must begin with the elimination of faulty adjustments of your running gear. These are almost never found in new vehicles, but are sure to develop to a greater or less extent with use. The imperfect alignment of the front wheels is a fruitful source of trouble to the front tires. It may be due to a slight bend in one of the steering arms, or in the connecting rod which runs between the wheels. However caused, it makes it impossible for the planes of direction of the wheels to be parallel with each other or with the direction of the car when driving straight ahead. One of the tires is bound to drag and grind the tread over the ground, causing undue wear, cuts, and abrasions.

The greatest care should be exercised in locating any maladjustment of the steering mechanism. If you find that a steering arm is bent, do not be satisfied with bringing the wheels parallel by altering the connecting rod. That will only help by giving you parallelism of

the wheels when traveling straight forward. Every time you make a turn, dragging and consequent wear on the tires will occur. Let the steering arm receive your first attention, for, if the connecting rod is not bent, the straightening of the arm will bring the wheels into their normal position for all directions, by restoring the correct steering angle which is essential to the life of your tires.

Again, the front axle may have shifted slightly along the springs, so that one end is nearer the front of the car than the other. This makes it impossible to bring the wheels parallel when driving in a straight line, and wear on the tires will be constant and inevitable. Not only must this condition be watched for and corrected, but it is even more important that the rear axle should be always at right angles to the median line of the car. If it is not, the rear wheels will not track with the front ones, but, moving obliquely, will cause a continual slight dragging or skidding of the rear tire treads over the road surface. Also, if the alignment of the rear wheels is not true from this cause, the pressure of the brakes will not be simultaneous, and one wheel will drag before the other can be brought to a stop.

If you have a chain drive, with distance rods at either side of the car, great care should be exercised in taking up or letting out both rods to the same length. Otherwise the alignment of the rear axle may be thrown out. With a bevel-gear drive the clips over the springs tend to become loosened so that the rear axle shifts along the springs unevenly. This should be watched for in cars of this type, and any shifting carefully corrected whenever the clips need tightening.

Assuming that you go over your car at regular intervals with intelligent appreciation of what adjustments are needed to take wear off the tires, your understanding of the general tire problem begins with the proper balance between the size of your tires, on the one hand, and the weight of your car and power of your motor, on the other. This is usually, but not always, calculated correctly for you by the makers. It is well,

nevertheless, to be able to check it up for yourself.

You can weigh the car by running it on any platform scales, such as those of your coal dealer. Get enough of your heavy friends to occupy all the seats, have all your fittings and accessories and the equivalent of all possible luggage aboard, and then take the total weight of the car. Run the forward wheels off so that the middle of the running board is over the end of the platform, and weigh again.

Back the car till the same point is over the other end of the platform and weigh once more. These two latter weights, allowing twenty to thirty pounds for error, should equal the first weight. Then you have the data of the maximum weight to be borne by each axle, and knowing your maximum motor horse power, you can compare intelligently the size of your tires with those listed for various weights and horse powers in the tables issued by all reputable manufacturers.

This question of size obviously depends upon the desirable resiliency that must be secured between the car and the road, not only for comfort in riding, removal of damaging shock to the mechanism, etc., but, reasoning in the opposite direction, for the removal of undue strain upon the tires. Hence the matter of air pressure is the next in importance for you to consider. A tire should be pumped up to the precise point where it will neither flatten out of shape nor be so hard as to transmit all small jars to the axle.

All the tire manufacturers issue pressure tables for their various sizes of tires. These will be useful to you for a tentative guide until, by intelligent observation of how your car rides at various pressures, you have acquired the knack of judging the right pressure by the feel of your hand. You will not be able to do that all at once, however. Hence you should begin by always pumping up your tires in connection with a pressure gauge, until you have learned how to depart from its recommended readings to advantage.

Suppose your car weighs 3,700 pounds, with heavy, nonskid-tread tires, 36×5

inches in size; jack up one rear wheel and pump up to 61 pounds pressure to the square inch, by the gauge. Let the tire down to the ground with gauge still connected. It will run up to about 73 pounds pressure. That extra 12 pounds is due to the weight of the car.

Jack up the wheel again and pump it up to 80 pounds pressure. When it is lowered the gauge will scarcely reach more than 81 pounds. Obviously a pound leeway is not enough to take the shock off of either car or tire. With 12 pounds leeway the tire can act with the springs, but with only 1 pound it is so near a solid body that it will not only transmit every minor shock along the frame, but will itself be capable of little resistance to the cutting and grinding of ordinary irregularities in the road.

Getting the "Feel" of Your Tires

By following the hint given by this experiment and noting carefully the action of the car in use, you will soon get the "feel" necessary to enlighten you as to the most desirable pressure you should employ. Generally speaking, when the car is loaded, the tires should flatten about $\frac{2}{8}$ of an inch and never more than $\frac{3}{8}$. A rough means of judging the amount of flattening is to measure the track left by the tire on some smooth surface; this should not be more than an inch and a half wide for tires $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches for 3 and $3\frac{1}{2}$ -inch tires, and $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches for 5-inch tires.

In pumping up tires take full, even strokes, not too fast. Stop on a down stroke and hold the pump. The hand of the gauge will then fall to a point where it stops. That indicates the true pressure. Make sure always that the gauge hand not only stops oscillating, but settles into a position of rest before you take the final reading. Inflate your new tires frequently, as the shoe must be stretched to its final capacity by use. Unless you find a leaky valve or a puncture, it will scarcely be necessary to pump up "broken in" tires more than once a fortnight.

If the car is not taken out often, it is well to remove its standing weight

from the tires by means of a wooden wedge under each axle. When you lay up the car for any length of time, not only wedge up the wheels, but deflate the tires until just enough air remains to keep the inner tubes in shape. If the car is to be out of commission for several months, the tires should be removed. Those which require it should be sent to the factory for repairs. The others should be wrapped in canvas, with the inner tubes inflated just enough to prevent kinks. They should then be stored in a dark, cool, and, above all, dry place where no oil can possibly get at them.

Light, heat, water, and oil are the four enemies of the tire, and toward them all you should never relax your attitude of eternal vigilance. New tires especially must be kept where the light will not get at them. If, therefore, as is the common practice, you carry an extra "shoe" on the car, it should be either inclosed in an inner wrapping of canvas and an outer one of waterproof material, or else kept in one of the varieties of tire trunks designed for this purpose. Above all, see that it is located on a part of the car where it will not be exposed to the heat of the engine.

The same caution must be observed with regard to the three or four inner tubes which you should always carry on the car. These should be folded very lightly and tied very loosely with wide tape. It is best to keep them in a roomy, rubber-lined bag the inside of which is liberally provided with French chalk. Never let the slightest weight rest on this bag.

Whenever you read recommendations for the liberal use of French chalk, remember that you can have too much even of a good thing. Chalk is essential to make your tire fitting easier and to lubricate the friction between inner tube and cover, but be careful not to let it accumulate within the tire. Little surpluses of it there become compressed into solid masses and cause wear.

Keep several pounds of chalk in a box in the motor house and a plentiful supply always aboard the car. Before fitting an air tube roll it round and round in the chalk until each part has been through it. Then shake the tube thor-

oughly to remove excess. If it is inconvenient to do this on the road, your best plan is to throw plenty of chalk into the cover, turn the wheel around slowly several times, patting the exterior to distribute the chalk thoroughly, then hold the cover open at its lowest point and brush out all superfluous chalk.

Whenever you remove a cover entirely from the rim you should make sure that all extraneous substances, no matter how minute, are carefully removed from its inner surface. Never wash chalk from the inside of the cover with water. Such obstinate particles as you cannot get out with a dry brush will yield to a little wood alcohol on a rag.

In fact, a good brush and dry rags should be part of your tire repair kit, and you should never put an inner tube into its cover without a careful wiping out of the entire inside of the latter. Proper attention to the inside of a shoe, to guard against dampness and dirt, will eliminate a large proportion of inner-tube troubles.

Good Things to Take Along

Besides the items already mentioned, your tire kit should include a good jack, a pump, preferably with gauge, a set of "quick detachable" tire tools or levers, tire cement, half a dozen insides of tire valves, several valve caps and dust caps, some patches of assorted sizes, a roll of tire tape, emery paper, scissors, a couple of gaiters with laces, and a tire fork if your tires are clinchers. A small vulcanizing outfit will also be a great convenience. It is possible to obtain this in very compact form with a special heating device within the vulcanizer, regulated by a thermostat so that it may be set at any desired temperature. Heat is supplied by connecting it with the batteries.

It is unnecessary to take space here to tell you how to fit on tires and remove them. Voluminous instructions are issued by all the tire manufacturers and may be found in the various automobile handbooks. They are as good a guide as you need for acquiring expertness. There are several precautions, however, which you will do well to lay to heart

and observe every time you have to make a tire adjustment.

Even more important than removing any dirt or grit you may find between the tube and the inner surface of the shoe is the prevention of the entrance of such foreign substances. Hence, whenever you fit on a shoe, make sure that the bead is thoroughly hidden by the rim on both sides of the wheel all the way around.

In washing a car be sure that the tires are well inflated and the wing nuts and valve nuts tightly screwed up. Do not even then turn the full force of the hose along the edges of the rim. That will assist particles of dirt in working down between it and the tire. It is best to wipe off mud and dirt from the tires with a cloth or sponge well wrung out. Dry the tires afterwards with another cloth.

In fitting on tires be particularly careful that neither the bead of the shoe nor the inner tube itself is caught by a security bolt. It is equally important to be always sure that the lock nuts of the valve stem and of the security bolts are kept tight enough to prevent water percolating through their holes into the rim, there to rot the rubber and fabric and rust the metal, causing serious friction. Loose retaining bolts may also be responsible for the most serious trouble of all.

If the beads of the shoe are not clamped securely into the rim, the entire shoe will "creep" gradually around the rim, causing a severe strain on the valve stem. This may result in a leak and perhaps in tearing the stem from the tube, which, of course, means a blow-out. The tires of the driving wheels require particular attention in this respect. The tractive effort to which they are constantly subjected makes it specially necessary in their case to see that the retaining bolts are always tight and the tires properly inflated to prevent any looseness which would enable even a small portion of the bead to work out.

A thorough periodical examination of the rims is a practice that cannot be urged too strongly. Rust or other particles must never be allowed to adhere

to their surfaces. When the least rust appears it should be removed at once with emery paper and the spot thoroughly lacquered.

Dents and bends in the rims must be straightened out at once, as they make it impossible to attach the bead effectively where they occur. Even a slight dent means extra wear against the bead or the delicate inner tube. One little spot where the bead is unduly pinched by the rim or where it is held so insecurely that it may work part way or all the way out means an ultimate blow-out. Such conditions should be avoided or corrected immediately they are discovered.

Watch the Outside of the Tire

It remains to mention, last but not least, the examination of the surface of the tire itself. It is not to be expected that the rubber and fabric of which the outer shoe is composed can run over even a good road without acquiring a few cuts and abrasions. These are often too small to obtrude themselves upon your attention. Frequent examination of the tires will reveal them, and you will be well rewarded for the trouble you take in remedying them at once. Even a very small cut neglected allows dampness to lurk within it or dirt to become bunched there beneath the outer rubber and slowly to work its way through first one ply and then another, until it eventually cuts the inner tube and a blow-out occurs.

When these cuts are discovered they should be thoroughly cleaned out and "filled" by applying one of the various cements or fillings furnished by tire manufacturers. Larger cuts should be vulcanized. The motorist who makes this a regular practice will add surprisingly to the life of his tires.

One of the best preventive measures to help make the tire problem simple of solution is the use of tire chains and tire protectors. The tread of an uncovered tire, as has already been shown, may be cut or bruised unless it is protected. Moreover, skidding is almost certain to result in wet weather unless the tires take a firmer grip on the road

surface than is usual with bare treads. Particularly is it necessary to have the highest degree of gripping force between the tire tread and the ground on a loosely or wet surfaced hill or along a muddy or sandy road.

Tire chains are designed to prevent skidding, not as protection against cuts and bruises. For the latter purpose one

must turn to tire protectors. These are constructed, as a rule, of specially prepared, very tough leather studded with metal rivets or other metallic projections and they cover the whole tread of the tire completely. Some makes of these protectors must be vulcanized to the rubber, while others are fastened to the tire by mechanical means.

HUNTING IN THE ARCTIC

By Harry Whitney

Part III

Bagging the Walrus with Harpoon and Rifle and Braving the Cold of the Northern Night for Polar Bear

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

SIPSU in the lead headed his dogs toward the open water. Oxpuddyshou and I followed, while Teddylinguah and Tukshu were a considerable distance in the rear. Numerous cracks in the old ice, some of them very wide, crossed our path. These were covered with young ice, and before trusting his sledge upon it, cautious Sipsu tested its strength with a harpoon staff.

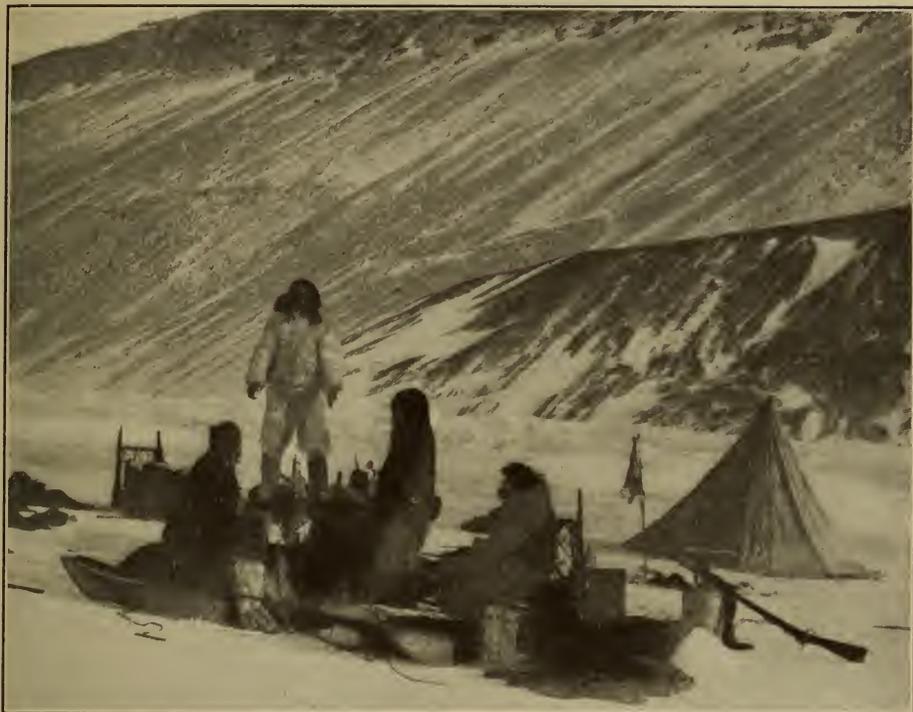
On this smooth, level ice the going was good and the dogs traveled at a rapid pace. We were permitted to ride, and I took advantage of the opportunity to settle comfortably upon the *komatik* for a nap. I was just dropping into a doze when suddenly the Eskimos began shouting wildly and excitedly to each other and I opened my eyes to see them turning the dogs sharply to another direction, whipping and urging them forward at the utmost speed. Something momentous had occurred, but for a time I could make nothing of it. At length, however, in a moment of calm, Oxpuddyshou told me that the

ice we were on had *shaddacood*, that is, gone adrift.

The situation was serious. Presently we reached the widening lead of green-black water that cut us off from the main body of ice, and mile after mile we raced along its edge, looking for a bridged passage. But no means of escape presented itself. With each mile the excitement of the Eskimos increased. The dogs began to tire and lag under the unusual strain. I became very nervous myself as a full realization of our precarious position forced itself upon me.

At length the men grew desperate. They ceased to follow each other and rushed off in different directions, and for several hours, widely separated, dashed hither and thither in a vain endeavor to find a means of escape.

This was the condition of affairs when we heard a shout from Sipsu, who was far to the northward. We ran in his direction, and when we reached him found that he had discovered a point where the crack which separated our



Copyright, 1909, by Harry Whitney.

A REST ON THE WAY TO HUMBOLDT GLACIER FOR BEAR.

floe from the main ice was not so wide as elsewhere, while several small pans of floating ice between the two larger bodies offered a possible, though uncertain, route to safety. It was a desperate chance, but we decided to attempt the passage.

Tukshu had not responded to Sipsu's call, but we hoped he would soon join us, and turned at once to our work. Without hesitation, Sipsu tied one end of a harpoon line about his waist as a life line, and while Oxpuddyshou and I held the other end, the venturesome Eskimo landed safely upon the first pan with a running jump. Thus he passed from pan to pan, finally reaching the main ice with no other mishap than wet feet.

Now it was a question how to induce the dogs to cross. It is difficult to force an Eskimo dog into a place where he will get wet. Among animals he is the greatest fool in this respect I have ever seen. Where one or two dogs go, however, the others will usually follow

like a flock of sheep, and the problem therefore was to get some of them started.

Sipsu's dogs would not respond to his call. Their dread of the water was greater than their fear of punishment for disobedience. It became necessary at length to tie three of them securely to one end of a harpoon line, on the other end of which Sipsu hauled, while we on the ice floe pushed the animals to a near-by pan of loose ice, and utilizing this pan as a ferry all the dogs and *komatiks* were at length transferred to the main ice in safety.

Tukshu had not yet arrived with his team when this was accomplished, but we had no time to look for him if we were to escape with our own lives. Farther out on the sound the ice was driving rapidly to the southward and smashing with loud and ominous reports. The lead of open water was visibly widening at our crossing point, and every moment was precious. Therefore, reluctant as we were to do so, we

were forced to abandon the luckless Tukshu to his fate, and one by one made the passage on the ice raft to the main ice.

The last of us had just made the landing in safety when we heard Tukshu shout, and a few minutes later he arrived, in a state of great excitement, at the point on the floe we had just abandoned. His coming brought us relief, for he might even yet be saved, though in imminent danger now of being hopelessly cut adrift. All hands worked rapidly and feverishly. Tukshu's dogs, then his *komatik*, and finally his belongings were all successfully transferred, and at length the Eskimo himself was afloat on the ice-pan ferry. But the danger was not yet over when we had him once adrift.

A Close Call for Tukshu

Tukshu on a block of ice was scarcely halfway across the open lead, when with a roar like the discharge of artillery, the floe he had just left broke into three parts. An upheaval of water followed, the pan upon which Tukshu was standing broke, and a wave ran over the main ice.

Tukshu seemed lost, but in some manner he succeeded in reaching the main ice and was hauled upon it. The other Eskimos began at once to beat the water and quickly formed ice out of his bearskin trousers, while he pulled off his wet *kuletar* and donned a *capartar*. Then I gave him a small drink of whisky from my flask, and he began running up and down to warm himself. I do not know whether it was the whisky or the excitement of his narrow escape, but suddenly Tukshu went *problokto** (temporarily crazy), and nearly two hours elapsed before he was sufficiently recovered for us to begin our retreat.

The excitement on the ice floe, the escape, and the peril of Tukshu had made me forget the cold. Now with wet feet, freedom from mental strain, and inactivity, it seemed to me that I

* Eskimos are occasionally afflicted with *problokto* during the Arctic night, doubtless induced by the strain of long-continued, unnatural conditions.

should freeze. Even the exercise of travel was of small avail.

We headed straight for land and when the ice foot was reached and mounted, made a brief halt to enable Sipsu and Oxpuddyshou to climb a mountain for a look at the ice ahead. Tukshu took advantage of the delay to roll into deerskins, and was soon asleep. I set up my two oil stoves, after much trouble, put over two kettles of snow to melt for tea, and attempted to thaw out some deer meat that had frozen as hard as a rock.

The moon had gone and it was very dark. As I made tea, I recall that I drew some comfort from the fact that very soon the good old daylight would come again to cheer our hearts, for already we were favored with nearly three hours of twilight.

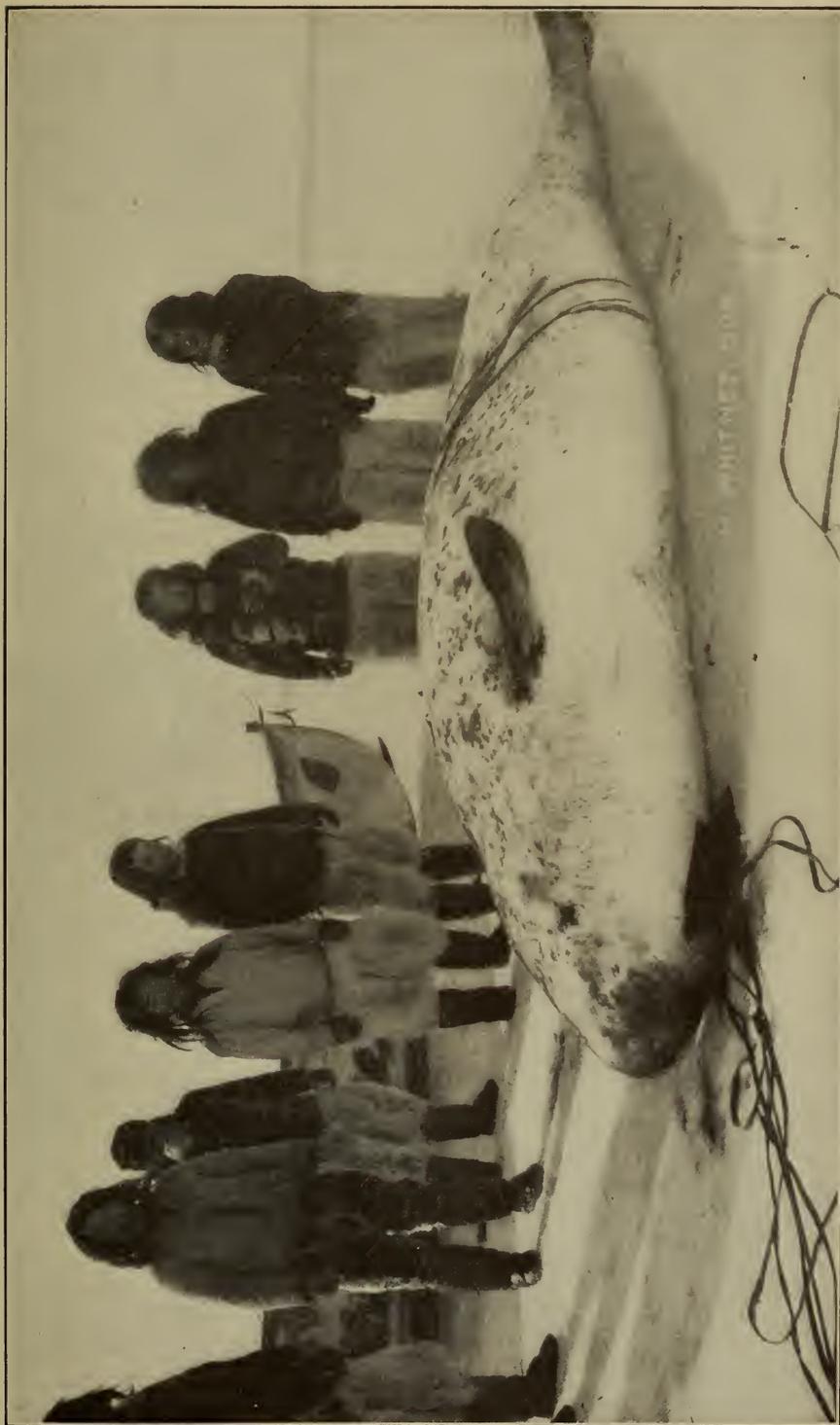
In a little while the Eskimos returned to report that from the little they could see there appeared to be good ice to the southward. Some biscuits were washed down with hot tea, and we resumed our march.

Two miles on the rough ice foot, and we descended again to the sound to find the ice smooth and fine, covered with a hard-packed drift. Presently, two of Oxpuddyshou's dogs laid down, utterly exhausted. He beat them nearly to death with the handle of his whip, but it was of no use. They howled lustily but would not walk another step. Then the *komatiks* were unloaded, and to my great joy I learned that an *igloo* was to be built and we should rest.

I set my watch by guess, for I had lost all record of days and time and everything, and when the *igloo* was ready, crawled into my sleeping bag for twelve and a half hours of dreamless slumber.

A strong northerly wind was blowing when we arose, and the weather was intensely cold. The Eskimos feasted on frozen walrus meat, chipped off with hatchets, while I heated a can of baked beans for my breakfast. This over, the loads were again lashed into place, and just as dawn was breaking we were moving again.

One of Oxpuddyshou's dogs, too weak to stand, was left behind. An-



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A NARWHAL KILLED DURING THE WALRUS HUNT.

other, a fine young fellow, was lashed upon Awhella's sledge so tightly that it seemed to me it could scarcely survive. The Eskimos, however, assured me it was all right.

We pushed along at a good pace for ten miles or so when Sipsu, well in the lead, stopped and began to shout. We were far from land, and with remembrance of our recent experience still in mind, and fearing that we were again adrift, the other Eskimos immediately became greatly excited.

When we overtook Sipsu, however, our fears were dispelled. He was down on hands and knees, carefully scrutinizing the snow, and I discovered that he was examining two sledge tracks headed to the south. Presently he informed me that the tracks must have been made within the past two days, otherwise they would have been covered with snow. Other Eskimos were not far off and we would follow them.

Finding a Haven of Warmth

The dogs' traces were hurriedly untangled, a few moments' conversation among the Eskimos, little of which I could understand, and we were away, trailing the *komatiks* that had gone before and pointing for Cape Robinson. Rounding the cape, we turned toward the head of a deep cove where we soon came upon an Eskimo settlement of three stone, and two snow, *igloos*, inhabited by ten natives, men, women, and children.

My cheeks and nose slightly frozen, my feet numb with the cold, and aching in every limb, I retreated to one of the stone huts while the Eskimos built a snow *igloo* for our party. The *igloo* which I entered was the home of Eiseyou, and unusually clean for an Eskimo *igloo*, though, like all of them, heavy with the odor of walrus and seal. They made me very welcome after the fashion of Eskimos, and in turn I made myself quite at home. I removed my *kuletak* and wrapped myself in warm deerskins, while two of the women took off my boots and briskly rubbed my nearly frozen feet to revive the circulation.

Thawed out and comfortable, I made

tea for the party over an Eskimo lamp and laid down for a few minutes' rest. How long I had slept I do not know. When I awoke the *igloo* was in total darkness, and three Eskimos were sleeping with me. I aroused one of them, lighted a lamp, donned my warm fur clothing, and left my drowsy hosts while I sought out my traveling companions.

They, too, were sleeping in the *igloo* they had built. I awoke them, a consultation was held, and it was decided to continue our search for walrus offshore, where our hosts of the settlement advised us we should find game a-plenty.

This program was followed. A few miles over the ice brought us to a lake of open water covered with small pieces of ice, and we were rewarded by seeing walrus rising to the surface now and again to blow.

There was no opportunity, however, for me to use my rifle. In fact, the Eskimos cautioned me not to fire, stating that the report would frighten the walrus away. Therefore I had to content myself with watching the others pursue the game in their own way, which was quite thrilling enough to recompense me for all the danger and hardship of the journey from Annotok.

With the harpoon as a weapon, the hunters left the solid ice to spring lightly from one small piece to another until a pan large enough to hold them was reached, far out in the open lake. The pieces over which the passage was made were often so small that they would have sunk under a man's weight had he faltered or hesitated upon them for a moment. It seemed to me that the Eskimos were absolutely reckless in this passage over the broken pieces and took no account of the manner in which they should return. Certainly only a fearless man with a clear eye and nerves of iron could accomplish it.

A large, safe pan once attained well in the midst of the blowing walrus, a stand was taken near its edge where, with harpoon poised, the hunter waited until a walrus came within striking distance. Then like lightning the weapon was sunk deep into the animal's body, and quick as a flash, a harpoon shaft, provided with a heavy point of iron,



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HOW THE HUNTERS SLEPT ON THE WAY TO THE BEAR COUNTRY.

was driven firmly into the ice, and several turns of the line taken around it and held taut by the Eskimo.

This strong line held the walrus in spite of its struggles to free itself, and not an inch was surrendered to it by the Eskimo. As the walrus gradually tired, the line was tightened little by little, until finally the great animal was well alongside the pan, when it was quickly dispatched with a lance.

In this manner, Awhella secured a large bull. More than an hour elapsed between the harpooning and the death. When it was finally killed, slits were cut back of the victim's neck through which lines were passed. A double pulley was improvised and in a few minutes Awhella, with the aid of two others, had the carcass on the ice. Every portion of the walrus was utilized save only the blood lost in killing it, and in an incredibly short time it was skinned, and the flesh cut in large pieces, lashed upon the *komatiks*, and we were on our way back to camp.

The sledges, now heavily laden, were worked through the rough ice with difficulty. A strong northeast wind sprang up, accompanied by flurries of snow, and very cold and tired we were when the *igloos* were reached.

Sipsu, who had remained behind to reconnoiter, returned several hours later to report a large number of walrus in sight, but so much driving ice that it was useless to attempt to hunt them. This ended our walrus hunt, and presently our retreat to Etah was again resumed.

Later in the season, after the return of the sun, I killed a great many walrus off Annotok and Etah. Here we followed two methods of hunting them. Watch was kept for herds either sleeping on floating ice or blowing in the water. If a herd was sighted on the ice, our boats were rowed as noiselessly as possible to its edge, and the walrus was shot, care being taken to place the ball either directly back of the head or about six inches back of the eye.



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AS SOON AS THE ICE WAS GONE THE WATER WAS DOTTED WITH LITTLE AUK.

Either of these shots, if accurately placed, will kill instantly. These are the only pregnable points. One might shoot a pound of lead into other parts of their bodies with little effect.

If the walrus were in the water, we approached as near as possible to them in a whale boat. Then an Eskimo would launch his *kayak*, steal upon them, and drive the harpoon home. This is highly dangerous work, for not infrequently the walrus will attack the *kayak*. But though the Eskimos have many narrow escapes from death, they appear never to grow timid and never hesitate to return to the hunt without any loss of ardor.

While I was at Etah, Sipsu was attacked in his *kayak*, and had it not been for the quick action of the others in going to his rescue in a whale boat, he would surely have been killed. As it was, he received ugly wounds on one leg, his right arm, and the back of his neck from the tusks of an infuriated bull.

My initiatory Polar bear hunt took place in late October, 1908. We were in winter camp at Annootok and our hunt was to carry us north to Humboldt Glacier, a favorite rendezvous for bear, while the land behind is fairly well stocked with reindeer.

My personal outfit included a sleeping bag, two changes of boots, three pairs of hareskin stockings, one pair of big bearskin mitts with three pairs of lighter ones to be worn inside, one pair bearskin pantaloons, one foxskin coat, and four deerskin *kuletars*. Our party was composed of the elder Oxpuddyshou, one of the oldest men of the tribe, with fourteen dogs; Kulutinguah, with twelve dogs; Kudlar, with ten dogs; and Ilabradou, with fourteen dogs, the last named also a very old man. Oxpuddyshou was my personal companion, and I traveled with his sledge.

The morning was bitterly cold. The dogs left the station with a rush, impatient to be away, as is their habit always upon beginning a journey, but heavy,



H. WHITNEY, 1909

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CROSSING AN OPEN LEAD NORTH OF ANNOOTOK ON A SEAL HUNT.



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AT ANNOTOK BEFORE STARTING FOR BEAR.

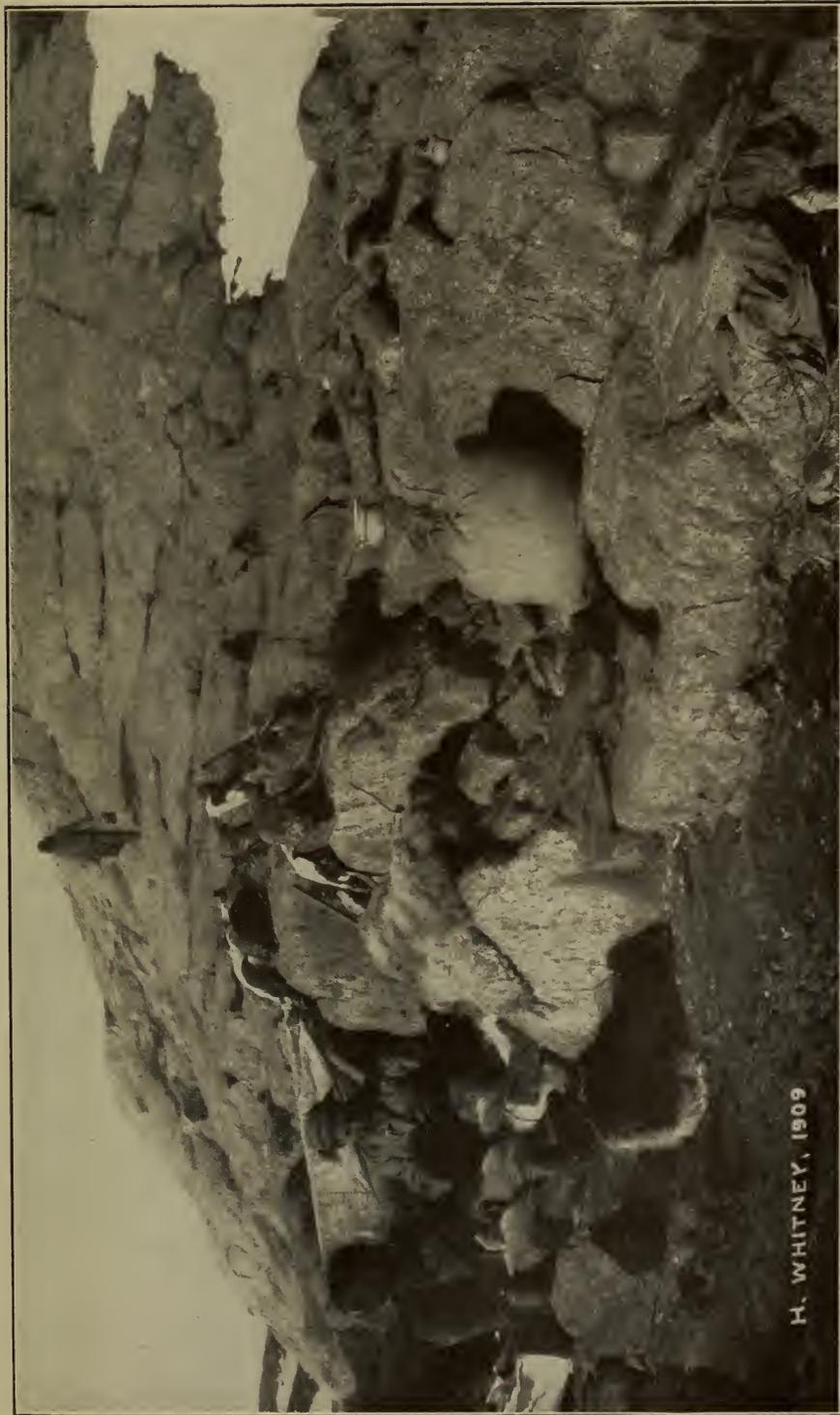
soft snow soon brought them down to a slow and tedious gait. Two young dogs in Oxpuddyshou's team presently declined to pull, and the impatient and enraged Eskimo mercilessly beat them to death with the handle of his whip, cut their harness, and left the carcasses on the ice. For a time the remaining twelve worked well, but at length one of them also lagged, and much time was lost in frequent halts while Oxpuddyshou beat the dog until the unfortunate creature began to bleed at the nose, and it, too, was cut loose and left for dead.

The delay caused by the frequent halts to beat the dogs lost us much valuable time, resulting in the other sledges leaving us far in the rear. However, the remaining dogs settled down to good, steady hauling, and on reaching smooth ice late in the day a speed of from four to four and a half miles an hour was attained; when we halted to camp by the side of a large island of ice, we had covered twenty-three miles.

The night was dark as pitch and the cold was intense, bitter, penetrating. My sleeping bag was too small for comfort, my tent crowded with three occupants and very cold. All this brought home to me the fact that an unpleasant experience lay before me, comparatively unaccustomed as I was at that time to winter traveling in the Arctic. However, I promptly fell asleep and slept so soundly and well that I scarcely realized I had lain down when stirring Eskimos advised me that it was time to be up.

My oil stove lighted and my kettle over for tea, I went out of the tent to run up and down on the ice for fifteen minutes to get my blood to circulating. In all my life I had never beheld such a morning, nor such a combination of dreary desolation and wonderful beauty.

The waning moon was very near to earth. A multitude of stars shone from a deep-blue sky with a brilliancy I had never before witnessed, and so close that I fancied I could almost reach them with my hand. Even the horizon



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DUCK SHOOTING ON LITTLETON ISLAND; THE BAG IN THE FOREGROUND CONTAINS EIDER DOWN.

seemed but a step away. Frost rime hung in the air like a transparent veil of spun silver and the white expanse of snow and ice glistened in the starlight like a world of crystal.

Bacon and tea were my breakfast, and then began an unbroken march of fifteen hours to a miserable camp under the cliffs at Cape Russell. North of Cape Russell an open lead of water, varying in width from fifty to one hundred yards, was encountered, and for three miles offshore it was followed before a suitable crossing place was found where new ice had bridged it. This ice was very thin and bent under the weight of dogs and *komatiks* as we hurried over it, but did not break.

Now rough ice, exceedingly difficult to negotiate, was encountered, and the drivers made free use of their whips. It is remarkable how expert they are in handling this weapon. It has a short, wooden handle and a sealskin lash, twenty to twenty-five feet in length, and the Eskimos, who wield it equally well in either hand, can cut with never failing accuracy the delinquent dog aimed at.

The ice foot here must be very old. It is two hundred yards wide and fully twenty feet thick. Presently we climbed it and on the upper level found a clear, fine road of smooth and perfect ice. Two hours after dark Cape Scott was reached. Here we found Sipsu's *tupek*, and lying around it nine deerskins, two large Polar bearskins, and a great deal of meat piled up and covered with rocks, but no sign of the hunters themselves. As quickly as possible I put up my tent, got my fires going, and had a generous supply of Sipsu's deer meat in the kettle cooking for supper.

I had just crawled into my sleeping bag when I heard the crack of dog whips, and presently Tukshu, Teddylinguah, and Sipsu arrived, each with a *komatik* heavily loaded with meat. The three Eskimos had killed eleven deer and two bears. All day they had been hauling the deer meat out of the hills, and were now making ready to begin their return journey to Etah in the morning.

I settled for sleep, but in a little while a pandemonium of fighting, howling

dogs and singing Eskimos struck up, making it evident that a celebration was in progress and that sleep would be out of the question. So I decided to rise, join the hunters, and make a night of it.

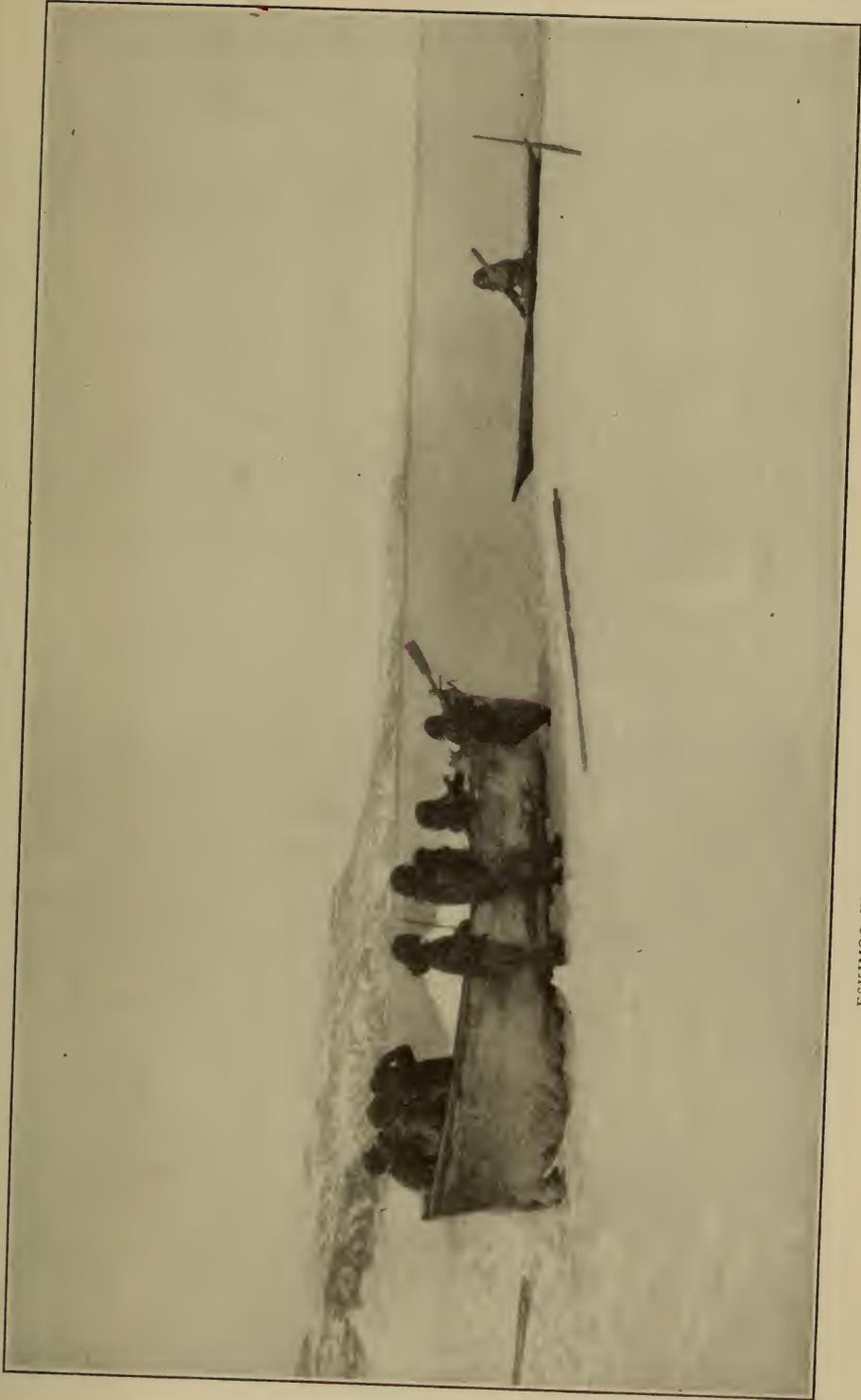
A spectacle, weird and impressive, met my view. With bear and seal fat for fuel, the Eskimos had built a large fire. The flame shooting high in air spread its light for a long distance, illuminating the surrounding icebergs, the blue-green masses of the nearer ones reflecting the light or casting uncanny shadows, while those in the distance stood out in fantastic silhouette against the darkened sky beyond. The effect was beautiful and indescribable. Around the fire were gathered long-haired, dark-hued, fur-clad savages, feasting on raw meat or singing their native chants, while wolflike dogs skulked in the background.

Separating the Forces

I joined the group, hoping that the fire might spread a glow of warmth, but I was disappointed. Here I talked over a plan of action with my own party, and it was decided that Kudlar and one other should go inland and hunt for deer, while I, with the remainder of the Eskimos, continued on the ice to look for bear. An equal division was made of biscuits, sugar, and tea, and through Sipsu's generosity a quantity of deer meat was added to our supplies.

Long before daylight Sipsu, Teddylinguah, and Tukshu turned southward with heavily loaded sledges, while our party headed northward, the two deer hunters leaving us at Brooks Island. We who were after bear skirted the island, then headed west off the front of Humboldt Glacier, picking our way through rough ice between the icebergs.

After a few hours of hard work, bear tracks were sighted. We gave chase, but they soon turned into rafted, broken ice so rough that further progress in that direction with the sledges was impossible, and we were forced to turn back. Presently on a large pan of smooth ice we came on the tracks of a number of bears, but all were so old that the dogs failed to catch the scent, until at dusk



ESKIMOS WAITING FOR A WALRUS TO COME UP TO BLOW.

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we fell again upon a fresh trail. Here the animals took the scent and were off on a dead run. It was highly exciting. Not a sound broke the silence save the panting of the dogs and the occasional bump of the sledges over small lumps of ice.

Ilabradou and his dogs, not far behind, was quite invisible through the cloud of steam that rose from the bodies of the heated dogs; I could not make them out, in fact, until they drew close alongside Oxpuddyshou. Every moment now I hoped for a shot at the bear, but disappointment came again. Suddenly the trail, like the other one we had followed, turned into rough ice, and thickening darkness compelled us to relinquish the chase.

Here we camped. The Eskimos, fearing that they might be attacked by the bear as they slept, placed their rifles alongside their sleeping bags with elaborate preparation for defense. As for myself, the night's prospect was miserable. My feet and hands were already numb with cold, and my sleeping bag, at best too small, now frozen hard with moisture from my body, refused to admit me. My tent, completely covered with a crust of frost, was hardly less comfortable than the open.

Under these conditions I slept but little, and was indeed thankful when morning came. My thermometer was gauged to register only to forty-eight degrees below zero, and there the marker stood. How much colder it was, I cannot say. My nose and cheeks were frozen and my feet so numb that Oxpuddyshou removed my boots and thrust them under his birdskin shirt to warm them with the heat of his body.

We had crossed nearly the whole face of Humboldt Glacier, and not far away lay Cape Webster. Dog food was nearly exhausted. The ice beyond was piled in a rough, impassable mass, and it was decided to turn back to Annootok.

Here we lost the sun. He bade us a final adieu for the long winter, but left a suggestion of his presence below the horizon in a mass of marvelous colorings—red and orange—reaching upward

from the white earth beneath into the deep blue of the high heavens.

The traveling was hard and slow. I walked the greater part of the time in a vain endeavor to keep my feet warm. A light north breeze cut through and through, and no amount of physical exertion could overcome its effect.

Near Cape Scott two white foxes were startled and darted away. A few ravens had been seen, but not another living thing was encountered in the one hundred and fifty miles traversed in search of bear. The whole world seemed frozen and dead save only our own struggling selves as we toiled southward.

Below Cape Scott, Kulutinguah joined us. His hunt had been rewarded with one small bear and one deer, and he was ready to go back. Here another miserable camp was made, followed by another day of suffering. As I walked my nose was again frozen, and presently the tips of the fingers on each hand turned white. Then my feet, painful with the cold, suddenly lost all feeling, and I knew that they, too, had frozen. But there was nothing to do but push on and endeavor to reach Annootok as quickly as possible.

A Cold That Never Lets Go

When we camped at the end of that march, the Eskimos pulled off my boots to find the bottoms and heels of both feet frozen, how badly they could not tell. They thrust them under their shirts and rubbed them briskly until the frost was removed. Then I drew on dry socks, and they instructed me to pull on my boots without a moment's delay, for had I left them off for even a little while my feet would have swelled to such an extent that I could not have got the boots on again.

The hardest part of winter traveling in the Arctic is the fact that no artificial heat can be had in camp to overcome the intense and continuous cold. My feet were now so sore that I could walk but little and had to forego therefore, the exercise of running and sit on the *komatik* wrapped in deerskins.

The Eskimos lightened one of the

sledges that the dogs might haul me over rough places, but riding under these conditions was anything but a pleasant experience. For two days I was unable to make entries in my journal, but it was the same story of intermittent rough and smooth going, miserable camps, and unvarying cold.

At last we reached Annotok. The little box shack was warm and cozy and the most comfortable place it has ever been my experience to enjoy. My feet were so swollen that one boot could only be removed by cutting it away. Both feet were blistered and some flesh pulled off, but I was thankful to find that the toes were uninjured.

The Eskimos were very kind to me. Kudlar's *kooner* (wife) brought me a pair of warm, comfortable hareskin slippers, and it was only a matter of a few days when I was able to walk again.

Thus ended my first bear hunt in the Arctic, unsuccessful and disappointing, but full of experience. Later I was more successful, but the only difference of the later trip from the one which I have described was in the fact that I got some bear. If anything it was less arduous and adventurous than was the trip which ended in failure.

My story is now completed. I had had my try at Arctic game and was well content to return home. It was on August 17, 1908, that the *Roosevelt* sailed for the north, leaving me at Etah. One year later—lacking one day—on August 16, 1909, she reappeared. The first signal of her appearance was from one of the Eskimos, who rushed into camp shouting "*Omixwas!*" (ship). I got out at once and ran to the top of a hill, and far to the southward I could see a large steamer.

My first thought was that it was a ship dispatched from home to pick me up, but soon my glasses showed her to be the *Roosevelt*. As she drew nearer I put off in a whale boat and was soon alongside, once more shaking hands with my own kind after a year in the sav-

agery and desolation of the Arctic. Only one face was missing from the party that had bade me farewell a year ago, that of Marvin, who I learned had been lost through the ice on his return from the Polar Sea.

I was interested to discover that I had gained thirteen days in my rough and ready calculations of time, which was not so bad considering the long darkness and the absence of a calendar. Three days the *Roosevelt* remained at Etah, and then we started south, touching at the Eskimo settlements along the coast. The previous southward trip of the *Roosevelt* had been for the purpose of hunting walrus in Whale Sound to supply food for the families of the Eskimos who had been with Commander Peary.

Lack of coal limited the speed of the *Roosevelt* to four knots an hour and on August 23d we sighted a small craft with all sails set, headed north, which we soon learned was the *Jeanie*, commanded by one of the oldest and best Arctic navigators, Captain Samuel Bartlett, of Brigus, Newfoundland. When Commander Peary, Captain Robert Bartlett, and myself boarded her we learned that she was on the way to Etah for me and that she also carried coal for the *Roosevelt* and, best of all, letters and newspapers for all of us. It is worth mentioning that the *Jeanie* is one of the smallest vessels that has ever attempted to penetrate the Arctic. Her appearance made a slight change in my plans, and after a talk with Captain Sam I decided to cross to the entrance of Jones Sound and follow the edge of the ice to the southward in search of bear.

Our farewell to the Arctic was said at Cape Haven, just north of Frobisher's Straits, on September 13th. Here we picked up the shipwrecked crew of the *Snowdrop*, lost the previous year, and turned our prow southward. September 28th saw us at St. Johns, Newfoundland, the end of our long sea journey.





CEDRIC S. CERF, A CALIFORNIA CAPTAIN OF RUGBY FOOTBALL.

Mr. Cerf was captain of the University of California Rugby Team during the recent season, and under his direction his team defeated Stanford by a score of 19 to 13, on November 13th, the first victory for California in this the biggest intercollegiate contest on the Coast since 1902. Mr. Cerf is 5 ft. 8 inches in height, weighs 173 pounds, and is 22 years old. His first football experience was in the intercollegiate game which he played during his Freshman year. In the first two years of the Rugby game at the University his position was in the five eighths line. In the recent season he played fullback.



STALKING THE SLIPPERY SEAL

By Stephen Chalmers

Illustrated by Charles F. Peters

IF lions were as common and as easy hunting as squirrels, who would hunt lions? Who would spend thousands of dollars on the kit necessary for an African trek, run the risk of death by snake bite, fever, tsetse-fly, sleeping sickness, or any other of the woolly terrors of the Dark Continent, if the sporting instinct did not demand even chances between the lion and the man?

The man, on one side of the game, is possessed of brains, although they will count for nothing if he succumbs to jungle perils, and he is armed with weapons which his brain cunning has evolved against brute instinct. The lion, on the other side, is entrenched behind barriers almost impregnable against the white man, and he is armed with a brute instinct and cunning which no human possesses. So the man has by no means the best of it, although he might have if he were unsportsmanlike enough to wish it.

But the first rule of sport is even chances and no favor. The man who snarls and growls and swears "there ain't no fish" because none bites ought

not to be classed as one of the brotherhood of sportsmen. We cannot all of us afford to go lion-hunting in Africa, but in a humbler way at home we *do* try to make the best sport of the littlest game.

The hunter who bags the limit of two deer in a season and growls at the restrictions of the law is a "hog"; the fellow who bags one deer and "home rejoicing comes" may or may not be a sportsman; but the hunter who bags not even a jack rabbit after spending his entire vacation in the pursuit and cheerfully says: "Hard luck. Next time—" is a sport from his moccasins up! He'll come again next year and be all the keener for his previous defeat.

But to come to the point—and then the story: A phase of the true sporting instinct is that, when you have won a coveted trophy, you are anxious to secure another of another sort. The more difficult the new task, the better pleased you are with the job you have set yourself; and the longer delayed the achievement, the greater the triumph in prospective. It is like Sir Thomas Lipton and that cup— But, there! Sportsmen read this magazine. They know!

Granting, then, that the joy of the hunt is in the difficulty of the quarry, let's go stalking the slippery seal!

Here is a sport which the mind at once associates with Arctic necessity. Also, the mind questions the word "sport," recalling tales of the brutality of killing seal and of the tender-hearted, sea-faring ruffian who looked into the "liquid, appealing eyes" of the seal and "just couldn't do it." This may be all right in the Arctic and Antarctic where, perhaps, seal are so unused to the wiles of the hunter that they can be trained to the bottle diet. But if the popular novelist would try his skill at bagging "soulful-eyed" seal around the Bay of Fundy islands off the northeast end of Maine, he would revise his literary works, or never cease to wonder why he never got near enough to see the whites of the liquid, pleading eyes.

A seal is the slickest, smoothest, slipperiest article that ever fired a sportsman's ambition. If you don't believe it, "Read, Mirza!" as the old Oriental said when he was itching for a story.

I was sitting on the veranda of an inn on Campobello Island in Passamaquoddy Bay, wondering what source of amusement deep-sea fishermen found in a man playing a scrappy rock-cod with a fly rod, when an Openango Indian with his squaw came along and laid at my feet a big basket full of quaint works of aboriginal art, with an invitation to buy.

There were clay pipes bound with grass, baskets woven of varicolored fibers, all sweet-smelling, wooden plates carved with tepees and tomahawks and Indian sign language, and there were beaded tobacco pouches. But what attracted me was a pelt of shining, silver-gray hair about the size of a dogskin. In the basket I could see purses and moccasins made of the same cozy-looking material.

"Seal," said Chief Tomah Neptune, of the Openango royal family of Neptune.

"Where from?"

He pointed to the rocks. The great Fundy tide was on the ebb.

"Get um here—no much," said Tomah. "Other side plenty. Here too

much Boston steamboat, though me see four two-day-gone Duck Cove by Lubec Narrows. Other side Cam'bello plenty—'round ledges Grand Manan, too—all place at low tide. But," he added with an aboriginal smile, "you can't get. Can't get!"

"Can't I? Why not?"

"Too smart. Too quick. Only Indian can get."

Now, wouldn't that annoy a white man! To whistle up the Fundy lad, who was guide and local philosopher, order a rig for the run to the ocean side of the island, fetch a rifle and some cartridges, and get into rough togs was fifteen minutes' lively stepping. The tide was ebbing fast and Tomah's alleged ledges should be visible.

Once on the hard shell road which crosses Campobello through three miles of balsam, spruce, and pine, I told Marvin, the philosophic guide, what I was after.

"You can't shoot 'em," said he. "Anyway, they ain't good for nothing."

I said nothing to this. It was Marvin who laughed loudest at the idea of a man catching big, deep-sea fish "on a tin pole with a wheel on it, when it was easier an' more payin' to land 'em with a scoopin' net."

"Thought you was goin' after duck, maybe," said Marvin.

"With a rifle?"

"If ye was a good shot," said Marvin thoughtfully, "ye'd be surer of killin' 'em that way."

It was Marvin's first experience as a guide. He was not yet experienced in the tactful requirements of guidehood. He would plunge a tenderfoot in gloom in five minutes by saying: "It's like to rain. Don't think there'll be any fish to-day, anyway. But if ye want to try, why——"

He was young in years as well as in experience as a guide. As a Bay of Fundy deep-sea fisher lad, he knew it all; but deep-sea fishing for profit is one thing and sport another. An interesting lad was Marvin, though, as a study. For one thing, he believed that the souls of dead people sometimes went into animals.

There was one time he saw a rabbit

sitting not ten paces away. He raised his rifle and—"somethin' about that rabbit told me not to fire." Perhaps the rabbit was a perfectly unpossessed rabbit. Perhaps the innate sporting instinct of the white man whispered that it was "too easy."

Whenever he chopped wood, by the way, he had hemorrhages. So he never chopped wood. An unsympathetic, un-

themselves—lighthouse tip touching lighthouse tip, like a folded cut-out paper unfolded.

Occasionally there was a heavy splash in the fish weirs, telling of a finny tribe (probably pollock) caught in the toils of the deep-sea toilers. A pair of ducks flew, long-necked, over one of the heads, while the raucous laughter of a pair of ravens came from the woods. A few



"TOO SMART. TOO QUICK. ONLY INDIAN CAN GET."

feeling person discovered that his hemorrhages were merely the nose-bleeding of a healthy youngster. But Marvin refused to believe it and still steadfastly eschews wood-chopping.

This to introduce friend Marvin.

We came out of the woods abruptly. We had reached a great semicircling beach looking through two great rocky heads toward the Bay of Fundy. Herring Cove was as placid as a mountain lake at dusk and even the great bay was so mirrorlike that Nova Scotia was miraged in air, and two little islands—The Wolves—were topsy-turvy upon

minutes before we had passed a thin, fresh-water lake which looked trouty. On the whole, this side of the island had the air of a likely place for sport. And just then the air was broken by a faint mew.

"Cats!" said I, with infinite disgust.

"No. Reckon that's a seal," said Marvin, as if it really made no difference. I was agog on the instant.

"Maybe it's in the weir," said Marvin. "Sometimes they get caught like that. . . . It would be easier shootin' him there," he added, with that jarring practical note of his.



THIS TO INTRODUCE FRIEND MARVIN.

We watched the weir. A fish leaped—a silver hake, by the flash of it, but no seal. We walked along the grassy southern head toward the rocky point, keeping a sharp lookout. To the left was Herring Cove; to the right of the head another—Raccoon Cove. The point of rocks stretched far out, weedy and fresh after their twelve-hour submersion. The tide was not yet full out and the sea was blotted by rock points, ever rising as the sea slipped backward.

Again came the far, faint mew—for all the world like a kitten mewing or a stout gentleman yawning. Marvin's ear got the direction and for a minute he stood looking away over Raccoon Cove to the fast-spreading ledges in the middle of the bay.

"There's three of them—four, maybe," said he coolly.

"Three!—four! What?"

"Seals," said Marvin laconically.

I looked, as a man will at something he very much wanted to see. I could make out two or three gray spots on the ledge—and that was all. Presently there came the catlike call again and one

of the gray spots spread into a blot of white. The seals were up on the ledge, sensuously rolling in the sunlight. They were fully one thousand yards from us.

I looked at the weedy rocks. Even if I reached the land point nearest to the ledge without dropping, gun-laden, into one of the many deep, watery chasms between, I must still be too far away for a decent shot at a vague gray object.

"We might get a boat," I whispered—why I whispered I don't know—"and row quietly around in the shelter of the rocks until——"

"I'd hev to steal a boat," said Marvin.

"Well, beg, borrow, or—the point is *get one!*"

Marvin went back to Herring Cove in search of a boat, after suggesting that I climb down to the point of the head, where he would pick me up.

I got to the farthest land point without disturbing the seals, which were still lolling about on the ledge. As I sat on the rock waiting for the nefarious Marvin, a flat brown head with little eyes, a large bill, and a longish neck, turned and looked at me rather quizzically. It was a black duck—a drake, rather.

The bird sat on a near rock regarding me. The temptation to "flush" the game and fire was strong, but I was after seals. "'Twas ever thus!" Presently the wild duck flapped into the sea and swam leisurely away into the hidden pools between the rocks.

All Quiet Among the Seals

I took a last peep at the seals as Marvin came around with the boat. They were apparently unsuspecting. During the next ten minutes we were rowing softly, or paddling, or pulling ourselves along the rock sides of the water channels, ever drawing nearer the seals.

There was one big, rocky knob which I hoped to reach unobserved. Then I could crawl to the smooth slanting summit and get a shot at about three hundred yards. But in crossing the strait of water to it, minor projecting rocks would force us out of the line of concealment.

"You've just got to chance it," I said

to Marvin. "Go ahead—quietly. They may not see us."

But at the first diversion from the line of concealment there came a high-pitched nasal cry from the ledge, followed by a splash—two splashes—three!—four!

"Row straight to the ledge!" I whispered excitedly, still full of hope. "There may be one behind there."

Marvin rowed while I crouched in the bow with the rifle ready cocked. Landing on the slippery, sea-weedy ledge I found—nothing! Even as I stood there reflecting upon the slipperiness of seals, a round whiskered head popped up in the sea about fifty yards away. The rifle barked. Pop! went the head simultaneously. Bang! went Marvin's shotgun in another direction. The shot sprayed like a comet's tail on the sea, but that head was gone, too.

"Told ye they was too smart," said the consoling Marvin.

We rowed back to Herring Cove and left the boat where Marvin had found it. There was one consolation. There were seals—and they would take some hunting.

Next day I went alone—rode boot and saddle and tied up in the woods near the southern head. I had decided that the boat was of little use. I could never get near enough. To-day I wanted to reconnoiter and plan.

I sat on the head smoking, with the rifle beside me. I watched the tide fall and the green tips of the ledges come through the surface. By and by the seals crawled up and began their low-tide play. I was too far off for them to feel or take alarm, although I have no doubt they saw me.

Just as I was about to give up in disgust, I made a discovery. On the previous day I had not observed the full extent of the tide-fall. Now, at low tide, I discovered that I could walk dry-shod to that big, rocky knob which faced the ledge that held my seals three hundred yards beyond.

In a moment I was on my feet and making for it, taking advantage—even at that distance—of every bit of cover. It took me twenty minutes to reach the rear base of that extreme knob of rock. The

last glimpse I had had of the seal ledge there were five seals lolling on it. The back of the rock was almost perpendicular; also it was as slippery as—a seal. But I clawed my way to the top, where I lay on the smooth inward slope, letting my breath and my heart get back to aim-steadiness.

Then with the rifle cocked and shouldered I wriggled up and forward on my elbows. The barrel was now over the top and I lowered the muzzle by raising myself until my eyes peered through the peep-sight, level with the ledge where the seals were.

Wouldn't Wait for Him

Through the sight I saw the ledge—and that was all!

"Oh!—you—slick—beggars!" I said to the vacant ledge. "But, by thunder! I'll get one of you if I have to stay here all summer."

I waited a while and saw the seals pop their mocking heads above the water, but there was little use in wasting powder. On the previous night Tomah, the Indian, had told me that one had to shoot them on the ledges—a straight head shot—otherwise they got into the water, where, dead or alive, they sank to the bottom.

