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A COOL BREEZE AND A FLYING CLOUD NEVER CATCHES THE LEADER

Painting by Harvey T. Dunn.

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OCTOBER 1908--MARCH, 1909

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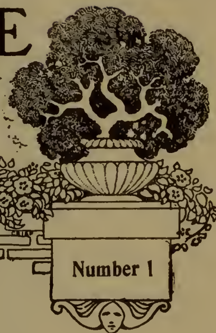

Vol. LIII OCTOBER, 1908 Number 1

HARVESTING THE WHEAT

IV—THE NEW SPIRIT OF THE FARM

BY AGNES C. LAUT

IF I should tell you of a new gold mine which yielded more gold in a single year than Alaska has yielded in all the years since gold was first discovered there—can you imagine the stampede of people from town and country, from the big city and the village hamlet? I once had the luck, or the ill-luck, to be present in such a stampede to one of the minor gold fields. I was on one of the first trains to enter the new camp. Men and boys climbed in the engine, on the cow-catcher, on the coal tender. Talk of standing room! That train was packed literally two and three deep; for men, and women too, crowded from the interior of the cars, clambered to the roofs and perched on the trainmen's planking, out-hooting the engine, shouting themselves hoarse, as the train whistle announced the beginning of the journey to the gold mines. Yet that gold camp had not produced ten millions of gold in a year; and its total gold production since has not reached forty million.

If I should tell you—and prove up my telling—of a gold mine that produced more gold in a single year than California and Nevada and Arizona and Alaska have produced in all time, what kind of a fool would you think yourself for not knowing about that mine? What kind of a fool would you think yourself for not investing in that mine, for not getting in on the ground floor and backing up the engineers who exploited it with salaries that would put the Steel Trust to the blush? The Steel Trust has a capital of a billion plus, and thinks it does well to pay dividends of four or six per cent. The mine of which I write pays yearly dividends equal to fifty per cent. on the capital of the Steel Trust; or a half a billion dollars yearly.

Such a mine is America's wheat—hard and soft and semi-hard, Red Fife and Blue Stem and Turkish Red and Durum, and all the subdivisions and crosses and re-crosses of these, which have so multiplied that thoroughbred or pedigreed wheat to-

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Two and one-half miles of wheat, showing town of Virden, Manitoba.

day must be named and catalogued by numbers as pure-blood stock is registered.

Take a look at the wheat field that has been brought up to perfection, as it stands! Yellow as gold, with the sheen of the sea, billowing from sky-line to sky-line like an ocean of gold, where the wind touches the rippling wave crests with the tread of invisible feet! In California, in Oregon, in Washington, in Dakota, in the Canadian Northwest, you may ride all day on horseback through the wheat fields without a break in the flow of yellow heavy-headed grain. No fence lines! No meadow lands! No shade trees! No knobs and knolls and hills and hollows of grass or black earth through! From dawn till dark, from sunrise in a burst of fiery splendor over the prairie horizon to sundown when the crimson thing hangs like a huge shield of blood in the haze of a heat twilight—you may ride with naught to break the view between you and the horizon but wheat—wheat! It is like the gold fields! It goes to your head. You grow dizzy looking at it. You rub your eyes. Is it a *mirage?* The billowing yellow waves seem to be breasting the very sky! You look up! The sky is there all right with the black mote of a meadow lark sailing the azure sea. He drops liquid notes of sheer mellow music down on your head, does that meadow lark; and that gives you back your perspective, your sense of amazing reality. You are literally, absolutely, really, in the midst of a sea of living gold. It is you and not the lark that is the mote. You begin to feel as if your special mote might be a beam that would get lost in infinity if you staid there long; and so you ride on—and on—and some more on—and by and by come out of the league-long, fenceless fields with an odor in your nostrils that isn't exactly like incense—it's too fugitive, too fine, too sublimal of earth. It is aromatic, a sort of attar of roses, the imprisoned fragrance of the billions upon billions of wheat flowers shut up in the glumes of the heavy-headed grain there. And that's the odor of the wheat.

That is how wheat seems to me; but put in terms of the scientific, this is the way a field of perfect wheat looks. It is uniform—that is, it is about of a level height; on the cool sunny Northern plains almost high as your saddle pommel; on the hot arid Southern plains, not much above your low broncho stirrup. The point is—it will be uniform in height. The heads will all be more or less the same size, filled out, plump, unshelled, with from six to a dozen stalks coming up from each seed plant—"stools" and "tillers" I believe they call these. Another point, different varieties of wheat and different crosses of the same wheat—won't be mixed up in the same field. You won't find in the perfect wheat field cousins and grandchildren and grand nephews of Red Fife and Turkish Red and Blue Stem all mixed in the same field. They are related, of course, these wheats, just the same as the charcoal and the diamond are related; but for the good of each, they must be kept separate. And you won't find a host of degenerate descendants in a field of perfect wheat. Man is the only fool in all the scale of nature that perpetuates, degenerates and scrubs and dwarfs and unfits. The perfect field of wheat has no half-grown stalks, no half-developed heads, no chaff glumes—each glume contains a wheat berry, and each head contains from 75 to 100 and 150 and 200 berries. If each wheat seedlet sends up from six to twelve stalks, you can figure out nature's percentage of increase in wheat, yourself. Only there is this point to be noted—you get better wheat, fuller berries, bigger, plumper heads with more kernels, if too many plantlets don't come up from the same seed. The principle is the same as in corn. You prefer a few perfect heads from six to eight, rather than a great many small scrubs.

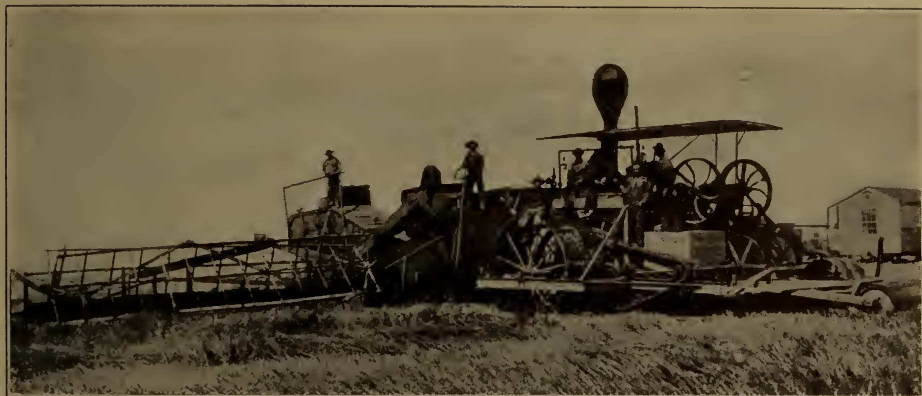
So much for the poetry of the wheat field and the science of it! Now for the *fax* for the man with the *axe* who wants all this world reduced to mathematics. I said that the wheat fields of a single year would beat the gold mines for all time for all creation. Let us take that statement in sections and as a whole. Those, who don't like the world reduced to mathematics, can skip the next two paragraphs. Take the North first—the Canadian Northwest is supposed to present ideal conditions for raising perfect milling wheat—No. 1 Hard, which is a Fife, or the progeny of a Fife crossed with a Russian like Ladoga, which produced Saunder's wonderful Preston

Photograph by P. E. Holt.

Rear view of steam harvesting outfit, showing method of dumping sacked grain.

wheat. Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan raise yearly from eighty million to one-hundred and thirty million bushels of this wheat. Value that at from sixty to eighty cents and you get the yearly total. Now, the yearly total of Canada's Klondike has never exceeded ten million dollars in gold. The total product of Canada's Klondike has not exceeded one-hundred million dollars. Or compare province to province! Manitoba, the smallest of the wheat provinces, raises from sixty to eighty million bushels of wheat a year. If you want to know what that means in fifty years,

Stacking hay, Quinn River Crossing, Nevada, with derrick and two-horse wheel buck.



Photograph by P. E. Holt.

Harvesting wheat in California with steam outfit.

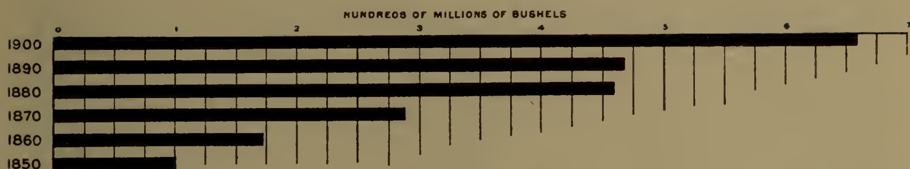
multiply that by fifty and the product by the price, seventy or eighty cents; for Manitoba does not, of course, reap the seaboard dollar price. The railways and the middlemen get the difference between the seventy cents and the dollar. Now, then, take gold! British Columbia has been the great placer-gold province—East Kootenay, Cariboo and Cassiar. In area, British Columbia is about five times the size of Manitoba. Now—prepare for the statement of facts—for fifty years, British Columbia's total placer-gold products have not exceeded sixty-seven million dollars. That is—her gold for half a century does not equal little Manitoba's banner wheat

U. S. Department of Agriculture.

Harvesting with wide-cut binder, near Colfax, Wash.

Table of wheat yield per acre.

PRODUCTION OF WHEAT: 1850 TO 1900



crop for a single year at banner prices. Or come on down to South Dakota where there are more and more growing the new arid wheat called Durum or Macaroni. You'll admit that the semi-arid areas produce wheat at the greatest possible disadvantage. South Dakota has about three million acres in wheat this year. Put that at the minimum yield of $15.00 to the acre. Wheat in France and Germany gives average yields of $21.00 and $29.00 respectively; but put Dakota at $15.00; and you get forty-five million dollars for South Dakota in a year. Now, if there is one thing more than another that South Dakota is rightly proud of, it is her gold field up in the Black Hills at Lead and Deadwood. When those gold mines do their best, they turn out seven millions of gold in a year. When they do their poorest, as in the year of the flood, they average about four millions. Compare gold's best year with wheat estimated at a minimum; and you have seven millions up against forty-five millions. When you come to the Pacific Coast—California, Oregon, Washington—the basis of comparison is lost for the simple reason that in the heyday of the gold mining, no accurate returns were tabulated. Anything given is a wild guess. Again, every year sees more and more of the 30,000-acre wheat farms broken up into small holdings for fruit farming; but I can give you the wheat returns for sections; and if you know any California mines, or groups of mines, that equal the yearly returns of those sections, I should be glad to learn of them. One wheat valley of California yearly produces twenty-one million dollar's worth of wheat. One wheat valley of Oregon does the same. One wheat area of Washington does slightly more. Altogether, the wheat grounds of the Pacific Coast yield from sixty-five to eighty-five million dollars a year. Do you know any mines on the Pacific Coast that are doing as much? Do you know of any group of mines that for their entire existence can show totals equal to the wheat of the Pacific Coast for a single year?

When you come to consider the total wheat product of America—the United States and Canada—there is really no basis of comparison with any mines in the whole world. Last year with the United States' total six hundred and thirty million bushels and Canada's total seventy million, the total production of American wheat equaled close on three-quarters of a billion. The year before, the total was still higher—almost a billion bushels, bringing America to front rank as a wheat producer in comparison to Russia's six hundred million bushels a year. While we are wallowing in figures, it may be worth noting that America's average of wheat per acre varies from 14 to 16 bushels, Europe's from 14 to 16, Russia's from 9 to 10, the Argentina from 10 to 11. Europe must have half a billion bushels of foreign wheat imported each year. Of this, the Argentina sends seventy million bushels, Russia exports one hundred and fifty million; and it remains for Canada and the United States to make up the rest.

Now, what is science, the New Spirit of the Farm, doing for wheat? Broadly, it may be stated science is aiming to bring up the average from fourteen bushels to forty and fifty and sixty. If science accomplished but the least part of her aim, she would increase the output of America's wheat mine by threefold. Is she doing it? Are her aims practical? Let us follow the methods from the preparation of the ground to the harvesting of the grain. As to area, there are eight different kinds of wheat grown in America. These may be seen from the accompanying map, prepared by Mr. M. A. Carleton of Washington, the leading wheat authority of

Threshing by electricity 12 miles north of Brandon, Manitoba.

America. I don't intend to enumerate them. They would only confuse the lay mind. Enough for the lay mind to know the two great divisions of wheat—spring and fall; and I don't need to add those divisions simply mean one wheat is planted in spring and the other is planted in the fall. The spring wheat is more or less hard, the fall wheat more or less soft. In no line of farming has science done more than in the preparation of the ground for wheat. To grow good wheat, you must begin—as some cynic said of mankind—before the wheat is born.

First—as to the ground: this is a science in itself. As every tyro in botany knows, growing plants must have phosphorus, potash and nitrogen and some other elements in minute quantities; but wheat must have nitrogen especially; and as stated in a previous article, the investigations of Professor Snyder of Minnesota, and Professor Shepherd of Dakota, and Willett H. Hays, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture of Washington, have proved that no crop exacts more nitrogen from the soil than wheat. In eight years of wheat-growing eighteen hundred pounds of nitrogen are lost per acre, three or four hundred pounds being used by the wheat, the rest leaching away owing to the open tilth of the ground surrounding the wheat. This explains why wheat fields that used to yield sixty bushels to the acre in California to-day yield only fourteen and sixteen and twenty, why the same thing has happened in Minnesota and the Dakotas, why the same thing will ultimately happen in the Canadian Northwest when wheat has been longer grown in the black prairie soil.

The problem becomes one of either keeping nitrogen in the soil, or restoring nitrogen to the soil that has lost it; and this is best done—as explained regarding corn and hay—by the methods embodied in the catch words—"rotation and cultivation." If the soil has been exhausted, then it must be fertilized year after year, to the full extent of your barnyard. More—you must put nitrogen back in the soil by the growth of legumes, clover, alfalfas, soy beans; but after the growth of the best clover crop, the soil may be grassy, weedy or lumpy; so science recommends growing some crop before wheat that will clean the soil. Corn or potatoes or roots will do. When wheat comes after these crops, it comes in a soil that has been pulverized fine as flour with a mulch blanket above a bed of humus—ideal conditions for the tender wheat plantlet. Clover, corn, wheat—that is the rotation varied according to climate and the needs of the farmer. For instance, there are sections in California where clover will not grow, nor any other nitrogen-making roots for that matter. Fortunately, in those sections the ground is a rich silt of apparently exhaustless fertility; and the aim is to plow so deep and roll so finely in summer-fallowing preceding fall seeding that an extra-deep dust blanket will be formed to conserve moisture, withstand drought and hold the seedlet firmly spite of high, hot winds. I don't intend to describe those plows. In the first place, being of the lay mind, I should probably blunder. In the second place, not a year passes that better inventions are not added to plows for just such work. It may be interesting to note some marked differences in methods. On the 30,000-acre wheat farms of the Pacific Coast plowing is done by engine power drawn by from twenty to forty horses, and operated by from four to eight men. Such a plowing machine will turn up the soil, harrow, seed and roll in one simultaneous operation, one swath as it were, at the rate of from fifteen to forty acres a day, according to the power of the machine. One such a plow is shown in the illustration. While such plows are used in the Far West, down in the Black Belt of the Far East and in the mountains of the Southern States may be found old-time plowing—a single moldboard drawn by a single lonely ox. In the Middle West and the Northwest, for the most part, will be found from single to six-team plows with corresponding number of plowshares. In many sections where alfalfa is grown to enrich the soil, as in the South, the process of preparation is more profitable than grain growing itself. Once alfalfa makes good in the South, it means three or four cuttings a year of a ton or two tons each; and in those sections of the South hay is worth $20.00 to the ton. Deduct half for poor patches of growth, cost of seed and cost of labor; and many an alfalfa grower in the South is clearing $60.00 an acre while restoring his wornout soil.

Photograph by P. E. Holt.

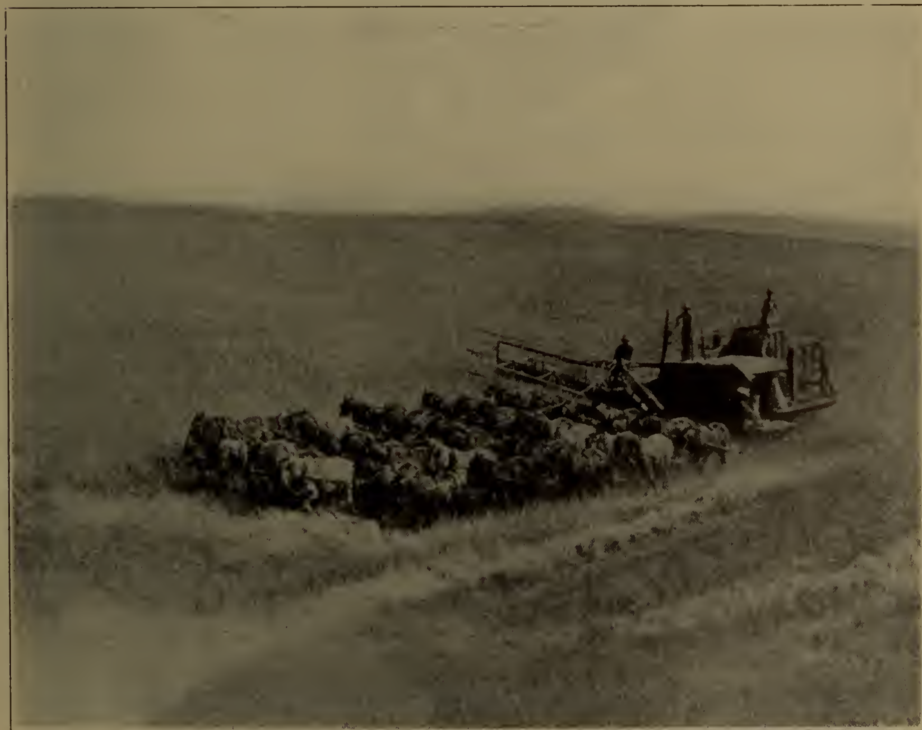
Replowing with steam outfit in the Great Valley of California.

"Rotation and cultivation" do more than prepare the ground for wheat—"put the soil in good tilth" is the scientific way of saying it. They do what the practical evangelist bade the converted servant do, "sweep out the corners and go under the mats." Do you know what science has discovered after millions of dollars—hundreds of millions of loss—to the wheat farmer? It has discovered that half the enemies of wheat, joint worms and straw worms and rust and midges and lice and chinch bugs and Hessian flies and what not—comes from—where do you think? From the dirty fence corners and neglected roadsides and unplowed drain margins of the ordinary field. From the grasses and weeds of these neglected field corners formed by the slither farmer come insects and fungous enemies that have caused more loss in a single year than war. I said in a former article that no slither farmer could, in the truest sense, be moral. You see the point, now, don't you? The results of *his* neglect may ruin a neighbor. Listen—the chinch bug has caused a loss of as much as one hundred million dollars in a single year. Smut has destroyed as much as ten million dollars of wheat in a wheat-growing state in a year. Rust has so completely destroyed crops in grain areas in dry years that the wheat was not worth cutting for fodder, though ordinarily rusted wheat makes richer fodder than unrusted wheat.

What does science say about these wheat pests? In the first place—cultivate and rotate: clean out your dirty fence corners; forbid dirty roadsides; burn over rubbish fields; burn the stubble wherever the ground is infected; plow in and plow deep, too deep for the eggs of the pest to live; see that your drills and your threshing machines are free of disease refuse; then —most important of all—disinfect your seed wheat. A dozen disinfectants and fungicides have been discovered by science —the formaldehyde and hot-dip treatment described for oats being one of the best for wheat; but each wheat region with the wheat pest peculiar to it should obtain from its own experimental station the formula which science has found most effective in that region.

Having rid the soil of the pests and put the ground in perfect condition for wheat —what kind of seed is to be used? That question leads off into one of the most interesting departments of all Agricultural Science—one of the departments where more has been accomplished and more will be accomplished than in any other field. First, then, let it be stated, your wheat must be thoroughly acclimatized. You can't take a California wheat—starchy and soft—and grow it successfully in Manitoba the first year. At least, if that has happened, science takes no cognizance of the fact for the simple reason no matter how well or how poorly it may grow the first year, its progeny will grow better the next year and its children's children better and better, or worse and worse, till about the eighth year, when the better will have come to its best and the worse to its worst.

But eight years is a long time in the life of a wheat grower—longer than the farmer can afford; and this is where science comes in, discarding altogether wheat that does not show an improvement, yearly selecting seed wheat from the best stalks, multiplying these, selecting and discarding again and so multiplying till there is wheat enough to plant the one-twentieth acre, and the seed goes out to the farmer. Science does more. Perhaps of some highly perfected seed wheats, one is excellent for maturing early and so escaping frost, another resists attacks of rust, another is free of the starchy softness that deteriorates California wheat. Science crosses and inter-crosses these wheats—that is, fertilizes with the pollen dust of one wheat-flower the ovary of another wheat-flower and so produces a progeny combining the qualities of both parents. Perhaps this wheat progeny will produce twelve heads the following year. Half of these will be degenerates. Science discards these, selects only the best and may in turn re-cross them with some other strains till a wheat has been produced of big yield, fine stalk, plump berry, full head, rust resistant and early ripening. This is what is meant by "selection" and "cross-breeding" in wheat. It is in this way that Pringle of Vermont, and Blount of California, and Doctor Saunders of Canada, and Jones of New York, and Willett Hays, formerly of Minnesota, now of Washington—have developed their wonderful hybrid wheats with qualities especially suited for especial areas. It is not claiming too much to say that Willett Hays, in Minnesota, with his Minnesotas Nos. 163 and 169, and Doctor Saunders of Canada, with his Preston, produced from Ladoga and Fife, have added millions of dollars to the annual wheat crops of their respective countries. How arduous is the scientist's labor may be inferred from the fact that Secretary Hays had tested for years and discarded 552 varieties bred by himself before he succeeded in getting his best types up to Nos. 163 and 169. Another experimenter,



Photograph by A. B. Leckenby.

Combined harvester-thresher at work near Walla Walla, Wash.

Building stacks around the granary.

out of 1,000 varieties, discarded 700; and out of the remaining 300, in a few years had rejected all but his one perfect type. The genealogical tree of one favorite Eastern wheat is given in the diagram. Broadly, it may be stated that each wheat becomes a new variety under new conditions.

Each wheat, too, has its own life history and romance. Take Fife wheats, which were the foundation of many varieties in spring wheats up to the introduction of Durum wheat. Years ago, nearly a century ago, David Fife, a Scotchman of Otonabee, Ontario, sent to a friend in Glasgow for a small bag of seed wheat to try in a cleared patch of the backwoods. The friend obtained some seed from a vessel just in from Dantzic. Unfortunately, it was a fall wheat and reached David Fife in the spring. Nevertheless, David Fife sowed it in spring. One can guess how feverishly the backwood's farmer watched for the growth of his experiment. Only three wheat heads survived till the fall; but those three wheat heads were entirely free of the rust that had ruined his neighbors' crops; and those three heads really represented a new variety of wheat, a fall wheat turned into a spring wheat. David Fife treasured the three heads and planted them in spring. Such was the beginning of Fife wheat in America. It is thought it must have come originally from Russia; for crossed with Russian Ladoga by Doctor Saunders of Ottawa, it has produced a wheat splendidly adapted for the cold climate and long summer sunlight of the Northwest.

The history of Durum wheat is more recent and more romantic; and it is going to make the wheat growers and the wheat buyers do some tonic thinking before they are finished with it. It is really a triumph for Dr. Beverley T. Galloway, head of the Bureau of Plant Industry in Washington, and for Mr. David Fairchild, the chief of the Foreign Exploration Department. Doctor Galloway did not say it. Neither did Mr. Fairchild. I wish to disclaim any connecting of the statement with their names. It isn't politic to say it; but I'm going to say it. Anybody, who wasn't a fool, could have foretold eight years ago that wheat-growing in the United States was up against it hard. Here are the facts. Irrigated wheat is no good for milling purposes though you raise eighty bushels to the acre. California wheats have too much starch for bread-making qualities; and new wheats brought to California rapidly deteriorate to the starchy condition. As for the American West and the American Middle West, it paid—paid by $2,000 a year more on 300-acre farms—better to raise corn and cattle and hogs than wheat. The yield per acre from wheat didn't compare in profit to the yield from corn. Then, just at this time, Canada became prominent as a wheat-growing country. It would be as much as any American cerealist's political life was worth to state the fact, but American millers state it plainly—owing to the long sunlight of the Canadian Northwest, Canada No. 1 Hard is superior for milling purposes to the wheat grown south of the Boundary. Take a square look at that combination of facts—irrigated wheat inferior, better profits to the American farmer from corn than wheat, Canadian No. 1 Hard preferred for milling—and any one would be justified in wondering if as Canada's wheat areas grew larger the wheat areas of the United States would shrink.

Now look at the map! From the great bend in the Missouri through South Dakota to the Panhandle of Texas are semi-arid plains where ordinary wheat grew magnificently in a wet season and rusted or shriveled in a dry season. Science scanned the other semi-arid countries of the world. In Nicaragua, in Chile, in South Russia, in Spain, in Greece, in Italy were semi-arid regions successfully growing the wheat called Macaroni or Durum. As long ago as twenty years, science imported some of this. Packages from Nicaragua and Chile were tried in Texas and New Mexico. As early as in 1864, packages from Algeria were tried in different parts of the United States. It grew in semi-arid regions with a success surpassing highest hopes—sixty bushels to the acre in Texas—and proved completely resistant to rust and drought and smut; but trade would have none of it. There wasn't a market in the United States where the name Durum wheat was known. Elevator men wouldn't accept it. Millers wouldn't try it. Editorials in agricultural

Wheat in Washington during grain blockade.

magazines and even some scientific bulletins of eight years ago advised the farmers to have none of it—it would prove dead loss. Reading over reports as late a 1902, I find advice against what is called "Goose wheat" and "bearded barley wheat."

Yet Russia yearly sold forty million dollar's worth of that Durum wheat to Italy for manufacture into Macaroni and paste foods; and the United States yearly eats another twenty-five million of such paste foods made from American wheat—so-called American Macaroni—insipid stale paste it is compared to the Italian Macaroni. The beauty of science is—it follows truth whether at a loss or gain; and despite the aversion of trade towards Durum wheats, Doctor Galloway's Plant Bureau and Mr. Fairchild, the foreign explorer, at a cost which Secretary Wilson's report gives at $10,000 but which if you count traveling expenses and labor probably equals over $20,000—introduced Durum wheat to America from Russia and Africa. The samples were distributed throughout the semi-arid regions by means of the local experimental stations. Millers were urged to use the wheat for bread, and they found that it made as good bread as No. 1 Hard, only of a slightly different color. Then the American macaroni manufacturers began to use it, and—note—last year more than thirty million dollar's worth of Durum was grown and marketed in the dry farm region. Put that thirty million dollars over against the twenty thousand dollars cost, and you get an idea what science is doing for the farm in wheat; and Durum wheat is only at its beginning. At present, the price paid is slightly less than for Fife wheats; but the yield is so much greater that the farmer is more than compensated; and Professor Ladd of North Dakota, cleverly plans to put a stop to the miller's discrimination in price against Durum wheat. He has just discovered that the great Northwest millers have been mixing Durum with No. 1 Hard, and selling the flour as a No. 1 Hard flour on the basis of No. 1 Hard prices. For No. 1 Hard, the millers may have paid $1; for Durum, 60 or 70 cents; but the flour is palmed off on trade on the dollar basis. This year, the farmers are ready for the trick; and if they do not obtain the same price for Durum wheat as for No. 1 Hard, the Pure Food law will be invoked regarding the advertised components of that flour. More Durum wheat will be marketed in 1908 than ever before in the United States.

Speaking of averages, it would set you guessing why the averages vary so in different sections of America. Here they are:

For the group of states radiating round New York—14 bushels per acre.
For the Middle West—14.
For the Southeast—9.
For the Northwest—14 to 20.
For the Canadian Northwest—16 to 20.
For the Durum wheat belt—21.
For the California small farm—50 to 80.
For the California big farm—14 to 16.
For the Palouse region—25 to 40.
For the Southwest—10 to 14.

These averages really tell nothing. They represent the big average of the scientific farmer pulled down by the slither farmer, the ignorant foreigners, and the riffraff native who has got so heavily swamped he can't get his feet out of debt to run away from the land.

A great many problems still occupy science as to wheat. Durum wheat has conquered the semi-arid lands. Can a wheat be bred that will conquer the completely arid lands? Wheat on the Pacific Coast becomes too starchy. Can some progeny be produced that will retain its hardness in the South? Kansas and Illinois wheats have already been transformed up on Peace River four hundred miles north of the Saskatchewan, from soft to hard wheats. Twelve years it has taken to complete the transformation. Will science ever produce a wheat so swift to respond to the ripening of the twenty-four hours' sunlight in the nightless North, that wheat will yet grow in the fur preserve of Athabasca? If wheat could be produced that would ripen fast enough, it would escape both frost and rust. Will science ever accomplish this?

The growth of the wheat is as full of poetry and beauty as the ripened field waving in the mid-summer wind. To-day, naught is visible but the bare field, rolled and compact and earth-colored as yellow ocher. Rain falls during the night with a singing as of fairies on your roof; and when you look out in the morning, barely has the

rainmist cleared away when you see another kind of mist, tremulous sheeny mist like a green veil over your wheat field—the first little green blades have come up, tender as a baby's hands; and before you have attended to your garden in spring, or gathered the apples from your orchard in autumn, the little green blades have reached forward arms and are waving bannerets at the sun.

Towards haytime in summer one day, when you are driving past your wheat field, you suddenly rein up. You can hardly believe how it has grown, stooled out from six to a dozen heads to the plant, according as your land is fertile, and knee-high, higher if you live in the Far North! Every day's sunlight now tells on the wheat like brush-strokes on a picture. Before you have finished with the haying the green fields have turned yellow, and the yellow turned gold. In the Far North where men gamble all they have on one crop of wheat, going in debt for machinery on a prospective crop, keeping no live stock but what they need for the work—this is a period of terrible anxiety. Try to imagine what it feels like. You have worked like a slave to put that field in wheat. You have gone in debt for it. It is a 600-acre field, or perhaps a 2,000-acre field such as they used to have on the big bonanza farms. And it's a beauty—the tops even as the surface of a yellow sea, the heads full, plump every one and not a weed. If it isn't caught by frost while the head is in the milk, or hailed out just before it is ripe, or rusted from drought as it ripens—IF all these things—you are going to have forty, perhaps fifty bushels to the acre, which means thirty thousand bushels from a small farm, one hundred thousand bushels from a large one; and at seventy cents, gross returns are going to be $21,000 or $70,000. Deduct cost of $6.00 per acre for seed and labor on the small farm, $5.00 per acre for the big farm. Scientists and Northwest farmers alike tell me that is about what the cost runs. You see for yourself there is a pot of gold in that field; but it is a gamble. The mercury drops, and you take cold chills; or parching winds begin to scorch things, and you sweat blood with anxiety. That change in weather may mean a yield of ten bushels to the acre instead of fifty, and a price of forty cents instead of seventy—perhaps no price at all except the value of fodder, if your grain be badly damaged.

They say true tragedy, high romance, has died out in the commonplaces of a prosperous modern world. Has it? Look at a 600-acre field of wheat that has been standing a thing of beauty one night and the next morning has been touched by the hand of a black death—hailed out or frozen! If you know anything more tragic in stories of the mortgage foreclosed, I don't. And it is not any the less tragic because the wheat farmer laughs off his disaster and bravely sets his face to begin life anew, though the beginning may mean children going without an education and debt dogging the family's heels for ten years.

But the wheat field is ripe and harvest has come. It is the apotheosis of the year. Insect pests and fungous pests, hail and frost, the yellow field has escaped them all, and billows a sea of gold from sky line to sky line beneath a mid-summer sky purpling to the haze of coming autumn. A multitude of little voices fife and trill from the wayside grasses. The drowsy hum of the reaper fills the air with a singing. Out on the Pacific Coast wheat farms they are cutting the wheat with huge harvesters driven by engines drawn by twenty or forty horses, machines that cut a swath from sixteen to forty feet wide, carry the wheat to a moving thresher and throw it aside on the field sacked and ready for market where it lies in a rainless season till it can be drawn to the train. A hundred acres a day, these huge machines will harvest and thresh. Up in the Northwest on the fields of the No. 1 Hard, two and three and four teams draw the self-binders that cut and bind the wheat as they pass, men in wagons hauling the wheat to steam threshers at work on the same field. Down in Egypt they harvest by hand-sickle, five men to the acre at a cost of a dollar; while in Russia and the Argentina they are just beginning to learn the use of the American self-binders.

If you listen to the hum and the click of the reaper, it grows on you like magic. It is no longer a mere song of the reaper. It is a chorus, the full-throated chorus of the harvest, the anthem of joy from the foodfields of the world.

INTO AN UNKNOWN LAND

VI—THE TENT DWELLERS

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. S. WATSON

XVIII

Then scan your map, and search your plans,
And ponder the hunter's guess—
While the silver track of the brook leads back
Into the wilderness.

WE looked for moose again on Sand Lake, but found only signs. On the whole, I thought this more satisfactory. One does not have to go galloping up and down among the bushes and rocks to get a glimpse of signs, but may examine them leisurely, and discuss the number, character and probable age of these records, preserving meanwhile a measure of repose, not to say dignity.

Below Sand Lake a brook was said to enter. Descending from the upper interior country, it would lead us back into regions more remote than any heretofore traveled. So far as I could learn, neither of our guides had ever met any one who even claimed to know this region, always excepting the imaginative Indian previously mentioned. Somewhere in these uncharted wilds this Indian person had taken trout "the size of one's leg."

Regardless of the dimensions of this story, it had a fascination for us. We wished to see those trout, even if they had been over-rated. We had been hurrying, at least in spirit, to reach the little water gateway that opened to a deeper unknown where lay a chain of lakes, vaguely set down on our map as the Tobeatic* waters. At some time in the past the region had been lumbered, but most of the men who cut the timber were probably dead now, leaving only a little drift of hearsay testimony behind.

It was not easy to find the entrance to the hidden land. The foliage was heavy and close along the swampy shore, and from such an ambush a still small current might flow unnoticed, especially in the mist that hung about us. More than once we were deceived by some fancied ripple or the configuration of the shore. Del at length announced that just ahead was a growth of a kind of maple likely to indicate a brook entrance. The shore really divided there and a sandy waterway led back somewhere into a mystery of vines and trees.

We halted near the mouth of the little stream for lunch and consultation. It was not a desirable place to camp. The ground was low and oozy and full of large-leaved, greenhousy looking plants. The recent rains had not improved the character of the place. There was poison ivy there, too, and a delegation of mosquitoes. We might just as well have gone up the brook a hundred yards or so, to higher, healthier ground, but this would not have been in accord with Eddie's ideas of exploration. Explorers, he said, always stopped at the mouth of rivers to debate, and to consult maps and feed themselves in preparation for unknown hardships to come. So we stopped and sat around in the mud, and looked at some marks on a paper—made by the imaginative Indian, I think—and speculated as to whether it would be possible to push and drag the canoes up the brook, or whether everything would have to go overland.

Personally, the prospect of either did not fill me with enthusiasm. The size of the brook did not promise much in the way of

*Pronounced To-be-at'-ic.

important waters above or fish even the size of one's arm. However, Tobeatic exploration was down on the cards. Our trip thus far had furnished only a hint of such mystery and sport as was supposed to lie concealed somewhere beyond the green, from which only this little brooklet crept out to whisper the secret. Besides, I had learned to keep still when Eddie had set his heart on a thing. I left the others poring over the hieroglyphic map, and waded out into the clean water of the brook. As I looked back at Del and Charlie, squatting there amid the rank weeds, under the dark, dripping boughs, with Eddie looking over their shoulders and pointing at the crumpled paper spread before them, they formed a picturesque group—such a one as Livingstone or Stanley and their followers might have made in the African jungles. When I told Eddie of this he grew visibly prouder and gave me two new leaders and some special tobacco.

We proceeded up the stream, Eddie and I ahead, the guides pushing the loaded canoes behind. It was the brook of our forefathers—such a stream as might flow through the valley meadows of New England, with trout of about the New England size, and plentiful. Lively fellows, from seven to nine inches in length, rose two and three at almost every cast. We put on small flies and light leaders and forgot there were such things as big trout in Nova Scotia. It was joyous, old-fashioned fishing—a real treat for a change.

We had not much idea how far we were to climb this water stairway, and as the climb became steeper, and the water more swift, the guides pushed and puffed and we gave them a lift over the hard places—that is, Eddie did. I was too tired to do anything but fish.

As a rule the water was shallow, but there were deep holes. I found one of them presently, by mistake. It was my habit to find holes that way—places deeper than my waders, though the latter came to my shoulders. It seemed necessary that several times daily I should get my boots full of water. When I couldn't do it in any other way I would fall over something and let the river run into them for a while. I called to Eddie from where I was wallowing around, trying to get up, with my usual ballast,

"Don't get in here," I said.

He was helping the boys over a hard place just then, tugging and sweating, but he paused long enough to be rude and discourteous.

"I don't have to catch my trout in my boots," he jeered, and the guides were disrespectful enough to laugh. I decided that I would never try to do any of them a good turn again. Then suddenly everything was forgotten, for a gate of light opened out ahead, and presently we pushed through and had reached the shores of as lovely a sheet of water as lies in the great North woods. It was Tupper Lake, by our calculation, and it was on the opposite side that Tobeatic Brook was said to enter. There, if anywhere, we might expect to find the traditional trout. So far as we knew, no one had looked on these waters since the old lumbering days. Except for exploration there was no reason why any one should come. Of fish and game there were plenty in localities more accessible. To me, I believe the greatest joy there, as everywhere in the wilderness—and it was a joy that did not grow old—was the feeling that we were in a region so far removed from clanging bells and grinding wheels and all the useful, ugly attributes of mankind.

We put out across the lake. The land rose rather sharply beyond, and from among the trees there tumbled out a white foaming torrent that made a wide swirling green pool where it entered. We swept in below this aquarium, Eddie taking one side and I the other. We had on our big flies now and our heavy leaders. They were necessary. Scarcely had a cast gone sailing out over the twisting water when a big black and gold shape leaped into the air and Eddie had his work cut out for him. A moment later my own reel was singing, and I knew by the power and savage rushes that I had something unusual at the other end.

"Trout as big as your leg!" we called across to each other, and if they were not really as big as that, they were, at all events, bigger than anything so far taken—as big as one's arm perhaps—one's forearm, at least, from the hollow of the elbow to the finger tips. You see how impossible it is to tell the truth about a trout the first time. I never knew a fisherman who could do it. There is something about a

fish that does not affiliate with fact. Even at the market I have known a fish to weigh more than he did when I got him home. We considered the imaginative Indian justified, and blessed him accordingly.

XIX

You may slip away from a faithful friend
  And thrive for an hour or two,
But you'd better be fair, and you'd better be square,
  Or something will happen to you.

We took seventeen of those big fellows before we landed, enough in all conscience. A point just back of the water looked inviting as a place to pitch the tents, and we decided to land, for we were tired. Yet curious are the ways of fishermen; having had already too much, one becomes greedy for still more. There was an old dam just above, unused for a generation perhaps, and a long rotting sluiceway through which poured a torrent of water. It seemed just the place for the king of trouts, and I made up my mind to try it now before Eddie had a chance. You shall see how I was punished.

I crept away when his back was turned, taking his best and longest-handled landing net (it may be remembered I had lost mine) for it would be a deep dip down into the sluice. The logs around the premises were old and crumbly and I had to pick my way with care to reach a spot from which it would be safe to handle a big trout. I knew he was there. I never had a stronger conviction in my life. The projecting ends of some logs which I chose for a seat seemed fairly permanent and I made my preparations with care. I put on a new leader and two large new flies. Then I rested the net in a handy place, took a look behind me and sent the cast down the greased-lightning current that was tearing through the sluice.

I expected results, but nothing quite so sudden. Neither did I know that whales ever came so far up into fresh water streams. I know it was a whale, for nothing smaller could have given a yank like that; besides, in the glimpse I had of him he looked exactly like pictures I have seen of the leviathan who went into commission for three days to furnish passage for Jonah and get his name in print. I found myself suddenly grabbing at things to hold on to, among them being Eddie's long-handled net, which was of no value as ballast, but which once in my hand I could not seem to put down again, being confused and toppling.

As a matter of fact there was nothing satisfactory to get hold of in that spot. I had not considered the necessity of firm anchorage when I selected the place, but with a three-ton trout at the end of a long line, in a current going a thousand miles a minute, I realized that it would be well to be lashed to something permanent. As it was, with my legs swinging over that black mill race, my left hand holding the rod, and my right clutching the landing net, I was in no position to withstand the onset of a battle such as properly belonged to the North Pacific Ocean where they have boats and harpoons and long coiled lines suitable to such work.

Still I might have survived—I might have avoided complete disaster, I think—if the ends of those two logs I selected as a seat had been as sound as they looked. Of course they were not. They were never intended to stand any such motions as I was making. In the brief moment allowed me for thought I realized this, but it was no matter. My conclusions were not valuable. I remember seeing the sluice, black and swift suddenly rise to meet me, and of dropping Eddie's net as I went down. Then I have a vision of myself shooting down that race in a wild toboggan ride, and a dim, splashy picture of being pitched out on a heap of brush and stones and logs below.

When I got some of the water out of my brains, so I could think with them, I realized, first, that I was alive, still clutching my rod and that it was unbroken. Next, that the whale and Eddie's landing net were gone. I did not care so especially much about the whale. He had annoyed me. I was willing to part with him. Eddie's net was a different matter. I never could go back without that. After all his goodness to me, I had deceived him, slipped away from him, taken his prized net —and lost it. I had read of such things the Sunday-school books used to be full of similar incidents. And even if Eddie forgave me, as the good boy in the books always did, my punishment was none the less sure. My fishing was ended. There

was just one net left. Whatever else I had done, or might do, I would never deprive Eddie of his last net. I debated whether I should go to him, throw myself on his mercy—ask his forgiveness and offer to become his special guide and servant for the rest of the trip—or commit suicide.

But presently I decided to make one try, at least, to find the net. It had not been thrown out on the drift with me, for it was not there. Being heavy, it had most likely been carried along the bottom and was at present lodged in some deep crevice. It was useless, of course; still, I would try.

I was not much afraid of the sluice, now that I had been introduced to it. I put my rod in a place of safety and made my way to the upper end of the great trough. Then I let myself down carefully into the racing water, bracing myself against the sides and feeling along the bottom with my feet. It was uncertain going, for the heavy current tried hard to pull me down. But I had not gone three steps till I felt something. I could not believe it was the net. I carefully steadied myself and reached one arm down into the black tearing water—down, down to my elbow. Then I could have whooped for joy, for it *was* the net. It had caught on an old nail or splinter, or something, and held fast.

Eddie was not at the camp, and the guides were busy getting wood. I was glad, for I was wet and bruised and generally disturbed. When I had changed my things and recovered a good deal, I sat in the shade and smoked and arranged my fly-book and other paraphernalia, and brooded on the frailty of human nature and the general perversity and cussedness of things at large. I had a confession all prepared for Eddie, long before he arrived. It was a good confession—sufficiently humble and truthful without being dangerous. I had tested it carefully and I did not believe it could result in any disagreeable penance or disgrace on my part. It takes skill to construct a confession like that. But it was wasted. When Eddie came in, at last, he wore a humble hang-dog look of his own, and I did not see the immediate need of *any* confession.

"I didn't really intend to run off from you," he began sheepishly. "I only wanted to see what was above the dam, and I tried one or two of the places up there, and they were all so bully I couldn't get away. Get your rod, I want to take you up there before it gets too late."

So the rascal had taken advantage of my brief absence and slipped off from me. In his guilty haste he had grabbed the first landing net he had seen, never suspecting that I was using the other. Clearly I was the injured person. I regarded him with thoughtful reproach while he begged me to get my rod and come. He would take nothing, he said, but a net, and would guide for me. I did not care to fish any more that day; but I knew Eddie—I knew how his conscience galled him for his sin and would never give him peace until he had made restitution in full. I decided to be generous.

We made our way above the dam, around an old half-drained pond, and through a killing thicket of vines and brush to a hidden pool, faced with slabs and bowlders. There, in that silent, dim place I had the most beautiful hour's fishing I have ever known. The trout were big, gamy fellows and Eddie was alert, obedient and respectful. It was not until dusk that he had paid his debt to the last fish—had banished the final twinge of remorse.

Our day, however, was not quite ended. We must return to camp. The thicket had been hard to conquer by daylight. Now, it was an impenetrable wall of night and thorns. Across the brook looked more open and we decided to go over, but when we got there, it proved a trackless, swampy place, dark and full of pitfalls and vines. Eddie, being small and woods-broken could work his way through pretty well, but after a few discouragements I decided to wade down the brook and through the shallow pond above the dam. At least it could not be so deadly dark there.

It was heart-breaking business. I went slopping and plunging among stumps and stones and holes. I mistook logs for shadows and shadows for logs with pathetic results. The pond that had seemed small and shallow by daylight was big enough and deep enough, now. A good deal of the way I went on my hands and knees, but not from choice. A near-by owl hooted at me. Bats darted back and forth close to my face. If I had not been

I remembered seeing the sluice suddenly rise to meet me.

a moral coward I should have called for help.

Eddie had already reached camp when I arrived and had so far recovered his spiritual status that he jeered at my condition. I resolved, then, not to mention the sluice and the landing net at all—ever. I needed an immediate change of garments, of course—the third since morning.* It had been a hard, eventful day.

* I believe the best authorities say that one change is enough to have along, and maybe it is — for the best authorities.

Such days make camping remembered—and worth while.

XX

Oh, it's well to live high as you can, my boy,
  Wherever you happen to roam,
But it's better to have enough bacon and beans
  To take the poor wanderers home.

By this time we had reached trout diet, *per se*. I don't know what *per se* means but I have often seen it used and it seems to fit this case. Of course we were not

entirely out of other things. We had flour for flapjacks, some cornmeal for mush and Johnny-cake, and enough bacon to impart flavor to the fish. Also, we were not wholly without beans—long may they wave—the woods without them would be a wilderness indeed. But in the matter of meat diet it was trout, *per se,* as I have said, unless that means we did not always have them; in which case I will discard those words. We did. We had fried trout, broiled trout, boiled trout, baked trout, trout on a stick and trout chowder. We may have had them other ways—I don't remember. I know I began to imagine that I was sprouting fins and gills, and daily I felt for the new bumps on my head which I was certain must result from this continuous absorption of brain food. There were several new bumps, but when I called Eddie's attention to them he said they were merely the result of butting my head so frequently against logs and stumps and other portions of the scenery. Then he treated them with liniment and New Skin.

Speaking of food, I believe I have not mentioned the beefsteak which we brought with us into the woods. It was Eddie's idea, and he was its self-appointed guardian and protector. That was proper, only I think he protected it too long. It was a nice sirloin when we started—thick and juicy, and of a deep, rich tone. Eddie said a little age would improve it, and I suppose he was right—he most always is. He said we would appreciate it more, too, a little later, which seemed a sound doctrine.

Yet, somehow, that steak was an irritation. It is no easy matter to adjust the proper age of a steak to the precise moment of keen and general appreciation. We discussed the matter a good deal, and each time the steak was produced as a sort of Exhibit A, and on each occasion Eddie decided that the time was not ripe—that another day would add to its food value. I may say that I had no special appetite for steak, not yet, but I did not want to see it carried off by wild beasts, or offered at last on a falling market.

Besides, the thing was an annoyance as baggage. I don't know where we carried it at first, but I began to come upon it in unexpected places. If I picked up a yielding looking package, expecting to find a dry undergarment, or some other nice surprise, it turned out to be that steak. If I reached down into one of the pack baskets for a piece of Eddie's chocolate, or some of his tobacco—for anything, in fact—I would usually get hold of a curious feeling substance and bring up that steak. I began to recognize its texture at last, and to avoid it. Eventually I banished it from the baskets altogether. Then Eddie took to hanging it on a limb, near the camp, and if a shower came up suddenly, he couldn't rest—he must make a wild rush and take in that steak. I refused at last to let him bring it into the tent, or to let him hang it on a near-by limb. But this made trouble, for when he hung it farther away he sometimes forgot it, and twice we had to paddle back a mile or so to get that steak. Also, sometimes, it got wet, which was not good for its flavor he said; certainly not for its appearance.

In fact, age told on that steak. It no longer had the deep, rich glow of youth. It had a weatherbeaten, discouraged look, and I wondered how Eddie could contemplate it in that fond way. It seemed to me that if the time wasn't ripe the steak was, and that something ought to be done about a thing like that. My suggestions did not please Eddie.

I do not remember now just when we did at last cook that steak. I prefer to forget it. Neither do I know what Eddie did with his piece. I buried mine.

Eddie redeemed himself later—that is to say, he produced something I could eat. He got up early for the purpose. When I awoke, a savory smell was coming in the tent. Eddie was squatted by the fire stirring something in a long-handled frying pan. Neither he nor the guides were communicative as to its nature, but it was good, and I hoped we would have it often. Then they told me what it was. It was a preparation with cream (condensed) of the despised canned salmon which I had denounced earlier in the trip as an insult to live speckled trout. You see how one's point of view may alter. I said I was sorry now we hadn't brought some dried herring. The others thought it a joke, but I was perfectly serious.

In fact, provisioning for a camping trip is a serious matter. Where a canoe must carry a man and guide, with traps and paraphernalia, and provisions for a three

weeks' trip, the problem of condensation in the matter of space and weight, with amplitude in the matter of quantity, affords study for a careful mind. We started out with a lot of can and bottle goods, which means a good deal of water and glass and tin, all of which are heavy and take up room. I don't think ours was the best way. The things were good, too good to last; but dried fruits—apricots, prunes and the like—would have been nearly as good, and less burdensome. Indeed by the end of the second week I would have given five cents apiece for a few dried prunes, while even dried apples, which I had learned to hate in childhood, proved a gaudy luxury. Canned beans, too, I consider a mistake. You can't take enough of them in that form. No two canoes can safely carry enough canned beans to last two fishermen and two Nova Scotia guides for three weeks. As for jam and the like, why it would take one canoe to carry enough marmalade to supply Del the Stout, alone. If there is any such thing as a marmalade cure, I hope Del will take it before I am ready to go into the woods again. Otherwise, I shall tow an extra canoe, or a marmalade factory.

As I have said, dried things are better; fruits, beans, rice, beef, bacon—maple sugar (for sirup), cornmeal, and prepared flour. If you want to start with a few extras in the way of canned stuff, do it, but be sure you have plenty of the staples mentioned. You will have enough water and tin and glass to carry with your condensed milk, your vinegar, a few pickles, and such other bottle refreshments as your tastes and morals will permit. Take all the variety you can in the way of dried staples—be sure they are staples—but cut close on your bulky tinned supplies. It is better to be sure of enough Johnny-cake and bacon and beans during the last week out than to feast on plum pudding and California pears the first.

XXI

Oh, it's up and down the island's reach,
Through thicket and gorge and fen,
With never a rest in their fevered quest,
Hurry the hunter men.

I would gladly have lingered at Tobeatic Dam. It was an ideal place, wholly remote from everything human—a haunt of wonderful trout, peaceable porcupines and tame birds. The birds used to come around the tent to look us over and ask questions, and to tell us a lot about what was going on in the back settlements—those mysterious dim places where bird and beast still dwell together as in the ancient days, their round of affairs and gossip undisturbed. I wanted to rest there, and to heal up a little, before resuming the unknown way.

But Eddie was ruthless—there were more worlds to conquer. The spirit of some old ancestor who probably set out to discover the Northwest Passage was upon him. Lower Tobeatic Lake was but a little way above. We pushed through to it, without much delay. It was an extensive piece of water, full of islands, lonely rocks and calling gulls, who come to this inland isolation to rear their young.

The morning was clear and breezy and we set off up the lake in the canoes, Eddie, as usual, a good way in advance. He called back to us now and then that this was great moose country, and to keep a sharp lookout as we passed the islands. I did not wish to see moose. The expedition had already acquitted itself in that direction, but Eddie's voice was eager, even authoritative, so we went in close, and pointed at signs and whispered, in the usual way. I realized that Eddie had not given up the calf moose idea and was still anxious to shine with those British Museum people. It seemed to me that such ambitions were not laudable. I considered them a distinct mar to a character which was otherwise almost perfect. It was at such times that my inclination to drown or poison Eddie was stronger than usual.

He had been behind an island a good while when we thought we heard a shot. Presently we heard it again, and were sure. Del was instantly all ablaze. Two shots had been the signal for moose.

We went around there. I suppose we hurried. I know it was billowy off the point and we shipped water and nearly swamped as we rounded. Behind the island, close in, lay the other canoe, Eddie waving to us excitedly as we came up.

"Two calf meese!" he called ("meese" being Eddie's plural of moose—everybody

knows that "mooses" is the word.) "Little helpless fellows not more than a day or two old. They're too young to swim of course, so they can't get off the island. We've got 'em, sure!"

"Did you hit either of them?" I asked anxiously.

"No, of course not! I only fired for a signal. They are wholly at our mercy. They were right here just a moment ago. The mother ran, and they hardly knew which way to turn. We can take them alive."

"But Eddie," I began, "what will you do with them? They'll have to be fed if we keep them, and will probably want to occupy the tents, and we'll have to take them in the canoes when we move."

He was ready for this objection.

"I've been thinking," he said with decision. "Del and Charlie can take one of the canoes, with the calves in it and make straight for Milford by the shortest cut. While they're gone we'll be exploring the upper lake."

This was a brief, definite plan, but it did not appeal to me. In the first place, I did not wish to capture those little mooses. Then, too, I foresaw that during the considerable period which must elapse before

When I awoke a savory smell was coming into the tent.

the guides returned, somebody would have to cook and wash dishes and perform other menial camp labor. I suspected Eddie might get tired of doing guide work as a daily occupation. Also, I was sorry for Charlie and Del. I had a mental picture of them paddling for dear life up the Liverpool River, with two calf mooses galloping up and down the canoe, bleating wildly, pausing now and then to lap the faces of the friendly guides, and perhaps to bite off an ear or some other handy feature. Even the wild animals would form along the river bank to view a spectacle like that, and I imagined the arrival at the hotel would be something particularly showy. I mentioned these things and I saw that for once the guides were with me. They did not warm to the idea of that trip up the Liverpool and the gaudy homecoming. Eddie was only for a moment checked.

"Well, then," he said, "we'll kill and skin them. We can carry the skins."

This was no better. I did not want those little mooses slaughtered, and said so. But Eddie was roused, now, and withered me with judicial severity.

"Look here," he said, and his spectacles glared fiercely. "I'm here as a representative of the British Museum, in the cause of science.

I submitted then, of course. I always do when Eddie asserts his official capacity, like that. The authority of the British Museum is not to be lightly tampered with. So far as I knew he could have me jailed for contempt. We shoved our canoes in shore and disembarked. Eddie turned back.

"We must take something to tie their hind legs," he said, and fished out a strap for that purpose.

I confess I was unhappy. I imagined a pathetic picture of a little innocent creature turning its pleading eyes up to the captor who with keen sheath-knife would let slip the crimson tide. I had no wish to go racing through the brush after those timid victims.

I did, however. The island was long and narrow. We scattered out across it in a thin line of battle, and starting at one end swept down the length of it with a conquering front. That sounds well, but it fails to express what we did. We did not sweep, and we did not have any front to speak of. The place was a perfect tangle and chaos of logs, bushes, vines, pits, ledges and fallen trees. To beat up that covert was a hot, scratchy, discouraging job, attended with frequent escapes from accident and damage. I was satisfied I had the worst place in the line, for I couldn't keep up with the others, and I tried harder to do that than I did to find the little mooses. I didn't get sight of the others after we started. Neither did I catch a glimpse of those little day-old calves, or of anything else except a snake, which I came upon rather suddenly when I was down on my hands and knees, creeping under a fallen tree. I do not like to come upon snakes in that manner. I do not care to view them even behind glass in a museum. An earthquake might strike that museum and break the glass and it might not be easy to get away. I wish Eddie had been collecting snake skins for *his* museum. I would have been willing for him to skin that one alive.

I staggered out to the other end of the island, at last, with only a flickering remnant of life left in me. I thought Eddie would be grateful for all my efforts when I was not in full sympathy with the undertaking; but he wasn't. He said that by not keeping up with the line I had let the little mooses slip by, and that we would have to make the drive again. I said he might have my route and I would take another. It was a mistake, though. I couldn't seem to pick a better one. When we had chased up and down that disordered island—that dumping ground of nature—for the third time; when I had fallen over every log and stone, and into every hole on it, and had scraped myself in every brush-heap, and not one of us had caught even an imaginary glimpse of those little, helpless, day-old meese, or mooses, or mice—for they were harder to find than mice—we staggered out, limp and sore, silently got into our canoes and drifted away. Nobody spoke for quite a while. Nobody had anything to say. Then Charlie murmured reflectively, as if thinking aloud:

"Little helpless fellows—not more than a day or two old."

And Del added—also talking to himself:

"Too young to swim, of course—wholly

I did not like to come upon snakes in that manner.

at our mercy." Then, a moment later, "It's a good thing we took that strap to tie their hind legs."

Eddie said nothing at all, and I was afraid to. Still, I was glad that my vision of the little creatures pleading for their lives hadn't been realized, or that other one of Del and Charlie paddling for dear life up the Liverpool, with those little mooses, bleating and scampering up and down the canoe.

What really became of those calves remains a mystery. Nature teaches her wild children many useful things. Their first indrawn breath is laden with knowledge. Perhaps those wise little animals laughed at us from some snug hiding. Perhaps they could swim, after all, and followed their mother across the island, and so away. Whatever they did, I am glad, even if the museum people have me arrested for it.

THE APPLE ORCHARD

BY E. P. POWELL

IN the whole vegetable kingdom there is not a nobler fruit than the apple. It is not enough to say that it is the king of the Rosaceæ family, although this family is the pride of evolution. By the side of our path, as we approach the garden, you will notice a tiny creeping shrub, holding on to the slippery banks and trailing about the rockeries. Another plant much like it, but two or three feet high, and carrying a red flower, stands near. We call both of these potentillas, and they are supposed to have powerful medicinal properties, but they certainly are insignificant to the eye. However, out of this family or group Nature managed to evolve the apple tree. You will find over eighty sorts in my orchard, from all parts of the globe. Turn now to the small fruit garden, and we come upon this same family, in our cherries, plums, apricots, peaches and nectarines. Beyond the hedges we find gardens of raspberries, blackberries and strawberries, and every one of these is also an evolved potentilla. A right sort of country home cannot be established without abundance of roses, and these also you will find that I have in superabundance, but every one of them, from the old Cabbage rose to General Jack and Kilmarnock, are members of this same remarkable family.

How all this wonderful development came about we cannot discuss here and now. Our study to-day is with the apple. I only wish that every country home were built either within or close by an apple orchard. The companionship is most natural, and one thing I am sure of, there is nothing else that goes further to make home comfortable and delightful than a plenty of apples. Oh, the dear old orchard of my boyhood! How I long for it. I want once more to climb the crooked Sweet Bough tree, and while I sit on the big flat limb, eat an apple as large as would lay in a quart bowl. As for flowers, there are none others so fine in all the world. An orange orchard has its fragrance, great waves of sweetness that roll against you like the wind; but it is in the apple orchard that you find not only sweetness but ozone and health. There are bees by the million overhead; not only gathering honey but pollenizing the fruit. What a world it is! How we are fitted together, for truly we home-builders would fare sadly for fruit but for the busy bees. They carry the pollen from flower to flower, without which most varieties would blossom only, and never give fruit. The soft south breeze sifts the white and pink petals over my pages, until I stop writing, but dislike to brush them away. It was so fifty years ago, when I sat on the big rock, in the middle of the orchard, with the little mother, after a Sunday sermon in the valley church. She would put her arm quietly about me, and say, half to herself and half to me, "the best sermon is the one God is preaching every day in the trees and the meadows. Be sure, my boy, to have good eyes and good ears in such a world as this."

The "Apple Belt" happened to be the zone of the Puritan, and strict as his religious principles were, the New Englander never outgrew his taste for cider. About 1820 the great temperance reform swept over the land, and put an end to the use of strong liquors in reputable and Christian homes; but the Spitzenburgs still made cider. This delicious and wholesome drink

is only satirized by the stuff that generally passes under that name. It should be made of clean apples of the best sort; one bushels of sweets to twelve of sour. To prevent waste, every farmer should grind his own apples and own his own press. All that fruit which generally goes to waste would in this way be turned to profit. If not fit for cider let it go to vinegar. The well-to-do man always gets his comfort and his surplus cash from what his neighbors throw away.

There are two varieties of apples found wild in Europe, but the region adjacent to the Caspian Sea seems to have been the origin of the apple as known in the East. Charred pieces of apples are found in the heaps of refuse left by the Lake Dwellers, who occupied portions of Europe before any of the present races. These people lived on platforms, laid over piles driven into the water—probably to protect themselves from animals, in an era before metal weapons were known. These specimens of apples are generally carbonized by heat, but they show perfectly the internal structure of the fruit. There are five types of native American apples; all of them crabs. John Smith wrote from Virginia that he had found "some new crabapples, but they were small and bitter." New Englanders made the same report. The Soulard has the reputation of being the largest and best of these natives. Sports of this variety, like the Matthews, are improved in size and quality. Selections might probably be made from Western thickets, of even better sorts than are now known. I believe the blood of the wild crab is in some of our best orchard apples. The Excelsior is the largest crab that I know, about the size of a Summer Rose or a Snow apple, and is excellent both for cooking and dessert; yet the Wealthy, which does not rank among the crabs, in our catalogues, has much the same characteristics.

Some of our best orchard varieties date back two or three centuries, like Spitzenburg, Rhode Island Greening, and Newtown Pippin. It will be hard ever to surpass these as market fruits. We are, however, adding very rapidly new sorts of superb quality, so that a complete list of classified apples runs up toward two thousand. In my own orchard I have over eighty varieties, and this is not too many nor quite enough to fairly test the best sorts. It is desirable that the work of evolution be carried on by all orchardists, in the hope of securing something extra fine. Anything of this sort should be reported at once to the State Experiment Stations, and so secured from being lost or permanently localized. Nearly all of our newest and best sorts are named after their creators or discoverers, and so we have such men as Stayman and Steele and Wismer and Stuart and McIntosh immortalized.

The place to plant an apple orchard is where wheat and corn thrive. The tree will adapt itself to a great variety of soils. but prefers clay, or gravelly mixture. There are a few sorts that prefer sandy soil, and among these are the Grimes, Golden and Jonathan. I was told in Florida that I could not grow apple trees, owing partly to the sandy soil and in part to the heat of summer. I have found it possible to obviate these difficulties; in the first place by selecting varieties that can adjust their root-growth to sandy soil, and then by the use of very heavy mulching, that will not permit the burning heat to touch the roots. Among the rest I have found King David, Stayman's Winesap, and Red Astrachan peculiarly adaptable to Florida conditions. The mulch must be of a loose material, and covered with sand. It must also slope inward toward the tree, so as to catch showers and pour them to the roots, instead of discharging them. Cover Crops, which I shall discuss later, in the Southern States is a provision against summer heat, instead of winter cold, as applied in the Northern States.

An apple tree should never be set unless stocky. The little whipstocks which are frequently sent out from nurseries will never become stalwart trees. Before planting, the land should be thoroughly drained —better with tile; after which, it is a matter of indifference whether the trees are set in the spring or in the fall. But if fall-set, they must be carefully staked, so as not to be twisted by the wind before the roots have grappled well with the soil. Never set in clay soil during or after a shower. Setting in mud prevents the fine-feeding roots from starting before the tree has become partially dried—if they start at all. I prefer that the young tree

be almost or quite denuded of limbs. The branches that are retained should be shortened to two or three inches. Tread the soil tight about the roots, and mulch at once. This is important in all soils and at all seasons. Cover the ground with anthracite coal ashes, three or four inches deep. This is an ideal mulch because permeable for the air and rain; but almost any vegetable waste, or tanbark, will serve. These mulches must be renewed annually —at least for the first two or three years. If I had my choice my apple trees should always face toward the east or southeast, to catch the sun, while my peaches should face the north, and so escape the winter sun. The apple tree is pre-eminently a sun lover, and so is the apple. An orchard that does not get abundant sunshine and air will give very little good fruit.

During the first ten years the stocky little tree should be fed moderately, and stimulated almost not at all. Never put a particle of manure about the roots, and top-dress rather sparingly. The worst thing you can do with a fruit tree is to rush it. You will get only unripe wood, and this sort of wood is subject to assaults of insects and weather. Still the tree must be fed, and when it begins to bear it will need still more nutriment. In general terms feeding an orchard is just as important as feeding animals, and it needs quite as much judgment. I myself have no call for commercial fertilizers—not if I can get well-rotted barnyard manure. Still better is a compost made up of barnyard manure, ashes, roadwash, autumn leaves, and all those other things that go to waste on a common farm. These gathered, and allowed to slowly decompose during the summer, lose not more than five per cent. of nitrogen, and will furnish the phosphates and the potash sufficient for the apple tree. By cover crop we mean that an orchard which has been cultivated through the summer, until the first of September, can be sowed to alfalfa or crimson clover or cow peas, which will be well grown before winter, and will serve as a protective garment until spring; when they may be plowed under. In this way we combine tree protection with soil fattening. Any of the leguminous plants which are used in this way, have the exceptional power of taking nitrogen directly from the air, and when plowed under, they add an enormous amount of fertilizing material to the soil, beside furnishing humus. Humus is incipient soil, in a condition that cannot be made solid and impervious. Soil-making, you see, is within reach of anybody who owns an acre of land.

After the first ten years I would let my orchard go to sod without any effort to plow it. The best orchards that I know, those that give the best fruit and the most of it, are used as sheep pastures. In this way the ground is very evenly fertilized, and all wormy fruit is promptly devoured. In nine cases out of ten, however, apple orchards, by the time they have been planted ten years, are on the road to decay. Suckers have been allowed to grow, not only around the roots, but all over the limbs. These of course have taken the strength from the older limbs, and initiated a brittle state or a broken one. The tree becomes a mere thicket, if neglected long enough. Not one of these suckers should be allowed to grow a single inch. The true orchardist always has a sharp knife in his pocket, and goes over his orchard a dozen times each summer, nipping out these incipient troubles. You simply cannot have a decent apple orchard in any other way. An old orchard that has been neglected, may sometimes be renewed by carefully removing suckers, washing the tree frequently with kerosene emulsion, and feeding it with compost.

How old can an apple tree grow? I have a few of the trees planted by Sconondoah, the Oneida chief, with Dominie Kirkland, the missionary, in 1791. These trees, now considerably over one hundred years of age, still bear an abundance of fruit. The wood is in good condition, notwithstanding many years of neglect. The average age of an orchard, as generally planted and cared for, rarely exceeds fifty years. I am inclined to think that the more sturdy sorts can be made to exceed one hundred and fifty years. In order to attain any such age there must be a selection of varieties, and they must be grafted high up on tough stock. Our father's apple trees were grafted in the tops; but the apples planted in these days are grafted in the roots. However, one must not cling too long to an old tree. I love any fine old tree,

especially an apple tree, but when beyond usefulness, it is a sin to let it cumber the ground. Jesus laid down a great horticultural law when he cursed the barren fig tree, (i.e., condemned it to being cut down). There is no room for second-rate stuff in the orchard.

The old-fashioned apple tree was forty feet high, and thirty in diameter through the limbs. A big Indian Rareripe or Sweet Bough used to give us thirty to forty bushels a year; and why not now? Simply because we do not feed the trees enough, for in those days the soil was rich in phosphates and potash, which has since been used up by corn, wheat and oats. We picked those apples with spliced ladders, forty feet long; and the chaps in the trees lowered the baskets with ropes, to a boy, who emptied them into piles on the ground. When enough were piled, they were sorted into barrels, and the barrels loaded on to a wagon which carried them to the cellar. There were very few orchards of any sort, and I can easily remember when my father's orchard was the only one of any size in central New York. It did not do to leave apples out over night, for the boys came from ten miles around to fill themselves and their pockets. For some reason apples have always seemed to be common property, and to help yourself freely from an orchard was hardly held to be stealing. Sometimes of a moonlight night, trees were shaken, and bagfuls carried away. It was provoking work to own the first orchards; and not unfrequently shotguns were needed to enforce the Commandments. In the neighborhood of colleges whole barrels vanished.

The modern apple tree seldom grows over twenty-five feet high, and can be fully picked with a twenty-foot ladder. My orders are: Lay every apple into the basket; do not toss one, or drop it one inch. When the basket is level full, without heaping, come down, and lay the apples, one by one, into the wagon on a blanket or some soft hay. Never pour the fruit, and never put in an apple that has fallen—no matter how sound it looks. The picker will protest, What! not pour smoothly over my hands? No, sir; not even with delicacy. I will furnish the time—only do you never pour or drop my apples. The ordinary man is quite unprepared for this sort of care, and if not watched will disobey. But it is your only way for getting a profitable crop out of your orchard. Handle apples like eggs, and there is money in the orchard every time; but break one cell in an apple and you have started decay. It may not show for some weeks, but that apple will not keep all winter—not even if it be a Baldwin. When the basket is emptied into the bin from the wagon, there should be the same judgment and care. As you lift the apples from the wagon, sort into three grades; No. 3 for cider; No. 2 for early sale; No. 1, the absolutely perfect apples for storage or barreling. It is a beautiful bit of work, from first to last, but it permits no rudeness at any stage.

You see it each day through September that the apples are getting larger and redder, or more golden. Nature never forgets the beautiful in preparing the useful, and so beautiful is an orchard hanging full of apples that it seems sacrilege to pluck them. But the old man who has seen this ripening sixty times retold, says: Yes, we must be ready; it will not do to have other work in the way; the ladders and the barrels and the baskets must be looked after, and the cellar must be thoroughly scoured and ventilated. So we wash the bins with soap, and spray them with formalin; and we do not leave a smell of must or mould anywhere; for an apple hates rank odors, and soon loses its distinctive flavors in their presence. An apple cellar is a delightsome place, or it ought to be. In it there is no storage of vegetables or of kitchen affairs. It should have a brook running through it, if possible; for it is not the dry cellar that best keeps the fruit. It should not be mouldy, but it should not be dry. It should have plenty of windows, only these are for summer use, and in winter should never be opened. When the fruit is once in storage the windows should be both closed and darkened, and remain so until the last apples are disposed of in May or June. The walls of this cellar should be unusually thick, and it should be entirely separate from the house, for the temperature must be kept very near or just above freezing. It is possible for any farmer to have a cellar of this sort under his carriage house, or some part of his barns; and fully equal to the best cold-storage house. It should, of course, not

be anywhere in relation to the stables, or where odors can reach the fruit. Burying apples in dugouts is satisfactory, where there is no better provision for them—but they will quickly gather an earthy flavor. My own cellar is under my carriage house; is kept as sweet as my study all summer, and is no less sweet during the winter. The thermometer stands in January at about thirty-four.

About the middle of September the summer and fall apples have all passed away, and you come to those varieties that can be put in storage for early or late winter. First of all is the dear old golden Pound Sweet, an apple that came pioneering westward with the Yankee boys, right after the Revolution. As soon as an orchard could be established at all, Connecticut, the mother of fruits, sent forward four sorts of apples; Pound Sweet, Rhode Island Greening, Spitzenburg, and Early Harvest or Sweet Bough. From Wethersfield came also the Seeknofurther, and from Boston and Roxbury came the Russets. So invaluable is a good Pound Sweet and so worthless a poor one that you must be told never to plant the tree in a close orchard, but somewhere out on the open lawn, or anywhere to catch the fulness of sunshine and air. Then its flesh will be almost orange hued; and when baked it will be firm and sugary. A green Pound Sweet is watery and weak flavored, and no one will try a second. A right sort, rightly picked and stored, will furnish genuine goodness till the last of January.

Next comes the Hubbardston Nonsuch, a great big delicious apple, that if not promptly picked will lie all over the ground. It is a glorious yellow laid over with red, and will keep all winter if picked early and put into a cool storeroom. Another of these early fellows is the King, an apple of no account if grafted on its own roots, for the tree sprawls everywhere and bears little. But if you have a few old trees of no account, graft the tops full of Tompkins County King, and see what you will get. Customers always write: Send us some more Kings, such as we had last year. The flesh is yellow and crisp, but juicy, and though good to eat in November is just as good in March and April. Unfortunately the trees are short-lived.

The Spitzenburg, our grandmothers' apple, out of which were made the best pies and puddings that even Connecticut could produce, is ready next. This apple also should be grafted high on old trees, and when well-colored you will hate to pick it. In boyhood days I climbed Spitzenburg trees thirty-five feet high, and looked over the tops of fifty more, all a mass of crimson and gold. No two Spitzenburg trees will give you the same colored and flavored apples, and some of them will keep far better than others. By the first of October you are well prepared for taking in the rest of the stock. Last of all, for they are the last to blossom in May, you go to the Northern Spy trees, and here you redouble your care. Do not pick them until you must, and then you are picking cash, for they bring the highest market price. When we bring into the cellar load after load of this superb apple, there are always a few that have been so fingered by the sun that they have burst open. I advise you to select some of these, and store them for your own private consideration—poems in apples they are.

The orchardist soon finds that the apples most familiar on his old New England homestead are not sure to be the most successful in the Western States, and if he undertakes apple growing in the South his list again must be quite largely worked over. For New England and New York, through to Indiana and Michigan, he can hardly get a better list than Yellow Transparent, Red Astrachan, Sherwood's Favorite, Maiden's Blush, Primate, Gravenstein, Wealthy, Dutchess, Shiawassie Beauty, Mother, Hubbardston, Seeknofurther, Wagner, Northern Spy, Spitzenburg, Baldwin, Rhode Island Greening, Stayman's Winesap, York Imperial, King, and Roxbury Russet. Add to these for sweet, Pound Sweet, Danchy Sweet, and Sconondoah. California and Arizona recommend nearly the same list, adding Grimes Golden, Jonathan, Rome Beauty and White Pippin. Of the newer apples for general planting McIntosh, Walter Pease, and Delicious are three of the best. The Jonathan of Colorado is so much larger and finer than that of New York as hardly to be identified with it. The very best apples now raised in the United States are from the old "bad lands," known seventy-five years ago as The Great American Des-

ert. From the Hood River Valley of Oregon apples can be shipped into the Eastern market and sold for much higher prices than home-grown. This is not altogether because of the special adaptation of that State to apple growing, but because the work is done scientifically. Our Eastern orchards are grown at haphazard, the trees shiftlessly trimmed, and fed, and the grading of the fruit shamefully neglected.

I have sometimes drawn up a list of apples specifically fitted for apple enthusiasts; not one of which should be injurious to the most delicate stomach. A dyspeptic would do well not to undertake to digest a Spitzenburg at its best. If I were to plant about ten trees for home use, and for my own delectation, I would include most surely McIntosh Red, Stuart's Golden, Wismer's Dessert, Delicious, Stayman's Winesap, Akin, Jefferis, and Mother. King David and Jonathan somewhat resemble each other, and when well grown take their places at the head of the list. King David is a new apple found by Stark Brothers, and sent out as the king of all apples. As grown in Missouri and Colorado it deserves the title. For a very early apple I do not know a better to eat from hand than Yellow Transparent. However, the charm of it is, that when we have said all that we may about varieties, every one will have his favorite. I find also that my favorite of one year is not sure to hold its place when the next crop ripens. I have left out of my lists that delicious fruit, known to most people as the Snow apple, the Fameuse of the catalogues; not that it is not just as good as ever, only its children are better than itself. It is a curious fact that we are reaching a stage in evolution when the tendency of seedling apples to atavate, or go back to the wild, is being overcome. Nearly every known seedling of Fameuse, among the rest Shiawassie Beauty, Walter Pease, McIntosh, Crimson Beauty and Princess Louise are of superb quality. I have said enough about handling apples, only this one thing, that the time has come when barreling apples for market must be done more honestly. The day has passed for putting large, fine apples at the heads, and second or third grade in the middle. This always was an outrage, but it was fostered by the middlemen and shippers. Every package of apples should be of exactly the same quality through and through.

For the present you must learn how to fight apple enemies from Government Bulletins; but by and by I will write a chapter on our Battle With the Bugs. The process is modified every year, both as to material and methods. It is an easy matter nowadays for the thorough man to master any insect enemy in the world. Worms can whip only the louts and lie-a-beds, and this class of people never can grow apples. One must learn how to make one insect play off against another, and must surely comprehend the value of our chief allies, the birds. One of the least understood, but best friends, is the white-faced hornet, that builds its paper house in our orchards and on our lawns, just when most needed. But of this be sure, that you can not be a successful orchardist without a few hives of bees. Let them have their houses in or near the orchard, because they are most needed in wet weather, when they cannot fly far, nor long. Many varieties of apples, pears and other fruits must be pollenized artificially. Honey bees are specially constructed for this work. Add for their supply a windbreak of linden or basswood. My dozen hives not only do the pollenizing of my fruit, but lay away for me seven hundred pounds of honey in a year, besides a supply for themselves. John Burroughs shows what idiots they are—working for me. I do not think so, for I, too, am laying up, each year, some storages that I cannot use. They will be taken from my hive by somebody else—all the same a check from Outing is always welcome.

THE WOMEN WORKERS OF THE WORLD

FROM SPECIALLY TAKEN PHOTOGRAPHS

BY BROWN BROS.

Jamaica market women en route in early morning to Kingston market.

Washing the milk cans in the old fountain of Capodistria.

Weaving the finer quality of hemp into cloth—Philippines.

A strange load near Trieste.

The women are often the carters in Austria.

Peasant girl returning home—Austria.

Children going to market in Prag, Bohemia.

Making valentines in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Burmese girls packing cigars.

A singular water jug. Hollow bamboo shaft. Southern Luzon, P. I.

Tea pickers of Japan.

Baker woman in Bavarian mountains on her daily round.

Going to market with a load of radishes—Germany.

Watering the vegetable fields by woman power in Germany.

Women woodchoppers in Bavarian cities.

Vienna women employed at masonry.

Cingalese girls making Ceylon Lace.

On an Italian country road.

The women fish cleaners of England.

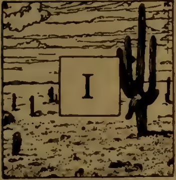
A New England weave room (904 ft. long) 2,000 looms operated by women.

Filipino girls making cigarettes.

LITTLE STORIES

A STAND-OFF

BY ELLIOT FLOWER



MET him at early breakfast in the little hostelry from which I was starting on my long ride, but I was immediately conscious of the fact that he had been a silent observer and listener when I was asking directions from the landlord the night before. Now, however, we met at the same table in an otherwise deserted dining-room and exchanged greetings.

"Starting early," he remarked.

"Yes," I said, "I've some distance to go."

"West?" he inquired.

"Southwest."

"Same here. Do you object to company?"

"Glad to have it," I assured him.

Nevertheless, I was not altogether sure that I was glad of his company. A man is rather particular who he travels with when he has fifteen hundred dollars in currency tucked away in his clothes. I was carrying that sum. Further, it was my first invasion of Texas, and I had been warned by the firm I represented to be on my guard at all times. "There are men in that district," I was told, "who would not let a human life stand between them and the possession of a ten dollar bill." I understood this to be an exaggeration, but it was made clear to me that the possession of any considerable sum of money, if known, was likely to put a man's life in jeopardy. "And the nearer you get to the Mexican line," was a further caution, "the more careful you must be." My present destination was very close to the Mexican line. So I gave my companion rather close scrutiny.

He looked like a native Texan—a Texan of the cattle ranches—but he did not talk like one. That puzzled me. When you decide, from appearances, that a man is thoroughly typical of a locality, it is disconcerting to find that he is not at all typical in some important detail. If his equipment had been new, I should have put him down as a tenderfoot in disguise, but I reasoned that a tenderfoot posing as a cowboy would betray something of the masquerade in his attire. This man did not overdress the part, and he wore nothing that seemed to be of recent purchase. But he talked as much like a tenderfoot as did I, and I was one. Yet he saddled and handled his horse like an expert, and he soon convinced me that he was familiar with the country.

"Going far?" he asked.

"Romero's ranch," I answered.

"Nasty place," he remarked.

"Is it?" I queried.

"Well, I may be prejudiced against Mexicans," he returned, "but I'd hate to stop at Romero's with any money in my pocket."

"If that's all," I lied cheerfully, "I'm safe."

"Thought you might be going after horses," he suggested.