I waited a while, then rode back to the inn on the civilized side of the island. But I had a plan. To-morrow I would come early—before the tide had ebbed enough to show the tops of the ledges. If the seals were still at the bottom of the sea, they would hardly take notice of a boat which would be rowed to the rocky knob long before low water. The ebbing tide would leave the boat high and dry, even as it brought the ledges to view and the seals to the ledges. But I would be in by the "early doors," sitting in a front seat all ready for the show.

Next day I put the plan into execution. The ledges were invisible, only a lighter hue of the sea marking their location, and the waters of Raccoon Cove were placid and unbroken. The tide was ebbing as I moored the boat to the rock and crawled to my hiding place.

Have you ever watched a tide go out?

Even in the Bay of Fundy, where the big, rapid tide is a true thing spoken in jest, it seemed like the watched pot—the slowest, weakest, most miserably tedious phenomenon in the world. Like the old man who had never seen the ocean before, if I hadn't watched a stone with my eye, I wouldn't have believed that there was any such thing in the world as a tide.

Watching that stone and the increasing ripples where the sea's bones were about to break through the sea's skin at the ledges had a soporific effect. My eyes grew sleepy from staring at the sunlit sea, and the smell of the salt, wet weed of the rocks acted like some kind of volatile anesthetic.

Good Place for Dreams

It was an ideal place for dreaming, anyway. I puffed away at a pipe and rolled over on my side. Away off to the east were the cliffs of Grand Manan, their rugged contour ghostly distinct in the clear air. An unseen steamer, bound out of St. John, no doubt, left a ten-mile, cometlike stratum of smoke on the horizon. The Wolves were again in mirage, while over the intervening calm waters flocks of little sea geese skimmed like driven spray or snow flurries.

I was startled presently by a terrific snore and a rush of water. I peered over the rock. Between me and the seal ledge a patch of sea was strangely perturbed. Now what could that be making all that disturbance?

I watched. Presently, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a great, mountainous back roll upward and over—in a kind of somersault—about one hundred yards to the left of the spot where I had first noted the disturbance. Then came a mighty snore—like an exhaust—and a shower of water lashed into spray by a great tail.

It was a whale!—come into the warm cove waters either in play or in pursuit of young herring.

For a moment I was of a mind to put a bullet into it at the next "blow." (It was heading to pass near my rock.) Back at the inn they were smiling over

my sealing excursions. What a revenge to go back and say casually:

"I've shot a whale, by the way. Would you mind sending four or five motor boats to tow it around?"

I had to laugh at the fantastic idea. My gun would just tickle the monster, which usually takes a harpoon and a hundred fathoms of rope, and no easy task at that. I decided to let the whale depart untickled and wait for seals.

The ledges were visible by this time. The seals had not yet appeared. The boat was lying on its side, hidden by the big rock, and the passage behind the rock was almost dry. It would soon be time.

I filled my pipe again and lay on the warm odorless seaweed, feeling very contented. It was a fine place to spend a summer afternoon, even if the seals never came. I looked at the wooded island—a bit of the Maine woods detached from the main woods. Ha! It had a great history, this island. It used to be owned by a choleric old British admiral who ruled it and its people like a lord of the manor. He had a wooden leg—or was it a hook for a hand?—and he carried a telescope.

Kidd, of course, had buried treasure here, but in this case somebody had found the treasure and made off with it without even gratifying other people's curiosity. Other people found the hole, the outlines of a clamped iron chest, and some pieces of eight. I wonder what the other fellows got away with?

Then there was the time of the embargo, when Campobello was a handy place for smuggling, between Moose Island and Nova Scotia (called "Sweden," with a wink). Lord! how they did smuggle—flour, merchandise, even Virginia negroes for the West Indian plantations.

I was getting dreamy—sleep-dreamy. This wouldn't do. I was after seals, and their hunt precludes sleep.

I turned to the ledges. One seal had crawled half way out of the water and was looking around. I popped down again. Give 'em time. Give 'em time!

The whale was still playing around the head, coming up about every minute to blow off its great exhaust. I had never been on such close intimacy with

a whale—or seal, either. This was the great sea, indeed . . . the sea one reads about in books. Think of the “wonders of the Lord” down there in the “great waters”—down in the green depths. Matthew Arnold, wasn’t it? The sonorous Matthew. He knew—

Sandstrewn caverns cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep. . .

How did the thing go, anyway?

Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
And the salt weed sways in the stream.
Where the sea-beasts rang’d all round
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground . . .

But there was something about whales. That whale, you see, was the cause of it all.

Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye.

Ah, yes. . . Round and round and round for ever and ever, amen! . . . It must be great to be a whale. . .

When I awoke the sun was a different color and the shadows were longer. Also, it was a little cool. It was a moment before I realized that the mighty Nimrod had been asleep for hours. I looked quickly at the ledges in Raccoon Cove. The turned tide had not yet covered them, but there was not a sign of a seal. That was queer. I had been *very* still.

I looked behind me and my heart almost stopped beating. The tide had



“TOLD YE THEY WAS TOO SMART,” SAID THE CONSOLING MARVIN.

filled the channel. I was cut off from land, and it would soon be dark. I suffered a few seconds of acute fear before I remembered and saw the boat. I climbed in quickly and got ashore, feeling self-congratulatory for at least one thing. I found the horse, half asleep, too. Then I had a good laugh. It had been a sleepy afternoon all round.

When I got back to the inn I met Tomah, the Indian. I explained the whole scheme and how the seals had failed to enter into it by making an appearance. (While I spoke of the snoring whale I said nothing of the snoring Nimrod.) How did he account for the seals' behavior?

As I was speaking, Tomah's black eyes were riveted upon the pipe which reeked between my teeth.

"You smoke pipe on big rock?" said he.

"Yes."

"Huh!" Tomah ejaculated with a grin. "*Seal smellee man smoke!*"

Off for Grand Manan

My friend, Merriman, found me on the inn veranda three days later, disconsolately pondering on the slipperiness of seals. Merriman owned a sailboat with a "kicker" attachment, on the revised Shakespearean principle that "it boots *some* to resist both wind and tide."

"You're coming with us for a sail around Grand Manan," he stated.

"No," was the ungracious reply. "I'm going after seals."

"Look here," said Merriman, in a kindly, brotherly way, "you can't get a seal that way. They see, smell, and hear in a way you can't understand. It's only the Indian who can land 'em around these waters. They shoot 'em even in the water and spear them from the bottom at low tide. Out on the big Fundy ledges beyond Manan, especially the Merrill Ledges or Cross Jack Ledge, you would stand a better chance of a kill before they could reach the water."

"Show me Cross Jack Ledge—quick."

"Well," said Merriman, "it would mean two days—more if there was fog—and sleeping in the cockpit. Next

week we'll get up an expedition with old Captain Cheney. He's the original seal-hunter. In the meantime, come with us to-day. Bring your rifle and we'll take in the Gull Ledges to the east of Grand Manan."

So I went, not at all sure that I had a right to be enjoying myself as matters stood between seal and me. But I took my rifle along and sat before the mast.

We came under the great cliffs of Grand Manan, where only a short time ago the *Hestia* piled up, and only six came ashore alive. There were reefs everywhere and every one of them could tell a story of a wooden wall or a mass of steel flung upon its fangs. But Commodore Merriman was at the wheel and the rest of the party cheerfully drew corks and opened sardine cans.

When we rounded the queer-shaped extremity of Grand Manan called the Southern Cross, and headed northeast, a southwest breeze saved gasoline, and we tore ahead under sail. About two in the afternoon we sighted the Gull Ledges and Merriman got the glasses.

"Forrad ahoy!" he hailed. "There's seals for you if we can get up to them."

With the naked eye I could see nothing but gray specks, but I knew by this time what gray specks meant.

Merriman kept away from the ledges, sailed past them, then put the sloop on the starboard tack until we had the ledges to windward. Then he hove to and pulled in the dinghy. I got into the bows. He took the oars, while an elderly New York gentleman with the spirit of a twenty-year-old took the stern, "for ballast and for fun," as he said.

As we rowed away from the sloop, the other members of the party warned us that they would play audience and would expect the worth of their delay. From the deck they could plainly see the seals on the first of the ledges. The seals saw them, too, and as we rowed toward the rocks they dropped into the sea, one by one, and vanished.

"That's all right," said Merriman. "There are lots on the farther ledges and you can shoot from this first one."

We crept in slowly and quietly. The sea close to the first ledge was a thick mass of submarine jungle. We had

practically to force the boat through it. Then the rocks were so slimy that a landing was difficult. I had come with creepers on heavy boots; Merriman, with rubber yachting shoes, could keep a footing—a wet footing, but the spirited old gentleman slid into the sea the moment he stepped on the weeds. He was rescued by the commodore—Merriman.

"I think, after all, I'll stay in the boat," said the spirited old gentleman.

"maritime" alps. I beat the air with my hand as a hint for him to advance shoulders down. He reached my side and I whispered: "Look!"

He looked and said, "Gee-e-e-e!" It certainly was a sight. The ledge upon which we stood ended abruptly and precipitously. There was a passage of ocean about two hundred yards across and on the other side of it was a second ledge, inhabited by as motley a crowd of



"OH!—YOU—SLICK—BEGGARS!"

"I'm not as young or as much of a fool as that!"

By this time I was climbing over the ledge. It was a ghastly place, infested by hideous crabs and leaping, antennae shrimps that came in myriads from black, watery chasms among the weed-draped rocks. I would much rather fall into the sea itself than into one of those upthrust specimens of weird, sea-bottom grottos. They suggested sea serpents, sirens, and drowned seamen with horrible realism.

When I reached the highest point of the rocks and peered over I saw a sight that was worth all previous efforts. I ducked down and wildly beckoned the commodore, who was still scaling the

sea creatures as even the imagination could conceive.

There were seals—a dozen of them, sleeping or quarreling or sitting, head erect, like sphinxes gazing at the sea desert; monstrous crabs, gannet, sea geese, herons, and wild duck, while among the nooks and crannies darted Mother Carey's chickens.

My eye was fixed on a big bull seal, which was silhouetted on a little bluff of rock around which the sea swashed and gurgled. For a moment I thought of the audience on the sloop. I could almost imagine some one saying: "Bet he misses!" Then—

I cautiously slipped the barrel of the rifle over the rock. It was a peep-sight



ADMINISTERED RESTORATIVES.

and the gun was firmly resting on solid stone. I could not miss, yet I waited and waited until the slightly swaying sight came plumb in the middle of the peep and in line with the center of the bull's round head.

"Byangk!" snapped the rifle.

"GOT HIM!" yelled Merriman.

The light cloud of white smoke flew to leeward. I stared. I had been *winkless*. I saw the great bull, head down on the rock. It gave a convulsive struggle. Then another. The ponderous body rolled over and the white belly—

My heart sank like a plummet. The dead seal, in that last convulsion, began to slide slowly down the slimy side of the weedy rock. It stuck once, then a sucking wave drew it into the sea.

In a moment Merriman was dashing toward the boat, I after him, both of us regardless of sea chasms or slippery rocks. In two minutes we were cutting through the channel toward the second ledge. The seal might be lying in the shallows. Heads were popping up all around us, for at the shot there had been a general panic in that marine menagerie. Splashing and mewing and screaming and up-flurrying of seals, gulls, and ducks.

The boat shot alongside the ledge. Here again the water was thick with sea jungle. We tore the weeds apart. Below was dense, black water. We plunged an oar in up to the handle. We could touch no bottom!

"Lost!" said Merriman emphatically. "It's too deep. But," he said, with sympathetic emphasis, "you *got* him all right!"

Then they brought me aboard the sloop. The audience was silent in the presence of such poignant grief and disappointment. They administered restoratives and removed the rifle from my reach.

As an artist finishing a story, or a hunter concluding a tale, I might say that I brought that seal aboard and am now wearing a sealskin vest made of it. But I am honest.

A week later we were to have gone to the Merrill Ledges with the original seal-hunter, Captain Cheney. But a fog made one postponement. Then a block fell and hit Captain Cheney's foot instead of the deck, and that made another. Then my vacation ended and the seals were safe.

But by the nine gods I swear that this coming summer— However!

OLD ANDRÉ'S GOLD



by Nevil G. Henshaw



Illustrated by Irma Dérèmeaux

HE was a small, withered old man, gnarled and wrinkled and burned quite black by wind and sun. His face was small and meager, thatched with a covering of sparse gray hair, that looked as though it had been blown loosely about, like straw on the floor of a barn. His eyes were blue and watery, rimmed with little circles of red, and always they looked downward, shifting from one spot to another with furtive suspicion. His mouth was thin and tight-lipped, and it was through this organ that the Creator had shown the character of the man, stamping his otherwise expressionless features with a look of hard, cruel avarice.

He tramped into Landry one morning in the early spring, followed by two ragged, half-grown children, and on his shoulder he carried an ancient gun. Save for the gun, he had no other belongings, no clothing, no food—nothing.

At the *presbytere* he told his simple story to Father Bertrand. His name was André, or old André, as some chose to call him. That was all, for he had no surname. The children's names were Marie and Jules, and their mother was dead. He was in search of work, as a water tender if possible, since that was his profession.

Father Bertrand advised the wanderers to apply to Mr. Gordon, the rice planter, and then he asked his visitors to rest and refresh themselves before continuing their journey. This the old man seemed unwilling to do. With a few muttered words of thanks, he took a fresh grip upon his heavy gun and, calling to the children, he set forth for Belrive plantation. That afternoon, in

speaking of the matter to Monsieur Landry, the priest said:

"They were a pitiful family, I assure you, my friend. The children were so wild and ragged that they had almost the appearance of little animals. As for the old man, he was little better, and not once did he raise his eyes to mine. I fear that he will have a hard time in persuading M'sieu Gordon to give him employment."

Despite the predictions of Father Bertrand, the old man not only found work at Belrive, but he also secured the desired position of water tender. Arriving at a period of discontent among the plantation hands, he had little trouble in persuading the overseer to give him a trial, wherein he easily proved himself an expert in his business.

So old André became water tender at Belrive and took up his quarters in a little, dilapidated cabin set far back at the end of the rice fields. It was a desolate place, far off from the plantation road, and rendered more lonesome by a thick growth of the ever-encroaching woodland, yet the old man seemed well pleased with his home. To the offers of a better cabin in the future he shook his head protestingly, saying that he would be very well satisfied where he was.

Strangely enough, as the days passed, he made no effort to make the few necessary repairs that would have added to the comfort of himself and of his family. But one addition did he make to the interior of the cabin, and that was immediately upon his arrival. Going out into the woodland behind the place, he cut two heavy oaken forks, which he nailed with much labor to the wall, high above the wide, open fireplace. Upon them he placed his rusty gun, and in all the time that he lived at Belrive this an-

cient weapon, together with a table and some chairs, constituted the only furnishings of his home.

All through the growing of the rice old André worked at Belrive, moving tirelessly about the great fields as he tended the life-giving streams of water. Carefully he nursed the infant crop, holding in his power the life or death of each feathery stool of rice, ruling it all with his long-handled shovel, which is the scepter of the water tender. For all this work and care they paid him well, yet never in the slightest degree did he seek to better his condition. Instead, he seemed to grow each day more miserly, more grasping.

When the weeds began to grow he sent his children into the field to work with the negro boys. From dawn to dark he made them pull the lacelike plants of indigo while they stood waist-deep in water under the blazing heat of the Louisiana sun. And while they worked they still wore the pitiful rags in which they had arrived at Landry and their faces were thin and wolfish—pinched with hunger. At the end of each week he pocketed their scanty earnings, reckoning with them to the last penny, furious if they had lost a moment of time in their round of labor.

He had no friends, no companions. Suspicious of everyone, he kept entirely to himself, and his children were not allowed to leave the cabin in their few moments of idleness. Once a week he went to Landry for his provisions and once a month he went, strangely enough, to the far-off city of Mouton. On both of these journeys, whether it was the two miles to Landry or the fourteen miles to Mouton, he went always alone, dressed in the sodden garments that he had worn that day in the field. On Sundays he was dressed the same, for he had no other clothes, and the women would draw away their skirts as they passed him kneeling, damp and muddy, at the back of the church.

On Saturday afternoons, when the people from the plantation were enjoying themselves in Landry with the money that they had earned that week, he never joined them. He would come silently into the village, buy his few pro-

visions, and then walk hurriedly away, as though the sight of so much spending was a torture to him.

He did not drink, he did not smoke. He barely ate, as Monsieur Landry, the storekeeper, could testify. But once did he cross the threshold of the coffee house, and that was on the first pay day after his arrival. Then some of his fellow laborers asked him in to have a drink, thinking that he would treat in turn. He accepted their hospitality, taking each time a cigar, and when he found that they were awaiting his turn, he slipped quietly outside. After he had gone they found that he had sold back the cigars to the proprietor at a reduced rate.

Toward the middle of the harvest the sun had its effect upon his daughter Marie and she fell ill. Yet he drove her for two days more, until she fainted in the field and was carried to the cabin on a load of rice. There she lay for six long days, alone and unattended, until she was finally discovered by the overseer. When they told the old man that she would die without medical attention he shrugged his shoulders resignedly. He spoke very seldom, and then only in the fewest words, for he was as miserly in speech as he was in all things.

"That is sad," said he, "but I can have no doctor. I have no money to pay him with."

From this determination they could not move him, although Father Bertrand came over from Landry to see him.

"But surely you have money," urged the priest. "Your pay is good and you spend nothing."

"I have a brother in France who is in trouble," mumbled the old man uneasily. "Each month I must send him money from Mouton."

"But this—this is your daughter!" stammered the priest in amazement.

"And the other is my brother," mumbled the old man, and would say no more.

After that Dr. Lemaire came each day from Landry and treated the girl for nothing, out of the kindness of his heart. It is probable that she would have recovered had the old man bought

the medicine that was prescribed for her. But in this matter he was as miserly as he had been before, and the child died one night, despite all that the doctor had done for her.

At the funeral many hard things were said of the old man, but he paid no heed to them. He went through the pitiful ceremony silently, with no apparent show of grief, walking behind the plain

plows, doing a countless number of things while he waited for the spring and the first green tips of the sprouting rice.

It was early in the fall that his son Jules got into difficulty. All through the harvest the lad had been busily employed, working hard each day and going to his rest exhausted each night. But when the last sack had been stored



TRAMPED INTO LANDRY ONE MORNING FOLLOWED BY HIS RAGGED, HALF-GROWN CHILDREN.

pine box in his same sodden garments of the field.

When, toward the end of the harvest, the last water had been taken from the rice and the old man's work was done, he went to the overseer and begged that he might remain at the plantation for another season. He would do anything, he said, although there was work enough to be done on the levees to keep him busy until the spring. At first the overseer turned a deaf ear to his pleadings, for, like the rest of the people at Belrive, he hated the old man for his miserly ways; but in the end he relented, for never had he seen so competent a water tender before.

So old André stayed on at Belrive, patching the levees, sharpening the

in the warehouse and the whole plantation had seemed to pause as if for a breathing spell, he had been left with nothing to do.

Missing his sister, who had always stayed with him at the cabin, the boy began to roam abroad, wild and gaunt, ridden by neglect, by loneliness and starvation. Soon the small planters began to miss things from their stable yards. Here a chicken had failed to return to its roost, there a pig had mysteriously disappeared, and then, one morning, a lamb was found roughly butchered in a neighboring field.

When the furious planter traced the blood stains to the old man's cabin, he found the boy in the woodland at the rear. There he had built a fire, over

which he was roasting a piece of the stolen meat. On being accused of the crime, he made no attempt at denial. He was starved, he said; he had found the lamb, and he had killed it.

He seemed to have no shame, no sense of right and wrong. Crouching on the ground like some wild beast, he growled and glared at the planter, tearing ravenously at the half-cooked meat until he had devoured the last piece. Had the planter been a man with a family he would probably have felt nothing but pity for the half-starved boy. However, he was a hard old bachelor, close and grasping, and he had the lad arrested at once.

It was then that Father Bertrand once more turned his influence to the benefit of old André, and to such good effect that the planter finally made a compromise. If the boy's father would pay for the lamb he agreed that he would withdraw the charge and let the matter drop.

When the priest, overjoyed at his success, went to the old man, he was met again with a shrug of resignation.

"I thank you, *mon père*," said old André, "but I can do nothing. I have no money."

"But it is only a matter of a dollar or two," begged the priest. "Surely you will not let your son go to prison for such an amount?"

"I have no money," repeated the old man. "Jules stole the lamb and he must suffer for it. Had I done so, how many do you think would be willing to pay the price for me?"

And after this, his longest speech, he would say no more.

When they took Jules away, the old man did not even go to his trial. He was busy, he said, and he could not afford to lose his work that day. After the boy had received a light term in the parish prison, he seemed actually relieved—possibly because there now remained but one mouth to feed.

He now reduced the number of his journeys from the plantation, going but once a month to Landry and making the trip to Mouton on the same day. These trips to Mouton were a constant source of speculation to the overseer.

He had heard the story of the brother in France, but, like everyone on the plantation, he disbelieved it. Yet the old man made the long journey each month, and there must be some reason. The overseer decided that he would learn this reason, and on his next visit to Mouton he made some inquiries about old André.

At the post office they did not know the old man, but at the bank they knew him well. He came to them each month, they said, and had his earnings changed into gold—two-dollar-and-a-half pieces, for he would take nothing else. They had now fallen into the habit of having them ready for him. No, he had never made a deposit. He must bury the money. It had been done by some of the old Acadians.

After this old André began to be disturbed at night by noises in the woodland about his cabin. Each morning he would find a fresh pit gaping beneath the trees, and the storekeeper in Landry did a thriving business in shovels with the negroes at Belrive.

It was at this time, also, that Jean Le Bossu, the little hunchback from the Grand Woods, became strangely interested in the old man's gold. He did not go about in the woodland digging pits in the ground, for after one careful inspection he saw that the money had not been buried there. Le Bossu had lived all his life in the woods, and there was little that he could not read in the open book of Nature. Accordingly, he began to haunt the cabin itself, dropping in upon the old man at all sorts of odd moments, and soon a strange intimacy sprang up between the two.

Old André seemed almost to care for Le Bossu, for, like himself, the hunchback was silent and morose, sitting for hours at a time in silence, staring straight before him. Also, Le Bossu seldom came without some gift of game or fruit, so that the old man's need of provisions became small indeed.

When the people at Landry questioned Le Bossu about this business, he made a most astonishing reply.

"And do you think that you will find the gold?" they asked.



"BUT THIS—THIS IS YOUR DAUGHTER," STAMMERED THE PRIEST IN AMAZEMENT.

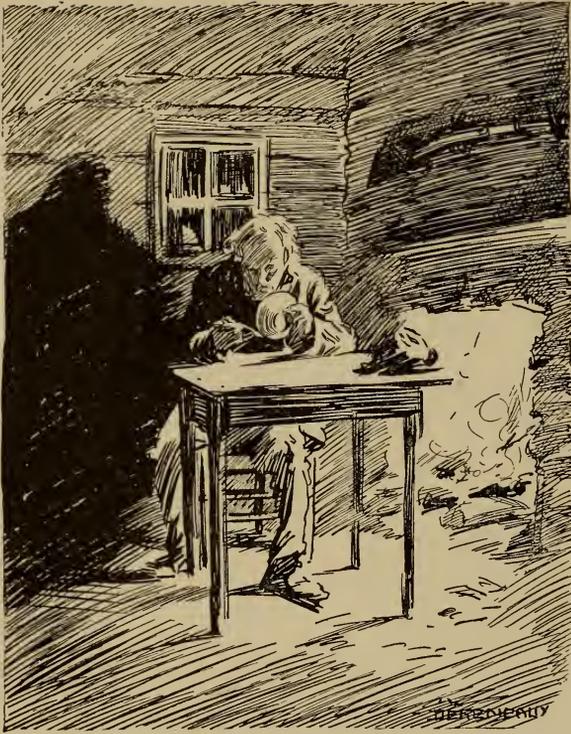
"Perhaps so. Who knows?" replied the little man.

"And what will you do with it after you have found it, Jean?" they persisted. "Surely you will never be able to spend such a great amount?"

"I will give it to the boy, Jules," replied Le Bossu. "He is at work in Mouton and is doing well. Some day he will make a fine man."

And so the search for the gold went on, while the hunchback spent long,

silent hours in the cabin and the negroes dug beneath the trees. And then, one dark night, a cow of Mr. Gordon's fell into a freshly dug pit and broke her leg. When the old man discovered it the following morning he was in despair. There was no way in which he could have been responsible for the matter, yet to his excited imagination the blame would fall upon him alone. He would be forced to pay for the cow, which to him would be little worse than death.



THERE WAS ONLY THE DULL GLOW OF THE FIRE
WHERE OLD ANDRÉ SAT AT HIS MEAL
OF RICE AND MILK.

Cudgeling his brain for a way out of the difficulty, he suddenly remembered that he had seen a negro prowling about the woodland the night before, a short, squat negro, who had seemed strangely like the one that they called Booqui, the possum, at Landry.

Booqui lived upon the outskirts of the village, and although no one had ever been able to prove anything against him, it was said that he was "bad." Twice had he been suspected of murder, and there was little doubt that he was a thief also, since, although he spent his days in idleness, he lived upon the fat of the land. Most people were afraid of him, for, despite his short stature, he was as strong as two men, with a sullen, brutal nature that never forgot or forgave a wrong.

But of all this old André, in his terror, took no account. Going straight to the overseer, he reported the matter, naming Booqui as the one who had dug the pit. When the overseer in turn

made his report to Mr. Gordon, the young planter was furious. It was bad enough to have his land dug up by the plantation hands, but when this was done by a negro from Landry the matter had gone too far. Also, here was a chance at last to entrap the wily Booqui.

Sending for his water tender, Mr. Gordon asked him if he could swear in court that he had seen Booqui digging the pit, and the old man in his fright said that he could. Then Booqui was arrested. At the trial old André went upon the stand and perjured himself, while the people looked on in amazement, wondering how he could make so terrible an enemy.

After Booqui had been convicted and they were taking him away, he leaned toward the old man and whispered a few words.

"As soon as I get out," said he, "I'll kill you." Although the crowd could not hear what he said, they shrank away from the savage look in his little, blood-shot eyes.

That night Le Bossu called upon the old man with a warning, for he had heard the negro's whispered words.

"He will surely kill you when they set him free," said the hunchback. "Also, I do not know why you testified against him, for I saw him on that very night far away at the edge of the Grand Woods. Had I not known of some of his crimes I would have tried to save him."

"It was the cow," muttered the old man. "I could not have paid for her."

"But you will pay for her," cried Le Bossu; "you will pay for her with your life. You must be ever ready so as to kill him first. See, you have your great gun there. You must load it and have it ever within your reach."

"*Bien*," said the old man, "I shall be ready. The gun is always loaded."

The days went by, growing shorter and cooler, and where the great green carpet of the rice had been the summer before there was now only a barren, weed-grown desolation. Week after week the teams went round in a straggling circle, busy with the fall plowing, and the flames roared high from the brush piles and hedges, glowing far into the dusk like some burnt offering to the goddess of the coming crop.

And then, one cold, clear night, the moon slipped quietly into the sky and bade the stars to shine their brightest in sacred memory, and it was Christmas Eve. All over the great plantation, from the big house to the humblest hovel, there were signs of joy and festivity. Lights glowed from every window, voices laughed and talked and sang, and from the long white row of quarters came the happy prattle of excited children.

But in the old man's cabin at the edge of the woodland all was dark and still. There were no sounds of talking or of laughter. Save for the murmur of the trees and the queer night noises that came from the wood, the silence was unbroken. No lights gleamed from the windows. There was only the dull glow of the open fire, where old André sat at his meal of rice and milk. Yet the old man seemed also to have absorbed some of the holiday spirit. Indeed, he seemed expectant, excited, and his face glowed with some strange happiness of his own.

For a long time after he had finished his meal he sat silently before the fire, rising every now and then, with flushed cheeks and eager eyes, only to return to his chair again with the determination of one who puts off a pleasure to the last possible moment that he may enjoy to the fullest extent its anticipation. Finally, as though he could stand this waiting no longer, he sprang to his feet and carefully examined the wooden shutters that closed in the windows at the side and rear. Then he stood for a moment looking uneasily about him, his fingers working joyously as though they already fondled a hoard of gold, his

breath coming in short, hard gasps of pure delight.

As he stood thus there came a knock on the door. In an instant the old man was across the room, his joy all gone, his face alive with hate and suspicion.

"Who—who—are you? What do you want at such an hour?" he gasped unsteadily.

From outside came the voice of Le Bossu. "Let me in," it panted. "Let me in at once. I have something to tell you."

Before the old man had opened the door a quarter of its width, the hunchback had slipped inside with surprising agility. His face was white, his eyes were wide with fear and horror, and he panted loudly, as though he had run at his utmost speed.

"André! André! you must go at once," he gasped hurriedly as soon as he was in the cabin. "It is Booqui. They set him free yesterday, and all day he has drunk at Landry, swearing that he will cut your heart out. When he left the coffee house a while ago, I felt sure that he was coming here, and I followed him. He is coming through the woods and he has a long knife. I saw him trying it in the moonlight. Then I ran ahead to warn you."

He paused for lack of breath and stood panting and blowing, his arms outstretched as though he would push the old man into the safety outside. But old André made never a move, gazing abstractedly before him as though he had not heard a word that the hunchback had said. There was no fear in his face. Only a look of impatience, of annoyance, at this sudden interruption.

Frantic with excitement, Le Bossu seized his arm.

"Man, you must hurry!" he cried. "He is right behind me. You have not a moment to——"

Again Le Bossu paused, and this time he trembled violently at a sound that came from outside. It was not a pleasant sound, for it was the voice of a drunken negro. It was not a pleasant song, either, for Booqui was singing "*Batson*," the song of the murderer who had died at Lake Charles.

At the end of the verse Booqui paused

for breath, and on the instant Le Bossu found his voice again.

"You are too late, André," he cried. "He will be here in a moment. Quick! get the gun and kill him as he comes in. You say that it is always loaded. He has only a knife, and is too drunk to be cautious. Can you not hear him singing as he comes? Quick, man! You must be mad."

"Here!" he cried, as he thrust the gun into his hands. "Shoot him as he comes in the door, and do not miss your aim."

Then, with incredible swiftness, the hunchback hurried to the rear of the cabin, threw open the window, and leaped over the sill. Once outside in the darkness and safety of the woodland, Le Bossu's courage began to return. Booqui did not know that he had been in the cabin, and even if he found him he could easily lose his drunken pursuer.

Raising his eyes cautiously to the edge of the window frame, the hunchback peeped inside. The low, bare room showed quite clearly in the firelight which glowed softly upon the figure of old André. He stood just as Le Bossu had left him, save that he now held the old gun clasped protectingly against his breast as he gazed abstractedly toward the door. Booqui had ceased his singing, and for a long minute there was a close, dreadful silence about the cabin while the little man peered over the window ledge.

Then there came a crash from outside, the door swung slowly inward on its broken fastenings, and Booqui stood in the doorway.

Framed by the blackness of the night,

the negro made a picture that would have terrified the bravest of men. Short and squat, with the arms and chest of a gorilla, he stood for a moment peering into the room, his lips drawn back in a savage snarl, his wicked little eyes gleaming with hate and revenge. In one hand he held a long knife, and as he caught sight of the old man he raised it with a meaning gesture.

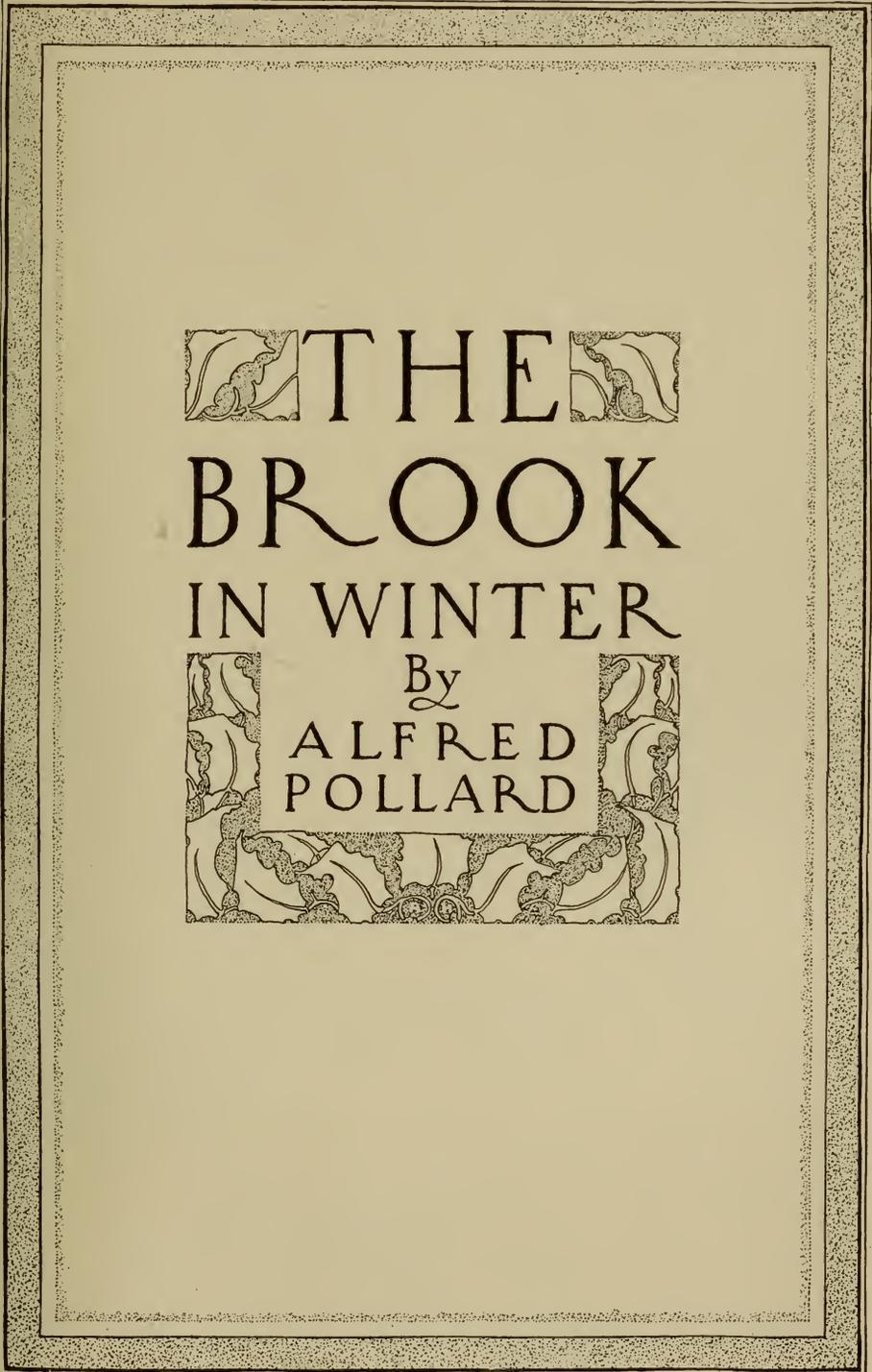
Without a word, without a sound, he crept upon his prey, and as he did so old André seemed at last to come to his senses. As though for the first time he understood the meaning of the hunchback's words, he whirled the great gun from his close embrace and threw it to his shoulder. Then, with a cry of rage, the negro sprang upon him.

At the window Le Bossu raised a trembling hand, as though to shut out the thunder of the monstrous weapon, half turning away his head that he might not see the shattered body of the murderer. But to his waiting senses there came no shock, no roar—only the dull thud of meeting bodies and the soft swish of the knife as it descended.

Then Le Bossu fell, sick and fainting, upon the grass beneath the window, muttering brokenly—"God! and it did not go off!"

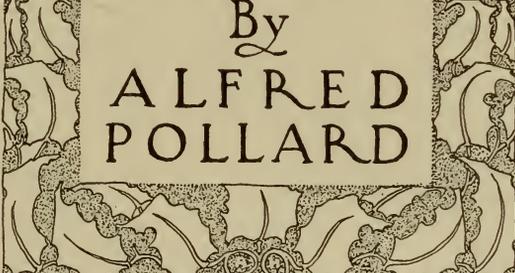
When, a little later, he staggered weakly to his feet and again peered through the window, Booqui had gone, with never a glance at the terrible thing that he had left behind him. For, scattered about the body of old André was a thin stream of golden coins that still dribbled slowly from the tilted muzzle of the ancient weapon, glistening softly in the light of the dying fire.



The entire page is framed by a wide, textured border with a repeating floral or leaf-like pattern. The text is centered within this border.

THE
BROOK
IN WINTER

By
ALFRED
POLLARD

A decorative floral border surrounds the author's name, featuring intricate scrollwork and leaf patterns.



ITS BANKS ARE FROZEN AND, WITH A TROUBLED LOOK,
CLOGGED AND STILL COMPLAINING RUNS THE BROOK.



A SPOT WHERE, IN THE SUMMER, WITH TREES ALL HEMMED ABOUT,
THE ANXIOUS, SILENT ANGLER WILL FIND THE LUSTY TROUT.



NAKED ARE THE BUSHES, BEYOND A HEMLOCK'S GREEN
ADDS A TOUCH OF COLOR TO THE WINTER SCENE.



AS THE DAYLIGHT PASSES, THE SHADOWS LENGTHEN STILL;
THE SUN CREEPS SLOWLY DOWN BEHIND THE WESTERN HILL.

KNOWING THE WINTER BIRDS

by *Herbert K. Job*

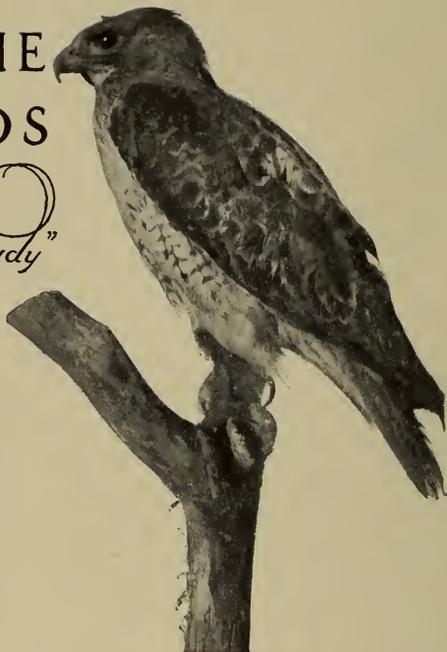
Author of "The Sport of Bird Study"

Photographs by the Author

UPON the approach of cold weather the woodchuck, dreading the sting of frost, shuts himself up in his stuffy burrow, to appear no more till the proverbial day when he is supposed to venture out to look for a sign of spring; even then, seeing his shadow, he may retire for another six weeks of poor ventilation. Curiously enough there are many people like the woodchuck in this regard, who think that winter is no time to be outdoors. Unless forced to an occasional exit, they are "shut-ins."

At best they but venture from house to house or for a short walk in a city street. The long "exposure" to overheated and ill-ventilated rooms and to the ravages of the sedentary life is a most dangerous ordeal, producing weakness and inviting the attack of disease. Winter is a glorious time for active exercise outdoors, in some respects even better than summer, and if an interest in the birds can provide an incentive to draw people to the wintry landscape and set them, now and then, to scouring the open, it will be sufficiently justified.

It must be admitted, however, that the scarcity of birds in winter in nearly all localities, save in the far South, tends to discourage many from the quest. Yet there are quite a number of species which winter even in the northern or middle districts, hardy creatures which are able to withstand rigorous conditions of temperature, storm, and scar-



PERCHED ON SOME CONSPICUOUS TREE IS THE RED-TAILED HAWK.

city of food. A wonderfully good idea of what birds are to be found in different parts of the country on a winter's walk can be gathered by reading in the January-February number of *Bird-Lore* each year the reports of the "Christmas Bird-Census."

The number of species seen by various observers in a day is usually from about six to eighteen, sometimes more—usually more on the coast, in the South, and on the Pacific Slope. At times, one will hardly see a living thing, but if one has acquired an interest in birds, their very scarcity will make the appearance of the few all the more welcome. The sight even of a single interesting individual under these conditions will give a feeling of pleasure more vivid than might be aroused by many a songster in May.

The birds to be seen on a genuine winter outing are not all the reward. There is a keen joy in ranging the leafless woods and looking through vistas

that are closed in the leafy season. Climbing steep hills is a keen delight, when the cold conduces to activity, and one is able to maintain a glow of warmth without being overheated. One can examine glittering cascades of ice, see the forms of the trees, and view miles and miles of country. All that is needed is an incentive to get us out, and the birds supply such an incentive in ample measure.

Before going far afield we shall do well to pay attention to the birds that come to our very doors, seeking food in the time of scarcity. The good custom of putting out food for the birds has now become very general. The insectivorous kinds enjoy a piece of suet, fastened in a tree. It is well to place it by a window where it can be watched readily.

In a mild winter, when food is easy to get, the birds may not use it very much, but let there come a heavy fall of snow followed by bitter cold, and they will be glad to accept our hospitality. In some severe winters I have had birds in numbers at my lunch counter almost constantly every day. Perhaps

most numerous will be the little black-capped chickadee, with his breezy manner and cheering songs.

Usually a very regular customer is the little black-and-white-spotted downy woodpecker. The hairy woodpecker, which looks just like his downy cousin, but is quite a bit larger, sometimes comes, but it is a shy bird and generally less plenty. Another familiar friend is the white-breasted nuthatch, an exceedingly vivacious fellow, blue-gray above, with black or blackish crown, and white beneath, a regular acrobat who climbs like a woodpecker and is as apt to run headlong down a tree as up it. The saucy blue jay may also pay his respects.

The seed-eating birds do not care for the suet, so for them there should be a supply of seed or small or crushed grain placed out near house or barn in some warm, sheltered spot, with a cover above it to keep it from being buried under the snow. Unless the hordes of English sparrows can be kept away, they will monopolize the supply and drive off the desired visitors. The shotgun is the surest remedy, and it may be



THE DOWNY WOODPECKER WITH A PIECE OF SUET ON THE END OF ITS BILL.



PINE GROSBEAK DRINKING AT HIS WINTER FOUNTAIN.

said in the sparrow's favor that they are usually quick to take such a hint.

With the coast thus clear, the pretty tree sparrow is likely to be the most frequent guest, with numbers of juncos at times, and an occasional song sparrow. Sometimes on farms quail will feed around the barn in severe weather, but this is too good to be more than exceptional.

Our winter land birds may be readily thought of in three classes. First we may mention the species represented by some individuals at all times of the year, known as "residents." In a few cases, as with the ruffed grouse and the quail, the same individuals are found in one locality the year round.

With most of them, however, those found during the warmer season probably migrate southward, to be replaced by other individuals of the same kind from farther North. To this class belong the chickadee, white-breasted nuthatch, song sparrow, blue jay, and downy and hairy woodpeckers, already mentioned. Some others are the crow, meadow lark, goldfinch, and occasion-

ally the flicker, cedar bird, purple finch, red-winged blackbird, kingfisher, bluebird, and robin. Many of the birds of prey also belong in this category of winter callers.

The second class are birds nesting a little north of us and ordinarily migrating past us to the South, a few of which may linger for the winter in the Northern and Middle States. Of these the principal examples are the myrtle warbler, junco, winter wren, brown creeper, white-throated sparrow, and the two kinglets, especially the golden crowned.

To the third class belong those species from the far North that ordinarily come to us only as winter visitors. These are the snowflake, horned lark, Lapland longspur, tree sparrow, Northern shrike, pine siskin, redpoll, the red and white-winged crossbills, and the pine grosbeak. With these belong some Northern birds of prey such as the snowy owl.

It is well to bear in mind that various species of our summer birds are liable to constitute themselves members

of the first class by some bold or careless individual remaining or returning in actual winter. I have seen the fox sparrow and hermit thrush in December, and even such southerly birds as the cardinal and mocking bird have been found in winter as far north as Massachusetts. It adds interest to winter rambles to have an eye out for these unusual occurrences.

A number of these species in winter are found in flocks. In open fields, where various seeds can best be found, we may look for flocks of goldfinches, siskins, redpolls, snowflakes, and horned larks. The last two are larger birds than the others and are more terrestrial, often being found in company, and yet easily distinguished, since the snowflakes are so white. The first three more often cling to weeds to get at the seeds and alight on trees.

The goldfinch can be distinguished from the other two by its plain breast and black wings. The others have striped underparts, but the redpoll has a crimson patch on the crown and the adult males rosy-tinted breasts. The



THE CHICKADEE, WITH HIS BREEZY MANNER.



THE NUTHATCH IS AN ACROBAT OF SKILL.

cedar birds and purple finches also flock, as do the crossbills and the pine grosbeak, and to some extent the tree sparrows, juncos, and meadow larks, in straggling parties.

Some of the more Northern birds are very irregular in their appearances, sometimes not coming as far south as Massachusetts for years at a time. This is notably true of the pine grosbeak, the two crossbills, and the redpoll. Their coming is thought to depend more upon the food supply than on the weather. The winters when they appear are hailed with delight by bird lovers.

When we see in the evergreens or shade trees of the garden a flock of gray birds about the size of a robin, we at once surmise that the pine grosbeak has come. They feed a great deal on buds, ash, and maple seeds, and frozen fruit. The crossbills live largely on the seeds which they extract from the various evergreen cones—spruce, pine, and hemlock. Their mellow call notes, uttered

as they fly from tree to tree, thrill us with delight.

Another thrill comes when one approaches a flock of small birds feeding on weed stems projecting above the snow, thinking that they are goldfinches, and sees a crimson patch shining on each head—redpolls, from the very far north. But the flock, if not of the goldfinch, are more apt to prove to be the pine siskin, which is ordinarily more common than the redpoll, a heavily streaked little bird, with no color patch, and about the same size. Goldfinches, siskins, and redpolls all resort to trees as well as to open ground, especially along the edge of woods or in second growth, where buds, particularly those of birches, are a great attraction.

These wandering flocks of the va-

rious hardy Northern birds will bear careful watching, not only on account of their own peculiar charm, but because with them are sometimes found even rarer strangers. Any flock of redpolls is liable to include a specimen of the hoary redpoll, a much paler bird, which seldom comes as far south as the United States. The flock of common cedar birds sometimes has in it one or more of the rare Bohemian waxwing, which resembles the cedar bird, but is somewhat larger and has white wing bars and a black throat.

Snowflakes and horned larks often flock together, and with them one should always look for specimens of the Lapland longspur, a bird of about the same size and sparrowlike in appearance, with more or less black on throat and

breast and buff color on the sides of head and neck. Another not common bird which may accompany them or be found in their haunts, especially among the sand dunes and beach grass along the coast, is the Ipswich sparrow. It can readily be distinguished from all other sparrows by its very pale, bleached-out color.

When a supposed flock of pine grosbeaks is sighted, one may entertain the hope that they will prove to be the still rarer evening grosbeak. Once in a great while there will be a winter when this species comes in numbers across the Canadian border. It is a beautiful black-and-yellow or orange bird easy to recognize.



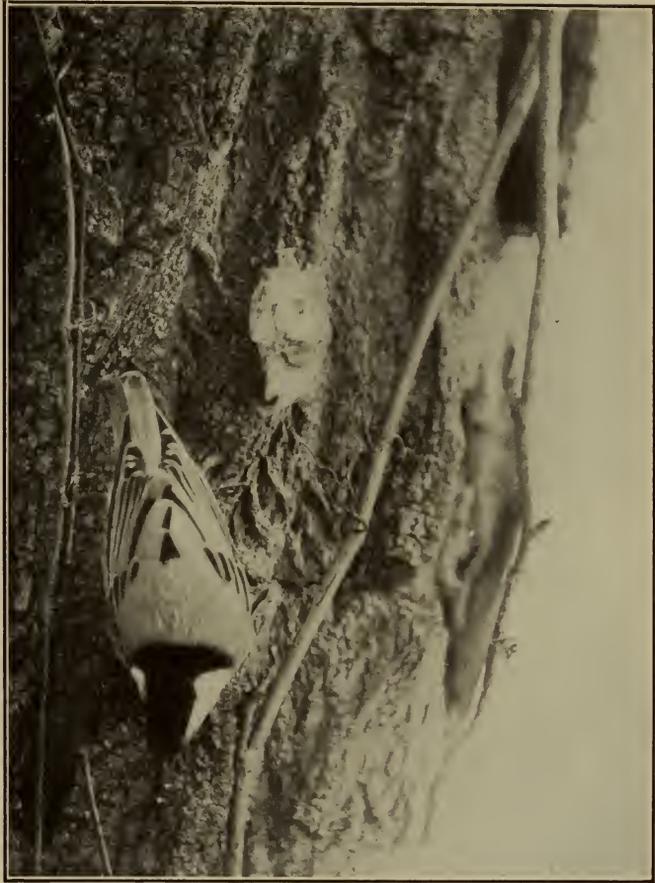
THE SCREECH OWL IS A COMMON WINTER BIRD THAT IS MORE OFTEN HEARD THAN SEEN.

The parrotlike crossbills are about the only ones of our winter-flocking birds among which we do not hope to find greater rarities; they are of sufficient interest in themselves as they climb about among the cones, using bills and feet like parrots.

If a flock of "blackbirds" is seen in winter, it may prove to be one of European starlings. At present they are mostly found from southern Connecticut to New Jersey, but they are gradually and surely extending their range. It is characteristic to see a large bunch of them clustered in the elms over a street and to hear a chorus of high-pitched, rather faint whistles. They also descend to feed in the streets and gardens, but are shyer than their imported predecessors, the house or "English" sparrow. Those who meet a "blackbird with a yellow bill" have found the starling.

One boreal fellow who, though he does not flock, deserves more than bare mention is the Northern shrike. If one should see a solitary gray bird with blackish wings and tail, nearly as large as a robin, perching on the topmost twig of some tree in open ground, this is the shrike or "butcher bird," waiting for the chance to pounce upon some sparrow or mouse. He is useful when he thus thins out the mice and English sparrows, but unfortunately he is just as liable to attack our chickadees, tree sparrows, and the rest.

If we live on the latitude of Maine



WHEN THE NUTHATCH LEAVES THE DINNER TABLE, IT IS AS APT TO RUN HEADLONG DOWN A TREE AS UP IT.

or northward we may add to our winter list the Canada jay, spruce partridge, and three woodpeckers—the arctic and the American three-toed, and the pileated. The latter is a big black fellow with a red-tipped crest, about the size of the crow and is not only a Northerner, but may be seen in wild wooded regions as far down as Florida.

Occasional hawks and owls make an interesting variation in the regular winter "bill of fare." A few individuals of various species stay in one place the year round, but most species either migrate or wander to some extent. Almost as steadfast as any are the great horned owl and the red-tailed hawk. Now and then we see one of these big hawks perched on some conspicuous tree in a field or along a road. It may,



A FLOCK OF PINE GROSBEEKS EATING MAPLE SEEDS IN THE DOORYARD.

though, prove to be the red-shouldered hawk, a bird with a darker breast and nearly as large, or, by good luck, the American rough-legged hawk or the goshawk, both rather scarce winter visitors from the North.

Sometimes these are quite common in winters when there is an influx of such birds as crossbills and redpolls, which they follow to feed upon. Occasionally one will meet the Cooper's sharpshinned, and sparrow hawks. The great horned owl is most often started in deep woods, as are the barred and long-eared owls, medium-sized species, and the tiny saw-whet or Acadian owl. The latter and also the little screech owl sometimes take refuge from the cold in buildings.

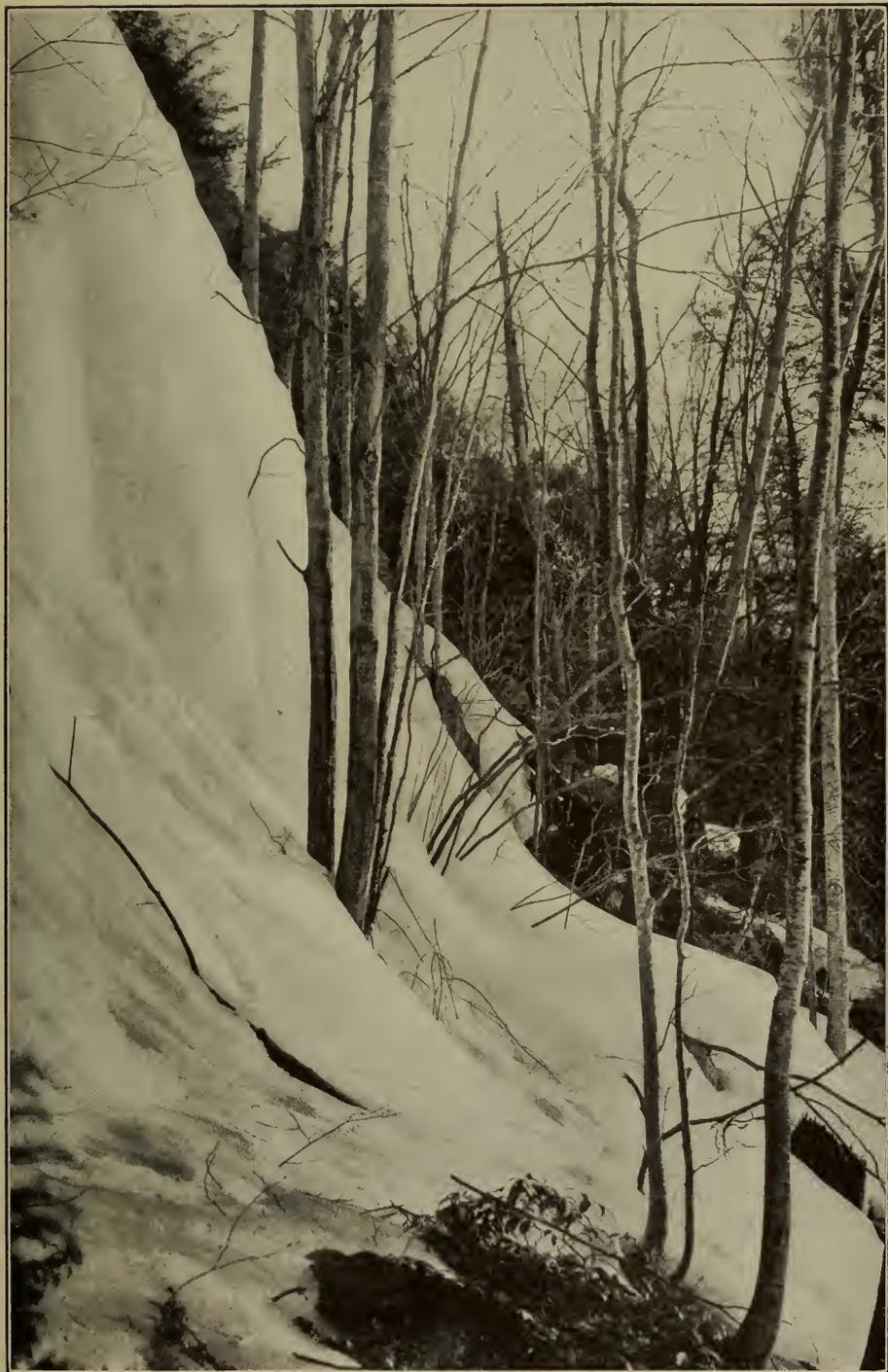
Out on the open field or marsh one may run across the short-eared or marsh owl, or even the splendid white arctic snowy owl. In Canada one may also find the great gray, the Richardson's, and the hawk owls, and from the Middle States south the odd, monkey-faced barn owl and the turkey and black vultures, or buzzards. The "American" eagle may appear almost anywhere, and more rarely the golden eagle.

Inland the water birds are usually

scarce because the waters are mostly frozen. Still, the "black" or dusky duck often manages to find a living* in the swamps, and the goosander or large "sheldrake" on rivers through openings in the ice. But on the coast there is quite a profusion of life. Various gulls winnow over the waters. Loons and grebes are swimming and diving. A number of species of marine ducks in flocks are careering about in striking formations, or else are on the water in "rafts" feeding or resting.

Especially from Chesapeake Bay southward there are hordes of the various wild fowl, and some shore birds, such as plovers, sandpipers, and snipes; while northward from Massachusetts we may find on the cold, wind-swept ocean such hardy birds as the auks, guillemots, puffins, gannets, and eider and harlequin ducks. Sometimes off Cape Cod during the Christmas holidays I have had a veritable feast for eye and soul in the abundance of these lively wild birds, so shy and innocent of civilization.

Southward, say from Washington, the typical land birds, in addition to some already mentioned, are such species as the cardinal, mocking bird, red-headed and red-bellied woodpeckers,



A WINTER HILLSIDE IN CONNECTICUT WITH ITS "GLITTERING
CASCADES OF ICE."



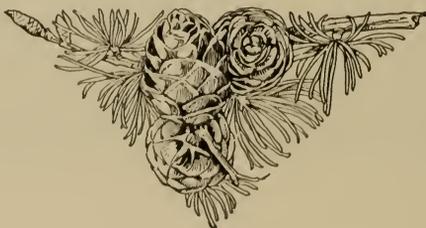
THE PRETTY TREE SPARROW IS LIKELY TO BE THE MOST FREQUENT GUEST
IN COLD WEATHER.

loggerhead shrike, Carolina wren, tufted titmouse, and brown-headed nuthatch. A considerable number of our hardier Northern summer birds are also found. The frosts are only occasional and moderate, and the air is delightful—with all due respect to the biting, exhilarating northwest zephyrs of the snow-bound regions beyond.

When we get as far south as Florida, it seems like mockery to talk of winter. To be sure many of the birds have crossed the sea to Central and South America, yet there are many left. The little ground doves are so quaint, the jays, including now the Florida jay, so abundant and saucy, and the shore

birds, herons, ibis, and many water fowl so interesting—save as thoughtless tourists have exterminated them along the well-traveled routes, a crying abomination!

It is delightful to escape a month or so of the intense cold and wander through the orange groves, the pineries, the swamps, or by the tepid ocean, among the birds. Yet last March, after a month in the temperature of the eighties, when I returned home and filled my lungs with deep draughts of the delicious keen air which had been kept on ice for me, it did seem that never in my life had I so appreciated a blustering New England March.



WHEN THE MOTOR BALKS

by Lawrence La Rue

Inside Tips for the Motor-Boat Man Who Doesn't Know Why His Engine Stops

TO quote an oft-repeated phrase from the closing words of a lecture given by a well-known college professor, "When your motor refuses to run you may be reasonably sure that the trouble is due to one of three causes: first, a stoppage in or poor adjustment of the carburetor; second, the failure of the ignition system; and, last but not least, 'pure cussedness.'" Anyone who has cranked and cranked a balky motor until his back is nearly broken will heartily concur and will give the devil more than his due by bestowing full credit for all troubles of this nature upon the last-named reason.

But the modern marine motor is not the cranky little piece of mechanism that many of its defamers would have us believe, and although up to a few years ago it had not attained the perfection of design and performance reached by its more expensive cousin in the automobile, the gasoline engine found on the water to-day is a well-constructed and satisfactory machine that does its work and stops only when there is a good reason for it. Of course there are many old and ramshackle motors of a decade ago installed in various hulls of an equally nondescript type, and the combination of the two may form the craft which has done much to bring the gasoline marine engine into disrepute in the minds of those who know nothing of the matter, but such freaks should not be taken as criteria by which to condemn all other self-propelled boats.

Perhaps as much time and thought have not been put upon the design and construction of the marine motor as have been bestowed upon the automo-

bile engine, but if this is the case it is because conditions upon the water do not call for extreme light weight, the use of the same water over and over again for the cooling system, or a machine that will withstand the shaking jolts and jars that fall to the lot of a motor-car power plant. A motor which will give satisfactory service for years when installed in a boat might hardly serve to drive an automobile a mile over a level road.

On the other hand, however, automobile engines are in use in many motor boats and give very satisfactory service after slight changes have been made in the cooling systems and attention given to a few other minor details which would not interest the lay reader.

It will be understood from this, then, that anyone who is an experienced motor-car driver should have no difficulty in operating a marine engine—unless its very simplicity and absence of complicated parts should confuse him—and the same troubles may be looked for in one as in the other. For every trouble there's a reason and a remedy, and even the "pure cussedness" may be cured when one understands his motor. Some motors seem almost human, and two of the same make and model may require to be handled so differently that it is difficult to realize that they are the products of the same factory.

Much of the marine-motor contrariness may be laid at the door, or needle valve, rather, of the carburetor. The carburetor, as nearly everyone knows, is the chamber and series of valves where the gasoline is vaporized and mixed with the air in the proper proportion to be exploded in the engine cylinder. The amount of air used in this mixture

is about twelve times greater than the gasoline vapor, and a small variation in this proportion will give the "too weak" or "too rich" mixture, with consequent poor running of the motor.

The needle valve admits the gasoline in the form of a fine spray into the chamber in which it is mixed with the

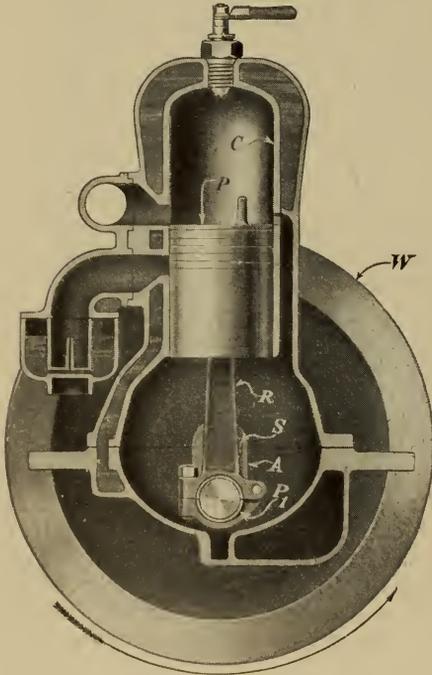
proper mixture is obtained. It is for such troubles as these that the motor itself is blamed.

All this would seem to imply that the third reason given by the college professor for trouble in the gasoline engine was the same as his first reason. But trouble may be caused by a well-defined defect or poor adjustment of the carburetor. When this is the case it should not be confounded with the elusive changes in atmospheric conditions and other indefinable reasons which are classed as "pure cussedness."

If a motor stops unexpectedly, much time will be saved by knowing just where to look for the trouble, and the experienced engineer will bring several of his senses into use in locating this. The manner in which a motor stops is often indicative of the nature of the trouble. For instance, if your motor is spinning merrily along and then stops abruptly without warning, it is pretty certain that one of the electrical connections on batteries, switch, coil, engine, or timer has become loosened or broken and it will pay you to examine thoroughly each one of these terminals before devoting your attention to other parts of the mechanism.

A failing gasoline supply, on the other hand, will be indicated by a gradual reduction of power in the motor, the impulses growing weaker and weaker until the engine stops. Pitted platinum contact points of the vibrator which cause the coil to "stick" and batteries which have nearly run out will both be evidenced by the same symptom—a peculiar hitch or catch of the motor which can be felt in the whole boat, after which the engine may run smoothly for several minutes. These hitches will increase in frequency until the motor stops, unless the cause is promptly attended to.

Coil or battery trouble is one of the most elusive with which the motor boatman has to contend, for after removing the plug and turning over the wheel until connection is made, he is liable to be deceived by the generous spark exhibited and by the satisfactory buzz of the vibrator. This is due to the fact that failing batteries or a stick-



INSIDE VIEW OF A MOTOR-BOAT ENGINE.

The more important parts indicated by letters, are: C, cylinder; P, piston; R, piston rod; S, main shaft; A, crank; P₁, piston rod bearing; W, fly wheel.

air and a slight turn in either direction will greatly vary the proportion of the resulting mixture. Some carburetors are automatic, and when once the needle valve is set, deliver the proper mixture to the cylinder for all speeds of the engine.

But there is no carburetor made that can control atmospheric changes, and heat, cold, or dampness in the air will have such an effect on the resulting mixture that, while the engine may have been running perfectly on a certain day with the needle valve set at a particular notch, the conditions of the next day may require a quarter of a turn change in the needle-valve position before the

ing coil will not exhibit their weaknesses except at intervals and conditions are much better for the production of a spark in the open air than in the high pressure of the engine cylinder. For this reason it is always a good idea to include a small battery tester as a part of the regular equipment of the boat and to keep yourself well informed as to the condition of the source of your ignition current.

If the batteries are found to be in good condition—that is, delivering six or eight amperes of current or better—and the spark plug delivers a good, fat, violet-colored flame, it is evident that the ignition trouble must lie in the coil. In this case a bit of fine emery paper should be run over the platinum points of the vibrator and set screw and the motor turned until contact is made through the timer.

The buzz of the coil should be well-defined and should not change pitch during the connection. If the pitch does change, however, it is evident that the adjustment of the vibrator is wrong and the set screw should be turned in one direction or the other until the sound that you have been accustomed to hear is given off.

A single miss of the motor should not always be taken as an indication that the batteries are weak or that the coil requires attention, for the trouble might be caused by a fouled spark plug due to an excessive amount of lubricating oil on the cylinder walls. If missing from this source continues, the spark plug should be removed and the electrodes, or points between which the spark jumps, cleaned with fine emery cloth and the carbon deposit softened by the application of a small quantity of kerosene.

This occasional miss of the motor was once the cause of an amusing experience which befell a party cruising through a canal in a motor boat. The boat was gliding peacefully along between overhanging banks and the occupants were enjoying the scenery, when suddenly, with no perceptible change of sound in the motor, it was noticed that the shores on either side seemed to be moving in the other direction. Then

it was found that the boat was moving backward as unconcernedly as she had formerly been running forward, and only the most active work on the part of the engineer prevented her from ramming, stern foremost, into the nearest bank.

The cause was as simple as the results were amusing. The motor was of the two-cycle type which will run as well in one direction as in the other. When all gasoline motors are running at maximum speed the spark is advanced so that the explosion occurs before the piston reaches the top of the stroke. A small carbon deposit had accumulated on the spark plug and this caused a cessation of the explosions for one or two turns before it was burned off.

When the spark resumed work the momentum of the engine had died down sufficiently to allow the next explosion to turn the flywheel in the opposite direction, and it continued to revolve in that manner. This had been done so quickly that the occupants of the boat, engrossed with the scenery, had not noticed the slight pause in the engine, and when the motor had once started reversing no difference could be detected in the sound.

Only One of Many

This same principle is often made use of in engines of this type to cause them to reverse, but in this case the switch is thrown off until the speed of the motor is reduced enough to allow the next impulse, occurring before the piston reaches the top of its stroke, to take the flywheel over in the opposite direction. The above incident is only one of the many which might be laid to "pure cussedness" by the amateur who is not thoroughly acquainted with all parts of his engine, and yet a very definite and specific reason existed.

It is probable that hearing plays a greater part in first locating the source of trouble in a gasoline engine than any other of the senses, and the expert can tell by the sound of his motor whether it is receiving too much or too little gasoline, too much or too little lubricating oil, or if the difficulty lies in the

ignition system. An excessive supply of gasoline in the mixture will cause a series of weak explosions which will slow down the motor and result in irregular running.

This is because there is not sufficient oxygen in the mixture to support the combustion of the gasoline vapor, and the trouble may be remedied by increasing the amount of air or decreasing the flow of fuel to the carburetor. Most carburetors, however, are so constructed that the gasoline flow is regulated and a very slight turn of the needle valve to the right as you face it should help to give the proper mixture. Many marine motors require a richer mixture for starting than they do after attaining full speed, and consequently the needle valve is used when it is desired to vary the speed of the engine.

When the mixture is weak, meaning that it contains an insufficient supply of gasoline for the accompanying amount of air, a crank case, or base, explosion will invariably be the result in a two-cycle, three-port motor. When these explosions are once heard there can be no mistaking them afterwards, for the short, sharp crack, followed by a puff of smoke from the base of the motor causes the uninitiated to feel decidedly apprehensive.

There is no real danger, however, and these crank-case explosions are to be expected nearly every time the motor is slowed down without opening the needle valve a sufficient amount. With motors not equipped with delicate carburetors it is a good idea to open the needle valve about a quarter of a turn before retarding the spark, thus supplying a sufficiently rich mixture for the reduced speed of the motor. If this is done the needle valve will be set at the right point when it is again desired to start the motor.

The most economical and efficient running is obtained when the needle valve is set so that the motor receives as little gasoline as possible without the attendant base explosions. The reverse clutch should not be thrown in or the propeller blades turned when the base explosions are frequent, for the extra load on the motor at a time when the

impulses are irregular is liable to "stall" the engine, and if the reverse is depended upon for checking the headway of the boat in making a landing, a smashed bow is liable to be the result.

These differences in the sound of the running of the motor are caused by a change in the nature of the explosions or in the frequency of the impulses. Sounds foreign to the explosions, however, may indicate trouble in the motor; above all, the operator should beware of the fatal click which indicates a loosened connecting rod or a stray nut or bolt in the crank case. If the motor is not stopped immediately when these conditions arise a broken connecting rod or crank is almost certain to be the result. Fortunately, however, such accidents seldom happen, although the engineer may receive a good scare through mistaking a slight pound or knock in the cylinder head for the click of an obstruction in the crank case or a loose connecting rod.

Part the Spark Plays

A decided pound in the cylinder head soon after starting the motor may be caused by advancing the spark beyond the point at which it is intended to be set, thus igniting the mixture before the piston is sufficiently high on the stroke. The man who has run a certain boat a few times will soon learn the point at which the spark lever should be set for the proper operation of the motor, and it will then become second nature to him never to advance the spark beyond this point.

With the spark set in the proper position a knock in the cylinder head can generally mean but one thing—a hot engine caused either by a stoppage in the water cooling system or an insufficient supply of oil to the piston. In nine cases out of ten the latter will be the cause of the trouble, and if you will look at your sight feeds you will probably either find that the glasses are full, indicating a stoppage in the feed pipe, or that you forgot to open the cups or fill the oil tank.

Continued running with an insufficient supply of oil will soon cause the

piston to expand with the heat so that it will seize the cylinder walls with a grip that cannot be loosened until the metal has cooled. When the cylinder overheats, a small quantity of kerosene should be poured into it through the spark plug opening and the flywheel moved back and forth as the cylinder and piston gradually cool until there is a perfect freedom of motion between the two.

A liberal amount of lubricating oil should then be added and the motor revolved by hand power until the cylinder walls are thoroughly lubricated. Do not expect, however, that your motor will run as well after an accident of this kind as before, for the immense amount of friction set up between the piston rings and the cylinder walls will score or grind one or the other until a slight leakage of compression may be the result.

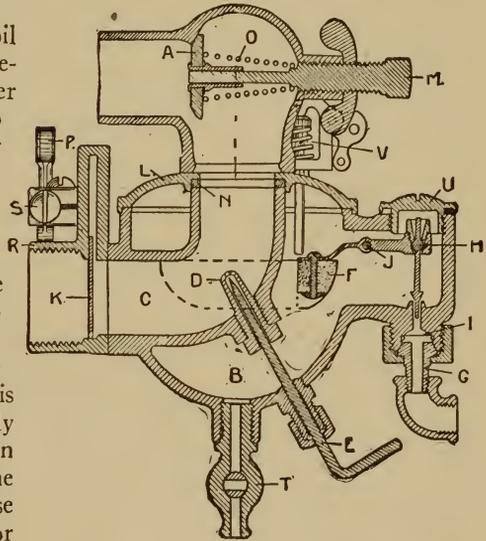
The sense of smell will often enable the man who is well acquainted with his motor to detect an insufficient supply of oil in the cylinder or a stoppage in the cooling system. When the engine becomes overheated from either of these causes a peculiar choking, pungent odor will be given off which should be taken as an indication that the lubricating or cooling systems require immediate attention.

Too much lubricating oil is far better than too little, and yet the former may be the cause of very annoying trouble in starting the motor. The excess of oil is bound to become burned in the cylinder and the smoke thus formed may choke the explosions to a certain extent, or may form a carbon deposit on the spark plug, as already described, which will prevent ignition for a few revolutions.

Trouble caused by too much oil can seldom be mistaken, for it is always indicated by clouds of blue smoke which pour from every opening in the motor with each explosion. With the simple form of marine motor not equipped with a mechanical oiler, the relief cocks should be opened occasionally to make certain that there is at least a faint trace of bluish smoke given off with each explosion; the operator may then

rest assured that the piston is receiving a sufficient amount of oil.

All things considered, it is probable that the ignition system is responsible for a greater share of trouble in the marine motor than any other part of the machine, and too much attention cannot be given to it. The greatest enemy of the high-tension ignition system, or



THE NEEDLE VALVE IS THE SOURCE OF MUCH MARINE MOTOR CONTRARINESS.

Most important parts indicated as follows: *D*, needle valve; *K*, throttle of motor; *F*, cork float to control gasoline supply by valve and stem *H*; *T*, drain cock to empty float chamber; *M*, thumb screw to regulate tension of air intake valve *A*.

jump spark, is water, and the open boat equipped with this type must be well protected from rain or spray if it is to be run in all kinds of weather.

Dampness will weaken a set of batteries almost as quickly as a closed circuit, and the box in which these are contained should be made either waterproof or placed in a part of the boat where the water cannot possibly reach it. The coil, too, should be kept dry, and if convenient, it should be placed in the same box in which the batteries are kept. But even after protecting these parts of the ignition system from the wet, the motor cannot be relied upon to run continuously unless the spark plug and all bare terminals of the high-tension wires are covered, for the

slightest dampness will short circuit the plug and cause the spark to jump from the wire to some part of the motor, instead of across the gap at the end of the plug in the cylinder, as should be the case.

If your boat is caught in a storm with insufficient protection for the motor, the spark plug may be kept dry by placing an oilskin hat over the top of the cylinder, and if the high-tension wires are covered with heavy insulation, you may be able to get home without a miss from the motor. It is a good idea to cover the insulation of the high-tension wires that are exposed with several coats of shellac to render them thoroughly waterproof, and also to prevent the disintegration of the covering by any gasoline or oil which may come in contact with it.

Ready for Any Emergency

If, in addition to the above precautions, extra spark plugs, additional batteries, and a spare platinum contact point and vibrator for the coil are carried along, you should be ready for almost any emergency that may arise to put your ignition system out of commission. Add to these extra cans of gasoline and lubricating oil—about three times as much as you *know* you will need—and you will be ready, so far as your motor is concerned, to start on a trip of almost any length. Of course, a full outfit of tools should always be in a convenient place in the boat.

When your motor stops unexpectedly, don't get excited, but start in calmly to trace out the cause of the trouble. Take your time, and even though there may be an impatient crowd on board, don't even appear to hurry. If the wind or tide is carrying the boat toward shore, throw out the anchor rather than feel that you have but a limited time in which to discover the trouble and make the repairs.

Trace the trouble logically by a process of elimination, and if you are unable to tell instantly from the manner in which the motor stopped just what

was the cause, ascertain, first, that nobody has kicked off the switch; second, that there is a good, healthy buzz or click heard from your coil when the cover is removed and the flywheel turned to an electrical contact; third, that there is plenty of gasoline in your tank; and, fourth, that gasoline will drip from the carburetor when it is flushed by depressing the float in the chamber.

If you are not able to locate the trouble by this time, remove the spark plug and make certain that there is a fat, violet-colored flame passing between the proper terminals when the contact is made and the large nut of the plug is laid on some part of the engine. This is important because a healthy sound from the coil does not necessarily indicate that a spark is being delivered from the plug. The coil will buzz when the current is delivered to it, irrespective of what becomes of the transformed electricity afterwards.

Reason it out this way: If the gasoline reaches the carburetor and is there united with the proper quantity of air, an explosive mixture *must* reach the top of the cylinder—unless the rings are too badly worn or the packing at the base has blown out. Once in the cylinder the mixture *must* explode if a hot spark is delivered at the proper moment, and when this occurs, the piston will be forced down and the flywheel will turn if the bearings or piston have not become heated and stick through lack of oil.

These may seem like enough "ifs" to cover a multitude of sins, but each of the little monosyllables may be turned into a positive or negative certainty by a few moments of the right kind of work. *If*, however, you think you find that all the "ifs" are certainties of the right kind, and still your motor doesn't run, you may then lay the trouble to "pure cussedness"—until a man comes along who knows the least bit more than you and shows you a simple thing that you had overlooked. Then you will agree with the writer that "there's always a reason"—and generally a very simple one, at that.

BEGINNINGS OF OUR GREAT GAMES

By Arthur B. Reeve

This is the first of a series of short articles describing the origins of our great outdoor games. No better proof could be desired than is offered in this article and in those which are to follow of the truth of Dr. Holmes's remark that we are omnibuses in which all of our ancestors ride.

I—HUMBLE ORIGIN OF THE ROYAL GAME OF GOLF

Illustrated by J. C. Beans

DO you ever stop to think where the games that crowd the sporting pages of our newspapers came from? And yet each one of them has a sound and often remote ancestry. In our passion for outdoor exercise we have drawn on the whole world for games; we have brought them up and out from antiquity; we have borrowed from other nations, reformed, improved, amended, and polished. It has mostly occurred within the past half century, this great modern organization and codification of games. The games themselves are as old as the hills.

Still another remarkable feature is that practically all of the popular outdoor games of to-day are ball games—baseball, football, cricket, golf, tennis, polo, lacrosse. From time when the mind of man runneth not to the contrary ball games have been the chosen sports of the human race.

One of the foremost of the games which we have adopted is the royal and ancient game of goff, gouff, gowff—the last the genuine old pronunciation—or golf, which, curling excepted, is the game most peculiar to Scotland, as characteristic as baseball in America or cricket in England. The word was derived from the Dutch *kolf*, a club, but the game is not of Dutch origin, though in the early days golf balls were imported from Holland and perhaps the name came with them.

The date of the origin of golf, even approximately, like that of most sports, is unknown. Tradition has it that the game originated with the Scotch shepherds knocking a ball about the heath with their crooks. But among the Romans a game called *paganica* was played with a ball stuffed with feathers. As early golf balls were made in the



THE FIRST GOLFERS
WERE SCOTCH
SHEPHERDS.

same way in Scotland it has been surmised that the Roman game was perhaps a forerunner. An early name in England was bandy-ball and in old prints reproduced by Strutt in his "Sports and Pastimes" the club, some four and a half feet long, had a curvature much like a crook. Later, the heads of the golf sticks were affixed to ash shafts and were faced with horn and backed with lead.

Golf in the early days was a highly democratic game—laird and cobbler were competitors; everyone played, even the women. The links were the common land along the seashore. The prizes were simple—a golf club or a dozen balls, and only later the more elaborate medal and cup. Even the great national prize was a silver stick which never became the property of the winner. At this time the implements had become almost as good as they are to-day with the exception of the balls. There were some sticks, like the "bulgers" and the spoon-shaped clubs in use then, however, that are seldom seen now.

By 1457 the popularity of the game had become so great that it was decreed that "golfe and fute-ball be utterly cryit down and nocht usit." This was to encourage archery or "schuttin." Still the game was "usit" and "schuttin" languished and it was decreed an "unprofitabill" sport by James IV—who

not long after broke his own law by playing the game himself. Mary Queen of Scots was a golfer, and James VI, afterwards James I of Great Britain, brought the game to London, where his courtiers formed the Blackheath Club. Thus the first golf club was formed, strange to say, not in Scotland but in England.

Golf is thus indeed both a "royal and ancient" game. It is related that Charles I was playing golf at Leith when news of the Irish rebellion was brought to him. He didn't finish that game. But while a prisoner at New-castle he played frequently. King Edward, while Prince of Wales, was a patron of the game at the famous St. Andrews which was founded in 1754. Down to within a couple of decades golf was in reality on the wane from the great popularity it once enjoyed. The new demand for outdoor sports and the invention of the far more durable gutta-percha ball has brought it to its own again.

In the United States New York was the first to take up the game seriously in 1890 and since then it has spread rapidly and now several of the cities have public links in addition to the hundreds of club links throughout the country. The popularity of the game is growing even greater than before, thanks to the devotion of the President of the United States.

TRAVELS WHILE YOU READ

BY EDWARD FRANK ALLEN

HERE are three ways to write books of travel. One is to catalogue, Baedeker fashion, all the scenes, attributes, and characteristics of the country under consideration. Another is to record personal experiences and impressions. The third deals chiefly with the unusual features, and is not used often enough in these days to have lost its novelty.

All three forms are fairly well represented in a group of books recently published cov-

ering Mexico, Guatemala, Panama, Tripoli, and the Balkan states. That which is descriptive of Tripoli is the best example of the unusual, and is probably of the greatest holding power for the well-read man. All of the others have their own reason for being, however, and, while they break away from no traditions, they do their work within the limits set.

"Mexico: The Wonderland of the South,"*

* Mexico: The Wonderland of the South. By W. E. Carson. Illustrated from photographs. Pp. 439. \$2.25. New York, The Macmillan Co.

by W. E. Carson, is a study of the several phases of the country rather than a travel book in the strict sense of the word, but in it are combined the attractions of both forms. "Mexico," says the author, "is preëminently a land of picturesqueness, of romance, and of wonderfully strange contrasts"; and what he has to say is a sufficient and readable proof of his statement. The juxtaposition of the ancient and modern, the automobile and the Indian with his burro, make for picturesqueness and contrast; the remains of ancient civilizations, the history of Spanish conquest and occupation, are full of romance.

The life of the Mexican people, their work, their play, and their society, is presented in detail. Mexico City is cosmopolitan, and the casual visitor does not see the representative social life there. What he does see is a great deal of Madrid, a little of Paris, and slight touches of London and New York. If, however, he can get behind the barrier of etiquette, prejudice, and precedent which hedges in social intercourse among well-born Mexicans, it will be apparent that the veneer of modern culture is thin, and under it he will find not a little of seventeenth-century Spain.

Women are guarded from contact with the outside world, and it is seldom that a stranger is admitted to the family circle. Social entertainments, such as dances and musicales, are rarely given, and few of the people dine in parties at fashionable restaurants. The Mexican woman of culture knows nothing of golf or tennis, and her amusements are limited for the most part to driving and family dinner parties.

The diplomatic corps, including nearly thirty representatives of foreign powers, is an important element in the social life of the capital. Motoring has become a popular diversion and, together with horse racing, tends to relieve the general monotony of life.

Mr. Carson's pictures of the poorer classes and the Indians are not appetizing, neither are his descriptions of the native foods. The chief attribute of the Mexican restaurant waiter is not celerity. On the contrary, he is slower, if possible, than the New York variety. But they order these things better in Mexico, as the following paragraph from the *Mexican Herald* testifies:

"In the Maison de la Providencia, at Toluca, yesterday, a hungry guest shot Margarito Lopez, a waiter of the establishment,

through the hand because the waiter did not answer his call promptly."

Relics of the Aztecs and the remains of a prehistoric civilization very similar to that of ancient Egypt are treated in a way that should be intelligible to the layman and interesting to the student of archæology. The author's ascent of Popocatepetl is graphically described, and so is his quest of the mighty tarpon at Tampico. Sports, however, are incidental to the narrative. The author concerns himself chiefly with the country, its people, and its institutions.

A Neighbor of Mexico

We turn next to a land contiguous to Mexico—the Republic of Guatemala. In his book* on this country, Mr. Nevin O. Winter seeks to purge our minds of impressions of the Central American republics gained from popular novels and comic operas. Revolutions are not the principal object of man's existence in these countries; they are only a by-product.

As a place of residence, Guatemala seems to have many excellent qualifications. For one thing, it is not crowded. With an area not exceeding that of Illinois, its population is less than one half that of New York City. It presents a greater diversity of altitude and a greater variety of climate than any equal amount of the earth's surface. It is fertile and healthful, and the question of woman's suffrage has yet to be advanced by the feminine population. But if it is free from the last-named sort of upheaval, a balance is maintained by an occasional earthquake or volcanic eruption.

Guatemalan society has but two classes, the Creoles and Indians—the former comprising only one tenth of the population. There is no middle class. Apparently the life of the Creoles has much in common with the upper stratum of Mexican society. There is the same artificial courtesy, the same spirit of *mañana*, and the same hampering of women by conventions as in Mexico. The Indians, descendants of the ancient Toltecs, are a childlike race. Ambition is not their strong point, but they are faithful, amiable, and picturesque.

By far the best part of the book is that

* Guatemala and Her People of To-day. By Nevin O. Winter. Illustrated. Pp. 307. Boston, L. C. Page & Co.

devoted to the present conditions and future possibilities of Guatemala. The commodity most needed for the development of the country is energy, but it seems to be unknown among the natives and difficult to preserve when imported. The mines are undeveloped, there are but four hundred miles of railroad, and the agricultural possibilities are practically untouched. Mr. Winter tells of the almost unbelievable rapidity with which a new banana shoot will spring up from the old stalk if cut near the ground and there is plenty of rain.

A prominent naturalist is quoted as saying that twenty minutes after a certain stalk was cut, the new shoot could be seen pushing up from the center of the cut. Eight hours after cutting, the shoot was nearly two feet high, and leaves were forming. In thirty-one hours there were four well-developed leaves, and the new shoot was quite a respectable-looking tree. There are further remarks about the banana, less sensational but no less interesting.

What We Are Doing at Panama

Continuing southward we reach the Isthmus of Panama, and see the construction of the great canal through the eyes of Hugh C. Weir. It would hardly do him justice to say that his book* is as fascinating as a novel, but the work will doubtless be subject to this comparison.

A large portion of the existing literature on the Panama Canal is muckraking in its tone. Probably much of this has been honest, in intention at least. Mr. Weir believes that some of it is a malicious perversion of the truth. He went down there a short time ago, and, looking around for himself, found enough inspiring facts to make a book that we wish had been longer. It deals with the men who are building the canal, both the leaders and the led. Their daily lives—their work and play, their perils and adventures—are pictured so that the reader realizes how much more than a mechanical feat will be the accomplishment of the stupendous undertaking.

Statistics are quoted to bring within our comprehension the scale on which the undertaking is conducted. For instance, about

* *The Conquest of the Isthmus*. By Hugh C. Weir. Illustrated. Pp. 238. \$2 net. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

half-a-million dollars are spent annually for coal. Down to the present time more than \$8,000,000 has gone for new buildings. Protection against fire costs \$115,000 a year. A ton of coal is burned every two minutes, and during the same time twenty-four carloads of rock and gravel are excavated.

They use 1,666 pounds of dynamite every hour, and spend \$124 a minute for labor. Over 2,000,000 cubic yards of soil are taken from the earth every thirty days. If, says the author, the earth excavated during one year were dumped down in the city of New York—which we hope it won't be—it would cover that part of Manhattan Island extending from the Battery to Fifty-ninth Street, and bounded by the North and East rivers, a foot deep; and after this there would be enough left to cover Central Park with a blanket five feet thick.

Potent factors in the social life of the Isthmus are the Y. M. C. A. and the women's clubs. Uncle Sam has realized that the men working for him, and their wives, are something more than machines, and he has provided accordingly. These institutions have been powerful means of inspiring the men, without whom no machinery would have made the canal possible. Facts relating to the government commissary and sanitary departments make reading of real human interest.

The former is practically self-supporting, and furnishes the men with the best food at moderate prices. A sight for a hungry man are the sample menus of a thirty-cent dinner at the government hotels. An ice factory of sixty tons daily capacity and a bakery turning out 18,000 loaves of bread every twenty-four hours are important parts of the commissary department.

Sanitary conditions have been greatly improved since the United States took hold at Panama. In May, 1906, 452 pounds of quinine were consumed by the residents of the canal zone—more than 100,000 grains a day. At present only one ninth of this amount is used, and the death rate is one half of what it was then, but it still costs the government \$1,200,000 a year to maintain these conditions. War is being waged against the deadly germ-bearing mosquitoes, and as a further precaution all garbage is disposed of in specially constructed furnaces.

He who reads this record of what has been and is being accomplished in Panama

cannot help acquiring some of the author's enthusiasm. He will learn many things that the newspapers have neglected to print, and he will take pride in what his country is accomplishing.

From Panama to Tripoli is a long jump, but our only luggage is mental equipment, and as that is most easily adjusted when it is greatest in bulk, the reader will not be seriously hampered. Tripoli is the gateway to the Sahara, and it is this title that Charles Wellington Furlong gives his book* of observations and experiences in that country. He visited Tripoli in 1904, and was the first American to enter the country in two years, getting in by virtue of an especially viséed Turkish passport. That he made good use of his time is shown by the fruits of his pen, brush, and camera.

In "Au Soleil" Guy de Maupassant delineated something of the same sort of life, and in "The Garden of Allah" Robert Hichens painted the desert in lavish colors. "The Gateway to the Sahara" attains to no such descriptive heights as either of these, but in it there are suggestions of both, besides a personally realistic interest supplied by neither.

The Desert and Its People

An incidental chapter is devoted to Sālam, a servant used by the author, and tells the story of his escape from slavery. Sālam was a Hausa, of a Soudanese tribe from which it seems that most of the slaves of the world have been procured. Mr. Furlong says that "incomprehensible as it may seem, it is nevertheless a fact that only a few years ago at least one out of every three hundred persons in the world was a Hausa-speaking slave." This part of the story is not pleasant, and I forbear to quote, but it shows the conditions as they were only a few years ago and as they probably are in some degree to-day.

The mystery of the desert, with its weird fascination, is suggested on nearly every page of the book, but nowhere with such appeal as on those relating to the tribe of the Tuaregs, "the real rulers and buccaneers of the desert." These fierce nomads are as shifting as the sands over which they rove

in search of plunder. At times they frequent the markets of northern Sahara to spy on the organization of caravans. They are the "hold-up" men of Northern Africa, and great booty of goods and animals falls into their hands.

At much risk of personal injury Mr. Furlong secured some excellent photographs of these reticent warriors. They are shown holding their weapons, with their faces half covered by masks suspended from the bridge of the nose and shielding the nostrils and mouth. This mask, it is said, lessens the evaporation, and is rarely removed even at meals.

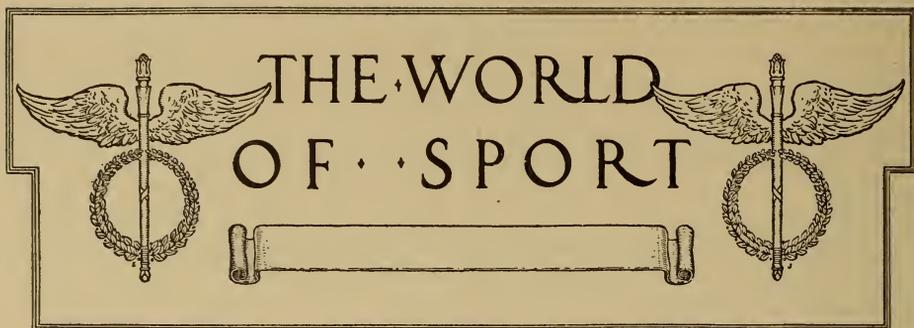
Mr. Furlong relates adventures with robbers which are nothing if not thrilling, but a writer of greater imagination would have made more of the great dramatic possibilities of his material. He was the first to locate and investigate the submerged remains of the United States frigate *Philadelphia*, which was burned and sunk by Decatur in the harbor of Tripoli, October 31, 1803. By research among the archives of the place, and through an acquaintance with a native whose father had seen the fight on the *Philadelphia*, he was enabled to locate the wreck. He then hired divers, and, donning a suit of deep-water clothes, went down and examined it himself. Among the souvenirs of this trip was a round shot embedded in the wood it had struck a hundred years before.

The last phase of this book journey is among rather lower temperatures.* We motor through the Balkan states, with nothing more to worry us than a passing steed unaccustomed to the sight of an automobile, or, perhaps, an occasional bit of sand in the carburetor. We have only to sit in a corner of the tonneau, watch the passing scenery, and let the cool breezes fan the cheeks that have been tanned by the tropical sun of Mexico, Guatemala, Panama, and Tripoli.

So we bowl along the highways of Dalmatia, Montenegro, Herzegovina, and Bosnia, and see whatever offers itself to our vision without pausing to consider more than briefly what appears on the surface. The book is a record of pleasant recreation, and must be read as such rather than as a means of acquiring a knowledge of the countries visited.

* The Gateway to the Sahara: By Charles Wellington Furlong, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. Pp. 306. \$2.50 net. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.

* Motoring in the Balkans. By Francis Kinsley Hutchinson, author of "Our Country Home." Illustrated. Pp. 341. Chicago, A. C. McClurg & Co.



THE WORLD
OF · · SPORT

END OF THE POLAR FIGHT

FINIS seems to have been written to the long controversy over the honor for the discovery of the North Pole. Dr. Cook's oft-repeated injunction to wait for the findings of the University of Copenhagen on the data which he was to submit to that body has been answered by a complete and unanimous negative from the university to his claims. On December 21st the committee appointed to pass on his records made this report:

First, the report of the expedition sent to the university by Dr. Cook is the same as that printed in the *New York Herald* during the months of September and October last.

Second, the copy of Cook's notebooks does not contain any original astronomical observations whatsoever, but only results.

Third, the documents presented are inexcusably lacking in information which would prove that the astronomical observations therein referred to were really made, and also contain no details regarding the practical work of the expedition and the sledge journey which would enable the committee to determine their reliability.

The committee, therefore, is of the opinion that the material transmitted for examination contains no proof that Dr. Cook reached the Pole.

It is idle to speculate on the motives that have actuated the explorer in the course which he has pursued. If he is a wronged and misunderstood man, he has only himself to thank. No man could have had more sincere and zealous friends. At the outset there was a widespread willingness—in some cases even an anxiety—to believe in the justice of his claims. Ordinary energy in the

preparation and submission of his material and a due forethought to the opinion of the world would have sufficed to establish him firmly in the position he claimed—if he had the material to substantiate his pretensions.

With few exceptions the world is now convinced that he had not that material. With that conclusion Dr. Cook cannot reasonably quarrel, for it is the end to which his conduct logically led. With the further question of whether or not he deliberately and with full knowledge attempted to deceive the world and to seize with unworthy hands the premier laurels of the explorer we cannot deal. Dr. Cook has been denounced as a swindler and the greatest impostor in history. Granting all the premises of his opponents, the epithets are deserved. But there is a more charitable construction to be placed upon his acts. Men, ere this, have argued or imagined themselves into an unreal realm of great achievement. They have dreamed dreams until the vision became an obsession and they already saw themselves on the pinnacle toward which other men strove with clear eyes and amidst intolerable hardships.

In any case, whatever the answer to the question of why he did it, the fog has been blown away by the act of the committee at Copenhagen and the world is busy heaping laurels upon the man to whom it has been decided they belong. As for the other, the man who claimed that which he could not prove, the best that can be hoped for him is a merciful obscurity for the rest of his days on this earth.

A HISTORIAN WITH THE PENCIL

WHEN Frederic Remington died at his New Rochelle home, December 26th, the volume was closed on the work of one of the greatest and best known historians of the West as it was a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Remington was more than an artist; he was a chronicler of a passing phase of American life. Other men excelled him in technique and finish, but none knew the West of the cowboy, the soldier, and the Indian better than did he and none drove his pencil or brush with a surer understanding and a keener sympathy.

Some of his earliest work appeared in *OUTING* in the middle eighties, and an examination of those first pictures shows the same individuality and sense of value of personality that characterized his work throughout. His art studies were brief and desultory, but his study of his

Western material in the field was long and minute. The size of those early commissions was insignificant compared with the prices paid him in later years, but his drawings bore no relation to their cost; they were always the best that he could do.

Though not yet old as men count years, he had seen the passing of a great epoch in his well-loved West, and there is a pathetic significance in the ending of his own life close after the disappearance of the period to which his pictures had given a touch of immortality.

FOOTBALL ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE

TWO letters have been received from the Pacific Coast which are interesting in view of the recent controversies over changes in the rules of the intercollegiate game. California alone among the States of the Union



ONE OF FREDERIC REMINGTON'S FIRST PICTURES.

This picture appeared in *OUTING* for December, 1886, as an illustration for Lieut. (now Major) John Bigelow's "After Geronimo." Even at that early date Mr. Remington's work possessed the quality and personality which characterized it throughout his life.

plays the Rugby game, and apparently plays it well and to the entire satisfaction of everyone concerned. In November I addressed a letter to the chairmen of the Faculty Athletic Committee of the University of California and Leland Stanford Junior University, containing the following questions:

Does the game as your students play it seem to you to possess the dramatic and disciplinary qualities ascribed to the American Rugby?

Does it possess the further advantage of relative freedom from injury?

Does it elicit the participation of as many or more students than the American game?

In your opinion, are your students heartily in favor of it as against the game as played at other institutions?

Professor Edmond O'Neill of the University of California goes in to the football situation on the coast at considerable length. He says in part:

I should like to take this opportunity of giving you an account of the origin and development of Rugby on the Coast. You are aware that we have played it for four years and the story of its development has been very interesting. In the beginning its future was very problematical, but it has now come to stay. It is much more interesting and dramatic than the old game and has interested the student body and the general public in a way not thought of when it was first begun.

In regard to injuries, we have a larger number of accidents than in the old game, but the great majority of them are of a minor character. The chief injuries are sprains of ankles and knees and breaking of collar bones, although we have had a few more serious accidents.

In a way it is more strenuous than the old game, inasmuch as there is a great deal of running on the part of nearly every member of the team, but they recuperate much more quickly. The players tell me that after one of the old games they were dulled and exhausted, were unable to do any studying or to take much interest in things; but that after a Rugby game, although somewhat physically tired, they are perfectly fresh, alert, and can go on with their studying without any difficulty. They are not jarred about the head as they were in the old game.

In regard to the participation of students in general, this is not greater than in the old game. The selection of the candidates is as severe and the number of suitable players is as limited. The type of player is somewhat different. Apparently it is not so essential to get big, heavy men as it was in the other game, although at Stanford the

tendency has been to select the type of player who would shine in the old game. But a select type, physically considered, seems to be just as essential in Rugby as in the American game.

In regard to student opinion, it has been rapidly changing. When first instituted, as it was by order of the university authorities, there was considerable resentment and antagonism, both on the part of the student body and the alumni. This feeling has worn away, first among the players, who quickly learned to like the game; second among the student body, who, as they began to understand it, became quickly reconciled, until now there is a very small proportion of the student body who do not prefer Rugby. Among the alumni this feeling has grown very much more slowly, chiefly because they have had few opportunities to see Rugby and their knowledge was confined entirely to the old game.

The game as played is not strict English Rugby; it is more of the Australian type, but has gone even beyond them in the character of the tackling. The spirit of the old game, which, of course, had been played by all the members of the teams in their high school days, still remains with them, so that the playing is much rougher and more violent than in the case of the English game.

The condition of Rugby now in the universities is very different from what it was when it was first started. It has come to stay. The high schools throughout the State are beginning to adopt Rugby. This at first was slow; only a few high schools, under the direct influence of the universities, took up the game, but now it has spread very much farther, and this last season has witnessed a change of heart among many of the high schools who were among the most strenuous opponents to the adoption of Rugby.

The University of Nevada has taken it up, some of the colleges in the southern part of the State are playing it, and I think that before very long it will be an institution on the whole Pacific Coast.

Professor Frank Angell of Leland Stanford Junior takes much the same view as does Professor O'Neill, although confining himself more strictly to the points raised in my letter. He says:

Spectators seem to prefer Rugby to the old game. The game moves along much faster, it is more easily seen, better comprehended, and shows quicker reversals of fortune. Our record attendance has been in the last two years. I do not quite clearly understand what you mean by discipline. Except for the fact that the men enjoy the preparatory drill of Rugby, the spirit is the same as in the old game. No grumbling, instant obedience to coach or captain, and strict loyalty to the training rules. These

conditions, however, depend in part on the coach and in part on the university spirit.

We have at present no less bruises, cuts, sprains, and dislocations than in the old game. I say "at present," because I think the injured list will grow smaller each year. We still have much unnecessary tackling and holding to the ball brought over by men schooled in the old game. In addition the men wear the regulation Rugby costume (with no padding) and play on very hard fields, usually of dirt. We have had, however, no cases of "knock out" from concussion of the brain or spine—a form of injury common in past years.

Some four or five times as many players take part in the practice and drill for the varsity as under the old régime. Now that the "big game" is over, the main football field is in use every afternoon, for inter-department, fraternity, and club games.

I can say unreservedly that the student body is heartily in favor of Rugby, and any attempt to restore the old game would meet with strong opposition. The fact is, the students have got a game which they enjoy—it is a hard game and a rough game, but it gives opportunity for the exercise of all kinds of football skill and is highly spectacular. Many of the high schools have taken up the game and have become ardent Rugby partisans. I anticipate that practically all the State high schools will play Rugby next year.

What Professor Angell has to say in the matter of injuries is particularly significant in the light of the criticisms of the game played in New York between two crack Canadian teams brought here for exhibition purposes. At that game the comment was heard

frequently along the side lines that the Canadian game would be far more dangerous than the American if it were played as Americans "would play it." California does not seem to have found this to be the case. The injuries that happen are in part ascribed to methods learned under the old game which are now passing out of use and in part, of course, to the unavoidable roughness of any active game involving physical contact. There is, at least, a highly desirable absence of the more serious injuries that too often blot the record of our intercollegiate game.

ABOUT THAT HONOR LIST

THERE has been some disposition to regard the Honor List published in connection with Mr. Walter Camp's article on "Football in 1909" in our January number as Mr. Camp's substitute for the All-America team. It should be made clear that that was not the case nor the intention. The selection was an editorial one from the names mentioned in Mr. Camp's article and was printed in that form in order that our readers might have a graphic presentation of the star men of the recent season. It is due Mr. Camp to say that he has not abandoned the selection of an All-America team.

NEWS FROM THE OUT-OF-DOORS

Shooting

IN the annual report of the adjutant general of the army, General F. C. Ainsworth devotes some space to small arms firing. He states that continued improvement is shown in rifle firing by the increase in the number of qualifications in the higher grades of marksmanship. He cites the practice season of 1908, during which 2,379 expert riflemen, 7,807 sharpshooters, and 4,204 marksmen qualified, as against 1,981 expert riflemen, 5,555 sharpshooters, and 4,128 marksmen in 1907. Under the regulations as amended February 3, 1909, enlisted men qualifying as expert riflemen, sharpshooters,

and marksmen are entitled to additional pay of \$5, \$3, and \$2 a month, respectively, "from date of qualification to the end of the enlistment in which they qualify, provided that during that time they do not attain a higher classification and that they continue to be members of an organization armed with the rifle or are transferred for the convenience of the government to some organization not so armed."

George S. McCarty, of the Keystone Shooting League of Philadelphia, won the amateur trapshooting championship of the United States at Travers Island, December 9; not only did he secure the title but he

hung a new record by breaking 98 out of 100, beating the previous tally of 96 made by himself last year. This double successive win by the tall Quaker is a record in its way, for he is the first shooter to perform such a feat.

Up In the Air

HENRY FARMAN has supplanted Wilbur Wright in the lead for the Michelin Cup for 1909. His flight of 222 kilometers, 898 meters in 4 hours, 6 minutes, and 25 seconds has been officially recognized by the International Aeronautic Federation, and the Aero Club of America has been officially notified of this fact. The Michelin prize of \$4,000 in cash, together with the trophy, will go to Farman.

Baseball

“**H**ANS” Wagner heads the list of American League batting averages with .339; Mitchell of Cincinnati second with .310; Seymour, New York, third with .310. Seymour played in only 73 games, while Mitchell toed the plate in 145 games.

Thomas J. Lynch of Hartford has been elected president of the National League. Mr. Lynch was for nine years one of the best umpires on the diamond. John A. Heydler is the new secretary.

The official fielding and pitching records of the National League show that Mathewson was the mainstay of the Giants on the slab. Leever, of Pittsburg, who leads the pitchers in percentage, took part in only two completed games. Camnitz, of the Pirates, and Matty are next, each having won 25 games and lost 6, with a percentage of .806.

Babe Adams of the Pirates follows with 12 victories and 3 defeats, a percentage of .800. Three-fingered Brown, of the Cubs, who pitched in 50 games, more than any other boxman, won 27 and lost 9, a percentage of .750.

Chance of the Cubs leads the first basemen with .994 for 92 games, being tied with Storke of the Pirates, who played only 19 games. Tenny of the Giants stands seventh with .985 for 98 games, followed by Hummel and Jordan of the Brooklyns with .985 and .983 respectively. Merkle of the Giants played in 70 games, with an average of .976.

Miller of Pittsburg in 150 games got an average of .953, and though ranking third, he practically leads the second basemen. Evers of the Cubs and Doyle of the Giants are close together, with .942 and .940 respectively. Lennox of Brooklyn leads the third basement, his average being .959 for 121 games. Grant of the Quakers, who played in 154 games, is second with .957, while Devlin of the Giants is sixth with .934 for 142 games.

Automobiling

LEWIS R. Speare of Boston has been unanimously elected president of the American Automobile Association. A. G. Batchelder was made chairman of the executive committee, a position created for him.

In the recent endurance run from Dallas to San Angelo and return, a distance of nearly 800 miles, all records were broken, not for speed but for mud-plugging. Of the nine cars, and a pilot car, which started from Dallas on Monday morning, but six were left at the second night control, Abilene. Between that point and the finish another car was eliminated by the fearful road conditions. The winners were: Moline, J. A. Wickes, driver, endurance cup; Auburn, “Skeet” Hall, driver, economy cup; Fisk tires, tire cup.

In a 120-horse-power Benz Barney Oldfield broke the 50-mile record at Dallas, Texas, recently, going the distance in 47:18½ against the old circular track record of 48:40½.

Going to the Dogs

THE inaugural derby of the Southern Field Trial Club held last month at Letahatchee, Ala., was eminently satisfactory, outside of the work of the judges, whose decisions seem to have stirred up a good deal of criticism. The class for pointers and setters whelped after January 1, 1908, resulted as follows: First, Eugene M.; second, Creole Sue; third, Rhodomide. All age: First, Powhatan; second, Manitoba May; third, Pride of Whitestone.

FROM MEXICO TO MONTREAL

BY HERBERT WHYTE

Our Readers Are Introduced to Javalin Hunting Below Our Southern Border
and to a Winter Carnival Above Our Northern

[It is Herbert Whyte's business to help readers of *OUTING* with practical information and advice on outdoor topics. If there is any question that puzzles you in games, sport, travel, occupation, or recreation, or any other subject in which you are interested, don't hesitate to write him. He will tell you the thing you want to know and it will cost you nothing. His address is *THE OUTING MAGAZINE*, 315 Fifth Ave., New York City.]

MANY of our readers have followed *OUTING's* advice to try the sport that is to be found in old Mexico. One good sportsman who did this had such a good time that he has written me a long letter about it. I quote a part of it:

"On December 5, 1909, a party of four left San Antonio to try javalin hunting, with spears. The spears which I had already shipped to Mr. T. A. Coleman's ranch were about eighteen feet long and were made of a broad sharp blade, about ten inches long, the shaft being of bamboo. It was my idea that javalin, or peccaries, as they are sometimes called, might be hunted with these spears, somewhat after the German fashion. The javalin himself is rather a vicious little animal, especially when cornered, weighing from sixty to seventy pounds, with dark-grayish bristles which are black at the tips, giving him a black appearance at a distance.

"We arrived at Atlee, Mr. Coleman's station on the I. and G. N. at 4 A.M. and were met by Mr. W. N. Young, a native of the country who acted in the capacity of host and guided us on our trips. At Atlee we found our spears had not arrived. We therefore proceeded to manufacture one out of a large sheath knife and a long, straight sapling which served the purpose very well.

"As soon as we could get our baggage together, we left Atlee for a ranch formerly owned by Mr. Young, about seven or eight miles distant, and immediately after lunch we started out to see what we could do with the javalin.

"After running one or two bunches of javalin, which made good their escape through the underbrush, we finally put up quite a bunch and with cries of 'There he goes!' uttered by each as he caught sight

of one of the javalin, and after considerable firing, we brought down one big boar. Of course all were highly elated, though one of our theories was exploded on the spot, namely, that of hunting javalins with a spear. Mr. Young, who was carrying the spear, declared that it impeded his progress so much in the wild dash through the thorny underbrush that he could not even get in at the kill.

"In talking it over on the way home, we decided that in view of the fast, hard riding and the necessity of dodging the many thorns, hunting with a spear was impossible unless we had a pack of dogs to do the trailing, while we proceeded in a more leisurely and careful manner, waiting for the dogs to bay the javalin, in which case, we were told, they would put up a vicious fight. This we could very well believe, after looking at their tusks. They all, both boars and sows, had tusks in the upper and lower jaws which measured from 2 to 2½ inches, worn square and very sharp on the edges from constant grinding together. This they always do when cornered.

"An early start next morning found us riding along in extended order; the spear having been discarded, all were now armed with six-shooters. After riding over a couple of miles of country, during which time we started one or two herds which easily made their escape, we finally slipped up on a bunch of thirty or forty resting in the thick underbrush close to a windmill.

"Part of the bunch came out about seventy-five yards from me and I immediately left the rest of the party and took up the chase. I ran them about half a mile and was about thirty or forty feet away when one of the straps on my camera broke. I had the choice of leaving the camera or

quitting the chase, and as I knew that if I ever left my camera I could never find it again, I decided to return and see what luck the others had. I found that Buckner had killed another big boar, but had taken two or three shots to do it, and after wounding him, the javalin had made one or two dashes at his horse, but he had fortunately killed him before he was able to do any damage. We then turned up the draw toward another windmill two miles and a half away and hunted unsuccessfully toward it.

"Arriving at the windmill, we found a camp with five big stags hung up in the trees about and in a few minutes, Mr. Scott, of the Texas Railroad Commission, returned and invited us to lunch. However, we had just accepted the invitation of Mr. Jackman, the sheriff of Hays County, who had come with a party of several others and camped only a few hundred yards off. Mr. Jackman had killed enough quail on his trip out to give us a very fine meal.

"Javalin put up a very fast race for half a mile or a mile and can go straight through the underbrush, while men on horseback have to look for openings, with one hand on the reins and the other used as a protection against the thorns which cover the bushes and trees. Altogether, it makes quite a wild and exciting chase.

"Our day and a half sport on Mr. Coleman's ranch amply repaid us for our trip and I am now of the firm opinion that our hunt would have been successful with spears instead of six-shooters had we had along a pack of hounds. In that case, we could have progressed more leisurely, picking our way and got in when the dogs had bayed the javalin."

General attention just now centers upon the Winter Carnival at Montreal from January 4th to February 5th. To those who have never known the exhilaration of a Canadian winter much is in store. Interesting as Montreal may be in historical recollections, in fine buildings, and in beautiful parks and surroundings, it is the attractions of outdoor life that give to the city its principal charm. One instinctively associates the word "Canada" with vigor, health, and sport. Canadians fully realize the blessing of the deep, long-continued snow, the value of which, even if it did no

more than keep down the dust, would be priceless to health and comfort. It shields and fertilizes the ground, distributes water gradually, and provides an easy method of traveling with the sleigh.

It is difficult to say which is the most popular of the many different forms of amusement indulged in during the winter months, as each in turn appeals to a particular section of the people. Skating, tobogganing, snowshoeing, skiing, and sleigh-driving are all very popular. One of the latest sports introduced to the Canadian people is skiing. The slopes of Mount Royal afford splendid opportunities to both beginners and experts in this exercise. Once you get your skis on you will very soon forget the painful uncertainty of your first efforts. Few sports give greater pleasure or more health, and the outdoor life in the cold, pure air reacts upon the spirits and nerves.

Visitors to Montreal during the carnival period can purchase tickets for the fortnight at a low rate for the toboggan slide, and can also rent skates and skating boots at the various rinks in the city. The curling rinks are usually open free of charge to visitors during the *bonspiel* or at any other time. The hockey matches played during the carnival period should not be missed by the visitor. A great deal of enjoyment can be had in taking a sleigh-drive around the city and over the mountain.

During carnival season an ice palace is erected on a large square or park, close to the base of Mount Royal. It is built of solid blocks of ice, which are cut in the river. Sometimes it is built in the form of a fort or castle, and again it is more modern in style, with towers and minarets to give it a picturesque and beautiful appearance. This palace is illuminated with arc lights from within at night, which reflect through the clear ice, producing a very beautiful effect.

It is interesting to note that OUTING's protest against the exclusion of bird dogs from the Adirondack preserve has been answered by the passing of a resolution last month permitting the taking of bird dogs into the preserve. The resolution was introduced by B. F. Stetson of the Adirondack Fish and Game Club. The commission wisely continued the exclusion of hounds.



THE PROWLER OF THE NIGHT.

From an oil painting made for *The Outing Magazine* by Herbert Pullinger.

THE OUTING MAGAZINE



VOLUME LV

MARCH, 1910

NUMBER 6

THE NEW IDEA IN ATHLETICS

by Walter Camp

Illustrated with Photographs

ALTHOUGH in a perfunctory way for many years educators have been occasionally quoting the sound body for the sound mind, the real coördination of physical and mental training has been appreciated only in comparatively recent years and a new idea developed in both athletic and mental training. Lately, men like Sargent of Harvard and others have demanded that certain standards of physical fitness should be required of a student just as certain class-room standing and equipment should be demanded of the athlete.

They seemed to be putting the matter rather baldly and their position was resented by those who felt that athletics were already encroaching unduly upon the curriculum. But it was only an indication of what was being felt by prominent educators to be a menacing danger. The warning that they wished to be written large for the present day

and generation was, that the strong physically were growing stronger physically and the weak physically were growing weaker physically, because each tended more and more to be attracted toward and to do that for which his equipment was steadily improving. That was all. They were concerned for both sides.

They meant that the overzealous student became undervitalized and grew more so, while the athlete separated himself more and more from the work of the scholar. There can be no question that association and intermingling of types, each learning the point of view of the other, is eminently desirable; that the division of college men classed as athletes and the division classed as "digs" would each be greatly benefited by interchange of ambitions. It is along that line and for the purpose of coördinating the physical and mental that the most thoughtful men in the educational ranks are now progressing.

We have rules in the schools and col-

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A TRACK ATHLETE, LATER
A POLO PLAYER.



BASEBALL PLAYER IN EARLY
SPRING PRACTICE.

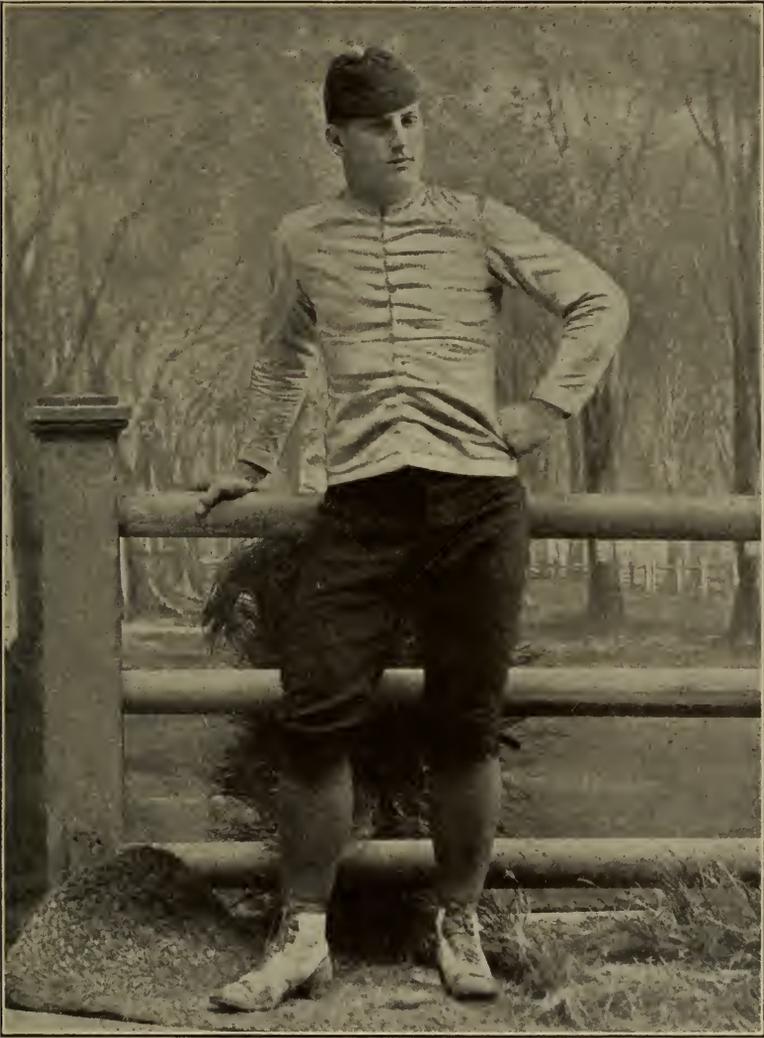
leges which force the athlete to do at least a certain amount of class-room work. He is not allowed to drift over entirely to the side of physical development, no matter what his desires and interests may be. An effort is now being made to put pressure, not necessarily by law, but by attraction, upon the man who burns the midnight oil and forgets his physical side in a search for mental training—a pressure that should be as strong upon him as the contrary pressure upon the athlete to prevent his wrecking his life in another but even more serious way.

It must be remembered that while the boy or man who goes through college shirking the mental side loses much, he has, even then, an opportunity to make up for that negligence somewhat by later successes. A valedictorian or a salutatorian (as was the case in two classes near me when I was in college), breaking down immediately after graduation

and losing life itself, has on his side no chance to make up for the mistakes he has made.

A realizing sense of this means that those in charge of our educational affairs, while believing that men should be made to study, believe also that they should be made to play; that those who need the study especially should be forced, and those who need the play should be equally forced; that it is essential to all-around education that the physically poorly equipped should be attracted to play and ready to play because they like it. Where that seems impossible, it is still essential to make certain demands upon them in this way if they are to be properly developed with a fair prospect of anything like successful careers.

The problem is how far one may go in endeavoring to force the horse to drink, having led him to the water. Too great supervision over the sports of



FOOTBALL UNIFORM OF THE DAY OF CANVAS JACKET AND FLANNEL TROUSERS: THE LATE FREDERIC REMINGTON.

youth usually turns out badly, and the same would undoubtedly follow too great anxiety to direct the students. We may, however, show the springs of good water to both horses.

As new ideas usually have their origin in some want or inquiry, so the new idea in athletics sprang from a very definite desire that was being expressed on all sides. It was set forth so that all who ran might read that there was a really educational value in athletics.

At first a tremendous increase of interest along this line took the

body of educators unawares, and almost before they knew it they were overwhelmed. It seemed to the conservative ones that this young giant was threatening all the old standards and beliefs. From this fact there very speedily grew up two camps, those who rebelled against the encroachment of athletics on the one side and those who welcomed it enthusiastically on the other. For a time it looked like war between the two parties, until some of the educators, wise in their day and generation, saw the great force that

could be made of athletics as a means of discipline.

Now what is the practical, up-to-date application of this new idea? It is this: That school and college are no longer divided into the athletic and non-athletic, and that the same thing is true of life outside the large school; that every boy, and girl, for that matter, has a right to a certain measure of play every day; that forced exercise does not furnish all that is required in this respect; that the play instinct is not satisfied entirely by this kind of exercise.

The second step is that athletic sports and games are of immense value in disciplining the mind and body and as such are just as necessary as a part of the development, aside from any benefit to the health, as is training in the dead languages. Finally, we are rapidly reaching a balance in which the body-builder and mind-builder work together and each uses the other's tools and help.

It is a strange thing that no matter how difficult the task has been proved to be by the records of hundreds of years, age will still continue to be impressed by the fearful responsibilities of youth, and in the endeavor to share them will become filled with anxiety over the child when he falls out of bed, or gets

his first jackknife; will worry over the boy climbing his first tree. The elders will still continue to feel great trepidation over his swimming, boating, riding, and other sports, and may not really draw a long, comfortable breath until he has reached man's estate.

They will forget how they themselves enjoyed that same jackknife and can hardly believe that they were better off in those days for not realizing that the jackknife might cut one of the main arteries. They will refuse to understand that nature never meant the ten-year-old youngster climbing a tree to think all the way up what might happen if he fell. Probably the whole scheme of nature is being carried out by this indifference of youth to the caution of age and by the tempering of youth through the continual work of advice, caution, and laws from the elders.

Nevertheless, there is growing up a steadily increasing appreciation of the value of the broader development and the belief that age should take an interest in the sports of youth; that, in fact, age itself should carry on certain sports suited to the years, even to the end of life. This breadth of view is bringing up a better race and a happier



A COLLEGE CREW PUTTING OFF FROM THE FLOAT FOR A PRACTICE ROW.



ON THE MARK IN A DUAL TRACK MEET.

one. Schools, which in the old days were more or less dreaded, are now loved by the boys. Where in the old times the only fun a boy had in school was through infraction of the rules, there has come a new light.

A boy may enjoy his holidays at home, but it is easy to see when he starts back to school that, instead of the old horrors, he has something of a desire to return and meet all the various interests of school life and school-fellows again. At first the parent is inclined to resent this, but when he realizes that it means that the boy enjoys his school life instead of disliking it, he becomes reconciled.

How has this whole scheme been changed and made over with such desirable results? It has come about through the wisdom of the educators who in the last twenty-five years have become keenly alive to the fact that the boy is a many-sided little animal which nature meant should develop in all directions, and that to disregard his physical for his mental side was a serious mistake. Thus there have grown up the big playing fields which are now an adjunct to every first-class school.

In many schools play is as obligatory

as work and the masters see that every boy has his share. This has spread up into the colleges, although it is a fact, even now, that the average college is not as well equipped with playing room as the first-class preparatory school. Exeter, for instance, has through the kindness of a benefactor playing grounds containing football fields, baseball diamonds, tennis courts, and running track, offering more room per boy than the Yale field does to the Yale student. And the result of all this? Let an outside observer speak. Prof. George Wobermin, professor of systematic theology at the University of Breslau, wrote to the *Yale News* after his visit to New Haven:

"The most important and at the same time the most agreeable impression made upon me is the feeling of fellowship and common interest of the entire student body of the university. This impression overpowered me both in the general religious service and also on the football field. In both places one was intuitively conscious that the whole university made up one great community bound together by intellectual interests, and that every individual was, in a very real way, conscious of

his part in this community life. Such a feeling of fellowship is often sadly lacking among the students of our German universities.

"Another element of American university life which German students would do well to develop is the proper care and development of the boy in athletic sports. And a feature of German student life, which I am glad to say is not as noticeable among American students, is the tendency toward an excessive use of liquor which the German cultivates at his all too frequent 'Kneipe Evenings.'"

President Hadley, when lecturing in Berlin, said: "For the most part the lines of activity of the American students and student organizations—literary, musical, or scientific—correspond to those of other lands, and I need not describe them more fully. But there is one branch where, in America, as in England, things have developed in a special way. I refer to the competitive tournaments or athletic sports. From his cradle the American likes to play ball, and even as a child, he admires every boy who can play the game well.

"In the schools the game is organized; in the colleges this organization is carried still further. Many complain that far too much time is wasted on this game that might otherwise be devoted to intellectual development. But the advantages accruing from it are far greater than the disadvantages.

"In the first place it is not from the cult of the Muses, but from the cult of Bacchus, as a rule, that these games turn the efforts and thoughts of the students. Again, it is just such games that train men not alone to be physically strong and skillful, but more than that, to learn how to subject themselves to a very strict discipline, a thing which is of the utmost importance in our American life. Furthermore, the interest in these games brings the graduates back to their Alma Mater as nothing else could attract them, whereby the fraternal student-comradeship becomes not merely a thing for a few years only but lasts throughout life."

In order to realize something of the growth that has taken place it is well to go back to the old days and see how much better off we are. References have been made many times to the infraction of discipline in the colleges forty or fifty years ago continuing down for some time thereafter. There were town and gown rows in those days and various acts of vandalism. These began to grow less as organized athletics crept in.

The boy always had a certain amount of leisure time. No amount of discipline could get around that fact. If he devoted eight hours to study and eight hours to sleep, there were still eight hours to do other things in. Part of the time he consumed at his meals, but he did not take any longer in the old days than he does today, and there is plenty of evidence in the laws of the college in fines and punish-



PRODUCED BY GYMNASIUM TRAINING: A COLLEGE STRONG MAN.

ments that it was impossible in those days, as at any time, not to conclude that Satan found some mischief still for idle hands to do.

How is this new idea quietly though certainly working out? It is probable that few of the readers of this article, thinking of the college or university at Christmas time or through the months of December and January, after the season of football is closed, realize that there is anything going on in the athletic line. Those who formed a part of the forty thousand who watched the final football game are rather inclined to think that the twenty or thirty young men they saw on the field were the only ones to get the benefit of the athletic training.

True, after a strenuous football season, the football player devotes himself assiduously to college work and makes a wise transition from one line of interest to another. But how little does he know of college matters who believes that only those few men who were the center of interest for a season represented the varied athletic interests in the college! No better illustration can be given of the real condition of affairs than to take the notices in one day's winter copy of the *News*, for instance, a daily college publication issued at Yale University.

Let one forget for a moment the great football team and the baseball nine that will appear in the spring, and the track men who will contest in the dual games and the intercollegiate meet, and the rowing men who have just finished their class races, but who will again prepare after Christmas and will sit in those shells at New London in midsummer. But some one says these represent all the sports. It is true they represent the majority that are commented on in the newspapers, the so-



THE ATHLETIC GIRL IN THE FLYING RING:
THE BIRD'S NEST.

called major sports. But here is the list of the day's notices given on the eighth of December.