"I'm going to look at some," I said, "and possibly arrange terms, but that's all."

"You'll never get the ones you pick out," he declared, "unless you take them with you."

He was driving me into a corner, and I did not like it, so I replied curtly and indefinitely that I knew how to get what I selected and had made all necessary arrangements.

"Perhaps you think you can pay him by check," he persisted, "but no Mexican will look at anything but the hard cash."

"I am aware of that," I returned, and then we rode on in silence for some time.

I was unpleasantly conscious of the fact that I was carrying fifteen hundred dollars in currency, for the questioning seemed to

indicate that my companion was unnecessarily anxious to know just what money I did have. Furthermore, I caught him watching me furtively on several occasions, and this did not tend to reassure me. If an honest man, what was it to him whether I had one dollar or ten thousand? Was he really going my way on business of his own or had he chosen his route after he had learned mine?

These unspoken queries suggested other things. I had deposited one draft and cashed another the day before, thus leaving behind all that I was not likely to need for this particular transaction. Was it possible that he knew of this? I recalled his proximity when I was asking directions of the landlord. Was that accidental or intentional? Was his presence at breakfast, which gave him the opportunity to join me, due to what he learned then? Were his leading questions intended merely to verify what he had reason to suspect? And how far was he going with me?

The last question seemed to be one that I could properly ask, especially as he had put a similar inquiry to me. So I assumed the rôle of questioner.

"About a day's ride," he answered indefinitely when I asked if he was going far. "Where do you put up to-night?"

"Jackson's," I replied, taken off my guard by the abruptness with which he again became the inquisitor.

"I'm going that far anyhow," he said; then, apparently feeling that he ought to be a trifle more definite, he added: "I'm looking for a ranch."

"To buy?" I queried.

"Yes, if I find what I want."

"Anything in particular in view?" I persisted.

"I've heard of one or two chances that seem to be worth investigating."

"For a stranger," I remarked, "you seem to know the country pretty well."

"I've been through here before," he explained.

Whatever his real purpose, I put him down as a liar in the matter of the ranch. A man whose purpose was merely to look at some land that he might want to buy would not be so infernally indefinite. And his explanation of his familiarity with the country impressed me as rather lame, in view of the circumstances. However, it was evident that nothing was to be gained by further questioning, so I dropped the subject. He also seemed to have reached the conclusion that we would better make our conversation less personal, and thereafter I found him a lively and agreeable companion. Had it not been for my anxiety, I should have enjoyed the day's ride immensely.

We made quite a long stop at noon, to rest our horses, and reached Jackson's at nightfall. I did not like the looks of Jackson, and the further fact that he seemed to be on friendly terms with my companion added to my uneasiness. He called him by his name, Blakely, when we rode up, gave us a greeting that seemed to me a little too cordial, and made various veiled references to things that I did not understand. It is unpleasant to find yourself alone with two men who seem to have something in common that is carefully concealed from you. Then, too, there was something forbidding in Jackson's face, in spite of his efforts to be genial, and I thought he was unnecessarily interested in me. Again, I was conscious of the fact that my continued presence after supper was unwelcome; I was sure they wanted me to turn in, and I detected a gleam of satisfaction in Jackson's eyes when I suggested that I would do so.

Naturally, I was not disposed to go to sleep at once when I did go to my room. The house was of good size, I had a room to myself, and I was very tired, but I felt that I should like to hear Jackson and Blakely going to bed before I resigned myself to sleep. Mrs. Jackson, whom I had seen for a minute at supper, had already retired, and such men as Jackson employed on his ranch slept in a separate building, so I was virtually alone in the house with these two.

I removed my shirt, pinned my fifteen hundred dollars inside the back of it, put it on again, blew out the light, and sat down to wait. I dared not lie down, for I knew that I should be asleep the moment my head touched the pillow. Even as it was, I dozed off twice and awoke with a start. The first time there was no sound to explain my sudden awakening, but the second time I heard voices just outside my door. I was alert in an instant, my revolver ready, but all that followed was a

"good night" and the closing of two doors. "Well," I reflected, with much scorn for myself, "I seem to have given up a good deal of sleep for the sole purpose of showing what an ass I can be." Nevertheless, I waited some time longer before throwing myself on the bed and surrendering to slumber.

Blakely was moodily silent at breakfast, and even Jackson seemed to have lost the geniality of the night before. I alone seemed to be cheerful, but my efforts at conversation met with so little response that I gave them up.

"Well," I said finally, as we were going out to our horses, "I suppose this is where we part. I am glad to have had your company——"

"Oh, I'm going on," interrupted Blakely.

"Going on!" I exclaimed. "Why, I thought——"

"No, no, you misunderstood," he broke in. "I'm going to Romero's."

Jackson gave him a quick, sharp look but said nothing, and there was nothing that I could say, although much that I could think. If going to Romero's, why had he not said so when I gave that as my destination? I recalled now that he had not definitely given Jackson's as his objective point, merely saying that he was going that far anyhow, but he certainly had given the impression that his road did not lie beyond. Did he really have business at Romero's, or was this merely an excuse to enable him to stick to me?

I was very glad that I had left the money pinned to the back of my shirt. Incidentally, my vigil of the night before did not seem so foolish to me.

"See you later," said Jackson in parting.

"Sure," returned Blakely.

Nothing out of the way in that, of course —we would naturally stop at Jackson's on the back trip—but I was in the humor to see significance in any remark.

Blakely's spirits rose as we left the ranch behind, but mine did not. Blakely even broke into song, but I was busy with my disquieting thoughts.

"Infernal old scoundrel!" remarked Blakely, suddenly abandoning his song.

"Who?" I asked.

"Jackson, of course."

"You seemed to be on very good terms with him," I suggested.

"Nonsense!" said Blakely with some heat. "I merely had some business with him."

"Trying to buy his ranch?" I queried.

"I had some thought of it."

"After Romero's ranch, too?" I pursued.

"It's worth looking at."

I let it go at that, and there was little conversation during the rest of the day.

Romero and Romero's ranch made me ready to believe all that I had heard of the man. Of all the slovenly places I ever saw Romero's ranch house was the worst, and Romero was in keeping with the house. After seeing both, I elected to sleep in a tent that he was good enough to offer, and Blakely made the same choice. I was glad of it. My confidence in Blakely was in no way restored, but, even so, I had infinitely more confidence in him than I had in Romero, and I soon discovered that he felt toward the Mexican very much as I did. This was comforting, for, whatever his ultimate purpose might be, he certainly regarded me as a friend and ally so far as Romero was concerned and he would unquestionably wish to hold me as one until we were well away from the place.

I expected one day to finish my business, but Romero willed otherwise. He did not have as many horses of the class I wanted as I had anticipated, so my purchase came to only eight hundred dollars. That much was quickly settled.

"And the pay?" he asked.

"The money will be here by the time we're ready to start," I said. "I'm not fool enough to carry it myself."

The last night, when all the right horses were at last in the corral, I cautiously rolled out under the side of the tent and stripped off my shirt in the darkness. Then I divided my money in two rolls, concealed one in an inside pocket, and put the other where I could get it readily, after which I resumed my shirt and rolled back into the tent. Blakely was still sleeping soundly, and, with the plan I had in mind, I felt that my financial troubles were over.

The memory of the look Romero gave me when I counted out the money for him still makes me smile. But he said nothing.

"There is the cash," I told him, "but I have a favor to ask of you, Romero. Lend me ten dollars, and I'll send it to you the minute I get to town. I find I've only five dollars for expenses on the back trip."

"Perhaps I can help out a little," suggested Blakely, and he pulled about ten dollars in silver from his pocket.

"I suppose that will have to do," I said regretfully.

"Sorry it isn't more," said Blakely, "but I didn't plan to be away so long, and I'm getting close to the bottom."

I started back with a light heart. I had planned to hire one of Romero's men to help me with the horses, but Blakely had offered his services, and I no longer had any fear of Blakely. Whatever his intentions might have been, I was confident that my attempt to borrow ten dollars after paying out eight hundred would convince him that I had nothing left worth the taking. I remained in this contented frame of mind for several hours, and then——

"By the way, Blakely," I said, "I thought your object was to buy Romero's ranch."

"He wanted too much for it," returned Blakely.

"Oh!" I said, and fell to wondering how he found that out, for he had made no mention of the subject in my presence and he had not been alone with Romero for even a minute during the whole time of our stay. All in all, I had plenty to puzzle over on the return trip.

Having arranged for the care of the horses until they could be shipped north, I proceeded to the hotel, brushed up a little, and then went to the bank. Blakely was still with me. I smiled at him as I gave most of my remaining cash to the teller, to hold for me until I was ready to move on. Blakely smiled back. "How much?" he asked.

"Six hundred in that bunch," I answered

"Were you afraid of me?" he queried.

"I was taking no chances," I said. "Your actions were rather mystifying and suspicious."

He laughed, reached into a hidden recess of his clothes, and pulled out a larger roll, which he also handed to the teller. "Twenty-five hundred in that," he remarked. "Do you understand now?"

I looked at him in amazement; then it was my turn to laugh. "Were you afraid of me, too?" I asked.

"Yes," he admitted.

"Then why stick to me?"

"I was a good deal more afraid of Jackson," he explained. "Jackson knew I had the money. I had been there before and thought I had arranged for the purchase of his ranch. I was to come back to sign the papers and make a first payment of twenty-five hundred dollars, but he raised the price on me. That looked suspicious, so I thought it safer to go on with you than to start back alone. I had my doubts of you, but you looked pretty good to me alongside of Jackson and Romero."

We finished our business at the bank and walked back to the hotel. "I don't know who they're on," I said, as we reached the barroom.

"Me, I think," he returned. "You outclassed me with that little ruse of trying to borrow ten dollars."

"You evened up by producing a handful of silver and regretting that you couldn't help me out," I argued.

"Then we must try something else," he remarked thoughtfully. "Did you get any sleep at Jackson's?"

"A little, after you went to bed," I replied.

"I didn't go to bed," he said. "I sat up all night with a gun in my hand. I'll buy."

And it was so settled.

HIS MAJESTY—HORSE

THE STORY OF MAN'S FAVORITE ANIMAL FROM "THREE-TOES" TO THOROUGHBRED

BY HARRY SAINT MAUR

EMBRYO hoofed animals seem to have been the earliest lands earliest life—antedating the dawn of the Eocene period.

Primary animals were divided by great scholars into classes and grandly christened. Here, however, the terms "even-toed" and "odd-toed" shall serve.

The original horse's hoof "was toes" as Paddy would put it—a middle toe and two side toes.

The change of the equine pedal extremity to a simple hoof was very gradual.

The full roster of the hoofed quadruped family consists of horse, ass, zebra, quagga. "All are closely related and widely separated from other existing mammals." The royal horse alone rejoices in the adornment

of a long tail and mane; the others have to be content with a caudal appendage resembling a stuffed pantomime stick with a bunch of hair tied on to the end.

By and by a toe disappeared. It is supposed that, at this time, the animal was not much bigger than a fox. Gradually it grew, till, in the Miocene period, it was as big as a sheep. In Pliocene times it had reached the size of a modern donkey. Not until the Pleiosticene era was the horse of full horse stature with the neck, limbs, teeth, body, hair, hide, hoofs and tail as we are familiar with it to-day.

The early subdivision of the horse was Arab, Barb, and Turk.

The Arab was distinguished for speed, docility, beauty of form, gracefulness of motion.

The Barb fathers the modern breeds of heavy draft and cart horses. They came from the vast expanse of marsh and forest that stretched, in the old days, across Europe from the Rhine eastward to the Euxine Sea.

The Turk was ancestor to the ponies, Shetlands, Welch, Norwegians. Their first home seems to have been the inhospitable region which forms the source of the Ganges, Indus and Brahmaputra rivers, the crest of the Himalaya range.

Clothes began in Egypt—so did the horse—the use thereof, that is to say, but there is adumbrate evidence of the domestication of the horse before even the dawn of history!

It is in the highest degree foolish to suppose that any man, no matter how strong, courageous or agile, entirely unacquainted with equestrianism would ever succeed in catching, mounting and riding a wild horse. To capture an elephant, or lion single-handed without mechanical or other aid could not be nearer impossibility. It is done to-day, granted, but man gained his power by capturing foals, bringing them up in captivity and thus "catching on" to their "tricks and manners."

Certainly one of the earliest high-tone patrons of the horse was Prophet Mohammed! Before his time the Arab's riches consisted of camels, oxen, sheep and goats. Mohammed is famous as founder of a religion and—the horse. The diffusion of this noble animal throughout the world is undoubtedly due to man. There is no trace of horse, as horse, anywhere before the beginning of the eighteenth century, B. C.; he is absent from Egyptian monuments or mention till then.

Cæsar makes the first reference to the English horse, praising the skill with which the native *essedarii* handled their war chariots. This early British animal was probably of the small, squat, shaggy pony order. The Romans soon crossed their large horses with these little natives.

With Willam the Conqueror came the Spanish stallion.

One, no, *the* most interesting place in England is an old estate near Chester on the Liverpool road called The Baich (spelling doubtful). It is nearly certain that William himself used it as his residence. The oddest and oldest corner is a stable, made of a shallow cave with an addition of strong timbering. It was here, under his personal care, that the precious Spanish stallion lived. A door existed less than twenty years ago with some clumsy lettering cut in, according to tradition, with the Conqueror's own hand.

The Baich is zealously guarded private property which teems with the most ancient of English history. The above has never been printed and the information only happens my way because a member of my family once lived next The Baich and was privileged, as an extraordinary favor, to roam about the estate. She discovered this stable and several other very strange things.

It is curious to notice that "agriculture seems to have been the last use to which the horse has been put." A piece of Bayeux tapestry represents a horse drawing a harrow. Previous to this, field work had been pre-empted by the ox; a law even existed in Wales forbidding the use of horses for plowing.

In 1121 two Eastern horses were imported, one remaining in England, the other being sent as a present to King Alexander I, to the church of Saint Andrew in Scotland. The presumption is they were Barbs from Morocco.

King John, the Magna Charta magnate, was a horsey man; he got over a hundred Flemish stallions to improve the agricultural breeds.

Edward III is to be credited with the introduction of fifty Spanish jennets. At

this time the cavalry charger was practically the cart horse of to-day; had to be to carry the iron-encased warrior of the era.

With Richard III came post horses and stages.

With Henry VII the gelding eventuated; a necessity for it was the custom then for many owners to range their lands indiscriminately.

A statute of Henry VIII is so full of interest to lovers of our royal animal that I do not apologize for quoting it in full.

In the thirty-second year of his reign this bill pertaining to the breeding of horses was passed:

"For as much as the generation and breed of good and strong horses within this realm extendeth, not only to great help and defence of the same, but also to a great comodity and profit to the inhabitants thereof which is now much decayed and deminished, by reason that in forests, chases, moors and waste grounds within this realm, nags of small stature and little value be not only suffered to pasture thereon, but also to cover mares feeding there, whereof cometh in manner no profit or commodity."

Section 2 provided that "no entire horse above the age of two years and not being of the hight of fifteen 'handfulls' shall be put to graze on any common or waste land in certain counties; any one was at liberty to seize a horse of unlawful hight and those whose duties it was to measure horses, but who refused to do so, were to be fined forty shillings."

By section two all forests, chases, commons, etc., were to be driven, within fifteen days of Michelmas day, and all horses, mares, and colts, not giving promise of being serviceable animals, or of producing them were to be killed!

The aim of the act was to prevent the breeding of animals not calculated to produce the class of horse suited to the needs of the country.

This process seems worthy of imitation in various quarters to-day.

By still another act, after stating that the "breed of good strong horses" was likely to diminish, it was ordered that the owners of all parks and inclosed grounds to the extent of one mile should keep two mares thirteen hands high for breeding purposes or, if the extent of the ground was four miles, four mares.

No person was allowed to wear silk, or velvet unless their husbands could afford to keep a horse all ready for war. If this order was disobeyed the offender was fined ten pounds every three months." (*History of Chester*, Vol. VIII.)

The King also imported horses from Turkey, Naples, and Spain.

Bluff King Hal may have had very rocky matrimonial notions, but there was evidently nothing much the matter with him where horses were concerned.

Queen Elizabeth was devoted to horseflesh; rode *in state* to Saint Paul's Cathedral on a pillion.

In James I's reign came the carriage, but it obtained slowly. He and his judges rode in state on horseback to Westminster Hall. The introduction of the carriage created a demand for a light quick horse. Before that the ponderous cart order of equines obtained in spite of vigorous attempts at banishment, because his vogue came with chivalry—"the first epoch of the British horse." The advent of gunpowder did away with heavy armor for the cavalry soldier so that, at last, the call for lighter horses prevailed.

James was a thorough sportsman. He gave the biggest price then known, nearly three thousand pounds for an Arab stallion from Constantinople. This is the first authentic account of the importation of Arab blood and forms the first entry in the famous Stud Book on such matters.

But the Arab did not make a hit, "more t'other." The Duke of Newcastle, who was famous for his treatise on the horse, described the importation as "a small bay horse and not of very excellent shape." Anyway, the beast neither prevailed as a race horse, nor as a sire.

Charles II went into breeding with great vim. He sent his Master of the Horse abroad to acquire a number of stallions and mares. They are fully entered in the venerable Stud Book as "Royal Mares." One foaled in England, a natural Barb mare, was sold by the Stud Master after Charles II's death, for two hundred and twenty-five dollars when twenty years old, being in foal by the Helmsley Turk.

At the end of the reign of "Jamie" the First, the carriage quite suddenly became

the fashion and, of course, was wildly overdone. Fashion is surely typical of unrestraint everywhere and in everything. In this instance, a statute had to be passed "to restrain the excessive and superfluous use of coaches!"

James II did little for breeding, though a good horseman. The great entry in the Stud Book thereabouts was:

"Stradling Turk brought into England by the Duke of Borwick from the siege of Budd."

Considerable horse interest attaches itself to William III's reign. Three Eastern horses appear therein:

". . . to which the modern thoroughbred race horse traces back as the founder of his lineage."

The first of these was Byerly Turk. The animal was used as a charger by Captain Byerly in the Irish wars.

The second was known as the Darley Arabian, introduced by a Mr. Darley of Aldby Park, Yorkshire, from Aleppo.

The third was the Godolphin Arabian, or Barb.

"All horses now on the turf or at the stud, trace their ancestry, in the direct male line to one or the other of these three, the *Ultima Thule* of racing pedigree."

This enables me to end with the thoroughbred, properly so-called.

BILL BRASS SAVES THE PACKET

BY ARTHUR HEMING

"TALKIN' 'bout bears reminds me of a little affair I once had on the Peace River," said old Billy Brass, glancing slyly from the corner of his eye to see what effect his statement made upon his camp-fire companions. Billy was squatted cross-legged upon his caribou robe; and, as he turned the browning bannocks before the fire, he continued:

"Well, as I was sayin', me an' Old Pot-head's son once had a go with a great, big, black bear away up on the Peace River. But, don't you forget it, Billy Brass didn't lose the packet.

"We was in charge of the Peace River packet; an', if it hadn't been for the charm Father La Mille blessed for me at Fort Good Hope, I don't know's I'd be here to tell about it.

"Anyway, me an' Old Pot-head's son was carryin' the packet an' headin' for Hudson's Hope. It was the fall packet, an'—as winter was just about due—we was hustlin' 'long for all we was worth.

"Mile after mile we walks along that river bank; an', as we don't have no extra moccasins, our bare skin was soon upon the sand. What with havin' our duds torn by bushes, an' our fallin' in the mud once or twice, an' several times a-wadin' creeks, we was a pretty sight when we stops to camp that night. When the sun went down we was so tired that we just stopped dead in our tracks. We had been packin' our blankets, our grub an' cookin' gear, to say nothin' o' the packet; so, of course, we didn't give much thought to the campin' ground. But after supper I looks roun' an' sees that we'd made our fire down in a little hollow, an' that the place was bare o' trees 'ceptin' three that stood in a row 'bout four lengths of a three-fathom canoe from our fire. The middle one was a birch with a long, bare trunk, an' on each side stood a pine. Now, I want you boys to pay particler 'tention to just how they stood; for them three trees is goin' to do a mighty lot o' figgerin' in this here story.

"Me an' Old Pot-head's son turns in an' sleeps as sound as any trippers could. Sometime in the night I wakes up with a mighty start that almost busts me heart. Somethin' was maulin' me. So, with me head still an-under the blanket, for I dassn't peep out, I sings out to the Injun an' asks him what in creation he's kickin' me for; an' if he couldn't wake me without killin' me? Old Pot-head's son yells back that he hasn't touched me. Then, you bet, I was scared; for the thing hauls off again an' gives me a clout that knocks the wind plum out o' me.

"Shoot? Why, don't you know, packeteers never carries a gun; 'ceptin', of course, when the Company expects 'em to kill their grub; an' that's only when the people at the Fort is starvin'.

"Just then I heard Old Pot-head's son shout, 'keep still, Bill, it's a big, black bear.' I grabs the edges o' me blanket an' pulls 'em in under me so hard I thinks I've bust it. But the bear keeps on maulin' me, an' givin' me such hard swats that I

began to fear it'd cave in me ribs. Not content with that, the brute starts to roll me over an' over. An' all the time I'm doin' me best to play dead. Now, you needn't laff. I'd like to see any o' youse pretendin' you was dead while a big bear was poundin' you that hard that you begin to believe you ain't shammin'. An' when that ugly brute hauls off an' hits me agen, I decides then an' there that there's no occasion to sham it. But just as soon as I makes up my mind I'm dead, the bear leaves me; an', when I can no longer hear him breathin', I peeps out of a tiny little hole, an' sees the big brute maulin' me old friend the Injun. Then I takes another peep 'roun', an' don't see no escape 'cept by way o' them three trees, so I just jumps up, an' lights out like greased lightnin' for the nearest tree. After me comes the bear gallopin'. I guess that was the quickest runnin' I ever done in all me life. I just managed to climb into the lower branches of the west pine, as the bear struck the trunk below me.

"When I stops for breath in the upper branches, I see the old bear canterin' back agen to have another go with me pardner.

"Just as soon as I was safe, the whole performance struck me as bein' pretty funny, an' I couldn't help roarin' out a laffin' when I saw the beast maulin' Old Pot-head's son, an' him tryin' for all he was worth to play dead.

"Thinks I, I'll make me old friend laff. So I starts in to guy him, an' he begins to snicker, an' that makes the bear mad, an' he begins to roll the Injun. Then, you bet, I couldn't make him laff no more; for, what with shammin' dead, an' bein' frightened to death into the bargin, I don't think there was much laff left in him.

"You know how bears will act when they sometimes comes across a handy log? Well, that's just what the beast was doin' with Old Pot-head's son—it was rollin' him over an' over. The very next second it rolls his feet into the fire. Down the tree I slid, like snow down a mountain, an' stood at the foot of it an' pelted the bear with stones. The Injun's blanket began to smoke. It was no laffin' matter, for I knowed if I didn't drive the brute off in a jiffy, Old Pot-head's son would be a comin' out of his trance mighty sudden, an' that meant a catch-as-catch-can with a great, big, crazy, black bear.

"As good luck would have it, the next time I threw a stone, it landed on the tip of the bear's snout, an' with a snarl he comes for me. I waits as long as I dares, then up the tree I skins with the brute follerin' me. About halfways up I thinks I hears a human bein' laffin' in the east pine. So I looks over, an', sure enuff, I sees me old pardner settin' on a limb an' fairly roarin'. All the same I was feelin' mighty squeemish, for the bear was comin' up lickety splinter after me.

"Just then I spies a good, stout branch that reaches out close against a big limb o' the birch, an' I crawls over. As the bear follers me, I slides down the trunk o' the birch, an' lights out for the east pine where me pardner was doin' the laffin'. On its way down the bear rammed itself right smack against the mail bag; an', when the beast struck ground, it smelt the man-smell on the packet, an' began to gnaw it.

"Now, me an' Old Pot-head's son knowed well enuff we had to save the mail sack; so I slips down the east pine a ways, an' breaks off dead branches, an' pelts them at the bear while the Injun crosses over into the top o' the west pine. Then we both at once slides down as low as we dares, an' I begins to lam the brute with a shower o' sticks. Up the tree it comes for me, while me pardner slips down, grabs up the mail sack an' sails up the west pine agen.

"That was a mighty clever move, thinks I, but a bag is an orkad thing to portage when you're meanderin' up an' down a tree with a bear after you. But the tump-line was on it just as we carried it the day before, so it wasn't as bad as it might have been.

"Well, when I went up the east pine, the bear follered, an'—as there wasn't any too much room between me an' the bear—I crosses over into the birch, an' slides down its slippery trunk as tho' it was greased. I hits the ground a little harder than I wanted to, but didn't waste no time in lightin' out for the west pine, where the Injun was restin'; an' all the time the bear was reachin' for me.

"It was just a case of up the west pine, cross over an' down the birch; then up the east pine, cross over an' down the

birch; then up the west pine, cross over an' down the birch—till we got so dizzy we could a hardly keep from fallin'. If you could just a seen the way we tore roun' through them trees, I'll bet you would a done a heap o' laffin'.

"The bear was mighty spry in goin' up, but when it came to goin' down he'd just do the drop-an'-clutch, drop-an'-clutch act. That's just where me an' me pardner had the advantage on the brute; for we just swung our arms an' legs roun' that birch, an' did the drop-act, too; but, somehow we hadn't time to do the clutch, so our coat tails got badly crushed every time we landed.

"It was a kind of go-as-you-please until about the tenth roun', when I accidentally drops the mail bag on the bear's head, an' that makes him boilin' mad; so he lights out after us as tho' he had swallered a hornet's nest.

"Then away we goes up an' down, up an' down, an' roun' an' roun' that perpendicler race track, until we made such a blur in the scenery that any fool with half an eye, an' standin' half a mile away, could a seen a great, big figger eight layin' on its side in the middle o' the landscape.

"We took turns at carryin' the packet, but sometimes I noticed Old Pot-head's son was havin' a good deal o' trouble with it. It didn't seem to bother him much when he was climbin' up; for he just swung it on his back with the loop o' the tump-line over his head, an' so he had his hans free. But it was when he was comin' down the slippery birch that the weight o' the bag made him rather more rapid than he wanted to be; an' so, when he an' the bag struck groun', they nearly always bounced apart; an', if the Injun failed to get his feet in time to catch the sack on the first bounce, I ketched it on the second bounce as I glode by. So between the two of us we managed to hang on to the packet.

"By-an'-by, we was gettin' terribly tuckered out. It was a good thing for us that the bear was gettin' winded an' dizzy as well; because, at about the sixty-seventh roun', the brute had no sooner gone down the birch than he bounded up agen just when Old Pot-head's son was a climbin' thro' the upper branches o' the birch. So he clips over into the top o' the east pine, while I stays in the top o' the west pine, an' the bear sits down in a upper crotch o' the birch.

"Well, we puts in a good many heats of anywhere from twenty-five to seventy-five laps roun' that track by the time daylight comes, an' sunrise finds us all ketchin' our wind in the upper branches. I noticed that whenever the brute wanted to stop the whirligig it always climbed up the birch just in time to separate me an' me pardner; an' there we three would sit, me in the west pine, me pardner in the east pine, an' the black brute right in between.

"About breakfast time me an' the Injun was feelin' mighty hungry. There we sat cussin' our luck an' castin' longin' glances down at the grub bag. By the time I'd caught me wind, a great idea strikes me. Durin' the next heat I would rush out. So I sings out my intentions to me pardner, an' he says he thinks we can do it. So, while he was carryin' her Majesty's mail, I was to try an' grab the grub bag.

"We got ready, an' dropped down them pines so fast that we both hits groun' before the bear knows what's doin'. Then I leaves that tree like as if all the animals in the woods was after me. I had got on so much speed that by the time I grabs the grub bag I was goin' so fast that I couldn't turn roun' without slackin' down. That's where I loses a terrible amount o' time, an' I was beginnin' to think it was all up with me. By the time I had got headed roun' agen for the tree, I sees that the bear is comin' down with his back to me. When he hits groun' he sees the Injun dancin' roun' the foot o' the west pine; so he makes for the redskin, an' chases him up while I climbs the east pine.

"Then we all went roun' an' roun' an' roun' agen for maybe fifty laps, an' the way we wore the bark o' them trees an' trod down the grass between 'em was a caution. By-an'-by the bear gets so dizzy that he bucks up the birch agen, an' sure enuff that stops the performance.

"I didn't need any breakfast bell to remind me to open the grub bag. I just reaches in an' pulls out some busted bannock, an' throws a chunk over to Old Pot-head's son, an' we starts in. Every little while I'd toss another chunk of bread over to me pardner, an' just out o' sheer spite I'd chuck it so that it would go sailin' thro' the air right in front o' the bear's

snout. That makes him mad. So he tries to catch the stuff as it flies by; but I just puts on a little more curve, an' that makes him madder still, an' he ups an' comes for me.

"Then we all knocks off breakfast an' goes for another canter. But it don't do no good, 'ceptin' that we all gets puffed out agen. After a bit, the bear stops to ketch his breath, an' then me an' me pardner goes on with our breakfast.

"With the bear exercisin' us the way he did, we had to take our breakfast in a good many courses. That makes it so long drawn out that we gets mighty thirsty. The Injun asks me if the cups is in the grub bag. I puts me han' in an' feels, but they ain't there. Then I remembers that we left them down by the fire. We didn't either of us care to risk snakin' a cup, so I tells me pardner that the next time we goes roun' we'd best try an' grab a handful o' water. We didn't have long to wait, for the bear soon gets another move on; an' then away we all goes sailin' roun' agen. Every time me an' the Injun canters past the pool, we just makes a sudden dip an' grabs up a handful o' water an' throws it in.

"It wasn't long before nearly every button was wore off, an' our clothes was so ripped up an' torn down that I'd blush every time I'd ketch the bear lookin' at me. An' every time we ran 'long the groun' from one tree to another, me an' me pardner had to use both han's on our garments in order to keep up our—er—respectability. However, the bear didn't have the laff on us altogether, for he had gone up an' down them trees so often an' so fast that he had worn all the hair off his stomach.

"After a while we all gets tuckered out agen; an', while we rests in the trees, me an' me pardner talks about the weather, lettin' on that there ain't no bear anywheres nigh. So the time passed. As we didn't recollect just how much grub we had at the start, or how much water there was in the pool first off, we couldn't for the life of us reckon just how long we'd been there. Neither me nor Old Pot-head's son would care to take our oaths whether we'd been there a night an' half a day, or half a dozen nights an' days: the nighttime an' the daytime was so mixed up together that we hadn't time to separate 'em. We were sure, tho', that our grub was givin' out, the water was dryin' up, an' death was gettin' good an' ready for us.

"We was in such a terrible tight place that I begins to think o' takin' off me shirt an' flyin' it from the top o' the tallest pine as a signal o' distress: for we was worse off than if we'd been shipwrecked. Talk about bein' cast adrift on a raft! why, it wasn't in it with bein' fixed the way we was. We just stayed in one spot with no chance of ever driftin' to'rds help. As long as the bear kept tab on us there wasn't no sign of our ever gettin' a wink o' sleep. An' more, besides starvin' to death, we had to face bein' frozen; for our clothes was all wore off, an' winter was comin' on mighty fast."

"At last, when me an' Old Pot-head's son had 'bout given up hope, an' was just pickin' out which would be the easiest death; what should we see but somethin' bobbin' in an' out among the bushes. Say, it was another bear! When it comes a little closer, we makes out it was a little lady bear. No sooner does our old stern-chaser spy her than he slides down to the groun', an' risin' up on his hind legs, throws out his chest, an' cocks his eye at her, for all the world like a man when he sees a pretty girl comin' his way. But when her dainty little ladyship ketches sight of his bald-headed stomach, she just tosses up her nose with disgust, an' wheels roun' an' makes for the woods with our affectionate friend limpin' the best he can after her.

"An' that's the last we sees o' the bear that tried to hold up the Company's packet."

THE TERROR OF THE TORIES

COLONEL BENJAMIN CLEAVLAND—OLD ROUNDABOUT

BY LYNN TEW SPRAGUE

DRAWING BY J. N. MARCHAND

IT would be difficult to find in our frontier annals a character more grimly picturesque than that of Colonel Benjamin Cleavland, one of the heroes of the romantic fight at King's Mountain. His story is thrilling, and if not always edifying, is at least rich in what Spencer called "illustrative fact." For no one career that we know of so fully tells the tale of the dark civil strife, horrid violence and merciless brutality that prevailed in the Carolinas during the last years of the Revolutionary struggle, and none shows more aptly how harsh and savage well-meaning patriotism could sometimes be.

It is possible that Cleavland may have been a descendant of Oliver Cromwell, though it is not very probable that he was. However, he may as well have been, since he believed he was, and thought his hatred of kings was in the blood. As a boy he spelled out a marvelous tale of adventures which purported to be written by a natural son of the great protector, and of a frail beauty named Elizabeth Cleavland, a former mistress of King Charles I, and he got it into his head that this alleged author was his ancestor. It seems to have been a constant thought and influence with him. Therefore, when stern times came, and he found himself in authority, it behooved him to act as Oliver did in Ireland; but it is at least a question if the Great Protector's idea of justice was quite as dour and summary.

Alexander Cleavland came from England, nobody knows exectly when, and settled in the Old Dominion. His son John was the father of Benjamin, who was born on the Cleavland plantation lying along the now historic Bull Run, May 26th, 1728. He was a big, harum-scarum boy, fat and good-natured, but reckless, hot-tempered and determined. When this high-spirited child was twelve years old some drunken rowdies entered his home in his father's absence and proceeded to throw the furniture into the great blazing fireplace. Young Benjamin took down his father's loaded rifle, and would have shot them if they had not taken to their heels. He would not work—that was the part of negroes. But he loved hunting, and as he advanced in years, spent months roaming the wilderness. He had very little education; reading the simplest books was always difficult, and writing anything more than his name, a real toil. But he was shrewd, sagacious, a keen observer and a good judge of character. He acquired as he grew to manhood a rough, sound judgment, and a ready and glowing if illiterate eloquence. He married young, but it cannot be said that he settled down into anything like exemplary domesticity. Those were rough days, and he continued to lead a wild life, hunting, carousing, drinking and fighting. We are told that one year he and a congenial friend made a venture at farming. They put all their ready money in wheat and sowed many acres. They were too lazy to fence it and deers had good grazing. When harvest time came, in accordance with the custom they invited all their associates to help. Young Cleavland procured a barrel of liquor and a fiddler for a preliminary celebration. The carousal that followed lasted days, diversified now and then with fist-

fights, and the participants were so exhausted that the grain was left uncut. When he grew a little older he determined to quit gambling, cock-fighting and too frequent carousals. Deeming it best to break away from old associates, he accordingly, in 1769, migrated with his wife into the western borders of North Carolina, and took up land in a valley east of the Blue Ridge Mountains on Roaring Creek—perhaps the turbulent name attracted him. Here through his native energy he soon became a noted character, a successful stock raiser, and soon a large land-owner. He later had quite a celebrated estate on the Yadkin River in this same mountainous district, which, because the river flowed around three sides of it, he called "Round About." Subsequently, as he grew corpulent, the name attached to him, and he was known as "Old Round About." But in one way, as we shall see, it was a striking misnomer—he was always too frightfully direct.

He now met Daniel Boone, and heard from that celebrated man of the opulent hunting ground in the region soon to be known as "Kain-tuck-ee." He determined to seek adventures there, and he found a quick and humiliating one. With five friends well equipped he passed the mountains and entered the promised land. But having little of Boone's adroit caution, his party was soon set upon by a band of Cherokee Indians who calmly appropriated horses, stores, rifles, ammunition and most of the clothes. Lives were spared, and with the grim humor that some Indians really possess, but are not credited with, the Cherokee chief handed over to Old Round About at parting, a useless old musket, and said with a significant smile as he pointed to his plunder, "White man's trade." Cleavland and his friends had a grievous time recrossing the mountains. They all but perished. Cleavland's dog, poor faithful friend, broke from the Indians and rejoined the party to furnish meat in their time of dire distress.

Once home, and recovered from the wear of his exhausting journey, Cleavland, doubtless bethinking himself of his Cromwellian blood, enlisted a band of adventurers and set out again, to recover his horses. Fortunately he fell in with a friendly chief—or perhaps more properly, a chief rendered friendly by the size and equipment of Cleavland's party—called "Big Bear," through whose intervention he regained his stock and some of the other plunder, with no mishap save a tomahawk wound received in a petty quarrel.

Then he went hunting in Kain-tuck-ee, with great success, though with no very sportsmanlike methods.

He continued his rough border life, gaining reputation for boldness, force of character and prompt sagacity, and by the frugal standards of the time and locality, prospering in affairs human, till the Revolution broke out. He was by this time a leading man among his rough, wild neighbors. He was big and strong, so strong indeed that he boasted that his muscular power was limited only by the strength of his bones. He stood six feet, was broad of beam and big of frame. He was as heavy as an ox, but it was all brawn as yet. "Maybe there are braver men than 'Old Round About,' once said fearless Nolichucky Jack, "but certainly I never met them." He had a voice like a bull, and when the question did not call for a fight he would roar down all opposition. Yet he was a loyal friend, and at times subject to tender emotions, as tyrants are apt to be. News traveled on foot in those days, but when Old Round About did hear of Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill he never doubted what Cromwell would do; and when in the spring of 1776 the tories in the mountains near raised the British standard, Cleavland at once got together a company of volunteer riflemen, marched forth and promptly scattered them. He thought it a good time to police the mountain border and settle things as he would like them. So he and his company marched up and down the mountain sides and through the valleys, capturing horse thieves and outlaws, and it is to be feared, some other characters not so criminal, but who had the misfortune to be obnoxious to Old Round About. He and his company made a sort of vigilance committee, though in military form he reported to Colonel Moore. Cleavland expeditiously hung such of his prisoners as he thought his district well rid of with a cruel and arbitrary decision. Yet he was all the time loyal enough to his own crude

ideals, and when some of his followers plundered where there seemed to him no warrant, he could make good the loss from his own private means. There was something of "Old Hickory" in his domineering rule and his peremptory iron-handed tyranny was tempered with a sense of rigid if mistaken justice. But he hated toryism as Cromwell hated Episcopacy, and had as little doubt that he was an instrument of God. Indeed, he smugly thought himself a good Presbyterian through all his sanguinary career. He continued to be the terror of all tories, by whom he was called "Old Beelzebub," and his men "Cleavland's Devils." In the winter of 1778 he marched with General Rutherford into Georgia, and with the rest of the patriot army soon came scampering pell-mell out of that colony before the conquering British. For a year now he was active in Indian skirmishes, and continued to hunt, plunder and hang friends of the British crown. It is shocking to think of the number of respectable men who must have met a swift, swinging death during his rigorous rule, for no other reason than a conscientious loyalty to the King. It is true that most of the tories were ruffians and horse thieves, for the British strength in that district seems to have been drawn from the lowest and the highest—the great middle-class were nearly always patriots. But Cleavland, it is to be feared, seldom discriminated. All tories were alike to him. It is true, too, that trained officers in the British service, the assassin Tarlton, for instance, Cornwallis' right arm in the South, hung rebels with short shrift, and sometimes refused quarter even to surrendered prisoners. Yet the humane Marion at that very time was showing that even a desperate civil strife may be conducted with generous mercy.

Cleavland now and then had hot brushes with tories from other counties; he was a stiff fighter, unsparing and prompt in his guerrilla warfare. During the year he chased and hunted the large tory band under Colonel Bryan, out of the State of North Carolina.