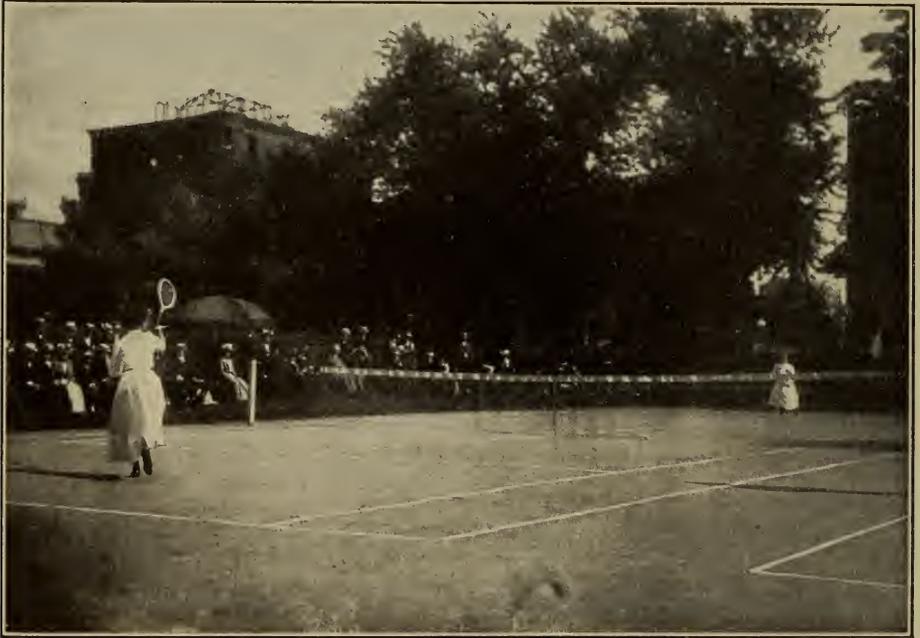
First comes the swimming schedule, giving the dates for the meetings through the winter and the calls for the various men. Then there is the seventh hare and hound paper chase; under this are given the men who have won points in these contests during the last few weeks. There is a list of no less than twelve point-winners ranging from nineteen points down to one. Following this is the notice of the Willisbrook competitions. These are handicap field and track contests and indoor work is beginning. There are actually thirty-three prize cups for this Willisbrook competition alone.

Calls follow, first for the university hockey team with notices to the candidates, then the freshman hockey team, then the university basketball, then the freshman basketball, then the cross country team, then the call for wrestling, then the water polo men, the gymnasium team, and last of all there is a notice of a meeting of the Corinthian

Yacht Club. And these are simply one day's notices!

From this one can gather some impression of the new idea which extends all these advantages to every man in college and gives him something to think of in the way of definite physical development combined with excitement. It is all very well for a man of forty or fifty to take methodical exercise.

idea of the rapidity with which this phase of college and school life has developed. Rowing as an intercollegiate contest is the oldest, but that did not begin until 1852. Baseball was taken up by the colleges in the early sixties as an intercollegiate contest. Track athletics followed but not until ten years later, and some nine years after that the first intercollegiate championship



WOMAN'S CHAMPIONSHIP IN TENNIS.

The boy from the time he has a chance to test out his strength against another boy longs for competition, and unless he gets some of it with his sports, he will have none of them.

Everything is being made the most of. It is the remarkable team performing in public and making a name for itself in athletics that leads every youngster to wish to excel in something similar; holds before him a goal, it may be of minor importance, but which means much to him and leads him steadily on to the full development of all his powers.

When one stops to think that none of our intercollegiate sports is much over fifty years old, he can gather some

tennis tournament was held. The other sports are children compared with these, yet in any one of the big colleges to-day squads for each of these sports may number over one hundred, sometimes in the early part of the season running up to nearly two hundred.

There is still another side to it. This new idea that has come into school and college athletics is too good to confine to the privileged classes—the boy born with a silver spoon in his mouth. By this I do not refer to the sons of the very rich, but to all those boys who have the advantage of private school education and later a collegiate course. These boys will always have more than their share, and the philanthropist has

realized this and has made the new idea possible for the children of those for whom the public school is the probable limit of education, even for those who have none too much of this opportunity.

If when you were a boy your only playground had been the street, and that only at dusk; if your only chance at baseball had been to seize surrep-

can be put into the boy's childhood, the more profitable he will become as an investment to any community. That repression, antagonism, unfair and cruel treatment will breed in return a progeny of bitterness and concealed lawlessness is inevitable, and that progeny costs every law-abiding property owner in the community both concern and money. Hence, philanthropy aside, the



WOMAN'S CHAMPIONSHIP IN GOLF.

tious opportunities when the "cops" were somewhere else, it wouldn't be much wonder if there were times when you felt that you hadn't had a fair show. Now that spirit of not having a fair chance—that feeling of the law not as a protector but always as your enemy—would not have proved a good thing for you nor in the end for the community of which you grew up to be a part. You might come through it all and become a good citizen, but the chances would be against it.

It is a realization of this fact that is leading thoughtful men to turn more and more strongly toward the playground movement, to understand that the more sunshine and fair play that

correction of such a state of affairs is beginning to interest everyone who has a stake or a permanent residence in the country.

To go a step beyond this into a class that is rich enough to have opportunities not allotted to the poor boy: here in the old times the boy was a thing to be sternly repressed. At school the more he could be kept from play the better was considered the discipline. But did this prove profitable? The result was almost invariably uncontrollable ebullitions. Rebellion would arise wholly unknown in the schools of today. And when the boy came up to college, how did he turn out? It is a matter of statistics that college disor-

ders in those days were far greater in proportion to the number of students than they are to-day, and as for the evil of drinking, the evidence is overwhelmingly in favor of the collegian of to-day. This was even more true of the boy who had fewer advantages.

As the new idea has gained converts on all sides and is now ruling school and college alike, so it has gained force outside, and the truth is being realized that it is not the part of wisdom to make any more of a treadmill than is necessary of the fact that every man must do his work in the community. The new idea includes an appreciable amount of pleasure in life and endeavors to distribute that pleasure with some fair sense of justness and fitness.

"Boys will be boys" is an old saying, but it no longer means that every boy when not working must be in mischief; rather that every boy works better if he has a side in life where his play is his own, where his little laws are respected, and where he can view himself with pride and satisfaction untram-

meled by what must always seem to him unnatural standards.

To anyone who goes about the outskirts of New York comes a great surprise at the increase of the amount of space given up to play. Men like James E. Sullivan and Luther Gulick are regarded with heart-felt gratitude by the thousands for whom their efforts have meant so much. Harrisburg under Mr. MacFarland of the Civic Federation and former Mayor Vance McCormick was a leader in this playground development. There the older boy has his chance for baseball and other sports, while the younger children enjoy all manner of swings and apparatus, and those that can only toddle have wading pools, sand piles, and other delights dear to the heart of a child.

Cleveland is another city that has surrendered park property to the good cause and there are several regular baseball leagues among the boys, playing off scheduled matches on Saturday afternoons. And these are only a few of the cities that are working out the



A COLLEGE GOLFER GETTING AWAY A GOOD ONE.



GIRLS' SCHOOLS HAVE THEIR TEAMS AND THEIR CONTESTS.

new idea of developing the children through pleasant, agreeable surroundings and using the play impetus and principle for this purpose.

There are now some three hundred and fifty cities in the United States with public playgrounds, and most of these have come into being in the last decade. New York has over two hundred and fifty playgrounds now, Boston has eight, and Philadelphia the same number. Other cities, like Baltimore, Pittsburg, and Washington, run from thirty to fifty each. The old "Keep Off the Grass" sign seems to have given place to a new sign "Come and Play." And those who look into the future say that this is only the beginning.

It is not pretended by even its most zealous advocates that the new idea will solve all the problems of youth, but it

is a fact that its every-day application has gone further toward a solution of these problems than has any other thesis by educators or philanthropists within the century, and the results have only just begun to be evident. Within the next decade the merging of the formerly separated classes in school and college and the growth of the outside playground movement promise to be phenomenal, and at the end of that time the equipment will run into more millions than have ever been laid out before in an educational experiment.

Nor will the present generation reap all the rewards. They will only begin. The generation that follows will have better men and women, and the new idea which has given them these results will by that time be an old and accepted one.



HOW THE MOTOR BOAT PAYS ITS WAY

Photographs by Edwin Levick



THE GROCERYMAN ACROSS THE LAKE CHUGS TO YOUR LANDING WITH THE DAY'S PROVISIONS.



THIS IS THE WAY THE LITTLE MOTORS OF THE RICH ARE CARED FOR.



IF IT'S PLEASURE YOU WANT HERE'S A GOOD WAY TO FIND IT.



SPEED? THE MOTOR HAS IT AND TO SPARE.



EVEN THE HOMELY BUT USEFUL SCOW IS THE BETTER FOR A MOTOR AUXILIARY.



NO HOUSEBOAT HOME IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A GASOLINE-POWER PRODUCING PLANT.

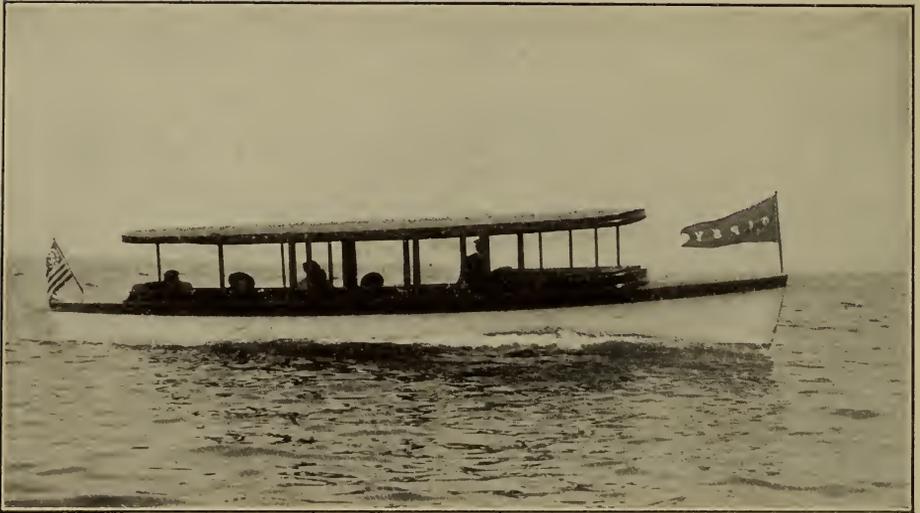


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UNCLE SAM MAKES THE MOTOR HELP SAVE LIFE.



IF A TUG IS NEEDED, CRANK UP AND THERE YOU ARE.



A POPULAR TYPE IS THE OPEN BOAT WITH CANOPY TOP.

MOTOR BOATS



A



MAN MAY BUY

by Lawrence La Rue

Illustrated with Photographs

WHETHER a man spends his vacation on the Mississippi or the St. Lawrence; whether he is at a fashionable watering place or on a small lake or river; whether he chooses Newport or Bar Harbor in summer or Palm Beach in winter, he will meet on every side motor boats of all sizes, descriptions, and styles, and he will become firmly convinced that these little self-propelled craft are as indigenous to every navigable body of water as the fish were once reputed to be.

The owning of a little motor boat is

a simple matter if the enthusiast knows exactly what kind he wants, for a craft capable of carrying three or four persons at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour can be obtained for from a hundred dollars up. The very variety of styles, sizes, and prices, however, from which he may select will furnish the prospective buyer with a greater problem than would at first appear, for only he who has had the experience will realize to what an extent the manufacture of hulls, engines, and completed motor boats has grown during the past five years.

Let the embryo yachtsman visit a popular summer resort located on a large body of water near his home city. On

a pleasant day the surface of the water will seem fairly alive with large and small motor-propelled craft of all types—possibly no two alike. He may see two wings of white far up the stream, and before many minutes he will discern the graceful lines of a rapidly moving boat approaching him, its sharp bow cleaving the water and throwing it out in clouds of spray and foam on either side.

He begins to become enthusiastic at the sight. "What millionaire owns that boat," he asks of a bystander.

"Why, that's Smith taking a spin in his auto boat that won so many races in her class this season," the obliging one replies, and the stranger recognizes at the wheel of the racer a man having an office near his whose income he knows is, to say the least, modest.

And so it goes. The clerk in the bank chugs by in a none too beautiful, but seaworthy, "runabout" which he has purchased with the savings from his small salary during the winter. The craft would hardly compare with Smith's racer, but it is a motor boat just the same, and as such, can give its owner just as much solid enjoyment as the "commodore" of the yacht club extracts from his sea-going yacht. And ten to one the bank clerk has a vocab-

ulary and knowledge of nautical terms that would put that same commodore to shame.

Just as our friend is passing through the stage from landlubberhood to yachtsmanship and has come to the conclusion that he would like mighty well to own the auto boat, but can only afford the runabout, and has decided to compromise and buy a commodious and comfortable-looking canopy-top boat such as he has just seen pass by, a larger craft heaves into sight having ample cabin space and occupied by three or four youngsters who have evidently been living on board for several weeks.

His mind, making several rapid mathematical calculations, tells him that he might better save for several years and buy a cruiser. And then he recognizes in this cruiser four high school boys from his town, and he knows that, even working after school hours and during vacation, these boys could not raise a thousand dollars among them.

He begins to wonder—how is it that Smith and the bank clerk and the high school boys can all own boats which seem so far beyond their incomes? Wonder is followed by inquiry, and he discovers that a motor boat is not necessarily the expensive affair that he had been led to believe it was and he re-



THE STEEL MOTOR SKIFF IS PRACTICALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE.



PLENTY OF ROOM, GOOD SPEED, EASE OF HANDLING,
AND ALL FOR ABOUT \$600.

alizes that half a dozen substantial, self-propelled boats can be bought for the price of one automobile.

But after the prospective buyer has become convinced of the low price of motor boats, he will be left in more of a quandary than ever, for a great variety of sizes and styles are open for his selection. It is impossible to tell every man just what he will want, for the needs of each may be different, but a résumé of some of the styles offered, with a survey of the advantages and disadvantages possessed by each may be of interest to the embryo yachtsman.

The cheapest and simplest form of motor boat is the converted skiff. A substantial rowboat of the St. Lawrence model may be bought for from twenty to forty dollars, and for the ex-

penditure of another forty or fifty a one or two horse-power motor may be obtained and installed—thus making a craft which should be able to carry three or four persons at a pace much faster than that of rowing and with much less exertion—unless the motor should prove to be balky. The best results will probably be obtained by something near a two horse-power motor in a boat of this type, as any power in excess of that would set up such a vibration in the hull that a ride in such a craft would be far from pleasurable.

Akin to the motor skiff, and yet of lighter weight and consequently of greater speed for the same power, is the ordinary canoe, strengthened and braced for the installation of the engine. The limit of speed in a motor boat of this kind will be about fourteen miles per hour, no matter how much power may be installed, but comfortable riding cannot be obtained with more than

one horse power, and a consequent speed reduction to about eight miles per hour. Motor canoes are made by some manufacturers with the engine already installed; these are found exceedingly useful in sections where portaging may be necessary, for the entire outfit will weigh less than one hundred and fifty pounds.

A "ready-made" motor boat with the engine installed and ready to run can be bought for less than one hundred dollars. This was probably the type of boat in which the bank clerk was seen, and while it is subject to the troubles to which the average motor craft is heir, the entire outfit is a remarkably simple little affair, and when owned and operated by a man who exercises common sense, it should furnish



EVEN A SMALL BOAT WITH LOW HORSE POWER WILL DO A GOOD DAY'S WORK.



THE MAJORITY OF BOATS UNDER FORTY FEET IN LENGTH CAN BE CONTROLLED EASILY BY ONE MAN.

little cause for annoyance. Such a boat will probably be about fourteen feet long with the motor located in the stern and an arrangement for steering within easy reach of the engineer.

A couple of cross seats forward furnish accommodations for two or three passengers, while space is supplied for tools, camping utensils, oilskins, and the like under the seats. With a few gallons of gasoline in the tank, strong batteries for the motor, and a sufficient knowledge of the waterway to keep off the rocks and shoals, an entire day may be spent on the water and many miles covered with no probability of a mishap or trouble of any kind with the engine.

Boats of this style are manufactured with the ordinary wooden hull, or with a hull of steel, according to the type purchased. The former are too well known to require comment here, but the latter, too, are becoming exceedingly popular with the man who desires a craft in which he can go almost anywhere and which is practically inde-

structible. These hulls, being made of pressed steel, are exceedingly difficult to puncture, and should a solid obstacle be encountered, a dent, which could probably be hammered out easily, will perhaps be the only damage incurred. As an additional safeguard, however, most of these steel hulls are equipped with air-tight steel tanks fore and aft which will serve to keep the boat afloat, even though a hole should be made in it below the water line.

Whether it would be to a certain man's advantage to buy one of these ready-made motor boats, or to purchase an engine and install it in a hull built at some other yard, will depend so much upon circumstances that it is almost impossible to give practical advice on the subject. The completed craft, being ready to run, will require less trouble in its purchase, and if the buyer can find just what he wants, it would probably be the better policy for him to obtain one of these. If he already owns a substantial hull, however, it



A GOOD BEAM AND A RELIABLE ENGINE WILL SPELL PLEASURE FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY.

would naturally be to his advantage to secure a suitable motor and install it in the boat.

Ordering an entirely new boat to specifications will insure exactly the type of craft the man thinks he wants, but a low-priced boat of the sort we are considering would hardly warrant the extra trouble involved in having the hull built to order and an engine of a different make installed therein. In general it may be said that when the investment represented is not over one hundred and fifty dollars the ready-made boat will be preferable to the built-to-order kind—unless the purchaser already owns a suitable hull or engine, or both.

A man of a mechanical turn of mind who desires to devote his spare time during the winter to an interesting and money-saving pursuit can do no better than to build his own boat—provided he has at his command a sufficiently large workshop and the few tools necessary. There are several methods by

which he can do this, and either, when properly carried out, should supply him with a motor boat at considerably less expenditure of money than would be the case had he bought the craft outright. The expenditure of time, of course, is considerably greater, but that is not to be counted as it is assumed that he is doing this for the recreative pleasure he may obtain from it as well as for the money he can save.

Some manufacturers and designers furnish, for a small sum, a complete set of patterns, or forms, and blue prints, by the use of which a complete hull may be made. The actual cost of such a boat will consist in the few dollars expended for the blue prints and patterns and the cost of the raw material and hardware. Unless the man who is building the hull in this manner has at his disposal a small buzz or band saw, he must have some of the lumber cut for him at a sawmill, and this expense must be added to the cost of building the boat.

The "knock-down" boat could hardly be called a homemade affair, for the pieces are cut in the factory and merely assembled in the amateur builder's shop. Before shipment each piece is cut to fit accurately in its place and minute directions are given for every part. The cost of these parts is probably less than half the net price of the completed boat. The saving in freight from the factory to the water on which the boat is to be operated is another important item to be considered, and probably two thirds of this charge may be saved because of the more compact and convenient form in which the "knock-down" parts are shipped.

The building of these boats by the amateur is practical only for hulls of the smaller sizes—not exceeding twenty-four or twenty-five feet in length, let us say. Above this size, the parts become too large and bulky for him to handle, and the heavier tools required confine the building of such a hull to a well-equipped shop under the direction of a professional boat builder.

Limit of Ready-Made Boats

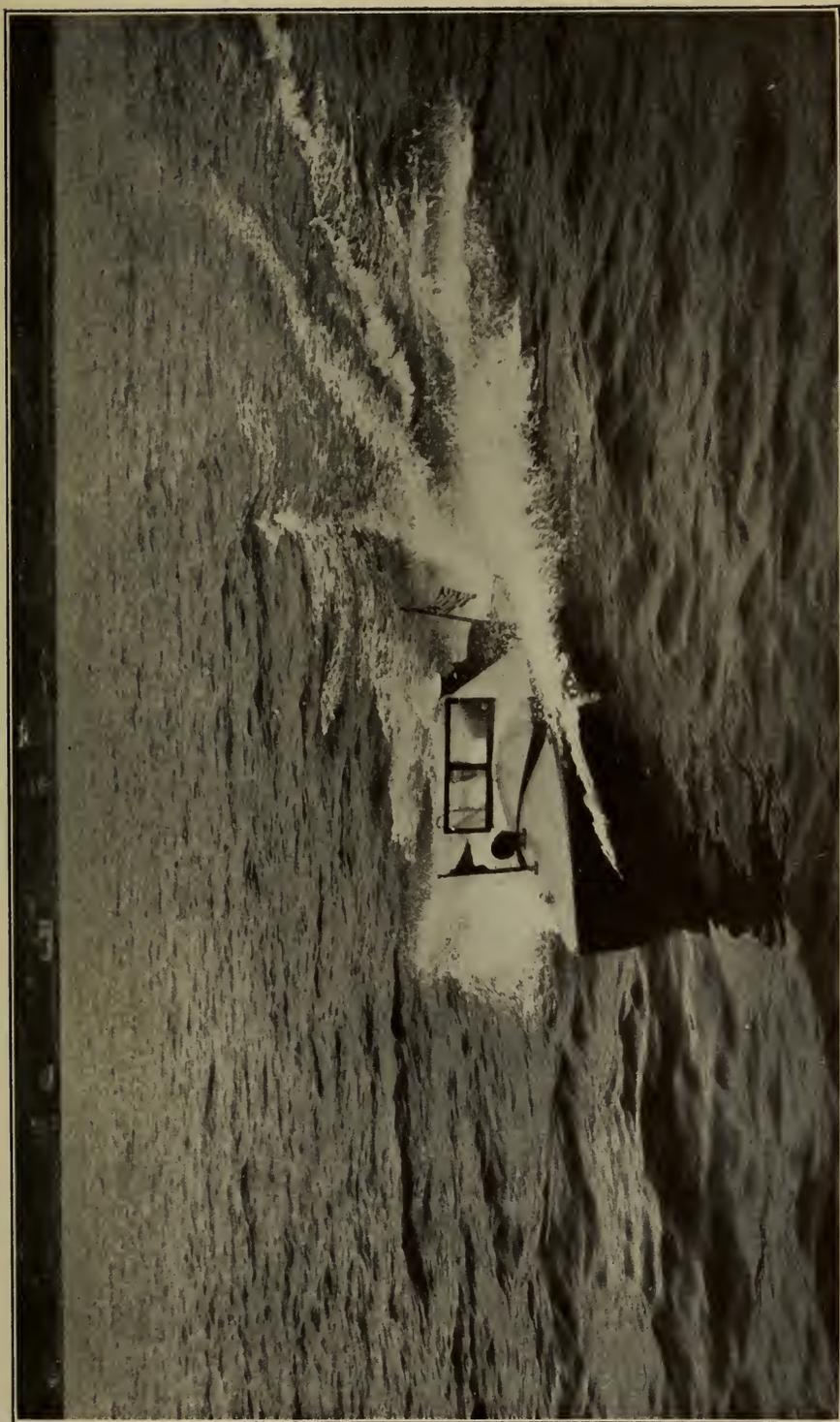
Although new boats of forty, and even more, feet in length can be obtained with motor installed and the whole craft ready for operation, the majority of motor boats over twenty-five feet long are made to order from specifications furnished or suggested by the prospective owner or his adviser. A man buying a boat of this size has probably previously owned or operated a smaller craft, and by the time he has graduated into the large-size auto boat or cruiser class, he will probably know just about what he wants. Consequently the present article—written, as it is, primarily for the beginner—cannot well include points or suggestions on boats of these proportions. Between twenty-five and forty feet, however, many auto boats, cruisers, and "family boats" are in use by the novice.

Probably the majority of motor boats to-day under forty feet in length can be controlled easily by one man, and the owner, if he so chooses, may assume the rôle of the "cook, the mate,

and the captain bold," and also the crew of his craft. To have under his control at the same time the speed of the motor and the guidance of his craft lends a zest and enchantment to motor boating which cannot be found in the larger yachts where the signals must be sent down from the bridge to the engine room located out of sight in the hold and on which the captain and engineer are hired professionals. Quick to realize this desire on the part of the average owner to operate his craft himself, the builders make a feature of the simple, one-man control, and modern design enables a forty-foot auto boat or cruiser to be handled almost as easily as a sixteen-foot runabout.

Essentially a compact and easily handled type of craft, the auto boat appeals to the man who desires speed and grace of outline in a water vehicle, and the comparatively high power which most of them possess makes this an ideal racing style of boat. It may be said here that orthographeists may, with good reason, take exception to the term "auto boat" as applied only to a restricted type of self-propelled craft. But the location of the motor out of sight under a front hood, the tilted steering wheel and control levers placed within the reach of one man, the glass wind shield, and the automobile tops with which nearly all are supplied have given to this type of craft a name which is expressive as showing its similarity in equipment to that of its land cousin—the automobile—and the term will probably always remain in the popular nautical vocabulary.

The auto boat is probably the type which excites the greatest amount of admiration from spectators and passengers as it skims lightly over the water at the rate of from fifteen to thirty miles an hour, and the prospective buyer immediately picks this out as the only kind of a craft that it will satisfy him to own. He need not be discouraged, however, by such seemingly hopeless ambitions, for it is really remarkable what a speedy, trim, and serviceable little craft may be purchased for fifteen hundred dollars or less. In fact, an auto boat about twenty-five feet long



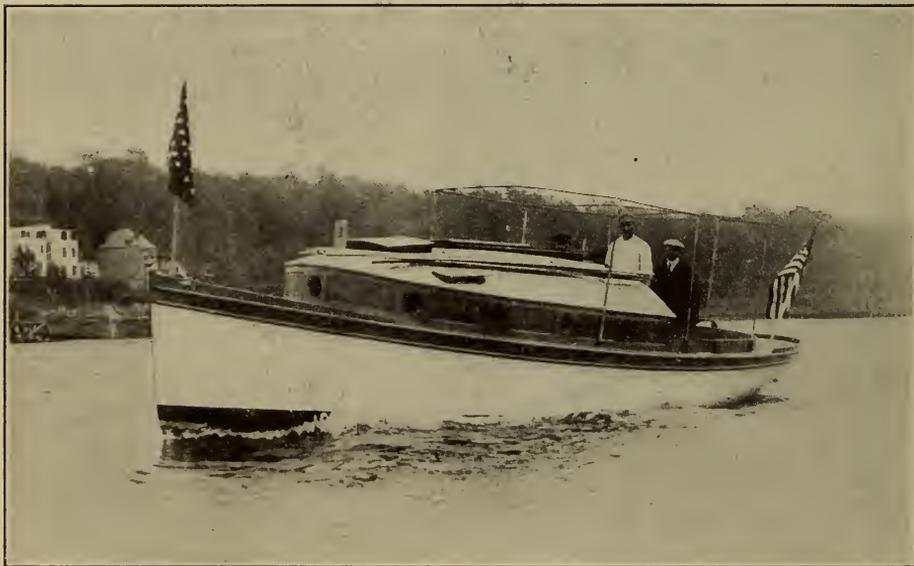
THE AUTO BOAT APPEALS TO THE MAN WHO DESIRES SPEED AND GRACE OF OUTLINE IN A WATER VEHICLE.

and capable of carrying six or seven passengers at the rate of twelve or fourteen miles an hour can be purchased complete for about five hundred dollars.

It may have been a boat of not more than double this price with which Smith aroused the admiration of the landlubber who stood on the shore and watched him skim by—for a thousand dollars will purchase a craft which is as attractive to look at as a much higher-

complicated than the four-cycle type, it is seldom found in the auto boat in horse powers exceeding twenty. In horse powers ranging from one half to twenty, however, the two-cycle type will be found in every variety of boat, and it is in these smaller sizes in which its greatest field of usefulness is found.

It is not the desire of the writer to be drawn into any discussion of the relative merits of these two leading forms



THE HIGH FREEBOARD AND ROOMY CABIN OF THIS TYPE OF CRUISER MAKE IT AN IDEAL ROUGH-WEATHER BOAT.

priced boat, and will differ only in size and power from the thirty-mile racers. Modern hull design and motor construction have brought a boat with a speed capacity of twenty or more miles an hour within the reach of the man who has but a thousand dollars to spend for the purpose. Above this speed the price increases out of all proportion to the number of miles per hour gained. For instance, a twenty-five-mile boat may be built and equipped for less than two thousand dollars, but a craft capable of attaining thirty miles an hour would require the expenditure of at least twelve thousand dollars.

While the two-cycle marine motor is exceedingly efficient and reliable in the smaller powers, and is at all times less

of marine motors, and for the information of the novice it may be said, roughly, that the trend of design seems to favor the two-cycle type for the small powers, while the racers or heavy boats requiring large horse power employ the four-cycle motor almost exclusively. In other words, a skiff or canoe should be equipped with the simpler two-cycle motor, while a large racer or ocean-going yacht needs the more economical and powerful four-cycle engine—and it is only where the fields overlap that there is any room for discussion between these powers.

Although for many years the policy of most motor boatmen has been to have the hull for a large auto boat or cruiser constructed at some shipyard, and then

to install in it a motor of special design, the trend at present seems to be turning in the other direction, and to-day forty-foot boats of both types are made in stock models with the motor installed and ready for operation. Some of the handsomest craft seen on any waters are ready-made boats, and while every little detail and hobby desired by the owner cannot be included, much time, trouble, and "red-tape" are cer-

a low cabin in which are sleeping and eating accommodations for from two to six persons—depending upon the size of the craft.

The cabin also contains a toilet room, lockers, and probably a couple of chairs and a writing desk, while deck space aft furnishes daytime accommodations for the crew or passengers. The high freeboard of the cabin and the inclosed cockpit make this an ideal rough-weather



IF YOU WANT LIGHT WEIGHT AND GOOD SPEED IN PROPORTION TO POWER TRY A MOTOR CANOE.

tainly saved—and the manufacturers have learned so thoroughly what is required by the average enthusiast that they are well-nigh able to meet his every demand. Some of these stock models are equipped with sixty horse-power, six-cylinder, automobile motors and those of the auto-boat type are capable of attaining a speed of twenty-four or twenty-five miles an hour.

While the graceful and swift-running auto boat may appeal to the sense of luxury in the average man, space and seaworthiness must be sacrificed for the attainment of high speed, and it is evident that this type of boat is not so well adapted to rough weather or extended trips as is the cruiser. Nearly all cruisers have the cockpit inclosed in

er type of boat, and it is craft of this class which have successfully made the trip from New York to Bermuda.

A good-sized cruiser, when furnished with mahogany woodwork and equipped with an electric lighting plant, running water, and other modern conveniences, may become a veritable "floating palace," but such a craft is beyond the means of the ordinary man who desires to operate his own boat, and is certainly not the style of water vehicle in which the four high-school boys were cruising. But cruiser and costliness are not necessarily synonymous, for a twenty-five-foot boat of this type, with sleeping accommodations for three persons and driven by an eight horse-power motor may be purchased complete and ready

for operation for eight hundred and fifty dollars, and so far as reliability and solid enjoyment of a cruise are concerned, it is fully the equal of its ten-thousand-dollar sister.

A type of motor craft exceedingly popular with those who desire to its fullest extent neither the speed of the auto boat nor the touring possibilities of the cruiser is the open boat with a canopy top and side curtains which may be closed down in case of rain or rough weather. This boat is by no means slow, however, for a thirty-foot hull of good model equipped with a fifteen or twenty horse-power motor can attain a speed of thirteen or fourteen miles an hour. On the other hand, while not possessing the advantages for living on board found in the cruiser, trips lasting several days may be taken in this type of open boat and a party of three or four may sleep in its roomy cockpit without great discomfort.

Making the Most of the Space

In such a boat the motor should be located amidships, and seats with lockers under them should extend around the rear half or two thirds of the cockpit. This will leave space in the forward part for several comfortable chairs, while the lockers under the seats furnish room for nearly all necessary camping and boat supplies. If the hull is built with a V-transom stern a large space under the stern deck is left for stowing many of the more bulky articles which cannot be placed in the lockers. An extra steering wheel located near the motor enables the boat to be managed easily by one man.

When to the variety of styles and sizes of hulls which are or can be built are added the different types, powers, and makes of motors on the market, and when it is realized that almost any combination of use of the one with the other may be obtained, it will be seen that the choice of the motor-boat purchaser as regards the details of his completed craft is by no means limited. Unlike the automobile, the engine in the motor boat may be replaced with a different one as often as desired, and the

old motors reinstalled in other hulls. Continual changing of the power plant in a motor boat is not advisable, however, as the engine bed must necessarily be rebuilt for each different motor installed, and it is far better to select the engine best suited for the hull at first, and then use it until it is worn out.

The ease with which an engine may be installed in almost any kind of a hull has led to the practice in some places of converting almost anything that floats into a motor boat, and it is no uncommon sight to see catboat hulls, scows, and even flat-bottom punts chugging along under their own power. In fact, it would not be surprising some day to hear of a motor raft.

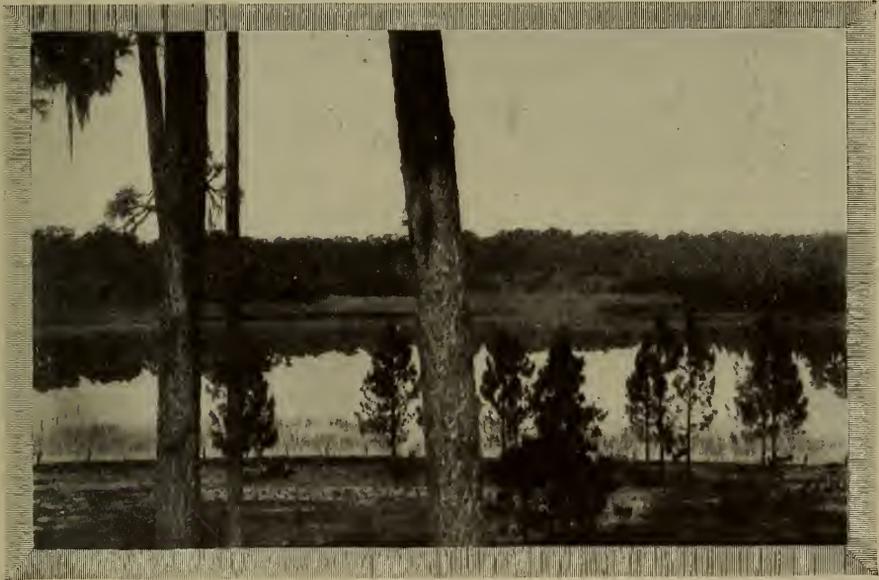
This is carrying the practice to extremes, however, and when beautiful sail boats are being converted into motor boats, it is a change from the picturesque to the practical which, while showing the popularity of the motor boat, will bring many a sigh of regret from the lover of sailing as a sport. Small motors are fast becoming popular adjuncts of a sail boat, however, as a means of auxiliary power for use in a calm or in adverse winds, and the small amount of space which they occupy enables them to be placed out of sight; under these conditions, even the most conservative cannot complain of the invasion of the realms of sailing by the gasoline motor.

It is probable that the owner of even the most expensive racer or cruiser will need a small "knockabout" for short trips in pleasant weather, and the inexperienced motor-boat enthusiast cannot do better than to start his training with one of these inexpensive craft—for it will always be useful to him. From this he can graduate to a better and more commodious type of boat, if he desires, and at the end of a season or so of running his first purchase he will be in a position to know just exactly what he wants for its successor. But whatever size or class of boat he buys subsequently, it is almost certain that he will never find more solid enjoyment and unadulterated fun than he had the first season or two in his hundred-dollar "knockabout."

FINDING THE COUNTRY HOME



by E. P. Powell



Illustrated with Photographs

I PROPOSE a series of articles that shall be helpful to those who desire to create country homes. I shall let the mansions well enough alone, for I have no interest in seeing costly residences on our hillsides that few can afford to occupy and that no one can make pay. These are extravagances that are apt to display only the wealth of their owners. They create tenantry and retinues of servants instead of freeholders and free men. They are not a growth of the land, coming up out of the needs of the people, but they are a transplantation of the city into the country; and wherever they are, the simplicity of Nature is compelled to give way to the artificiality of display. The violet goes, and the lotus pond comes in; and there is nowhere a smell of the wild mint left.

What I shall hold myself to strictly

is helping the men of moderate means, who intend to live wider and warmer and think nobler and develop both food and character by intimacy with Nature. I have a warm feeling for those who are tired of city life or town life, and desire to react from artificiality.

In 1890 the census told us that the cities were receiving over sixty-six per cent of the increase of population, although I believe the tide was even then slowly turning. In 1900 it was found that only a little over thirty per cent of the annual increase dropped into city congestion—notwithstanding the enormous increase of immigration. This was a splendid showing for the country and country life, and we are happy to know that the ratio has been steadily increasing ever since. At present there is not much over twenty per cent of the people lost to the hills and valleys.



SEE IF YOU CANNOT GET BEHIND A NICE BIT OF FOREST, OR AT LEAST A LINE OF WOODLAND.

This, of course, does not mean that the cities are decreasing in size; only that their ratio of growth, with the single exception of New York City, is growing less. It means that country life has at last attractions that counterbalance the attractions of the town. The country telephone, rural free mail delivery, and the trolley are a triple alliance to make the home in the remote glen or the farm on the mountainside hardly more isolated than the apartment in a city flat. Neighbors are joined together so that they can converse freely and cooperate more easily. The trolley is even hauling farmers' wagons to market; backing up to the barn doors and taking long trains of grain as well as passengers. The automobile is going further, although for the present it has not outgrown its aristocratic youth. Any town with half a dozen of these motors is quite as independent as a town on a railroad line served once a day by a freight train.

At any rate the spirit of "back to

the land" has gained a wonderful momentum, and nothing better can be done with our experience than to sift it carefully for the help of those who are quitting the congested street for the sod and rose lawn. It is not so simple a problem as appears on the surface, for the country is far from having a welcome for all comers, nor is it ready to locate and support an indefinite number of applicants who have no knowledge of earth culture. So far as knowledge is concerned, much less is required of the city dweller, who has little more to do than to furnish his "apartments," or hire a conventional house and pay his rent and water taxes.

But if you would have a garden, or a farm, or a fruit orchard you must know what you are about, and you must study every tree and every shrub; you must know the soil and the lay of the land thoroughly. You must know a good deal about the birds of the locality, for that counts very heavily in gathering your crops; some birds are your best



THIS LOCATION OVERLOOKS THE ORISKANY VALLEY, IN CENTRAL NEW YORK, AND IS OWNED BY SENATOR ELIHU ROOT.

allies, while others are a serious pest; you must know a good deal more about insects, for the beetles and moths are your main rivals; and then you cannot safely be ignorant of simple botany—you must at least know the difference between poison ivy and Virginia creeper.

When planting you have to choose from a catalogue of one hundred varieties of apples, fifty of pears, and twenty-five of cherries. You cannot grow more than a dozen probably—perhaps only five of each class. You must find out which suits your soil and your climate, and which are most subject to local diseases and insect foes. So with everything you touch. There is no question about your making mistakes; the aim is to help you make as few as possible. You are at once to take up the rôle of student and become an investigator.

In other words, any one who would become a country home-maker is confronted, at the very outset, with the demand that he become something of an

ornithologist, a geologist, a botanist, and an entomologist. Of course he will be an amateur and a beginner, but a sincere student he must be, or fail. This is much more true than formerly, because our insect rivals are increasing in number, and the art of combating them is complex, while the number of fruits and vegetables has been multiplied by one hundred. A well-organized country home is an affair not too often found.

At the outset you are liable to make serious blunders in location. A good deal of the land is not in a condition suitable for an amateur home-maker, and I am sorry to tell you that this is the very land that will be offered you with all sorts of advertisement and promises. Do not buy an acre of soil until you have personally examined it, and even then you must judge with a bias against the proposition. At least two fifths of New York State knows nothing about tillage, is still in the swamp or brushwood state; and there

are millions of acres in the United States that even experts cannot subject to purposes of home-making.

Within easy reach of New York City there are hundreds of acres unsuitable for homesteads, owing to the impossibility of good drainage, or the uncontrollable presence of insects, or for other reasons. The mosquito owns a good slice of New Jersey and one third of the State of Florida, and a good deal more all the way up and down the coast. Degeneration has followed those who undertook to live in some of the higher lands of the Alleghanies. Flat, moist, and mucky land will be all right for truck gardening, but those who are going for health as well as pleasure and profit must avoid any location infested with malaria, and supplied with insects to convey the poison.

Soil the First Consideration

The first point to consider is a soil of sufficient depth to respond to cultivation. It is true that you must make soil for yourself, and in another article we shall talk over that matter very thoroughly. It is not true that you cannot create soil for yourself, and a good deal of this you must do in the best localities; but if you begin on a barren piece of soil you start at a great disadvantage and are not likely to remain long in the country.

I do not know of any easier way, as a general rule, to judge of the soil than by the size and thrift of the trees that are growing in it. If you find a huge apple tree, or a grove of fine maples, or oak trees spreading themselves over a diameter of sixty feet, or even pine trees standing eighty feet high, do not be afraid of the soil, even if it is very sandy. If you wish to grow fruit, as a rule you must prefer good strong clay, with about twenty per cent of sand; if you want to grow celery and other vegetables mucky soil with a good admixture of sand should be the chief point to consider.

As a rule, low land is colder than high land, and a slope of hillsides to the east is decidedly preferable for a long-growing season. You may even find

that a short distance of an eighth of a mile will make a difference of two months, by cutting off the latest frost in the spring and the earliest in autumn.

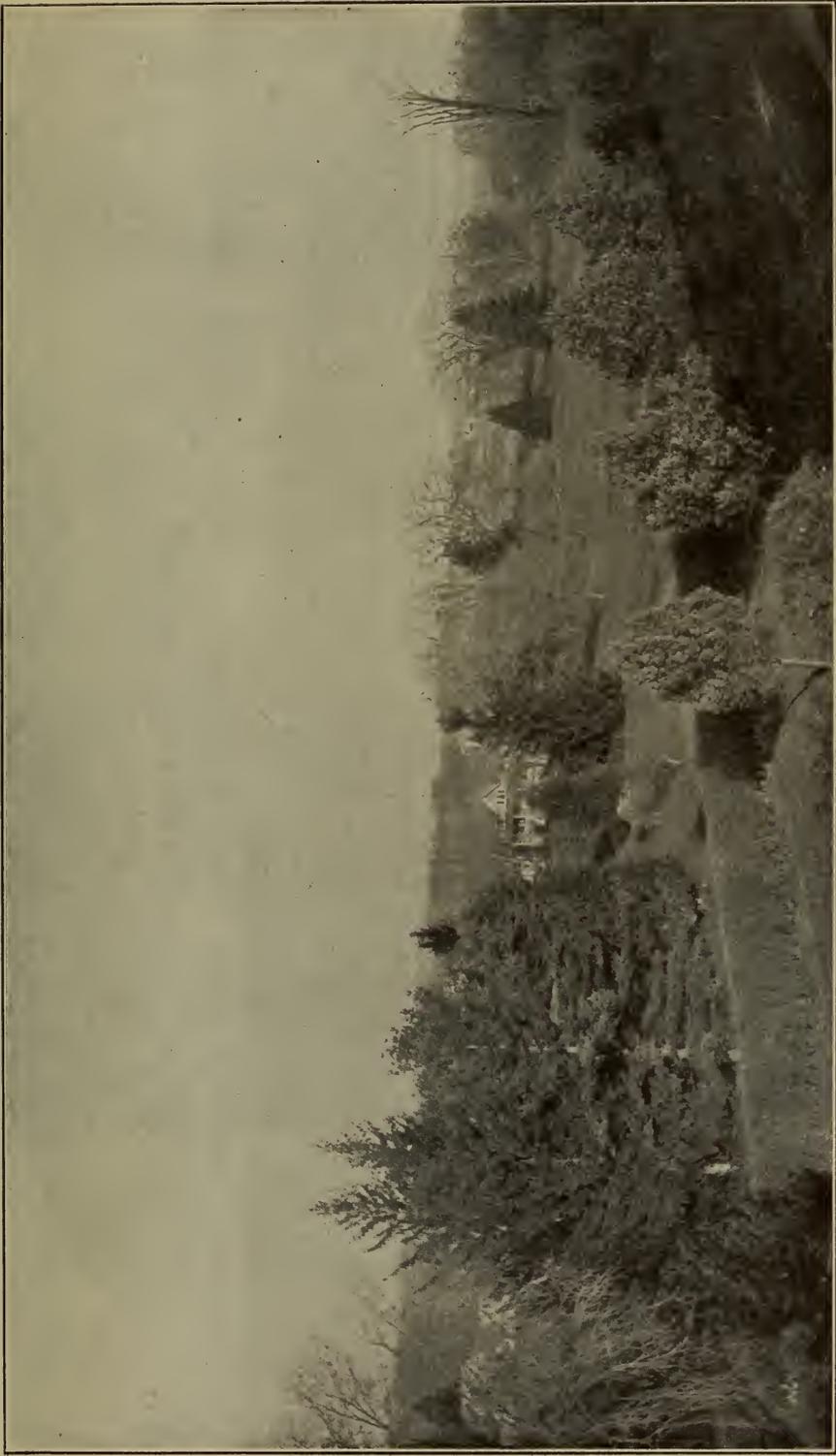
The lay of the land is important for more reasons than I have hinted above. The morning sun is the growing sun, and this you will discover by examining a conservatory on the east front of a house as compared with one on the west. Gathering the sun's heat during the day much more freely, these eastern dells and swales will bring to perfection fruits that cannot be grown successfully in any other location.

This is not quite true of peaches, for the chief trouble with their fruit buds is that they are started or softened by winter suns, and in this way are less liable to resist late frosts. So if you are designing to plant a peach orchard you want a northern exposure. This is partly true of some of our pear trees and cherry trees. Winter thawing is more dangerous than a steady all winter freezing.

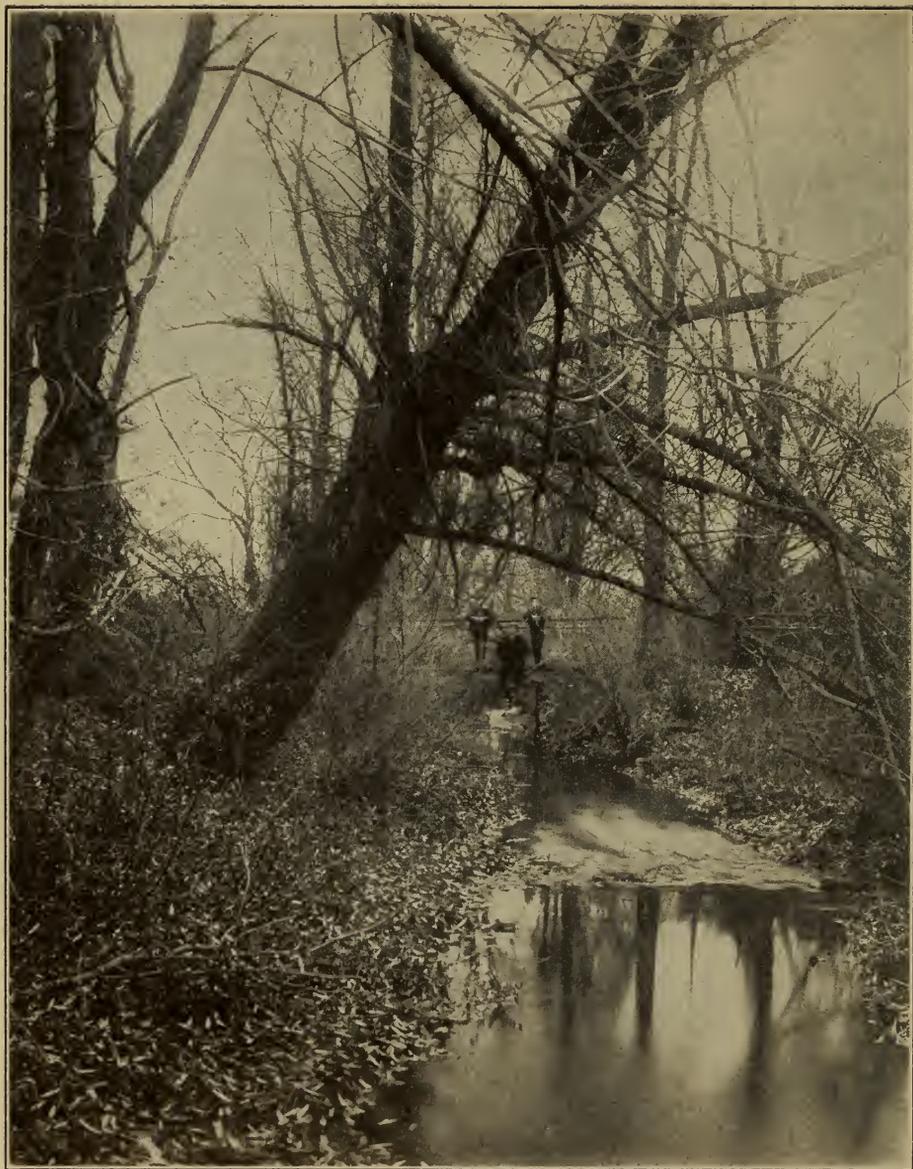
If possible, select easy slopes that take drainage readily, rather than steeper hillsides that carry off the water with a dash, and with it a great deal of soil. This is one of the chief troubles with our country-home life, that we are losing soil by winter wash and summer showers—often faster than we are making it.

You will be surprised, perhaps, at my placing the matter of wind-breaks so prominently in my advice as to location. If you cannot snuggle down behind a hill to break the force of dominant winds, see if you cannot get behind a nice bit of forest, or at least a line of woodland. If you cannot, you must make a wind-break as soon as possible. At all events, let it be kept clearly in mind while selecting a location that you do not wish to plant your house where the full blast of northeasters or north-westers will strike against you. They will not only put an edge on your climate and uproot your trees, but they will sweep the moisture off your land and make you the victim of drought.

We shall talk a good deal more about this by and by, but meanwhile if you can get the protection of an already-



A WELL-LOCATED COUNTRY HOUSE WITH ENOUGH TREES FOR SHELTER AND NOT ENOUGH TO SPOIL THE VIEW.



A GOOD BROOK IS MONEY AND JOY IN ONE.

grown wind-break it will count enormously for your comfort and your crops. Look out for a good evergreen screen; but best of all is it to nestle down in the warm hollows under a ridge of hills.

It is absolutely necessary that your country property be capable of good drainage, and it is equally necessary that it get such drainage. This does not

always demand a hillside, or even much of a slope, but for health and for tillage alike it is an absolute requisite; without health you had far better be in the city. There are locations also which become undesirable because they take the wash of neighbors' drains. The law will hardly protect you in such a case, and if it does, lawing is the last thing that you wish to engage in. I would

make sure not to buy my way into a quarrel.

Involved in this drainage problem is, once more, that of soil wash. Many of our hillsides are being denuded of all valuable dirt and fertilizers are swept away as fast as they are applied. Look out for this, of course, in your purchasing; that is, select your property with a clear vision and a certain knowledge as to its being easily drained and not too easily washed. In future articles this subject will come up for careful discussion.

The highways of the United States are in a transition state, and they will not count so seriously in making the choice of a homestead after the reign of the automobile is well established. This new gasoline power belongs to the people after all—although the farmer has had something of a tussle at the outset. It is going to make our whole farm property suburban and enable every village to communicate almost as readily with the market as those on railroad lines can do at present. It demands and is securing a revolution in road-making. In fact, it is going to boulevard the whole country.

At present, however, you must take into account the condition of the roadway very seriously when selecting your site. The difference between good roads and bad roads is at least one third, often two thirds, in hauling. Then, if you are to consider your personal comfort, there is hardly one thing that affects it more than the kind of road you are allowed to use. I have seen carriages dragged through mud up to the hubs, and the owners soon grew sick of country life. The art of road-making is not to be commanded out of hand by an ordinary pathmaster, but the control of our roads is so steadily passing over to State and county commissioners that the change for the better will assuredly go on much more rapidly.

Select a location where you will not suffer from primitive habits the moment you step off your property. There are sections, as in Florida, where roads are only trails under the pines, and this is a shady and convenient way of going cross-woods to neighbors or to market;

but our Northern homes are reached only by straight lines and square corners, with fences on both sides—"a right down wasteful way, suh!" says my negro plowman, "and right hot, too, I reckon."

All of which means look out for shady roads, and do not buy where the people have squatted down without regard to comfort or beauty. Besides, the time may come when you wish to sell, and in that case a well-shaded home, reached by a well-shaded and well-kept avenue will double the market price of your property.

School and Church and the People Next Door

You will naturally look out for the schoolhouse and the church and the store and the depot and for the sort of neighbors you are to find. Children should not be compelled to go a very long distance to school, although town schools are now sweeping out the district schools. The old red schoolhouse is about done for, and I am glad of it; but where there is no public conveyance to the town graded school it is hard on the boys and girls if they are compelled to go more than a mile.

It is not improbable, however, that many of the new country home-makers will do, what I have done myself, employ tutors at home. Every country homestead has its own material at hand, and the children need but little guidance to make them fairly expert in half a dozen sciences. Nor will they get a good knowledge of country life and country work in any other way than by careful home training.

Country churches are now almost entirely deserted in many places, so here again comes in the question of how far are you willing to live from the village or the town church. This weekly gathering in the country is hardly a question of religious faith, but of social life, and most people cannot afford to neglect it. Only those who have large libraries and peculiar facilities in the way of culture can get along without the weekly meeting. Even to this class there is a good deal lost.

As for neighbors they are a good deal what we make them, as a rule, yet after all there are neighborhoods where one would not like to cast in his lot. I advise you to know a little at least about this matter before you decide on your purchase.

A good brook is money and joy in one, and I think so much of a beautiful stream of water that I should count it a very important item in selecting a country home. It is half of life to children, turning their mimic water wheels, and it will come very handy to irrigate your strawberries and help you through a drought that threatens to destroy your garden. The talking of a brook will put a lot of poetry into your daily life, and I can easily imagine how the mother of the household will find a bend where she can place her easy chair, and, under a beech or an apple tree let the rippling and the singing sweeten her thoughts and drive away care.

Look for Water Power

Then again the time is coming when every farmer who can command a bit of water power will have his own plant for electric lighting and a good deal of machine work. At any rate, he may carry it to his barns as water power, or to his house, to be used in case of fire, or possibly to provide pure spring water for consumption. In any case, look about to see if there is a brook on hand. I have a bit of a stream running quietly through my apple cellar to prevent the shriveling of fruit; then it winds on to where I can use it among my berries.

Be very careful that you do not overlook your surroundings. At one time I was beset from the rear with ungoverned youngsters who made fruit growing something of a tax. I planted along the fences the roughest sort of blackberry bushes, until my Kittatinnies and Snyders constituted a sort of body guard and fruit guard that kept out all marauders. It is better, however, to know what you are to guard against and to find out also what sort of exposure you will have to wild animals. Woodchucks in the corn, weasels and skunks in the chicken yard, foxes occasionally,

and hawks and owls overhead can make things very lively about a country home. It is just as well to avoid these fellows if you can, but fight them if you must.

I shall teach you by and by how to make a good rear, but it is better to buy one already made. Beauty of outlook is the poetry side of the country, but poetry is only the butter on our daily bread. We must look out for the bread as well. A vineyard of grapes that has cost us a good deal of money and labor ought not to be at the mercy of either birds or boys. We shall have enough to contend with along this line at the best; so I recommend you to know fairly well what you will have to do, before you begin.

Every country home ought not only to furnish its own fruits, vegetables, eggs, chickens, flowers, etc., but in some direction there should be a surplus for market—in other words, every country home, small or big, should pay its own way. This makes it very desirable that you locate not too far from city or town. It is true that I am advocating the building of homes in the country, but for the present we are not able to command the conditions of transportation. This will come about in due time, so that anyone may have his garden stuff fifty or one hundred miles from market, and reach the consumer early in the morning. At present the vegetable or fruit grower can drive, each morning, ten to fifteen miles and reach his customers in time—that is, before nine or ten o'clock. Most of his supplies will be in demand by that hour, and it will compel him to be a very early riser.

A little nearer the market will be better, but if you have private customers, which is always desirable, you must not live more than twenty miles from their residences. You understand, or you will learn as you go on, that a good deal of your fruit, such as berries, will not keep over until the second day. They must be picked one day and delivered the next morning.

If you cannot locate yourself as I am suggesting, you must look out for some sort of public conveyance. The trolley cars in some of our Western States are already drawing long lines of truck and

fruit to market, in vehicles owned and loaded by the growers. We shall see more of this, and I am not sure but that the automobile will very soon become the country man's market wagon. I am assuming that nearly all country home-makers will soon have a surplus product of some sort to dispose of and that nearly all will need to find a convenient place of sale. I must not make this an absolute rule, for there will be a minority even in the country who will have no taste for gardening and orcharding.

How many acres does the country home-seeker require? That depends upon whether he is a skilled horticulturist or an amateur. I should say that he would require from five to twenty-five acres, according to his bias and what he expects to grow. I have only nine acres left, and half of that only is devoted to fruit growing. It is quite enough, looking at the amount of work to be done, but it is not enough when one has gone so far as to be carrying on experiments in cross-breeding. This requires the isolation of new products in the vegetable line, to prevent sporting and recrossing. In fact, I need at least twice as many acres as I have. However, you can get a lot of gardening done on five acres, or even on three; only by and by when you wish that you had ten you will find that your very success has run up the price of land about you, and you would have done better to have bought a little more at the outset.

A country home must in some sense always be a growing home, but do not start out with big ideas. As some one has said: "Do not begin at the butt end, but at the wedge end." Begin on a small scale, and expand as conditions demand. Five acres will give you a garden and a house lawn and will feed a horse. Twenty acres will not only grow a good deal for market, but if wisely handled will feed a horse and two cows. Rightly managed, it will bring you in over one thousand dollars surplus, as soon as your gardens and orchards are in full bearing—it may turn over to you two thousand.

As to price, I can take you to a lo-

cality where the valuation of land is one thousand dollars per acre, while half a mile away it is one hundred dollars or less. The reasons are a combination of high improvement with splendid outlook, choice neighbors, and some of the other advantages which I have designated. You can get choice places generally for from twenty to seventy-five dollars an acre, but a great deal depends upon the surroundings and certain accidental conditions. In Florida I found excellent orange land selling at from ten to twenty dollars per acre, but this was owing to the fact that a great freeze destroyed millions of orange trees in 1895. Those same lands are now at double that valuation, and going up.

In most of our Northern States good sites for a country home can be purchased at from fifty to one hundred dollars per acre. The question must be settled by a thorough examination of the soil, relative locality as to railroad and market, and all the other items that I have specified. Whatever else you do, do not buy through unknown agents and do not take up with any of the splendid offers made by those who speculate in land.

Don't be in a Hurry

I have made as clear as possible my own experience in selecting a place for a country home. I advise you not to be in a hurry, at all events. It will be a memorable feature of your experience to go on a long and rather still hunt. When you see what pleases you, go again, study it, and without enthusiasm. Remember violets grow in more than one dell, and that old apple trees are to be found on more than one hillside. Burn up advertising circulars and do not attend any auction sales—even where there are free rides and free lunches.

Run no danger of getting roped in to an inconsiderate purchase. You cannot quite trust yourself, and in this matter an unwise purchase cannot be easily reconsidered. I have persistent and continual pressure to buy land in Florida for those who have never seen that

State. I refuse to do this unless the conditions are very peculiar. Go yourself and look over land and study conditions, so that first of all you may know whether you can adjust yourself to the conditions that you find involved in the purchase.

Of course, some of us cannot have the first pick, but if you can overlook a beautiful valley you as good as own it. Your property is not measured exactly by what your deed covers, and this goes a long way farther in the country than in the city. I travel about Massachusetts and New York, and almost everywhere come upon spots so beautiful, so homeful, that I long to purchase and develop each one of them. Somebody will do it yet, and America is bound to be one great garden, while our highways constitute a public garden for the benefit of all of us.

Meanwhile, if your lot is not too closely conditioned, take up one of these noble bits of property. Do not trifle with it, but what you do should be done with the one controlling purpose of forever enjoying that landscape.

"Well," said a wise and witty Irishman who brought me a load of hay, "if I could forever see that valley, sir, full of villages and orchards, I'd not ask Peter to use his keys for me. That village in front sits on the middle of the valley, like a diamond sits in a queen's ring."

The scene had awakened all the poetry that sleeps in the Celtic mind. That is the value of a home in the country; not merely to feed the body, but also to feed the soul.

The conditions, however, are so various that everyone cannot select from the standpoint of landscape and outlook. The teamster will do wisely who looks to proximity to his work and fertility of the soil as the two sure requisites. He wants enough land to feed his horse or horses and to furnish garden room.

"Well, sir," said a heady fellow, "I'd like it out here on these hilly slopes, only you see I must be at my work in the city by seven in the morning, and I may be needed until eight o'clock at night. I've a pretty acre, just half a mile from the city lamps, and there I've

as fine a garden as one may wish. I'd be glad to have you taste our asparagus, and later our string beans and fresh corn. There's a small bed of strawberries, too, and along the fence some raspberries—not many, but enough for us and a few for my friends.

"I get three cuts of alfalfa from my yard and from the lot in the rear, and it nigh feeds my horse. There are three pear trees for shade, half a dozen plum trees, and a lot of cherry trees besides, in the garden. The wife tends all these, as well as her hens, and it's not seldom that she gives me a basket of eggs for the market. Since we began to earn and to save, and to sleep well, I drink less, and there is a bank account slowly creeping on.

"The children are out of the streets, with a chance to be helpful in the garden. They have as much fruit as they like, and flowers in the bargain. I like nothing better myself than to sit on the turf with them, unless it be to see how clean and healthy they be growing."

A Fountain of Youth

I know two maiden ladies—old maids if you please (for they were growing old very fast)—who came out of the city about eight years ago, and bought a cottage half a mile from me. They were very poky and full of ailments. They planted flowers and lettuce, and soon had their own pie plant and greens and fresh peas and a good deal else to live for. They kept bees and grew enthusiastic over their pets. They are now rosy and full of old-girliness.

Horace Mann said that the world could not get on without a quota of old maids. Certainly this sort of sun-kissed women are invaluable in any neighborhood. It was the country, however, that made them, and it was the getting back to Nature that awakened and refreshed their souls.

As things are now, women can run a country home nearly as well as men. They have not only the garden and the bees and the hens, but they can manage the small fruits with ease. I know one Ohio girl who has taken to quince growing, and if you want to see some-

thing beautiful walk through her rows of Angiers and Meech and Pineapple quinces. You will easily find in Missouri and Arkansas a goose girl—that is, a girl or woman who runs a goose farm—and she makes money at it to a certainty. It is a novel sight to see a long drove of geese going to market, shooed along by their owners.

The ordinary clerk is, in my judgment, the least fortunate of all men, because he is being spoiled for home-making. He is kept in an intellectual treadmill until he has got beyond the power of growth and expansion. Look out for this, my friend, for it may come before you are thirty years of age. However, if the clerk will break loose from conventionalism, especially from the boarding house; will marry a wife and buy a place out near the trolley, his chances mend. He should not be very far from a quick transit, for he is liable to oversleep or lose a few minutes from his dinner hour.

Here he can have his garden and a few fruit trees and such associations with Nature as will keep him alert. He should discover the morning and see the sun rise every day of the summer. I said to one of this sort the other day that I believed one hour of the morning was worth three or four of any other time of day, and that daybreak was the most delightful of all times.

"So they tell me," he coolly responded. This sort of chap, who at forty has never seen the sunrise, certainly not since his childhood, has no place in the country. Yet I should like very much to encourage the clerks of our big towns to an ambition outside of a counter-bound and enfeebling effort to sell a corset or a line of toweling. Why not grow cabbages like the Emperor Diocletian?

Ministers I sympathize with—am one myself—and I see no reason why a minister should lose his vitality and become a dried-up parson, unfit for the pulpit, at sixty. If he will live close to Nature, he may be young at eighty and more virile than at forty. We have heard a good deal about old age, but nobody yet has told us what it is. I am inclined to think it is a mere habit

that people have fallen into and are not yet quite ready to shake it off.

Our professional men may have country homes quite as well as our day laborers and merchants, provided they do not go out of call. The doctor, with his telephone and automobile, can live one mile farther from his patients without injury, and as for pastoral calls, most of them had better be made over the wires. The minister can do no better thing than invite his hearers to a walk and a talk in the gardens and fields—as his Master did.

About "Abandoned Farms"

If you buy an old or deserted homestead, consider the reason for its being on the market. Is it windswept? Was the soil exhausted by bad cultivation? Or, on the other hand, are there some fine old orchard trees that can be rehabilitated? Can the buildings be renovated for use, at least temporarily? Are there great masses of manure and fertilizers of other sorts that can be immediately put to use? Are there shrubs and plants and plum trees and cherry trees out of which one may begin a small fruit garden?

Very frequently around these old places, which look very rubbishy, you will find quite a mine of wealth. In fact, you may set this down as a certainty, that the oldest and most neglected of these deserted farms are very far from being worn out or poverty stricken. The owners did not know what they held, or in some way were not up to date in land tillage. Connecticut is now growing five bushels of wheat to the acre more than Minnesota. I have known a man to live for twenty years over a marl bed and not know it. The new farming is the find-out farming, and it is putting new valuations everywhere.

Other things being somewhere near equal, buy your own old homestead if you can. These deserted places are being picked up quite too much by strangers and mutilated with all sorts of improvements. I would rather have a few old apple trees, put in good order, of course; just the trees that I climbed

in my childhood, Spitzenburg and Rhode Island Greenings, some of them leaning down so that a child may creep up and hide with the robins among the apples.

I would rather have these old trees than all the avenues, automobile driven, that are planted around Long Island Sound by millionaires. The sentimental side of life pays. In England families count; here it is only the individual. The boy is pushed out of the homestead at twenty to start a new home, and so nothing is ever finished. Learn to let the family spirit live in all that you do.

You may possibly be able to do as I have done, after forming a partnership with your own sons, go with the birds North and South and have a home at each end of the route. In Florida we escape the rigor of a Northern winter,

and with the robins we flit Northward when the daffodils blossom and the maple sap runs. A Christmas bath in Lake Lucy, an arm full of roses on New Year's day, and oranges all through January, these things fit well to peace of mind and long life.

I am this day sitting by a mild February fire of pine cones, while the bluebirds are gathering in great flocks about the lake, and the bees are making honey in the wild flowers. But I have told you in other numbers of the life migratory, and how we do not care who discovers the North Pole. Only this one word more, do not be satisfied with life at its narrowest and least sufficient; nor with that rut work that never kisses its hand to the stars, or makes a poem of every-day duty.

THE ROAD TO HAPPY VALLEY

by Emmet F. Harte

Illustrated by Charles F. Peters

THE hotel office was almost deserted; six of its seven chairs were unoccupied, Packard sat in the seventh, at the service-scarred and tottery table; he was playing solitaire with the dog-eared hotel pack. Packard would take time to play solitaire, albeit the house were on fire and a pestilence abroad on his trail.

Instinctively I remembered that I had an umbrella and a slicker in my room, for my meeting with Packard is invariably attended by some uncouth manifestation of the weather; in winter it snows or the mercury tries to drop through the bottom of the tube; in summer it rains, or we have wind, hail, electrical phenomena, or dust storms.

That evening it seemed a needless alarm, for outside the full moon was turning Elm Spring into poetry. It was an April night, when fairies meet in the

glens and dance on the greensward to the music of tinkling rills. It was a night on which to steal away, far from the bump and clatter, and hold a tryst with the fireflies, or the mosquitoes as the case might be, but I had my orders to get ready for the mail and I hadn't had my supper.

Packard may or may not have just arrived—at least it was the first I had seen of him that day. He was quite likely to bob up unexpectedly, by team, by freight, or by any other odd and end of conveyance. He traveled on no set schedule, did Packard. "Tobacco is always in demand" was his excuse for irregularity.

"Hello, man," I said. "Is that all you've got to do?"

He looked up, moistened his thumb, and went on with his game.

"Who left that door open?" he grunted presently. "I see the weather bird has just come in."



“A FEW ROODS DEEPER INTO THE FOREST WE SHOULD COME UPON THE BEAUTIFUL LADY IN GREEN VELVET STRUGGLING IN THE HANDS OF BLACK BART.”

“Don’t excite yourself,” I said. “I’m hiking on the 10.15 west. Let it rain if you feel in the humor.”

“Not no 10.15 west for you to-night,” said Packard. “Old Sport here that runs this hotel just issued a bulletin not ten minutes ago that there won’t be another train for twelve hours. For why? Because there’s been a wreck, that’s why. Number nine went in the ravine and took the track with her about an hour ago. So make yourself at home.”

“A thousand maledictions!” I said. “Play your five.”

“I never could beat that confounded game,” he said, jumbling the cards impatiently. “Come to Happy Valley with me. I’m going over after supper.”

“Why, that’s a ten-mile drive,” I objected.

“That’s nothing. Moonlight. Main traveled road all the way. Just give you an appetite for sleep. We’ll come back in the morning. Sure. Be a nice little outing for you.”

Of course I decided to go with him. Packard is about the most companionable fellow I know. A better comrade never lost his next week’s expense money in a friendly game at the village inn

nor did it with greater cheerfulness at that. Packard is Billy Baxteresque to a degree.

An unforeseen difficulty confronted us, however, at the last moment. There wasn’t a team to be had at either of the two livery stables Elm Spring afforded. Every rig from the wheelbarrow up had been engaged for a funeral the next day.

Packard’s eloquence was unavailing. Everything was “spoke for” and that was all there was to it. When we had given up in disgust a happy thought occurred to him.

“I’ll go see my old college chum, Bill Huggins the drayman,” he said. “I’ve been keeping him in chewing tobacco for years; now he can come to the front and show the heroic stuff he is made of. Let us fly to Bill in our extremity, while the night is yet in its infancy.”

“Even so and then some,” I said. “Lead on, good Halibut. I’ll be not tarry at your heels.”

At any rate Bill said he could and would fix us out with a conveyance. He promised to have the same around in front of the inn within fifteen minutes and he did. He drove up with two of

the biggest horses I ever saw, hitched to one of the most diminutive of road wagons.

We hoisted Packard's two sample cases, which contained specimens of cut-plug, gold-banded cigars, and foil-wrapped temptations to the erstwhile chewers of home-made "twist," on board the after deck, clucked to our enormous steeds, and moved grandly away into the moonlit night.

Sam and Barney were the horses' names, Bill said, but we neglected to note which was Sam. Packard drove. I've never thought much of Packard's driving since he wandered from the beaten trail one dark night when we were out together and drove well-nigh across a plowed field before we discovered the error of our way.

Sam and Barney were possessed of a certain dignity above mere ordinary livery horses. Their stride was very stately and deliberate. They refused to be vulgarly hurried out of a ponderous walk, but, as Packard said, at least they kept going.

Packard was the exponent of a theory that one couldn't get anywhere promptly unless the horses were clattering away in a swift trot; Sam and Barney, however, were not impressed with his notions. The fact that he got a crick in his tongue from much clucking, that he became apoplectic from objurgation, and finally weary from much importuning did not disturb our stately steeds; their business was to walk, and they walked.

"I s'pose you know the road well?" I remarked.

"Never was over it before in my life," he said, "but it's the main county highway and the team knows the way; in case of doubt we'll leave it to them." I needed no further assurance of the improbability of our seeing Happy Valley that night, but it was balmy April and the moon was round and jolly.

We lit large mulatto cigars from Packard's private stock and were soon in the land of Make-Believe. The rocky slopes of the hills and the dim vistas under the leaves' green canopy became peopled with fantastic shapes by the magic of that April moon. The fairies gamboled in the glades.

"A few roods deeper into the forest," quoth Packard fancifully, "and by all the rules and regulations of knight-errantry we should come upon the coach with the broken wheel and the beautiful lady in green velvet struggling in the hands of Black Bart and his craven followers. Aha! Have at 'em, Launcelot! Chase 'em up the trees! You take the one with the fiery beard and the broken plume on his Leghorn and I'll Cyrano de Bergerac those other two miscreants with one swi-pe. 'Twere easy money, eh?"

"What is supposed to have become of the lady's escort while we're covering the last lap?" I asked. "The coachman and the bell hops and the old gentleman with the gouty foot inside the hack ought to be making an uproar during all this. I can't hear a sound."

"And when we have rescued yon fair chatelaine from the clutches of the ruffians," he continued, unmoved by my mockery, "we will gallop a league or so southward to Briarwood Manor, dash up the portcullis or ford the moot——"

"Moat," I corrected. "Moat!"

"And deposit the lady on her own doorstep in a cloud of dust amidst the rattle of swords. We will then quaff a beaker of Burgundy to her health. A right cordial old place is Briarwood, eh, Launcelot? Its gray old mossy battlements have scars that bring back the days when we heard the sound of the long bow in these woods——"

"There are plenty of long bow artists still at large," I remarked. "Which of these roads do we take?" I inquired, for we had come to a well-defined forking in the highway.

"I refuse to answer," said Packard. "Under which conditions we'll leave it to Sam and Barney." The horses unhesitatingly chose the left-hand branch, so all was serene.

We met no wayfarers in either direction of whom we might make inquiry; the road was unaccountably deserted, but we did not trouble ourselves. Packard continued to maunder about cloth-yard shafts and donjon keeps.

The road presently grew more rough and rock-strewn. The small wagon in which we were perched, bobbed, and

tossed like a canoe in the wake of a liner. The road divided again into two trails; Packard selected the right-hand branch this time, as having been most traveled. It led abruptly down a most surprising declivity into a succession of mud holes scattered between stretches

At the first smite of scattering rain-drops I put up the umbrella. Packard's hat immediately entered upon a period of unrest, a thing that nettled him unreasonably I thought at the time, being an unselfish kindness on my part as it was. The wagon dropped into a chuck



ITS SHAPE, BLURRED AND INDISTINCT IN THE GLOOM, FITTED PACKARD'S WHIMSICAL DESCRIPTION EXACTLY.

of stony outcroppings that made our vehicle rattle and our teeth ache. The moon passed behind a cloud. Packard looked at me askance even as I eyed him covertly.

"Just as I expected," we declaimed together.

From afar in the southwest we caught the muttered grumbling of thunder. Our team jogged on meanwhile and it became bewilderingly dark in the woods. Lightning flashes streaked across the sky and the thunder mumblings became nearer and clearer; at every turn the road grew worse, and the turns were numerous.

hole, the harness creaked and complained. However, the team made no pause in their steady progress and the wagon reluctantly clambered up out of the morass with a squeak and followed along behind the horses.

In about a minute it began to rain in earnest; it came with a sweep and a surge that drenched us. Wind, rain, and crashing thunderbolts enhance the interest when driving over an unknown road into unknown pitfalls of an inky dark night. It has delights peculiar to the occasion.

"This would be a cheerful moment to drive into an open draw or over the



IN THE GLARE OF HIS LIGHTED MATCH
WE SAW THAT THE GIRL WAS BOTH
YOUNG AND COMELY.

beetling brow of a cliff," mused Packard.

After an age or so we came safely through a mountain pass, down the face of a chasm, through a bog, and then, passing under a waterfall and fording a torrent, climbed a perpendicular wall, six feet sheer, of slippery black mud, after which we trekked off under the trees in some sort of a path where stumps of trees and boulders abounded as big as barrels. Ten minutes of that and we were both seasick.

"'Tis a sorry road to Happy Valley, don't you think?" I remarked through my clenched teeth.

"It is so," Packard said. "But the good ship rides the waves right bravely if we can only stick on her. Whoa! I

thought I heard a house over yonder." The team stopped with a certain solemn dignity.

"That word they've got pat; that word 'whoa,'" said Packard, peering through the gloom. A flash of lightning lit the scene and we descried a house.

"All in favor of driving in, say 'aye,'" he droned. "The 'ayes' have it! Very good!" He drove in at the imminent risk of straddling a tree.

Another illuminating flash showed us a tumbledown stable, a kind of shed with a straw roof; the team steered their course directly toward it and went in with a calm disregard of what was following, umbrella or no umbrella.

We climbed down stiffly and dropped the traces. The straw roof made a very adequate shelter from the rain so we decided to leave the grips where they were. No welcoming light glimmered in the window of the house and we debated whether to try to obtain accommodations there or remain in the stable.

"It may rain all night," I said. "Let us knock 'em out of their eider downs and make ourselves comfortable."

A momentary lull gave us an opportunity to make it. An obstacle in the shape of a picket fence, encountered on the way, served to delay us in the darkness until another downpour was well in action; we climbed it after arduous effort, immediately succeeding which a lightning flash showed where an entire panel was missing not over ten feet away. Let credit be given where credit is due, however—a lightning flash was all that saved us from plunging recklessly headlong into an open well just before reaching sanctuary. We crept rather meekly up on the decrepit porch that clung to the side of the cabin.

I made the signal of distress in our order by hammering on the door; nobody came. Packard knocked and stood back with his best Chesterfieldian air of polite expectation. Again nothing happened. We hallooed and the woods answered. Packard tried the latch; the door was not fastened. He opened it gingerly and the next electrical display gave us a glimpse of the interior. The place was untenanted.

Once inside, Packard struck a match. The cabin apparently had long been free from use as a habitation for human beings; the floor, of loose boards in an advanced state of decay, swayed to our weight or broke through in places. The walls and ceiling were hung with cobwebs, wasps had nests here and there, and the fireplace had fallen down in a pile of loose stones. There were two rooms and a lean-to kitchen, as we found before the second match scorched Packard's fingers. At least the fleeting glimpse we had of the cabin's interior gave us the location of the one dry spot therein, which was promptly taken advantage of in view of the rattling onset of another shower then beginning.

"This must be the clearing-up shower, good Dickon," I observed as we squatted on the floor.

"Maybe so," he said. "At least this isn't so worse, if not. If he had to, me-thinks a man might make shift to pass the night in a good shanty like this. Provided, of course, that the spooks that live here did not chase him out betimes."

A thunderbolt crashed as he finished, so near that the accompanying crackle one hears at such times sounded in our ears. A square of open window in the opposite wall showed red with the blinding glow.

"Spooks," I said in a mild voice, "are not generally accepted in modern philosophy."

"'Od's bods! What's that?" cried Packard.

I followed the direction of his pointing finger with awed gaze. In the window was framed a grisly face—a face with staring eyes, with nostrils distended. Dog, ape, or monster of whatever description, the Thing gave me a shivery moment. Then it was gone. I found words but no voice with which to say them.

"What was it?" I whispered.

Packard roared with laughter. "What was it?" he mocked. "Fie on you, Launcelot, you're affrighted! That, my comrade, was a burro, a jackass, a small harmless animal with long ears that goes honk-honk and lives happy ever after."

"Ha! Ha!" I cackled mirthlessly.

"Good! But he had a gruesome mug on him to insert in anybody's boudoir window of a dark night, don't you think?"

Packard crossed the wobbly floor and peered out at our late visitor. "There he is, now," he said, "grazing on the succulent burdock and cockle burr of the back yard—by George! I believe there's somebody coming along the flat. Hear 'em slopping in the mud and water? A good chance to get a line on our immediate whereabouts. Let's go out and hail 'em."

Two bedraggled figures we were ere we gained the edge of the highway, for it was surprisingly dark and I hit all the puddles Packard missed. The lumbering vehicle that came abreast of us presently was a strange one. It was, in fact, a coach, carriage, cabriolet, or what not, strictly in keeping with our romantic prattle of the evening. Its shape, blurred and indistinct in the gloom, fitted Packard's whimsical description exactly.

A bundled figure, perched atop of it, held the reins apathetically. The horses seemed to be taking their own way.

"Hullo," called Packard. "Wait a minute."

It was to be a longer wait than that, however. The coach met an obstacle, as he spoke—a boulder, a treacherous slant, and a muddy rut; a whining complaint, a crash, off came a wheel and down flopped the vehicle, dangerously near overturning in the morass. The driver clutched at his seat to save himself from falling, the horses stopped, a face appeared at the glass of the coach door, and—I struck a match.

It was the lady in green velvet who looked out. "Now what?" she asked impatiently.

"The ship is aground, madam," quoth Packard. "Look out! That mud's knee deep"; the last in warning, for the lady had opened the door as if about to step forth.

"I wasn't coming out," she reassured him. "What has become of the driver? Maurice, where are you?"

"'M up here," mumbled Maurice gloomily. "Nice mess, ain't it?"

We agreed with him decidedly.

"But we must go on," the lady said. "They may come at any minute. Do you hear me, Maurice? They may come at any minute!"

"Well, we done the best we could," the driver said doggedly. "Let 'em come and be cussed." A philosophy I thought at least partly excusable.

"Who are these men?" the girl cried. "What do you want?" to Packard, who was nearest.

"Be not alarmed," said Packard. "We are highly civilized and considered harmless. Perchance we might be of some assistance in your mishap. Who and what pursueth you, fair lady?"

The girl—at any rate she owned a girl's voice—caught the spirit of his speech with a quickness that was quite remarkable. However, women are always quicker witted than men.

"We are in sore straits," she said, "and but lately escaped from a great danger. I am fleeing from my husband who has sworn to kill me. With only the clothes that I wear and—and—with only the clothes that I wear did I slip out of his clutches, and I know he will follow."

Eloping with the coachman, I thought. Egad and gadzooks!

"He married me for my inheritance," she continued, "which he has squandered in gamesting and riotous living. When nothing was left but my mother's jewels, he sought to force me to give him those and I refused. He struck me with his fists and cursed me. This night I eluded him and fled with Maurice, my only faithful friend left. I must reach the railroad to-night. Once at my father's and I am safe."

"Ha!" said Packard. "You have met up with us indeed luckily. I would esteem it a pleasure to meet this roystering husband of yours. I would like to chastise him right soundly, I wot you. Are you sure he's coming?"

"I know not," she answered, "but I fear he is, with a dozen more like him to make my capture certain."

Packard threw out his chest grandly. "It will be a sorry chase for 'em," he said. "They'll go back in grief and mourning, eh, Launcelot?"

"I should say so," I corroborated. "We'll eat 'em alive. Veev le Bosco!"

"It's going to shower," Packard went on. "It were better, methinks, if you came up to the cabin. Such as it is it will afford a better shelter than this."

The lady pondered briefly. "I will trust you," she said. "Maurice, bring the box and come with me."

"What about the horses?" asked Maurice, after he had clambered down, leaped for a boulder, and missed it.

"Leave them," she directed. "They are as well off here as anywhere."

"Let me carry you across the mud," proposed Packard, with true chivalry. "It will save you a good besmirching—" He plowed down and stood in readiness at the coach door.

She surrendered herself to his arms without demur and old Packard lugged her right gallantly across to my knoll. The driver followed with a bulky package under his arm. Nothing must needs do then but that my romantic friend should carry the lady all the rest of the way to the shanty—a task I offered to share with him, meeting with a flat refusal.

The procession arrived without mishap; the girl dryshod, the driver puffing somewhat with his burden which appeared heavy, Packard enthusiastic, and I no worse off than before. The moody Maurice rested his box on the floor, sat on it, and rolled and lit a cigarette. In the glare of his lighted match we saw that the girl beside him was both young and comely. She wore a snugly fitting costume of green velvet—it might have been a riding habit—and her hat was big, stunningly plumed, and most becoming.

I struck a match presently to make sure of the time. It was one o'clock. The girl was better looking than I had at first thought her. Packard fished out a cigar within the next five minutes and during the brief interval of its being ignited I learned that she had pretty teeth and wore two rings. I learned something else concerning friend Maurice. He was in the act of slipping a revolver from hip to overcoat pocket—a movement wholly defensive as I took it.



WE ESCORTED THE LADY TO THE RAILROAD IN STATE, OUTFRIDERS AND ALL.

Maurice had me guessing. I took occasion to edge over and let Packard have the place of honor next to him.

It were bootless, as Packard says, to dwell on the details of that tête-à-tête in the cabin. The girl and my imaginative friend kept up a continuous chatter of high-sounding phrases that rang with romantic fancy but didn't get us anywhere. Maurice smoked cigarette after cigarette, sat on the box, and said nothing. The girl became more and more impatient as the minutes passed. She wanted to abandon the coach and ride the horses without waiting for the rain to cease. On the other hand, he of the pink breeches declared that he wouldn't carry no box on any horseback ride over those roads in the dark.

Packard offered the loan of Sam and Barney and the wagonette as the girl became more distressed, but Maurice refused to go in the rain. It was daylight or nothing with him. The clouds broke away at three and the moon shone brightly again on the newly laundered earth. The girl sat on the box and Maurice and I went out to see how badly the coach was disabled. We found the axle broken and brought the horses back with us.

"Oh, let us go! Let us go!" the girl cried. "If we don't I feel that I will be caught and taken back."

"You shall start at once," said Packard; "if I have to drive you myself, though I doubt if I know the road. Come, Launcelot, let us hook up Samuel and Barnato for the lady."

Packard hoisted the girl up—he seemed loth to lose her. Maurice got up by himself; him I sorrowed not to see go for he was an unsociable dog. The girl overwhelmed us with thanks, took our names and addresses, and promised to write. I'm married, but Packard isn't—yet. Then, as Maurice straightened up to push on the steering gear, around the corner of the cabin came Black Bart and one sturdy ruffian and fell pell-mell upon us.

"Here they are! We've got 'em!" shouted one, which were the last words of Marmion. Packard hit him a smash that sounded like the kick of a mule and down he went; his head struck the mud first. Maurice fell off the seat and he and I mixed with the remaining pirate, who was something of a rough player himself. I got a whack on the jaw and two in the wind before I had begun to fight. The man seemed to have four arms.

"I arrest you—" he started to say, just as Packard came on and between the three of us, we had him smothered in the mud before he ever had a chance to finish. We gagged them with hand-

kerchiefs and trussed them up securely with the straps off Packard's grips. Then we carried them into the cabin and left them glowering at us from the floor. The fellows had horses, we found, tied to trees down by the road. They had sneaked up on foot to surprise us.

"I have a sudden conviction that my trip to Happy Valley can wait," said Packard. "Let's put the grips in the wagon and go back to Elm Spring."

"You're the physician, Dickon," I acquiesced. "I just came along for company, anyhow."

"Oh, do come," said the girl. That settled it. Back to Elm Spring for us.

"Tie the coach horses on behind the wagon and we'll ride the steeds of our friends in the cabin. They won't need 'em and I much prefer a saddle when I ride on horseback," Packard said.

I could stand it if he could, so we escorted the lady to the railroad in state, outriders and all. Quite a showing we made, coming into the small village at break of dawn, Sam and Barney plodding in stately majesty of stride, two horses following, harnessed for possible auxiliary service, with Packard and me bringing up the rear. We had gone out with a dray team some hours before and we came back, as Packard said, with a driver, a beautiful young woman, and two extra teams. The expedition had been quite a success.

Bill Huggins greeted us with rapt astonishment, which later turned to suspicion.

"That there nag you're ridin'," he said to me, "belongs to Sheriff Price of Happy Valley, if I ain't much mistaken. Where'd you run across him?"

"I knocked the sheriff off of him and took him," I said.

"We are going to make you a present of all six of these horses, Bill," confided Packard. "But we're modest about it and don't want you ever to tell who gave 'em to you."

Bill promised and Packard gave him half a caddy of plug tobacco and a box of cigars. The train came and we didn't miss it; we wouldn't have hesitated about taking it if it had been going in exactly the opposite direction.

The young lady ensconced herself snugly on the cushions of the day coach, with a novel to beguile her, and Packard, moody Maurice, and I went forward to the smoker.

"What sort of a mess were you people into, down there anyhow?" Packard asked, after we had lighted up. Maurice drew his long coat a trifle closer about him and replied:

"Adrienne—back there—is my sister. We've been doing a bareback turn with Colby Brothers' wagon circus and over here at this little town of Happy Valley they tied us up with an attachment on the whole outfit—some kind of a damage suit because the tent blowed down on the crowd one night when we made the town two years ago.

"They had us hung up tight and fast, all right, and they're a foxy bunch too. Waited till we finished up our performance yesterday so they could nail the receipts and have that much more. Adrienne thought out a plan to beat 'em to it, though; she fixed it with the Colbys and when the rain came up, we sneaked one of the old wagons, hooked on a team I'd bribed from a liveryman, and hit the trail with the box of hard coin.

"We would have sure been caught with the goods on us down there at that cabin, nevertheless, if it hadn't been for you fellows. That's one part of it that's a cinch. And, say, you fellows have queered yourselves down in that neighborhood, too, on our account. They'll be laying for you."

"That's nothing," said Packard without regret. "We never made the town for the business we got. We just went over because we liked the drive. That reminds me, I must go back right now and ask your sister how she liked that bit of scenery just out of Elm Spring. There's more cigars in the grip."

Packard and I have cut Happy Valley from our route lists. I saw him yesterday. He was looking quite cheerful. He tells me there is soon to be a Mrs. Packard, and seems very fond of the name Adrienne; I noticed he mentioned it several times during the few minutes I talked with him.



A STREET IN DAMASCUS.

(DAMASCUS THE IMPERISHABLE) ☆

by *Albert Bigelow Paine*

Author of the Tent-Dwellers

THE "SHIP-DWELLERS" ARRIVE AT THE
HEART OF THE FAR EAST

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

HERE is a good deal of country, mainly desert, between Baalbec and Damascus, and a good many barren hills. Crossing the Anti-Lebanon mountains there is little water and soil and much red, rocky waste. Here and there a guide pointed out a hill where Cain killed Abel, not always the same hill, but no matter; it was a hill in this neighborhood; any one of them would have been a good place. Occasionally the train passed a squalid village, perched on a lonely shelf—a single roof stretching over most of the houses—the inhabitants scarcely visible. We wondered where they got their sustenance. They were shepherds, perhaps, but where did their flocks feed?

Across the divide, between snow-capped hills, and suddenly we are face to face with green banks and the orchard bloom of spring. We have reached the Abana—the river which through all the ages has flowed down to Damascus with its gift of eternal youth. For as the desert defends, so the river sustains Damascus, and the banks of the Abana (they call it the Barada now) are just a garden, the Garden of Eden if old tales be true.

It is not hard to believe that tradition here at this season. Peach, apricot, almond, and plum fairly sing with blossom; birch and sycamore blend in a cadence of tender green; the red earth from which Adam was created (and which his name signifies) forms an abounding under chord. If we could linger a little by these pleasant waters we might learn the lilt of the tree of life, with its whisper of the forbidden fruit.

The Cradle of History

We are among our older traditions here—the beginnings of the race. We have returned after devious wanderings. These people whom we see leading donkeys and riding camels, tending their flocks and bathing in the Abana, they are our relatives—sons and daughters of Adam. Only they did not move away. They stayed on the old place, as it were, and preserved the family traditions and customs. I am moved to get out and call them "cousin" and embrace them and thank them for not trailing off after the false gods and frivolities of the West.

The road that winds by the Abana is full of pictures. The story of the Old Testament—the New, too, for that matter—is dramatized here in a manner and a setting that would discourage the artificial stage. Not a group but might have stepped out of the Bible pages. This man leading a little donkey—a woman riding it—their garb and circumstance the immutable investment of the East. So the Patriarchs journeyed; so, two thousand years later, Joseph and Mary traveled into Egypt. No change, you see, in all that time—no change in the two thousand years that

have followed—no change in the two thousand years that lie ahead.

Wonderful, changeless East! How frivolous we seem in comparison—always racing after some new pattern of head gear or drapery! How can we hope to establish any individuality, any nationality, any artistic stability when we have so little fixed foundation in what, more than in any other one thing, becomes a part of the man himself—his clothing!

These hills are interesting. Some of them have verdure on them, and I can fancy Abraham pasturing his flocks on them and little Isaac chasing calves through the dews of Hermon. It would not be the "dews of Hermon," but I like the sound of that phrase. I believe history does not mention that Abraham and Isaac chased calves. No matter; anybody that keeps flocks has to chase calves now and then, and he has to get his little boy to help him. So Abraham must sometimes have called Isaac quite early in the morning to "go and head off that calf," just as my father used to call me, and I can imagine how they raced up and down and sweat and panted and said uncomplimentary things about the calf and his family and declared that there was nothing on earth that could make a person so mad as a fool calf anyhow.

Railway stations become more plentiful and populous. Some of the houses are quite pretentious and have a Christian look; others have the iron-barred and latticed wing, or corner, which declares the Moslem harem. Travel on the highway has increased—more camels, more donkeys, more patriarchs with their families and flocks. Merchandise trains follow close, one behind the other. Dust rises in a fog and settles on the wayside vegetation. Here and there on the hillsides are villas and entertainment gardens.

A widening of the valley; an expanse of green and bloom, mingled with domes and minarets; a slowing down of speed; a shouting of porters through the sunlit dust, and behold, we have reached the heart and wonder of the East, Damascus the imperishable—older than history, yet forever young.

We are at the Grande Hotel Victoria. All these hotels are "Grande" something or other. A box shanty ten by fifteen is likely to be called "Grande Hotel de France." However, the Victoria is grand, rather, and quite Oriental in its general atmosphere. The rooms are clean, too, and the Turkish pictures amusing. Furthermore, our rooms look across the river—the soul of Damascus—the water in which Eve first saw her sweet reflected form, if tradition holds.

Its banks are bordered by a great thoroughfare now, where against a background of peach-bloom and minaret an eternal panorama flows by: camel trains from Bagdad and the far depths of Persia; mule trains from the Holy Land; donkey trains from nowhere in particular; soldiers with bands playing weird music; groups of Arabs, mounted on splendid horses—dark men with long guns, their burnouses flying in the wind. One might sit here forever and drift out of time, out of space in the fabric of the never-ending story.

In the Bazaars

Being late in the afternoon, with no program, Laura and I set out to seek adventure and were immediately adopted by a guide and steered toward the bazaars. We crossed a public square near the hotel where there were all sorts and conditions of jackasses—some of them mounted by men, others loaded with every merchandise under the sun. We saw our first unruly donkey, a very small donkey mounted by a very fat son of the Prophet with a vast turban and beard. It being the Mohammedan Sunday (Friday) he had very likely been to the mosque and to market and was going home.

He had a very large bush broom under his arm and it may have been this article, thrashing up and down on the donkey's flank, that made him restive. At all events he was cavorting about (the donkey, I mean) in a most unseemly fashion for one bestriden by so grave a personage, and Mustapha Mohammed—they are all named that—was bent forward in a ball, uttering what

Laura thought might be quotations from the Koran. We did not see what happened. They were still gyrating and spinning when we were caught up by the crowd and swept into the bazaar.

The Grande Bazaar of Damascus excels anything we have seen. It is bigger and better and cleaner than the bazaar of Constantinople, and a hundred—no, a million times more inviting. No Christian could eat anything in a Constantinople market place. The very thought of it gags me now as I write, while here in Damascus Laura and I were having confections almost immediately—and lemonade, cooled with snow brought on the backs of camels from the Lebanon mountaintops. Mark Twain speaks of the place as filthy. I think they must have cleaned up a good deal since then; besides that was midsummer.

I would not like to say that the place was speckless, but for the Orient it was clean, and the general bouquet was not disturbing. Also, I had a safer feeling in Damascus. I did not feel that if I stepped into a side street I would immediately be dragged down and robbed. I did not feel as if I were a lost soul in a bedlam of demons.

We noticed other things. The little booths, one after another, were filled with the most beautiful wares—such wares as we had seen nowhere else—but the drowsy merchants sat cross-legged in meditation, smoking their nargileh or reading their prayers, and did not ask us to buy. If we stopped to look at their goods they hardly noticed us. If we priced them, they answered in Arabic monosyllables.

Here and there a Jew with a more pretentious stock would solicit custom in the old way of Israel, but the Arab was silent, indifferent, disinterested. Clearly it was his preference that we pass by as quickly as possible. His goods were not for such as we. I did manage to add to my collection of donkey beads, and would have bought more if Laura had not suggested that they probably thought I was buying them to wear myself. At the book booth they even would not let us touch the volumes displayed for sale.

Another thing I have noticed: there are no beggars here—none worth while. Now and then, perhaps, somebody half extends a timid hand, but on the whole there is a marked absence of begging. Damascus does not beg from the Christian.

It is a weird, wonderful place, that bazaar. It covers an endless space, if one may judge from its labyrinthine interior. Everywhere they stretch away, the dim arcades, flimsily roofed with glass and canvas and bark, fading into vague, Oriental vistas of flitting figures and magic outlines. Here in the main thoroughfare a marvelous life goes on. The space is wide and there are masses of people moving to and fro, mingled with donkeys and camels and even carriages that dash recklessly through, and there is a constant cry of this thing and that thing, from the donkey boys and the pedlers of nuts and bread and insipid sweetened drinks.

Pious Pedlers

Some of the peddling people clatter little brass cymbals as they walk up and down and repeat over and over some words which our guide said were something between a prayer and a song, probably as old as the language.* The vender of drinks carries his stock-in-trade in a goatskin, or maybe in a pigskin, which is not a pretty thing to look at—all black and hairy and wet, with distended legs sticking out like something drowned. We didn't buy any of those drinks. We thought they might be clean enough, but we were no longer thirsty.

All sorts of things are incorporated in this bazaar: old dwelling houses; columns of old temples; stairways beginning anywhere and leading nowhere; mosques—the limitless roof of merchandise has stretched out and enveloped these things. To attempt a detailed description of the place would be unwise. One may only generalize this vast hive of tiny tradesmen and tiny trades. All the curious merchants and wares we

* The pedler of bread cries, "Oh, Allah, who sustaineth us, send trade!" The pedler of beverages, "Oh, cheer thine heart!"

have seen pictured for a lifetime are gathered here. It is indeed the Grande Bazaar—the emporium of the East.

The street we followed came to an end by and by at a great court, open to the sky. It was a magnificent inclosure and I was quite willing to enter it. I did not do so, however. I had my foot raised to step over the low barrier when there was a warning cry and a brown hand pushed me back. Our guide had dropped a step behind. He came hurrying up now, and explained that this was the court of the Great Mosque. We must have special permission to enter.

The place impressed me more than any mosque we have seen—not for its beauty, though it *is* beautiful, but because of its vastness, its open sky, and its stone floor, polished like glass by the bare and stockinged feet that have slipped over it for centuries. We could not enter, but we were allowed to watch those who came as they removed their shoes and stepped over into the court to pray. When you realize that the inclosure is as big as two or three city squares and that the stones, only fairly smooth in the beginning, reflect like a mirror now, you will form some idea of the feet and knees and hands that have pressed them and realize something of the fervor of the Damascus faith.

We left the bazaar by a different way and our guide got lost getting us back to the hotel. I didn't blame him, though—anybody could get lost in those tangled streets. We were in a hopeless muddle, for it was getting dark, when down at the far end of a narrow defile Laura caught a glimpse of a building which she said was like one opposite our hotel. So we went to look at it, and it was the same building. Then our guide found the hotel for us and we paid him, and everything was all right. He didn't know anything about the city, I believe, but was otherwise a perfect guide.

We put in a busy two days in Damascus—a marvelous two days, I thought. Our carriages were at the hotel next morning, and I want to say here that of all the carriages and horses we have seen, those of Damascus are far and away the best. The horses are



THE STORY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT IS DRAMATIZED HERE IN A MANNER AND A SETTING THAT WOULD DISCOURAGE THE ARTIFICIAL STAGE.

simply beautiful creatures and in perfect condition. Even those kept for public hire are superb animals with skins of velvet. They are Arabian, of course, and I can believe now that the Arab loves his horse, for I have never seen finer animals, not even on Fifth Avenue. I can understand, too, why the Quaker City pilgrims, ambling into Damascus on those old, blind, halt and spavined Beirut nags, made their entry by night.

And these Damascus horses go. Their drivers may love them, but they make them hurry. They crack their whips and we go racing through the streets like mad. However deliberate the East may be in most things, it is swift enough in the matter of driving.

Footprints of Paul

I don't care for it. It keeps me watching all the time to see what kind of an Arab we are going to kill, and I miss a good many sights. We went through that crowded thoroughfare of the Grande Bazaar at a rate which was fairly homicidal. Certainly if those drowsy shopkeepers did not hate Christians enough before, they do now.

We drove to the street which is "called Straight" and came to the house of Judas where St. Paul lodged when he was led blind into Damascus, trembling and astonished of the Lord. His name was Saul then, and he had been on his way to Damascus to persecute the Christians, by the authority of Rome. The story is in the ninth chapter of Acts and is too familiar to repeat here. I believe, though, that most of us thought the house of Judas had some connection with the unfaithful disciple of that name, until Habib, our party guide, enlightened us. Habib said that this was another Judas—a good man, well-to-do for his time.

The street called Straight runs through the Grande Bazaar, and the house of Judas is in the very midst of that dim aggregation of trades. It is roofless and unoccupied, but is kept clean and whitewashed and its stone walls will stand for another two thousand years. Next to the birth and cru-

cifixion of the Savior, the most important event in the story of Christianity happened there.

It seemed strange and dreamlike to be standing in the house of St. Paul's conversion—a place which heretofore had seemed to exist only in the thin leaves and fine print of our Sunday-school days—and I found myself wondering which corner of the house St. Paul occupied and just where he sat at table and a number of such things. Then I noticed the drifting throngs outside, passing and repassing or idling drowsily, who did not seem to know that it was St. Paul's house and paid no attention to it at all.

At the house of Ananias, which came next, Habib was slow in arriving, and the Horse Doctor gave us a preliminary lecture.

"This," he said, "is the house of Ananias, once fed by the ravens. Later, through being a trifle careless with the truth, he became the founder and charter member of a club which in the United States of America still bears his name. Still later he was struck by lightning for deceiving his mother-in-law, Sapphira, who perished at the same time to furnish a scripture example that the innocent must suffer with the guilty; see Deuteronomy xi: 16. This is the spot where Ananias fell. That stone marks the place where his mother-in-law stood. The hole in the roof was made by the lightning when it came through. We will now pass on to the next—"

That was good enough gospel for our party if Habib had only let it alone. He came in just then and interrupted. He said:

"This is the house of Ananias, called St. Ananias to distinguish him from a liar by the same name. That Ananias and his wife, Sapphira, fell dead at the feet of St. Peter because of falsehood, a warning to those who trifle with the truth to-day. St. Ananias was a good man who restored St. Paul's sight and instructed him in the Christian doctrine."

We naturally avoided the Doctor for a time after that. His neighborhood seemed dangerous.

The house of Ananias is below ground and was probably used as a hiding place in a day when it was not safe for an active and busy Christian to be at large. Such periods have not been unusual in Damascus. St. Paul preached Christianity openly, but not for long. For the Jews "took counsel to kill him" and watched the gate to see that he did not get away.

"Then the disciples took him by night, and let him down the wall in a basket."

We drove to the outer wall and came to the place and the window where Paul is said to have been let down. It might have happened there. The wall is Roman and the window above it could have been there in St. Paul's day. I prefer to believe it is the real window, though I have reason to think they show another one sometimes.

Damascenes at Home

Habib said we were to visit some of the handsome residences of Damascus. We were eager for that. We had already looked down upon their marble courts and gay façades and had been fascinated. Now we drove back into the city, through narrow, mud-walled streets, forbidding and not overclean. When these alleys had become so narrow and disheartening that we could travel only with discomfort, we stopped at a wretched entrance and were told to get out. Certainly this was never the portal to any respectable residence.

But we were mistaken. The Damascus house is built from the inside out. It is mud and unseemly disrepute without, but it is fairyland within. Every pretentious house is built on the same plan and has a marble court, with a fountain or pool and some peach or apricot or orange trees. On one side of the court is the front of the house. It has a high entrance and rooms to the right and to the left—rooms that have a raised floor at one end (that is where the rich rugs are) and very high ceilings—forty feet high, some of them—decorated with elaborate designs.

In the first house the round writhing rafters were exposed, and the decora-

tion on them made them look exactly like snakes. The Apostle took one look and fled, and I confess I did not care for them much myself. The rest of the house was divided into rooms of many kinds, and there was running water and a bath. We visited another house, different only in details. Some of the occupants were at home here—women folks—and they were glad to see us and showed us about eagerly. A tourist party from far-off America is a diversion to them no doubt.

Then we went to still another house. We saw at once that it was a grander place than the two already visited, and we were simply bewildered at the abundance of graven brass and inlaid furniture, rich rugs and general bric-a-brac that filled a great reception room. Suddenly servants in Turkish dress appeared with trays of liqueurs—two kinds, orange and violet—urging us to partake of the precious stuff without stint. And there were other trays, of rare coffee and dainty sweetmeats, and we were invited to sit in the priceless chairs and to handle the wonderful things to our heart's content. We were amazed, stunned. Oriental hospitality could go no further.

Then in some subtle manner—I don't remember how the information was conveyed, but it must have been delicately, Orientally done—we learned that all this brass, all these marvelous things were for sale! Did we buy them? Did we! David did not take more brass from Hadadezar than we carried out of that Damascus residence, which was simply an annex to a great brass and mosaic factory, as we discovered later. Perhaps those strange liqueurs got into our enthusiasm; certainly I have never seen our party so liberal, so little inclined to haggle and hammer down.

But the things themselves were worth while. The most beautiful brass in the world is made in Damascus, and it is made in that factory.

They took us in where the work was going on. I expected to see machinery; nothing of the sort—not a single machine anywhere. Every stage of the work is performed by hand, in the most primitive way, by workmen sitting on

the ground, shaping some artistic form, or with a simple graving tool working out an intricate design. Many of the workers were mere children—girls, most of them—some of them not over seven or eight years old, and even these were producing work which would cause many an arts and crafts young lady in America to pale with envy. They get a few cents a day. The skilled workers, whose deft fingers and trained vision produce the exquisite silver inlay designs, get as much as a shilling. No wonder our people did not haggle. The things were cheap and they knew it.

In a wareroom in the same factory I noticed that one of the walls was stone and looked like Roman masonry; also, that in it were the outlines of two high arches, walled up. I asked Habib about it.

"Those," he said, "are two of the entrances to the street called Straight. We are outside of the old wall here; this house is built against it. The Straight Street had three entrances in the old days. Those two have long been closed."

It always gives me a curious sensation to realize that actual people should still be living and following their daily occupations in the midst of associations like these. I can't get used to it at all.

To them, however, it is nothing. The fact that they sleep and wake and pursue their drowsy round in places hallowed by tradition; that the house which sheltered St. Paul stands in the midst of their murmuring bazaar; that one side of this wareroom is the wall of the ancient city, the actual end of the street called Straight; that every step they take is on historic ground, sacred to at least three religions—this to me marvelous condition is to them not strange at all.

It is not that they do not realize the existence of these things; they do—at least most of them do—and honor and preserve their landmarks. But that a column against which they dream and smoke may be one of the very columns against which St. Paul leaned as he groped his blind way down the street called Straight is to them not a matter for wonder or even comment.

I am beginning to understand their point of view—even to envy it. I do not envy some of the things they have—some of their customs—but their serenity of habit and security of place in the stately march of time, their establishment of race and religion—one must envy these things when he considers them here, apart from that environment which we call civilized—the whirl which we call progress.

I do not think I shall turn Moslem. His doctrine has attractive features, both here and hereafter, but I would not like to undertake the Koran at my time of life. I can, however, and I do, pay the tribute of respect to the sun-baked land and sun-browned race that have given birth to three of the world's great religions, even though they have not unnaturally claimed their last invention as their best and held it as their own.

Discontented Pilgrims

We entered the remaining entrance of the street called Straight and drove to the Grande Bazaar. By this time we were in a buying fever and plunged into a regular debauch of bargain and purchase so that we were all a little weary when we reached the hotel. In we came, carrying our brass and other loot, and dropped down on the first divan, letting our bundles fall where they listed.

I thought the Apostle looked particularly solemn. Being a weighty person, jouncing all day in a carriage and walking through brass bazaars and fez bazaars and silk bazaars and rug bazaars and silver bazaars and leather bazaars and saddle bazaars and at least two hundred and seven other bazaars had told on him. When I spoke cheerfully he merely grunted and reached for something in a glass which, if it tasted as it smelled, was not calculated to improve his temper. When I sat down beside him he did not seem overcordial.

Then, quite casually, I asked him if he wouldn't execute a little commission for me in the bazaars. There were a few trifles I had overlooked—another coffee set, for instance—something for a friend at home—I had faith in his



THOMAS FOGARTY

SERVANTS APPEARED WITH TRAYS OF LIQUEURS URGING US TO PARTAKE OF THE
PRECIOUS STUFF WITHOUT STINT.

(the Apostle's) taste. It seemed a reasonable request and I made it politely enough, but the Apostle became suddenly violent. He said:

"Damn the bazaars! I'm full of brass and Oriental rugs and bric-a-brac. I never want to hear of a bazaar again. I want to give away the junk I've already bought and get back to the ship." Which we knew he didn't mean, for he had put in weary hours acquiring those things, inspired with a large generosity for loved ones at home.

The Ruling Passion Again

The Colonel came drifting along just then, unruffled, *débonnaire*, apparently unwearied by the day's round. Nothing disturbs the Colonel. If he should outwear the century, he would still be as blithe of speech and manner as he is to-day at—dear me, how old is the Colonel? Is he thirty? Is he fifty? He might be either of those ages, or at any mile-post between.

He stood now looking down at the Apostle and his cup of poison. Then, with a coaxing smile:

"Match you, Joe—my plunder against yours—just once."

The Apostle looked up with a perfectly divine sneer.

"Yes, you will! I think I see myself!"

The Colonel slapped a coin on the table briskly.

"Come on, Joe—we never matched for bric-a-brac before. Let's be game—just this time."

What was the use. The Apostle resisted—at first violently, then feebly—then he matched—and lost!

For a moment he could hardly realize the extent of his disaster. Then he reached for the mixture in front of him, swallowed it, gagged, choked, dissolved in copious tears. When he could get his voice he said:

"I'm the damndest fool in Syria. I walked four hundred miles to buy those things."

The Horse Doctor regarded him thoughtfully.

"You always interest me," he said. "I don't know whether it's your shape

or your mental habitudes. Both are so peculiar."

After which we left the Apostle. That is, we stood from under and went in to dinner.

The Apostle is a good traveler, however—all the Reprobates are. They take things as they find them, which cannot be said for all of our people. One wonders what some of them expected in Damascus—probably steamer fare and New York hotel accommodations. I judge this from their remarks.

As a matter of fact we are at the best hotel in Damascus, and the hotel people are racking their bodies and risking their souls to give us the best they know. A traveler cannot get better than the best—even in Heaven. Traveling alone in any strange land, he is more likely to get the worst. Yet the real traveler will make the best of what he finds and do better when he finds he can. But these malcontents of ours have been pampered and spoiled by that steamer until they expect nothing short of perfection—their kind of perfection—wherever they set foot.

They are so disturbed over the fact that the bill of fare is unusual and not adjusted to their tastes that they are not enjoying the sights and want to clear out forthwith. They have been in Damascus a little more than a day; they want to go now. This old race has stood it five thousand years or more. These *Kurfürsters* can't stand it two days without complaint. I don't want to be severe, but such travelers tire me. I suppose the bill of fare in Heaven won't please them. I hope not—if I am invited to remain there—any length of time, I mean.

The rest of us are having great enjoyment. We like everything, and we eat most of it. There are any number of dried fruits and nuts and fine juicy oranges always on the table, strung down the center, its full length. And even if the meats are a bit queer, they are by no means bad. We whoop up the bill of fare and go through it forward and backward and diagonally, working from both ends toward the center and back again if we feel like it. We have fruit and nuts piled by our

plates and on our plates all through the meal.

We don't get tired of Damascus. We could stay here and start a famine. What will these grumblers do in Heaven, where very likely there isn't a single dish they ever heard of before?

In the matter of wines, however, I am conservative. You see, Mohammed forbade the use of spirituous beverages by the faithful and liquor forms no part of their long symphonic rhyme. They don't drink it themselves; they only make it for visitors.

It would require no command of the Prophet to make me abstain from it. I have tried their vintage. I tried one brand called the "Wine of Ephesus." The name conjured visions; so did the wine, but they were not the same visions. The name suggested banquets in marble halls, where gentlemen and ladies of the old days reclined on rich divans and were served by slaves on bended knee. The wine itself—the taste of it I mean—suggested a combination of hard cider and kerosene, and a hurry call for the doctor.

I was coy about the wines of the East after that, but by and by I tried another brand—a different color with a different name. This time it was "Nectar of Heliopolis." They had curious ideas of nectar in Heliopolis. Still, it was better than the Wine of Ephesus. Hair oil is always better than kerosene in a mixture like that.

Damascus, the Garden Beautiful

We drove this morning to the foot of Mohammed's hill, from which the Prophet looked down on the Pearl of the East and decided that as he could have only one Paradise he would wait for the next. They have built a little tower to mark the spot where he rested and we thought we would climb up there. We didn't, however. The carriages could go only a little way beyond the city outskirts, and when we started to climb that blistering barren hillside afoot we changed our minds rapidly.

We had permission to go as high as we pleased, but it is of no value. Anybody could give it. Laura and I and

a German newspaper man were the only ones who toiled up high enough to look down through the mystical haze on the vision Mohammed saw. Heavens, but it was hot up there! And this was March—early spring! How those Quaker City pilgrims stood it to travel across the Syrian desert in August I cannot imagine. In the "Innocents" I find this observation:

"The sun flames shot down like shafts of fire that stream out of a blowpipe. The rays seemed to fall in a steady deluge on my head and pass downward like rain from a roof."

That is a white hot description, but not too intense, I think, for Syrian summer time.

Another thing we noticed up there: Damascus is growing—in that direction, at least. Older than history, the place is actually having a boom. All the houses out that way are new—mud-walled, but some of them quite pretentious. They have pushed out far beyond the gardens, across the barren plain, and they are climbing the still more barren slope.

They stand there in the baking sun, unshaded as yet by any living thing. One pities the women shut up behind those tiny barred windows. These places will have gardens about them some day. Already their owners are scratching the earth with their crooked sticks, and they will plant and water and make the desert bloom.

Being free in the afternoon Laura and I engaged Habib and a carriage and went adventuring on our own account. We let Habib manage the excursion, and I shall always remember it as a sweet, restful experience.

We visited a Moslem burying ground first and the tomb of Fatima—the original Fatima—Mohammed's beautiful daughter, who married a rival prophet, Ali, yet sleeps to-day with honor in a little mosquelike tomb. We passed a tree, said to have been planted by the Mohammedan conqueror of Damascus, nearly thirteen hundred years ago—an enormous tree, ten feet through or more—on one side a hollow which would hold a dozen men standing.

At last we came to the gardens of

Damascus and walked among the olive trees and the peach and almond and apricot—most of them in riotous bloom. Summer cultivation had only just begun, and few workmen were about. Later the gardens would swarm with them and they would be digging and irrigating, and afterwards gathering the fruit, preserving and drying it and sending it to market. Habib showed us the primitive methods of doing these things.

A Guidebook That Told the Truth

How sweet and quiet and fragrant it was there among the flowering trees! In one place a little group of Syrian Christians were recreating (it being Sunday), playing some curious dulcimer instrument and singing a weird hymn. We crossed the garden and sat on the grass under the peach bloom while Habib went for the carriage. Sitting there, we realized that the guidebook had been only fair to Damascus.

"For miles around it is a wilderness of gardens—gardens with roses among the tangled shrubberies and with fruit on the branches overhead. Everywhere among the trees the murmur of unseen rivulets is heard."

That sounds like fairyland, but it is only Damascus—Damascus in June, when the fruit is ripening and the waterways are full.

We drove out of Damascus altogether—far out across a fertile plain to the slopes of the West Lebanon hills. Then, turning, we watched the sun slip down the sky while Habib told us many things. Whatever there is to know, Habib knows, and to localities and landmarks he fitted stories and traditions which brought back all the old atmosphere and made this Damascus the Damascus of story and fable and dreams.

Habib pointed out landmarks near and far—minarets of the great mosque, the direction of Jerusalem, of Mecca—he showed us where the waters of Damascus rise and where they waste into the desert sands. To the westward was Mt. Hermon; southward came the lands of Naphtali and of Bashan where the giant Og once reigned. All below us lay Palestine; Mt. Hermon was the

watch tower, Damascus the capital of the north.

Damascus in the sunset, its domes and minarets lifting above the lacing green! There is no more beautiful picture in the world than that. We turned to it again and again when every other interest had waned—the jewel, the "pearl set in emeralds," on the desert's edge. Laura and I will always remember that Sunday evening vision of the old city and the things that Habib told us and the drive home.

Next to the city itself I think the desert interested us. It begins just a little beyond Damascus, Habib said, and stretches the length of the Red Sea and to the Persian Gulf. A thousand miles down its length lies Mecca to which pilgrims have journeyed for ages, a horde of them every year. There is a railway, now, as far as Tabook, but Mecca is still six hundred miles beyond. The great annual pilgrimages, made up of the faithful from all over Asia and portions of Europe and Africa, depart from Damascus and those who survive it return after long months of wasting desert travel. Habib said that a great pilgrimage was returning now; the city was full of holy men.

Then he told us about the dromedary mail that crosses the desert from Damascus to Bagdad, like a through express. It is about five hundred miles across, as the stork flies, but the dromedary is not disturbed by distance. He destroys it at the rate of fifteen miles an hour and capers in fresh and smiling at the other end.

Habib did not advise dromedary travel. It is very rough, he said. Nothing but an Arab trained to the business could stand it. Once an Englishman wanted to go through by the dromedary mail and did go, though they implored him to travel in the regular way. He got through all right, but his liver and his heart had changed places and it took three doctors seven days to rearrange his works.

A multitude was pouring out of the city when we reached the gates, dwellers in the lands about. We entered and turned aside into quiet streets, the twilight gathering about mysterious door-



“I’M FULL OF BRASS AND ORIENTAL RUGS AND BRIC-À-BRAC. I NEVER WANT TO HEAR OF A BAZAAR AGAIN.”

ways and in dim shops and stalls where bowed turbaned men never seemed to be selling anything, or to want to sell anything—and barely noticed us as we passed. Through the Grande Bazaar we went, where it was getting dark, and all the drowsy merchants of all the drowsy merchandise were like still shadows that only moved a little to let us pass. Out again into streets that were full of dusk and dim flitting figures and subdued sounds.

All at once I caught sight of a black stone jar hanging at the door of a very small and dusky booth. It is such a jar as is used in Damascus to-day for water—was used there in the time of Abraham.

“Habib!”

I had wanted one of the pots from the first. The carriage stops instantly on the word.

“Habib—that black water jar—a small one!”

I had meant to bargain for it myself, but Habib is ahead of me. He scorns to bargain for such a trifle and with such a merchant. He merely seizes the jar, says a guttural word or two in whatever tongue the man knows, flings him a paltry coin, and is back in the carriage, directing our course along the narrow, darkening way. What a wonderful life the dark is bringing out. There in front of that coffee house, that row of men smoking nargileh—surely they are magicians, everyone. That silent group with shaven heads and snowy beards—“Who are they, Habib?”

“Mongolians,” he says; “pilgrims returning from Mecca. They live far over to the north of China, but are still followers of the Prophet.”

The scope of Islamism is wide—oh, yes, very wide and increasing! That group gathered at the fountain—their dress, their faces—

“Habib!”

The horses come up with a jerk.

“A copper water jar, Habib. An old, old man is filling it—such a strange pattern—”

Habib is down instantly, and amidst the crowd. Cautiously I follow. The old man is stooped, wrinkled, travel-worn. His robe and his turban are full

of dust. He is listening to Habib and replying briefly.

Habib explains. The pilgrim is returning with it from Mecca—it is very old—he cannot part with it. My heart sinks; every word adds value to the treasure. Habib tries again while I touch the ancient, curiously wrought jar lovingly. The pilgrim draws away. He will hardly allow me even so much comfort.

We return to the carriage sadly. The driver starts. Some one comes running behind, calling. Again we stop; a boy calls something to Habib.

All Because the Guide Laughed

“He will sell,” Habib laughs; “and why not? He demands a napoleon. Of course you will never give it!”

Oh, coward heart! I cannot after that! I have the napoleon and the desire, but I cannot appear a fool before Habib.

“No, it is too much—drive on.”

We dash forward; the East closes behind us; the opportunity is forever lost. If one could only be brave at the instant! All my days shall I recall the group at the fountain; that bent, travel-stained old pilgrim; that strangely fashioned water pot which perhaps came down to him from patriarchal days. How many journeys to Mecca had it made? How many times had it moistened the parching lips of some way-worn pilgrim, dragging across the burning sand! How many times had it furnished water for absolution before the prayer in the desert!

And all this could have been mine. For a paltry napoleon I could have had the talisman for my own—all the wonder of the East—its music, its mystery, its superstition—I could have fondled and gazed on it and recreated each picture at a touch.

Oh, Habib, Habib! may the Prophet forgive you, for, alas, I never can!

At the station next morning a great horde of pilgrims were waiting for the train which would bear them to Beirut—Mongolians, many of them, who had been on the long, long pilgrimage over land and sea. At Beirut, we were told,

seven steamers were waiting to take them on the next stage of their homeward journey. What a weary way they had yet to travel. When could they ever hope to reach their own land?

They are all loaded down with baggage. They had their bundles, clothing, quilts, water kettles, and I wandered about among them vainly hoping to find my pilgrim of the copper pot. Hopeless indeed! There were pots in plenty, but they were all new or unsightly things—many of them mere agate teakettles.

All the pilgrims were old men, for the Moslem, like most of the rest of us, puts off his spiritual climax until he has acquired his material account. He has to, in fact, for even going the poorest way and mainly on foot, a journey of ten or twelve thousand miles across mountain and desert, wilderness and wave, cannot be made without substance.

We took a goodly number of them on our train. Freight cars crowded with them were attached behind and we crawled across the mountains with that cargo of holy men who poured out at every other station and prostrated themselves, facing Mecca, to pray for our destruction. At least I suppose they did that. I know they made a most imposing spectacle at their devotions, and the Moslem would hardly overlook an enemy in such easy praying distance.

However, we crossed the steeps and skirted the precipices safely enough, and

by and by a blue harbor lay below and in it, like a fair picture, the ship, home. We had been gone less than a week—it seemed a year.

And here we must say good-by—Laura, age fourteen, and I; also the Reprobates and the others. Our travels are not ended—not by any means. Jaffa and Jerusalem are just ahead, and Egypt the eternal lies waiting with its Pyramids and Sphinx, its Temples and its still valley of the buried kings. I would go right on here if permitted, for like Ulysses and the Ancient Mariner and a good many other traveled persons I grow fond of telling the wonders I have seen.

I am not permitted. Between a hard-hearted editor who wants to put something fresh into his magazine and a fore-handed publisher who has been inveigled into putting all the wanderings of the Ship-Dwellers into a book (and has decided to do it soon and have it over with), the author is ground into submission and must choke back the rest of the story for the present. Somewhere retribution is preparing for editors and publishers. I am a pious person, but not a merciful one, and I am learning some of the Koran—

But never mind. If I should say any more here the editor would cut it out, anyway; so for the present, if there should be any reader left who has been following these adventures, the Ship-Dwellers bid him, or her, in their best ship German, *Auf wiedersehen*.



ON INLAND WATER PATHS

by Edward  Hungerford ~

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

THE ticket agent projected all of his professional disdain across the counter toward us. "No," he declaimed, with cold emphasis, "you *cannot* make a water trip inland from New York to Washington." He smiled at the impertinence of travelers who would conceive such a project.

Nevertheless we declined his suggestion of various fast trains at various convenient hours. What are stuffy Limiteds compared with long, lazy days on a winding canal, a broad bay, or smooth flowing river? We left his place with our own plans rapidly forming themselves in mind.

At the outset, let me state, for the express benefit of that proud ticket agent, that he was right to the extent that there is no regular inland steamboat line from the metropolis to the capital. He is entirely wrong in the matter of the waterway. There stretches to-day—and has stretched for many, many years—a lazy, sinuous water highway the entire distance—a highway that offers infinite possibilities for the owner of a motor boat.

Some day these possibilities may be extended to chance travelers and regular passenger accommodations offered over the part of this route that lies between New York and Trenton, consisting of the upper harbor of New York, the Kill von Kull at the rear of Staten Island, and the Raritan River up to New Brunswick. From that point an artificial highway—the ancient Delaware and Raritan Canal—extends to Trenton. A small steamboat runs each afternoon carrying freight from New York to Trenton, but her run is by night and she has no facilities for carrying passengers.

So our water trip to Washington really began at Trenton, in a driving rain that completely hid the farther bank of the Delaware from the steamer's deck and made mockery of the indispensable camera beside us. Just enough could be seen of the near shore—now Pennsylvania, now New Jersey—to show that it was a fat country with lordly farms and farmhouses and barns that seemed choked to overflowing with the gathered harvests of the summer. The little towns on either shore, placed close to one another—Burlington and Bristol, the oldest of these—were seen faintly through the rain, each clustering under the shelter of a group of church spires.