But after all, his achievements so far in the cause of liberty, ardent, self-sacrificing, untiring, uncompromising, tyrannical and savage as they were, had not been especially brilliant. Had his career ended at this time he would have enjoyed only a local fame. But new and serious times were at hand, and Old Round About was not for one moment found wanting. With Gates' defeat at Camden the South seemed prostrate. The most ardent patriots lost heart. Many of those who had been most active sought flight; others who had only so far sympathized with the Revolution hastened to proclaim their loyalty to the crown. But Cleavland never faltered, and if his staunch-fighting patriotism did not become more fiery when toryism seemed to rise triumphant all about him, it was only because it was already as fiercely savage as it could well be. He was now the military colonel of his county, and with heavy hand he administered an inflexible officialism. When it was learned that Cornwallis had marched into his state, and that Ferguson was rallying the tories in the counties just south of him, Cleavland got together every patriot rifleman he could muster, and was actually marching to harass the advance through districts strong in loyalty to the crown, when the news of the gathering of the mountain men under Campbell, Shelby and Sevier reached him. Cleavland was at the head of three hundred and fifty of the backwoodsmen of Wilkes and Surry counties, North Carolina, and he at once set out to meet these other frontiersmen. At his passage of the Catawba river he had a sharp brush with tories in which his brother, an officer of his command, was seriously wounded. Pressing on with all speed he met the other patriot highlanders at Quaker Meadows, and on the first of October, 1780, all the frontiersmen started on that memorable chase of the haughty Ferguson, tracking him with unresting determination, even as they were wont to track savage red foes, that ended in the victory of King's Mountain. The history of that hot pursuit and extraordinary battle we have already sketched in a paper on Shelby. Cleavland was the oldest as Shelby was the youngest of the field officers, but among those zealous heroes none surpassed Old Round About in zeal. His big plow horse fell dead under his three hundred and fifty pounds during the exhausting chase. When the battle came he was a veritable Cromwell. When ready to mount the steep acclivity in the face of the enemy's

fire he turned at the head of his rough men and with the glow of antique martial eloquence spoke to them. We have what purports to be his exact words, and at least the spirit and substance are not dubious. This speech has been pronounced by a modern general "As splendid a specimen of authenticated battle oratory as can be found." And in truth it has the Roman note—so almost might Probus have spoken to his legions when they charged the Lygian hordes. Picture this ferocious old patriot before those wild frontiersmen at the base of that mountain on whose crest loyalist regulars were posted, his sword lifted, his eyes ablaze, his great voice shouting: "My brave fellows, we have beat the tories and we can beat them again. They are all cowards. If they had the spirit of men they would join their fellow citizens in supporting the independence of their country. When you are engaged you are not to wait for the word of command from me. *I will show you by my example how to fight.* I can undertake no more. Every man must consider himself an officer and act from his own judgment. Fire as quick as you can, and stand your ground as long as you can. When you can do no better get behind trees, or retreat; but I beg of you not to run quite off. If we are repulsed, let us make a point of returning and renewing the fight. Perhaps we may have better luck in the second attempt than in the first. If any of you are afraid, such shall have leave to retire, and they are requested immediately to take themselves off."

In that fierce conflict the rotund old patriot did as he had promised, and showed his men by his own example how to fight. He carried his great rhinoceros bulk up that hill heroically, calling all the time in a voice that was a lion's roar, "Give 'em hell, boys, and plenty of it. Give 'em hell, give 'em hell!" Had Cleavland been in that part of the field where Shelby was, where charges from the foe were frequent, we had had a different tale to write, for in the nature of things Old Round About was not nimble. But his headlong fearlessness and his frenzied hatred of tories stood the cause of liberty in good stead while the battle raged. Sad to relate, this last trait of Cleavland's helped strain the glory of the victory, for it is said he wished to hang all the captured officers, and toward all the prisoners that fell under his authority he was more than severe. Nine of the most notorious leaders were hanged by the decision of a court martial, and thirty had been condemned. Old Round About, it seems, would have exacted the full measure of questionable justice, but by the mercy of Shelby and Sevier twenty-one were spared. "So far as the evidence goes," mildly says the most exhaustive historian of the King's Mountain campaign, "Colonel Cleavland was probably more active and determined than any other officer in bringing about these severe measures."

"That man there must be hung," said Cleavland, pointing to a tory captain, and addressing Sevier and Shelby.

"On what evidence?" asked Sevier.

"On what evidence?" roared Old Cleavland. "On the word of a patriot! Good God, is this a time for frills?"

"There shall always be a time for justice in an army where I command," answered Shelby.

Here, too, is a note of odious and sickening import from the diary of Lieutenant Allaire of Ferguson's command, made while he was a prisoner under Cleavland's charge:

"Wednesday, Nov. 1, 1780. My friend, Doctor Johnson, insulted and beaten by Col. Cleavland for attempting to dress a man [his wounds] whom they had cut on the march." Yet the Lieutenant notes that two tories whom some other patriot was about to hang were pardoned through Cleavland's clemency, and that Old Round About had all his prisoners out to listen to a lurid Presbyterian sermon, keyed to the republican pitch, on the following Sunday. "Paint me as I am," said the great Cromwell, while sitting to the artist Lely, "if you leave out a wart or a wrinkle, I will not pay you a farthing." And so we feel would Old Round About wish to be portrayed, and every instance of harsh brutality would have been justified to his conscience by his frequent avowal, "All tories are rattlesnakes."

Truly it was a bitter time in those Southern states, torn by cruel feuds, when "if a son refused to betray his father to the British he was hung like a dog." Nor is this rough and brutish patriot's better nature to be forgotten, for his sympathies were quick and tender and generous with those on his own side. Cleavland, like all

other field officers in that romantic campaign, was now a famous man throughout the struggling Colonies. Returning home on the back of the dead British commander's big white horse, the old fire-eater for a while dominated his district without hindrance. King's Mountain had cowed the tories of North Carolina for the nonce. But it was not long before things wore again the old aspect. Next year General Greene came running north out of South Carolina with Cornwallis in hot pursuit. According to your sympathies you may believe the American historians that the patriot general was luring his lordship to his doom, or the British historians that he was retreating in a panic before a gallant British earl. Certainly Greene paused once or twice in his flight to hit, and hit very, very hard, certainly he proved himself before the campaign had finished far the greatest strategist of the two, and certainly Cornwallis fell into a trap at Yorktown. But it was the noble earl himself who did most toward setting that trap, and a greater than either who sprung it. However it may be the tories took heart at the apparent turn of affairs, and again grim old Cleavland's hands were full. Not only were sincere loyalists active, but bands of desperadoes, taking advantage of anarchy and confusion, roamed over the country plundering both whigs and tories under the guise of war. Personal grudges and private feuds were barbarously indulged. Bancroft has given us a sad picture of the "sorrows of children and women, robbed and wronged, shelterless, stripped of all clothes but those they wore, nestling about fires they kindled on the ground, and mourning for their fathers and husbands."

The unflinching, generous, rash and yet loyal side of Old Round About's character are well illustrated by the following anecdote: A retainer who had served him faithfully wished to set up for himself, and just before the troublesome times the Colonel gave him a piece of land on New River, and furnished him with stock. His protégé was far from neighbors and in a location which exposed him to the insults of tories. The Colonel advised him when the perilous epoch was inaugurated to abandon his undertaking until the venture was less hazardous; but the man preferred not to give up what was well begun, though he sent his wife and child to Cleavland for protection. Late one afternoon the Colonel learned from a spy that a band of some twenty tories had set out to plunder and hang his friend. There was no time to summon a force, and so the Colonel started out hurriedly to the rescue. He had with him only the six men who served him on his plantation. But he did not tell his little company how over-matched they were. They had not pursued the tories far, however, before the men, used to following trails and tracking Indians, discovered that they were following a band that outnumbered them three to one. Four of the men insisted on turning back. Old Round About was beside himself with rage. He denounced the recalcitrants as cowards, and threatened to shoot them. "Look at me, you damned sheep," he bellowed, "I am as big a mark as all of you together, and by the Almighty if you desert me now, I'll hang you all when I come home." He bunched the unwilling men before him, and with drawn pistols actually drove them forward—not a very hopeful arrangement, one would think, for an attack on a superior foe. The four men were evidently of that opinion, for though they had every reason to believe that the grim Colonel would do as he had promised, and hang them all when he came home, they thought there was so little likelihood of his ever returning at all that one after another they sneaked away as they marched through the woods, and so left Old Round About with only two men. But he was not in the habit of giving up, and he pushed on with his two faithful ones, and with what speed he could, only to find on his arrival his late protégé swinging cold and uncomplaining from his own door post, and the stock driven off. Old Round About then swore by everything he deemed holy that he would hang the first ten tories he fell in with by way of retaliation—and then started home to punish his deserters. But he never found the runaways, and, (strange reflection!) such a different heart and mind do we all carry with us into the realm of historic story that it rather pleases us to know that those four men were captured by the tories, and met a horrid death as the result of a course which after all was quite in the line of fair discretion and common sense.

Both to loyalists and to desperadoes whose pretense of party was merely the cloak of greedy crime, Old Round About was himself a mark for vengeance and spoliation. Still, against every enemy and in the face of adverse fortune, his unbending courage and brutal patriotism remained unshaken. His life for months was full of thrilling perils, hairbreadth escapes and fearsome ventures. He suffered heavily, but he struck back with brutal violence. His stock was stolen, his crops destroyed, his buildings burned, his followers and adherents murdered and tortured; and assassination ever lay in wait for him. But not for a single moment was his valor or his patriotism unnerved. Let us look closely at one or two instances of the bitter partisan strife as illustrating the spirit that prevailed. One Saturday in April, 1781, Cleavland and his negro servant (Old Round About always disdained to travel with a guard) set out to inspect a large tract of land belonging to the Colonel on New River. He arrived without mishap, and put up for the night at the house of a tenant whose name was Duncan, and who employed two men, expecting to remain over Sunday. Two of his sons had now grown to manhood, and he left them to defend his home. A tory captain named Riddle, with some eight men, happened to cross Old Round About's trail on the way to the British post of Ninety-Six. The Captain learned from a family of tory sympathizers, named Perkins, that Colonel Cleavland had recently passed with his servant and was probably at the Duncan place, a little beyond. With odds at two to one, the tories thought they might capture, or at least kill the doughty rebel leader. But in spite of their great advantage in numbers, they dared not risk an open fight, such was the terror of Old Round About's mere name. So they resorted to a strategem. Under cover of night they sneaked up to the Duncan place, stole all the horses and lead them through a little thicket near the Perkins place. In this field of brush they lay in ambush awaiting Cleavland and his men whom they knew would set out to recover the animals when the loss was discovered in the morning. At dawn Cleavland and the three men started in pursuit of the horses as expected. When near to the thicket, however, one of the Perkins women spoke to the brave old Colonel as he was passing, and, being something of a gallant, he lingered to have a word with her. He was, in consequence, a little behind the others when a volley from the dastardly tories was fired. One of his men was killed, another wounded—while neither Duncan nor Cleavland were hit. Duncan escaped to the woods. Cleavland, however, was not fleet of foot, and he drew his pistol and retreated to the Perkins' house, firing the while to keep his enemies to the rear. The tories were now eight to one. Old Round About held them at bay while his ammunition lasted, and then tried to escape by rather ungallantly holding one of the tory women before him as a shield. He was too lumbering on his feet, however, and took refuge in the Perkins' house again, only surrendering at last on the solemn promise of life and fair treatment. The tories set out for Ninety-Six with their celebrated prisoner. They walked down streams to avoid being tracked, but Cleavland stealthfully turned up stones, broke off and dropped twigs and resorted to other means to mark his trail. He had a sorry time with sword pricks and galling jests, but his courage was as defiant and swaggering and blatant and belligerent as ever. The escaped Duncan was an old follower, and was not long in gathering friends, including Cleavland's brother, Robert, who knew the Colonel would indicate, when possible, the course taken. Marching double-quick all night, by morning of the second day Cleavland's friends came up to the tories who had just breakfasted, and had their horses ready to mount. Those leading the pursuit, however, grew excited and fired too soon, so that but one of the tories was killed and two slightly wounded. Leaping on the ready horses, all but the fallen tory escaped. When Old Round About heard the report of guns, he knew his friends were at hand, and leaping to his feet he bellowed out with his great voice, "Hurrah, hurrah! that's right, boys, give the damned tories hell."

It was not long after this occurrence that this same Captain Riddle and his wife were captured and brought to Cleavland. It was early in the morning and the Colonel was just up. He came out on the veranda,

"That man must be hung," said Cleavland.

however, long enough to greet Riddle with this cheerful salutation: "Captain Riddle, you assassinate men from ambush and call it war. You shall hang directly after breakfast." Hanged the tory captain was, and in the presence of his wife.

Old John Doss, an old overseer of Cleavland's was killed and some of Cleavland's stock run off. The thieving murderers were soon caught by some of Cleavland's "devils" and brought to the old Colonel. One of them begged hard for his life as he stood on a log with a noose around his neck; he said he was a great mechanic, that the district needed such, that he had worked for Cleavland in the past, that he had recently discovered perpetual motion, and ended by asking Cleavland where was his conscience.

"Where is my conscience?" roared the ferocious old Colonel, "where is my stock, you mean; and where is poor Jack Doss? 'Fore God I do this deed and justify myself before high Heaven and my country. Run up that hill, Bill, and butt him off the log. I'll show him a bit of perpetual motion."

For slight crimes Cleavland flogged, cut off ears and made tories "thumb the notch." Once, when his little son James wandered out to one of the frequent hangings, he expostulated with the savage father.

"He is a bad man, Jimmie."

"Then won't God punish him?" asked little James.

"Yes, Jimmie," said the inexorable old Colonel, "I'm sending him away for that very purpose."

Is it supposed that these are fanciful incidents conceived to heighten the color of our sketch? Not at all; the most sober historians give us the same picture. Here is an episode from Doctor Draper who wrote his great history of the King's Mountain campaign after a lifetime of exhaustive research, and who records these and other facts.

"Col. Cleavland visited Col. Sheppard at Richmond where he [Sheppard] had two notorious tory horse thieves in prison. Cleavland insisted on swinging them to the nearest tree; 'they might escape,' he suggested, and yet further endanger the community—at least one of them, whose crimes rendered him particularly obnoxious to the people. One end of the rope was fastened to the neck of the worst prisoner, who was mounted on a log, and the other end made fast to the limb of a tree overhead, and the log was rolled from under the culprit. Cleavland now repaired to the jail, and significantly pointed the surviving tory to his late associate now dangling on the tree. 'You have your choice,' observed Cleavland sternly, 'either to take your place beside him or cut your own ears off and leave the country forever.' The tory knew he could not trifle with Old Round About, so he called for a knife. A case knife was accordingly handed him, which he whetted a moment on a brick, then gritting his teeth he slashed off his own ears." As a tory once remarked, Old Round About was indeed "a regular cut-up."

Theodore Roosevelt, certainly never too harsh in his judgments of the strenuous lives of those heroic men who subdued the Western wilderness, says of this chauvinistic old hero: "He was a mighty hunter and Indian fighter, and an adventurous wanderer in the wilderness. He was an uneducated backwoodsman, famous for his great size and his skill with the rifle, no less than for the curious mixture of courage, rough good nature and brutality in his character. He bore a ferocious hatred to the royalists, and in the course of the vindictive civil war carried on between the whigs and tories in North Carolina, he suffered much. In return he persecuted his public and private foes with ruthless ferocity, hanging and mutilating any tories against whom the neighboring whigs chose to bear evidence." Roosevelt also tells us that Cleavland's wife was a fitting helpmate, and he records this anecdote:

"Once, in his absence, a tory horse thief was brought to the home, and after some discussion the captors, Cleavland's sons, turned to their mother, who was placidly going on with her ordinary domestic avocations, to know what they should do with the prisoner. Taking from her mouth a corncob pipe she had been smoking, she coolly sentenced him to be hung, and hung he was without further delay or scruple." Doctor Draper, in telling the same anecdote, says the gentle lady first inquired of her sons what they thought their father would do were he there. "Hang him," they answered. "Then I reckon you'd better hang him." the mother replied. It

is a slight discrepancy which certainly made no difference to the tory.

But enough of these grewsome examples of Old Round About's unrestrained passions and fanatical patriotism. His chief activity after King's Mountain was purely partisan fighting. He did join Greene with his regiment for a few weeks, but the unsettled condition of his own district led to his return before the battle of Guilford Court House. He also fought Indians now and then, but rendered no such distinguished services against the savages as did Sevier, Clarke, Robertson and others. His love of country was passionate; his emotions fierce, and he was driven to acts of brutish savagery that are past all excuse. Still it cannot be denied that he bore good service to the cause of independence, and was an ever-present help to many despairing patriots in the most turbulent of times.

It was not, however, simply as a man of rough, ready, and violent action that he was distinguished. He had beside a never-failing physical fearlessness, the high moral courage of rabid convictions, and some critics have even thought him possessed of high military genius. As a soldier, certainly Old Round About was a successful, ferocious and even brilliant guerrilla chief; with education and training he might well have made a superb general.

When the Revolutionary War finally closed, Cleavland betrayed an astonishing mildness toward the beaten tories. When some order was restored, it was found that the old hero's title to most of his fine estate was imperfect. But although past the prime of life, he was too stout of heart, too buoyant of spirit to be much depressed. These were patriarchal times, and Old Round About, when forced to surrender the land, migrated into the mountainous back country of South Carolina with his stock and a few of his devoted old soldiers. The masterful old lion at once became a figure of importance in his adopted home. Strange to say, in view of his passionate nature and of his ignorance, he was made a member of the State legislature, and more strange still, soon after, one of the three associate judges of his district. But toryism being dead past all recovery, and his emotions somewhat subsided with age, his native sagacity enabled him to acquit himself with fair credit during his official civil career. One of Cleavland's associates upon the bench declares him to have been possessed of a logical and exact mind, and of a mental force above the ordinary. Had the first been well-informed, and the last disciplined and cultivated, he thinks Cleavland might have won high distinction in any intellectual pursuit. He adds that he was a good judge on questions of fact, but had a habit of falling asleep when law questions were being argued.

During Cleavland's residence in South Carolina he had petty disputes with the Cherokees, who stole his horses and cattle. But he always recovered his stock, and generally took some plunder in the line of pelts by way of retaliation. It is said that the Indians had a superstitious dread of him because of his great size, and on the evidence of their eyes accepted him as a mighty warrior and big chief. When age had rendered him less active he is said to have grown monstrous and to have weighed no less than four hundred and fifty pounds. He was finally so unwieldy that he spent almost all of his time sitting on his veranda visiting with his rough admirers and chewing and smoking much tobacco for the purposes, he jocosely said, of "keeping down his flesh." He died suddenly while sitting at his breakfast table, in the fall of 1806—having lived for sixty-nine years a life of fearless, rough activity and mixed and violent feeling.

ON THE LAKE

Photograph by Charles H. Sawyer.

THE PEOPLE WHO STAND FOR PLUS

FRANK N. MEYER, SCIENTIFIC EXPLORER FOR THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IN CHINA AND RUSSIA

A CENTURY ago, Americans were exploring a new continent and we, of to-day, are erecting monuments to the men who did that work. Another kind of exploration just as important is going on to-day, work that calls for the same kind of grit possessed by the old heroes and which exacts just as big toll of risk and danger and self-sacrifice. It may be added that the work is just as poorly paid as the work of the old explorers, and that in another century posterity will likely be putting up monuments to these modern explorers. Our latter-day heroes, whom we won't recognize till they have been dead for a century, are the scientific explorers sent by the United States Government to scour the remotest and most inaccessible parts of foreign countries for plant industries adapted to the uncultivated areas of the United States, who search Persia and Asia Minor and the robber-infested passes of Manchuria and Siberia and Korea for plant-growth suitable to sections in the United States possessing the same character as these foreign fields, but up to the present uncultivated and marked on the maps "arid."

How many farmers and grain-buyers and millers and railroads in the West, for instance, who are $30,000,000 richer from last year alone from the introduction of Durum wheat from Russia and Algeria, ever give a thought to the scientific explorer who went after that wheat? How many fruit growers in America, prosperous from fruits and crosses of fruits imported from foreign countries, so much as know the name of the scientist who scoured those countries at the risk of his own life to bring back such fruits to America? It would be a deadly safe bet to wager there isn't a member in the House of Representatives or in the Senate who could tell you off-hand the paltry salaries which these explorers are paid. Some few years ago when Southern cotton lands began to fall off in yield from sheer soil exhaustion, the United States Government sent scientists rummaging all parts of the world for plants adapted to the conditions of the South which would restore the soil. To-day, many of those exhausted lands are yielding more than $60 an acre in alfalfa. How many plantation owners of the South pocketing those returns know at what risk to life and health the different alfalfa varieties were brought from Chile and Siberia and Manchuria and South Russia? If OUTING were allowed to bet it would be safe to wager that the very names of the explorers have been lost in the dusty files of departmental records.

Frank N. Meyer, just back from three years of nerve-wracking, health-shattering exploration in Northern Asia, could tell you some terse hair-raising facts about that work, if he would talk; but Meyer does not talk. As Mr. David Fairchild, the head of the Foreign Exploration Work says—"A man who spends six hours of the day staring into a microscope and the rest of the day scouring the fields for fresh discoveries—gets out of the way of talking." Besides, Mr. Meyer has had some bad luck. He doesn't care a hoot for fame, but he has seen other men's photographs plastered through the newspapers with his name under them. Such little discrepancies, of course, don't matter when you are in a region where you may waken up with the swords of two Chinese assassins within an inch of your throat; but the

Our caravan on the road from Peking to Wu-tai-shan slowly creeping through the now dry bed of a river. The rivers become broader and broader on account of the deforestation of the mountains and all arable land is washed away.

Glorious weeping willows in Chinanfu, graceful and inspiring beyond words. In no other city in China are such beautiful specimens as here.

A Chinese method of growing watermelons. In northern China where the dust storms blow so fiercely in spring and early autumn the watermelon plants would be blown to pieces if not protected by loose windbreaks of reed-stems.

The grain market in the city of Tai-yuan-fu, Shansi, China, where the farmers buy and sell their seeds and grains.

newspaper experiences and three years of exile among foreigners who speak different dialects every hundred miles—have given Meyer a disinclination to the polite art of conversation, though the explorer is master of five modern languages.

Meyer went out to China with a sort of *carte-blanche* commission. Here was the proposition for the explorer. The United States practically includes every variety of climate and soil, barring the Arctics. Yet great sections of the United States lie fallow marked "barren." Now Korea and China and Russia have areas with the same climate and the same soil; but those areas are not marked "barren." They are cultivated so they support a population prolific as rats. Meyer was sent to see *what* grew in those regions, to see *how* it grew, to examine gardens and farms, to learn the failures and to learn the successes of those foreign peoples who have been cultivating arid soil more centuries than the United States number years, to do all this and to send back specimens of plant growth and of seeds that gave promise of development in the United States. Very simple, it sounds, doesn't it? It wasn't at all simple in reality. In fact, it would take a book to give the explorer's experiences. The quest led him to the far interior where Chinese soldiers dare not go. It led him to regions known as banditti haunts like the Border Marches of England in the days of the Picts and Scots. Coolies deserted him in panic terror. Horses could neither be bought nor hired. Baggage had to be carried forward on rafts and wheelbarrows. Night after night, weeks and months at a stretch the explorer had to sleep in village inns on earthen floors where the house-scraps and filth of ten years stank in a veritable cesspool. The water was not only bad, but it was sheer poison—a vile concoction of rain and sewage. Vermin infested every inch of such abodes and flies in clouds corrupted food fast as it was exposed. Meyer's food was canned meat, biscuits and tea. What with the smell and the vermin, restful sleep was out of the question. Of course, the man's health went utterly to pieces. It wasn't a case of an illness with a beginning and an end. It was a case of never being well; and the invalided scientist was surrounded by banditti ruffians who had never before seen a "foreign devil," and treated him to such courtesies as one may guess—staring in at every crevice and crack, day and night, in mobs; examining him from the hair of his head to the sole of his feet; lying to him and jeering at him if he asked questions through his interpreter; accusing him of the evil eye if he examined their gardens; demanding extortionate prices when he attempted to buy seeds and specimens—in fact, treating him exactly as our own criminal population might treat a Chinese explorer if we had no police; and the Chinese police had forewarned Meyer they could not protect him in these regions. Did Meyer turn back? Not much! He wore a good revolver and protected himself. In the midst of such daily and nightly perils, here is what he writes to Mr. Fairchild, the head of the Exploring Department:

Apropos of some one who had resigned to accept a more lucrative position:—"As you say, Mr. Fairchild, money is surely not everything. Give me a bit of blue sky, some hazy mountains in the distance, a rippling brook or foamy sea and enough of life's goods to get along, and people may keep their millions and their soul-destroying methods of getting money." Then, please note what he is thinking about—"the alfalfa seed came all right." He had been told to look out for a Siberian alfalfa suitable to cold climates. "I am searching for more specimens of Northern seedless persimmons suitable for frosty atmosphere." Then he runs on talking about a region visited where huge mountain-timber wolves boldly destroyed laborers in the open farm fields. He tells how Mongolia grows drier from year to year, in fact, what made it a desert. What he writes in almost every letter of these desert areas should be written in letters of fire across the future horizon of the United States. Vast regions in China are desert and arid and bare as a billiard ball because "*the greedy Chinese have grubbed out every vestige of forests*" and there are no moisture holding media for soil or air: if it rains, the evaporation from lack of foliage protection is so instantaneous that the effect of rain is lost. Rains are followed by floods that wash away the productive surface soil in deluges and torrents. Behind are left desolate barren stretches of hard-packed,

On the road between Peking and Wu-tai-san. Mountains nearly entirely composed of soil.

hard-baked clays that it will take a century to redeem. Then comes the drought, and there is no blanket of humus and grass and growth to conserve moisture, so that springs dry up and the fearful Chinese famines follow. On this subject, Mr. Meyer should be hired by the Forestry Department to din some facts into the public's ears.

It was in August of 1907, the explorer had set out with coolies and carts for the peach region of Northern China. The region, he knew, was full of outlaws, brigands and murderers. One night when his guides were asleep, some Chinese soldiers, huge Manchurian fellows far different from the American idea of the Chinese, rode clattering up to the inn and warned Meyer not to go on. There was a band of robbers on the road. At the word, his coolies jumped from sleep, ghastly pale and trembling with fright. They threatened to desert. Meyer forced them to go on. Next morning towards midday they were at a country inn, when a great commotion was heard outside. The interpreter dashed in breathless with the news that the murderers had just beaten a merchant traveler to death on the public highway. Meyer rushed out in time to see a corpse gashed to pieces by pickaxes brought in. Naturally, none of the company had appetite for dinner that day. The unnerved coolies went raving mad with fear. All that prevented them deserting the white man was the distance from home. It was as unsafe to retreat as to go on. Meyer handed out long knives for his men to defend themselves and put his own pistol in order, giving instructions for the party to keep indoors after dark. The Chinese soldiers offered to accompany the white man part of the way; but that would be only an alternative of evils. Meyer declined. Some miles along the road the explorer and his party passed the band of outlaws—a

ragged mob gathered in a farm field making a pretense of work, with bludgeons and huge swords ready to hand. When we think of the Chinese, we naturally think of the dwarfed specimens seen in Oriental colonies of America; but the North of China native is a huge six-footer, tough as a barbarian, and savage as one, too. The sun was shining as the white man's party marched past. The light glinted on the long nickel-plated barrel of Meyer's biggest pistol. The scientist looked straight and unflinching in the faces of the outlaws. The leader of the brigands nodded to his followers. They dropped their bludgeons and made still greater pretense of working. Only a few days before, a missionary had been plundered and mauled half to death at this very pass. When Meyer came to any little whitewashed mission house it was like an oasis in the desert, the missionaries welcoming him like a long-lost brother, the explorer resting with his hosts for a breathing space from the dangers of the road.

Meyer saw farms that had been under irrigation since before Columbus discovered America. To the credit of the pagan priests be it said, all forms of plant and tree growth were cherished and encouraged around the temples. The priests gave Meyer what information they could. The extent to which forest devastation has gone in China can be inferred from the fact that the Chinese have rooted and grubbed out every vestige of tree growth the size of your finger above the graves of their revered ancestors.

Feng Tai, China. The loaf-headed willow, looking for all the world as if it had been pruned, yet this is its natural habit.

Was the game worth the candle? Meyer's traveling expenses for the three years were $4,500. Did the scientist see or send back anything worth all this risk, worth even the small outlay? In all, 1,200 specimens suitable for growth in the United States were sent back. How these will develop cannot be known till tested for eight or ten years, till perhaps the progeny of these plants becomes acclimatized; but if you look over the list of what was sent, you will agree the game was worth the

On the road from Peking to Wu-tai-san near Talung Hua, China. Mountain and hills, completely denuded of any arboreal growth; even shrubs have been grubbed out.
This is famine region of China from lack of water.

A beautiful grove of tall bamboos near Hankau, China. Some of the stems have been bent down by an unusually heavy snowfall some days previous.

candle. Here are a few of the foreign prizes captured: Mongolian alfalfa suitable for arid regions; hardy yellow roses; bamboo specimens and matting rushes that may create a new industry in the swamp regions of the Southern States, an industry that drains millions of dollars from America every year; seedless persimmons adapted for cool climate; blue spruces; peaches of white flesh, excellent for shipping and averaging a pound each, suitable for the climate of Utah and Mexico; a haw that is substitute for cranberries in dry regions; a new species of grape averaging five pounds to the bunch; soy beans and alfalfa for alkali lands. Some of the plants imported may not grow. In transplanting bamboos, the treelets must not be left out of the soil for a single hour; but if only a hundred of the twelve hundred specimens imported grow, they will repay the country in millions what it has spent on the explorer in hundreds.

Danger from robbers was not the least harassing of the scientist's troubles. The Chinese hate foreigners to learn about their country and lied in answer to the interpreter's simplest questions. Wrong names would be given for plants. Carters would be bribed to go the wrong way. When Meyer asked questions, h.. companions, without any reason at all, would answer with the most mendacious and misleading information. This irritation was constant for the three years. Then there was the danger—very real in the mountain country towards Siberia—from wild beasts. Near one hut where the explorer slept, some species of panther which the natives described as a tiger, had carried off field laborers bodily and won a terrible reputation as a man-eater. When the white man asked why the village did not club together and kill the marauder, the people took apoplexy from very fear and set Meyer down as "a foreign devil," indeed.

On that same trip to the peach country of the North, Meyer had a still narrower escape. As far as I can judge from his letters, carts had been exchanged for wheelbarrows. The roads were vile. It had been raining in deluges, and the six coolies were dragging behind with the baggage while the white man pushed ahead to hunt night quarters. By night he found himself far ahead of his men, and entering a deserted road-hut, he fell sound asleep. Suddenly, he was awakened from deep sleep by the sense of human presence, by a sort of intangible premonition of terrible danger. He looked up—two men stooped above him, one with a drawn sword pointed at the sleeper's throat, the other with a raised club. I don't need to tell that it didn't take Mr. Meyer very long to get up; and the flash of his pistol-barrel as he swung free for arm space did the rest. The Chinese assailants bounced back so violently they sprawled head over heels across a big roadside bowlder. Meyer did not even fire his pistol; for Americans have a world-wide reputation for shooting to hit. By the time the assassins returned with a mob at their heels, the coolies and interpreters had come up. Explanations noisy enough to split the welkin appeased the crowd, and all sat down to a smoking of pipes like Red Indians.

Do you want to know what the country pays a modern explorer for doing this kind of work? Put it down in the list of things you are proud of! Meyer was paid $1,200. Then, in a burst of generosity, the country raised his job to $1,400 a year.

ON THE SHORES OF PUGET SOUND

BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

THE place where I stopped longest in the Puget Sound country was a scattered settlement of five thousand people and old, as age goes in the Northwest. Its most commanding height was crowned with a big school building, and there were little church spires sticking up all about. "We're supplied with pretty near every creed and denomination you can think of," declared one citizen proudly.

Along the borders of the town flowed a swift, deep river, and on its banks were sawmills and shingle-mills. All through the day the air there was shrilled with the sound of the demoniac saws and the panting of engines. The region contains the finest and largest body of timber in existence, but it is fast going.

One afternoon I went back into the woodland to see some of it that had been untouched. I followed a logging railroad from a spot four miles out of town where they dumped the logs from the cars into the river. Soon I was in genuine Puget Sound forest where, except for the railroad, the woodsmen had as yet done no work. This particular section had been neglected because the trees were mostly hemlocks—timber which is comparatively valueless. But they were wonderful trees, straight as arrows, clean-stemmed, crowded, and astounding in their towering height. The fires had never run through them, and for once I saw woodland as nature intended it should be. No matter how fierce the winds might be that swept the tree-tops they could not ruffle the forest depths. Here eternal quiet reigned. Here was always coolness and moisture and twilight, even at midday. Here grew the green mosses and tangled shrubbery, and great ferns of almost tropical luxuriance. Here lay the trees that had died and fallen, but which by reason of size and the dampness were many, many years in crumbling into mold. So encumbered was the ground with the rough, rank mass of decay, and so thick was the undergrowth that one would find the task of pushing through well nigh impossible.

Presently I came to a chopper's camp in a clearing. How sorry it did look!—a group of board shanties amid a stark, staring desolation of brush and a few standing dead trees, while back behind was nature's green forest temple. I kept on following the sinuous railroad and shortly began to hear the light, steady blows of axes, and at frequent intervals the throbbing and hissing of some horrible steam monster. This monster proved to be a donkey engine hauling logs to the loading place.

A little farther up in the woods the men were felling trees. Two worked together. The trees grow very large at the base and for the first ten feet taper rapidly. To save time they are cut well above where the great sinews reach out to grip the earth. Six feet is perhaps a usual height, but I saw old stumps on the lowlands of twice that altitude. When preparing to fell a tree, each chopper makes a notch on opposite sides of the trunk about three feet up from the ground and inserts a short board that has on the end a sharp upturned edge of iron. The iron catches, and the board projects horizontally. On this support the chopper stands, and his comrade on another. Then perhaps they will cut other notches and insert boards and go up a stage or two higher. The task of severing the trunk is begun by making an undercut which will bring the tree down

Clearing the land.

Wayside cedars.

Workers on the road.

Felling a big tree.

In the garden.

in a particular direction, and then they finish from the other side with a long saw.

The trees sometimes have a diameter of a dozen feet. The cedars, in particular, reach a vast girth, and in the valley by the roadside was one with a circumference at the ground of sixty-three feet, and near-by was another that had a Gothic arch cut through it affording easy passage for a man on horseback. But the tallest trees are the firs. Two hundred feet is a very moderate height, and some shoot up to above three hundred. The fall of one of the monsters when the woodsmen have cut through its base is something appalling. As the tree begins to give, the sawyers hustle down from their perch and seek a safe distance. Then they look upward along the giant column and listen. "She's workin' all the time," says one.

"Yes," agrees the other, "you can hear her talkin'; and he gives a loud cry of "Timber!" to warn any fellow laborers who may be in the neighborhood.

The creaking and snapping increase, and the tree swings slowly at first, but soon with tremendous rapidity and crashes down through the forest to the earth. There is a flying of bark and broken branches, and the air is filled with slow-settling dust. The men climb on the prostrate giant and walk along the broad pathway of the trunk to see how it lies. What pigmies they seem amid the mighty trees around! The ancient and lofty forest could well look down on them and despise their short-lived insignificance; yet their persistence and ingenuity are irresistible, and the woodland is doomed.

The chief recreation of the woodsmen is to go to town on Saturday nights. As a valley dweller explained, "They've got money, and they just blow it in. That there is the logger style of it. There's no places of amusement in the town. They can go to the library and sit down or go to a hotel and sit down, but that don't suit 'em. No, they either get drunk or go to church. Some take in both. I've seen 'em at church pretty well loaded. 'Bout 'leven or twelve o'clock they start for their camp. Mostly they hire a rig, and go eight or ten fellers to a team. Oh, they're sporty! There's nothing too good for the logger, and take 'em as a whole they're the best class of men I ever run up against."

The region about the town was in many respects ideal farming country; for the soil is rich, markets are near and the facilities for transportation excellent. The crops of potatoes and other vegetables and cereals are wonderful, and great quantities are produced of strawberries, raspberries and blackberries of the finest quality.

The farms were all much encumbered with stumps and brush. There were stumps even when the land was cultivated, black and massive, dotting the fields like gravestone memorials to the dead forest. Often stumps were standing in the dooryards close about the homes, some of them nearly as tall as the buildings. "I tell you what I seen," a native remarked to me. "In my pasture there's a hollow stump so big that sometimes five or six cattle will get into it as a sort of shelter. By gol! that sounds like a fish story, but it ain't.

"There's so many stumps and snags and such a lot of brush in this country I sometimes think God Almighty never intended it to be cleared at all. In starting the work the first thing is the bush-cutting—slashing, we call it. The brush is left piled in windrows, and when it's dry you burn it, but it don't burn clean, and the fire leaves a lot of stub ends besides all the charred logs and other larger pieces. You can be just as black as you want to be in the picking up."

The stumps are the most serious part of the problem. The effort to obliterate a really big one by burning and hacking and digging may continue for years. To put a charge of powder or dynamite underneath is the quickest way. That breaks it up and loosens it. Then by hitching horses on to the fragments, the great root fangs can be jerked forth from the earth, but there will still be an enormous hole to fill. The entire expense of clearing land of both brush and stumps will average about seventy-five dollars an acre.

One day I was caught by a light shower and stopped at a wayside home. A woman and some ragged children came to the door and I was ushered into the best room—a battered, barren apartment with board walls and ceiling. But the shower was soon over and I went out to a field where the man of the house was zizzagging around among the black stumps with a pair of old horses plowing. He seemed

to be in no hurry, and he let his horses stand while he went and sat down on a pile of rubbish that he had cleared off the land and thrown in a great windrow to serve as a fence. Then he got out his jackknife and began whittling.

"I landed here twenty years ago," said he, "and I swore I wouldn't stay if they was to give me the hull country; but now I'm content with a very little of it. The land I've got can't be discounted. At first the region was all covered with heavy woods. The river and the cricks was the thoroughfares, and there was swarms of Indians camped up and down 'em. Timber wasn't worth what it is at present, and there's been more spoilt here than a little. We'd pick out the finest trees, cut 'em down, take the best part of each log and leave the rest.

"The cutting off of the country has made quite a difference in the weather. We've had a terrible fine winter and spring so far this year; but we used to have mist day after day. We called it Oregon mist—missed Oregon and hit here. It was thick enough to cut into chunks; yet you might be out in it all day and hardly get wet through. My gracious! the mist was so bad in July and August it was almost impossible to cure our hay. Late years, instead of mist we have rain, and then it comes off clear.

"I've got some first-class land, but I could show you other land in this region that's as poor as this is good. I've had a chance to sample some of it myself. Once I bought thirty-five acres on the upland, and I had a blamed nice little farmhouse there and as fine a well of water as ever was outdoors. In the spring I started my crops, and everything looked as green and nice as it does here, but there was hardpan close below the surface, and in June my crops just pinched right off and died. The next winter a man come along and looked at the place thinkin' of buyin.' We agreed on the price, and I was all in a tremble till I got the money.

"The floods come over this bottom land once in a while, but they're a great help to us fellers in one way. They fertilize the land. We had one November flood though that I thought would ruin my potatoes. I had 'em all in a pit with a tent-shaped roof over 'em banked up with turf. When the flood was at its highest the top of the pit stuck out of the water like a mushrat's house. I spoke to the neighbors and they said, "The water 'll seep right off. Leave your potatoes alone. Don't monkey with 'em, and they'll be all right. Well it didn't hurt 'em a dog-gone bit."

Every dweller who had been for any length of time in the region had a similar fund of picturesque impressions and experiences. There were clouds mingled with the sunshine; yet I think no one who visits the Puget Sound country can fail to believe that there is before it a great future. The Sound itself makes a waterway marvelous in extent, and navigable for the largest ships. The climate is peculiarly attractive, and many great towns are growing up along the shore, and they have back of them much land of wonderful fertility. The region is likewise fast being networked with steam and electric roads; and as one man remarked, "You can start from here and go anywhere in the world—in any direction, and by land or water."

Toluca, Mexico. Giant tree Yucca on lower slope of mountain.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IN MEXICO*

BY EDMUND OTIS HOVEY

ITHIN a radius of forty-five miles from the City of Mexico are Popocatepetl, 17,887 feet high, Ixtaccihuatl, 17,323 feet, the Nevado de Toluca, 14,997 feet, while Orizaba, 18,206 feet high, is only 130 miles away, and Colima, the only one among the hundreds of volcanoes in Mexico that has had an eruption within a century, is 300 miles distant in an air line from Mexico City. The ascent of Orizaba, the highest mountain on the continent south of Alaska, is rarely undertaken on account of the lack of accommodations for tourists. Ixtaccihuatl, too, the third mountain in Mexico in point of altitude, is not often ascended for the same reason. The other three volcanoes, however, Popocatepetl, Toluca and Colima, may be visited and climbed without great difficulty or expense.

* Photographs by the author and courtesy of American Museum of Natural History.