From Burlington into Philadelphia the towns grew closer and closer together, until on the Pennsylvania side they were one. The steamboat slipped under the giant Frankford railroad bridge, the gaunt fantastic outlines of the great shipbuilding works showed clearly in the gathering dusk, there was a long stretch of docks and shipping, and finally a welcoming wharf with a little group of humans, and the first stage of the water journey was finished.

Night wiped all the clouds from the skies and the morrow saw our start on the smart, fast steamer *Penn*, from Philadelphia to Baltimore. The hotel clerk in the abiding place of Brotherly Love shared the sentiments of the ticket agent back in New York. He rather reluctantly admitted that a steamboat ran to Baltimore, but he, too, was insistent that it was only two hours and a half by rail. He volunteered a hint that no one that he knew had ever ventured upon the water trip.

For *his* benefit, let it be stated, that there is no water trip in the East possessed of half the quaint charm of the

boat run by day from Philadelphia to Baltimore. If you will scan your atlas you will see that nature offered but slight aid to such a trip. She prepared no direct way, but long ago man made up for the omission. The Chesapeake and Delaware Canal was dug in the year that railroading was born in the United States. In 1829 the dreamers who build the future saw the entire nation a great network of waterways—natural and artificial. They builded the Chesapeake and Delaware bigger than any that had gone before. No mere mule-drawn barges were to monopolize it. It was designed for river and bay craft—a highway for boats of considerable tonnage.

You arrive at this canal after a three-hour sail down the river from Philadelphia—past the Navy Yard at League Island, the piers and jetties at Marcus Hook that help to keep navigation open throughout the winter, and more quaint towns. The river has widened into a great estuary of the sea. The busy procession of inbound and outbound craft that filed through the narrow channels above is here spread thin.

Our steamer turned sharply toward starboard, toward another one of the sleepy little towns—Delaware City—and right there under a little clump of trees was the canal; we could see it plainly with its entrance lock and the town folk down to supervise the important work of getting the steamer through. It was not much of a lock—eleven inches at our tide—but it served to protect the waters of the old canal. The gateway is a busy one at all times, for the Chesapeake and Delaware is one of the few old-time canals that has retained its prestige and traffic. An immense freight tonnage passes through it in addition to the day boats and the night boats between Baltimore and Philadelphia. Moreover, the motor boats are already finding it of great service as an important link in the route between north and south.

Engines go at quarter speed through the thirteen miles of this canal, and the man who prefers to take his travel fast has no place upon the boat. Four miles

an hour is the official limit, and even then the "wash" of the big craft is destructive to the banks. But we eliminated the speed desire after that interview with the railroad ticket agent in New York.

A good magazine and the slowly changing vista of country scenery were enough for that day. We approached swing bridges with distinction, they slowly unfolded at the call of our whistle, holding back ancient country nags drawing mud-covered buggies, heavy Conestoga wagons with farm produce for the city, once a big automobile snorting and puffing as if in rage at the enforced delay.

Steaming Through the Canal

On the long stretches between the bridges the canal twisted and turned as it found its way between increasing slight elevations. Sometimes it was very wide and the towpath side—sailing craft are oftentimes mule-drawn through here—was an embankment cutting through a broad expanse of water. At another point for a distance of nearly three miles there was a deep cutting through a long hill which must have been a considerable engineering enterprise in 1829. Once, midway in the canal, there was a deep lock and the passage of our big steamer through it was an entertaining performance to a congregation of small folk and large folk, most of them colored.

We met whole flotillas of freight craft all the way, they were lying in wait for us at several locks and when we edged our way past them in the canal, the Philadelphia morning papers thrown over into their wheelhouses won cordial thanks. Midway in the deep cut, spanned by a drawbridge set so high that it only needs to open for high-sparred craft, we met the day boat bound in the opposite direction. Then we understood why these craft are such slim-waisted girls. It is no easy trick getting them past one another in the canal, even in the long passing-sidings scattered along the route, like those of a jerkwater railroad. It is accomplished only by infinite patience, with wit and

courtesy buffeted back and forth between the passengers and intelligent comment by the captains.

At Chesapeake City we dropped through a deep lock into the Back Creek, an estuary of the Elk River, and the canal part of the run was history. The Elk River in turn is an estuary of Chesapeake Bay and we were upon one of the distant tendons of that marvelous system of waterways that has its focal point in Hampton Roads and reaches for thousands of miles into Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina.

A man in a motor boat could spend ten years in these inland waters and never once retrace his path. The man who must take his water-love in a steamboat finds at Baltimore an embarrassment of riches in more than a score of routes stretching out from that Southern metropolis to each corner of the compass.

Trips for Every Taste

We saw the steamboats as we steamed into Baltimore inner harbor at dusk, tightly tethered together with noses against the pier just as we used to see horses tied close to one another at the hitching rail years ago in the home town at fair time. We met a fleet of them as we approached the inner harbor, making their brisk way down the river, each steamboat trailing a long smoke plume behind.

"If you take the Pocomoke River boat," was our captain's advice on the *Penn*, "you'll find it the best run south o' Baltimore. That fellow that draws pictures for the papers up in Wilmington—Howard Pyle's his name—he's just come back from the Pocomoke. He says it's great."

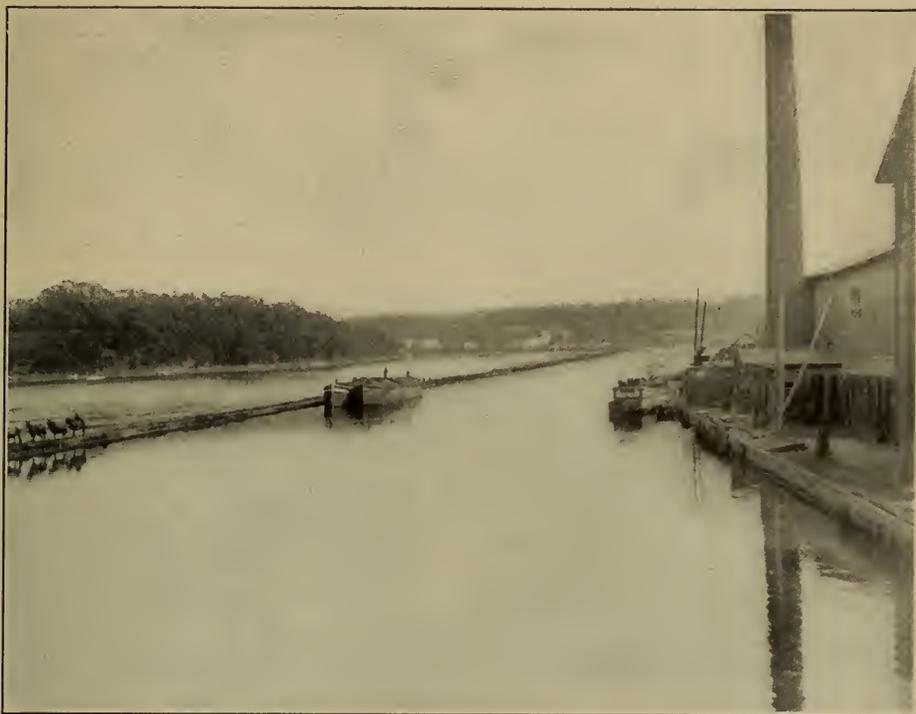
The Pocomoke has its rivals. There are craft that run from Baltimore up the Piankatank, the Nanticoke, the Rappahannock, the Patuxent, the Cohannock—gentle Indian names, each of these, and each one a broad estuary of this wonderful sheet of inland water. There is a steamboat that goes to the Little Wicomico and the Big Wicomico and one of the plain Wicomicos—there

are so many Wicomico rivers in this country that a dozen years hence when you are skimming over it in your ninety horse-power aeroplane, you will have hard work dodging one of them when you fall out.

A lady traveling on the *Penn* recommended the York River route, and that trip, past the historical scenes of two wars, is worth while. Baltimoreans—those dear, delightful folk, who speak of their town as "Balt'more City" and their breakfast journal as "that *Sun* paper"—sift all of these routes carefully and cling to the swing up the Choptank to Denton. They call it a rest cure for the nerves, as if the deliberate inhabitants of the staid town ever really knew the meaning of nerves.

But our mind was made up. We had chosen in the beginning, and if that ticket clerk in New York—he of the disdainful mien—had known of this last stage he would have thought it *dementia* of the first order. Fast trains snatch you back and forth over the forty miles between Baltimore and Washington in a little over three quarters of an hour; a high-speed trolley line takes only a little longer. Our ship—the stanch *Anne Arundel*, if you please—would require nearly forty hours for the journey. There was the perfection of leisurely travel for you!

So, near the close of a busy day spent in the interesting old town, we sailed from Baltimore for Washington. The *Anne Arundel* was one of the patient white steeds tethered in the inner harbor, and to work her free and set her straight in that little pool was not an easy matter—two tugs and a perspiring captain accomplished it. Later, when the captain had set her bow straight out toward the bay in the gathering dusk, he made the acquaintance of the ship's company. It was an old-fashioned custom to which he had held for forty years; the folks who slept upon his craft those two nights were his guests and they found him a host of high order. Wit and romance were upon his lips; he knew the legendary lore of every bit of his run. A man who had handled a government transport for four years up and down the Poto-



AN ANCIENT ARTIFICIAL WATER HIGHWAY RUNS FROM NEW BRUNSWICK TO TRENTON.

mac from Washington to "the front" would have enough material right there to last a generation.

Then, if you were permitted to come close enough into his confidence, he might lead you into his own little cabin, just back of the wheelhouse, and show you his treasures. For instance, there was a yellowed newspaper clipping which told of how Capt. W. C. Geohegan, of a Bay Line steamboat, had saved sixteen marines in a long boat, adrift from their ship one snow-filled night in Hampton Roads—and this was Geohegan himself who handed you the clipping.

You do not have to go out into mid-Atlantic for your romances of the sea. Every nook and cranny of this bay holds them. The date on the captain's medal is more than a dozen years after that episode. He did not believe in running after a medal once the trick had been turned. They had to seek him out.

So much for the captain. The ship's company was filled with equal interest for the chance traveler. The passen-

gers on the Philadelphia boat had been of the sort one sees on steamboats everywhere—on the Hudson, the Lakes, and the Sound—flip folks who read books incontinently and seemed bored by the trip. The men and women who take the lines up into the back country of the Chesapeake are of a different sort.

Few of them have ever seen the Hudson, the Lakes, or the Sound, three or four confessed to having visited New York once or twice and inquired if the Brooklyn Bridge and the Statue of Liberty were still the chief things to be seen. Baltimore was the center of all things to most of them.

It takes you full ten miles to rid yourself of metropolitan Baltimore, the river that steadily broadens carrying the shore, with its fringe of mills and docks and ships, farther and farther away all the time, while the stout little tugs that give so much life to the water front dwindle and drop away. Off to the right is Fort McHenry and, if you have had your guidebook close at hand, you will linger long in contemplation of it.

The flag that floats from its tall mast brings thought of that long night fight so many years ago and of the song that was written then.

As dusk came upon us we were some thirty miles clear of Baltimore. The last trace of that great port had disappeared, save the passing craft on the bay which, by their very number, denoted an important shipping point close

beautiful—some do. Perhaps they all are with their unvarying broad reaches and flat shores. But they surely are impressive—places of great silences and vast distances with far-off shores seemingly lifted in mirage from the surface of the water. In the grayness of fog and the mystery of the night they approach the infinite.

We turned sharply from the Poto-



WE SAW THE STEAMBOATS AS WE STEAMED INTO BALTIMORE INNER HARBOR AT DUSK.

at hand. Far to the west the setting sun threw into distant brilliance the dome of the old statehouse at Annapolis and the newer gilded dome of the recently completed chapel of the Naval Academy. Both showed for a full fifteen minutes as we swung down past the mouth of the Severn. And then night closed in and we were in a seeming shoreless sea—only the radiance of the long file of lighthouses serving to guide our course.

At dawn we were out of the Chesapeake and mounting one of the very greatest of its tributaries—the broad Potomac. You may call these waters

mac and up a smaller river that the captain called the St. Mary's. He showed us a little red house, its gable just peeping above a friendly cluster of orchard trees, and told us that it was the oldest house in all of old Maryland. A little way farther up the twisting stream and we were at Broome's Wharf. Captain Geohegan said that the place was really St. Mary's City. A second look was needed to find the city, and then you were disappointed, especially if your ideas were founded on census-report definitions or Northern municipal standards.

They have a way down here of naming anything a city that may have had

possibilities. St. Mary's had her possibilities just two hundred and seventy years ago—the dates on the tall white shaft that rises from the greenery upon the bluff leave no doubt as to that. The monument was erected nearly twenty years ago and commemorates Leonard Calvert, the first Governor of Maryland. Guidebook lore is not ordinarily interesting, but the inscriptions that tell

gers—beg pardon, his guests—the time and labor of copying them. That is all that there is of this “city” that might have been—the monument, a few half-hidden graves, a small chapel less than a century old, and, therefore, to be reckoned thereabouts as modern, and a girls' school of more than local reputation.

Being a chapel, there must be a rector.



THE TOWN FOLK DOWN TO SEE THE STEAMER COME THROUGH THE LOCK.

of Leonard Calvert and of Anne Arundel, his wife, are fairly so. Two of them read:

*Erected on the site of
The Old Mulberry Tree*

*Under which the
First Colonists of Maryland Assembled.*

*Led the first Colony of Maryland
November 22, 1623—March 3, 1634.*

Founded St. Mary, March 27, 1634.

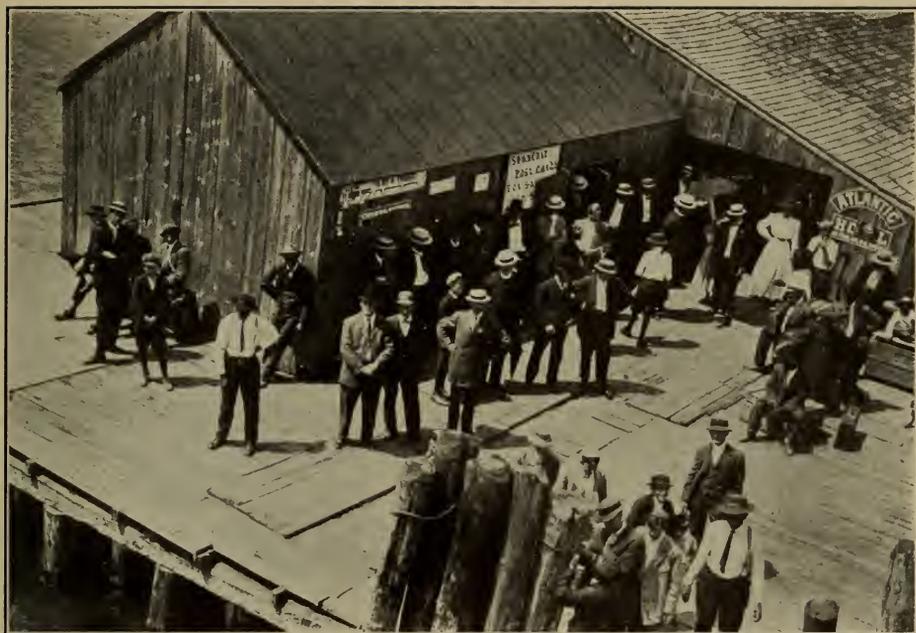
Died, June 9, 1647.

The captain has the inscriptions printed in full, which saves his passen-

He has a neat house on the bluff and helps to maintain his little fold by selling to chance tourists post cards and photographs of what is left of St. Mary's. One can imagine him seated and preparing his sermon when word is brought that the *Anne Arundel* is blowing for the wharf and almost see the nervous haste with which the manuscript is pushed aside and the post cards placed upon the tray. There is just time for a group of travelers to rush up past the graveyard and the chapel into the dominie's little garden and make their purchases before the whistle calls them back to the steamer.



IT TAKES YOU FULL TEN MILES TO RID YOURSELF OF METROPOLITAN BALTIMORE.



A GOOD PART OF THE COMMUNITY WAS PRESENT ON THE WHARF.

All that lazy day we poked in and out of other little streams like the St. Mary's, up to other lonely wharves jutting out from the wooded shores. Sometimes we were in Maryland, other times in Virginia, at all times we were miles and miles away from railroad, telegraph, or telephone. The coming of the Baltimore boat on alternate days was the chief event of each little community, and a good part of the community was present on the wharf.

When there was freight to be delivered or received—we were enough of a Noah's Ark before we reached Washington to have been afforded a beaching place upon any reasonable Ararat—there was time enough to go up into the village, if village there were. The few we saw were quite alike—a few narrow streets, a store, a school, and a church perhaps, and many fences all blistered with whitewash. Whitewash is the perpetual rejuvenator of the South. It hides impartially the scars of time and weather, and in turn it, too, is partly hidden by the wealth of foliage that blooms in the soft, indolent air.

In one of these Virginia towns—Kinsale—the doctor's sign hung bat-

tered and forlorn upon a little house in an almost equal state of dilapidation.

"Looks as if the doctor needed a new sign," we remarked to the villager who was our guide.

"Doctor ain't been here for eleven years," was his reply.

It must have been hard picking in Kinsale, but we were simply moved to add: "He might have taken it with him."

"They don't need doctors where he's gone," was the reply.

It was canning season when we sailed upon the *Anne Arundel*, and that Virginia country fairly reeked with tomato gore. For two weeks the little towns on the branching streams from the lower Potomac were almost industrious. Big craft laid at their wharves, delivering cans and boxes and taking away the finished product, and the labor question was nearly a problem. The darky element was making the best of the situation and was actually working. By two weeks' annual labor in the canning factories these numerous citizens earn enough to enable them to live in elegant ease for the other fifty weeks of the year.



WHEN THERE WAS FREIGHT TO BE DELIVERED OR RECEIVED . . . THERE WAS
TIME ENOUGH TO GO UP INTO THE VILLAGE.

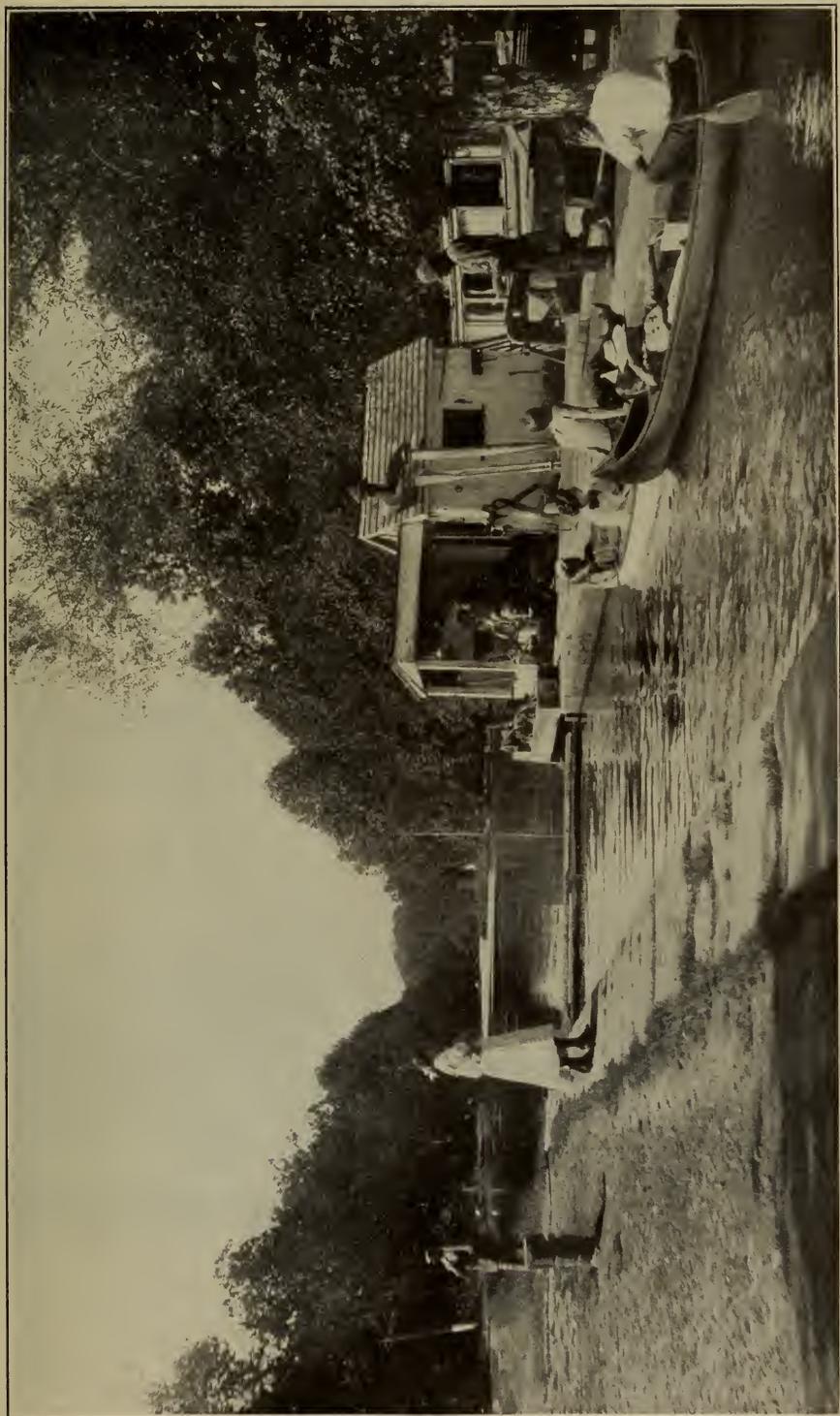
The motor boat is more than a fad in these waters; it is rapidly becoming part of their commercial capital. For a broad land whose highways are waterways it has a variety of uses and, although you still may see out in the middle of the bay great fleets of sailing oyster boats, making a gay regatta of business, yet you hear everywhere the sharp "put-put" of the motor boat breaking in upon the vast silences of these waters.

They are used for nearly every conceivable purpose; one of them came to us as we entered the dusk of the long day's sail upon the *Anne Arundel*. There was a little child, a boy, such a boy as any one might have been proud to possess. With his young father and mother he had come aboard at one of the lower Maryland points and had crossed back and forth with us all day long between that State and Virginia. In Virginia the father had started to go ashore, but a man had halted him. When the second man was questioned

by the man he stopped he showed his sheriff's badge.

Murder will out. So will thievery. The man had been accused of stealing from his employer and suspicion had rested upon him from the moment that the purser had asked him whether he wanted round-trip tickets and he replied, "Good God, no!" They look askance at folks in that country who do not want to go home. When we touched at evening at the Maryland point nearest to the sleepy county seat, the sheriff took his prisoner and the little family off the boat. There was a motor oyster boat resting on the other side of the pier to take the little party off to the shire-town.

They set off across the calm surface of the bay, the little boy not understanding. He sat, bolt upright, beside his mother on the middle seat of the oyster boat. The big sheriff looked at him tenderly; then he tore off his own coat and wrapped it about the child. You could see the rough-coated little



WASHINGTON'S BEST FUN OUT OF THE OLD CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL IS WITH CANOES.



GREAT FLEETS OF SAILING OYSTER BOATS, MAKING A GAY REGATTA OF BUSINESS.

figure for a long time until the boat was lost in dusk and only its exhaust told where it had gone.

We were an intimate part of the countryside. We caught the rumors and the news at each landing place. At Kinsale there had been a shooting and the sheriff of ancient King and Queen county was busy. Two natives had been warring about nets. There had been bad feeling for a long time, each man putting his net in front of the other's, and the shooting was an expected outcome.

A man who lived on the upper river expressed his disgust of the whole business.

"There ain't enough shad to make a good killin' worth while," said he. "I gave up the business three years ago. A shad couldn't get in my net, not onless he had a pilot."

At Piney Point there had been a barbecue and at Leonardstown a fire. Two lumbermen who got aboard there said that the village folks were getting progressive under the smarting of their loss; they were actually discussing the purchase of a second-hand fire engine.

Some time in the early morning we docked at Washington. When we awoke the city was alive and we dwelt once again in a world of trains and of trolley cars, of automobiles and peach-basket hats, of the telephone, the telegraph, and the automatic gas meter.

Beyond Washington stretches another canal—the ancient Chesapeake and Ohio, reaching high up into the mountains and a wonderful coal carrier in its day. It is still carefully maintained and traversed by a score or more of mule boats. The traveler who has time and inclination to carry his water trip farther and who is willing to "rough it" a bit can engage passage up the canal to Cumberland.

Washington's best fun out of the canal is with canoes. If the old waterway, almost losing its way in the loving stretches of thick wood and undergrowth, had been created as a plaything for the capital city, it could hardly have been better devised. From Georgetown the canoes and motor boats set forth in droves on holidays and Sundays. They go all the way up to Great Falls—and even beyond—working their passage through the locks, loafing under the shadows of the trees, drinking in the indolence of the summer days.

It makes folks who live in and around New York a bit envious—our own opportunities for still-water boating are so limited. Boating in our city parks is about as much fun as splashing around in an apartment-house bathtub.

Still, these things have their compensations. The Washington folks say they envy New Yorkers. The latter have so much fun out of their ocean close at hand. Perhaps they're right.



Photograph from Edwin Levick, N. Y.

FIRST SUCCESSFUL ENGLISH AEROPLANE.

Mr. A. V. Roe, a young English engineer, is the first aviator to make a free flight in England on an all British machine. His first attempts were made with a 9 horse-power engine, which has now been replaced by a 20 horse power. Mr. Roe uses paper at present for his planes, and is a firm believer in the triplane type of flier.



ON *the* ROAD in CEYLON

By Harry A. Franck

Tale of a Tramp Through the Isle of the Spicy Breezes

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

DIFFICULT indeed, would it be to choose a more striking introduction to the wonderland of the Far East than that egg-shaped remnant left over from the building of India. Standing at last in the midst of her prolific, kaleidoscopic life, how incomplete and lusterless seemed the picture drawn by the anticipating imagination. Impressions sharp and vivid crowded upon me in rapid, disordered succession as with the first glance at a great painting; I must view the scene again and again before the underlying conception stood out clearly through the wealth of unfamiliar detail.

It would have been strange, too, if the white man of peripatetic mood had not found his way to this Eden of the

Eastern seas. Within ten minutes of my landing I had joined a score of "beachcombers" under the black-shaded portico of a harbor-side building. In garb they were men of means. It costs nothing worth mentioning to keep spotless the cotton jacket and trousers that make up the costume of the Indias. Not their dress, but their sun-baked faces, their in-grown indolence, stamped them as "vags."

Those of the band who were not stretched out at full length on the flagging of the veranda dangled their feet from the encircling railing, puffing lazily at pipe or cigarette. On the greensward below, two natives sat on their heels before portable stands, rising now and then to pour out a glass of tea for the "comber" who tossed a Ceylon cent at their feet.

Theoretically the party had gathered to seek employment. The morning hour, since time immemorial, had called the stranded seamen of Colombo together in the shade of the shipping office. But "signing on" was a lost art in Ceylon. Imbued with the habit, the exiles continued to gather, but into their drowsy yarning rarely intruded the fear of being driven forth from this island paradise.

At noonday the office closed and I wandered to a neighboring park, there to dream away my first day in the tropics. A native aroused me toward nightfall and thrust into my hand a card setting forth the virtues of "The Original Sailors' Boarding House of Colombo, under Proprietorship of Almeida." It was a two-story building in the native town of Pettah, of stone floor, but otherwise of the lightest wooden material. The dining room, in the center of the establishment, boasted no roof. Narrow, windowless chambers of the second story, facing this open space, housed the seafaring guests.

What mattered it that I had landed with but a single copper? The simple process of signing a promise-to-pay made me welcome.

Almeida, the proprietor, was a Singalese of highest caste. His white jacket was decorated with red braid and glistening brass buttons; from beneath a skirt of gayest plaid peeped feet that had never known the restraint of shoes. For all his vocation, he clung to the signs of his social superiority—tiny pearl earrings and a circle comb of celluloid.

Fate, however, had been unkind to Almeida. Though his fellow countrymen, almost without exception, boasted long, thick tresses of raven-tinted hair, the boarding master was well-nigh bald. His gray and scanty locks did little more than streak his black scalp, and obviously no circle comb could sit long in position so insecure. At intervals as regular as the ticking of his great silver watch that of Almeida dropped on the ground behind him, and wherever he moved there slunk at his heels a naked urchin who had known no other task in many a day than that of restoring to its place the symbol of caste.

Four white men and as many black leaned their elbows on the unplanned table, awaiting the evening meal. In an adjoining grotto two natives, scanty of breech clout, were screaming about a kettle and a fire of fagots. Now and then they squatted on their smoothly polished heels, scratched savagely at some salient point of their scrawny anatomies, and sprang up again to plunge both hands into the kettle.

In due time the mess grew too hot for stirring. The pair resumed the national posture. Then suddenly flinging themselves upon the caldron, they dragged it forth to the foot of the table. The senior scooped up handfuls of steaming rice and filled our plates; the younger returned to the smoky cavern and laid hold on a smaller pot of chopped fish curry. Besides these two delicacies, there was a *chettie* of water, discolored and lukewarm, and bananas in abundance.

Learning New Table Manners

The time had come when I must learn to do without table utensils. I watched my companions anxiously. Each dug in his mound of rice a hole the size of a coffee cup, dumped in the curries, and falling upon the mess with both hands mixed the ingredients together as the "board bucker" mixes concrete—by shoveling them over and over rapidly.

Let no one fancy that the Far East has no etiquette of the table. It was the height of ill breeding, for example, to eat from the open palm. Keeping every joint stiff, the Englishman beside me plunged his hand into the mixture before him, drew his fingers closely together, and thrusting the hand into his mouth, sucked off the food with a quick, full breath.

I imitated him, gasped, choked, and clutched at the bench with both hands, while tears coursed down my cheeks. It was my introduction to the chillies of Ceylon. A mouthful of cayenne pepper would have tasted like ice cream in comparison.

"Hot, Yank?" grinned the Englishman. "That's what all the lads finds 'em first. In a week they'll be just



THE WAYSIDE INN WHERE THE AUTHOR SPENT HIS SECOND NIGHT ON THE ROAD IN CEYLON.

right; in a month you'll be longing for Madras, where they make 'em still 'otter."

As the night grew Almeida took his leave. The dropping of his comb sounded twice or thrice between the dining room and the street and the patter of his bare feet mingled with the whisper of the night outside. I laid my head on a hand and a cook led the way to one of the narrow rooms above. It was furnished with three wooden tables of dachshund legs.

From pegs in the wall hung several diaphanous garments, property of my unknown roommates. I inquired for my bed, but the cook spoke no English and I sat down on the table to await a more communicative mortal.

A long hour afterwards two white men stumbled up the stairs, the first carrying a candle above his head. He was lean and sallow, gray-haired and clean-shaven, with something in his manner that spoke of better days gone by.

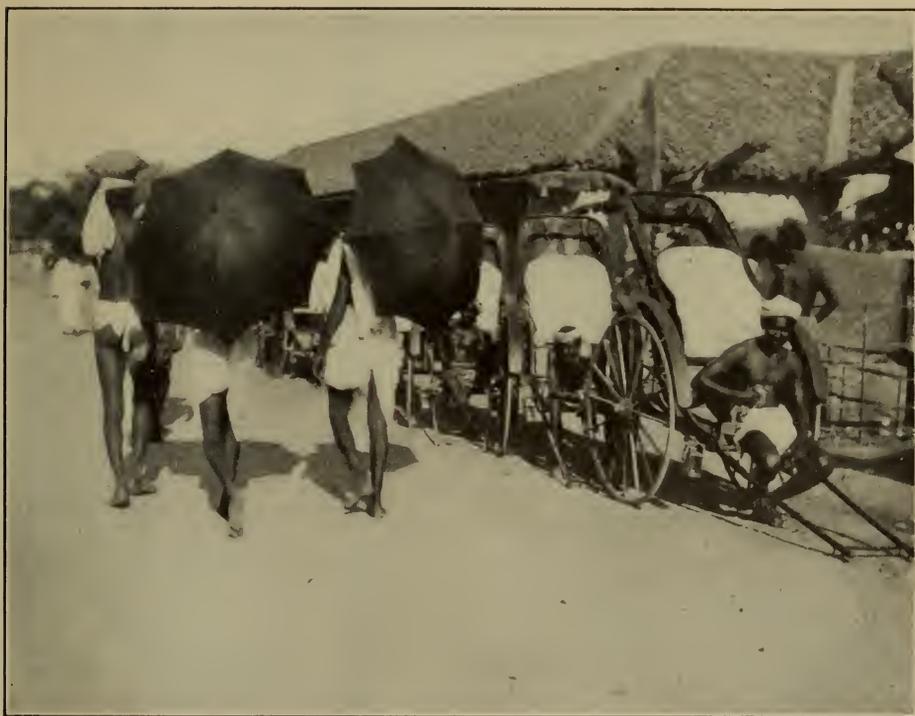
"Oho, Ole!" he cried, to his tow-headed companion. "Here's a new bunkie. Why don't you turn in, mate?"

"Haven't found my bed yet," I answered.

"Your bed!" laughed the newcomer. "Why, man, you're sitting on it!"

Over the tea, bananas, and cakes of ground cocoanut that made up the Almeida breakfast he of the candle unfolded his life story. He was an Irishman named John Askins, a master of arts of Dublin University and a civil engineer by profession. Twenty years before, an encroaching asthma had driven him forth to tropical lands and though he was no vagabond by choice, he fell periodically, as now, into "beach-comber" ranks.

Brief as was my acquaintance with Ceylon, I had already found two possible entrances into the wage-earning class. The first was to join the police force. Half the European officers of Colombo had once been "on the beach," and the first to whom I applied for in-



RICKSHAW MEN OF COLOMBO WAITING FOR FARES—A JOB FOR WHICH NO WHITE MAN NEED APPLY.

formation painted the life in uniform in glowing colors.

His salary was fifty rupees a month, no princely income, surely, for it takes three rupees to make a dollar. The "graft," too, he admitted sadly, was next to nothing; yet he supported a wife—a white one, at that, strange to say—and three children, kept several servants, owned a house of his own, and swelled his bank account at every pay day. The cost of living in Ceylon is ludicrous.

I hurried eagerly away to police headquarters. The alacrity with which I was admitted to the inner sanctum awakened visions of myself in uniform that were by no means dispelled by the eagerness with which the superintendent examined me.

"Yes, yes," he broke in, before I had answered his last question, "I think we can take you on. By the way, what part of the country are you from? Yorkshire side, I take it?"

"United States."

"A-oh! You don't mean it? Ameri-

can? Really, you don't look it, you know. What a shame! Had a beat all picked out for you. But the government won't stand for our taking on Yanks, you know. Awfully sorry. Good day."

None but a man ignorant of Oriental ways could have conceived my second scheme in one sleepless night. It was suggested by the fact that I had, in earlier years, "gone in" for long-distance running. Returning to Almeida's, I soon picked up a partner for the enterprise. He was a young and lanky Englishman, who, though he had never indulged in athletic sports, was certain that in eluding the police of four continents he had developed a record-breaking stride.

In a shady corner of Gordon Gardens we arranged the details of our plan, which was—why not admit it at once?—to become "rickshaw" runners. The hollow-chested natives who plied this equestrian vocation leased their vehicles from the American consul. That



A "HOLY MAN" WITH A WELL-DEVELOPED APPETITE FOR BANANAS.

official, surely, would be only too glad to rent the two new carriages in his establishment, the license would cost little, and we had merely to display the announcement, "for white men only," to keep the population of Colombo from sweeping down upon us clamoring for the unheard-of honor of riding behind a "sahib."

"By thunder," remarked the Briton, as we turned out into the blazing sunshine once more, "it's a new scheme, all right, an' sure to attract attention mighty quick."

It did. So quickly, in fact, that had there been a white man within hailing distance when we broached the subject to the consul we should have found lodging at once in two nicely padded cells of the city hospital.

"Did you two lunatics," shrieked my fellow-countryman from behind the protecting bulwark of his desk, "ever hear of caste? Would the Europeans

patronize you? You bet they would—with a fine coat of tar and feathers! Of all the idiotic schemes! Why—you—you—don't you know that's a crime, or if it isn't the governor would make it one in about ten minutes? Go lie in the shade somewhere until your minds come back to you."

Years before I had come to the conclusion that the day of the enterprising young man is past, but it was cruel of the consul to put the matter so baldly. Luckily the Englishman possessed four cents or we should have been denied even the privilege of dissolving our partnership in a glass of arrack.

Before the sun was high next morning, however, I had found employment, and for several days following I superintended the labors of a band of coolies laying a hard-wood floor in a bungalow of the Cinnamon Gardens. Dropping in at Almeida's, when the task was ended, I found "the boys" agog with the news that Colombo was soon to be visited by her annual circus.

"She'll be here in a week or ten days," cried Askins, gayly, "and that means a few dibs for some of us. For circuses must have white men; niggers won't do. Now just lay low, Franck, until she blows in and we'll swoop down on the supe and get our cognoms on the pay roll.

"Or, better still," he went on, in more excited tones, "you needn't lay idle meantime, either. An idea strikes me. Remember that shop where the two stokers set us up a bottle of fire water the other day? Well, just across the street from there is the Salvation Army. Now you waltz down to the meeting to-night and get converted. They'll hand you down a swell uniform, put you right in a hash house, and throw

a few grafts in your way; and all you'll have to do'll be to baste a drum twice a day. You can have quite a few chips tucked away by the time the circus comes."

"Good scheme," I answered, "but I've got a few tucked away now and if she isn't due for ten days I'll have time for a jaunt into the interior."

"Well, it's a ramble worth making," admitted the Irishman, "but look out for the sun and be back in time for the big show."

The city of Colombo is well spread out. Though I set off early next morning, it was nearly noon when I crossed the Victoria bridge and struck the open country. Great was the contrast between the Ceylon of my imagination and the reality. A riot of tropical vegetation spread out on every hand; in the dense shadows swarmed human beings uncountable. But jungle was there none, neither wild man nor savage beast. Every acre was producing for the use of man.

The highway was wide and well built as in Europe, close flanked by thick forests of towering palm trees. Here and there bands of coolies repaired the roadway or fought back the aggressive vegetation with axlike knives. Clumsy, broad-wheeled bullock carts, in appearance like our "prairie schooners," creaked by behind humped oxen. Under his protecting roof, made of thousands of leaves sewn together, the scrawny driver grinned cheerily and mumbled greeting.

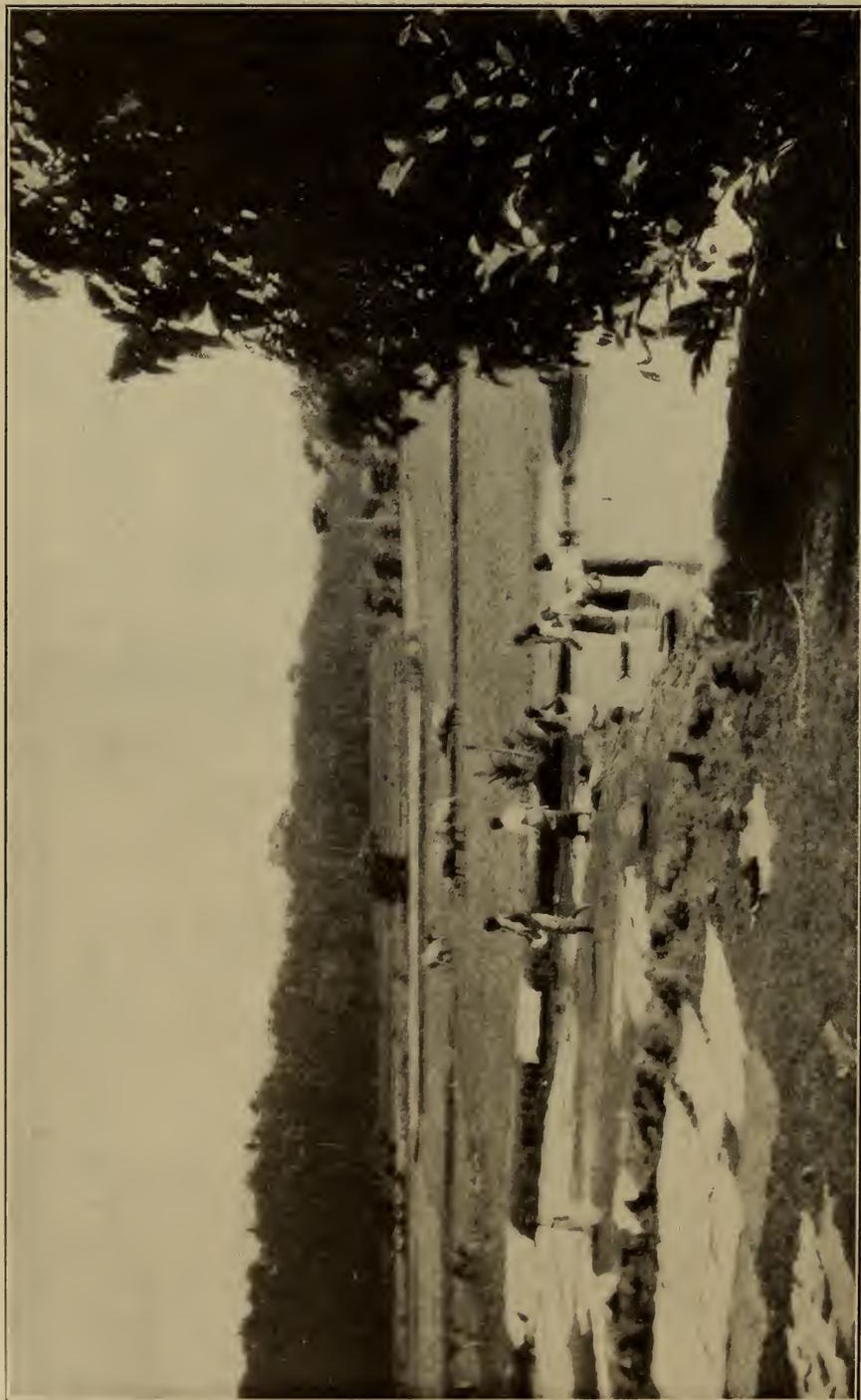
Even the heat was less infernal than I had anticipated. A wrist uncovered for a moment was burned red as with a branding iron; my face showed browner in the mirror of every wayside stream; but often the sun's rays are more debilitating on a summer day at home.

In the forest, amid the slim bamboo and the broad-leafed banana tree, the cocoanut palm predominated. In every grove prehensile coolies, armed with heavy knives, walked up the slender trunks, and hiding away in the tuft of leaves sixty feet above, chopped off the nuts in clusters of three. One could have recited a poem between the moment of their launching and the time when they struck the soft, spongy earth, to rebound high in the air. 'Tis a national music, the dull, muffled thump of cocoanuts, as reminiscent ever after of dense tropical forests as the tinkle of the donkey bell of Spain, or the squawk of the water wheel of Egypt.

I had stepped aside from the highway in mid afternoon when a native dressed in a ribbon and a tangle of oily hair, peered in upon me. I nodded reassuringly and behind him appeared a score of men and boys, as heavily clothed, who, advancing to the foot of the knoll



CIVIL ENGINEER BY PROFESSION AND OCCASIONAL BEACHCOMBER FROM NECESSITY.



NEVER A STREAM CRAWLING UNDER THE HIGHWAY BUT WAS ALIVE WITH SPLASHING NATIVES.

on which I lay, squatted in a semi-circle with a simultaneous gurgle of greeting. We chatted, intelligibly if not glibly, in the language of signs, while I examined their knives and betelnut boxes.

With Spanish generosity they insisted on presenting me with every article I asked to see, and then sneaked round behind me to carry off the gift while I examined another. When I rose to continue my way they burst out in protest and dispatched three youths on some errand. The emissaries soon returned, one carrying a jack fruit, another a bunch of bananas, and the third swinging three green coconuts by the ropelike stem. Two men armed with jungle knives sprang forward, and while one hacked at the adamantine jack fruit, the other chopped off the top of a coconut with one stroke and invited me to drink. I sampled each of the gifts, and distributing them among the donators, turned down to the highway.

It is easy to account for the vagabond's fondness for tropical lands. He loves to strut about among reverential black men in all the glory of a white skin; it flatters him astonishingly to have native policemen draw up at attention and salute as he passes; he adores, of course, the lazy indolence of the East. But these things are as nothing compared with his one great advantage over his brother in Northern lands. He escapes the terror of the coming night.

Only he who has roamed penniless through a colder world can know this dread—how, like an oppressive cloud rising on each new day, it casts its gloom over every beggarly atom of good fortune. In the North, night will not be put off like hunger and thirst. In the tropics? In Ceylon? Bah! What is night but a more comfortable day? If it grows too dark for tramping one lies down on the bed under his feet and rises, refreshed, with the new dawn.

From my forest lodging bordering the twenty-first milepost I set out on the second day's tramp before the country people were astir. The highway, bursting forth now and then from the encircling palm trees, wandered across a small, rolling plain. Villages rose with

every mile, rambling, two-row hamlets where elbow room was ample. Here were none of the densely packed collections of human sties so general in Italy and the land of the Arab; for Ceylon, four centuries tributary to Europe, knows not the fear of marauding bands.

As the sun climbed higher grinning rustics pattered by, the men beclouted, the women clad in a short skirt and a shorter waist, between which glistened ten inches of brown skin. Never was a highway more liberally stocked with food and drink. Half the houses displayed for sale the fruits of the surrounding forest; tea and coconut cakes were to be had anywhere. On a bamboo pedestal before each hovel, however wretched, stood a *chettie* of water with the half of a coconut shell, slimy and moss-grown, as a drinking vessel.

A Nation of Bathers

Bathing is the national hobby of Ceylon. Never a stream crawling under the highway but was alive with splashing natives. Mothers plodding along the route halted at every rivulet to roll a banana leaf into a bucket and pour uncounted gallons on their sputtering infants. Travelers on foot or by bullock cart took hourly dips *en route*. The husbandman abandoned his tilling at frequent intervals to plunge into the nearest water hole. His wife, in lieu of calling on her neighbors, met them at the brook and turned mermaid, gossiping in coolness and comfort.

With the third day the landscape changed. The rolling lowlands of the coast gave way to tea-clad foothills, heralding the mountains of the interior. The highway, mounting languidly, gave noonday vista of the ranges that have won for Ceylon the title of "Switzerland of the tropics." Here were none of the rugged peaks of the Alps, the barren crags of Palestine. Endless to the north and south, hovering in sea-blue haze, stretched rolling mountains, thick-garbed in rampant vegetation. Unaggressive, effeminate, they seemed, compared with Northern highlands. Summits and slopes were a succession of graceful curves with never an angular

stroke, hills plump of contour like Rubens's figures.

Try as I would, I had not succeeded in making my daily expenditure since leaving the coast more than ten cents. Near the summit of the route I paused at a pathetic little hovel, built from rubbish of the forest. Across the open doorway stretched a board heavily laden with bananas. Near at hand a plump brown matron was spreading out grain—with her feet—on a grass mat.

I pointed at the fruit and tossed a coin on the improvised counter. It was a copper *piece* worth one and three fourths cents. The matron approached, picked up the coin, and stared at me with wide-open eyes. Had I been niggardly in my offer? I was again thrusting a hand into a pocket again when the female, motioning me to open my knapsack, dropped into it three dozen bananas, hesitated, and assuming a conscience-stricken air, added a fourth cluster.

A furlong beyond, in a shaded elbow of the route, I turned to the task of lightening my burden. Small success would have crowned my efforts but for the arrival of a fellow-wayfarer. He was a man of fifty or sixty, blacker of skin than the Singhalese. A great strip of cloth, in whose pattern bright stripes of white and brilliant red alternated, was wrapped round his waist and fell to his knees. Over his head was folded a sheet of orange hue. In either hand he carried a bundle tied with vines. The upper half of his face was that of meekness personified, the rest was covered with such a beard as one might swear by.

Painfully he limped to the edge of the shade and squatted on his heels. By every token he was "on the road."

"Have a bite, Jack?" I invited, pushing the fruit toward him.

A child's voice squeaked within him. Gravely he rose to his feet, to express his gratitude in every known posture of the human figure except that of standing on his head. These formalities over, he fell to with a will, so willfully, in fact, that with never a pause nor a choke he made away with twenty-eight bananas! Small wonder if he would

have slept a while in the edge of the shade after so noteworthy a feat.

I rose to plod on and he would not be left behind. Far behind, that is. Reiterated solicitations could not induce him to walk beside me; he pattered always two paces in the rear, mindful of his inferiority to a "sahib." From the gestures and gasps that my questions drew forth I gathered that he was a "yogi," a holy man, bound on a pilgrimage to some mountain shrine. Two hours beyond our meeting he halted at a branch road, knelt in the highway, and imprinted a sonorous kiss on the top of one of my dilapidated slippers. Only my dexterity saved the other. He stood up slowly, almost sadly; shook the dust of the route from his beard, and, turning into the forest-throttled byway, was gone.

Coming into Kandy

Night, striding over the mountains in the seven-league boots he wears in the tropics, laid hand on me just at the entrance to the inn of the Sign of the Palm Tree. The landlord demanded no fee, the far-off baying of dogs lulled me to sleep. With dawn I was again afoot, sunrise waving a greeting over the leafy crests of the Peradiniya Gardens, and her European residents, lolling in their church-bound "rickshaws," staring at my entrance into the ancient city of Kandy.

Centuries ago this mountain-girdled metropolis of the interior was the seat of the native king. To-day the monarch of Ceylon is a bluff Englishman housed within sight of the harbor of Colombo. The descendant of the ancient dynasty still holds his court in the capital of his forefathers, struggling against the encroachment of trousers and cravats and the wiles of courtiers stoop-shouldered with the wisdom of Oxford and Cambridge. But his duties have narrowed to that of upholding the ancestral religion.

For Kandy is a holy city. Buddhists not only of Ceylon but of India and the equatorial islands make pilgrimage to its ancient shrine. Long before the coming of the Nazarene, tradition whis-

pers, there was found in Burma one of the teeth of Gautama, the Enlightened One. A rich embassy bore it to the ruler of Ceylon and over it was erected the famous "Temple of the Tooth."

It is a time-worn structure of gray stone, simple in architecture from the viewpoint of the Orient, set in a lotus grove on the shore of a crystal-clear lake. Mindful of the assaults I had provoked elsewhere in the East, I contented myself with a circuit of its crenelated walls and a peep up the broad steps that lead to the interior.

The keeper of the inn to which fortune assigned me had two sons, who, thanks to the local mission school, spoke fluent English. The older was a youth of fifteen, already a man by Eastern reckoning. Our conversation turned naturally to the subject of religion—naturally, because that subject is always first and foremost in all places in the Orient.

"I suppose," I was saying, soon after the broaching of this unavoidable topic, "I suppose that as a student in a Protestant school you are a Christian?"

"May I know," asked the youth in reply, to change the subject, I fancied, "whether you are a missionary?"

"On the contrary," I protested, "I am a sailor."

"Because," he went on, "one must know to whom he speaks. I am a Christian always—when in schools or talking to missionaries. There are many religions in the world, and surely that of the white man is good. We learn much in his schools. But, my friend," he leaned forward with the earnestness of one about to disclose a great secret, "there is but one true religion. If you are seeking the true religion you will find it right here in our island of Ceylon.

"Many people," he continued, "nearly all the people of Ceylon who would learn, who are hungry and poor, or who would have work pretend the religion of the sahib. For we receive more, the teachers are our better friends if we tell them we are Christians. What other way have we to please the missionaries? It gives them much pleasure to have many converts. Have you, I wonder,"

he concluded, "visited our great Temple of the Tooth?"

"Outside," I answered. "Are sahibs allowed to enter?"

"Surely!" cried the youth. "The Buddhists have not exclusion. We are joyed to have white men in our temples. To-night we are having a service very important in our Temple of the Tooth. With my uncle, who keeps the cloth shop across the way, I shall go. Will you not honor us by coming?"

"Certainly," I answered.

Two flaring torches threw fantastic shadows over the throng that bore us bodily up the stairway to the sacred shrine. In the outer temple at the top of the flight surged a maudlin multitude around a dozen booths devoted to the sale of candles, bits of cardboard, and the white lotus flower sacred to Gautama, the Buddha.

Within the Sanctuary

Above the sharp-pitched roar of the faithful sounded the incessant rattle of copper coins. The smallest child, the most ragged mendicant, struggled against the human stream until he had bought a taper or flower to lay in the lap of his favorite statue. From every nook and corner the effigy of the Enlightened One, defying in posture the laws of anatomy, surveyed the scene with sad serenity.

Of all the throng I alone was shod. I dropped my slippers at the landing, and, half expecting a stern command to remove my socks, advanced into the brighter light of the interior. A whisper of "Sahib! Sahib!" rose beside me and swelled in volume as it passed. I had dreaded lest my coming should precipitate a riot, but Buddha himself could not have won more boisterous welcome.

The worshipers swept down upon me, shrieking their hospitality. Several thrust into my hands candles and blossoms, another—strange action it seemed in a house of worship—pressed upon me a badly rolled cigar and a match.

At the tinkle of a far-off bell the natives fell back, leaving a lane for our passing. Two saffron-robed priests advanced, smiling and salaaming, and led

the way to a balcony overlooking the lake. In the semidarkness of a corner squatted three natives, in scanty clouts and ample turbans, low-caste coolies, evidently, to whom fell the menial tasks within the temple, for before each stood what appeared to be a large basket. I took station near them with my attendant priests and awaited "the service very important."

Suddenly the corner trio, each grasping in either hand a weapon reminiscent of the footpad's billy, stretched their arms high above their heads and brought them down with a crash that would have startled a less phlegmatic "sahib" out of all sanity. What I had taken for baskets were tom-toms!

With the third or fourth stroke the drummers began to blow lustily on long pipes from which issued a plaintive wailing. I spoke no more with my interpreter. The "musicians," having pressed into service every sound wave lingering in the vicinity, monopolized them during the ensuing two hours.

Honor for the "Sahib"

Puffing serenely at my stogie, I marched with the officiating monks, who had given me place of honor among them, from shrine to shrine. Behind us surged a murmuring, prostrating multitude. No one sat during the service and there was nothing resembling a sermon. The priests addressed themselves only to the dreamy-eyed Budhas, chanting a rising and falling monotone in which I caught now and then some of the rhythm and rhyme of poetry.

It was late when the service ended. The harsh music ceased as suddenly as it had begun, the worshipers poured forth into the soft night, and I was left alone with my guides and a dozen priests.

"See," whispered the intermittent Christian, "you are honored. The head man of the temple comes."

An aged friar, emerging from an inner shrine, drew near slowly. In appearance he was an exact replica of the priests about me. A brilliant yellow robe was his only garment; his head

was shaven, his arms, right shoulder, and feet bare.

When he had stared a moment he addressed me in the native tongue.

"He is asking," explained my interpreter, "whether you are liking to see the sacred tooth."

I bowed my thanks. The high priest led the way to the innermost shrine, a chamber not unlike the Holy Sepulchre in the church of that name in Jerusalem. In the center of the vault he halted, and imitated in every movement by the attendant priests, fell mumbling on his knees and touched his forehead to the pavement thrice. Erect once more, he drew from the tabernacle before him a gold casket of the size of a ditty box. From it he took a second, slightly smaller, and handed the first to a companion. From the second he drew a third, from the third, a fourth. The process was repeated until nearly every priest held a coffer, some fantastically wrought, some inlaid with precious stones. With the opening of every third box all those not already burdened repeated their first genuflections.

There appeared at last the innermost receptacle, not over an inch each way and set with diamonds and rubies. Prostrations and incantations redoubled. Carefully the superior opened the casket and disclosed to view a tooth yellow with age—which assuredly never grew in human mouth.

When the box of boxes had been fitted together again with much mummerly we passed on to visit other places of interest. Among them was the temple library, famous throughout the island. It contained four books. Two of them—and they were thumb-worn—were recent theosophical works in English.

Printed volumes, however, did not constitute the real library. On shelves around the walls were thousands of metal tablets, two feet long, a fourth as wide, and an inch thick, covered on both sides with the hieroglyphics of Ceylon. When I had handled several of these and heard a priest read one in a mournful chant I acknowledged myself content and turned toward the door.

The high priest followed us into the outer temple. During all the evening he had addressed me only through an interpreter, but as I paused to pick up my slippers he salaamed gravely and observed in faultless English:

"The true religion is even for white men. In Burma there are many white priests, and some in Ceylon. They are much honored."

"You see," explained the son of the innkeeper, as we wended our way through the silent bazaars, "he did not at first wish you to know he speaks English. He has done you a great honor by asking you to become a priest—for so he meant—but often come white men to the temple and mock all that is brought to see, making many times many cruel jokes, and he who is close to Buddha waited to see. You have not done so. Therefore are you honored."

We mounted to the second story of the inn and, stripped naked, lay down on our *charpoys*. It was long before I

slept, for the youth, seeing it his clear duty, harangued me at length and ungrammatically from the neighboring darkness on the virtues of the "true religion."

Somehow the impression had taken deep root in Kandy that I contemplated joining the yellow-robed ascetics at the Temple of the Tooth. With the morning sun came pious shopkeepers to fawn upon me. Before I had breakfasted two temple priests, their newly shaven heads shining under their parasols like polished brass, called to invite me to a stroll through the markets. Never an excursion did I make in the city or its environs without at least a pair of saffron-clad companions, ever hinting that a ready welcome awaited me among their brethren. Of material inducements they advanced none, but so eager grew their solicitations that I was forced to resort to strategy to escape them when it came time to turn my face westward again toward Colombo and the coming circus.

The HUNTER AND *The* MOTOR BOAT *by* George Fortiss —

FIFTEEN years ago, before the gas engine made a new epoch in mechanics, the man who wished to visit the open reaches of water along the coast in quest of wild fowl did one of two things. If he lived inland, he took a train to the water where he desired to shoot and then hired a sailboat and guide to take him to the blind. If he lived along the coast, he spent half an hour getting sail on his sloop or schooner and then, placing his fate at the uncertain mercy of wind and weather, usually prepared a plot for himself in the deepest and warmest corner of the bottomless pit.

You know the things that even you,

a perfectly good and respectable citizen, will say when the wind's dead ahead, or there isn't any wind, or it's blowing a living gale and you are in a hurry. And it's usually one or the other of those things when you really want to get anywhere in a sailboat—too much wind, too little wind, wind that heads you off, or something else the matter with the wind nearly every time.

The poor chap who relied on weather was up against trouble nine times out of ten. Calm weather held him stationary; head winds delayed him. Only free breezes enabled him to go directly to his destination, and even then the speed of his progress was governed entirely by the strength of that breeze.

Consequently the sportsman who wished to run up the coast a score of miles to a favorite duck- or shore-bird ground was entirely subservient to elemental conditions over which he had no control and upon whose whims he was obliged to wait. And these whims the very perverseness of fate seemed usually to turn against him.

Then came the gas engine and with it an entirely new state of affairs. Instead of following waterways by rail, or beating up them in sailing craft until the section to be gunned was reached, the man with the motor boat saved railroad fares, time, and hard work by a twist of his engine crank. Weather, provided there was not a hurricane, took a back seat.

The "chug-chug" of the two-cycle "make and break" of the man with the motor boat, or the purring roll of his six-cylinder speed machinery carry him at an even rate straight into the teeth of a breeze that would have headed off his sailing vessel for hours. He can go direct to his destination and come directly home, and wind and weather may show their teeth in rage.

More Comfort in Bad Weather

Besides being able to go and come at will, there are other advantages for the gunner in the motor boat. He has no puzzling mass of tackle to trouble him with kinks and tangles in autumn and with ice in winter. There are no lazy jacks, no down-hauls, no tangling sheets and banging blocks. He does not have to wait for the ice to let go its hold on halyard and canvas to get under way. He simply casts off moorings and turns his engine crank. That's all.

Once under way he is not obliged to stand at a wheel in an open cockpit with frigid seas breaking over the bits and racing aft in hissing walls of frozen needles; nor do his hands crack and bleed on the ice-crusting sheet as he trims her close on the winter gale. He dives below to the brass-spoked wheel forward in the stove-heated gunning cabin and keeps her on her course with the temperature about him

at seventy. Only one concern he has, to hearken to the chug-chug behind him and to keep it going steadily, evenly.

That is a pretty tough job, you say! No, not if you are a student, as is every man who has owned a gasoline engine for any length of time. Nor is that an exaggerated statement, for a gas-engine owner is a gas-engine enthusiast and sage. He is on intimate terms with his machine's every whim. He caresses, cajoles, insists as is necessary, and the engine goes.

Then there is another feature that argues in favor of the motor-boat gunning craft as against the sailing cruiser. When gas engines first made their appearance they were pretty expensive affairs. The increased demand for them resulted in increased skill and facility in their manufacture, and with the reduction in cost of production their prices went down until to-day they are within the reach of any man who could formerly afford to own and operate a sailing craft.

A very good cruiser with gunning cabin, thirty to thirty-five feet in length, and with a modest but serviceable engine, can be bought for from \$1,000 to \$1,500 nowadays. Such a craft is suitable for gunning excursions along the coast or on any of the larger lakes, and the cost is not much if any more than that of a well-fitted sail cruiser.

In selecting a motor cruiser for hunting purposes, the money to be expended is the first consideration, as money governs size, equipment, etc. Draft, arrangement, and fittings come next. Speed is not of much importance in a boat to be used exclusively for hunting purposes. A man who can get to his favorite brant shoal at eight to ten miles an hour is going plenty fast enough to suit him, as a rule.

On the other hand, roominess and strength are essentials in the gunning power craft. Hunting motor boats may be divided into three classes. There is the big, high-powered cruiser that will take you and a party of friends down to the Carolina coast after geese and brant in the autumn and keep you there all winter. Then there is the smaller and less expensive little vessel of, say, thirty

to forty-five feet, on which you make week-end excursions down the coast bays, seldom going far outside the protection of the sand beaches that bar the onslaught of the ocean.

Last comes the open-power craft that you use merely to tow your duck boat on one-day trips about the shallow bays and rivers as you gun one point or bar after another. With this little fellow, it is enough to say that any kind of a seaworthy skiff, high forward and aft, and with a good single-cylinder engine of two to four horse power, will do admirably. It is used merely for short excursions and is not meant to cruise in or to sleep aboard.

Let us take the moderate-sized cruiser of, say, thirty-six feet over all. She is a handy and comfortable craft for most of the coast bays, will accommodate four persons easily and six at a pinch, and is by far the most practical type for the average sportsman.