Amecameca, Mexico. Ixtaccihuatl from the Hotel Hispano-Americano. Ixtaccihuatl, or the "White Woman" is the remnant of an ancient volcanic pile that retains no crater. It is the third highest mountain in Mexico.

The Nevado de Toluca, or Xinantecatl, as it is called in the language of the Indians, has long been totally extinct, but still preserves perfectly its crater and general conical form. The mountain is in fact a great volcanic pile which passed through many vicissitudes of eruptive activity before all signs of internal heat ceased manifesting themselves. Geologically speaking, it is older than either Colima or Popocatepetl, and one of the least difficult as well as one of the most charming of mountains to climb, but since it is not easy to arrange for the trip, the ascent is not often made. You can now get horses in Calimaya, a little town on the Toluca and Tenango Railway about an hour's ride from the important city of Toluca, and ride in about five hours to the camp at 10,000 feet of elevation, where you spend the night in one of the log cabins which were built by the State Government for our party, consisting of members of the Tenth International Geological Congress. The following day you can ride in about three hours to the crater and return in about six hours to Calimaya.

The trail from Calimaya first traverses the fertile plain of the basin of Toluca, between fields of corn partitioned off with picturesque hedges of the organ cactus or of the maguey, that member of the century-plant family from which the national drink pulque is made. The lower slopes of the mountain are so gradual that one has risen considerably before he notices the fact. The fields of corn with their strange hedges give place to pastures and pine forests, and the forests extend in rather open fashion to an altitude of about 14,000 feet above the sea. The trail is broad and easy to follow, since it was improved only a few years ago for the accommodation of the wife of the owner of the mountain, who had expressed the desire to see the crater. The path reaches the crater rim at 14,500 feet above the sea, an elevation which caused some of our party to suffer from excessive heart action, vertigo and nausea, and even one of our horses fell unconscious under his rider.

The crater is elliptical in form and is about a mile in diameter from northwest to southeast by one-third as much transversely. The bottom is 1,000 feet below the highest point of the rim. Nearly central within the bowl and dividing it into two unequal parts there rises a beautiful dome of glassy andesitic lava 350 feet high, which, like the new dome of the volcano of Mt. Pelée, welled up from its conduit in a condition too viscous to flow. On either side of the dome lies a beautiful lake of turquoise-green water which is as pure as if it had been distilled. The western lake is the larger, being 1,000 feet across from north to south, but it is only 33 feet deep, though the people of the region consider it unfathomable. These lakes are 14,010 feet above the sea and are among the half-dozen highest permanent lakes in the world.

The Volcano of Colima, the only really active volcano in the Republic of Mexico, is reached by rail in about twenty-four hours from the capital *via* Guadalajara to Zapotlan, and eight or ten hours' ride on mules or horseback to the base of the mountain. Zapotlan is a quaint city of 18,000 inhabitants living in one-storied, heavy-walled houses, about 125 miles south of Guadalajara.

The little mountain group known as Colima comprises two great peaks, the northern and more extensive and massive of which is the ancient volcanic pile called the Nevado de Colima. The culminating point of the Nevado is 14,361 feet above the sea, according to the latest determinations of the Mexican geologists. From the north it presents a striking resemblance to the Matterhorn, reversed, but from the south the likeness is not so clear. The lower slopes of the mountain are covered with a heavy forest, many of the trees being of enormous size, and the wealth of air plants of many kinds, including some orchids and two kinds of cactus, arouse the interest and admiration of the traveler. One zone of vegetation after another is traversed on the way up the mountain, until at an elevation of 10,000 feet and upward to 13,000 feet the woods are made up of practically nothing but pine trees. Above 13,000 feet there were no trees, partly no doubt on account of the rocky, precipitous character of the pinnacle forming the summit of the mountain. Snow lies on the upper part of the mountain much of the year. Here and there we saw the little square stone-walled pits in the ground in which the snow is compressed by

the peons into an icy cake which is taken to Zapotlan for sale.

The southern peak of the Colima group is the Volcán de Colima, the apex of which is 1,700 feet lower than the summit of the Nevado and is tenth in the list of Mexico's mountains. This volcano is a constant menace to the surrounding country, according to the opinions of the inhabitants of the vicinity. Steam always rises from the summit in greater or less volume, but great eruptions have not occurred more frequently than once in sixteen or eighteen years. After a long period of quiet there was a heavy outburst in 1851, followed by others in 1869, 1885 and 1903; the eruption of 1869 seems to have been the most severe of those of recent years.

Realizing that we had a serious task before us in the ascent of the mountain, we turned in early and were up before sunrise on the morning of the 29th of August. By seven o'clock we were on our way to the cone. Our route lay across the field of terribly rough blocks of the flow of 1869, which were piled at all conceivable angles and presented countless jagged points to catch and tear clothing and cut hands and shoes. Horses were of no value to us for this day's work, so we left them at camp for a much-needed rest, and we started out on foot, finding the trail difficult to negotiate even thus.

Here and there over the surface we encountered evidences of the vigor of the explosions characterizing the eruption of 1903 in the shape of bread-crust bombs, some of which are of the size of a hogshead. Such bombs are fragments of extremely viscous lava which have been thrown out into the air in a pasty condition. During their flight the surface has hardened to a glassy crust which has shrunk and cracked, allowing the interior to expand still farther, giving an appearance similar to that of the surface of a loaf of bread, hence the name.

When we reached the steep sides of the parasitic cone of 1869, the going was better, and every step forward on the rocky slope was an advance upward until after a half hour's scramble we reached the saddle joining this cone to the parent cone. After crossing the saddle, which is a smooth ridge of volcanic ash, the ascent of the great cone began. Picking out the hard ribs of solid lava formed by prehistoric exudations, wherever it was possible to find them, we literally climbed to the top over an average slope of 34°. Once in a while a strip of volcanic ash was met with, along which on account of the soft footing, progress was more arduous, but there was less danger of a fusillade of stones from the advance members of our party. Sometimes there was a thin crust of weakly cemented material on the ash slope, and this made very bad going, particularly when there were small stones on it lying just at the angle of rest and therefore ready to roll under foot when stepped on. On such slopes it was necessary to break through the crust to gain footing, and we found our hammers rather poor substitutes for ice axes in hewing out a trail. Two hours more of strenuous labor brought us to the top, where we were glad enough to find at a point just below the rim a little cool, fresh water slowly dripping through the porous lava—a strange sight amid such surroundings!

In the western side of the crater the rough character of the 1903 lava was vividly evident and great clouds of steam were issuing from every crack in the rocks. We did not attempt to climb through that inferno to the apex of the mountain. Had we tried, there might have been some ground for the false report that was spread by telegraph all over the country, that fourteen geologists had been badly burned in the crater of Colima. As it was, the only burning that we got was from the ardent sun.

Our descent of the cone was a simple and speedy matter, for we selected one strip of soft volcanic ash after another and simply ran from the top to the bottom, retracing in a few minutes the route that it had required hours to accomplish in the morning. The depth of the ash in these belts is very variable, since it fills pre-existent gullies in the older material of the cone, but we found the going to be best when we sank two or three inches into the sandy ash at each step.

Popocatepetl (pronounced Popócâ-tāp-étl), the second highest mountain in Mexico and its great neighbor, Ixtaccihuatl, are the most prominent points in the famous panoramas from Chapultepec and the towers of the Cathedral in Mexico City. The peaks rise about 10,500 and 10,000

Popocatepetl from the plain of Amecameca.

Photograph by Waitz.

Popocatepetl, Mexico. Extreme summit from the northeastern rim of crater. Called by the Mexicans the "Half Orange." The top is 17,887 feet above the sea, only exceeded by Orizaba among the mountains of Mexico.

Popocatepetl, Mexico. Descent over the snow on a mat or "petate." One toboggans thus down the cone for some 2,000 feet. The party has stopped through snow piled up in front. The Mexican "Mozo," or servant, has got up to clear away the snow and make a fresh start.

Toluca, Mexico. The crater lake from the ridge of the Nevado de Toluca, or Xinantecatl. The lake (Laguna Grande) is 14,010 feet above sea level and is one of the highest permanent bodies of water in the world. It is not deep, only 33 feet. There are two lakes in the crater. This is the larger.

Volcano of Colima. A "bread-crust" bomb from the eruption of 1903, lying at the base of cone of 1869. Such masses are thrown out in a pasty, semi-fluid condition. The surface hardens in the air and cracks, while the interior continues to expand.

feet respectively above the city and beckon irresistibly to the tourist who is fond of standing on high points.

The cone of Popocatepetl is nearly symmetrical in appearance, and its upper part has been called the "Half-moon" by the Mexicans on account of its shape. The lower snow line is so straight and so nearly horizontal that the snow cap looks like a giant extinguisher resting upon the mountain. Ixtaccihuatl receives its name, meaning "The White Woman," from the profile of the long snow cap, composed of several peaks which together form the figure of the woman lying prone upon her back. It needs no guide to point out the head, the arms crossed over the bosom, the raised knee and the upturned toe of the figure lying beneath its shroud of eternal snow. From the east, Puebla and vicinity, the outline of the mountain is so different that there is no suggestion of a sleeping woman, and the mass receives the name Ixtactepetl, the "White Mountain."

Popocatepetl, "The Smoking Mountain," has been quiet so long as to have lost the significance of its name, though a practiced eye can still distinguish the slight column of steam that rises from the crater in the summit and mingles with the equally white atmospheric clouds. According to the records, as quoted by Bandelier, Popocatepetl was in active operation from 1521 to 1528. In 1540 there was a great eruption, and the volcano continued to emit columns of dense smoke until 1594. It again broke forth in 1663 and 1664, when there were heavy eruptions, but by 1692 all tokens of activity had disappeared. In January, 1804, the Baron von Humboldt saw a cloud of black smoke rising from the crater, but no actual eruption seems to have occurred then or at any other time for more than two centuries.

The ascent of Popocatepetl can be readily accomplished in three days' time from Mexico City, though such a consideration as comfort is out of question with the present accommodations for the shelter of tourists upon the mountain. Vigorous men who have their arrangements for horses and guides perfected in advance can make the trip in two days, being away from Mexico City only one night, but such an excursion is too strenuous to be recommended. The ascent is usually made from Amecameca, thirty-six miles by rail from Mexico City, to the southeast, but the journey can be made with perhaps equal facility from Popo Park, a few miles farther from Mexico City on the same railroad. Guides and horses from Amecameca cost six dollars gold per person, for a party of six. You can hire blankets at the hotel, but you had better take provisions with you from Mexico City. The "mozos," or servants and guides, will furnish their own provisions. "Petates," or rush mats, for the slide down the snow cap should be bought in Amecameca. We chose the route by way of Amecameca.

The volcano lies nearly east of the city and the summit is only twelve miles distant in an air line, while Ixtaccihuatl is in the northeast and not quite so far away. If you have time, be sure to climb the Sacro Monte, the chapel-crowned hill on the edge of Amecameca, and get either the sunset or the sunrise view of the giant mountains. The arches of the old sanctuary form picturesque settings for the peaks, while the quaint old town at your feet and the fertile surrounding plain make a charming foreground which rises almost imperceptibly into the pine-clad slopes in the distance. As viewed from Amecameca, the timber reaches to the lower limit of eternal snow, though it does not quite do so in reality. The ride upward across open fields and pastures and through the forest to the primitive "ranch" of Tlamacaz, where the night is spent, is particularly remarkable to a geologist for the impressive views obtained of the Basin of Anahuac, wherein lies the City of Mexico, with its numerous ideally perfect cones betokening the enormous volcanic activity of the not far distant past.

On account of the liability of the summit to be covered with clouds by noon and the desire that most people have to return to Amecameca the same day, it is customary to start out from Tlamacaz very early in the morning, so as to be by daylight at Las Cruces, which is 15,000 feet above the sea, and nearly the highest point at which rocks are exposed on the east side of the cone. The sunrise view from this point is a sight worth all effort.

At Las Cruces we left our weary horses and began our real climbing. The loads were re-distributed and to every person was assigned his own particular mozo.

Warm clothing is, of course, essential on such a trip into the eternal snow, and it is advisable to wear two pair of woolen socks, winter underclothing, a sweater, a close-fitting cap (on account of the heavy winds) and mittens. It is well to bind your feet in cloths even over heavy hunting boots, both as a preventative against slipping and to keep the feet comfortable. Snow melts on leather much quicker than it does on cloth. rapidly drawing the much-needed warmth from the feet and making them cold and wet.

Above Las Cruces our trail became steeper, amounting to perhaps 24° or 26°, and we had to ascend by means of long zigzags. At first the snow was soft, where it lay as a thin mantle over the black volcanic sand of the cone. This was the zone of intermittent snow, its breadth

Volcano of Colima, Mexico. Active cone from in front of camp. Shows route followed in climbing the mountain. Rough surface of 1869 lava flow in foreground. Steam rises vigorously from summit crater and to less degree from 1869 cone at left.

depending upon the weather. Fresh snow had fallen on these lower slopes of the upper cone only two days before our visit. Soon we reached harder footing, and in many places we found ice axes useful for cutting steps in the icy snow, though such a method of procedure is not absolutely necessary. You can break through the crust with your foot, but the extra exertion is extremely fatiguing, and it is more convenient to let the mozos cut steps along in advance.

The altitude now began to affect the party, causing increasing shortness of breath and rapidity of heart action in all, while some felt nauseated and suffered from bleeding at mouth and nose. From ten to thirty steps was all the advance we could make at one time, and then we had to stand and wait for heart-beats to decrease in intensity and for breathing to become somewhat normal again before attempting another similar advance. Following the advice of experienced friends, we did not sit down even once during the long climb upward over the snow. The exertion of rising from a sitting posture on the ground is much greater than that of making several steps forward. We depended upon sweet chocolate for food and stimulation, avoiding altogether the use of alcohol.

Three hours of such work brought the foremost of our party to the lowest part of the crater rim about 2,200 feet vertically above Las Cruces or about 3,500 feet distant from that point in a straight line on the cone. At our feet opened the great pot-like crater of the old volcano, which is about half a mile in diameter and a third of a mile deep, with almost precipitous walls, composed of alternating beds of lava and ash. In the bottom we saw a little turquoise gem of a lake which is at least 16,200 feet above the sea, and therefore the highest body of water in America as far as is known. The lake, however, is reported not to be permanent, for when Professor Heilprin descended into the crater in 1890, he found no water in the bottom. Vast icicles hang from the protruding ledges of the crater walls.

At the south side of the lake are strong steam vents or fumaroles which emit great quantities of steam charged with sulphurous gases, and their borders are lined with quantities of lemon-yellow crystals cf sulphur. Sulphur has been obtained in greater or less quantity from this crater at irregular intervals ever since the needs of Cortez led that resourceful Spaniard to send men into the crater for it.

After resting a short time where the trail first strikes the rim of the crater and enjoying the panorama spread out on all sides, the three more ambitious members of our party pushed on around the northern rim to attain the extreme summit of the crater. This is only 700 feet higher and about three quarters of a mile distant, but since we were already about 17,200 feet above the sea, we found that even that gentle ascent required an enormous amount of exertion and an hour's time to accomplish. We were glad that there was no rock climbing to do to make our journey more arduous.

The recent topographic survey of this portion of Mexico has finally determined with accuracy the altitudes of the principal mountains. For many years Popocatepetl was considered the highest mountain in Mexico, and in fact in North America, south of Alaska, but this survey assigns to the mountain an altitude of 5,452 m. (17,887 feet), while the Peak of Orizaba has an altitude of 5,549 m. (18,206 feet). When one stands on the summit of Popocatepetl, however, he feels that he is near enough to the roof of the world, and the inspiration of gazing upon the panorama spread out before him in all directions is beyond power of expression in words. The view embraces thousands of square miles including hundreds of volcanic cones, besides wonderfully fertile valleys with many a city, lake and river. The statement is made that on a clear day one can see both the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico from the top of this mountain.

Looking backward over the route of ascent, we could see the summit of Ixtaccihuatl almost on the level of the eye, while the mountain itself drops suddenly off on the left into the basin of Anahuac and on the right into the valley of Puebla, beyond which is the great peak of Malintzi, just below the line of eternal snow. A little to the right of Malintzi is the snow-capped summit of Citlaltepetl, which is the Indian name for the peak of Orizaba, and far beyond that on a very clear day may be seen the waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

Leaving the summit at 11 o'clock, half

an hour's work brought us back to the guides, whom we had left at the lowest point of the rim, and we prepared for the famous slide down the cone to the snow line. A glance downward over the beautiful, glistening white cone was enough to set one to speculating upon the chances of arriving safely at the bottom, but who climbs Popocatepetl without utilizing the "petate" route for descent over the snow? It saves time and energy; it furnishes excitement; it is the thing to do; we did it. The petate is the ordinary woven reed or palm sleeping-mat of the poorer Mexicans. Folding this twice my mozo made a serviceable, though primitive toboggan about four feet long by two wide. He took a seat on the front, or downhill, end of this improvised sled and put my legs around his body. My rücksack full of rocks and my camera completed the load, but they usually dragged behind us on the snow. The mozo had a short, stout stick in his hand which he used in starting the slide or for pushing us along over soft snow, but the chief use of the implement was as a brake and a rudder. The sensation of lying back at ease on that mat and gently though rapidly passing over the surface of the snow was simply delicious, after the long preceding hours ot hard toil, and after the first excitement of the start was over, I nearly fell asleep. Almost immediately, it seemed, we came to a full stop with a great pile of snow in front of us which we had pushed along on our descent. We got up, selected a new spot and started afresh. I was surprised to see that we were halfway down the snow slope. In a few minutes more we were at the bottom of the snow cap, having traversed in about ten minutes the distance that required three or four hours to ascend in the morning. Abandoning our now worn out and useless mats, we tramped across the fields of black volcanic sand and in two hours' time from the extreme summit we were refreshing ourselves at Tlamacaz ranch. In a few hours more we were again in Amecameca, ready to take the train to Mexico City.

The extreme summit of the mountain, known as Picacho Colorado, or Pico Fraile, 14,977 feet in altitude above the sea. Fourth highest point in Mexico.

MUMBLY PEG

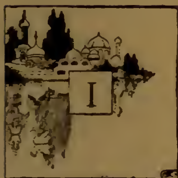
THE VOYAGES OF NATHANIEL SILSBEE

VIII—OLD SALEM SHIPS AND SAILORS

BY RALPH D. PAINE

ILLUSTRATED FROM OLD PAINTINGS AND PRINTS

IX



WAS not then twenty years of age, and it was remarked by the naval officer on taking the ship's papers from the Custom House that it was the first instance in which papers had been issued from that office to a vessel bound to the East Indies, the captain and chief mate of which were both minors."

This is what young Nathaniel Silsbee was able to record of the year 1792 when he took command of the new ship *Benjamin,* one hundred and sixty-one tons, laden with a costly cargo of merchandise and bound out from Salem for the Cape of Good Hope and India, "with such instructions as left the management of the voyage very much to my own discretion." It was only four years earlier than this that the Salem ship *Atlantic* had flown the first American flag ever seen in the harbors of Bombay and Calcutta, and the route to those distant seas was still unfamiliar to these pioneers who swept round the Cape of Good Hope to explore new channels of trade on the other side of the world.

In these later times a nineteen-year-old lad of good family is probably a college freshman without a shadow of responsibility, and whose only business care has to do with the allowance provided by a doting parent. He is a boy, and is ranked as such. When his forefathers were creating a merchant marine, seafaring lads were men at twenty, ruling their quarterdecks and taming the rude company of their forecastles by weight of their own merits in brains and pluck and resourcefulness.

Nathaniel Silsbee, a captain in the India trade at nineteen, was not a remarkably precocious mariner a century ago. He could say of his own household:

"Connected with the seafaring life of myself and my brothers, there were some circumstances which do not usually occur in one family. In the first place each of us commenced that occupation in the capacity of clerk, myself at the age of fourteen years; my brother William at about fifteen, and my brother Zachariah at about sixteen and a half years. Each and all of us obtained the command of vessels and the consignment of their cargoes before attaining the age of twenty years, viz., myself at the age of eighteen and a half, my brother William at nineteen and a half, and my brother Zachariah before he was twenty years old. Each and all of us left off going to sea before reaching the age of twenty-nine years, viz., myself at twenty-eight and a half; William at twenty-eight, and Zachariah at twenty-eight and a half years."

In other words, these three brothers of Salem had made their fortunes before they were thirty years old, and were ready to stay ashore as merchants and shipowners, backed by their own capital.

Their father had been an owner of several vessels in the West India trade, but losses at sea and other commercial misfortunes compelled him to take young Nathaniel from school at fourteen, and launch him in the business of seafaring. Three voyages in a coaster were followed by several months of idleness, during which Nathaniel "was uneasy and somewhat impatient" until a chance was offered to ship as supercargo of the brig *Three Sisters* bound on one of the first American voyages around the Cape of Good Hope in the

winter of 1788. His wages for that voyage were five dollars a month, and all the property which his father could furnish as an "adventure" or private speculation, was six boxes of codfish worth eighteen dollars, "most of which perished on the outward passage."

The *Three Sisters* went to Batavia, thence to China, where she was sold, and her crew came home in another Salem ship, the *Astrea*. Young Silsbee studied navigation in his spare time at sea, and gained much profit from the instruction of the captain. His strenuous boyhood seems remote in time when one finds in his memoirs that "while absent on that voyage the present constitution and form of the government of the United States, which had been recommended by a convention of delegates from the several states, held in 1787, was adopted by eleven of the then thirteen United States, and went into operation on the fourth day of March, 1789, with George Washington as President and John Adams as Vice-President of the United States."

A week after his return from China Nathaniel was setting out with his father in a thirty-ton schooner for a coasting trip to Penobscot, these two, with brother William, comprising the ship's company. They made a successful trading voyage, after which the youthful sailor sailed to Virginia as captain's clerk. He was now seventeen, a tough and seasoned stripling ready to do a man's work in all weathers. At this age he obtained a second mate's berth on a brig bound to Madeira. When she returned to Salem he was offered the command of her, considerably in advance of his eighteenth birthday. The death of his mother recalled him to Salem and deferred his promotion.

It was after his next voyage, however, that Captain Silsbee, veteran mariner that he was at nineteen, was given the ship *Benjamin*, already mentioned. In those early foreign voyages which used to last one and two years, the captain was compelled to turn his hand to meet an infinite variety of emergencies. But he usually fought or blundered a way through with flying colors, impelled by his indomitable confidence in himself and the need of the occasion.

This young shipmaster of ours somehow qualified himself as a rough-and-ready surgeon, or at least he was able to place one successful and difficult operation to his credit. This is how Captain Silsbee rose to the occasion:

"In an intensely cold and severe storm on the first night after leaving home, our cook (a colored man somewhat advanced in age) having preferred his cooking-house on deck to his berth below for a sleeping place, had his feet so badly frozen as to cause gangreen to such an extent as to render amputation of all his toes on both feet absolutely necessary for the preservation of his life. Having neither surgical skill nor surgical instruments on board the ship, the operation was a very unpleasant and hazardous one, so much so that no one on board was willing to undertake the direction of it. I was most reluctantly compelled to assume, with the aid of the second mate, the responsibility of performing the surgical operation with no other instruments than a razor and a pair of scissors, and which, in consequence of the feeble state of the cook's health required two days to accomplish.

"The cook was very desirous to be landed and left at one of the Cape de Verde Islands, and for that purpose I proceeded to the Island of St. Jago, where I found an English frigate at anchor. Her surgeon came on board our ship at my request and examined the cook's feet, and to my great satisfaction, pronounced the operation well performed, assured me that there remained no doubt of his recovery, and advised me by all means to keep him on board ship under my own care in preference to putting him ashore. With the cook's approbation I followed the surgeon's advice, and in the course of a few weeks the cook was able to resume his duties, recovered his usual health and made several subsequent voyages."

After dispatching the business of the cook, the boy skipper proved his ability as a merchant of quick adaptability and sound judgment. While on the passage from the Cape of Good Hope to the Isle of France, (Mauritius) he fell in with a French frigate which gave him news of the beginning of war between France and England. When this news reached the Isle of France prices roes by leaps and bounds, and the cargo of the *Benjamin* was promptly sold at a profit that dazzled her commander. As fast as payments were made he turned the paper currency into Spanish dollars. Then for six months an embargo was laid on all foreign vessels in port. Captain Silsbee sat on his quarterdeck and refused to worry. During this time in which his ship lay idle, his Spanish dollars increased to three times the value of the paper money for which he had shrewdly exchanged them, while for lack of an outlet the pro-

ducts of the island had not advanced in cost.

He therefore abandoned his plan of keeping on to Calcutta, sold his Spanish dollars, loaded his ship with coffee and spices at the Isle of France, and made a bee-line for Salem. He proceeded no farther than the Cape of Good Hope, however, where he scented another opportunity to fatten his owner's pockets. "I found the prospect of a profitable voyage from thence back to the Isle of France to be such," said he, "that I could not consistently with what I conceived to be my duty to my employer (although no such project could have been anticipated by him, and although attended with considerable risk) resist the temptation to undertake it. At that time the Cape of Good Hope was held by the Dutch who had joined England in the then existing war between France, and it so happened that I was the only master of a foreign vessel then in port of whom a bond had not been required not to proceed from thence to a French port. . . . There being two other Salem vessels in port by which I could send home a part of my cargo, I put on board those vessels such portion of my cargo as I knew would considerably more than pay for the whole cost of my ship and cargo at Salem, sold the residue of the merchandise, and invested the proceeds in a full cargo of wine and other articles which I knew to be in great demand in those islands."

Hon. Nathaniel Silsbee after Chas. Harding, P.A.S.

At the Isle of France the captain sold this cargo for three times its cost, and again loaded for Salem. When he was almost ready to sail, it was reported that another embargo was to be laid forthwith. Hastily putting to sea he was obliged to anchor at Bourbon next day to take on provisions. Here he had a rather mystifying experience which he related thus:

"Just as I was about stepping from the wharf into my boat the French Governor of the island ordered me to his presence, which order I obeyed with strong apprehensions that some restraint was to be put upon me. On meeting the Governor he asked me, 'How long do you contemplate staying in Bourbon?' My answer was, 'Not more than a day or two.' 'Can't you leave here to-night?' he asked. I replied, 'If you wish it.' He then added, 'As you had the politeness to call on me this morning, and as I should be sorry to see you injured, hearken to my advice and leave here to-night if possible! He cautioned me to secrecy, and I was in my boat and on board my ship as soon as possible after leaving him. There was a war-brig at anchor in a harbor a little to windward of my own vessel; toward midnight I had the anchor hove up without noise, and let the ship adrift without making any sail until by the darkness of the night we had lost sight of the war-brig, when we made all sail directly from the land. At daylight the war-brig was sent in pursuit of us, under a press of sail but fortunately could not overtake us, and toward night gave up the chase."

The *Benjamin* arrived at Salem after a voyage of nineteen months. Nathaniel Silsbee had earned for his employer, Elias Hasket Derby, a net profit of more than

one hundred per cent. upon the cost of the ship and cargo. The captain was given five per cent. of the outward, and ten per cent. of the value of the return cargo, as his share for the voyage besides his wages, and he landed in Salem with four thousand dollars as his perquisites, "which placed me in a condition to gratify the most anxious and at that time almost the only wish of my heart, which was to increase and secure the comforts of my mother, sisters and brothers." One of his first acts was to purchase the house and land formerly owned by his father, at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars, and place the whole of it at his mother's disposal.

Being now twenty-one years old, and with a capital of two thousand dollars to risk as an "adventure" of his own account, Captain Silsbee took the *Benjamin* to Amsterdam, bound for India, with a cargo double the value of his first venture in her. He carried with him as clerk his brother William, aged fifteen, and furnished him with a sum of money as an "adventure" for his own account. Again the Isle of France lured him from the path to the Indies, and he sold his cargo there for "enormously high prices." The young merchant navigator was so rapidly finding himself that he loaded his own ship and sent her home in command of her mate and then bought at the Isle of France another ship of four hundred tons for ten thousand dollars, out of his employer's funds. She was a new vessel, the prize of a French privateer, and proved a good investment. Loading her with coffee and cotton and shipping a new crew, he sailed for Salem in the wake of the *Benjamin*.

Captain Silsbee was handling his employer's ventures so shrewdly that his own shares in the cargoes was amounting to what seemed to him a small fortune. At twenty-two years of age, in 1795, he was able to purchase one-fourth part of a new ship called the *Betsy*. In this vessel as commander he sailed to Madras, Malaysia and Calcutta and returned after an absence of seventeen months. While at Madras he was a witness of and an actor in an incident of the kind which directly led to the second war between America and Great Britain, a collision at that time only sixteen years away. He tells it in these words, which clearly portray the lawless impressment of American seamen that was in operation on every sea:

"I received a note early one morning from my chief mate that one of my sailors, Edward Hulen, a fellow-townsman whom I had known from boyhood, had been impressed and taken on board of a British frigate then lying in port. Receiving this intelligence I immediately went on board my ship and having there learned all the facts in the case, proceeded to the frigate where I found Hulen and in his presence was informed by the first lieutenant of the frigate that he had taken Hulen from my ship under peremptory order from his commander 'to visit every American ship in port and take from each of them one or more of their seamen.' With that information I returned to the shore and called upon Captain Cook who commanded the frigate, and sought first by all the persuasive means that I was capable of using and ultimately by threats to appeal to the Government of the place to obtain Hulen's release, but in vain. I then, with the aid of the senior partner of one of the first commercial houses of the place, sought the interference and assistance of the civil authorities of Madras, but without success, it being a case in which they said they could not interfere.

"In the course of the day I went again to the frigate and in the presence of the lieutenant, tendered to Hulen the amount of his wages, of which he requested me to give him only ten dollars and to take the residue to his mother in Salem, on hearing which the lieutenant expressed his perfect conviction that Hulen was an American citizen, accompanied by a strong assurance that if it was in his power to release him he should not suffer another moment's detention, adding at the same time that he doubted if this or any other circumstance would induce Captain Cook to permit his return to my ship.

"It remained for me only to recommend Hulen to that protection of the lieutenant which a good seaman deserves, and to submit to the high-handed insult thus offered to the flag of my country which I had no means of either preventing or resisting, beyond the expression of my opinion to Captain Cook in the presence of his officers, and in terms dictated by the excited state of my feelings. After several years' detention in the British Navy and after the Peace of Amiens, Hulen returned to Salem and lived to perform services on board privateers armed in Salem in the late war between this country and England."

The extraordinary hazards of maritime commerce in the last years of the eighteenth century are emphasized in the story of the voyages made by Captain Silsbee to the Mediterranean in his next ship, the *Portland*, of which he owned one third. In the winter of 1797, he sailed from Boston with "brother William" as second mate, and stopping at Cadiz, learned of the decrees of the French government which made

liable to condemnation every vessel of whatever nation on board of which might be found any articles of the production or manufacture of Great Britain or any of its territories. While these decrees greatly increased the risk of capture in the Mediterranean, they also vastly enhanced the prices of colonial merchandise. It seemed a commercial gamble worth the risk and Nathaniel Silsbee determined to make for Genoa or Leghorn. First, however, he erased from his nautical instruments the name of their English maker, put on shore a quantity of English coke from the cook's galley, and weeded out everything else which could be considered as having a British pedigree.

He was no more than five days from Cadiz when a French privateer brig from Marseilles captured and carried the *Portland* into Malaga. The harbor was filled with American and other foreign vessels all flying the French flag, a depressing picture for the Salem crew. Every one of the vessels with their cargoes was condemned by the French except the good ship *Portland*, Nathaniel Silsbee, master. His escape was due to his own bulldog persistence and resolute bearing in this grave crisis of his fortunes.

After anchoring at Malaga no boat was allowed to approach his ship, nor was he allowed to go ashore or to communicate with any one until a day had passed. Then he was taken ashore, under guard of a squad of French soldiers, to the office of the French consul. The owner and commander of the privateer were present, and the lone American shipmaster was questioned in the most minute manner regarding every article of merchandise on board his vessel. Where were they produced? How and by whom imported into the United States? How came they into the possession of the owners of his ship? In his recollection of this extraordinary interview Captain Silsbee stated:

"And I was commanded by that mighty man, for at that time the French consul held the Spanish authorities of the place in as much subjection as he did the humblest domestic, to answer each and all his lengthy interrogatories in 'five words' . . .

"After the examination was closed the record of it was placed with the ship's papers on the shelves of the consular office with similar papers appertaining to thirty or forty other vessels then under sequestration. At about eleven o'clock at night I was informed that I might return to my ship in charge of the same guard which brought me ashore. I then asked the Consul when I might expect his decision upon my case. He said the decision must be 'in turn,' and that as there were many cases before mine, which would require possibly two or three months, but certainly not less than one month, mine could not be decided short of that time. . . . After some disputation upon that point I told that Consul that I would not leave his office. unless taken from thence by force, until his decision was made. Towards midnight the Consul and his clerk, together with the owner and officer of the privateer, went out of the office, leaving me there in charge of two porters and a watchman with whom I remained during the night, and saw nothing more of the Consul until about nine o'clock in the morning. He expressed some surprise at finding me there, and asked if I could give him a written order to my officers directing them and the crew to assist in unclosing such parts of the cargo as would enable a survey which he would immediately appoint."

The Yankee skipper cheerfully complied with this encouraging request, but stood by his guns in the consular office, nor did he budge until after a siege of twenty-four hours. He then deserted his station only to seek a notary under guard and enter a formal protest. Late in this second day the French consul reported that the survey showed every article of the cargo to be a production of British colonies, and therefore damned beyond repeal. Silsbee ingenuously replied that he had expected such a verdict, but that along with other false statements, he begged leave to ask whether *mace* was considered the produce of a British colony? This appeared to stagger the Consul, and Silsbee sought his bench and prepared to spend another night in the office. At nine o'clock in the evening the harassed Consul capitulated, handed the ship's papers to the master and told him to take his ship and go to the devil with her, or anywhere else he pleased.

Although he had been forty hours without sleep, the happy victor hastened to make ready for sea and escape from Napoleon's clutches as soon as ever he could. Head winds baffled him, however, and while waiting at anchor he called to see the American consul whom he had not been permitted to visit or send for during his detention.

So astonished was the representative of our infant republic that he refused to

accept the word of the captain until he had seen the French consul in confirmation. It seemed preposterous that this Salem younker could have slipped out of the trap while a dozen or more American ships had been waiting for weeks and months doomed to condemnation. The Frenchman privately admitted that "the apparent determination of this terrible fellow not to leave his office until his case was decided, had not been without some effect on the time and character of his decision."

It was out of the frying pan into the fire, for soon after reaching Genoa, a French army entered that port, declared an embargo, and began to fit out one fleet of the expedition which was to carry Napoleon's legions to Egypt. The generals in charge hired such vessels as they could and requisitioned such others as they wanted to use as transports. The *Portland* being the best and most comfortably fitted ship at Genoa, was selected, without the consent of her captain, for the transport of the Staff of the Army. Captain Silsbee failed to appreciate this honor, and after trying in vain to effect a release, decided to try to bribe his way clear. He had carried from home sufficient salt beef and pork for an India voyage, and he accidentally learned that the Bonaparte expedition was in great need of salted meat for the transports.

With sound strategy, Captain Silsbee had forty barrels of "salt horse" conveyed by night to a secure hiding place several miles beyond the outskirts of the city. Then he called upon the French general and asked him if he did not want to buy some provisions for the fleet.

"He answered affirmatively," wrote Captain Silsbee, "and added, 'you know it is in my power to take it at my own price.' I told him he should have every barrel of it at his own price, or even without price, if he would release my ship—that those were the terms, and the only terms on which he could or would have it. The general angrily threatened to take my provisions and to make me regret having insulted him. Two days later he sent an order for me to appear before him, which I did, when he demanded me to 'inform him promptly' where my forty barrels of provisions were, intimating a doubt of my having it, as his officers had not been able to find it. I told the general frankly that if the ship which I commanded belonged wholly to myself, I might have felt not only willing but highly gratified to convey a part of the Staff of such an army on such an expedition, but that a large part of the ship and the proceeds of a valuable cargo belonged to other persons who had entrusted their property to my charge. . . That avowal from me was met by a threat from the general to coerce me not only into a delivery of the provisions, but to the performance of any and every duty which he might assign to me; not only the ship, but likewise her captain, officers and crew had been placed under requisition by the French republic; a requisition not to be frustrated, he said, by any human being, while a subaltern officer who was present added with enthusiasm, 'Yes, sir, suppose God had one ship here, and the French wanted it. He must give it.'"

The Salem seafarer gave not an inch, but declared that a release of the ship was the only price which would drag the "salt horse" from its hiding place. On the following day, the general sent word that he was ready to yield to these terms. Napoleon's veterans could not get along without salt pork, and Captain Silsbee triumphantly dragged his forty barrels into town. His ship was restored to him, the general even promised to pay for the stores, and the hero very rightly summed it up, "I could not but consider that a more beneficial disposal of forty barrels of beef and pork had probably never been made than in this instance."

During the two years following, Nathaniel Silsbee stayed ashore in order to promote his rapidly growing commercial ventures. He became tired of the inactivity of life on land, however, and in 1800 bought part of the ship *Herald*, and headed her for India with a crew of thirty men and ten guns.

The master's account of that voyage contains some spirited passages. He took with him his other brother, Zachariah, who was now sixteen years old and eager to follow in the elder's footsteps. He left Calcutta in company with four other American ships with the captains of which he had entered into an agreement to keep company until they should have passed the southern part of Ceylon. Each of these

ships carried from eight to twelve guns, and sailing in fleet formation they expected to be able to defend themselves against the several French privateers which were known to be cruising in the Bay of Bengal. Of this squadron of American Indiamen Captain Nathaniel Silsbee, now an elderly man of twenty-seven, was designated as the commodore. As he tells it:

"On the morning of the third day of November, two strange sails were discovered a few leagues to windward of us, one of which was soon recognized to be the East India Company's packet ship *Cornwallis* of eighteen guns, which had left the river Hoogly at the same time with us. At about eight o'clock A. M. the other ship stood towards the *Cornwallis*, soon after which the latter bore down upon us under full sail, commencing at the same time a running fight with the other ship, which then displayed French colours. We soon perceived that they were both plying their sweeps very briskly, that the Frenchman's grape was making great havoc on the *Cornwallis*, and that the crew of the latter ship had cut away her boats and were throwing overboard their ballast and other articles for the purpose of lightening their ship and thereby facilitating their escape. The sea was perfectly smooth, and the wind very light, so much so that it was quite midday before either of the ships was within gunshot. By this time we five American ships were in close line our decks cleared of a large stock of poultry (which with their coops could be seen for a considerable distance around us), and every preparation made to defend ourselves to the extent of our ability. This display of resistance on our part seemed to be quite disregarded by the pursuing ship, and she continued steering directly for my own ship, which was in the centre of the fleet, until she was fully and fairly within gunshot, when my own guns were first opened upon her, which were instantly followed by those of each and all of the other four ships.

"When the matches were applied to our guns, the French ship was plying her sweeps, and with studding-sails on both sides, coming directly upon us, but when the smoke of our guns, caused by repeated broadsides from each of our ships, had so passed off as to enable us to see her distinctly, she was close upon the wind and going from us. The captain of the *Cornwallis*, which was then within hailing distance, expressed a wish to exchange signals with us, and to keep company while the French ship was in sight. She was known by him to be *La Gloire*, a privateer, of twenty-two nine-pounders and four hundred men. His request was complied with, and he having lost all his boats, I went on board his ship when our signals were made known to him, and where the officers of the *Cornwallis* acknowledged the protection which we had afforded them in the most grateful terms. The *Cornwallis* continued with us two days, in the course of which the privateer approached us several times in the night, but finding that we were awake, hauled off and after the second night we saw no more of her."

At the close of this voyage, in his twenty-eighth year, Captain Silsbee was able to say that he had "so far advanced his pecuniary means as to feel that another voyage might and probably would enable him to retire from the sea and to change his condition on shore." He was married to the daughter of George Crowninshield and began to build up a solid station in life as one of the most promising merchants and citizens of Salem. He had launched his two younger brothers in life, and as they were masters of fine ships in the India trade "with as fair prospects of success as young men thus situated could hope for."

He made only one long voyage after he had his own home and fireside, but his interests were weaving to and fro between Salem port and the faraway harbors of the Orient, the South Seas and Europe. The Embargo Acts of 1818 and 1812 occasioned him heavy losses, but these were somewhat rapid by the success of the privateers in which Nathaniel Silsbee is recorded as holding shares.