A trip from New York Bay down the coast line to Fire Island Inlet and thence into Great South Bay with its abundance of feathered game is not beyond her capabilities, nor is she to be sneezed at on Chesapeake, Currituck, and even larger waters. Such craft are used by sportsmen on the north shore of Lake Erie and on most of the big coast sounds and bays.

Your hunting boat of this type should be of light draft, about two feet to thirty inches, not more, as shoals where most open-water duck shooting is obtained will prevent a deep-draft vessel from approaching them close enough to reach the blind without a long row. She should have plenty of freeboard, the maximum of beam to make her a good sea boat, and above all, she must be stanchly built, as "ducking" in winter weather is rough work and will try the mettle of any boat.

A closed wooden gunning cabin, running well aft and built high enough to allow a fair-sized man to stand upright, is necessary, as there is nothing more unpleasant than to be forced to move about below decks in a crouching position, with a bumped head as a penalty for forgetfulness. In addition there should be plenty of head room forward

on your cruiser to contain the gasoline tank, spare tackle, cables, and anchors.

The fittings of the cabin should be plain but serviceable. A small coal range just forward of the engine, with a stove pipe running high enough above the top of the cabin to produce a good draft, is the first essential; besides acting as a cook range, it heats the cabin against the cold November gales that so often sweep over the ducking grounds. Some of the most modern cruisers are fitted with a regular galley, which is an advantage as it prevents cluttering up the living quarters.

The stove should be supplemented by a certain number of cooking utensils, but not nearly as many as the average man is prone to think necessary. An oblong griddle, a good-sized frying pan, a coffeepot, two agate-ware pails, four-quart capacity, for mixing pancakes and boiling, one big kettle for potatoes, four tin plates, as many tin cups, knives, forks, and spoons in proportion, and if you are a man who wants ducks and not style, your culinary outfit is complete. In addition, a set of tin canisters for coffee, tea, and sugar are handy and dry; these should be stowed in one of the three special lockers provided for food and utensils.

Plenty of Room to Sleep

Bunks on either side of the cabin should contain lockers beneath them, or, more properly speaking, they should be made up of lockers covered with oak tops on which six-foot cushions are placed to serve as mattresses. The more locker room the better, for there are always a thousand and one things to be stowed on a cruise and never enough room for them.

Forward of the lockers, which serve also as bunks and which should be long enough to allow two persons to sleep on them, may be arranged a pair of folding canvas bunks for the crew, or, if you have no crew, for extra guests. These bunks can be made with a few feet of gas pipe, a couple of joints, pieces of canvas six feet by three, and a few yards of light cotton lacing. Fasten hinges to the sides of the boat, make

an oblong frame of the gas pipe, and lace the canvas tight across it. Then attach the bunk so constructed to the hinges, and you have a sleeping place that can be folded up against the sides of the craft when not in use and let down and secured in a horizontal position by a bit of rope when needed.

Coal and water are two essentials for which careful provision should be made. If your craft is built with a "V-transom" stern and the consequent ample room, there is plenty of space for a coal locker under the short after decking. A large galvanized tank under the forward deck, carrying enough water for at least two weeks, meets the other need. Some cruisers carry their water supply in two casks lashed to the forward end of the cabin on deck. This is space economy and does well except in very cold weather when there is danger of freezing.

Never be without a good water supply and plenty of coal if you are out gunning in the autumn. There is always a chance of being frozen in on the ducking grounds a dozen miles from shore. I know of two men who met this fate a few years ago and nearly died of thirst and cold before the ice broke up and allowed them to get in.

The Power You Need

With the above list of accessories, your craft is fitted to sleep and feed four persons with ease and six at a pinch. Now let us look at the engine. It may be a ten-horse single cylinder if your pocketbook is modest, or a four-cylinder jump spark of the latest speed design, if you can stand the gaff. In the first instance your thirty-six footer will develop a speed of from six to eight miles an hour; in the second she will slip along at from nine to fifteen.

For a boat of this size, heavily built for winter cruising, ten-horse is the minimum. Sixteen to twenty-four is better and safer in a hard blow, for the low-power engines will sometimes fail to drive a bulky craft against a big sea.

A neat wooden hood for the engine, or, better still, an inclosed cockpit with the machinery under the flooring is the

most convenient way of carrying the power plant. Unlike the auto boat, the cruiser never has her engine under the forward decking for the obvious reason that the long gunning cabin runs too far forward and leaves too little deck to conceal an engine. In the cruiser the machinery is well aft.

The particular make of engine is a matter that every man must decide for himself. Any one who has owned a gas engine knows fairly well what he wants. Of course his own machine is the best in his estimation, and he is ever ready to take up its defense. The best way to choose your power is to talk with friends who own different makes of engine, listen to the good points of each, and then make your choice according to the knowledge gained and your pocketbook. Most all manufacturers in this advanced age of gasoline engines put out a reliable machine.

Your gunning outfit that you take with you on your autumn cruises to the haunts of water fowl is partly a matter of choice, and partly one of necessity. Your gun, of course, depends on individual taste and you have probably decided it years ago. Here is a handy way to carry it. Fasten loops of marlin or fish twine to cabin stanchions and slip the barrel and stock through them. Then your gun is ready for use at any moment, is out of the way of scratches and knocks it would receive if lying around, and occupies much less room than if it were placed on a cumbersome wooden rack.

Shells should be kept as free from dampness as possible, as they are apt to swell, and there is nothing more fitted to stop the action of a "pump" gun than a swollen cartridge. If you are to shoot from a battery, a shallow tin box covered with leather is desirable. There is always more or less water in the bottom of a battery, and if you leave your cartridges on the flooring in their pasteboard boxes there is danger of their getting wet and failing to work well. Paper shell boxes break open easily and your ammunition goes rolling about the battery promiscuously, while if it is in a solid tin case it is safe from moisture and always at your hand. Every gun-

ner knows how useless it is to try to keep shells in a coat pocket in a battery. They roll out when you lie down, or you find a series of acrobatic stunts necessary to get them out when the shooting is fast and furious.

In most wild-fowl shooting, decoys are essential, as are duck boats, skiffs to carry decoys, and the battery. There are two methods of carrying a battery and its layout of stool. One is in a large, flat-bottomed skiff, the method in most frequent use; the other is on the cruiser itself.

If your power boat is fairly large and equipped with a good strong engine, which makes a few more or less smaller boats to tow a matter of no importance, the best way is to use the stool boat. This craft is usually from fifteen to twenty feet long, flat-bottomed and strongly built. The two hundred decoys are loaded into her stern and the battery laid across her amidships. When the sportsman is ready to put out his rig, he pushes off in this craft, heaves over the battery, throws out the stool, and arranges himself for business, while his partner poles the stool boat back to the cruiser, which tows her away. The rig is picked up in the same manner. Thus the only province of the stool boat is to act as a freighter for the outfit. The picking up of dead birds is done in a rowboat or a small power skiff.

Ways of Carrying the Battery

A loaded stool boat is a pretty heavy drag to a motor boat. Some smaller cruisers have adopted a novel method of carrying the battery and escaping the cumbersome freights. They are rigged with a pair of flat davits on the stern, and the battery, with the stool in it, is lifted to these davits and lashed fast. The rig is put out from the cruiser, and the decoys set from a rowboat. In this manner the completed outfit is carried without the stool boat, and at the same time not an inch of deck room is wasted.

The tender to pick up game and to transport the gunner from the cruiser to the battery is another essential to the outfit which is governed by the amount of expense a man decides to put into his

rig. By far the best tender is a power dory with a two- or three-horse power engine. Its operation is far preferable to pulling a rowboat against a freezing thirty-mile gale. Then, too, rapidity in picking up dead birds from the stool is a prime factor when ducks are flying fast. A man who is forced to dawdle about in a rowboat "picking up" may spoil half a dozen shots for the gunner before he can get away from the decoys, while a power dory can dart in, sweep up a pair of redheads, and dash away again with the loss of only a minute or two to the man in the battery.

There are very few open-water gunners along the coast to-day who have not given up sailing craft for motor boats, or who if they have stuck to their old wind jammers have not supplemented their usefulness with auxiliaries. During the open season scores of handsomely fitted power cruisers can be counted on the flats of Chesapeake, each with her party of gunners. Along the reach of Great South Bay there is hardly a gunning craft that is not fitted with a gasoline engine. Some of them are old sloops, remodeled, and boast only single-cylinder "make-and-break" engines, but many of them are clean-bowed, knife-stemmed motor boats with up-to-date machines. More of this type are being added to the ranks every year. It will not be long before every sportsman who follows ducks along the coast will do it in his winter-cabin motor cruiser.

On most waters, of course, the motor boat as a facility to hunting is merely a floating home for her owner in which he moves about from place to place to suit his desires. Actual shooting from a motor-propelled craft is prohibited, and wisely so, on nearly all waters, but there are a goodly number of wealthy sportsmen who leave New York and other big harbors every year on hunting cruisers that take them as far south as Florida or as far north as Nova Scotia before the season is over. These men, who own magnificently fitted vessels of large size are the advance guard who are showing the way to motor-boat hunting for thousands of others, less pretentious in equipment, perhaps, but every whit as good sportsmen.

THE NESTER ON CARRIZO

by Charles Alden Seltzer

Illustrated by Clarence Rowe

SID TUCKER, the Lazy J manager, swept the stranger with an emotionless glance. Turning away job-seekers was not the pleasantest of his duties. But the Lazy J complement was at the limit—even exceeding it by one. The cook had complained bitterly. Tucker had said this much to the stranger.

"I've shore got to have a job," returned the latter, lingering in the doorway.

Tucker had returned to his accounts—a sign that he had dismissed the matter from his mind. He now looked up sharply. "Then you'll have to get along over to the next ranch, the Bar Cross. A hundred miles, I reckon. Ask for McVea."

Again he returned to his accounts, but the stranger still lingered. He was tall and angular and on the meridian of life. His clothing—a flannel shirt, worn through at the elbows, in tatters across the back and over the shoulders, and held down with what remained of a pair of suspenders, which in turn kept a pair of patched and faded trousers from slipping into his boots—clung to him in ungraceful folds. His broad-brimmed hat had ragged apertures in the crown through which his long, unkempt hair straggled in unlovely phalanx. Only his pistol—its butt gaping halfway out of the holster—had survived, it seemed, the disintegration of his personal adornment.

"I've shore got to have a job," he declared again. He had not moved; his body was a little more rigid, his head more erect, his lean under jaw had come forward slightly; he seemed to bristle with obstinacy.

"What!" snapped Tucker, sitting erect. "What's that?"

"I've shore got to have a job," repeated the stranger.

Tucker settled again into his chair, smiling grimly. "We don't need any hands," he said coldly. "We've got one man too many now. I reckon I told you that before." And now he raised his voice a trifle. "You don't get any job here!"

The stranger's face whitened under the alkali dust upon it, and he shivered as though a cold wind had swept suddenly upon him. He turned slowly toward the door, tottering a little as he did so and steadying himself against the jamb. "I reckon I'll be gittin' along then," he said.

"Wait!" commanded Tucker. "You ain't going like that. You're weak, man! Go down to the bunkhouse and tell the cook to fix you up something to eat!"

The stranger hesitated. "Do I git the job?" he said.

"No!" returned the manager with sudden heat. "I told you that before. You're welcome to a feed, but you don't get any job. That's final, I reckon." He turned again to his desk.

"Then I don't eat," said the stranger with a mournful smile. "I'll just climb onto my li'l' ol' cayuse an' git back."

"Get back where?" questioned the manager abruptly.

"To Carrizo Creek," returned the stranger. "I reckon I'll stay there. That's a right pretty range an' I might as well take up a quarter section. You ain't changed yore mind about that job?"

"No!" again snapped the manager. "You figuring on nestering over on Carrizo?"

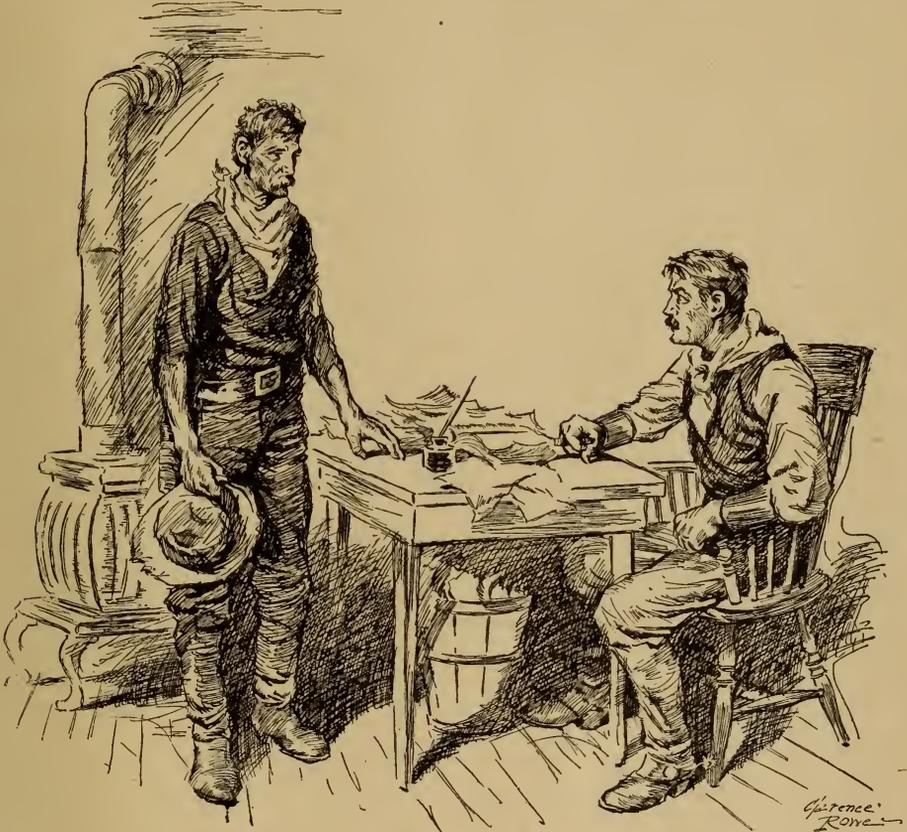
"Yes," returned the stranger; "it's a right pretty bit of country. You reckon?"

"It is," answered the manager quietly. "There ain't none prettier. But it ain't just the place I'd go if I was thinking of nestering."

"Shucks!" exclaimed the stranger. "You don't say! But there ain't any two men got the same idee about things. You reckon?"

me none," observed the stranger with a weary smile. "I've only got twenty head." For a moment he hesitated as though he would have said something more, and then shutting his teeth grimly, he went out and mounted his pony.

From the office window Tucker watched him as he went out into the



"I'VE SHORE GOT TO HAVE A JOB," REPEATED THE STRANGER.

"No," said the manager shortly. "There's a cabin and some sheds over there. You don't happen to know what became of the man who built them?"

"No," said the stranger.

Tucker smiled coldly. "If I was in your place I'd find out before I decided to take up any land over there."

"You don't mean—" began the stranger.

"The Lazy J company is in business to make money," announced Tucker significantly. "It don't want any man's cattle grazing up the grass hereabouts."

"I reckon the company won't bother

thirty miles of plain that lay between the ranch house and Carrizo Creek. Long after pony and rider had become a mere dot Tucker sat at his desk beside the open window, his elbows on the sill, his chin in his hands—meditating. An hour later, when the range boss came in to make out his daily report, the manager still sat at the window. The dot had disappeared. The manager sighed as he turned to the range boss.

"We're going to have a nester over on Carrizo," he said carelessly as he turned again to his neglected accounts.

The range boss smiled. "That ain't

supposed to be just the proper thing, is it?" he observed dryly.

"Well, no." Between the two men passed a glance of perfect understanding. Yet in Tucker's voice there had been a reluctant note that caused the range boss to glance quickly at him.

"You know him?" he asked.

"No."

The range boss sniffed contemptuously. "Then what in——"

"I know," returned Tucker. "I hadn't ought to feel that way, but somehow I don't seem to be able to help it. I ain't never been able to get over that other one. And now here's another. Why couldn't the damn fool stay away?" he added with sudden fierceness. "I told him I didn't want him hanging around the Lazy J!"

"Then I reckon it's his own funeral," said the range boss grimly. "When a man's warned an' won't listen, there ain't no more to be said."

"I wouldn't swear this was a man," declared Tucker in a lowered voice. "He's just a poor, ornery-looking sort of a cuss who has been out in the world and found it a little bigger than he thought it was. Didn't have a whole stitch on him," he continued sympathetically. "Must have run into hard luck sure enough."

"I've seen them kind before," said the range boss. "Ain't no good at anything. Don't stay in one place long enough to git acquainted with it. Run across one down in the Panhandle onct; he'd been rovin' around till he'd staked out enough land to own a territory of his own—if he could have got it all in one place."

Tucker had returned to the window, and the range boss sat down at a table and proceeded to make out his report. For fifteen minutes there was a dead silence in the office and then, his task completed, the range boss stirred uneasily.

"Any orders about the fellow on Carrizo?"

Tucker started and turned. "Yes," he said slowly; "the usual way. Lazy J will have to get along without him."

The range boss smiled with grim appreciation of the dire significance con-

veyed by the manager's words. But when the range boss had departed Tucker turned again to the window.

"The poor cuss," he said with a queer break in his voice; "the poor cuss. Hungry and wouldn't eat. I wonder why?"

II

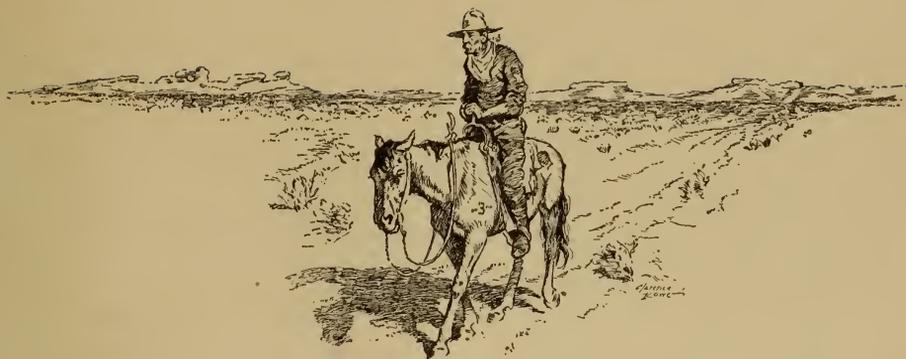
The drooping pony halted at the bars of the old corral fence on the broad level above the bed of Carrizo Creek, and stood patiently while the man fumbled uncertainly about the saddle cinches. It shook itself gratefully when the heavy saddle clattered to the ground, waiting with a mild, inquiring gaze as the man let down the bars. Then it stumbled slowly through the opening, while the man replaced the bars, shouldered the saddle, and strode stiffly toward the door of the adobe hut that the Lazy J manager had termed a "cabin." As his figure darkened the doorway a pale, emaciated woman rose from a pile of bedding and swayed to meet him.

"Well?" she questioned breathlessly, hopefully.

"I didn't git no job—yet," answered the man in a gentle voice, "but the manager said he'd be shore an' give me one before long. We can manage a few days yet, you reckon?"

The woman seemed to shrink. "Uncle Henry," she said slowly, but without reproach, her eyes searching the man's face intently, "you haven't been promised work. You are telling me that to cheer me. I know you have been refused; I can see it in your eyes." She smiled wanly. "But we won't give up, will we?"

She was seized suddenly with a paroxysm of coughing, and Uncle Henry stepped quickly to her side and placing an arm around her waist led her to a rough bench that stood just outside the door of the hut, seating her upon it and standing beside her to steady her. A slight breeze came sighing over the valley of the Carrizo and through the sparse timber of the creek; the sinking sun threw golden streams at their very feet; the distant mountains emerged from



INTO THE THIRTY MILES OF PLAIN THAT LAY BETWEEN THE RANCH HOUSE AND
CARRIZO CREEK.

their somber grayness and took on a mantle of beauty, rising majestically amidst a sea of vari-colored shadows—shadows that fell, ever changing, upon the world, violet and yellow, pink and purple, orange and scarlet and pearl, slowly merging and blending under the deft brush of nature.

The woman ceased coughing; the man stroked her hair. She looked up and smiled gently.

"You ought to git well in this here climate," said Uncle Henry; "it's a fine climate—better than we found in Arizona."

The woman's gaze grew eager. "I hope so," she said fervidly. "I don't want to die until I find him."

"I reckon we'll find him pretty soon," said Uncle Henry encouragingly, though hopelessness dwelt deep in his eyes. "It might help if I'd know him when I see him, but I don't. We've been pretty far to find him, ain't we?"

"Very far," returned the woman wearily. "There are times when it seems that we have been all over the world."

"We've shore been over a heap of it. We've trucked over Colorado, Arizona, an' Texas. An' now we're here. Don't you think we might go back some time, where you kin git some better—if we don't find him pretty soon?"

The woman gazed with yearning eyes at the beauty of the distant mountains. "Uncle Henry," she said with gentle conviction, "I am going to find him. You have asked me so many

times to give up the search, but I am not going to give up until—" She suddenly found Uncle Henry's hand stroking her head.

"We'll find him, Mary. The world ain't so big that it can't be done." He tottered slightly, and to steady himself bore heavily upon her head. She looked up, startled.

"Why, Uncle Henry!" she said, her voice filled with self-reproach, "I forgot! You haven't had anything to eat! There's some biscuit and a piece of beef left in the chuck box, and enough coffee to—" She looked up at him with shocked eyes: "Didn't they give you anything to eat over to the ranch?"

"I reckon not," returned Uncle Henry, vainly attempting a weak gayety. "I've et as much as I ought. It don't take much to keep me goin'. Why, Mary, don't you remember that time down in the Panhandle country when I went four days without—" But boast could not provide strength, and he tottered again and sank slowly down on the bench.

In an instant the woman was on her feet and moving within the hut. Uncle Henry could hear her fumbling about in the chuck box. Presently she came out and placed the coffeepot over the fire that she had kindled to prepare her own supper; then she returned to the hut and brought out a few soda biscuits and some pieces of dried beef.

The man watched her with a sad, reminiscent smile. Her figure still bore evidence of a past physical perfection

that he knew well. Until her twentieth year he had watched her bloom with the health and vigor that had made her a wondrous flower of womanhood. And then for ten years he had watched the bloom die out of her cheeks, had watched her vigorous young body gradually yield to the ravages of disappointment and disease, until now, at the age of thirty—Uncle Henry gazed with moist eyes at the darkening shadows beneath the distant mountains. How long until the end?

"I reckon we ought to be movin' along pretty soon," he said presently, between mouthfuls, dipping the hard biscuit into the steaming coffee. He could just see her face in the dusk; it was alight with wonder and seemed all eyes, luminous with interrogation. "I reckon I was lyin' about that job," he added in deep embarrassment; "I wasn't promised no job."

She attempted lightness. "You are not a very good dissembler," she said.

"If a man wants to keep a secret, I reckon he hadn't ought to look at a woman," he returned. "But I just can't let you go on thinkin' it's all right, because it ain't. They don't want us here."

"I knew," she said, with patient resignation. "They wouldn't have allowed you to go away hungry if they had wanted you."

Uncle Henry smiled grimly; the hot coffee and the food had stimulated the return of his natural vigor. "I reckon I'm some to blame for that," he declared. "The manager offered me grub, an' I wouldn't take it because a job didn't go with it."

"Wasn't that false pride, Uncle Henry?"

"Maybe it was," he returned; "an' maybe it made the manager think I was a bit huffy. But I ain't no beggar; I'd a heap ruther steal than beg."

The woman did not answer; she was looking at the burning, flaming streaks and prismatic spots that illuminated the distant heavens. They both sat a long time watching. Then the colors faded slowly and the gray veil of dusk descended; night had fallen over the Carrizo.

The woman shivered as with the cold. Her profile was turned to Uncle Henry—a pale, drawn, tragic face, framed in the bleak, cheerless film of the dusk. Something gripped at the man's heart. He knew. Hope was dying. Despair was beckoning to her. He rose and walked to the rock-walled cliff that bordered the bed of the Carrizo. Words formed on his lips and were forced back—and came again: "I'd a heap ruther steal than beg." He looked again at the woman, sitting on the bench beside the door—a pitifully slender figure, all out of accord with the great, grim country into which she had come. He brushed his eyes with the sleeve of his flannel shirt.

"I've just got to steal," he said grimly; "I've just got to git her some fresh beef!" And then he laughed with bitter humor. "I told that manager I had twenty head of steers. An' I ain't got a one—not a durned one!"

III

On a morning two weeks from the day on which the Lazy J manager had watched Uncle Henry's departure from the ranch house, the range boss stepped into the office. Perplexity had brought wrinkles upon his forehead.

"We're twenty short on the tally," he said to Tucker; "I reckon there's a rustler workin' on the herd."

Tucker looked up grimly. "You're feeding down on the Carrizo," he said quietly.

"Yes."

"You've been neglectful," observed Tucker, his eyes meeting those of the range boss. The latter colored angrily.

"Meanin'?" he snapped interrogatively.

"Meaning that nester I told you about some time ago. I reckon none of the boys have been over to see him."

The range boss shifted uneasily. "Shucks!" he said explosively. "I didn't think he'd try it so soon! You reckon he has?"

Tucker smiled expressively. "When he was over here asking me for a job he was all in. I know a hungry man when I see one. He told me he had

twenty steers in his own name, and a man that's got twenty steers ain't going hungry very long. If he was lying then, I reckon he ain't lying now, and if some of the boys will ride over there and take a look around his corral they'll find about twenty steers that ought to have the Lazy J brand on them."

This was a very long speech for the manager, and when he had concluded he sighed and took up his pencil—a sign that he had nothing more to say. But the range boss hesitated.

"If he's got the steers?" he interrogated.

Tucker cast a look of grim significance at the range boss. "There's only one way," he said.

IV

Uncle Henry had not appropriated the twenty Lazy J steers at one fell swoop. That would have been hazardous and would have excited the suspicions of the sick woman. And he wished—above everything—to keep her from knowing. He might, indeed, have refrained from making such a heavy levy upon the Lazy J herd, for as far as his immediate needs were concerned one steer would have answered as well as twenty and would have been less trouble to take care of. But there was a certain ironic humor in the transaction.

He had told the manager of the Lazy J ranch that he had twenty steers, and he knew, from the tone of the manager's voice when the latter had advised him to stay away from Carrizo Creek, that the manager meditated some sort of action in case his advice was ignored. Uncle Henry knew what to expect. Innocent or guilty, nesters came invariably to the same end. And so each one of the Lazy J cattle appropriated by Uncle Henry represented to him merely another move in the grim game he was playing against fate and the Lazy J manager.

He made some little attempt to cover up the crime. Nights, when the sick woman was asleep, he labored in the rickety corral with a branding pot and a crude iron, transforming the Lazy J

brand into the one he had adopted. The operation was very simple. In practical pyrography very little attention is given to flourishes. Therefore the Lazy J sign was made in the form of a J lying on its side. The sign adopted by Uncle Henry for purposes of convenience resembled a capsized U. Uncle Henry merely continued the abbreviated line of the "J," added a short vertical bar, and the cattle bore the brand of the Lazy "U."

He had butchered the youngest of the twenty. On a short branch of cedar suspended from the roof of the hut hung a hind quarter drying in the sun; in the chuck box were cuts for immediate use. The sick woman had remarked the sudden prosperity that had arrived at the camp. Uncle Henry had advanced a very plausible story.

"They're strays from the Lazy U ranch—over where I asked for the job. I got them runnin' wild on the range an' some day I'm goin' to drive them back. Then I reckon that manager will give me a job. You reckon?"

"I don't know," returned the sick woman doubtfully, "you've killed one of them."

"Yes," said Uncle Henry, grinning mildly, "that steer is shore tender an' juicy. You feel some better sence you got fresh beef. You reckon?"

The sick woman smiled wanly. "You have been very good to me, Uncle Henry," she said irrelevantly. For a moment she stared unseeing over the rock walls of Carrizo Creek. Then she voiced the interrogation that, through repetition, had grown so deeply into Uncle Henry's consciousness that he heard it nights in his dreams, burdened with the hopeless intonations of her voice: "I don't want to die until I find him."

"I reckon we'll find him," he returned softly. Then he rose and went over to her. "I reckon you'd better be goin' inside," he suggested. "It's gittin' most too cool for you out here."

V

Uncle Henry was not surprised when they came. He had expected them most

any night. He knew they would come in the night, for such work as they were to do was better done away from the daylight. And so, when the half dozen Lazy J men, led by the range boss, came clattering down through a draw and swept into view on the slope of the Carrizo, Uncle Henry stood at the far end of the corral fence, waiting for them. They saw him when they were yet a hundred yards away, and they came up to him—grim, silent men, cold-eyed, alert, ready for the stern business that had brought them. Uncle Henry made no hostile move. He stood before them, his legs a-sprawl, his arms folded over his chest.

"We came over to look at your steers," said the range boss coldly, his pistol poised.

Uncle Henry laughed. "They're Lazy U steers," he said. "You're welcome to look at the brand."

The range boss snarled. "We ain't lookin' at any brands," he returned gruffly. "At least if we do we'll look at them later. I reckon you know what I mean."

"I'm not sayin' that I'm exactly delighted," returned Uncle Henry, "but I'm ready. There ain't no use tryin' to explain to you men."

"I reckon explanations ain't exactly necessary," returned the range boss grimly. "You got any particular place where you might want to say a last word?"

Uncle Henry dropped his grim humor. As his eyes sought those of the range boss they were gravely serious, almost pleading. "I'm goin' to say the last word now, I reckon." He came closer to the range boss and spoke earnestly; "I want you to take care of her," he said, "an' don't let her know where I've gone."

The range boss started and sat erect in his saddle, staring down at Uncle Henry with wide eyes. "Her?" he said in sudden dismay. "Her!"

"My niece," returned Uncle Henry. "She's over in the cabin asleep."

The horses of the little troop had become strangely agitated; their riders spurred closer and crowded around Uncle Henry. The range boss had for-

gotten his pistol—it lay loosely in the palm of his hand unaimed. "You got a woman here?" he questioned tensely.

"She ain't a bit well," returned Uncle Henry gravely; "she's run down somewhat. She didn't have any grub to speak of when we got here, an' she ain't a bit well. That's why I took your steers. She needed some fresh beef, an' I got it for her. I reckon that don't make no difference to you men. But it did to her; she's some better sense then."

The six Lazy J punchers sat on their horses like graven images, and the range boss swept their faces in grave, silent contemplation. Then a tall young puncher, whose face had grown pallid very recently, spurred forward and spoke hoarsely:

"I reckon it does make some difference. We ain't here to persecute no woman."

"That's so," chorused the others.

The range boss gave over a moment to indecision. "We don't know whether he's romancin' or not. We'll ride down an' see."

Uncle Henry started forward, protesting. "I don't want you to bother her," he said. "I don't want her to know."

The range boss sneered. "I reckon, boys," he said coldly, "that he's just gassin' for time. There ain't no woman down there."

Uncle Henry opened his mouth to reply and then closed it again suddenly, as his eyes swept the space between the group of men and the hut. "Hush!" he commanded hoarsely. "She's comin'!"

She had heard voices and had decided to investigate. She came toward them slowly, waveringly, falteringly, the clear moonlight streaming over her pale face and giving her eyes a haunting, unnatural gleam. Involuntarily the men of the Lazy J spurred their ponies into line and sat facing her, their heads uncovered, their faces grim and white, their eyes staring intensely. The deep silence that had fallen at her appearance lasted until she spoke.

"Why," she said quaveringly, her eyes sweeping the group with fearful,



“AN’ THERE WAS THE SICK WOMAN STANDIN’ IN THE DOOR OF THE HUT LOOKIN’ AT HIM KIND OF WILD-LIKE.”

uncertain glances, “why, Uncle Henry, what does this mean?”

Uncle Henry had stepped to her side and was supporting her, his arms about her shoulders to protect her from the chill wind that was sweeping down the valley of the Carrizo.

“They’re Lazy U men,” he said with a swift glance of warning to the range boss. “They’ve found out that I’ve

been pickin’ up some of their strays an’ they’ve come over to thank me—an’ take the steers back. An’ I’m goin’ back with them,” he said, smiling at her. “That manager I told you about has sent for me. He’s goin’ to give me a job.” He turned to the range boss and regarded him gravely. “I reckon that’s about correct?” he questioned.

“I reckon,” returned the range boss

in a low tone. "The manager wants to see you mighty bad."

Uncle Henry was already guiding the sick woman's faltering feet toward the hut. "You go right back an' go to sleep," he said. "One of these men will camp outside until I come back in the mornin'. You'll wait for me?" he said, turning again to the range boss and speaking with subtle irony; "I reckon that trip over won't take very long, anyway."

VI

The range boss and five punchers rode into the Lazy J corral yard just at dawn. Uncle Henry was with them. They clattered up the yard to the door of the manager's office and dismounted. Tucker had heard them coming and rose to meet them. His first sharp glance told him that something had gone wrong. First, there was Uncle Henry, who should not have been with them at all, and he had seen that Uncle Henry's pistol still swung in its holster and that only five of the men had returned.

"I reckon you'd better come in," he said shortly.

He left the door and went to his desk, seating himself in the chair beside it. Silently the men filed in and ranged themselves along the wall. Then Tucker cast a glance of grave inquiry at the range boss.

"Where's Ed?" he asked.

"Over on Carrizo," returned the range boss shortly. He caught the grim interrogation in Tucker's eyes. "No," he said, answering it, "he didn't cash in. He's camped in front of the ol' cabin, doin' guard duty. It's a woman. That's why we're here."

Tucker rose clear of his chair and stood erect, staring in astonishment across the top of his desk.

"A what?" he snapped, his eyes searching each face for corroboration.

The five punchers bobbed their heads affirmatively. "A woman," repeated the range boss, grim enjoyment in his tone. He jerked a thumb toward Uncle Henry. "He says it's his niece. The boys wouldn't stand for nothin' but

bringin' him over here to see you about it."

Tucker turned to Uncle Henry. "A woman?" he said, pinning Uncle Henry with a sharp glance. "Your niece, you say?"

Uncle Henry nodded. "I reckon she's my niece," he said quietly. "She's a good girl. You reckon your man will take good care of her?" he added solicitously.

"Ed's reliable," returned Tucker coldly. "What's your niece doing over on Carrizo?"

"Restin'," answered Uncle Henry; "just restin'. She's somewhat run down," he added, raising his eyes to the manager's and regarding him with quiet seriousness. "You see, her an' me's been 'round quite a li'l bit an' it's made her some tired. She wanted to rest up a bit before we went any farther, she said. An' so when we run onto the hut over on Carrizo we just stayed there."

"Thought it would be a good place to rustle cattle," sneered Tucker.

Uncle Henry lowered his eyes in pained embarrassment. "I reckon we didn't think of that right off," he said slowly. "We didn't have anything to eat to speak of an' so I just took some of yore steers. I couldn't let her starve. You reckon?"

"No-o," admitted Tucker grudgingly, "you couldn't. But you rustled twenty steers. You couldn't eat all of them in two weeks."

Uncle Henry smiled. "No, I reckon not. But I——"

"They was all branded with the Lazy U sign," interposed the range boss.

"But I knowed," resumed Uncle Henry, unmoved by the interruption, "that you men would hang me just as quick for stealin' one as twenty. You didn't want us here an' we didn't have chuck enough to go on. You was bound to git me, anyway. You recollect, I told you I had twenty steers," he said seriously, "an' I didn't want you for to ketch me in a lie."

"That's why you covered the Lazy J with the Lazy U?" returned Tucker significantly.

Uncle Henry smiled gently. "I reckon you caught me after all," he re-

turned. "But she didn't. She thinks they're strays that I'm keepin' for you an' that I've come over here for a job. She's a good girl," he added reverently; "she was always a good girl—only some folks didn't think so. Things do go that-a-way sometimes. You reckon?"

"Yes," returned Tucker, his body slowly losing its rigidity, "they do. What's your niece doing in this here country?"

Uncle Henry glanced around, inspecting each face minutely. "I reckon you-all wouldn't be interested in knowin' that," he said gently. "I never found any one that was interested in it. Everybody has got a heap to do to mind their own business, you reckon?"

The mild reproof brought expressive smiles to the faces of the attentive punchers. Tucker frowned. Uncle Henry caught the frown and straightened up with resolution. "Of course I know you-all are goin' to hang me," he said steadily; "I knowed it when I took your steers. I ain't carin' about what's goin' to happen to me. It's her I'm goin' to talk about. She's a good girl, an' I ain't a bit sorry I took your steers. That one I butchered made her feel a heap better. I reckon you're man enough to see that she don't git mistreated after I leave her. You needn't tell her that I took your steers; that would hurt her mighty bad. You reckon?"

Several of the punchers shuffled their feet uneasily. The range boss stood rigid. A glumness had settled over his face, his lips formed a straight, hard line. The frown had gone from Tucker's face; something gentle and sympathetic had come into it. He stiffened suddenly with decision.

"I reckon I'll ride over to Carrizo and look at this woman," he said. "Some of you boys hook up the hoodlum wagon and follow me. Duncan," he said sharply to the range boss, "you stay here and keep an eye on this thief." He turned to Uncle Henry, speaking with foreboding calm: "It will take me about six hours to find out whether you're lying," he said. "If you are, you'll have time while I'm gone to fix up a nice little prayer."

VII

At dawn Ed, the Lazy J puncher who had remained to do guard duty over the sick woman, rolled out of his tarpaulin and sat up, rubbing his eyes in bewilderment, being unable to accustom himself to the scene. The sick woman had rekindled the fire and a camp kettle swung from a triple stanchion and was boiling merrily to the music of the crackling flames. Being a reliable man, Ed did not rise immediately; he wanted time to get his senses adjusted to the new order of things in which he found himself.

While he sat watching the sick woman she washed a cut of fresh beef in a battered tin pan and dropped it into the kettle. Then she disappeared into the hut, to reappear presently with a coffee-pot and a rickety mill. She came only as far as the bench at the door of the hut, sitting down and placing the coffee mill on her lap and pouring some coffee into the cylinder. As her arm described the circles necessary to the process of grinding she sang—not loudly, but in a voice that told of past power and sweetness—dolorous, trembling, as though reminiscent sorrow bore heavily upon her:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me; let me hide myself in thee."

Ed did not rise; he lay stealthily down again and listened with all his ears until the end of the song—until the voice of the singer had died away in cadences that sounded very much like sobs. Then he rubbed his eyes, fighting desperately to keep back the chilling tingles that raced madly down his spine, and sat up. The sick woman was gazing at him with friendly eyes.

"Ma'am," he said respectfully, his face shining with sympathy and admiration, "you cert'nly do sing that song nice. I reckon it ain't just what you'd call a scarce song either, for my boss sings it sometimes. But he sings it generally in the night, when there ain't no noise to speak of an' when he's kind of lonesome, I reckon. But it's cert'nly nice, ma'am, it cert'nly is."

She rose and placed the coffee mill down on the bench. Then she came

over close to Ed and stood looking down at him.

"Did you say," she asked slowly, "that your boss sings that song?"

"I reckon he does," returned Ed; "though he don't sing it just like you do."

The sick woman trembled. "Tell me about him," she said. "What is his name? What is he like?"

"Well," began Ed, puzzled over the essentials of description, "he's a tall man, who ain't got very much to say about nothin'. He'd been a right good looker if it wasn't for a gash in his left cheek. His name's Tuck——"

Ed was on his feet in a flash, for the sick woman was swaying like a broken reed. In an instant he had her in his arms and had carried her to the bench, where he laid her at full length while he ran to the bed of the Carrizo for water.

"I reckon singin' that song was too much for her, she's so weak," said Ed.

But to Ed, in spite of his ignorance, belongs the distinction of being the only man, besides the manager, to witness the end. It is told in Ed's own words, as Ed himself told it to the Lazy J men who were possessed of well-founded suspicions.

"Tucker come ridin' down through

the draw at the back of the corral fence at seven o'clock," said Ed. "An' he shore did look fine lopin' up on that big black horse of his'n. He rode up to the door of the hut an' slipped off'n the black before you could say 'Jack Rabbit.' An' there was the sick woman standin' in the door of the hut lookin' at him kind of wild-like.

"Tucker stood an' looked back—like he looked that time when he heard that ol' Harve, his side kicker, had been shot over on Purgatory by rustlers, if you remember. Well, they both looked. An' then the sick woman said, very quiet: 'I knew I would find you some day.' But Tucker stood kind of stiff-like, not sayin' anything till she'd added: 'It was a lie, Sidney, manufactured for the purpose of parting us. Won't you believe me, Sidney?'

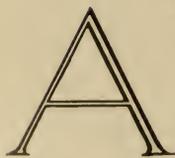
"I reckon it must have been a lie, whatever it was," said Ed in conclusion, "for Tucker smiled kind of sorrowful-like an' opened his arms out wide. An' she run into them, an' they both stood still for a long time, just sayin' nothin'.

"That was all, except that pretty soon Tucker turned his head an' saw me lookin' at them, an' he said, sharp an' quick: 'Ed, you git back to the boys that's drivin' the hoodlum wagon an' tell them to git over to Carrizo like hell was after them.'"

FIRST MEET OF THE MAN- BIRDS IN AMERICA

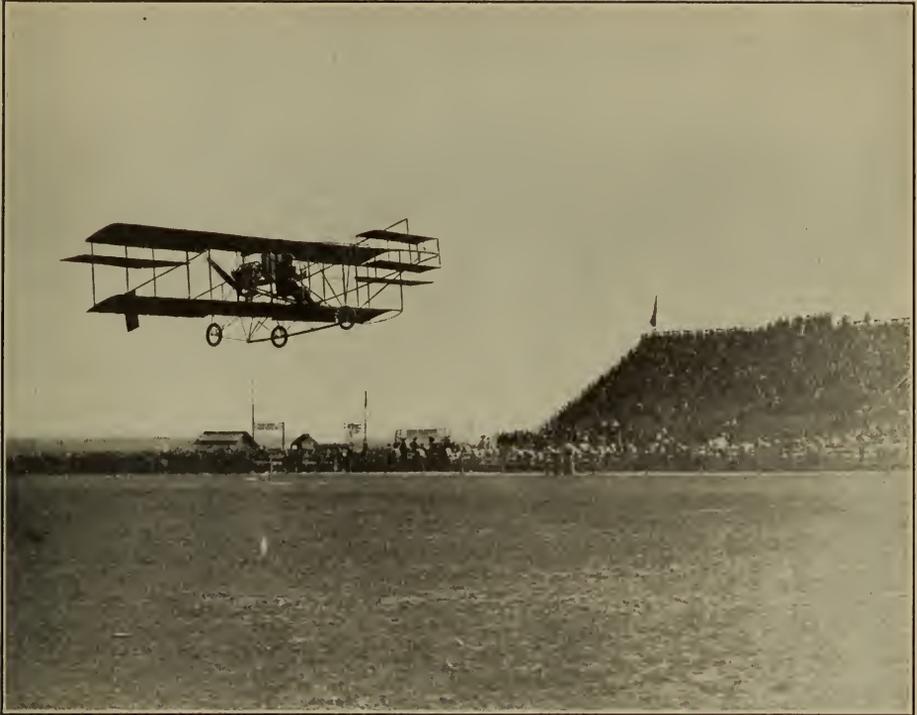
by Samuel Travers Clover

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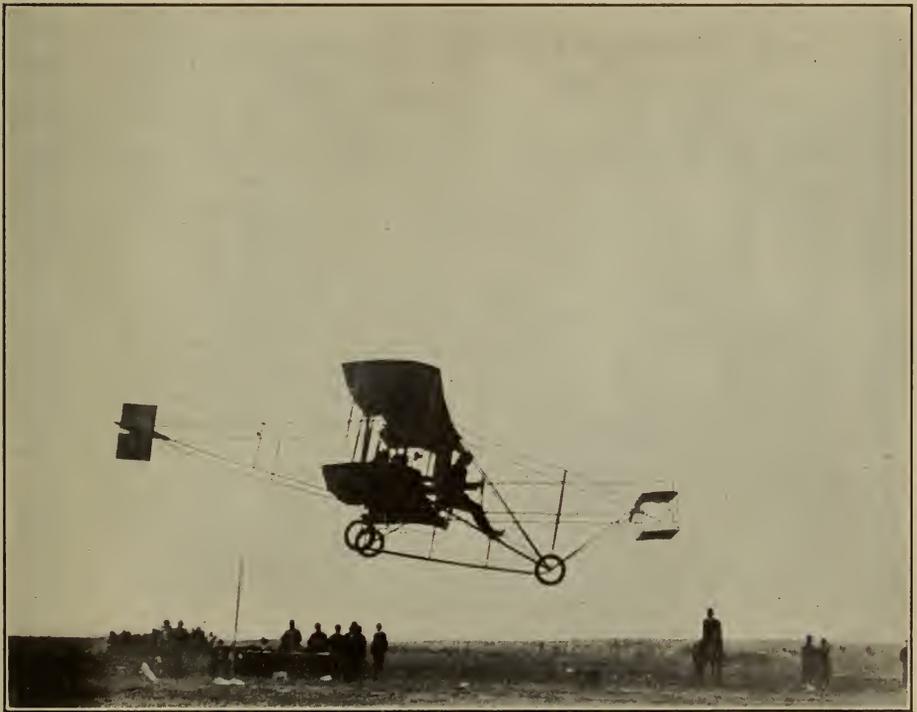
AMERICA'S first "aviation meet" held at Los Angeles, California, January 10th-20th, is now a matter of history. So also are the records for altitude, fast and slow flying, sustained flight, and passenger carrying. Nearly five hundred thousand people, in the aggregate, saw the contests

and the repeated visits of many of them testified to the deep interest in aerial sports. It must be borne in mind that the Los Angeles meeting was the first to be held in America and following, as it did within a comparatively short time, the successful Rheims affair, the American public, up and down the coast, was hungry to put to ocular proof the much-discussed flying machines.



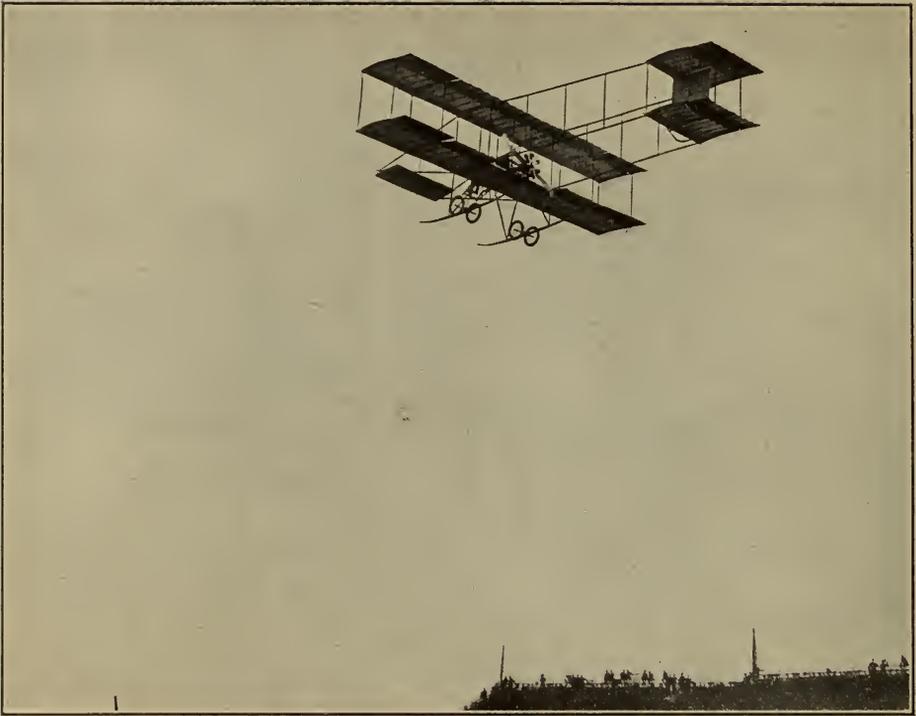
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CURTISS IN BIPLANE JUST AFTER LEAVING THE GROUND.



Photographed expressly for THE OUTING MAGAZINE by Ralph S. Hawkins.

CURTISS IN BIPLANE PREPARING TO ALIGHT.



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LOUIS PAULHAN, THE SOLE FRENCH REPRESENTATIVE, WAS THE DRAMATIC CENTER OF THE WEEK.

That many Easterners, particularly from New York, traveled across the continent to watch the tests of monoplanes, biplanes, and dirigibles is additional evidence of the widespread interest in this effort to conquer the air highways.

Within six miles of the Pacific Ocean and fourteen miles southwest of Los Angeles, on the famous old Dominguez rancho—a notable holding in pre-Gringo days—was the site chosen for the exhibits. On the west line of a vast field, devoid of trees or shrubbery, the immense grand stand was erected, giving to its fifteen thousand occupants an unobstructed view of the aviation maneuvers. Strung around the inclosure on three sides, many ranks deep, on foot, in carriages, and in automobiles, was a daily attendance at least as large again as the crowd filling the grand stand and boxes.

Not even the Scotch mist at the close of the first week of the meet could

dampen the enthusiasm with which the daring flights of Paulhan, the whizzing rush of Glenn Curtiss, the clever head work of the young New Yorker, Willard, the pertinacious efforts of Hamilton to rival the feats of the Frenchman, and the soaring aloft of Knabenshue and Beachey in their dirigibles were witnessed. Quite as inspiring as the operations of these machines was the typical California multitude, pleased as children with new toys and itching to examine at close range the wonderful inventions that sailed so easily and so smoothly before them.

They saw the oncoming aeroplane, swift as a bird in full flight and appearing every whit as graceful, under perfect control of the aviator, riding the air at any desired height and with far more safety, apparently, than the automobile hugging terra firma, several hundred feet below the extended canvas wings. It was a sight calculated to make the blood flow faster, even in the



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PAULHAN IN THE BLERIOT MONOPLANE WHICH DID NOT COME UP TO EXPECTATIONS
AT LOS ANGELES.

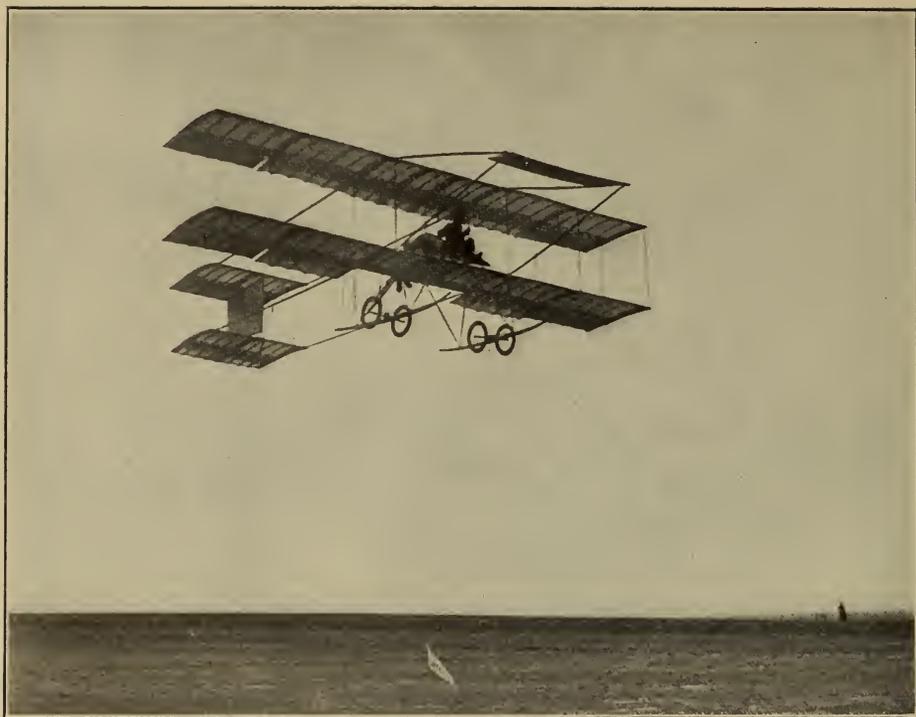
veins of the most sluggish. Never deviating from a chosen course, answering instantly to the direction of the steersman, this new creature of the air seemed endowed with life, so responsive was it to the slightest indicated wish of the controlling power. With each succeeding day's exhibit of man's ingenuity and his ability to cleave the atmosphere unscathed, the clamor on the part of non-aviators to share the flights of the man-birds grew louder.

Louis Paulhan, in his Farman biplane, was easily the idol of the people at this first of all American meets. Of medium height, blue-eyed, and fairer of skin than the average typical Frenchman; still in the twenties and weighing less than one hundred and forty pounds, he approaches his machine with a whimsical smile, climbs lightly into his seat, and without the slightest demonstration whirs aloft, followed by the applause of tens of thousands of admirers.

Naturally, all other of his achieve-

ments gave way to the remarkable exhibition of Wednesday, January 12, when, without any preliminary notice whatever, the young Frenchman began circling the field in the attempt to break the world's record for altitude. As his biplane mounted higher and higher, the attention of the fifty thousand spectators, now concentrated upon the rapidly receding object above, grew almost painful in its intensity. Even with powerful binoculars the machine, at its highest flight, appeared scarcely larger than a soap box and the figure of the man was entirely lost to view.

That he had attained his object and exceeded the height credited to Latham of 3,600 feet, was not doubted by a soul present. This belief soon became a certainty when the experts engaged in establishing the vertical distance of the aviator from earth by triangulation announced that he had passed the 4,000-foot level. Paulhan carried aloft with him an aneroid barometer, but this was



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PAULHAN CLIMBS LIGHTLY INTO HIS SEAT, AND WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST DEMONSTRATION WHIRS ALOFT.

not depended upon for the official marking.

A series of observations was taken by experts as the Frenchman ascended, the last one being secured just before he tipped the front planes to descend. The field man held the glasses on him and signaled the operators at the two transit instruments to clamp. In taking Paulhan's altitude three triangles had to be solved, one of them a scalene, the other two right triangles. The use of the second transit instrument was necessary because of the moving object being off the base line.

As the aviator swam nearer into view on his downward flight the excitement of the onlookers increased. Women gave vent to hysterical laughs that changed into sobs and in the eyes of many men were tears of excitement. It was a relief when the band dashed into the "Marseillaise," in which thousands of voices blended. Five minutes later Paulhan glided to the earth in midfield and

was immediately surrounded by a score of excited men.

Richard Ferris, the general manager and originator of the meet, Cortlandt Field Bishop, president of the Aero Club of America and chairman of the judges' committee, Edward Cleary, manager of the Paulhan interests, and Col. W. M. Garland of the executive committee, at once hoisted the record-breaker to their shoulders, but before they could rush him across the field to the grand stand, Madam Paulhan reached his side and, stooping toward her, the happy Frenchman planted a very emphatic kiss on his wife's upturned lips.

This was the signal for still more cheering from the field, which swelled into a great roar as Paulhan faced the sea of faces from the improvised throne to which he had been hoisted. Handkerchiefs and parasols waved all along the crowded grand stand and the field echoed with the shouts of applause. It



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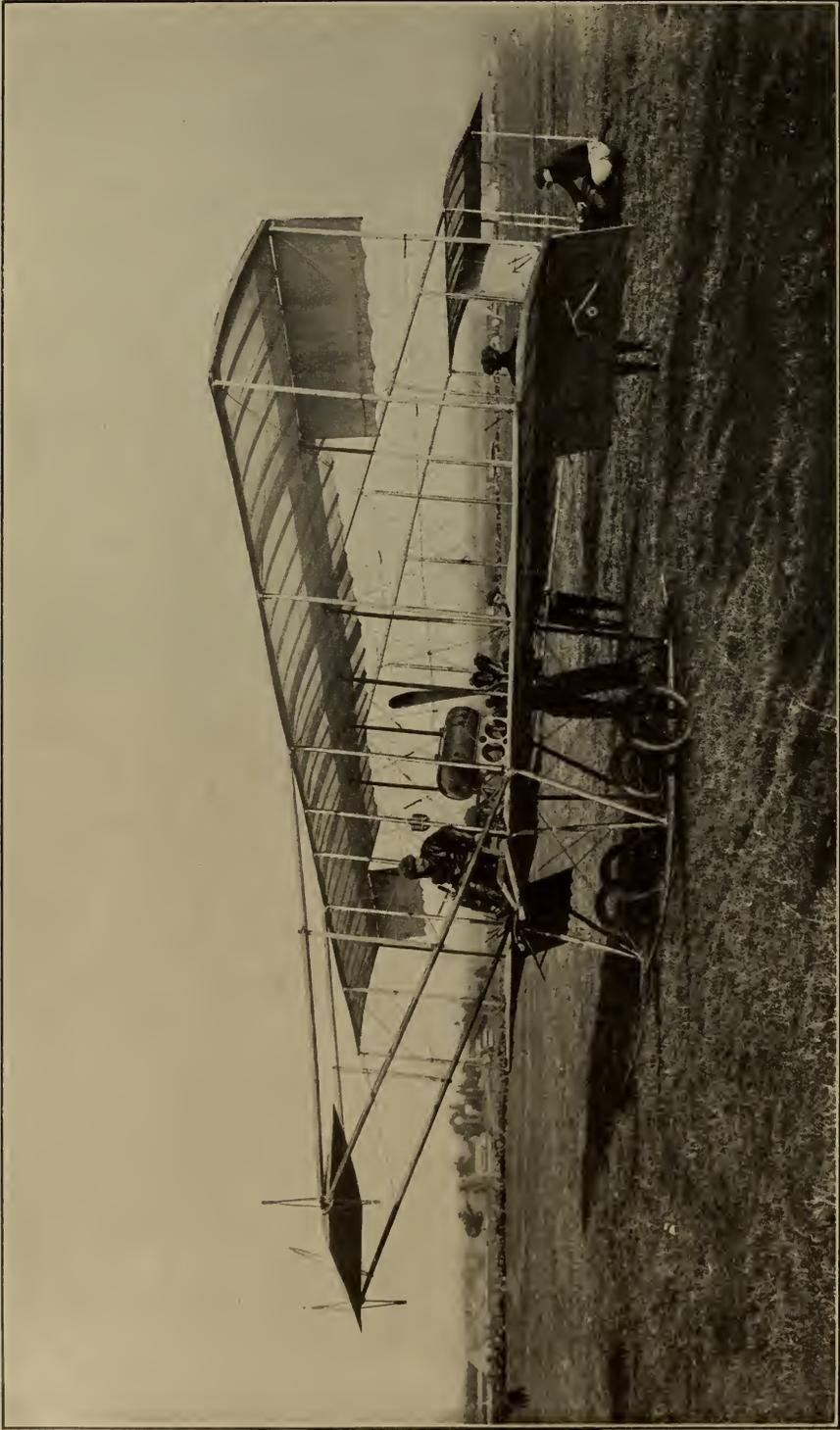
CURTISS'S FLIGHTS VIED WITH PAULHAN'S MORE SPECTACULAR FEATS IN AROUSING POPULAR ENTHUSIASM.

was the perihelion of Paulhan's popularity; a generous and deserved tribute to the 4,165 feet of air-climbing that was given as the result of the mathematical observations. The aneroid instrument carried by Paulhan announced 4,600 feet, but the records of the transit instruments were accepted as the official figures.

This memorable flight was accomplished under ideal conditions. There was the barest perceptible breeze, the sky was unflecked by a single cloud, and the sun shone as it can shine only in southern California in January. Overcoats were unnecessary, even in riding to the aviation camp in an automobile; the thousands of women present were gayly clad, their vari-colored costumes lighting up the grand stand and boxes picturesquely. The hour at which Paulhan began his flight was 4 P.M., when the air is quietest and most favorable in this region for essaying difficult feats of flying.

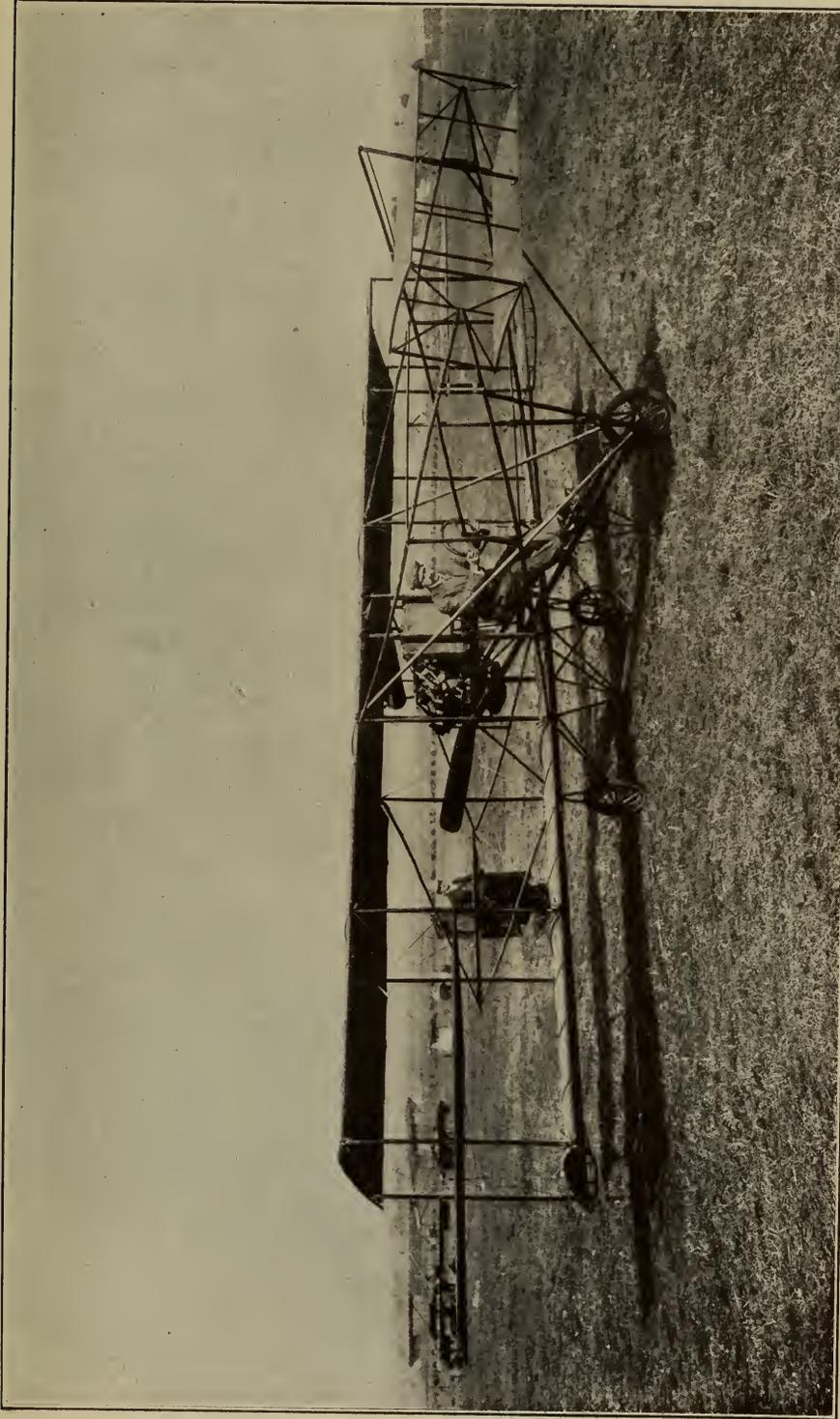
The altitude was accomplished in forty-five minutes. Five minutes and forty-six seconds sufficed for the descent, making the total time elapsed fifty minutes and forty-six seconds. The day was known as San Diego Day, several thousand visitors from the southernmost California city being on the grounds, and as a memorial of the event the San Diegans presented the flying Frenchman with a handsome silver trophy. From the aviation committee Paulhan received the purse of \$3,000 offered for highest altitude reached, his record not being outdone during the meet.