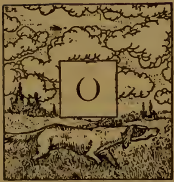
By 1815 he had risen to such prominence as a representative American merchant that he was named by the United States Government as one of the commissioners to organize the Boston branch of the "Bank of the United States." He became one of the Massachusetts delegation to Congress, and was a United States senator from 1826 to 1835, representing his State in company with Daniel Webster.

Dying in 1850, Nathaniel Silsbee bequeathed to his home town the memory of his own life as a tribute to the sterling worth and splendid Americanism of the old-time shipmasters of Salem. Trader and voyager to the Indies as a captain in his teens, retired with a fortune won from the sea before he was thirty, playing the man in many immensely trying situations, this one-time senator from Massachusetts was a product of the times he lived in.

THE CHICKEN HUNTING OF OLD BILL HIGGS

BY CHARLES H. MORTON

ILLUSTRATION BY HORACE TAYLOR



OLD BILL HIGGS lived in one of the little prairie towns which western Kansas sprinkles sparingly over her great wheat belt. Flat fertile stubble lands press in from the horizon to the very doorsteps; there is a main street whose livery, hardware, real estate and other mercantile establishments lend a spurious dignity to the unvarying conditions of restful, brooding idleness. A hotel, and a diminutive depot filled with loud Morse clatter, sit beside two shimmering lines of far-stretching steel whose vanishing points touch the skyline, under the clear atmosphere, without a curve; a few windmills, lazily creaking, stand top-heavily far and near; dusty roads wind away through fenceless leagues of knee-deep wheat-stubble, dotted with fat straw stacks, bathed in brilliant sunlight and winnowed by bracing prairie breezes.

Old Bill owned "considerable few" of these wheat-filled acres, and the money he derived therefrom would have driven any one but William back to the wilder social life of the East—but Bill valued more his homely associations where, as he said: "You can live as you please, dress as you please, and go as you please."

Every one called him "Old Bill," although his years were but two score and five, with a couple of moons thrown in for good measure. It was a token of affectionate friendliness, of familiar comradeship, and no one remembered when he had not been so termed.

His was that kindly spirit characteristic of certain leisurely, easy-faring fellows possessed of a fondness for dogs and children, and a Rip Van Winkle-leaning toward old clothes and fishing tackle. Bill was careless in dress and deportment; he often might fail of an important engagement, but the opportunity to drop all work and go hunting was never overlooked. Fond of the sport, he boasted of acquisitions three: his dog, his horse and his method of chicken shooting. Old Rock—old in wisdom, not years—a great heavy-shouldered, raw-boned pointer, showed the results of careful training, for he certainly was the most dependable of dogs, and knew the chicken business thoroughly. Staunch on point, cool-headed to a degree, he per-

Owned "considerable few" of those wheaten acres.

sisted in following up his own inherited plans and ideas when afield; this, perhaps, was why Old Bill placed about three-fourths of his dependence on Rock's maneuvers and relied for the rest in the sagacity of Old Jim, his white horse. Old Jim —old after the manner of Bill and Rock—was a fat and pampered nag of the "family" type, with a certain duty to perform when Old Bill went after chickens. Hitched to a muddy-wheeled rattlebox of a rig he patiently endeavored to follow Rock over the stubble fields, but the pointer had theories of his own and hunted on a strict business basis, with an energy that sent the grass gliding beneath his busy feet. He was not a dog to go dancing in and out, here and yon, over dusty stubble on a hot day, wasting time and strength—not Rock. He forged ahead always on a tireless lope, and found chickens by good nose-work, by instinct, by some inflexible rule of his own. At any rate he found them—and finding, would freeze to a point which nothing short of a prairie fire could disturb.

Old Jim, meanwhile, rattled along in Old Rock's persistent wake, and Old Bill sitting with ready gun would urge Jim onward right into the bunch of chicken, at whose booming exit Bill, dropping the lines on the dashboard, would blaze away right and left, Jim standing like a graven image the while, undisturbed by roaring wings or exploding gunpowder. Rock, noble animal, would seek out the dead birds—his master seldom scored goose-eggs—and gravely bring them to the wagon, rising on hind feet to his full height to hand them to Bill, receiving a commendatory pat and the verbal assurance that he was a good old boy—and then he was off, taking the direction of the scattered flock to pin singles for his lazy master.

A double handful of coarse salt.

The emissary of a grasping trust.

Of the three it was difficult to tell which most enjoyed the sport. To Bill's indolent nature it was a charming way of gunning; not that he despised to tramp after game, for even the laziest of us hunters do that, but a certain poignant interest lay in the working together of the three factors: dog, horse and gun—and the gun so utterly dependent upon the other two.

Bill bragged of them unstintedly, and delighted to take his friends—and especially newcomers—afield to see his pets perform. The praise they earned and the tributes showered upon them were as meat and drink to William.

But there is always a chance of damaging pitchers that go too often to the well, and the tragic episode of Old Bill's last outing still furnishes a topic of interest in the little town. No one could have foreseen the catastrophe, nor intervened.

The county court was in session. In the stuffy little court room Old Bill and eleven other picked men occupied the jury box, trying to look the part of disinterested freeholders sworn well and truly to consider the evidence and weigh the meager grains of fact wrested from badgered witnesses. The case being one of the usual sort concerning a threshing machine, however, the jury was comfortable in its unbiased mind, feeling no necessity to fret over rebuttals or pay more than polite attention to the cross-examinations of the "company lawyer." This latter astute person, alive to the hostile pulse of his agricultural audience, was doing his legal best to defend his client's interests, but his

opponent, in the opening statement had referred to him as "our learned friend, the emissary of a grasping Trust"—and "our learned friend" knew it was all off.

So he grinned and bore it, putting the abiding faith of experience in his "exceptions" which would take the case to a higher court, away from short-grass juries. So cheerfully did he accept defeat at the hands of Bill and the eleven exponents of agrarian rights that Bill warmed to him and invited him to stay over a day and partake of the joys of a chicken-shoot; and the lawyer, loving dogs and guns, saw in Bill a comrade in the making and thankfully accepted.

Old Bill forbade to tell his legal friend about his working-mates, Jim and Rock. Beyond alluding to Rock as a "purty good sort of a dog," he carefully kept in the background that canine's virtues, for it was Bill's way to spread the accomplishments of Jim and Rock unawares before the casual visitor and then bask in the wondering praise their team work always called forth.

Scotland's poet sang truly when he chanted of the disarranged intentions of mice and men. During those few warm court-room days, while Bill listened disinterestedly to arguments of "learned counsel" and tried to fix his wandering thoughts upon contracts, Fate was moving swiftly about her duties. It seems that a neighbor of Bill's, one Overbrook, an irascible and generally disagreeable party, had vainly importuned Bill to fix the fence between their holdings. It was a forlorn, tired fence, with sagging wires that drooped and dangled from post to post in a feeble attempt to keep up appearances. No fence, however upright and steadfast, is stronger than its weakest panels, and Bill's nag, Old Jim, the unscrupulous, in his wisdom knew just where to climb through the careless fence in his frequent larcenous visits to sundry tempting oat stacks. Bill's neighbor had driven Jim away time after time, until his small stock of patience was absorbed by his greater supply of temper.

Jim went home hastily, filled with astonishment.

"If Bill Higgs won't keep that dang horse to home, I'll fix him so he won't want to look an oat in the face," said he, and set about to make the next oat-stack visit an object lesson of value to the persisting Jim. This was successfully accomplished by means of a muzzle-loading shotgun charged with a double handful of coarse salt. Such muzzle-loading demonstrations at close range are discouraging even to a thick-skinned horse, and Jim went home hastily, filled with astonishment and stinging salt. Fate, having thus sufficiently tampered with Bill's destinies, moved on, and Bill and his lawyer friend started on their chicken-shooting errand innocent and careless of the future.

It was a perfect October morning. The fresh, cool breath of the night wind still drifted in from the hazy distances, while, abroad after chickens in the cool of the morning, Bill and his friend were clattering along behind Old Jim. Away in advance Rock slashed quartering through the headed stubble, hunting out the acres at race-horse speed.

"That dog"—Bill was saying, as they drove along—"that dog of mine is pretty well up on chickens; he knows 'em from stubble to cornfield. Any time of the day he knows where to find 'em."

Old Rock was hurling himself over the fields, running easily as drifts the cloud-shadows that skim the ground on warm and breezy June days, his grand nose eagerly testing every breath of wind for slightest hint of chicken taint.

"Now, that dog," Bill's one-sided conversation went on, "he knows all about it; I never trained him—he got that in the East. Just coaxed him into minding me 'round home—and he minds. Don't have to tell him twice to charge, or seek dead or fetch; he won't drop a dead bird in the high grass and go scampering after another you've just shot—not him. Brings the first bird clear in, by gosh! one eye on the second dead one—then goes and gets *him;* you can kill chicken all 'round him—don't rattle Old Rock none; can't rattle him. Same with Old Jim here—mighty good, level-headed old hoss, Jim is.

"Feller came here two years ago from the East, huntin'; leather gun case, two sets of bar'ls, pretty little liver an' white pointer, young, rangy rascal, light weight and nervous. Feller said he was a field-trial winner, gilt edge, blue blood, pedigree—looked like a mighty good little dog, to me. Run across 'em in the stubble, huntin'—little dog nigh tuckered out, worrying 'bout water and all het up. Feller kept *hollerin'* at him. I hate a feller that hollers at his dog—he's the kind that's too ready with the whip; poor dog was doing his best, but the hot stubble had 'bout wore him out—too tender for rough going. I drove up and said "howdy." Feller was cross and cussin'—dog wouldn't hunt dead birds. He yelled again, and the dog come sneakin' in, cringin' and crawlin' and shiverin', scared to death cause he knew he would get a kick, and afraid to stay away cause he'd been trained to mind. Nothing sets a dog daffy like this here stubble-hunting in hot weather.

"Feller give the dog a kick and said something about filling his worthless hide full of shot, and the poor brute yelped and ran a little ways and lay down, panting.

"'Mister, he wants water bad,' says I."

"'Well,' says he, 'there isn't any water on these dam dry plains, is there?'"

"'My dog,' says I, 'isn't much account, but he gets a drink every little while,' and I pulled out a five-gallon jug and filled a pan and marched over to that poor thirsty pup.

"He drank it all and begged for more, and got it. I never see anybody look more grateful than that dog. Feller held out a flask. 'Don't use it,' said I, 'water's good enough for me.'"

He simply roared and swore.

"'You don't?' says he. 'This hunting's enough to drive a man to drink, and I'm going back home.'"

"His dog kinder braced up with the good water and rest, chased around a little, and directly he come in with a dead chicken and handed it to me in the buggy, timidly, as though he suspicioned he wasn't doing it right. It tickled me to see that feller get mad; he simply ra'red and swore. I petted the dog and he got as pleased 'bout bringing that chicken—he knew it was the right thing to do, but the other feller and the heat had knocked the wits out of him.

"'Mister,' says I, 'what'll you take for the purp?'

"He quit cussin' long enough to say: 'I'd like to kill the mangy brute, but if you'll take him off my hands it'll save me a cartridge.'

"Well, I drove him to the depot, gave him a big mess of chickens to take home and lie about—and he donated me his worthless dog."

Bill ruminated awhile, watching Old Rock's sinewy shape flash over the wide wastes of weed-grown stubble.

"That's him," he resumed, "that's the

worthless rascal that wouldn't hunt for the city feller who paid a hundred for his training; all he wanted was a good master to praise him for his hard work, 'stead of beating him when he was soft, sick and dizzy with the heat.

"Man that'll beat a dog," mused Bill, "is a skunk."

"Indeed he is, and worse," said the lawyer; "a good dog is an enjoyable companion, a loyal friend, an intelligent, noble animal, appreciating your moods, eager to please, dependent upon you for his small needs which are only a master's love and some scraps of food. He obeys your commands so willingly, so blithely, that he becomes part and parcel of your own keen enjoyment of the day's doings. Why should he not? It is his pleasure to do your pleasure; your wish is his law and his work is yours—not paid for in board and lodging, not done for hire—but because you are the depository of the dog's greatest treasures—his love and trust. Mourning your absence, he is alive with delight when you return. Wise, alert fellow that he is, he enjoys a hunt as much as you, and works his hardest for your pleasure, like that grand rascal out yonder."

"That's a genuine four-cylinder, high-pressure, water-cooled, anti-friction dog," chuckled Bill; "he's everything that artomobeel agent mentioned 'bout the machine he tried to sell me—except the machine wouldn't hunt chickens. I'd a-bought it, but we took a trial trip over the fields and she set the prairie afire. Been a kinder low-down play on Jim here, to have swapped him for a snortin', bumpy steam-engine thing like that."

The learned counsel cuddled a shotgun between his knees and gazed over the flat, clean country. He drew a deep breath of the riotous, tonic air that was like a sigh and then catching sight of Rock exclaimed: "See yonder! Your dog has found chickens near those straw stacks, or I'm greatly mistaken."

"You're right," said Bill; "Now we'll drive up to 'em—no, don't get out, just set still and get your gun ready—whoa, there, Jim! Mighty touchy this morning, somehow. No, sir, he's trained like Rock, yonder, holding those birds for us. Jim has his part to play now, and it surely will surprise you to see how he behaves with chickens buzzing round him, and guns goin' off in his ears."

They reached the motionless Rock, upon whom was laid the severe penalty of a brief inaction—the climax toward which his flying feet had hurried. Now, outlined sharply against the stubble, he poised transformed to a statue by the Red God's magic. Somewhere ahead, in the high grasses, with wings paralyzed and escape denied, crouched the hiding prairie fowl obeying the same mysterious command.

Wonderful feat of shooting while turning a back handspring.

"We had a hot political meeting right there."

The lawyer, appreciating to the full Rock's performance, yet eager for the next step, was surprised to see Bill calmly drop the lines on the dashboard, and gun in hand, rise to his feet.

"No, don't touch the lines," the latter admonished, "this here is part of the performance—just let 'em lie while I show you how Bill and Jim and Rock hunts chickens."

The hammers clicked; the fat horse, rather anxiously it appeared, swung his short neck and sidled sideways. Thus had his oat-stealing been interrupted—first by sharp clicks, and then by a roar that startled and stung. The oat stacks and the stinging were still heavy upon his conscience.

"Whoa there, Jim, you fool," breathed Bill, "what's the matter now—you hain't somehow acted just right all morning. *Cl'k, cl'k,* there; *geddup* with you. Now watch us!"

Jim moved nervously forward a few steps; there flashed up from his intruding forefeet a dozen or more great brown fowl with rushing wings that smote the tense stillness into raveled rags, and then in the swift passing of the flying moment and the following confusion the lawyer obtained but a dim vista of events.

To him it was as if a dozen guns discharged together their contents; the billows of headed wheat, storm-tossed, seemed rushing past him; a vague remembrance haunted him of Bill leaving the buggy as dives a harlequin backwards through a trapdoor. In the vortex of earthquake shocks and clashing planets he was sure of but one thing—rocking from side to side in the crazy buggy, deserted by Bill, he was going wheresoever fared the plunging Jim with the reins under his pounding feet.

Fortunately Jim was heading homeward, his equine soul filled with a horror of shotguns, vaguely associating their presence with oat stacks and a hideful of fire; never again would he risk the chance of getting peppered, and henceforth would he keep away from the dangerous oat stack.

Home, with the rickety vehicle intact and upright. Jim, sweating in his stall, and the lawyer easing his shaken nerves with soothing nicotine, awaited Bill's return. He came, abashed, disheveled, garments torn and face scratched.

"Really, Mr. Higgs," said the lawyer, "it has been a wonderful day. Both of us are still alive, which of itself is a remarkable coincidence; I witnessed with these eyes your wonderful feat of wing-shooting while turning a back handspring. Then this wise horse, fearing you might be hurt, went at his best gait to fetch the doctor. Does he always do that? Was there——"

Bill interrupted the lawyer's pleasantries: "By gum, it was too bad! Jim's plumb gun-shy now. I was sure the most astonished man in the county when he jumped and landed me on the back of my neck in the stubble. Both barrels at once, and Jim—they turned me clean end over end. I landed on Rock, partly, and that hurt *his* feelings. Falling out didn't scour me up this way—Neighbor Overbrook did that. Met me coming up the road wondering what the Sam Hill ailed the old horse, and getting madder about it all the time—and had the nerve to tell me 'bout his breakin' Jim of stealin' oats with a couple of loads of salt. We had a hot political meeting right there, and Overbrook looks worse'n me. I bet he won't break no more horses of oat-stealin'—he broke Jim, all right, and he just naturally broke him of chicken-shootin' at the same time."

THE VIEW-POINT

BY CASPAR WHITNEY

At this season when sportsmen's thoughts are turning to the rifle and the gun, keep ever in mind, I do adjure you—young and old—that the birds and the game animals are in sore need of protection. Only through the moderate use of your gun and by your example in the field, may the efforts for protection, which some of us are making, be productive.

The conduct of a man in the field is the surest index of that man's character. Boys do not always inherit sportsmanly principles. Mostly they are dependent upon the home teaching and the example of their elders; and on that account, sad to relate, many arrive at man's estate unenlightened on this subject, and err through ignorance. But a man's plea of ignorance in these days of protective activity, is a reflection on his intelligence.

So I say, the conduct of a man in the sporting field is a trustworthy index of that man's character. Type does not vary in the quality of its expression, whether the plane of action be in town or in country. The man who is merciless to his horse and to his dog, is very apt to be inconsiderate of his womenkind. The man who speeds his automobile indifferent to the comfort—not to say rights—of his fellow citizens, is the man who slaughters birds, regardless of ethics and the future supply. The man who keeps on killing so long as there is a bird in sight, or a cartridge in his gun, is the man who answers the prayer for support of forest preservation with the selfish sophistry that the trees will last as long as he lives. The man who hunts his birds or his animals in an unsportsmanlike manner, is the man of whom you need beware when you come to business or social dealings.

In a word, the man who earns and lives up to the honorable title of sportsman, is no more or less than a considerate gentleman—a man.

Be ambitious to manifest a right to that title on your shooting trips this season.

The Rally for Decency

The action of the Coney Island Jockey Club in deciding to close its gates to the public if it should be found "impossible to stop professional betting," is to be highly commended. Had The Jockey Club shown an equal determination to clean the game of its corrupting element, very likely prohibition of all betting would not have become a law in the State of New York. It cannot be said that The Jockey Club showed either a sympathetic or an intelligent spirit. There was no question of lawlessness in the betting as conducted; nor that laxity in control of the betting gave ample reason for the charge that the youth were being debauched through opportunity to wager small sums. The one forceful move toward reformation made by The Jockey Club it almost immediately retraced. With the Club showing such indifference to noxious conditions that were known to exist, it was more than probable the anti-racing bill would be carried. And when there were arrayed at Albany numbers of the sporting fraternity flourishing "wads" of money and publicly proclaiming their intention to buy legislation—support of Mr. Hughes in his anti-betting crusade was not only inevitable, but it was eminently desirable. The racing people killed their own goose by permitting a dissolute, vulgar element to stand before the public as their champion.

The spectacle of the "sports" of the Great White Way beseeching protection for their virtue was a sight for the Gods of Chance and of Salome, the seven-veiled daughter of—Broadway. Also it drove all decent people to the opposition, however strongly they had felt the unwisdom of prohibition.

Prohibition Confesses Weakness

For my part I confess I am one of those who believe in regulation rather than prohibition. I must always feel that the best service we can give man is to strengthen his moral fiber so as to resist temptation rather than to weaken his character by

taking temptation out of his path. I feel always the potent wisdom of those inspiring words of Phillips Brooks—"O do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks."

It seems to me this is the spirit which should underlie all reform movement. Only by such procedure shall we build up a race of men of worth and of strength. I am no believer in prohibition. The same energy which sways prohibition movements could easier, and with infinitely more value to mankind, be directed towards sensible, healthful regulation.

As to race-track betting itself, the law of course must not be violated. Every right-minded citizen will uphold the courts; no man worthy of citizenship will condone law-breaking. As to racing itself, I am inclined to think it would be excellent for the sport and for the community if several of the tracks were, as threatened, broken up into building lots. There are now too many tracks around New York. The legitimate interest and racing could be served very easily by two.

If you cannot enforce regulation either for dearth of sympathy or through need of power, then prohibition is the only recourse; it is better to forbid altogether than to weakly permit infringement of regulation. But the acceptance of prohibition is a confession of weakness—which is discreditable to a young nation, and to a virile people.

Hughes the Man

I must add also in this connection that the renomination of Governor Hughes is earnestly hoped for by the best element of New York citizens. However we may disagree with Mr. Hughes as to the method of his reforms, the fact remains that he is a high-minded, honest official who is doing what he believes to be the best for all the people. If other cause for supporting him were wanting, the character of those who are opposing his renomination would supply it. New York in its present rotten political condition needs a man of high character, unswerving purpose and unfaltering courage. Mr. Hughes is that man and he ought to be re-elected.

An American Sportsman

George A. Adee, who died the second week in August, was the type of American in whose possession we rejoice. He was a sportsman who always "played the game"; who took his victories generously and his defeats gallantly; who scorned trickery and never failed to give his opponent a fair chance. He was unswervingly honest, unselfishly fair, and genuinely modest. His influence at Yale would be hard to estimate. He was a fine type—a man whose influence was always for the right. George Adee has passed away but his spirit goes marching on; for it is consoling at such moments to feel that amidst high finance and other corrupting manifestations of money-grubbing, the type which George Adee personified is not a rare one, although Mr. Adee was a rare example of the type.

The Modern Wonder Tale

The autumn school opening prompts me to say there is no lesson of deeper significance for teachers to expound to their scholars than that one pregnant with the personal responsibility of every American for the safeguarding of the forests, and the wild animal, bird and fish life. Not alone as a food supply but for the maintenance of the country and the prosperity of the people.

I suppose the superficial thinker will call this an overdrawn picture. But study the well-attested figures on the relationship of forest preservation and the water supply; on the protection of insectivorous birds and agriculture; and on fish-life conservation and the market price.

Much of the effort to arouse interest in this cause among our neighbors is labor lost; not because our neighbors are lacking intelligence, but because they are too much occupied with money-making. It is therefore to the rising generation that we must look for help. If we can educate and enlist the active aid of these, in whose hands are vested the future of protective and preservative politics, we may view the outlook with some comfort.

Hence it is that at every public and at every private school no opportunity should be lost to tell the impressive story of

America's amazing waste of its wondrous natural resources.

Let Us be Thankful

One of the most important features of that wise Governors' Conference which President Roosevelt called last winter, was the bringing together the heads of the States and the opportunity thus offered of talking directly to the people on these vital subjects.

All the time there is encouraging evidence that the people are beginning to see profit in protection. Even Congress feels the popular awakening and responds—occasionally, as for instance, when it purchased thirteen thousand acres of the Flathead Indian Reservation, in Montana, and set it aside for a bison reserve. Such was the result of the movement started by the Bison Society, and it means that this most conspicuous of American fauna is saved from extinction. The Society proposes to stock this reserve with a small herd and is entirely dependent on general subscriptions, therefore it is to be hoped Americans will respond to their patriotic appeal. Subscriptions may be sent to the secretary, Ernest Harold Baynes, Sunset Ridge, Meriden, N. H., or to Dr. W. T. Hornaday, the Bronx Zoölogical Park, New York City.

This reserve covers an area of about twenty square miles near Missoula, Montana, and is a most desirable range.

Alaska Halts the Butcher

Another highly commendable act of Congress was the passing of a much-needed Alaskan game law. Few, perhaps, realize the slaughter that had been going on in this peninsula where live some of the most notable examples of bear and moose and sheep on the American continent.

The new law, for which the Hon. W. E. Humphrey is sponsor, provides for a license system, under which non-residents must pay one hundred dollars for the privilege of hunting on the Kenai Peninsula. Each license carries with it authorization to ship out of the country two moose, if killed north of lat. 60 degrees, four deer, three caribou, three mountain sheep, three goats and three brown bears—certainly enough in all conscience for any sportsman. The sale of all game is prohibited in close season—hitherto the loophole through which head and market hunters have been able to keep up their devastating work uninterruptedly.

The Governor will employ the game wardens, but he is to be aided by all United States government officers who may be stationed in the Territory. The law is simply worded and exhibits a frank appreciation of local needs and a spirit of fairness to all. It is, in fact, one of the fairest laws that has been promulgated. At the same time its intention to pursue and to punish offenders is unmistakably set forth—the penalties being not only confiscation of trophies and outfits, but fine, or imprisonment, or both.

The People Want It

Perhaps the most practical method for the general preservation of our fauna, is the game refuge plan which President Roosevelt has advocated so stoutly. This idea was originally advanced, I believe, by the Boone and Crockett Club, a member being sent through the country to report on sections desirable for such sequestration. Of course there is no thought to set aside sections possible for agriculture, so criticisms on that score are disarmed. The game refuge is intended to be just what the word signifies—a harbor of safety in which neither birds nor animals may be killed—an immunity from harm that will speedily become known to both.

There is so much of common sense in the provision that it appeals to the people. In 1907 the Wichita Reserve became a law in Oklahoma. Following this, the people of Utah asked for and were granted the establishment of a refuge in a portion of the Grand Canyon Forest Reserve; and now the residents of Washington are asking that a part of the Olympic Forest Reserve be also set aside as a refuge "for the protection of game animals, birds and fishes therein and as a breeding place for them." This request was crystallized by Mr. Humphrey into an act which was passed last winter by the House of Representatives, and in its becoming law appears to rest the last hope of saving the remaining few of the Pacific

Coast elk. The State of Washington has endeavored to protect these animals by a close season, but the help of the Federal authorities and the forest wardens are needed to rescue the remnant from utter extinction.

Uniform Law is Good Business

I believe I am right in saying that the most essential element to the successful preservation of game birds is uniformity of protective laws within the state. It seems so patent that argument is unnecessary. To vary the opening or closing of the season on quail, for example, in two or three adjoining counties, is simply to invite lawlessness; for it may as well be accepted at the start that when the average gunner is out for quail, his geographical reckoning is unreliable. Not only does such lack of uniformity throw temptation in the way of the weak or the vicious, but it greatly augments the difficulties of the warden. I am glad to see, therefore, that the Game Commissioners of Pennsylvania have declared in favor of a uniform law for the entire State. Unquestionably it is right, and certainly it will have the endorsement of all intelligent men. Such a recommendation should develop into a law in every state.

Of course it means that some must sacrifice a part of their shooting, but no man will think of that alongside the great question of saving our birds, which not only is desirable from a humane point of view but is good business as well.

Just as certain as the sun shines, so certain will the time come before very long when there will be no birds, unless we now give them a chance for their lives. So that it is not only the conserving of bird life, but the conserving of the sport and the pleasure of future generations. There are types of human brutes who care nothing for the future so long as their own selfish desires are gratified, but I must feel this kind of man to be much in the minority.

I commend the suggestion of the Pennsylvania Commissioners to all states with conflicting game laws. If this coming season could see every legislature putting such a recommendation into law, it would be an epoch in game protection.

Good Sport Good Influence

Often I have been asked what, in the range of my experience from elephants to snipe, I regard as returning the most genuine sport, in the sense of recreation or relaxation. I have always replied that a day over a pair of good dogs after quail, seem to me to furnish about its highest and most enjoyable expression. There is not the danger that appeals to the venturesome nature, but there is the thrill of the open, and the intellectual pleasure of watching the dogs at their work. And this suggests the thought, that one of the most practical influences working diligently and satisfactorily for the preservation of quail is the Field Trial club.

These clubs are well scattered over the country and through their trials every autumn not only keep up the breed of field dog, but are an unappreciated power in spreading the spirit of protection. The trials themselves are good sport. The competition is hard, the handling expert, the dogs are the best that breeder and master training can produce; and there is almost a total absence of the objectionable public betting.

The conditions under which the trials are held add many pleasing features to the competition itself. After a day on a horse in the open comes the gathering around the fire at night and a general discussion of dog by the men who know, without questionable stories and profanity. This last is a pleasing feature which, in my experience, I have generally found to obtain among the class of men who play in the open and follow the sports that take them into the woods (forest) and the fields.

To those who would relish sport for its own sake, I earnestly advise attendance at some of these field trial meets. The season began on the 25th of August with the North Dakota Club, followed by the Manitoba Trial, September 1st; the Oregon will be held September 24; the Pacific Northwest in Washington, September 30; the Central, in Ohio, November 2; the Dayton Pointer Club, November 4; the Independent, in Illinois, November 9; the Kentucky, November 16; the Continental in North Carolina, November 23; the

Pointer Club, November 30; the Virginia, December 8; the Eastern, probably in Mississippi, January 4, 1909; the United States and National Championship in Tennessee, January 11; and the Lone Star and North Texas on January 26 and 27, respectively.

I give this list at length for the purpose of showing how wide a territory the circuit covers and the opportunity it offers for the attendance of sportsmen over the country.

In addition to the pleasure to be enjoyed from watching the trials, one may also secure good private shooting. Every one of these clubs controls in one way or another a preserve of ten thousand or more acres and pays the strictest attention to the welfare of the birds thereon, which are the prime necessities to successful trials. With this active effort and the continuous education it gives recruits in the matter of letting the birds have a fair show, it is obvious that this chain of clubs is exerting a wide and beneficent influence.

As in Sport so in Life

Scarcely less notable than the Olympic Games was the recent relay race from New York to Chicago, the longest and the most remarkable on record. It was conducted by the Y. M. C. A. organization and carried out by the Y. M. C. A. members. The run was started from City Hall of New York and finished at the City Hall of Chicago, 1092 miles.
The number of boys engaged were 1131, who took 114 hours and 46 minutes to cover the distance in relays of one-half mile each, which considerably bettered the planned schedule of 126 hours and 37 minutes. The average number of miles an hour was 9.5 and the average time per mile 6 minutes and 9 seconds. It speaks well for the organization that a relay programme extending over nearly five days was carried out day and night with so little loss of time.

Apart from the discipline perhaps the most lasting lesson for the young men concerned the advantages of mutual activity, which in athletics is known as team play, and which, legitimately balanced, is an important element in almost every struggle, athletic or industrial.

The Mud Throwers

Whenever a man does a worthy thing voices are not lacking to question his motives or his results. I suppose it is the distinctive tribute of the non-doer to the doer of things. Explorers appear to be a favorite target for the pea shooters. Let one but penetrate an unknown section and forthwith, from among those who never have ventured beyond beaten tourist paths, arise the decriers and the mud throwers.

Recently Dr. Hamilton Rice returned from an untraveled section of South America, only to be met by such an attack from an unknown Mr. Mee who declared this region already thoroughly explored and mapped. It is no province of mine to take up the fights of explorers, and Doctor Rice is quite capable of defending himself; but I happen to know something of South America, and also I happen to hold mud-slingers in contempt.

It is quite true that there are not many sections of the upper half of South America which were not in some part visited by those early adventurers whom Spain and Portugal sent into this great southern continent during the two centuries following the discovery of America,—but scarcely one of these is reliably mapped. The region which Doctor Rice visited is that vast tract of country bounded on the north by the Guaviare River, on the south by the Amazon, and on the west by the Andes. Though that region has been visited, it has not been explored, and is for all practical purposes an unknown country of which the mapping is vague.

Doctor Rice sought to determine the course of one of its most important rivers, the Waupes, as well as to describe the territory through which it flows. I have no doubt that his account when it appears will be interesting as well as a welcome contribution to the little-known geography of that area.

Alas Poor Hobson

When John J. Hayes, the Olympic winner of this year's Marathon, had ended a half-mile exhibition run at the games of the Eccentric Firemen, at Celtic Park the day after he returned from London, he was hugged and kissed by the women and embraced and hand-shaken and shoulder-ridden by the men.

Who says our temperament is deficient in Latin quality!

Speeding the Speed Maniac

If every speed maniac would run into a trolley pole or a water hydrant or something equally resisting, and knock his fool head off, we could view his dementia with patience; but the unfortunate fact is that his destruction usually entails sacrifice of innocent passengers either in his car or in the one with which he collides.

The reckless driver of automobiles is both a local nuisance and a menace to public safety, and it is time that he received severe treatment. Either the automobile clubs and associations must put a stop to reckless driving, or the people of the state will make laws which will work a real hardship upon all owners of motor cars. Considering the offense, and the temper of public opinion, it seems to me that for The Automobile Club to warn members —both by printed notice and by men along such stretches of road where the local authorities are endeavoring to abate the reckless-speed nuisance, if indeed not to safeguard life—is not only questionable in law, but a downright discreditable proceeding. It is encouraging indifference to the letter of the law, and certainly to the spirit of legitimate recreation. The American Automobile Association gives a better appreciation of its opportunity by issuing to its members a strong appeal to quit lawless and dangerous speeding.

Both these organizations have it in their power to exercise a check on this mania. Instead of warning its members of traps, The Automobile Club should warn its members against repeated reckless driving under penalty of forfeiting membership. That would be a little more in keeping with an organization of its character and personnel. Individuals of the Club frequently express themselves through the newspapers as averse to the reckless driving, and I do not doubt the honesty of their sentiment, but the public wants to see official action by the Club itself, which counts among its members many of our most influential citizens, and could, if that influence were exerted in the right direction, save the situation.

Common Sense the Best

Many remedies have been suggested for the correction of reckless driving. One that seems to have much popularity in some of the lay periodicals is a law forbidding the installation of an engine capable of driving a car over twenty miles an hour. Of course such a law would be inconceivably undesirable, unjust and retrogressive; and as a matter of fact would not be remedial—because there would remain the towns where this gear-limited speed would be excessive—and needless to say the machine would be driven to that limit at all times. That such legal redress is seriously discussed, however, by some of our leading reviews, shows how outraged is public feeling and how sure is retribution to overtake the entire automobile industry.

We are certain to have new laws regulating the speed of automobiles, and it is just as certain we need them, but common-sense should prevail in their making. It is up to the automobile clubs and the associations to throw their influence into the breach in order that undue severity may not result.

Stripes and Bars for Him

The trouble to-day is failure to sufficiently punish the reckless driver. We constantly read of a wealthy scorcher who deliberately defies the warning of the motor-cycle policeman, and sets out on a race to get away from him. The fine of ten to twenty-five dollars for a man of this sort is ridiculous and makes no impression as we see, for the offense is committed over and over again by the same individuals. Around New York there are half a dozen such who are continuously being arrested and as continuously offending.

Anent accidents, there is a great deal of talk in the papers of exacting a thorough examination of all those who apply for license, thus intimating that the majority of accidents are the result of incompetence in the driver; but such is not the fact. There is no doubt of the desirability of insisting on an examination of the chauffeur before he is given a license, but the truth is that the reckless driving and the greatest number of accidents come not from the incompetence or the ignorance of the man at the wheel, but from absolute reckless-

ness. The men who give the most trouble belong to the expert-driver class.

There is only one way to stop reckless driving, and that is by rigidly enforcing a few simple laws. The first offense should be punished by a fine, the second offense by revocation of license for a given period —a month say—and the third offense should be punished by a term of imprisonment. Accidents that result in the death of innocent victims should produce a charge of manslaughter.

If several of the reckless drivers, who apparently consider themselves immune because of their prominence, should serve a term in jail, I think there would be an end to criminally heedless speeding.

Odor Also Odious Likewise Odam

There are also three other minor though very annoying nuisances for which the motorist is accountable and which he will do well to abandon before made the subject of legal discipline. One of these is the use of acetylene lights on ferries and in the built-up and lighted portions of the city; another is cutting out the muffler to let loose the irritating and noisy exhaust; the third is flooding the engine with oil and so creating an offensive smoke and odor. Cutting out the muffler to attract attention is a vanity that may be excused only in the very young with his first car.

Throwing the Boomerang

That was rather a boomerang which Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Mr. Robert Graves hurled at the Automobile Club through the resolution they succeeded in spreading on the records of the Automobile Association. It may have been a pleasing exercise of power, but it does not seem to me that the health or the self-respect of the A. A. A. was conserved thereby.

Always the peace and wholesome conduct of one or another branch of our sport is being disturbed by individuals who regard their own views or vanities as paramount to the sport itself. Why Mr. Vanderbilt and his friends should seek to disrupt what appeared to be a very satisfactory regulation of international automobile racing in America, is not of interest one way or another, but it seems a pity all the same that the staid and good members of the A. A. A. should allow themselves to be drawn into one of these "bitter wars."

And what is the use of it? What good does it serve? If the racing board members of the A. A. A. were not satisfied with the conduct of the cup events held by the Automobile Club, there was no reason why they should not have their own races. There are certainly enough tracks in the country for two organizations and enough automobile owners and automobile manufacturers to keep two or three organizations busy. Meanwhile the Automobile Club will continue to be recognized by the foreign clubs, and, because of its precedence, attract conservative automobilists as the one best fitted to conduct international racing.

Testing the Automobile

Some notable illustrations of the enduring quality of the automobile have been provided for our consideration during 1908. First, there was the Briarcliff Trophy Race where twenty-two cars raced six hours with an average speed of forty-eight miles the hour over roads especially chosen to test them, and eighteen out of the twenty-two completed the journey without mishap.

Then there was also the Glidden, with forty-six starters and twenty-eight cars that finished the 1670 mile run with perfect scores; not to mention several sealed-bonnet races in which the car of American manufacture has demonstrated its worthiness. Noticeable have been the performances of the cheaper, lighter cars; not to say that the inexpensive car has better machinery in it than the more costly one, but that the lighter car is one of unquestioned popularity, and is making good.

The New York to Paris Race

But the most convincing illustration of what a first-class car is capable, was furnished by the Thomas in the recently finished race from New York to Paris. This was the race which, it may be remembered, was inspired by the from Peking to Paris race won by Prince Borghese with the Itala car last year under the auspices of the French journal, *Le Matin.*

The idea of a trip from New York to Paris was suggested by *Le Matin,* which invited the *New York Times* to share the joint conduct of the venture. Six cars started from Times Square, New York, on Lincoln's Birthday, February 12, 1908: three French cars (Sizaire et Naudin, the Moto Block, and the De Dion), one German (the Protos), one Italian (the Zust), and one American (the Thomas). The Sizaire car retired after running one hundred miles; the Moto Block ran to Clinton, Iowa, (1300 miles) and then gave up. The De Dion made the trip successfully across the United States to San Francisco, from which it took ship to Seattle and then on to Japan. It reached Vladivostok, but retired from the contest at that place.

Thomas Takes Lead

The Thomas, De Dion and Zust cars took the lead at the very start, running together as far as Rochester, while the Protos and Moto Block fell behind on the first day. At Rochester, the Zust fell behind, and the Thomas outran the De Dion after leaving Buffalo, never again to be overtaken in the United States. The Thomas car led into Chicago by one day; it had gained three days on the Italian car at Omaha, reaching Ogden six days ahead of the Zust, which was far in the lead of the De Dion, and arriving at San Francisco nine days before the Italian and fourteen days before the French car. In a word, the Thomas car made the run from New York to San Francisco in 42 days. At San Francisco, in accordance with the programme, the Thomas shipped for Seattle where it was to trans-ship for Valdez in Alaska, at which point it was to begin the run across Alaska to Nome, according to the original plans. Finding Alaska impossible for travel, the Thomas shipped back to Seattle and thence to Kobe, Japan, via Yokohama. At Kobe, the Thomas started again under its own power. This portion of the journey was merely taken as a means of reaching Vladivostok.

When the Thomas car reached San Francisco, the Protos was in Wyoming. By the time the Zust arrived in San Francisco, the Thomas had already discovered the impossibility of crossing Alaska, and was returning to Seattle by the time the Italian and French cars had arrived at Seattle on their way north. The French and the Italian cars shipped without delay to Japan, and the Thomas car followed the same course a week later on its return to Seattle from the north. The Protos which, at this time, had still 1100 miles to run to complete the trip across America, shipped by rail from Pocatello, in Idaho, to Seattle, it being then twenty-three days behind the Thomas car. It arrived in Seattle however before the Thomas car got back from the North, and was thus able to embark ahead of the car which had distanced it in the run across America.