Next to Paulhan's star achievement must be placed the fast time made by Glenn Curtiss, in the Curtiss monoplane, over the 16.11-mile course, against time, Thursday, January 13th. Curtiss flew the ten laps required in 24 minutes, 54.3 seconds. Although the grand prize-winner for speed at Rheims ably sustained his reputation in this respect on the Los Angeles field, he was closely



Posed expressly for THE OUTING MAGAZINE. Photographed by Ralph S. Hawkins.

M. LOUIS PAULHAN IN FARMAN BIPLANE, BEFORE MAKING HIS WORLD-RECORD CROSS-COUNTRY FLIGHT.



Posed expressly for THE OUTING MAGAZINE. Photographed by Ralph S. Hawkins.

GLENN CURTISS IN CURTISS BIPLANE THAT BROKE THE WORLD'S RECORDS FOR SPEED AND QUICK ASCENT.

pushed by Paulhan, who in his Farman machine finished the total circuit in 24 minutes, 59.3 seconds, or only five seconds behind the Rheims winner—a narrow defeat on a course covering nearly sixteen and a half miles.

Curtiss is the antithesis of Paulhan in temperament. He is cold and reserved, almost to moroseness, and as cautious and calculating as the Frenchman is spectacular and volatile. But while he failed to win the popular applause in anything like the degree achieved by Paulhan, the American at all times had the hearty respect of the people, who cheered him to the echo when the judges announced their findings and declared him the winner. In addition to this feat Curtiss broke the world's record for quick rising from a standing start, making it in ninety-eight feet. He also set a new record for quick rise, after starting his engine, accomplishing it in 6.25 seconds.

Curtiss has given deep study to aerial navigation and is inclined to serious reflection. He exchanges few words with anybody and responds in monosyllables to all questioning. Undoubtedly, he has a remarkable type of flying machine, whatever may be the justice of the Wright contentions, but his engine appears to give him trouble. His eight-cylinder motor refused to work to his entire satisfaction; in the speed test he lost fully ten seconds on one lap through adverse conditions.

Paulhan, on the other hand, carried an engine that was the envy of every aviator on the Dominguez field. It was never out of order, is of Paris special make, seventy horse power, and weighs 1,100 pounds. Apparently, Paulhan's confidence in his engine is no small part of the secret of his ability to mount higher than any other aviator dare go, to perform in the air with his machine feats that no other flier cares to attempt, and to make sustained flights that far exceed in duration those of his competitors.

Of the American aviators little Charles F. Willard, of the New York Aero Club, operating a Curtiss biplane, was the most popular at Los Angeles. He is as slender as a jockey and not

over five feet six inches in height. Despite his youth—he cannot be more than twenty-four—he is an experienced aeronaut, plucky and determined, with a cool head and a winning way. That he is as skillful as he is daring was demonstrated by the handy manner in which he won the \$250 purse offered by the aviation committee for starting and stopping his aeroplane in a twenty-foot square, in a one-lap round. It was a masterly display of control and won generous applause for the aviator.

Willard rose from the square precisely as required, circled the mile and a half course at full speed and alighted at the starting point so handily that the judges could find one wheel only a microscopic fraction of an inch over one of the lines of the square. This insignificant lapse was very properly ignored in making the award and the youngster gleefully bore off his well-earned prize. Willard has no extravagant notions concerning the practical utility of flying machines, but he argues that if the automobile, which ten years ago was still in an experimental stage, can be brought to the point of perfection it has attained within a decade, there may be as bright a future for the flying machine; not as a freight carrier, but certainly for passenger purposes.

Charles K. Hamilton, who flew the Curtiss biplane purchased by Clifford Harmon of New York, is an odd-looking genius, with cavernous eyes and rather gaunt cheeks, his scant frame appearing to fit loosely within the dark suit he affects. But his eyes glint from beneath their overhanging arches when he takes his seat on the biplane, and if he had not been handicapped by an unsatisfactory engine he would have contested for altitude with Paulhan. Hamilton has deep faith in the Curtiss type of machine, unbounded ambition, and the courage of his convictions. Handicapped as he was by his engine, he made many successful flights and demonstrated his ability to handle his machine in a masterful manner when he covered the ten-lap course of 16.11 miles in 30 minutes and 34 seconds. Considering that Curtiss had a sixty horse power engine as against a twenty-five horse power in



Photographed expressly for THE OUTING MAGAZINE by Ralph S. Hawkins.

PAULHAN CARRYING A PASSENGER; IN THE DISTANCE IS HAMILTON, IN CURTISS BIPLANE, WHOM PAULHAN HAS JUST PASSED.

the Hamilton machine, this was a highly creditable showing.

Of the dirigible airships the one operated by Roy Knabenshue rose to the greatest height, with an altitude of 1,656 feet to its credit. Knabenshue is an adept at balancing, and having a better engine than was in the airship commanded by L. Beachey was able to perform feats not attainable by the latter. Where Beachey was unable to make progress against head winds Knabenshue readily demonstrated his ability to cope with them and circled in the upper currents with apparent ease. Beachey, however, seems to have a thorough understanding of the control of the dirigible airship.

In a test of speed over a one-lap course Saturday, January 15th, Beachey sailed the distance in 5 minutes, 21 seconds, beating Knabenshue by 14 seconds. The day before, however, the latter made the distance in 5.10. As demonstrating the value of the dirigible in

war times, Knabenshue, from a height of eighty feet, dropped two bombs into a twenty-foot square. What the gunners below would do to the huge cigar-shaped objects only eighty feet away may be easily imagined.

Dirigibles were numerous and there was hardly an hour when one was not in the air. Lieut. Paul W. Beck, in charge of the U. S. Signal Corps at the Presidio, San Francisco, had a government dirigible on the field toward the close of the meet. Of the special balloons operated at Huntington Park, distant three miles from Dominguez field, and affiliated with the main exhibit, the "New York," owned by Clifford B. Harmon was in constant service. Five other airships rose daily from the park, the "Dick Ferris," piloted by a brother of Roy Knabenshue, the "City of Los Angeles," in charge of George B. Harrison, the "City of Oakland," with J. C. Mars in command, the Company A, Signal Corps balloon, operated



Photographed expressly for THE OUTING MAGAZINE by Ralph S. Hawkins.

CURTISS (LOWER FIGURE) PASSING PAULHAN ON THE LAST DAY OF MEET, WHEN CURTISS WAS OUT FOR THE SPEED RECORD AND PAULHAN FOR ENDURANCE.

by members of the aeronautical squad, and the "Peoria," controlled by Frank J. Kanne.

The latter, with a basketful of passengers, had the startling experience of the meet in an effort to follow Clifford Harmon of the "New York." Striking a contrary wind, the "Peoria" deviated from the course and was carried several miles out to sea, to the consternation of the residents of the beach towns near Los Angeles. Happily, a call for the Venice life-saving crew was not needed as the wind suddenly shifted and an in-shore current bore the voyagers safely to land, where a quick descent followed.

But the feature of the meet was the aeroplane, and the king of the aviators in popular esteem was Paulhan. There were half a dozen assistant aviators and mechanics in the Paulhan entourage and they all had the profoundest adoration for their chief, whom they seemed to regard as a sort of demigod.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!*" one said, "he is, in

the air, what we are on the ground, perfectly at home! He can do anything with his machine, go to any height he please. He is a wizard!" Which opinion, it must be admitted, was shared pretty generally by countless others who sat for days entranced and fascinated by the Frenchman's daring and skill.

To see him mount skyward, with an insouciance that nothing short of a double-somersault downward with broken planes could daunt is to compel one's admiration. Once, after circling the field and disappearing, he suddenly emerged to view from behind a black cloud that had crept in from the ocean. It was a startling and dramatic reappearance. It seemed as though the daring fellow had come to earth inside the cloud and had just stepped out of the framework.

Another time, just before sunset, when the western sky was dotted with fleecy specks, Paulhan's machine was silhouetted against a white cloud whose edges



Photograph by Graham Photo Co.

A SKYFUL OF MAN-BIRDS.

L. Beachy in Dirigible.

L. Paulhan in Monoplane.

Captive Balloon.

G. Curtiss in Biplane.

Roy Knabenshue in Dirigible.

were tipped with the rosy glow of the setting sun. He seemed to ride in the center of the flaky mass and the effect was almost uncanny. Of course, both these spectacles were unintended by the Frenchman, although he was continually on the alert for the surprising and the dramatic.

One afternoon Paulhan ascended in full view of the grand stand, circled the course once, rose to a higher plane, and suddenly headed for the ocean. He was gone thirty minutes, no one knew whither. It developed later that the restless Frenchman, seeing the shipping in the harbor from his lofty perch, had taken a notion to fly across to San Pedro, hover above the warship that chanced to be in port, fly over the new fortification site recently acquired by the Federal Government at Point Firmin, acknowledge the salute of whistles and bells from the factories and ships along the harbor by dipping his front planes, unconcernedly whirring back to his starting point. It was a dramatic performance, the full significance of which was not appreciated by the people who had missed him until they read of his mad flight in the local papers next day.

A Race in the Air

Still another entertaining feat was his contest with Hamilton who was attempting to beat the speed record for ten laps. The American had circled the course three times when Paulhan rose in the air with his Farman and, like a falcon released from its bonds, sped headlong after the Curtiss machine. Around the course they raced with the huge crowd yelling its delight in a frenzied fashion. Each aviator was doing his best, apparently, but suddenly Paulhan called upon his powerful "Gnome" engine for its capacity work and opening wide the throttle raced ahead of his opponent.

Two laps later the Frenchman again overtook Hamilton. As the northwest pylon was reached near the grand stand Paulhan, who was immediately above the American, suddenly deflected his front planes and with the rapidity of lightning dove underneath the Curtiss

machine and landed in the squared space in front of the judge's stand, while the concourse fairly howled its approval. Hamilton, a trifle disconcerted, flew wildly for a minute but quickly recovered and continued his course. Paulhan's action may have been unprofessional, but to all intents and purposes it was a real racing contest and the only one witnessed. Needless to say, the spectators were vastly entertained by the sensational swoop of their favorite.

Only two monoplanes were exhibited. They were of the Bleriot type, but Paulhan succeeded in making only one sustained flight in this flimsy craft, whose appearance in midair is not unlike that of a huge dragon fly. Saturday afternoon, January 15th, Miscalrol, of Paulhan's staff, had taken one of the monoplanes out on the back stretch of the field to test the propeller. It worked all right for a time, until the aviator attempted to increase the speed, having attained a sufficient height. But the machine refused to run true and veering suddenly tipped downward to the ground, with which the left wing of the man-made bird came in violent contact.

Miscalrol was thrown forward, striking his head on one of the truss rods and receiving a painful bruise. The damage to the machine was more serious as the propeller blade was cracked, the left plane bent almost double, the underframe buckled and broken, and a fore wheel jerked off its axle. The engine, fortunately, was uninjured, but the monoplane was put out of commission for the remainder of the meet.

Los Angeles had three local amateur aviators who came to grief on the first day's tryout. Edgar Smith was making repairs on a Langley monoplane of his own construction when the revolving propeller, which he had started, struck him a terrific blow on the back of the head, rendering him unconscious. Attendants rushed him to the emergency hospital and next day he was well enough to be removed to his rooms, with the probabilities in favor of his recovery.

Professor Zerbe, in a multiplane resembling a huge flowerpot, attempted to rise from the course but was unsuccessful.

ful. The machine lumbered along until it struck a small hummock, when it toppled over, breaking a rear plane, but not seriously injuring the operator. The hopes of the inventor, however, were blighted for the season.

Another local aspirant in the person of J. H. Klassen had similar ill success with his monoplane which refused to fly at the crucial moment, due to a defective engine. It was a sad trio of home-grown geniuses and their mishaps proved a source of genuine disappointment to their friends.

From a financial viewpoint as well as from the artistic and practical sides the first American aviation meet was an unqualified success. Apparently all the subscribers will receive back the amount of their subscriptions, with a balance in the treasury. The climatic conditions could hardly have been more perfect, but under foot the ground was anything but ideal, the "dobe" proving most trying to the delicate machines gliding over the course. The aviators were satisfied, the crowds were delighted, and Los Angeles wants everybody to come again.

THE AUTOMOBILE ON TOUR

by Robert Sloss

TO the confirmed automobilist there are but two kinds of vehicle—the touring car and the others. Nor will you come fully to regard your machine as a pleasure car until you have sped along for miles, with your motor humming, sweet and low, the song of the open road. "For miles" means not merely a run of a hundred or so, "there and back," but on and on, stopping at country inns, through country so unfamiliar that each curve ahead holds always a surprise in store, so new and interesting that the egotism of the ancient explorers tingles in your blood.

On a journey of a thousand miles or so by motor you learn far more of the limitations and resourcefulness of both yourself and your car than you could by any other means. You will learn how the machine takes certain kinds of road. You will have to bring your ingenuity and experience into play in many little roadside adjustments and repairs. You will get over the temptation to throw up your hands and be towed to the nearest garage, for on tour often at best you can but ferret out the country machinist, and then you must be wise enough to tell him just what you want done.

If you are wise enough, however, to know your car and acquire the experience of caring for it yourself, as previously outlined in these pages, when you take your first tour the little mishaps will be no more frequent or serious than to make the long stretches of exhilarating going all the sweeter by comparison.

Not only is touring by automobile by all odds the most pleasurable, comfortable, and convenient way of traveling for recreation, but it is also the cheapest for the man who owns his car. I know a new motorist who found that out last summer by devoting his three weeks' vacation to the experiment. He had a three-seated touring runabout of twenty-four horse power and well-known make. In it his wife, his daughter of eleven, and himself spent, as he puts it, the vacation of their lives. They jaunted up the Albany road on the east shore of the Hudson, climbed through the hilly streets of Albany, skirted Lake George and Lake Champlain into Canada, to the Thousand Islands. After sightseeing sufficiently for a week in that beautiful country, they returned through New York State by way of Watertown, Syracuse, Binghamton, through the Catskills to quaint old Kingston, and southward along the west shore of the

Hudson to Fort Lee, N. J., and so by ferry to New York City.

The whole tour cost my friend less than \$200 including food and lodging for three people. That was far less than he would have spent had he rushed by train to some resort, there settled down for a three-weeks' sojourn, and then rushed back again to business. When one considers the increased pleasure he learned how to put into a vacation, the expense of it becomes ridiculously insignificant.

My friend made his trip with no more than an automobile trunk strapped behind and a suit case containing the immediate necessities of travel. In addition he carried, of course, the usual tool kit and a careful selection of the supplies and accessories that were discussed in the February number of this magazine. He did not have any top to his machine, though a folding top is almost a necessity on an extended tour. He was willing to trust for protection to linen dusters and rubber ponchos.

No Waiting for Trains

The unique advantage of the automobile in travel is that you can always fare on with it. If you get into a town you do not like, you can get out again forthwith, without the dismal wait for the next train. If the country through which you are passing is dull and uninteresting, you can speed away to fine stretches that will compel you to dally along, or stop to pick wild flowers, or dabble in the brook, or explore the mystery of some quaint old farmhouse.

You cannot do all this, however, by launching out into the country as the old Norsemen did upon the sea, trusting only to the stars to guide them. From the standpoint of the touring motorist, the best charts of the country's roads are as yet none too good. But even these must be most carefully studied in order to find out how you are going and what you are likely to meet along the way. The man who attempts to tour by "dead reckoning" is bound to have experiences that his vocabulary will never be lurid enough to describe.

The ordinary atlas or map is worse than useless in planning a tour. And yet motorists, in their first touring enthusiasm, have not infrequently been known to start out for parts unknown with no better guide than this. They get along very comfortably so far as they know the route out of their home town. Then their troubles usually begin shortly after they have to ask some "native" to point them the way.

The "native" is a notorious miscalculator of distances. If you ask him if the road is in good condition he answers you from the standpoint of the ordinary country farm truck. Roads which he calls "fair" are likely to be quite impassable for the automobile without dangerous strain. He will involve you in vague pointings out of direction, and still vaguer descriptions of forks and turnings which you must take. If you do not break down as a result of his advice, you are pretty sure to get lost somewhere with an imperative need for gasoline, and find yourself miles from any point at which it can be obtained.

Therefore, unless you wish to benefit your fellow motorists by becoming an automobile explorer—and there is much gratitude awaiting those who have the patience to do so—you will not attempt to blaze your own trail, but will confine your touring to trips for which the most complete route books and road maps have been prepared. You will not attempt to rely on even these if they have been published more than a year ago.

There are a number of publishers who issue route books giving information about what the motorist is likely to meet along the way, and some of these are interlarded with sectional maps of the roads to be passed over. Other publishers issue maps alone. Both are as reliable as changing conditions along the roadway will permit. If recently published, they are the best available means of planning a tour in advance and on tour they furnish a fairly reliable, if not always complete, warning of what to expect.

Even then the motorist must keep his weather eye open for the unexpected. For instance, a stretch of road designated in the route book as "excellent

macadam" may have just been torn up for the laying of new trolley tracks, water mains, or what not, and this may necessitate a detour of several miles. On the other hand, you may be looking for a stretch of road which your book describes as "bad" but which has recently been repaired. When you do not find it you will conclude that you are on the wrong track.

It is in connection with the route book and road map that inquiries of the "natives" may be of value to you, provided you use your common sense in putting the two sources of information together. You can use your "native" and the innkeeper in the town where you may stop to check up the route book's description of what you may encounter. They will tell you, if you are a good cross-examiner, of any changes that may have been made in the roads, and, if you are clever at identifying the stretches to which they refer, you may be able to revise your route book in advance to some extent as you go along.

The route book is accurate in one particular, however, and that is as to distances. Still, exact mileage is of minor importance to the motorist. What he wants to know is the kind of road he is to encounter and where he is to turn off. The map gives him a general idea of direction and the route book tells him which way to turn. And, by the way, he should always carry with him a pocket compass, unless he has a wonderful nose for direction. When the book says "turn northeasterly" it is well to know precisely where northeasterly is.

After all, neither route books nor road maps nor "natives" are to be implicitly trusted by the tourist, who should dilute them carefully with common sense, particularly before he starts out on his tour. Many a route book becomes so confusing in places, where it attempts to give an exhaustive array of specific directions, that, if their meaning is not penciled out on the margin before starting, they will serve but to confuse the driver who scratches his head over them for the first time *en route*.

The millennium for the automobile

tourist in America will not come until our roads are thoroughly equipped with the sort of guideposts which the two great motoring associations of France have placed throughout that country with great completeness. Big as is our land, the Bureau of Tours of the Automobile Club of America has done noble work already in attempting to follow the example of the Frenchman. Their ambition is to signpost every good road in the country so that route books will become obsolete. As a beginning they have nailed to telegraph poles and trees, along most of the good routes through the Eastern States, little yellow metal arrows which bear numbers corresponding to route numbers in the book of routes issued by the Bureau.

Using a Route Book

For instance, when a tourist wants to go from New York to New Haven, he finds that in the Bureau's route book the roads are described in Route No. 13, and he follows yellow arrows numbered 13, without having to look at his book again until he reaches New Haven. If from there he wishes to go to Springfield, Mass., he simply follows the arrows numbered 110. From Springfield to Boston, 119 is his lucky number. If he passes an arrow bearing a different one he knows that he is on the wrong road. At all important road junctions the Bureau is also trying to have set up large square yellow signboards bearing the names of cities and their distances from that point.

This Bureau of Tours has been appealing to all the automobile clubs throughout the country to coöperate with them in the placing of these arrows and signposts, and they will gladly furnish arrows to any club that will take charge of putting them up on through routes in accordance with their plan and instructions. In the interest of the ever-growing tendency to tour, every automobilist should see the advantage to himself of becoming better acquainted with what the Bureau is doing and to help it in every possible way.

In fact, it is well worth the while of any motorist who becomes enthusiastic

about touring to invest the small sum necessary to secure an associate membership in the Automobile Club of America. It will save him much trouble and expense in the end. Its Bureau of Tours is constantly collecting up-to-date road information and publishing it in guidebooks and route cards, as well as designating official hotels where such a membership would insure the best of service. It also plans from time to time ideal tours, such as the Scenic Tour, the Salt-Water Tour, etc., which the motorist can take with assurance of pleasure, convenience, and comfort.

There are two other national automobile associations which supply to their members the most reliable touring data they can obtain. These are the American Automobile Association, whose headquarters are in New York, and the Touring Club of America, in the same city. Both offer peculiar advantages of membership at moderate cost.

The latter organization has hit upon an extremely convenient scheme for making touring easy to the motorist. It not only maps out on application any special tour desired by a member, but has facilities for issuing and obtaining licenses from many of the various States through which it may be necessary to pass. It can render valuable assistance to those who contemplate a foreign automobile tour.

Its unique feature, however, is in having adopted and placed at the disposal of its members a clever device which tells the tourist at a glance exactly where he is and what to do. This is accomplished by means of a circular card on whose rim one hundred miles of road are divided to scale into 170-yard sections. This card is set upon a metal disk connected with the front wheel by a long, flexible driving shaft. The card, being set under a stationary pointer at the place where the trip begins, revolves slowly in exact accordance with the rate of progress of the automobile.

By glancing at the pointer you read concise directions and can tell where you are and what to expect or do, every half mile or so. At the end of 100

miles a new card is substituted which carries you farther. For the routes over which these cards have been carefully prepared the device undoubtedly reduces the uncertainty of touring to its lowest terms.

The motorist will not make many tours before he realizes the advantages of belonging to one or all of these associations. They put him in touch with his fraternity, for every true automobilist is a tourist at heart. The purpose of the Automobile Association of America, for instance, is the uniting in one national body of the automobile clubs of the country and through them the individual automobilists, so that all matters in which they are interested may be given a national character.

These include legislation, good roads, and many subjects of vital importance to tourists. The reciprocal club privileges of such a membership have cheered the heart of many a tourist. After days upon the open road, there is no ear like that of a fellow automobilist into which to pour your account of the joys and vicissitudes through which you have just passed.

Good Organizations to Join

Membership in this and the other organizations of national character quickens your sense of responsibility to your fellow motorist in touring. It furnishes a medium for the exchange of ideas and a repository of information, to which you can contribute as well as resort in times of perplexity. Even if you do not become a member of these associations you will find it worth your while to send to the chairmen of their various touring committees any information of value that you have acquired in your own wanderings. There is the greatest need for the intelligent and immediate interchange of reliable data among tourists, and any effort in this line will be met by the existing associations in the most fraternal spirit.

The tourist who promises himself at least one trip each year—and who will not, after his first well-planned jaunt—cannot do better than form the habit of collecting the fullest accounts he can

secure of every individual or organized tour of which he hears.

By studying the reports of endurance runs, hill climbs, reliability tests, he can settle in advance many questions as to how well his machine will negotiate any route of whose conditions he has gained a fair idea. He will naturally avoid those which give promise of straining his car beyond its margin of reserve power and strength. It is extremely important to know the location of repair shops and garages, and what supplies can be obtained along the road, and where.

If there were no other reason for studying out beforehand what is to be expected, the present nonuniformity of automobile regulations throughout the country would furnish a vital one.

The law committees of our foremost automobile associations are urging at this time more actively than ever the adoption of a Federal automobile law which will do away with the necessity for obtaining a separate license in each State through which the automobilist desires to pass. Until their efforts are successful, the tourist must depend upon familiarizing himself with the varying regulations with which he will be required to conform. Most of the route books give information on this point. The official annual Blue Book of the Automobile Club of America contains the automobile laws of the various States. A digest of them is also published by the Automobile Association of America.

Enough valuable information as to the progress of road building in various localities is contained in the reports of the United States Department of Agriculture to warrant the tourist in receiving them regularly. Those ambitious spirits who are determined to venture into parts about which no specific automobile information exists will find the maps published by the United States Geological Survey a necessity in planning their routes.

As for what to take aboard the machine on tour, the criterion is "as little as possible." It is the tendency of inexperience to overload the car with a lot of unnecessary things. The tyro, on

his first tour, has an inordinate desire to stow personal baggage in every nook and cranny of the car, frequently to the exclusion of things which he soon learns would have added far more to his comfort in travel. Except on routes where comfortable stopping places are few and far between, a dress suit case should hold all the personal necessities. A trunk packed with changes of clothing and other likely desiderata in places where you may settle down for a little stay, can be readily shipped along in advance from point to point as your tour progresses.

Even the space taken up by a compact automobile trunk would, in most cases, be better given over to an extra supply of gasoline, oil, and such vital requisites, unless your car is a very large one. Vital parts of the motor, carburetor and ignition system, which cannot readily be obtained *en route*, must invariably be taken.

Well to be Prepared

In rough country a single and a double wood pulley, with sufficient good strong rope to form a block and tackle, is advisable. Likewise two jacks, since with these a car can often be pulled out of a hole where one jack would be insufficient to do the work. Throughout localities where there is no likelihood of being able to obtain shelter for the machine, either from storms or the dampness of the night, it is well to take along a rubber cover for the car. Tire chains, even if your driving tires are of the studded nonskid variety, should be taken along when there is the slightest prospect of encountering soft or muddy roads where additional traction may be required to get through.

What was said in these pages under Caring For Your Own Automobile applies with even greater force in touring. Unless the machine has been recently given a thorough overhauling, it should receive one before the time comes for you to start out on your extended journey. Each morning, *en route*, you should inspect the important parts, going over them even with greater care than you would exercise at home. At

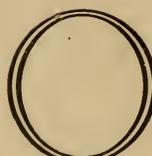
every stopping place where you possibly can, you should devote some time to cleaning off the worst of the travel stains from the machine. Above all, keep all parts well oiled throughout.

Not the least important caution is to be as considerate as possible of the teams you meet and of the towns through which you pass. Even if you never expect to go over the same route again, and think you can get away with any violation of the local speed law, you bring the whole fraternity of tourists into bad repute, and in the long run deprive yourself of many helpful cour-

tesies which might otherwise be yours on tour.

Such, in general, are the things which the prospective tourist must bear in mind. Forearmed with the best obtainable knowledge of his route, careful to see that his car is in condition and that his extra tires and other necessities are aboard, he has within his grasp the possibility of health-giving, brain-stimulating, and pleasure-making experiences that are the highest function of the touring car in use. More than ever they will make of him the complete motorist.

MOTOR BOATS & THE LAW *by Clayton Emerson*



OWNERS of motor boats are in a far better position as far as the law is concerned than owners of motor cars. When it comes to regulation, the automobilist has as many States to deal with as he enters, often as many towns and cities. The motor boat owner has nothing, practically, except the Federal Government to reckon with.

It is true that some towns and some States have made sporadic attempts to regulate motor boats. Thus Salem, Massachusetts, and other New England towns have passed ordinances regarding mufflers. But as soon as a boat leaves the dock it is, in most cases, at once in Federal waters and there the town has nothing to say. In the case of mufflers there is, of course, no use for them when the boat is at the dock. A boat anchored at a buoy in midstream might never come within the jurisdiction of the town or State.

Technically speaking, there is a navigation law for the State of New York, for example, to be found in chapter 30 of the General Laws, amended in 1903,

but it applies only on waters that are not under Federal supervision. Some of the lakes, like Lake George, on which it applies, are of considerable size, too. But as a matter of fact, it would take a pretty expert lawyer to find out just how it applied even in such cases. Indeed it would seem that to all intents and purposes motor boats are free from regulation on all purely State waters. That, after all, is a pretty limited area.

Most canals, also, have special rules about speed and in some places you will run across local ordinances regarding exhausts, but they are usually simple and are readily ascertained for any locality the moment you arrive in it. They are not, as a rule, burdensome and, in fact, are such as, to take the case of speed in passing through canals as an instance, one would prudently inquire into on entering the canal.

But on all the harbors, great lakes, and navigable rivers the Federal Government controls and, while there are ten Federal districts, the law is substantially the same for all. In fact, the law really consists in the interpretation and application of existing steamboat

laws to the new class of motor boats and many have been the efforts to stretch the old law to cover new cases.

It is thus imperative that all owners should know just what these interpretations of the law are. "Ignorance is no excuse in the eyes of the law," is an old saying and never worn threadbare, and owners and operators of motor boats are coming to see that it is of vital importance to understand the regulations of the Federal Government. Most of the following interpretation of the law, except as otherwise indicated, has been taken from a semiofficial opinion that was recently rendered, though not published.

The only provisions of law relating to motor boats when used exclusively as pleasure boats are found in an act to adopt regulations for preventing collisions upon certain harbors, rivers, and inland waters of the United States, approved June 7, 1897. This act applies to all steam vessels and for the purposes of the act the words "steam vessels" include "any vessel propelled by machinery."

It is provided by section 4426 of the Revised Statutes that all power boats of fifteen gross tons or less, when carrying passengers for hire, shall not be operated or navigated except in charge of a person duly licensed for such service by the local board of steamboat inspectors, and it is further provided that such boats when so carrying passengers for hire shall have on board one approved life preserver for each passenger carried.

In a circular issued by the Department of Commerce and Labor (No. 188), the law is interpreted as follows: "All such vessels of fifteen gross tons, or less, engaged in carrying passengers for hire are required to carry one life preserver for each passenger carried and shall be operated only in charge of a person duly licensed by the local inspectors of steam vessels. Such vessels when used only as private pleasure boats and not at any time engaged in the carriage of passengers for hire are not obliged to comply with the provisions of law in regard to life preservers and licensed operators.

"The life preservers must be of the sort prescribed by the regulations of the board of supervising inspectors. They must bear the United States inspectors' stamp. While the law does not require it, the Department recommends in the interest of safety to life that a life preserver for each person on board be carried on all motor boats regardless of size or occupation."

The same section of the statute referred to last provides that power boats of over fifteen tons gross, when carrying freight or passengers for hire, shall comply with the provisions of law applicable to steam vessels, so far as hull and machinery and licensing of engineers and pilots are concerned.

The statutes also require all such vessels of over five net tons, when not employed exclusively as private pleasure vessels, to be documented as vessels of the United States. On this point, the circular of the Department of Commerce and Labor goes on to explain that "documented" means licensed by the collectors of customs and that vessels under five net tons are not documented in any case.

Two Kinds of Licenses

"The license of the vessel obtained from the collector of customs, designated a document, is additional to and must not be confounded with the license required for the operator of a motor boat of fifteen gross tons or less carrying passengers for hire. Motor vessels of over fifteen gross tons engaged in the carriage of passengers or freight for hire must also be inspected by the United States local inspectors of steam vessels and must carry a licensed engineer and a licensed pilot.

"Documented vessels must have name and home port on stern and name on each bow. Official measurement is necessary only in case of vessels requiring to be documented. While the law does not require it, the Department recommends that the name be conspicuously displayed on undocumented motor boats."

There are no provisions of law relating specifically to power boats except

the two quoted—the act of June 7, 1897, and section 4426, Revised Statutes. Power boats employed as private pleasure vessels are subject only to the provisions of the first mentioned of these two laws.

Picking out some of the salient points of this law one finds that article 15 provides that all steam vessels (and hence motor boats, since they are “propelled by machinery”) shall be provided with an efficient whistle or siren sounded by steam or some substitute for steam and with an efficient fog horn; also with an efficient bell. The department circular, after pointing out that these rules apply to all motor boats without regard to size or use, says:

“No size or style of whistle, fog horn, or bell is prescribed, provided it is available and sufficient for the use for which it is intended. The word ‘efficient’ must be taken in its ordinary sense considered with reference to the object intended by the provisions in which the word appears, namely, the production of certain signals. The power to operate the whistle is not prescribed, but it must be of such a character as to produce a ‘prolonged blast’ which is defined as of from four to six seconds’ duration.”

Another article (2) of this act provides that such a vessel shall carry certain lights therein specified, and article 1 states that the rules concerning these lights shall be complied with from sunset to sunrise. In the circular sent out the Department defines the regulation lights:

“1, A bright white light at the bow or head of the vessel. 2, A green light on the starboard side and a red light on the port side provided with proper screens. The side lights may be so affixed to the coaming or to the sides of the deck house as to be properly screened, provided the lantern be backed with metal. Whenever the green and red lights cannot be fixed, they must be kept lighted and ready for use as provided by the act. The law does not appear to permit the use of a three-color ‘combination’ light. 3, A white light aft showing all around the horizon, to range with the headlight.”

Three sets of these circulars have

been issued by the Department known as 188, 190, and 191. The first, from which the quotations are made, applies to the Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf of Mexico. The second applies to the Great Lakes and their connecting and tributary waters and does not differ materially from the first except that apparently neither fog horn nor white stern light are required. The third is for rivers entering the Gulf of Mexico, their tributaries, and the Red River of the North and is the same as the other two, though it seems to require a stern light but no fog horn.

In addition to these provisions motor boats are required to have on board two printed copies of the pilot rules, which must be observed by them; these rules will be furnished by local inspectors of steam vessels on request. It has been held that on steam vessels, under the pilot rules, two copies of these rules in placard form must be carried and one of them posted conspicuously. As such posting on most motor boats is manifestly impracticable it is permissible merely to carry two copies on board in book form, a little twenty-six-page pamphlet furnished by the government.

Penalties for violation of any of the provisions of the act or of the pilot rules are enumerated in section 2 of article 31 of this act. They are incurred for any violation of the provisions made under the authority conferred by this section.

Points Boiled Down

Briefly summarized, therefore, the act as applied to motor boats requires that they be provided with an efficient whistle or siren, a bell, and a fog horn; the same lights are required as on steam vessels, when navigated between sunset and sunrise, and they are required to obey the rules of the road as set forth in the pilot rules. If employed as private pleasure boats only, there are no other requirements of law applicable to these boats.

In the past a good deal of misunderstanding seems to have existed in regard to the providing of life preservers, the placing of names on boats, the carrying of lanterns at all times, etc. As

indicated, under the present law it is not necessary to carry life preservers unless passengers are carried for hire; names need not be displayed unless the boat is such as to require documentation; and it is not necessary to carry lights at any other time than while being operated between sunset and sunrise.

Venturing an opinion on the law a leading authority in New York said recently: "The requirements as to life preservers and licensed operator for such boats when carrying passengers for hire are decidedly in the interest of public safety. In the opinion of many the law should go further and make some definite provision for restricting the number of passengers that may be carried on such boats. As it is at present, the number of passengers is limited only by the number of life preservers, and the law takes no account whatever of the carrying capacity of the boat.

"With regard to the equipment required on these small boats it is the best opinion that there is no good and valid reason outside the language of the statute for requiring small motor boats to be equipped with a whistle, a bell, and a fog horn. The fog horn under the law and pilot rules as they now stand is utterly useless and any signal given on it would violate the law and subject the owner to a penalty. The bell can only be used when the boat is anchored in a fog. Most of the small boats are never out in thick weather and many of them carry no anchor. Therefore the bell is of no practical use.

"As the law now stands it is required that all signals be given on the whistle, and it is held that the whistle must be operated by compressed air or other mechanical means. The natural tendency of the boat owners is to get the cheapest equipment that will be accepted as complying with the law, and in very many cases the whistles installed on small power boats are of very little use for practical signaling purposes.

"It has been suggested that it would be very much in the interest of efficiency in signaling so to amend the law that the whistle and bell be dispensed with on small boats and require that all sig-

nals on boats of, say less than thirty feet length, be given on fog horns only. The objection is that the signal given by a power boat might be mistaken for one given by a sailboat. Of course there is no perfect system, at least yet.

"Giving all signals on power boats by fog horns would be a great improvement over the present system, under which all signals are given on whistles, many of which are habitually breaking down on slight provocation and in many cases do not have sufficient volume of sound to be heard above the noise of the exhaust. A good fog horn would in almost every case be an efficient signaling instrument.

"In regard to lights, it has been pointed out as absurd to require small boats to carry four lights. The larger boats should carry them, of course. But it has been thought by some to be advisable that a power boat have a light that would differentiate it from a sailboat, and, therefore, it has been advised not to amend the law so as to allow power boats to carry a single lantern, but rather to require, say, a white light above a red, or a red above a white, so carried as to be seen from all points—that is, two lanterns suspended from a staff or short flag pole.

New Navigation Hard to Get

"Many persons interested in navigation believe that all power boats should be licensed very much as automobiles are licensed, and that a number should be assigned to each boat which should be conspicuously displayed at all times. No doubt these would be wise and reasonable requirements. It has also been urged as necessary that no person should be allowed to operate a power boat unless he or she is familiar with the general rules of navigation, at least so as to be able to understand and respond to signals."

Many attempts have been made, particularly in the last session of Congress, to secure a new navigation law, but as yet no change has been made. This is fortunate, for the proposed laws were very faulty as far as motor boats were affected. Thus, after the *Slocum* dis-

aster President Roosevelt appointed a commission of five to examine the laws of the United States for better security at sea.

They reported a bill which, as one of the commission pointed out in a minority report, would, if passed, have affected adversely twenty-five thousand motor boats carrying passengers for hire. It would have made them subject to annual inspection by one inspector of hulls and another of machinery, while the issuance of certificates would have been very cumbersome. The inspection service would have been swamped by many times the amount of work it has at present and nothing worth while accomplished. Moreover, the bill would have required each motor boat, under penalty of one-thousand-dollar fine, to carry one substantial lifeboat (as big as itself), and if forty miles offshore to have an efficient wireless apparatus. In short, the bill made no distinction between a fifteen-foot power boat and the *Mauretania*.

In addition to these Federal laws there are also local laws and ordinances that are of interest regarding the storage of gasoline, naphtha, etc., on shore. In this connection the requirements of the New York Board of Fire Underwriters may be of interest. Places where such oils are stored must be well ventilated. It is a direct violation of city law to keep or use gasoline and naphtha without special permit from the fire department. They must be kept in tanks or safety cans and no lights must be used near them except approved incandescent safety lights.

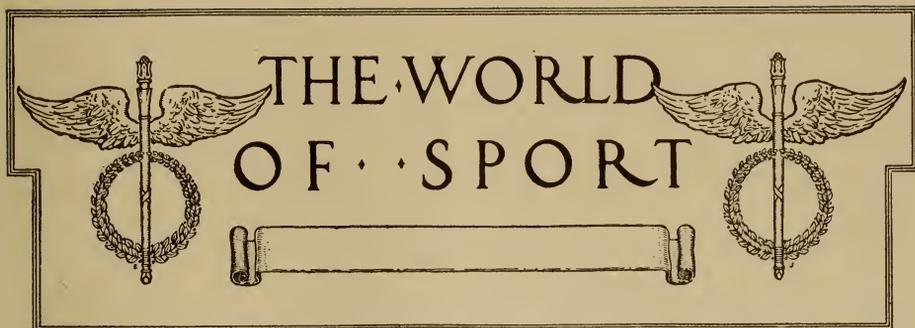
The cans must be kept in drip pans. If over ten gallons is kept it must be stored in a tank or vault of brick or stone, outside, with a fireproof door, locked. From the tank it must be pumped into safety cans. Only five barrels of fifty-two gallons each can be kept at one time and empty barrels must be returned promptly.

Another point of interest is that law cases arising out of the operation of motor boats, as in similar cases in steam vessels, are in common with other admiralty and maritime cases subject to the jurisdiction of the Federal district

courts, with the right of appeal to circuit courts.

Finally, whenever one is in doubt as to the interpretation of the law it is always well to seek information from the headquarters of your district. The ten districts into which the navigable waters of the United States are divided with their headquarters are as follows: (1) San Francisco, everything west of the Rocky Mountains; (2) New York, the Atlantic coast and navigable rivers down to Cape Charles; (3) Norfolk, Va., Atlantic coast from Cape Charles to Cape Sable; (4) St. Louis, Mo., the Mississippi from Greenfield, Mo., up to Keokuk, Ia., the Illinois River below Peoria, and the Missouri up to the Niobrara River; (5) Dubuque, Ia., the Mississippi above Keokuk and the Red River of the North; the Missouri above the Niobrara, Lake Superior bounded by Minnesota and Wisconsin; (6) Louisville, Ky., the Ohio River up to Carrollton, Ky., and the Mississippi from Greenville, Mo., to Greenville, Miss.; (7) Cincinnati, O., the Ohio River above Carrollton, Ky.; (8) Detroit, Mich., the Great Lakes north and west of Erie except Superior bounded by Minnesota and Wisconsin; also the upper Illinois River; (9) Cleveland, O., Lakes Erie, Ontario, Champlain, and the St. Lawrence to Montreal; (10) New Orleans, the coast and tributaries of the Gulf from Cape Sable to the mouth of the Rio Grande and the Mississippi up to Greenville, Miss.

There are three sets of pilot rules. They are substantially the same—one for the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Gulf of Mexico and their tributary waters, except those tributary to the Gulf; one for the Great Lakes and their tributaries; and one for Western rivers and their tributaries entering the Gulf of Mexico including the Red River of the North. These rules are embodied in the little blue-covered book of which the motor-boat operator is required to carry two copies. Application to the inspector of the district will bring the proper set by return mail. That also is the way to find out the law on other points in your particular district.



THE WORLD OF · · SPORT

LEARNING TO PLAY

AMERICA is learning how to play. This is close to being the biggest fact of the present century. We have known how to work for some time and have been rather proud of the fact. In fact we have boasted at times that we did not care to play. That could be left for the older, pampered people of sleepy Europe. In consequence our doctors have worked overtime and our sanitariums have been crowded. Now, however, we are opening our eyes.

Very properly the first steps have been taken with the children. The Playground Association of America announces that out of the 914 cities and towns in the United States having a population of five thousand and over, 336 are maintaining supervised playgrounds. This fact is a sufficient answer to those Congressmen who last year derided the necessity of "teaching children to play." Perhaps it is too much to hope that Congressmen will be taught the value of recreation in the open air, but at least we can hope for the time when some of the children now acquiring the art in public playgrounds will sit in Congress and leaven that dough of unflagging industry.

Meanwhile the rest can well learn from the children, and some of us are doing it. In another part of this magazine Mr. Walter Camp says a sane word in behalf of well-balanced education of body and mind. But how about the rest of us who are out of college and earning our living in divers, and

sometimes strange, ways? Do we not need the lesson, too? If you want to know the answer ask the next physician you meet. There will be no doubt in his mind.

Not long ago a comparatively young but highly successful man was offered an important position at the head of a large concern in which many thousands of dollars were invested. It was the assumption of the board of directors that the salary they offered would tempt the young man into spending practically all of his waking hours at his desk. Imagine their surprise when he named as the prime condition of his acceptance that he should be allowed to spend two days a week away from his office, motoring or golfing as his mood dictated. Finally, with many doubts and misgivings, the directors accepted the condition, anticipating, it is to be feared, an early and comprehensive failure of the new manager.

That failure never happened. On the contrary, the business grew as never before, the work was better systematized, orders were filled more promptly, and at the end of the first year the new manager had earned his salary several times over. And yet all that the young man had done was to go back to the primer of his childhood days and adopt as his motto the good old phrase about the relative effects of work and play upon a certain supposititious Jack.

And this is the conclusion of the whole matter: learn to play in moderation and above all with pleasure, and you will sleep sounder, eat more heartily, work to better effect, and live

broader and deeper. The great end of life is to live, and you can no more do this effectively with one side of your nature dwarfed and neglected than you can with one side of your body paralyzed or one lobe of your brain atrophied.

RANKING IN GAMES

MANY of our friends are much exercised over certain official rankings announced not long since, notably in tennis. They think Messrs. Long and McLoughlin are better players than Messrs. Johnson and Niles, who are rated above the California cracks. Voices from the coast are heard inquiring why it is that Long and McLoughlin were sent to Australia to represent this country in the international matches if they deserve to rank no better than fifth and sixth. There is much that might be explained about that Australian business. For instance, why were not Long and McLoughlin chosen to represent the United States against the British team in the preliminaries?

Charges of favoritism and incompetency have been bandied back and forth, but the trouble really lies deeper. Tennis is a game that can easily be organized to death. Its life blood is individuality and an open field for all comers. There was no real reason why the winning team against the British should be sent to Australia, but there was every reason why in both cases there should have been some sort of competitive selection of the American representatives rather than an arbitrary nomination by a committee composed of only human beings.

Finally, forget the official rankings. They were doubtless made with the best intentions in the world and all the intelligence that could be asked for, but what do they amount to after all? Are we to believe that Messrs. Long and McLoughlin were playing to prove that they are the third and fourth best players in the United States instead of only the fifth and sixth? Perish the thought! What we need in tennis, as in a good many other things, is more attention to the game and less attention to committees and conferences and con-

ventions and constitutions. Also it is well to cultivate a sense of humor.

ABOUT GAME PROTECTION

A READER in Mexico sends us a local newspaper clipping recording the exploits of two "sportsmen" in killing a hundred wild geese in an eight-hour session, and requests that we show them up. All that would seem to be necessary in such a case is to record the fact. Right-thinking sportsmen will read and understand; as for the others—well, the only thing that seems to reach their case is an adequate law and a prompt and appreciable fine. The game-hog has long been known and his status is so fixed that the plea of ignorance will scarcely avail. A hog he is and a hog he will remain to the end of his days; the only way to reach him effectively is to lengthen and strengthen the arm of the law.

Game preservation is proceeding slowly but on the whole satisfactorily. Hunting licenses are still relatively severe on the nonresident, especially as the worst offenders against the canons of good sportsmanship are frequently the local hunters with an eye on the market. Many forces are at work that we at a distance cannot always see or appreciate. One thing that is not well known is the work that the farmers are doing in many places.

Not long ago I was in a little Illinois farming community where once prairie chickens abounded and quail were almost as numerous as rabbits. Then came the market hunters and the birds practically disappeared. The State awoke and the shooting of chickens was prohibited and game wardens were stimulated to do their duty. Now the game is coming back slowly. But the end is not yet. The farmers are taking notice of the danger to stock and are banding together to prosecute anyone found *trespassing* on their land. Here is a new angle. In free America the law of trespass has often been held in low esteem. If, now, the owners or renters of the land will firmly assert their rights over their property, the game that finds a home there may rest and multiply in comparative security.

WHAT IS AN AMATEUR?

ANOTHER professional coach of a college baseball team has expressed himself in favor of summer baseball for college players. He cannot understand why college debaters should be allowed to earn money "on the lecture platform and in the pulpit" while the baseball player is debarred from picking up a few useful dollars by his skill on the diamond during the long vacation.

The gentleman is comparing situations that are not comparable. Summer baseball is not frowned upon because the men engaging in it are by so much better players than others. In fact, it is doubtful if they actually play

any more from June to September than does the man who joins his home team for sheer love of the sport.

The simple fact is that if college sport is to be amateur it must be amateur; there is no halfway ground. A man cannot be a lover of the game for eight months of the year and a money-maker by it the other four and keep the two divisions of his athletic activity distinct. If a line is to be drawn it must be made clear and distinct and no part of the professional field can fall within it. Whenever professional debating becomes such an evil that an attempt must be made to define the amateur of the rostrum then our friend's parallel will be in point, but not till then.

NEWS FROM THE OUT OF DOORS

Dogs

IN the United States field trials, at Rogers Springs, Tenn., the All-age stake, 32 starters, was won by Powhatan; 2d, Master Tom; 3d, Prince Albert. Derby, 1st, Commissioner; 2d, Eugene M.; 3d, Rigoletto.

In the Eastern Club's field trials, at Cotton Plant, Miss., places in the Derby, 17 starters, were as follows: 1st, Millionaire; 2d, Rhodanide; 3d, Summit Rex. Subscription stake, 21 starters. 1st, Bill Johnston; 2d, Chit-Chat; 3d, Milton. All-age stake, 36 starters. 1st, Manitoba Frank; 2d, Girly Rodfield; 3d, Milton.

The Logan County field trials, South Union, Ky., resulted: Derby, 1st, Bess; 2d, Freckles; 3d, Spot. All-age stake, 1st, Oakhurst Opal; 2d, Dan; 3d, Bob.

The first meeting of the Bull Dog Breeders' Association of America was held in New York City in January.

The last report of the Ladies Kennel Association of America showed a membership of 178.

Skating

LBARNETT, of the De Witt Clinton High School, broke the record for boys, making the rink record of a half mile in 1:56 in St. Nicholas Rink, January 10th.

An international record for the mile and a half was made at Pittsburgh, January 28th, by Roe, of Toronto, the time being 4:10. He also won the international championship by two points. Lamy was second.

Lamy won the quarter mile in record time of 38 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds on January 26th, at Cleveland. He also broke the record for the 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, his time being 4:25, three seconds better than the old record. Charles Rankin broke the world's indoor half-mile record time in 1 minute 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds.

Miss Jekyll won the international figure skating championship at St. Moritz, Switzerland. Mrs. Frederick Swift, of New York, was second.

Princeton won the Intercollegiate Hockey Championship for 1909-10, defeating Yale, Harvard, Columbia, Cornell, and Dartmouth.

M. G. Finlayson, of Montreal, clipped two fifths of a second off the 220-yard hurdle record on skates at Saranac, February 2d, time, 0:25.

Aviation

UNDER the auspices of the International Aeronautical Federation fourteen meets are scheduled from April 10th to November 2d. Five hundred thousand dollars in prize money will be offered.

At the Los Angeles meet, January 10-20, Louis Paulhan and his wife made the record two-person flight, the distance being twenty-one miles. Lincoln Beachy established a new record for dirigibles, making a circuit of one and a half miles in 5 minutes 10 $\frac{2}{3}$ seconds. Paulhan won all the cross-country, passenger-carrying, and endurance events, as well as breaking the record for height, reaching an altitude of 4,165 feet. He won more than \$15,000 in prizes. He established a passenger-carrying record, flying with five passengers. To this he added the remarkable cross-country trip of forty-seven miles. Curtiss set a new record of 55 miles an hour, carrying one passenger, and won all the prizes for speed, quick starts, and perfect landings. He also made a new record for the mile and a half, his time being 2:12 flat. Willard won the \$250 prize for landing in measured starting place of 20 feet.

Baseball

YALE'S 1910 schedule includes 25 games. No Southern trip will be made this year. The first game will be with the South Orange Field Club April 2d.

Two umpires will be used in all league games this year. Runners may turn either right or left in reaching first base. Captains may not call the umpire's attention to violations of rules; the umpire must see it himself. The season will open April 13th.

Tennis

THE annual ranking of lawn-tennis players for 1909: W. A. Larned (National Champion) heads the list in singles with Clothier, Johnson, Niles, Little, McLoughlin, and Long, following in the order named. H. H. Hackett and F. B. Alexander lead in the doubles, with M. E. McLoughlin and G. J. Janes second, and Niles and Dabney third.

C. C. Pell won the Tuxedo Racquet and Tennis Clubs Championship in court tennis, beating Addison Cammock 6-4, 6-4, and 7-5. Erskine Hewitt won the racquet championship from Stanley G. Mortimer, Jr., 15-12, 15-8, and 15-2.

The national amateur doubles championship for racquets was won by L. Waterbury

and R. R. Fincke from Payne Whitney and Milton S. Barger in a brilliant match at the New York Racquet and Tennis Club, January 22d.

At the annual convention of the U. S. N. L. T. A., February 3d, it was decided to hold a clay court championship in 1910. The finals of the national singles and doubles will be held at Newport as usual.

Golf

WR. TUCKERMAN won the President's Cup in the seventh annual midwinter Golf Tournament at Pinehurst.

W. J. Travis, Leighton Calkins, and Max Behr have been appointed by the Metropolitan Golf Association to codify golf rules.

The rating of American golfers for 1909 gives the first three places to Egan, Travis, and Charles Evans, Jr.

Henry V. Keep has been reelected president of the New Jersey Golfers' Association.

Miscellaneous

WROSS, a Columbia Freshman, beat the strength record held by W. Grassi—total 1,406.7 under the Kellog System. George R. Meyer, of Minnesota, broke the record at Annapolis with 9,475; the record previously held by Northcroft was 9,275. Georgas Tsambrias, the Greek champion strong man, made a new record in the 104-pound weight lift, and Thomas Cassidy, of the New York Fire Department, was second.

Dr. D. S. Culver won the annual midwinter handicap trap shoot at Pinehurst with 94 bluerocks, shooting from the 18-yard mark. R. M. Owen beat all amateurs and professionals in the 100 target preliminary shoot with a score of 93.

In order not to conflict with the date of the Cornell Commencement, the date of the Intercollegiate Regatta has been changed to June 25th at Poughkeepsie. Georgetown will row this year.

Harvard and Yale will meet on the Thames June 30th.

The I. C. A. A. meet in 1910 will be held at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, this year. Colgate has been readmitted to the Association.

Dorando has beaten Hayes again, this time in a Marathon at San Francisco. Dorando won easily by 60 yards.

After an interval of five years the spring

polo tournament will be revived this year at Georgian Court fields at Lakewood.

Teams from England and Ireland are scheduled to play.

WHEELING THROUGH EUROPE

BY HERBERT WHYTE

A Cheap, Convenient, and Very Enjoyable
Way of Seeing the Sights of
the Old World

[It is Herbert Whyte's business to help readers of OUTING with practical information and advice on outdoor topics. If there is any question that puzzles you in games, sport, travel, occupation, or recreation, or any other subject in which you are interested, don't hesitate to write him. He will tell you the thing you want to know and it will cost you nothing. His address is THE OUTING MAGAZINE, 315 Fifth Ave., New York City.]

A LETTER of inquiry from a reader has started me thinking about bicycle and motorcycle possibilities in European travel. For a bicycle or motorcycle trip there is no better place than Holland. The roads are good, level, and free from dust. The towns are not far apart and one might even walk from, say, The Hague to Haarlem or from Haarlem to Amsterdam in an hour. The customs of the people are most interesting and a ride through the country would penetrate the out-of-the-way places seldom visited by travelers.

Alkmaar, the center of the cheese industry, on a Friday is well worth a special walk from Haarlem. Friday is market day and wholesale agents and commission merchants from all the principal cities of Holland—and even from some of the German and Belgian cities—come to Alkmaar on Friday to dicker for their supply of cheese.

Volendam and Zaandam, near Amsterdam, are most interesting and the people there still make use of the old costume in its entirety. The dikes can be best seen at the Helder—a short trip from Alkmaar to the north. From Amsterdam wheel to Antwerp, then to Brussels, and with Brussels as a headquarters you could take numerous trips to interesting places—to the fashionable seaside resort at Ostend and back via Bruges and Ghent; to the battlefield of Waterloo; to Liege and on to Cologne; up the Rhine to Frankfort.

Hotels in Holland are, for the same accommodations, somewhat more expensive than in other countries. The equivalent of seventy-five cents ought to be about the average price paid for room and breakfast. Of course this means that you avoid the large, fashionable hotels in the cities and especially those frequented by the American tourists in the historical towns.

The roads are always good. In Holland heavy showers come up suddenly and frequently and the tourist should be provided with a "slicker" or some other form of waterproof. Wear a khaki suit and carry a small knapsack. A stout suitcase apiece, containing changes of underclothing and possibly another suit of clothes and other traveling requisites, could be sent on ahead by express. In Holland it is not necessary to know much of the language as it is usually possible to find some one who speaks some English.

It is a pretty difficult matter to map out a trip through even a part of Europe awheel. One cannot see the Continent in one trip any more than he can see every corner of the globe in a lifetime. It depends wholly upon the district that one wants to see first. The cheapest way would be to take the American Line out of Philadelphia for Liverpool. The *Merion* and the *Haverford* are comfortable, steady ships of 11,500 tons gross, and make the passage to Liverpool in eleven days. The round trip would cost, out of season, \$90 minimum, includ-

ing meals, of course. To this might be added ten dollars for tips and incidentals on board.

Leave before the season opens—before the middle of May—returning in October. If the tourist must get on the Continent it might be well to return from Bremen on the North German Lloyd ships to Baltimore. These are the same as the American Line out of Philadelphia. Returning via Bremen the tourist would not have to retrace his steps to Liverpool. Another very good line by which the Continent may be reached direct sails from Philadelphia for Antwerp, returning to Boston, then to Philadelphia. This is the Red Star. These ships are of the same rating as the other lines mentioned, but are somewhat smaller.

Carry as little baggage as possible; a suitcase each is sufficient. This might have one telescopic side and in such a suitcase can be put almost as much as in a small trunk. If obliged to make a short trip by rail travel nothing but third class in Great Britain and second class on the Continent—third class for short trips, and if there are no ladies in the party third class might be better always. In Germany there is also a fourth class. In Great Britain first-class railway travel amounts to the equivalent of about four cents a mile; second class three cents; and third class two cents.

Another plan is to sail to Liverpool from Philadelphia, purchase a wheel there and start direct through a little of Scotland, coming finally upon London via Wales, Chester, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford, etc. From London one might travel by rail to Harwich and by boat to the Hook of Holland. A whole tour through Holland, first class on the boat and second on the train,

from London and return costs something less than eleven dollars.

If he wishes the tourist could tackle Germany awheel, that is, he might go farther than the Rhine country. There is no limit; it all depends upon how far one can ride each day and what parts one wants to see. Three hundred dollars should be ample for four months abroad. The roads are well marked throughout Europe, and in almost every little village there is at least one hotel which caters to the wheeling public where prices are moderate. In the larger cities Cook's second class hotels—Series R—may be found to be good. A list of these hotels can be obtained by purchasing Cook's hotel coupons, which provide for bed, breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Each item is represented by a coupon, but merely the bed and breakfast coupons need be bought.

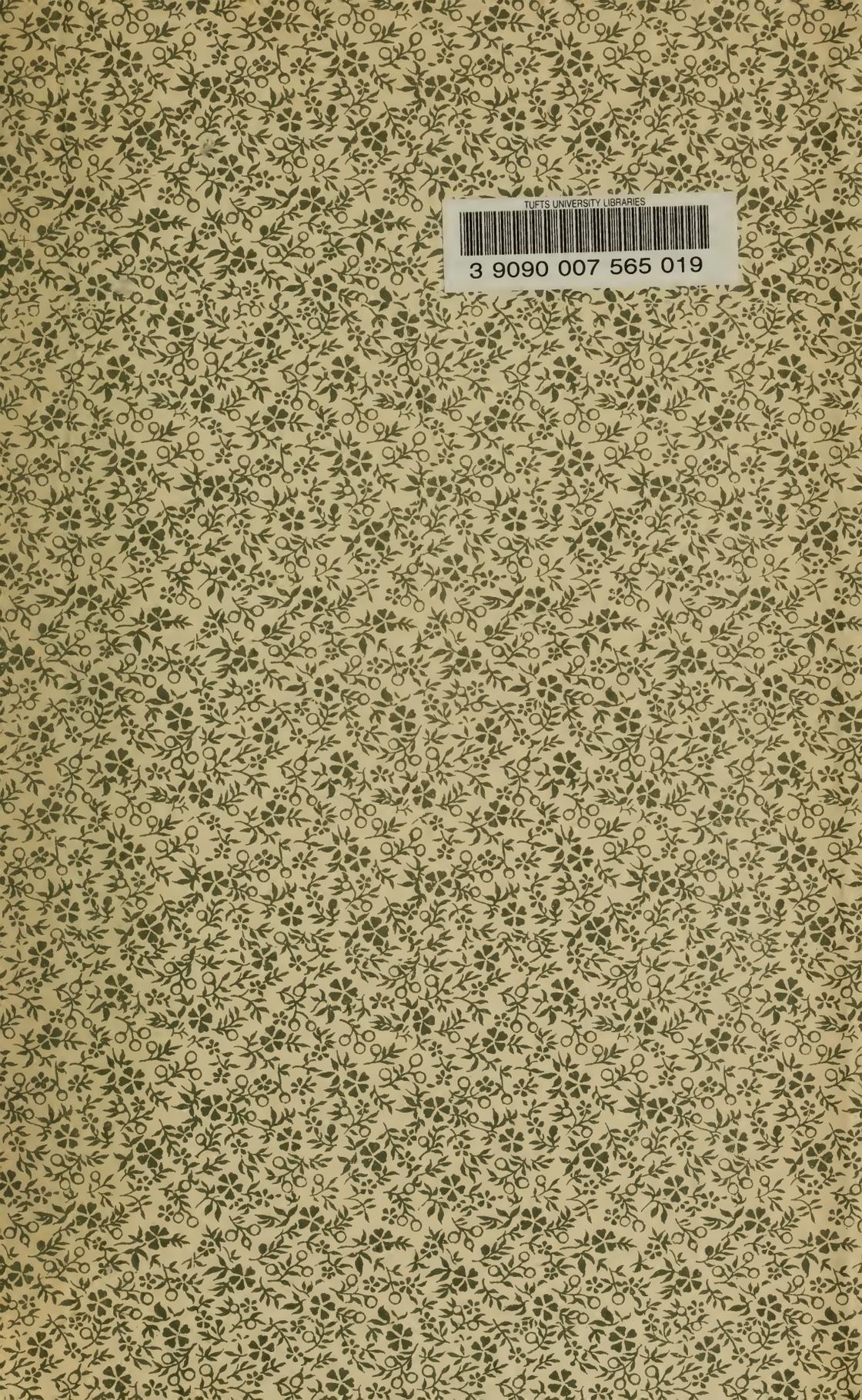
There are several wheeling clubs in London which will map out tours, but one has to join the club, at an expense of something like six shillings. They will then map out any tours that are desired, give a book of hotels recommended to wheelers throughout Europe, and be of other assistance to the tourist. The names and addresses of these clubs may be obtained from the League of American Wheelmen.

A good wheel can be bought in England or on the Continent for the equivalent of about \$30 or \$35, and can be sold again when the tourist is finished with it. A second-hand wheel can be bought cheaper, but there is invariably something out of order with the latter. If the tourist already has a wheel, all well and good, but don't buy one in America to take across. It is much cheaper, less trouble, and more satisfactory in every way to buy the wheel abroad.





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