Starting Across Sibera

The withdrawal of the De Dion at Vladivostok left only the Thomas, the Protos and the Zust in the race. The Protos started one hour before the Thomas, but got stuck in the mud before the day was over, and when the American car came along it pulled the German car out of its difficulties (English papers please copy), and that put them on even terms again. The lead alternated across Siberia between these two cars. The Germans were first to reach Chita by two days and thereby won a thousand-dollar cup offered by the Trans-Siberian Railroad. The Thomas overtook the Germans on the shores of Lake Baikal but arrived just too late to get on the same boat. Although compelled to wait twenty-four hours, the Thomas car did, nevertheless, overtake the German car a few days later and held the lead up to the Russian border where it stripped a gear and the Germans reached Moscow and St. Petersburg in the lead and thereby captured a second thousand-dollars' prize offered by the Russian Automobile Club.

At the Finish

The Germans reached Moscow three days in advance of the Thomas, and the splendid roads of Europe enabled it to maintain that advantage into Berlin and on into Paris. The Protos beat the Thomas into Berlin by two days and reached Paris the day that the American car reached Berlin. The Thomas took four days for the final run from Berlin to Paris, winning the race by twenty-six days because of its thirty days allowance. This

allowance was decided upon by the Race Committee at the time it found a change in the original route necessary. The Thomas car had earned fifteen days' lead over the French and Italian cars in the United States, and fifteen additional over the Protos car on the calculated time it would have taken the Germans to cover the 1100 miles they shipped by railroad.

The record of the cars is very interesting. The Thomas ran 3836 miles in America in forty-two days and 8280 miles in Asia and Europe in seventy days, a total of 12,116 miles in one hundred and twelve days. The Protos covered 2607 miles in America in sixty-five days and 8280 miles in Asia and Europe in sixty-five days, making a total of 10,887 miles in 130 days. The total time consumed by the Thomas car for all its journey from New York to Paris was 170 days.

The Men Endured Also

Lieutenant Koeppen of the Protos and George Schuster of the Thomas were the only two men to make the entire trip from New York to Paris. Koeppen had two chauffeurs from New York to Chicago, a fresh man at Chicago to Seattle and two other fresh men from Vladivostok to Paris, making five drivers in all. The American car had four drivers, Montague Roberts took the car from New York to Cheyenne, where Mathewson took it to Ogden, where Brinker took it on to San Francisco. Schuster up to San Francisco had been the mechanician. At San Francisco he took the wheel and drove the car from that time until it ended the run at Paris. Schuster's exhibition of endurance is well-nigh as notable as that of his car. The car was sixty horse power of the ordinary stock model with the exception of some alterations in the matter of extra tanks and straight axles.

At the time of this writing the Italian car has not reached Paris.

There Have Been Others

It ought to be added here that the roads across the United States were always difficult, for the greater part of the time being deep in mud or in snow. The only mishap of any consequence which occurred to the Thomas car in the United States was near Goldfield, Nevada. All told, seven days were spent in lay-offs from New York to San Francisco, which makes a little over thirty-four days of actual traveling, and that means an average of 112 miles a day. The best day's run was 388 miles in crossing the California line, and the poorest was nine miles when the car was bucking snow-drifts in Indiana.

The only other previous run across the United States in winter was in 1904, when Megargle covered the distance in 200 days. In the summer of that same year, 1904, L. L. Whitman drove a Franklin car from San Francisco to New York in 32 days, 23 hours and 40 minutes. This was made over the direct route across the Sierra Nevadas and under the best of weather conditions, and is, I believe, the record trip under ordinary touring conditions. This time was, however, bettered on two occasions in 1906, but in each of these cases the cars were run night and day with shifts of drivers. Under such conditions, *i.e.*, of running practically twenty-four hours a day, one car made the distance in 15 days, 2 hours and 10 minutes.

All of which goes to prove that the automobile has passed entirely out of the experimental or play-thing stage, and is a dependable machine for work as well as for pleasure.

Thought-food from Newport Tennis

The National Lawn Tennis Championship at Newport this year furnished enough thought-food to keep us busy the balance of the season. I hope the gentlemen intimately concerned with the management of the Association and the lawn tennis men themselves, will partake generously of the bountiful repast spread for our consideration. The future game will I am sure profit by their refreshment. Play during 1908 indicates that the American first class is about to become extinct along with the egret. If it were not for W. A. Larned we literally would be without one single high-class player of the type of which a few years ago there used always to be half a dozen, with others coming on.

Beals Wright may be called a player of the first class, but he only just does get in, and the distance between him and Larned

is wide. What is the reason that the quality of our first lawn tennis class is lowering? Natural individual ability is not lacking; but the art has distinctly deteriorated. Explanation lies in that essentially American tendency to seek short cuts to success which results in superficial brilliancy. It is the slapjack, hit-or-miss style which cannot stand up against thorough good form grounded on knowledge and practice.

The Newport Tournament actually did not reveal one single man who gives prospect of becoming a fitting member of the first class until he changes his form. In this connection I wish, however, to commend the work of Touchard and Mathewy.

The One Stroke Class

One-stroke men seem to be the only hope of the future, and a forlorn hope it is. The on-comers obviously believe the Alpha and Omega to be—bang the ball and then get to the net. Clever service appears to be almost universal, and nearly every player is good on one style of attack; but as for all-round tennis, as for finesse—there was mighty little of it in evidence on the Newport courts among the rank and file of the players.

It is a pity that with so much promising material the situation should be not more pleasing, for as it is a third-class, seasoned player of England could, I believe, go straight through our second class without faltering unless he happened to be overcome by stage fright at a single brilliant attack.

The young players to-day seem to feel that if they cannot get into the first class in a season or two, it isn't "good enough" to take longer. They appear to think a novitiate period entirely unworthy if not unnecessary. There has been a wholesale searching for quick trips to success with all hope placed on a dazzling service or some one-stroke development, and the sham of it was laid bare this year as never before. The form and the all-round high-class work of W. A. Larned, with his nearly twenty years of tournament play, exposed the weakness of the superficially brilliant one stroke play that ruled at Newport.

Tail Wags the Dog

The conduct of the Newport Tournament this year slightly bettered that of 1907, but still left a deal to be desired. It seems too bad this most important event of our tennis year could not receive a little more serious attention from the Committee who now appear to view it as a species of social merry-go-round. No one begrudges these gentlemen their use of the Association and the week at Newport if only they are clever enough to play both ends of the game simultaneously and with equal dexterity. Nobody, I am sure, will wish to deprive these gentlemen their amusement, but cannot the tournament also be conducted with competency? Why need the game also pay tribute to Mammon?

I was glad to see the efforts at correcting foot-faults, and it is illustrative of the American habit to which I have already alluded, that one or two of the leading players made unpleasant exhibitions on the courts by their unsportsmanlike objection to rulings.

In the most important of the matches the line officials were sufficient in numbers and as satisfactory as could be expected in their work, but in most of the matches enough line officials were not supplied.

Play Curious and Mediocre

The play of the season has been curious rather than interesting, and Longwood, where Little defeated Wright, furnished a consistent and fitting beginning to the year's important final tournaments. Wright had previously beaten G. L. Wrenn, Jr., and Alexander in the Longwood tournament before he suffered defeat at the hands of Little who was playing, perhaps, the best game he had ever shown, while Wright was showing, if not his poorest, at least somewhere near it. Larned at this same tournament had no difficulty whatever in beating Little with great ease.

The succession of triumphs in straight sets at Newport was rather remarkable, practically all of them being easily won. Clothier beat Little with extreme ease in three straight sets; Alexander defeated Clothier in the same number of sets and with almost as much ease, while Wright beat Alexander in straight sets, thereby

showing somewhat of return to his normal form and thus winning the All-comers with the privilege of challenging Larned.

The most interesting, and I should say, the only interesting element in the Larned-Wright match for the championship, was its revelation of really high-class form as distinguished from the sporadically brilliant and superficial variety which is now passing current for it. Although I want to add that Wright has some of the grounding in his strokes that makes for real first-class form. There were moments in the match that Wright played up to Larned, but for the most part the veteran had him in hand from start to finish, and, if I may be permitted the slang, literally "played horse" with him so far as judgment and finesse were concerned. Mr. Wright's play was vigorous and dashing, the type of the play which our younger school appear to be emulating; but Mr. Larned was always finished, as well as brilliant. That he won in straight sets (6–1, 6–3, 8–6) is indication enough of the comparative difference of the two players.

It is the fourth time that Mr. Larned has won the honor, and for all of the power of any of the players in sight to take it from him, he may retain the title indefinitely.

A Job Lot of Doubles

As for the doubles play—seldom have we had a season of poorer playing, the only team approaching first-class being Alexander and Hackett, who retain the title to the championship. In the play for the Eastern doubles, Wright and Little defeated Larned and Wrenn, neither team doing better than second-class work; and when Wright and Little met Alexander and Hackett, after having beaten the Western and Southern champions, the mediocrity of their play was painful. The Western team was composed of Waidner and Emerson, the Southern of Whitehead and Winston, and each showed promise as well as the need of closer teamwork. It was sporting of them to enter.

Davis Cup Chances

To put in a team for the Davis Cup trials when they can send no higher-class men than Ritchie and Parke, is a sporting thing for the English Tennis Association to do. Neither of these Englishmen is in a class with Larned or Wright, and we should win the trials for this Cup unless somebody is overtaken by paralysis. If Larned should make the journey to Australia with Wright, there will be a chance of our bringing back the Cup. I say a "chance" because if Larned should be at his most brilliant, the chance would be good; otherwise it looks as though the Cup will stay in the Antipodes. Apart from Larned there is no American playing or in sight who would stand any chance against the Australian Brookes, who is both brilliant and steady and has already taken the measure of Wright in straight sets.

Have A Care

From time to time I receive letters from fishing-resort proprietors extolling sport in their waters and inviting my attention to their particular locality. Of course I am always pleased to be helpful—whether to herald a piece of good fishing water or acclaim an honest hostelry—but naturally I cannot undertake to write paragraphs about every one of the sporting resorts concerning which information comes to me by the ton. There is one fact, however, that I wish to announce to the proprietors of fishing resorts as well as to their patrons, *viz.*—If you proprietors do not take measures to stop the unfair fishing methods which obtain, alas, on too many waters, there will be neither fish for the sportsmen, nor guests for the hotels.

It has come to my ears this season that many trout streams are being fished with gangs of baited hooks, spinners of various kinds and other ingenious though unsportsman-like inventions for the purpose of killing fish.

Isn't it too bad that mere size of bag, numbers of kill, appear to dominate the minds of so many! But there is a cheering side—for sportsmanship is all the time becoming better understood, and more general. Most of the offenders I really believe, are ignorant rather than mean; and yet, whatever the motive, depletion of the waters is the result. Therefore we must look spry, and reach out a restraining hand to save the sport.

Let us educate where we may and punish where we must—and lose no time about it.

Dig Him Out

I have the direct word of Doctor Eliot that the telegram sent him jointly by President Roosevelt and Assistant Secretary of State Bacon, on behalf of those penalized Harvard oarsmen, was not given to the press by his office. I am pleased to make this public; and my desire to be fair to the distinguished President of Harvard must be my excuse for referring again to the subject. As I have already stated, investigation at the Washington end has been so thorough as to leave little doubt that the "leak" was at the Cambridge end. In the face of Doctor Eliot's statement the responsibility of the Western Union Telegraph Company appears to be established. Such an offense should not go unpunished and the Harvard office and the local Western Union should probe the matter until the real culprit has been uncovered and made to serve a lesson and point a moral—even though he be unprepared to adorn a tale.

THE best article of desiccated food I ever used has come to me through the courtesy of Mr. G. S. Shirk. It looks like small glutinous grains, but when boiled turns out to be sweet corn perfect in flavor and consistency, and hardly to be told from the fresh article. A small handful makes a mess for two people. It is light, compact and keeps indefinitely. A bag of it will last out a trip. Mr. Shirk describes it as an invention of the Pennsylvania Dutch, to whose culinary genius we owe many old-fashioned dishes, such as apple butter. It is prepared as follows: Boil green ears of sweet corn, exactly as for the table. When cooked and after it cools, cut off the kernels with a sharp knife; spread them on a tin plate, and desiccate thoroughly in the oven. When desired for use stew exactly as you would canned corn.

—STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

TREE PLANTING AROUND THE COUNTRY HOME

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

I HAVE been asked if it is advisable to set out trees, shrubs, and perennial plants in fall. The inquirer has built himself a home in the country, and would like to do as much as possible towards the improvement of the grounds about it this fall.

In reply I would say that fall planting is quite as satisfactory as spring planting in most respects, and preferable in some. Spring planting interferes with the annual growth of tree, shrub, or plant at the very time it is beginning, while those set out *at the proper season* in fall generally adapt themselves to their new locations before the season closes in, and are in a condition to make a satisfactory growth as soon as the spring opens. There is, therefore, a gain of nearly a whole season by planting in fall rather than in spring.

It will be noticed that I have spoken of "the proper season" for putting out plants in fall. By this is meant that period immediately following the completion of the plant's work for the season, when it seems to be entirely at a standstill. It is likely, however, that its roots are more or less active, for we know that root-growth takes place after transplanting, but, to all outward appearance, the plant is wholly dormant. It has ripened its wood and shed its leaves, and seems to be resting after a season's busy work. This is the time to take it in hand—"the proper season" of which I have spoken.

In doing this we should aim to disturb the roots as little as possible. If any are lost, there should be a proportionate cutting away of the branches. Have the places in which your plants are to be set in entire readiness to receive them before they are lifted from the places where they have been growing, or before they are unpacked from box or bundle in case they have been sent from the nursery. Make the holes large enough to enable you to spread out all the roots as naturally as possible. If the ends of any have been injured, cut them off, leaving only fresh, healthy wood to come in contact with the soil. Set the plant in the hole made for it, and scatter fine soil over its roots. Settle this among them by churning the plant up and down carefully. When they are covered, press the soil firmly under the foot, to make it compact, and make sure that there are no open spaces among the roots. When the hole is about full of earth, apply enough water to thoroughly saturate the soil to the depth of the roots. Then throw the rest of the soil about the base of the plant. This will serve as a mulch which will enable the soil below to retain all the moisture needed in the development of new-feeding roots, which are produced in fall that they may be in readiness for the work of next season as soon as the frost is out of the ground. If the late autumn months are dry ones, it may be necessary to apply water from time to time as long as the ground remains open.

When cold weather is about to set in mulch the plants with coarse litter from the barnyard, hay, or straw. Let this covering be at least eight inches deep. It will ward off danger of injury to the new and tender roots from heaving of the soil, under the expansive action of frost. Without such a covering these roots would most likely be torn from the soil into which they had penetrated, or would be broken from the larger roots with which they are connected, and no growth could take place in spring until new roots had been formed. Fall planting without protection is, therefore, equivalent to spring planting. This protection can be easily given, and no one who cares for the welfare of his plants can afford to let them go into winter quarters without it.

ARRANGEMENT OF SHRUBS ON THE HOME GROUNDS

The same inquirer writes: "I wish you would give me a few suggestions about the arrangement of shrubs and hardy plants. My house stands in the center of a lot, facing the street. There is plenty of room for shrubs in front of it, and on the sides. I would like a few trees, but don't care for a great deal of shade. What would you advise me to plant, and where shall I locate them?"

I would advise planting the shrubs and hardy plants at the sides of the lot. Begin next to the street with those of small habit, using larger-growing kinds as you work back toward the rear of the lot. Do not set your shrubs in straight rows, just so many feet apart, as many persons do. That gives a stiff, formal effect which is never pleasing. Most satisfactory results are secured by grouping your shrubs. By that is meant planting three or four of the same kind close together. Or they may be of different kinds if there is harmony in their habit. You can tell about this by a

careful study of the catalogues if you do not happen to have any books on the subject. Between the shrubs set your hardy perennials. In this way you can make a most pleasing border for your lot, and the general effect will be delightful if the plants, as they approach the rear of the ground, increase in size and hide the barn and outbuildings. Plant nothing in the line of shrubs or hardy plants between the house and street. Leave all that space for the lawn. Let your walk from road to house curve gracefully if the size of the grounds will admit of it, having the gate or entrance to the home grounds at one side of the lot rather than in the center of it, immediately in front of the dwelling. For shrubs I would recommend Spirea, Deutzia, Lilac, Honeysuckle, Flowering Currant, Syringa, Viburnum, and Hydrangea. I make special mention of these kinds because they are all very hardy, very easily grown, and very satisfactory. Among the hardy perennials I would advise Hollyhock, Delphinium, Dicentra, Peony, Phlox, Iris, Spirea, Rudbeckia, and the various hardy Lilies. For trees on small grounds, or where shade is not especially cared for, I would advise the Cut-leaved Birch, Japanese Maple, Mountain Ash and Flowering Thorn, with a few evergreens well to the rear. I would not put any of these trees very close to the house, and none of them in front of it. Let them occupy places along the sides of the lot between the border and the dwelling.

About the house plant such vines as Ampelopsis, Celastrus scandens, Lonicera and Clematis flammula.

BULB PLANTING

This is the month in which to plant the hardy bulbs like Hyacinth, Tulip, Narcissus, Crocus and Snowdrop.

Prepare the ground for them by making it fine and rich. Use about one third of well-rotted cow manure if possible. If this is not obtainable, substitute bonemeal, in proportion of one pound to each square yard of surface if the ground is of moderate richness. If poor in quality, use a pound and a half. Work this, and any other fertilizer you may use, thoroughly into the soil before planting the bulbs.

Set Tulips, Hyacinths, and Narcissus about eight inches apart and six inches deep. The others mentioned three or four inches apart and three inches deep. Cover before cold weather sets in with six or eight inches of litter or straw.

Keep each kind of bulb by itself if you want the most satisfactory results. They do not mix well.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN NOTES

Arm yourself with a dull hoe and go over the apple trees, scraping away all the loose bark, and killing the insect eggs thus uncovered. Doing this now will save you a good deal of work next spring.

Fruit should be handled as if it were eggs, at picking time. Throw aside every specimen that shows a bruise or injury of any kind. If anything but perfectly healthy fruit goes into crate or barrel it is almost sure to be spoiled by the time it gets to market, and there is always the injury that it may do to the fruit it comes in contact with to be considered. The loss of a few apples at packing-time weighs but little against the possible loss of a much larger quantity from the infection resulting from diseased or damaged specimens.

It is to be hoped that most of the orchard-owners who may read this have a cold-storage house in which to cool their fruit before shipment. Experienced growers with whom I have lately talked tell me that much of the injury done to fruit in transit is due to the practice of packing it while hot and moist. Never pick fruit when wet, they say, or pack it while warm.

In packing fruit for shipment, put it into crate or barrel in layers, making it as firm as possible as you go along. Use only one grade throughout. This is the best possible advertisement for the grower and shipper. Shake the barrel frequently, as you fill it. Let the last layer project an inch or more above the rim of the barrel. It will hardly seem as if the contents of the barrel can be crowded down enough to allow of heading it without injury to the fruit, but it can be done with all safety if a steady, even pressure is brought to bear. Do nothing in an abrupt and violent manner. Simply put on the lid and press it slowly but firmly into place. Follow this plan and the fruit can not shift about in transit, and there will be little danger of loss. Loose packing is responsible for most of the damage done in shipment. A few bruised, discolored specimens mean a cutting down in price by the consignee, nine times out of ten.

Clean up all rubbish in the orchard. Burn it when collected. This means fewer insects next year.

It is an excellent plan to dip all fall-purchased fruit trees in the lime and sulphur mixture before heeling them in, as a matter of precaution against the San José scale.

"Heeling in" means burying trees for the winter. Most experienced orchardists prefer this to late planting. A trench is made deep enough to take in the roots and lower part of the trunk. This is so shaped that the trees can be laid in at an angle of about thirty degrees, with their tops to the north. Untie the bunches as they come from the nursery, and spread the trees out evenly along the trench. Then cover the roots with mellow soil, tramping it down well. Choose a dry and sheltered place in which to heel in your trees. An exposed, poorly-drained location will re-

sult in great injury to the trees, if not in their entire loss.

Top-dress the asparagus beds.

Cut out all the old canes from the blackberry and raspberry plantations.

If any insects have been seen about the plum and cherry trees during early fall, prepare an emulsion of kerosene and soap, and thoroughly scrub the trunk and lower limbs of every tree with it. The more eggs we destroy now the less work there will be to do when spring comes.

DAIRY WISDOM, as jotted down from a conversation with a man who knows what he talks about.

Discomfort or fright will result in the loss of butter-fat from a cow's milk. Therefore, keep the cow in comfortable quarters, and allow nothing to disturb her serenity.

A chilly, drafty stable means a dwindling of a cow's bank account. Therefore, set about putting the barn in the best possible condition for winter. Do the work now, while the weather is pleasant, and most likely it will be well done. Put it off until cold weather, and probably it will be slighted. Cold fingers and tingling ears are not conducive to thorough work.

For quality of milk, breed your cows. For quantity, feed them.

Of the grains, corn and oats will give best results in the dairy.

It is a good plan to use them in connection with linseed meal, clover hay, or alfalfa.

Sometimes the milk supply falls off greatly in fall, and we are at a loss as to the reason of it. Lack of water in the pasture may cause the shortage. So may flies, which so torment the cows that they are unable to graze during a considerable part of the day. Dry, hot weather often tells on the milk supply. Some of these things the owner of the cow is to blame for. Don't blame the cow for your own shortcomings.

Don't neglect to feed the cow well during the fall, after pasturage begins to get short. Then is the time to get her in good shape for winter work. Neglect her then and it will take half the winter to overcome the effect of your negligence.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Care of Screens.—(J. B. S.) Instead of going over your screens with kerosene, as you suggest, when storing them away for the winter, I would advise giving them a coat of black japalac. This will prevent rust, and dust will not adhere as when kerosene is used.

Glazing Storm Sash. (H. F. T.) Your complaint of the failure of putty to adhere to sash is a common one. Sometimes it is the fault of the putty. Sometimes the fault of the manufacturer, from failing to prime the sash thoroughly before applying the putty. I have all glass used about my dwelling bedded in putty, but fastened in place with a thin strip of wood, secured by brads. This prevents any injury to the putty from exposure to weather, and makes a perfectly tight joint. It costs but a trifle more than puttying the glass in the ordinary manner.

Paper Roofing. (P. V. T.) Paper roofing is good, if you get a good article. It is poor economy to use the single ply. Get at least a three-ply, lap it well, using cement at the laps, and fasten with flat-headed nails. Tin caps, held in place by ordinary nails, are unsightly, and are soon destroyed by rust. Heavy, three-ply roofing paper will cost considerably more than the single ply, but it is well worth the difference in price. If carefully laid, and painted to match the general color-scheme of the building on which it is used, it makes an attractive roof, and is cheaper, in most localities, than a good grade of shingles.

What is an Aerator? (C. B. S.) It is an appliance for the dairy. The milk, as brought from the cow, is run through it, and all animal heat is taken out.

Light in the Horse Stable. (B. B.) Certainly I would advise having the horse stable well lighted. But I would not have the light come into the animal's face. A horse's sight is injured by facing a strong light quite as much as yours would be, under similar conditions. A dark stable is not only unhealthy, but it so affects the eyes of the horse kept in it that when he is taken out, on a bright winter day, he is almost blind at first.

Treating Fence Posts. N. S. D. wants to know how fence posts are treated to make them last well when set in the ground. There are many methods, some meritorious, some otherwise. There is not much use of trying any of them unless your post is thoroughly seasoned. No treatment will be of benefit to a green post, or one that contains sap. Some advise charring the ends of the posts before setting them. Others dip them in coal tar. The tar should be rather thin, and boiling hot, and the post be allowed to remain in it for some time, then dried before setting. Soaking in creosote is doubtless beneficial but it is a rather expensive preservative. I think tar-soaking quite as satisfactory, in all respects. A farmer-friend of mine tells me that he chars his posts and then soaks them in tar. This combination of two methods he considers an improvement on all others. Another plan is, to dig the hole for the post an inch or two larger, all around, than the post is, and fill in with cement and sand, one part of the former to three parts of the latter. This, it is claimed will preserve the post indefinitely. I would advise giving it a trial.

HOW TO CATCH MASCALONGE—PERHAPS

BY FREDERICK E. SCOTFORD

NO fresh-water fish is so persistently sought and so consistently missed as the mascalonge.

At the end of the vacation time there are tales galore of splendid bass fishing—but—"the water was too high" or "the feed was too plenty" or "the weather was bad" for mascalonge.

I have smiled with sympathetic hope at the predictions of the outgoing crowd, and I have cussed with marvelous fluency with the homecomers, lo! these many years, and I have quit promising my friends a mascalonge dinner when I return from these little fishing trips, for of all game fish the mascallonge is most eratic and undependable. He is variously known as mascalonge, muskellunge, masquinonge, and plain "muskey."

His natural habitat is practically limited to the waters tributary to the Mississippi River in Minnesota and Wisconsin; the St. Lawrence River and some of its tributaries, some lakes in New York State, and Canada, and he is sometimes taken in the waters of the Great Lakes, but he has been planted in almost every State in the union and flourishes wherever put. He is essentially a big fish. The experienced mascalonge angler has no use at all for anything under five pounds, and between five and ten pounds only as a table necessity.

Above ten pounds he is worth taking home—if you have none larger. A fifteen to twenty-pound fish is "fair"—twenty-five to thirty-five pounds, "oh—pretty good," and above forty pounds he becomes a "blinger" thank you, fit to mount and hang on the wall of den or office with a card exagerating his weight anywhere from five to fifteen pounds.

The mascalonge more nearly approximates a tiger in its habits and disposition than any other fish, and is not inappropriately called "the tiger of inland waters." Nothing that he can stretch his jaws over is safe from attack: he will strike at minnow, frog, spoon, pork rind, squirrel, duck or fly, the latter very seldom and only in fast water.

Last June I opened a fourteen-pound fish (weighed before cleaning) and took from his maw another partially digested mascalonge twenty-two inches in length, which must have weighed at least three pounds in life. The same day I took a wall-eyed pike which actually weighed two and three-fourths pounds from the maw of an eight-pound muskey, caught by Mr. Edgar Showers, of Chicago. In Owens Lake, Wisconsin, in 1898, I saw an eight-pound muskey leap clear of the water and fall high and dry on shore, when pursued by a much larger fish, which I would judge to have weighed not more than thirty pounds. Last August, Mr. J. Luke Schureman, of Chicago, with the writer as guide and canoeman, while fishing near the headwaters of the Chippewa River, in Wisconsin, after vainly trying every ordinary lure to catch a big mascalonge, attached a one-pound live black bass to a hook and trolled with it.

"Hold on! I'm snagged," he announced as we were rounding a weedy point. I glanced back and saw about two feet of his "snag" with a tail almost a foot across, just disappearing beneath the surface.

The one-pound bass had proved irresistible to a "blinger."

Thirty minutes later the fish floundered about the bottom of the canoe, and it was with difficulty that I kept Schureman from embracing me.

We started back to camp—"me for Chicago," said Schureman. "I never care to catch another fish unless he's bigger'n this one."

Before we had gone sixty rods—in fact just on the other side of the same point—I noted a duck swimming. There was a commotion in the water and the duck disappeared.

"Sufferin' Jehoshaphat, did you see it?" I yelled to my "sport." "A muskey nailed that mallard as clean as a whistle." Just then the duck came to the surface and floundered into the reeds along shore—crippled. Schureman had unjointed his rod, but he got it together again in jig time and strung on a number five spoon. We circled across the grounds once and again.

"I've hooked 'im"—yelled Schureman, and for another half-hour we were mighty busy, before I slammed the counterpart of the first mascalonge into the canoe beside him. Forty pounds even, and forty and three-quarter pounds was the verdict of the scales.

The mascalonge begins striking as soon as the ice is out of the lakes and rivers. In early spring the river muskey will be found at the foot of dams and falls, and I have seen him leap a clear seven feet up and over a low dam. At this time he will take anything which moves, and I use a

number six or number eight bucktail spoon by preference. A little later the river mascalonge is in the rapids and in fast water, and to get good fishing your guide will have to wade the rapids and let you down with a rope so that you can test every little eddy and swirl for its fish. The deep eddies at the foot of the rapids and the still water just before the break at the head of the fast water are always worth a careful try before passing on. To my mind river fishing for mascalonge is the fishing par excellence.

The fish are livelier and stronger, and there is a charm about fast water, that adds greatly to the pleasure. In the lakes mascalonge will be found near or on the shallows along shore, or on shallow gravelly bars until mid-June or the first of July. From about the first of July until mid or late August, mascalonge fishing is at its worst, for at these times when the "bloom" from water plants is on the water—the muskey has a sore mouth. He is said to be "shedding his teeth." My impression is that the paucity of teeth may be laid at the door of his frantic fight with a steel hook—to some extent at least—but beyond question his jaws are sore and swollen during this period, and the best of fishermen are lucky to hook a single fair-sized fish in a week's outing. Before July 1st and from mid-August until mid-October are the seasons when fishing is apt to be at its best—but even then there will be days at a time when for some unaccountable reason muskeys will not "strike" at a moving bait. During July and early August when the fish have sore mouths they will, in the rivers, be found in the deep, quiet eddies. In the lakes they prefer to lie in the shelter of the dense submarine vegetation along the edges of bars from six to twenty feet down and surrounded by deep, cold water. Trolling or casting along the edges of these so-called deep-water bars one may off and on hook a fish during this period, but it is at best an uncertain matter.

The surest way to take mascalonge during the off season is by still-fishing, using a live perch or chub from six to ten inches long, hooked back of the head through under the backbone and out again. This keeps the lure safely on the hook, and although cruel to the bait, keeps it alive for hours swimming about at a depth of from four to ten feet below the surface—just above the tops of the submarine "weeds."

A long bamboo pole—its own length of stout chalk line—a big bob—a heavy wire leader eight to ten inches long, and the triple gang from a number eight spoon, from which the feathers have been stripped and one hook filed away, complete the outfit. The boat should be anchored on the bar so that one may fish down wind—and then it's merely a game of wait until a zip of the line tells you the fish is hooked.

I prefer a rather heavy casting rod from five to six feet six inches long, a quadruple multiplying reel, an extra heavy braided silk line from sixty to eighty yards in length—short piano-wire leaders and a number five spoon on a number eight bucktail rig, with the bucktail tied in the middle for casting or trolling. With this rig I can handle the largest mascalonge or the smallest bass. I can cast far and accurately and I can safely give a "blinger" the butt, if he gets too ambitious when the line is low on the reel.

In trolling let the lure move rather slowly and in lake fishing keep it well beneath the surface. In rivers where the fish are livelier, surface trolling is advisable. In casting drop the lure alongside sunken logs, or brush, or at the edge of lily pads or weed beds and reel in slowly with little jerks from side to side to impart a darting motion in imitation of life.

When your fish is hooked—if on a spoon, "set" the hook instantly—if on live bait you may safely allow the fish to run with the lure for a few seconds before you give the short, sharp jerk which shall imbed the steel in his throat or jaws. After the muskey is well hooked the real fun begins. If he is big and lively he will do more fancy stunts below surface than one would think possible, always trying to wind the line around weeds or a rock or snag and if this is impossible he will go down to bottom and sulk until you are tempted to believe you are really tangled with a log.

Keep a strain on the line all the time, and after a few minutes you will see by the line that he is slowly rising toward the surface. This is the critical time. As he rises drop the tip of your rod toward the water, and when he reaches surface have the tip at or under the water but with the rod at right angles to the line so that you can still give him the spring of the rod. If he leaps clear of the water keep a tight line of him—the moment his head leaves the water he will shake the hook as a terrier shakes a rat, and with even an inch or two of slack is apt to throw it from his mouth and be free.

In fishing from canoe or boat always be prepared to throw the line around the end if in his frantic rushes, when he sees the craft the muskey runs under you. Keep your fish moving if you can until he is thoroughly exhausted and rolls over on his side. Then draw him gently along side and gaff or shoot him, if that's your style of fishing. If you are one of those who would rather lose the biggest "blinger" of them all than use gun or gaff—lead the fish along the gunwales until you can insert thumb and forefinger into the deep, bony sockets of the eyes, then with the other hand beneath his belly flip him quickly into the boat. The blade of a knife forced downward through the spinal column, just behind the head, completes the tragedy. If you want to keep the fish alive for the

live box—handle him as little as possible—and as soon as may be after capture—within a minute or less if you can—take a piece of annealed wire (brass, copper or iron) and fasten his jaws together by passing the wire through the cartilage at the side of the upper and lower jaw, and twisting it. Before this is done, however, the chain should be passed back through the mouth and out at the extreme front layer of gills. With this arrangement you can either stake out your fish indefinitely or tow him behind your boat all day without drowning him.

Don't try to skin your own fish for mounting unless you really know how. Instead, clean him by making a short incision at the vent so that you can cut loose the lower end of the intestine, and then by cutting loose the throatlatch just at the chin you can draw the entire viscera out of the fish and by two sweeps of your knife remove the gills, where decomposition first sets in. To determine whether or not your catch is mascalonge, pike or pickerel, don't take any man's word but examine the gill plates (the cheek of the fish). In a true mascalonge there are no scales on these gill plates. A pickerel has the plates full scaled, and a pike scaled about halfway up.

A cloudy day with just a little chop to the water is my preference for lake fishing—and almost any day will do for river fishing—when the fish are striking. If a mascalonge is not hungry you cannot tempt him to bite—I have seen them back away from the best of live bait, and I have seen them follow it for fifty yards before concluding to strike.

GETTING THE DOG READY

SUGGESTIONS ON CONDITIONING AND PURCHASING

BY TODD RUSSELL

THIS is the proper time to think of getting your dog in shape for his autumn work. It is too late to make him fit when he goes into the field in the fall, and a short shooting trip may be ruined by a dog out of training. This is far too high a price to pay for lack of a little foresight.

In the first place the dog will probably be fat from overfeeding during the summer and soft and lacking in endurance. His feet will not be in proper shape to stand prolonged rough going, and his skin is apt to be over-tender to forgotten briers. In addition, much of his learning will have slipped from him, like your own school-time Greek, from lack of use. The man who lives in the country can easily put his own polish on his dog, but the less happily situated city shooter must take thought. The first day of a season's shooting always seems the most important and the most delightful, yet you may absolutely rely on most dogs spoiling that day unless some attention be given them in advance. The very young will forget all they ever knew when they come on the first scent of birds. The older veterans will soon peter out when the sun gets hot and the grass and pebbles and briers commence to cut.

The best method, by all means, of putting a dog in condition, is to send him back for a month to his old trainer or to some other who is known to be reliable. The expense is trifling compared to the troubles spared the owner and the benefit to the dog. If it is impossible to reach a trainer and you want good shooting, you must take hold of the matter yourself.

To start with then, we will suppose that you have a setter or pointer in his fourth year, over-fed, fat, house-spoiled and generally showing the effects of the vagabond life he has led this summer past. He must first be put under discipline, and his diet reduced and regulated. Feed him one dog-biscuit in the morning and two at night, and start him on regular and gradually increasing road exercise. After a week of reduced feeding give him a goodly dose of vermifuge in place of his morning's meal, and follow it at noon with a tablespoonful of castor oil. Unless he has been treated for worms within a short time preceding, the vermifuge will do him good whether he seems to need it or not, and the results will probably astonish you.

At the end of the week the dog should be taking at least five miles a day of active running. If more it is all the better. A two-mile walk will give an ambitious animal chance enough to cover this much ground. If he lacks ambition he must be made to do his work just the same. Attention must be paid to his feet meanwhile, and if they show signs of soreness prepare a solution of one ounce of copper sulphate ("bluestone") in eight ounces of water, and dip each foot therein, morning and night until the leather becomes thoroughly toughened.

Avail yourself of every opportunity to use the ordinary field commands with the

dog and insist on immediate and cheerful obedience. Every shooter should have only a limited number of uniform commands for his dogs, and should confine himself strictly to the use of these and no others. If the dog is force-broken to retrieve it is well to rehearse him in this accomplishment each day and also to accustom him to halt at command. If you are in a place where you can work him on birds there will be little trouble, but if not the dog may at least be made to remember who is master, and that he must obey. In any event a dog that will stop at command is easy to control on game.

The road work should now steadily increase, and if the weather is warm and the dog still too high in flesh, it will not hurt to reduce the amount of food a little. In a healthy dog the appetite will increase, of course, under exercise. There is no hardship, however, but future kindness, in a little shortness of rations until his weight comes down to a proper standard. This may be when his ribs commence to be slightly in evidence.

When the dog is down to proper weight a change may be made in his feeding. Give one biscuit in the morning, and raw lean beef at night. Plenty of the latter is not fattening, but produces hard muscle. Raw tripe, well washed and cut in small pieces is always relished and is excellent and cheap. In a short time the morning meal may be abandoned, and the dog fed once a day on a combination of the biscuit and meat. Of this he may have almost, but not quite, all he wants, provided he is getting plenty of exercise and his allowance is licked up clean. The feeding of meat is a much-discussed question but the dog is naturally carnivorous and under hard work assimilates a meat diet well and maintains his condition upon it. Never have neglected food standing about under any circumstances. The feeding pans must be licked up clean, and any food uneaten should be removed at once.

A month of this treatment carefully followed and varied to suit individual cases will be found more than gratifying in the vim and endurance of the dog when he is put down in the field. Also the old habit of obeying orders, which has again come to him, will make him easy of control when he first gets on birds. If you watch him on his first bevy of the season and insist on proper behavior then and there you will have but little trouble with him thereafter.

The opening of the shooting season is not a judicious time to buy a dog, but if it must be done now it is well to give a little thought to the how and where. Buying a good dog is really one of the difficult things to do unless you are so situated that you can go to a kennel, see the dogs work on game, and pick the animal you want. Few people are able to do this, and a great majority of the dogs sold each season are sold through correspondence alone.

If you know a dog that you have seen work, and that suits you, buy that one if you can, allowing for his probably being out of condition early in the season. The next best method is to trust to a competent and reliable trainer to fit you out. Shooting dogs ought really to be made to order, as each shooter has slightly different ideas from every other as to what he wants. Where one man is satisfied to see his dog now and then on the top of a hill—the farther away the better—another prefers the closer worker. Where one man is a stickler for style, another cares more for care and accuracy; and where one will look for a chance to give away a dog that potters about his work, there are men who will applaud the trailing dog that hardly takes his nose off the ground when he strikes scent of game. The latter man has the least trouble, for that kind of dog is, unfortunately, the far too common kind.

It is well to bear in mind that a good dog is worth a good price. He has cost money, and time in his breeding, raising and training. A first-class shooting dog in the fall will cost from $100 to three times that amount. Fair animals cannot be had for less, and never the best. It is safer, other things being equal, to buy from the trainer or the kennel with a reputation to sustain than from the unknown man. Allowing for equal honesty (a thing, alas, not always equal), the more experienced man will have the sounder judgment. Doggy terms, too, are susceptible of varying interpretation. A "fast" dog may not be a "wide" dog; a wide-ranging dog may be an incurable bolter. I have seen "perfectly trained" dogs that were steady neither to shot nor wing, and "perfect retrievers" that would disgorge a half-swallowed bird a dozen yards from your feet. Over and above all things, beware of buying the "best dog in America." Better ask, considering such premises, if he won last year's championship, and if not, why not?

It looks like a hard proposition, and indeed it is. The men who have the best shooting dogs want to keep them at this time of the year. But the large kennels and old trainers have a few, and only a few, for sale. In buying a dog from a distance it is good policy to have him tried out by one of the experienced handlers before the sale is consummated. The cost of this service is trifling, the opinion will be honest and competent, and the insurance is immensely valuable.

As a general rule the best shooting dogs to be had are the winners or placed dogs in field trials. If you can get a dog that won a place last year in any of the important trials, albeit he was placed only once, you are pretty certain of having an animal that will be well bred, of high courage and well trained. He need not necessarily be too high priced, for in the game of field trials many are called and few, few are chosen.

Nearly every one of the hundreds of starters each season carries the opinion of a wise handler that he is above the average as a bird dog. And of these hundreds of starters it is a comparatively small percentage that eventually shows winning form.

Among the trial performers is, therefore, the place to look for what represents the concentration of the best professional judgment and the survival of the fittest as regards individual dog ability.

This is not an absolute rule for there are many very high-class shooting dogs that have never started in trials. Every experienced shooter has seen many such. But as a rule for the distant buyer to follow the field-trial dog is a proven dog against the best of his kind, and under conditions made to develope his virtues and his faults. The fact that he has been placed means that unbiased expert judgment has decided that he is of unusual excellence. The shooter who can afford the best can not go far wrong in accepting an animal so approved.

This department is prepared to answer questions of general interest to dog owners and particularly as to the breeding, care and development of sporting dogs and their use in the field.

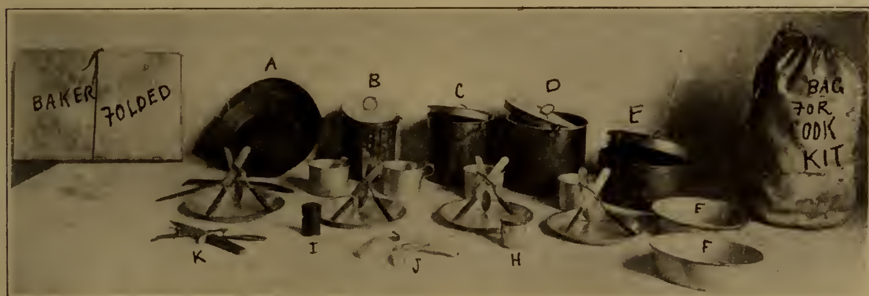


Fig. 1. Cooking kit in detail.

CAMP FIRES AND OTHER CAMP INFORMATION

BY T. J. KIRKPATRICK

NOTHING in outdoor life adds so much to one's pleasure and comfort as a properly built and correctly handled fire. The amateur camper and "tenderfoot" will quickly betray his ignorance if set to making a fire, for there are several kinds, the particular one depending on the use to be made of it. Any one can start a conflagration, and beginners usually do build that kind of a fire; but to make one that will do for you just what you want in the best way is another matter.

An Indian guide once said to me, as he was cooking our supper over a fire no bigger than a silk hat: "White man make heap big fire—stand way off. Indian make little fire—sit down side him." That is exactly true. Nine out of ten campers build fires entirely too large and are compelled to wait until they burn down before they can use them.

The fire in the open is the only real fire. That in your stove or furnace is a servant in prison; and even the one in your fireplace is hedged about and confined.

THE FRIENDSHIP FIRE

This is a fire built to give cheer, light and warmth. Doing all these, it provokes in those about it a feeling of real friendship. If you want a real friendship fire, be careful not to make it too big or too hot. If you do, the circle will be too large and the real friendship feeling lost. Understand always that a fire burns air, and that, too, not from the outside only. There must be air passing up within the fire. This is why the pieces of wood must be crossed somewhat—to make so many little chimneys for the supply of air.

For the ideal friendship fire I use dead

Fig. 2. A friendship fire.

limbs of from one to four inches in diameter, cut into about two-foot lengths. Notice how the sticks are laid, forming a conical heap, with plenty of chance for air to get within the fire. Put up in this way, the flames will blend into a single tongue. Before you light your fire gather enough wood to last all evening. It is so much easier to do this in daylight than after dark. I usually place a good-sized stone or a chunk of wood as a starting point for our fire. Around this place the kindling. About that construct your cone. When you want the fire, after supper, touch it off. Remember, do not make it too hot.

THE HEATING FIRE

This form of fire is intended for very cold weather to reflect heat into the open tent, which should be set eight to twelve feet away with its open end to leeward. Thus the smoke will be blown away and only the heat reflected into the tent.

Four stakes are driven solidly into the ground at an angle. Between these are piled logs from eight to four inches in diameter and about four feet long. A front log is laid as shown, to prevent the fire running into the tent. About the feet of the stakes pile up sand or earth to prevent the fire burning them off too readily. All these logs and stakes should be of green or live timber, so they will be slow-burning.

Now a fire of proper size is built, of dry timber at first, in front of this reflecting back. When ready to "turn in" mix your fuel, part dry and part green, so that the fire will burn slowly. Have a supply of firewood at hand so that if the fire burns down in the night you can quickly set it going. With a little experience you will soon be able to fix this fire so that it will need no attention all night long. If the bottom log burns out, the next one slides down into its place, and so on, a new one being added at the top.

THE COOK FIRE

Here is where nearly all campers fail. Time would fail me to tell of half the desperate attempts we have seen made to cook a meal, from the spick-span camping stove to the meat can of the enlisted man in the service. Years ago we learned from a little book on Woodcraft, by "Nessmuk"—blessed be the memory of him!—how to do without any stove device and to make a cook fire as shown in Fig. 5. Locate your cook fire to leeward of your tent in cool weather and to the windward when mosquitoes or other pests are about. This for obvious reasons. Cut two logs about six inches in diameter and four feet long from a green or live tree. Lay them parallel to each other, about twelve inches apart at one end and six inches apart at the other. Locate them so that the wider end is toward the wind. Bed these logs into the ground a bit, or pack sand or earth next the logs on the inside and against them on the outside. This is to prevent the fire getting under them.

Arranged in this way the wind blows the fire along between the logs; you can have a good fire, and yet you can get right up to the sides of it, having no smoke or heat to bother you. Before you begin to cook, gather a big supply of dry wood. For this fire use small pieces. We use pieces from the size of a lead pencil up to an inch in thickness—rarely anything larger. Cut it all into short lengths, say six to ten inches long. Begin "laying" your fire from the small end of the range, being careful to cross the sticks so as to let in the air. Light it from the wide end and the wind will do the rest.

The only thing we use in the way of a device about a cook fire, beside the cooking utensils, is what we call a "grate." This is really very useful, not heavy, not expensive—the only objection being that it is easily left behind when breaking camp. It is simply three pieces of steel, eighteen inches long, one inch wide and three-sixteenths of an inch thick, loose-riveted

Fig. 3. A fire for heat.

Fig. 4. Folding camp baker.

together at two places. It folds up, can be extended as desired, and is a very practical thing.

THE COOKING KIT

Of these there are as many as there are thinking campers. We believe we have seen tried, or have tried ourselves, all of the various kinds. For many years now we have used the kit here shown in Fig. 1. It is made of light copper, with double seams and riveted parts—no solder. It has been tested dozens of times and never found wanting. Its longest test was for twenty-eight days in the woods with a party of four. That is the number for which it is designed.

This kit "nests," and all goes into the bag as shown. This bag is of canvas with a drawstring at the top and reinforced by a circular piece of leather riveted on the outside of the bottom. The kit is made up as follows: A A are two frying pans with detachable handles; B is a coffeepot; C a stewing kettle; D a larger stewing pot; E is a "Dutch oven" or baker. Note that all the pots have flat covers with rings riveted on them, and that the flanges are long enough to make the covers fit tightly. There are four cups, four tin plates, four knives, forks and spoons. F F are two light enameled stewpans that nest into the

Fig. 5. A fire for cooking.

Dutch oven. H is a perforated coffee ball, with a tight cover. Coffee is put in this and the ball thrown into the coffeepot. This gives you clear coffee. I is a salt and pepper box. K is a large knife, and beside it is a can opener.

Now as to the nesting: The four tin plates go first into the Dutch oxen; then the two pans, F. Into them put the knives, forks, spoons, etc. Then put cover on the Dutch oven and put it at bottom of the carrying bag. The four cups nest in each other and go into B; that packs into C; that into D. Of course you put the covers on each of these. Drop D thus packed into the bag, on top of the oven. Turn the two frying pans upside down over D, tuck the frying-pan handles in the side of the bag, pull the drawstring—and there you are.

The following are the dimensions and a list of the articles in the kit, for the benefit of any one who cares to make up one.

Two frying pans, round, aluminum, 9½ inches at the top and 7½ inches at the bottom.

Two enameled stewpans, 8 inches in diameter and 2¼ inches deep, inside.

Four tin pie plates, 8 inches in diameter.

Baker (to be shown later), when folded, 10½ by 15 by 2 inches.

Largest pail, flat cover, 7⅞ diameter, 6⅝ deep, inside.

Medium pail, flat cover, 6½ diameter, 6⅜ deep, inside.

Small pail, flat cover, 5¼ diameter, 5⅞ deep, inside.

Four cups, pressed tin, 4¾ diameter, 2¾ deep, inside.

Dutch oven, flat cover, 8¼ diameter, 4¼ deep, inside.

This was the original kit, and it is all right. But for several years we have added a folding baker, or reflector, as our grandparents called it. It is shown folded in Fig. 1, but open and ready for use in Fig. 4. The pan is removable. After your corn pone or biscuits are ready, you put them into the pan, and the whole into the baker as shown. Push the baker up to the fire, where you have a good bed of coals. The baker is made of bright tin and the heat is thus reflected from the bottom and top, and you can bake as evenly on one side as on the other. In fact, no device for baking has ever been made that equals this in this respect. It folds into small space, is not heavy, never gets out of fix, and is the greatest baking device ever made. You have never tasted real corn bread unless you have had it baked in one of these reflectors. In the top we have a piece of mica, three by five inches, riveted in so you can see how the baking is coming on. Of course the straw test is the one to determine if the batch is thoroughly baked.

CHOICE OF TENT

Here again tastes differ and requirements vary. Generally speaking, people going to

the woods carry tents that are too large. The objection to small tents is their lack of ventilation. They are so "stuffy." Our Government has tried out all sorts of tents, and has settled down to the conical. It is easy to set, will stand up where trees and houses blow down, is ventilated, and a fire or stove can easily be put inside with safety.

For some years we have used with perfect satisfaction a conical tent. It is nine feet in diameter on the ground and some seven or eight feet high, and cares amply for two people. It has a single, jointed pole, and a generous door, closed by a double thickness of the canvas. It is truncated, thus giving ventilation. A conical hood covers this opening when it rains, a line down to a tent peg preventing the hood blowing off. In the summertime a piece of mosquito netting is sewed around the top of the tent and allowed to hang down inside. After the tent is set this is gathered and fastened about the pole. Then, with a netting down over the door, you are safe from mosquitoes and other pests.

This tent has a waterproof canvas floor, sewed permanently into it. This is a great comfort, adds some to the weight, and yet the tent rolls up inside the floor and is protected by it. Camping several times after night and waking up to find the tent had been set over an ant nest and that everything—yourself included—was alive with them, suggested this floor. Small articles dropped in the tent are not lost. Pest or reptiles cannot crawl in at the foot of the tent to annoy you. The tent is made of light drill, waterproofed, the floor of eight-ounce waterproofed and paraffined canvas. We use metal tent pegs, which wrap up inside the tent. They are always at hand. Many times we have had great difficulty in getting pegs when going into camp, especially along some rivers, on canoe trips.

PUT OUT THE FIRE

Remember always that this fire that is your servant when under control is also your serious enemy when it gets away. A fire in the woods is one thing—the woods on fire another and most terrible thing. Watch always that you do not set fire to the woods.

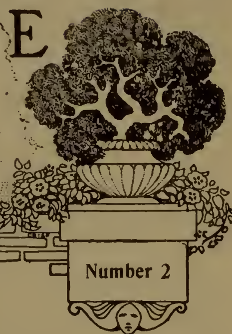
Let your cook fire go out between meals. If you all leave camp at any time, be sure to put out thoroughly all fires. If your camp is only for a night your last duty before going on is to look about carefully to see that no article is left behind; and then to be sure that the fire is positively out. Some water from the stream or some earth will make assurance doubly sure. The fire has served you. Do not let it be a menace to others.

Like everything else—even we ourselves —when our purpose is accomplished, let "Taps" be sounded—"All lights out!"

"In another moment we were racing obliquely down the incline at a mad gallop."

Drawing by Oliver Kemp, illustrating "Up and Down Paradise Valley." (Page 208.)

THE OUTING MAGAZINE



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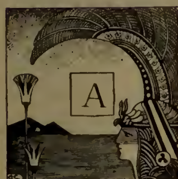
TAFT AT YALE

HIS FOUR YEARS IN NEW HAVEN

BY RALPH D. PAINE



A FEW days after William H. Taft had been named as his party's choice for President of the United States, he made a pilgrimage to New Haven to join his classmates of Yale '78 in celebrating their Tricennial reunion. Thirty years out of college, a generation of time away from the golden age of youth as lived beneath the campus elms, this famous alumnus returned to be once more among the comrades to whom he was still "Solid Bill" Taft. This was no perfunctory, lukewarm show of allegiance to alma mater, there was no sense of duty swaying his purpose. The genuine love of "Bill" Taft for Yale is a peculiarly deep and intimate sentiment which has become stronger with the passing years and his feeling of loyalty and gratitude for benefits received and friendships welded by the four years of undergraduate life has been conspicuously steadfast. He seems to have absorbed in an uncommon degree the best things born of the democratic traditions of Yale and her spirit, so much so, indeed, that she may fairly be said to have played a large part in the making both of the man and his destinies. Ten years after graduation he said at a reunion dinner of his class, and he meant every word of it: "Save the ties of home and domestic life, there is nothing to be compared, in their purity and almost sacred character, with the friendships which we formed at Yale. We were then at a time of life when hard experience and the race resulting in a survival of the fittest, had not dried up the juices of pure disinterested love and affection. . . . It is certain that our feeling for our classmate is just like good wine put away in bottles; the flavor grows better and better each five years that it is uncorked. Its bouquet is sweeter as our circumstances become less likely to encourage friendships like those of our college days. I thought I never should have such a good time as I had at the Triennial. Now I know I shall never have such a good time as I have had to-night. I feel a personal affection for every member of the class, and I know that feeling is general among us."

This class of Yale '78, which hopes to see

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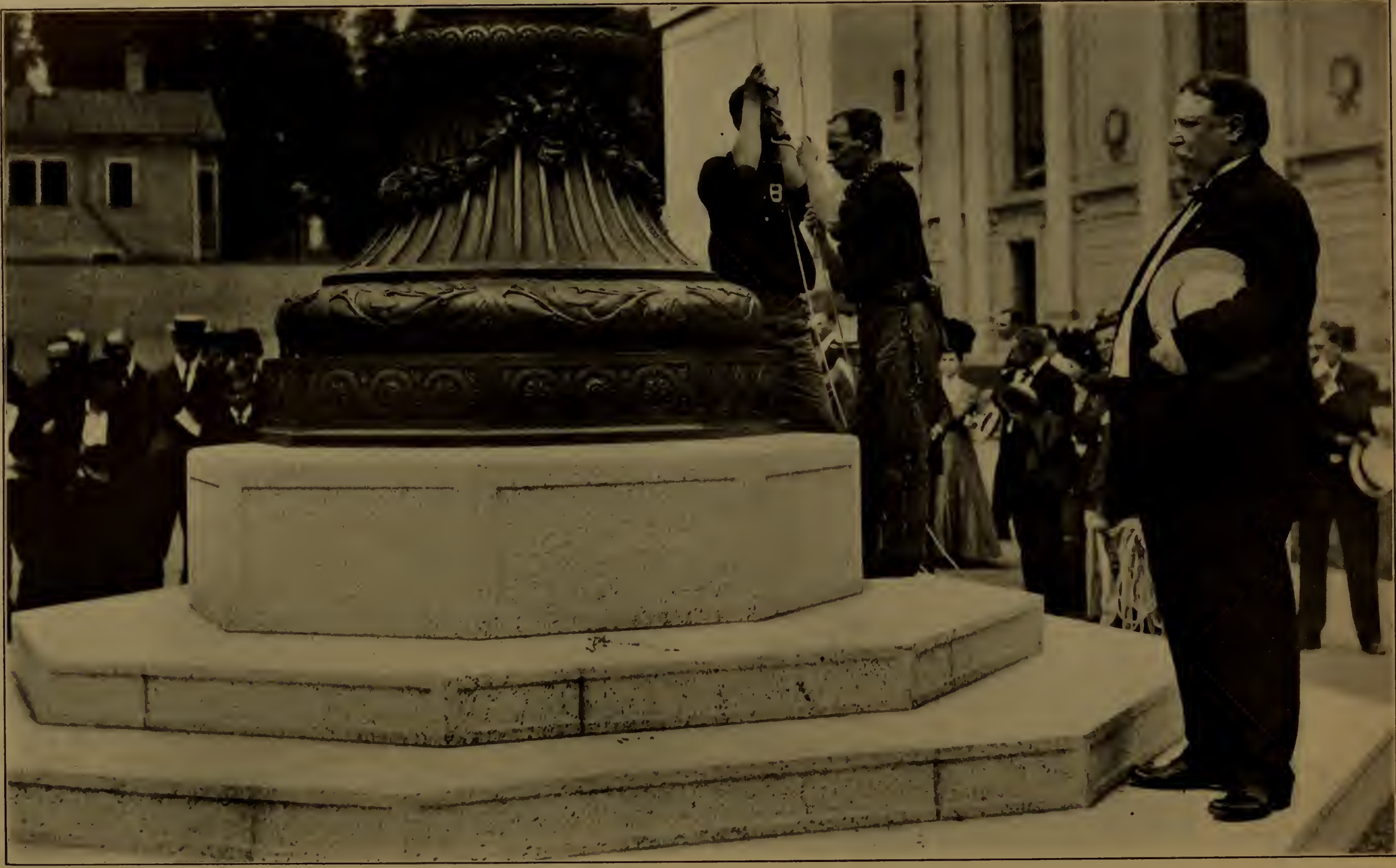


Dedicating the Ledyard Memorial Shaft at Yale.

one of its members elected President of the United States, lived its undergraduate years in an era when the college had one-fourth its present enrollment, when it was possible for a student really to know every man of his class, and when an ideal campus democracy could flourish in its finest flower. Intercollegiate athletics were in their infancy. Taft was in college with Walter Camp and "Bob" Cook who were destined in later years to build the foundations of Yale prestige on football field and river. The campus was a little world unto itself with few interests beyond its borders. The undergraduates were content to dwell in the Old Brick Row whose century-old buildings, homely and plain without, severely primitive within, extended far down the elm-shaded quadrangle.

The famous "Yale Fence," long since removed to make room for a pretentious recitation hall, was in its glory as a rallying place for the college at large. When the faculty announced its intention, in 1888, of doing away with "The Fence," indignant protests arose from every corner of the planet. More than two thousand graduates signed the petition to let "The Fence" alone, and mass meetings of students raised futile clamor. "Not all the money in the world can buy a Yale Fence" was the cry that rose to heaven. These rows of worn and whittled rails and posts bordering a corner of the campus stood for the best thing in Yale life, they were Yale in miniature, the most tangible expression of that traditional spirit which staunchly held that not what a man had but what he was, measured the standard of his worth. And perched along these rails the college found and cultivated its finest social life.

The Taft who ruled the Philippines, who made Cuba put her house in order, who said the right word at Panama, who was placed at the head of the War Department, who twice refused a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, owes somewhat of his genius for doing the day's work with clear-sighted fairness to all men to that old Yale Fence and the democracy it inspired in all who lingered there. And the same traits of character which made him a leader among the undergraduates of his time have been conspicuous in every step of his career. Through the tangle of college politics and fraternity strife he steered a course marked by square dealing, sound judgment and the happy faculty of conciliation without surrender.

From his Freshman year he loomed as a "solid man," and a leader to be relied upon like a sheet anchor. The genuine modesty of the man helped to win him affection and popularity. Fifteen years after graduation he was a United States circuit judge when he met his classmates in New Haven at a reunion, and they were hailing him as the one of their number who had won the greatest distinction in public life. The toastmaster took occasion to say:

"While it has been to all of us a source of gratification to learn of the success of the class in the period just passed, it seems to me that there should be a special recognition of the great and well-deserved success of one of our number and I ask you to join me now in drinking success and continued prosperity to that one of us who has, to my mind, attained the highest position of any member of our class. I ask you to drink to the success of the Honorable William H. Taft whom we are privileged to call in an affectionate way 'Solid Bill' Taft. Three times three for 'Bill' Taft."

Whereupon the blond and rosy giant heaved himself to his feet and replied, after the cheering subsided:

"I am very much touched by the remarks of our friend, but they are not true. It has happened that fortune has followed me. Whenever it was good for me to have something, that something was ready for me. I am more conscious than any man here that it has been largely luck that has enabled me to attain and hold the positions with which I have been honored. The thing which I enjoy more than anything else is the feeling when I come back here that I have the friendship, and I hope in some measure the respect, of the men of '78."

The "luck" which has carried William Howard Taft from one promotion to another until he is within striking distance of the White House, stamped his whole college career, but less modest men call it by other terms such as duty well done and "hitching one's wagon to a star." He was the heaviest man of his class, weighing 225

Mr. Taft and his sons leading students on Yale Field.

pounds at graduation. Inasmuch as Yale was in the throes of learning from Harvard how to play the new-fangled game of Rugby football, while the college looked on and took small interest in the struggling sport, the brawny bulk of Freshman Taft was not commandeered. He was too heavy to row on one of "Bob" Cook's first crews and as for tossing the hammer or putting the shot with the track athletic team, intercollegiate competition was almost unknown. In Taft's Freshman year Yale sent her first representatives, two men, to the games held at Saratoga as a side show of the rowing regatta, and not until 1877 was the first intercollegiate meeting held at Mott Haven.

Apropos of the feeble interest in track sports at Yale at that time—Walter Camp, on being urged to compete in a college meeting, asked the manager what event he ought to compete in. "Oh, any event you like," was the accommodating reply. Whereupon Camp strolled over to the window of a tailor shop to survey the prizes therein displayed. A silver pitcher tagged as the trophy for the hurdle race tickled his fancy, so he declared himself a hurdler, practiced one day, and won the event and the silver pitcher.

There being no pressing inducements toward an athletic career, young Taft gained his college prominence by virtue of his mental prowess and his uncommon capacity for winning the respect and affection of all who knew him. When called upon to make strenuous use of his two hundred and twenty-five pounds he was not in the least reluctant, the first occasion being in the "rush" between the freshmen and sophomore classes at the beginning of the fall term. The faculty has long since abolished this cyclonic and wholesale encounter; indeed, the class of '78 sets up the claim that it fought and won the last of the genuine old-fashioned class rushes at Hamilton Park, the athletic arena used by the college in the dark ages before there was an elaborately equipped Yale Field and an athletic association with a surplus of a hundred thousand dollars in its treasury.

It was the brave custom in the days cf

Taft for the freshmen to march from the campus to Hamilton Park, the larger part of a mile away, in as solid a body as possible, the sophomores maintaining a skirmish attack en route. Once inside the field there ensued a rough-and-tumble scrimmage. When '78, as freshmen, charged to the fray, the mighty figure of "Bill" Taft was in the front rank, and the effect of his onslaught was singularly like that of the "steam roller" which he was charged with operating at the recent Republican Convention at Chicago. A sophomore who was luckless enough to get in Taft's way on the trampled sod of Hamilton Park in the height of the rush, lately declared that the sensation was like that of being plowed over by a landslide. It is truthfully recorded that the doughty freshmen drove the sophomores back, won the rush and fought their way back to the campus minus hats, coats and shirts, but chanting songs of victory.

President Arthur T. Hadley of Yale was in the class of '76, a junior when Taft was a freshman. He made the acquaintance of the beefy youngster on the night of the rush, and as one of the upper-classmen in charge of the fray, acted as judge of the wrestling bouts between picked men of the opposing clans.

"I saw Taft strip and get into the ring," said he, "and I knew from the way the sophomore smote the earth that something had happened to him. Taft must have made him think a house had tumbled on him. After the performance I shook hands with the victor and congratulated him, inwardly thanking my stars that I had not been the other fellow."

Having dutifully played his part as a gladiator in time of need, "Bill" Taft buckled down to the task of fighting his way to the front rank of scholarship. There was nothing of the bookworm or "grind" about him. He had red blood and vitality to match his unusual powers of intellect and he found time to take an active hand in many kinds of campus interests. But he felt that it was his first duty to take a high place in scholarship. He had a name to live up to. His father,

Students in costume cheering in front of Class '78 Headquarters.

Yale students cheering for Taft.

Hon. Alphonso Taft, class of '33, after a brilliant career at Yale, had risen to be Attorney General of the United States and Secretary of War, and two brothers, Peter R. Taft, '67, and Charles P. Taft, '64, had already preceded William at Yale, while he had an example to set for the two younger brothers who were to follow him to college, Henry W. Taft, '80, and Horace D. Taft, '83.

In freshman year he found time to become president of the class boat club, while on the other hand he won a freshman scholarship, and a little later took a college premium for the solution of mathematical problems, and another for excellence in English composition. In junior year he was ranked among the first six for scholarship in a class of 180 men, and received a Philosophical Oration appointment. In the same year he won a prize of ten dollars for an oration in the "Junior Prize Speaking," his subject being "The Vitality of the Democratic Party." If the boy is father to the man this choice of theme had a prophetic aptness, for to-day there is no topic more interesting to William H. Taft than the vitality of the Democratic party and how much of it will be displayed at the polls in November.

As a senior he stood second in his class, graduating as salutatorian and delivering a commencement oration in Latin. Oddly enough, the first formal nomination of William H. Taft for the Presidency was made by Prof. Tracy Peck of Yale, at a Phi Beta Kappa banquet two years ago, said declaration being announced as part of a polished Latin oration. While the Republican campaign committee has no intention of distributing Professor Peck's address as a vote-getting document, the fact remains that this learned Latin scholar of the Yale faculty is one of the "original Taft men."

Besides winning the laurels of the salutatorian Taft was elected class orator, and a local newspaper prefaced his address with the laudatory remark:

"He is a much better speaker than the average of college orators, and his words were listened to with close attention."

This clear-thinking, well-ballasted youth made no attempt to shoulder the destinies of the nation in this undergraduate oration of his and he appears to have formulated no plans for turning the world upside down immediately after graduation. It was thirty years ago that he said what was as sane and true, as if he were speaking to-day:

"The only hope of this country is in the educated citizen. As members of that class it ought to be our ambition to help the country, not so much by some feat of statesmanship, as by the quiet and elevating influence that every college graduate will have the opportunity to exert in the small community in which he lives. The next age is the time in which we are to prove, if at all, that there exists in this country, in its people, in its institutions of civil liberty, in its natural resources, the elements for making the best average citizen that the world has ever seen."

Taft showed his active interest in debating and oratory by leading a praiseworthy but futile attempt to revive the ancient Linonian Society which, founded in 1753, had existed for more than a century, dying of inanition in 1870. Convinced that such a rivalry as had for so long flourished between the debating societies of Linonia and Brothers in Unity was to be desired in the intellectual life of the college, Wm. H. Taft, John Addison Porter, later secretary to President McKinley, and F. A. Beckwith of '78, organized a movement to revive the neglected art of forensic disputation. Linonia was formally launched upon a rejuvenated career with a list of more than two hundred members. The efforts of Taft and his comrades were recognized in a pamphlet containing the by-laws and a brief history of the crusade. Alas, Linonia was brought to life only to perish again through lack of general college interest in debating, and it was not until the Yale Union was founded in 1890 and the modern era of intercollegiate debating begun that the lost art was at all revived.

It was a rarely brilliant class, this '78, and its short-lived activity in debate must have been both instructive and diverting. It has been said of President Roosevelt, Harvard alumnus as he is, that he has had to go to Yale to find the men he wanted to fill the most important judicial and administrative positions. When Mr. Taft was solicitor general under President Harrison he observed a similar difficulty in keeping Yale men out of office, and

during a speech made at an alumni dinner in 1893 he remarked as follows concerning this phenomenon:

"I had the pleasure of being in Washington for two years and of being in a position where I saw applicants for all judicial offices under the late administration, and I am bound to say that for every judicial office—and there were many of them to be distributed—there were two or three candidates from Yale. And when they were examined it would be found that generally a Yale man was selected. President Harrison knew a good thing when he saw it. The Attorney General was in the habit of saying to me, when he did me the honor to consult me at all on the subject, 'Well, Taft, who is the Yale candidate this time?' When the papers were examined it would be found that the recommendations of the Yale man began with a letter from President Dwight and included letters from all his classmates."

William H. Taft—30 years ago.

Of the class of Yale, '78, a surprisingly large number of men seem to have presented winning recommendations to the several administrations at Washington during the last twenty years. While Wm. H. Taft has of late overshadowed his classmates as a figure of national reputation, yet without his illustrious career of unbroken advancement, '78 would still be entitled to more than passing notice. While Taft was in office as the first civil governor of the Philippines, William Henry Hunt was governor of the island of Porto Rico, resigning in 1904 to become United States district judge for Montana. Henry M. Hoyt was assistant attorney general under President McKinley and appointed solicitor general by President Roosevelt. Herbert W. Bowen who began his diplomatic career as consul-general at Barcelona, later became minister to Persia, minister to Venezuela and counsel for Venezuela and the United States before the Hague Tribunal. John Addison Porter was secretary to President McKinley. Edward B. Whitney was appointed assistant attorney general by President Cleveland. H. S. Van Buren served as consul at Nice. In its list of public honors conferred the class proudly proclaims the fact that Taft twice declined a place in the United States Supreme Court.

It was one of the largest classes graduated from Yale up to that time, and those who forged to the front as undergraduate leaders encountered strenuous rivalry. And of this gallant company, almost two hundred strong, "Bill" Taft was viewed as the ablest and most popular man of '78 and the one most likely to succeed in later years. He left no record of harum-scarum escapades or misadventures with town policemen and tutors, but he lived the campus life for all it was worth, always ready to fill the toastmaster's chair at a tumultuous class supper or to lend his mighty bulk as anchor of a tug-of-war team. It is recorded in college annals that he played a heroic and devastating part in more than one "banger rush," a form of organized riot long since abolished by faculty edict. It is possible to realize how helpful the brawn and "heft" of Taft must have been in such campus battles as these by reading this description from "Four Years at Yale," published in 1871:

"Freshmen are not allowed by the sophomores to carry bangers (or canes) nor yet to wear the style of hat variously known as beaver, stove-pipe and plug, until the last Sunday of the second term. About the middle of that term, however, they open hostilities upon a certain day, usually a Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, by a grand display of bangers; a large crowd of freshmen marching about the principal streets of the town, swinging these clubs upon the pavement by way of defiance, and perhaps displaying a beaver hat or two besides. This challenge is accepted by the sophomores and in the evening a 'banger rush' takes place. Most of the bangers which were swung so valiantly in the afternoon have been laid aside, and only one or two are brought out in the evening by the freshmen who are to act as champions. The others flock about those to form a bodyguard against the expected attack of the sophomores, since the rush is begun by the latter for the purpose of wresting away the bangers and thereby vindicating their authority. Perhaps it takes place at the post office directly after supper, or on Chapel Street or in some obscure locality at a later hour of the evening. . . . Finally an onset is made; freshmen and sophomores struggle and twist together, roll each other in the mud and slush, lose and regain the all-important banger, and are at last dispersed by the policemen or faculty, or both. If an arrest is made, both classes raise the cry of 'Yale,' 'Yale,' and try to rescue the unfortunate from the clutches of the peelers, in which they often succeed. Force failing, they may attempt to bargain for his release by the promise to quietly disperse."

The famous Yale Fence and the Old Brick Row.

The class of Yale [illegible] of college [illegible] Taft is back of "8" of class banner

During Taft's senior year, New Haven was visited by a crack-brained tragedian calling himself "The Great Uncrushed Historian, Author, Journalist and Actor, Count Joannes." He attempted to play Richard III before an audience of students and townspeople in Music Hall, and as had happened elsewhere the performance was a stormy one, enlivened by hilarious efforts to suppress the "Count." After guying the actor and the play until the hall was in an uproar, the students engaged in a general fight with the New Haven police force. There were many casualties from brickbats and clubs, and eight undergraduates were lugged off to jail. A few days later the following card was published in a local newspaper, followed by the signatures of a score of prominent undergraduates, conspicuous among them the name of Wm. H. Taft:

"To the Right Honorable George, the Count Joannes:—We, the undersigned members of the senior class of Yale College, fully appreciating your recent artistic rendition of 'Richard III' in this city, request that at some early date you will favor us with 'Hamlet.' As influential members of the college community, we guarantee that the disgraceful performances on the part of the freshman and sophomore classes at your former appearance here shall not be repeated. Hoping that this will meet with your favorable consideration, we remain, yours respectfully."

This barefaced attempt to lure the "Count" back to New Haven for another scene of tumult failed of its purpose, for it was promptly exposed as a forgery out of whole cloth. As a leader of class sentiment, "Bill" Taft would have been the last man to lure the poor half-mad tragedian back to certain destruction, and he at once denounced the fraud and set out with fire in his eye to find the guilty mischief-makers. The incident was considered worthy of a solemn editorial by the New York *Evening Post*, which thus became interested in the career of Wm. H. Taft just thirty years ago. This broadside read in part:

"In writing of the case of the Count Joannes recently the *Evening Post* tried to impress upon certain members of the senior class at Yale College whose names had appeared in print as the signers of a call upon the actor for a performance, the fact that in jests of this kind there was neither wit nor originality, and consequently neither good taste nor good sense. It now appears, and we are heartily glad of it, that the young men in question are not guilty of this piece of senselessness. They have signed no such card as that which appeared with their names appended, but have been themselves the victims of some exceedingly stupid practical jokers, who, imagining that there is rare humor in forgery, have taken the liberty of signing the names of these members of the senior class to the document without consulting the owners of those names."

The author of the forgery was not discovered. It would have gone hard with him had Taft been enabled to lay hands on him. Genial and easy of temper, he was not to be trifled with when there was fair cause for honest wrath, which blazed into swift action. What might have happened to the forger of the "Count Joannes" document may be discerned in the light of an episode occurring when Taft was in his first year out of college. The encounter in which he thrashed a Cincinnati editor has been recalled of late, yet an account of the affair as published at the time helps to picture the Taft of thirty years ago, the Taft of Yale,'78, as he was in the flush and strength of his early twenties. On April 20, 1879, the Cincinnati *Commercial* contained a half-column article under the headlines:

"*A Sensationist Punished.*
How Will Taft Served Lester A. Rose. A Sound Beating Cleverly Administered."

The narrative ran as follows;

"A sensation sheet edited by Lester A. Rose contained in its weekly issue yesterday a lot of trash of a vile nature, hardly worth mentioning because of its absurdity, that was apparently construed by the editor to refer to Judge Alphonso Taft. It would not have attracted much attention had not the boys hawking the paper kept up a cry of 'all about the Judge Taft scandal.' Early yesterday afternoon, Mr. Will Taft, a tall, powerful, athletic young man, about twenty-two years of age, met his brother Charles at the *Times* office and stated quietly that if he could find Rose he should whip him.

The Ledyard Memorial Services.

President Hadley of Yale leads the students in the cheering at Ledyard Memorial Dedication.

Heading the Yale students on the ball field at Yale.

In the Commencement Day Procession, 1908, wearing cap and gown as a member of the Yale Corporation.

Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studio.

"Bill" Taft as a golfer.

"Rose was described to Will Taft as a tall, raw-boned man with a broken nose, who was known to be a bruiser, of considerable physical courage and great endurance. It was related to him that Rose had been slung-shotted and clubbed by Ed. Hudson and others, and that his head had been found to be like a block of granite.

"Mr. Taft listened attentively to the information and appeared to appreciate it. He did not make much talk about the task he had cut out for himself, but seemed to be in a hurry to get at it, with as few words as possible. His brother Charles accompanied him, not with the intention of assisting, but merely to be on hand in event of interference that might be improper or unfortunate. They walked up to the corner of Fifth and Elm Streets and quickly found Rose, who was accompanied by a lady and a friend.

"Will Taft is only a year or so out of Yale, where he developed his muscle at the manly exercises of the college, and he seems to have retained it. He approached and asked if the person he addressed was Rose. A prompt, 'That's my name,' and a double response, 'You're my man,' and a blow in the face revealed to Mr. Rose the object of the call. Mr. Taft followed up the attack vigorously. The first blow was a left-hander, not so effective as he intended, but he made up the deficiency by repeated blows until Rose went down. The rules of the ring were not observed. When Rose went down Mr. Taft pounced on him and was getting in heavily with blows when a bystander, more powerful than Mr. Charles Taft, interfered and prevented any further punishment. The bystander objected because the head of the under man was being used as a hammer o the pavement, but since he learned the nature of the difficulty he has not ceased to regret his interference. As the case stands Rose went off bleeding and pale with his head well punched. The Messrs. Taft were questioned by a policeman as to the nature of the difficulty and quietly walked away without further interference."

Taft has been present at almost every reunion of '78 for thirty years, beaming, jovial, unassuming, eager to tell how much Yale and her friendships mean to him. When he was in Manila as governor of the Philippines he sent this cablegram which was read at the class dinner of the Quarter-Centenary celebration:

"Lamberton, Secretary, New Haven:
Your welcome greeting received. "Tell Hol* to make the boys whoop her up tonight for Seventy-eight and Yale. Love to every member of our dear old class.
"BILL."

It was at this dinner that the poetic talent of the class exploded in a series of songs with words to fit the occasion, and the following verses were joyously shouted to the tune of "Mister Dooley:

"When Dewey's guns gave Uncle Sam the Filipinos' lands,
We found we had a grouchy proposition on our hands.
A governor was needed there; the job was not a graft,
So a Yale man was selected and his name it was Bill Taft.

"Six feet of Bowen barred the way in Barcelona town,
And told the howling Spanish mob, 'the Eagle shan't come down',
While Venezuela's creditors were forced to arbitrate
When up against the politics we taught in Seventy-eight.

"Our 'ex-es' too have done a bit to put us in the front;
Montana's highest court has been adorned by Billy Hunt.
As governor he's steering Porto Rico's ship of State
We're sure he can't forget the days of Yale and Seventy-eight."

Logically enough, it was a member of this class of '78 who first suggested Taft as future President of the United States, and he issued his proclamation so long ago that his claim as the "original Taft man" cannot be fairly disputed. It was in 1893, fifteen years ago, if you please, that Judson Starr sent to his classmates, met in New Haven for the reunion to mark the fifteenth anniversary of their graduation, a telegram of greeting which wound up with this flat-footed declaration:

"I am for Taft as President of these United States. Remember that and me, Bingo."

When the class trooped back to New Haven this year, ninety strong, they greeted their comrade Taft as a Presidential candidate and the commencement week throng heard them sing themselves

*Judge Howard C. Hollister of Cincinnati.

hoarse to the inspiriting refrains of "Everybody Takes His Hat Off to Taft," and "Get on Your Running Togs, Willie." He marched behind the band to the baseball game and made a speech at his class dinner that was thrilled through and through with his genuine love for his college. He was called upon to make a dedicatory address at the presentation to the university of a superb memorial flagstaff in honor of Augustus Canfield Ledyard, first lieutenant of the regular army, who lost his life in action in the Philippines. The young soldier left Yale just twenty years after Taft, and yet their paths of duty had been singularly led toward a mutual purpose, the service of flag and country in the far distant islands of the Orient. Mr. Taft, as governor of those islands and secretary of war, knew better than any other man what that service had meant to this younger Yale graduate, and he spoke with deep feeling as he formally presented the memorial to the university:

"As it has been in every war in which our country has been engaged, Yale men here displayed the courageous patriotism and self-devotion that we like to believe and know comes from the education under the elms of dear old Yale. On behalf of the class of 1898, I present to the University this memorial flagstaff to commemorate the deed of this brave son of Yale, who was moved by the highest patriotic motives to fight and die ten thousand miles from home in furtherance of the highest national purpose. It is a fitting memorial from which shall ever fly the starry banner that symbolizes this highest national purpose, for which, with full knowledge of the reason why, he poured out his life's blood upon his country's battlefield."

'78 ΓΔΦ '78

From *Banner* and *Pot-pourri*, 1875

Motto—"*Sancho Panza starved by his Physicians*"

149 York Street

D. P. Birnie, P. Charlton, A. N. Cooley, S. W. Dexter, W. T. Gilbert, H. C. Hollister, H. M. Hoyt, Tudor Jenks, J. Q. A. Johnson, J. M. Lamberton, E. L. Morse, J. A. Porter, A. L. Ripley, W. H. Taft, C. C. Turner, A. L. Wager

EATING CLUBS

'78 VENI. VIDI. VICI '78

From *Banner* and *Pot-pourri*, 1874

Birnie, Charlton, Clarke, H. C. Coe, Dickson, W. T. Gilbert, Hollister, Lamberton, Lawrence ['78 S], Livingston, Rushmore ['78 S], Taft, Turner

A CAMP IN DEEPEST ARCADY

VII—THE TENT DWELLERS

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. S. WATSON

XXII

When the utmost bound of the trail is found—
The last and loneliest lair—
The hordes of the forest shall gather round
To bid you a welcome there.

DO not know what lies above the Tobeatic lakes, but the strip of country between is the true wilderness. It is a succession of swamps and spruce thickets—ideal country for a moose farm or a mosquito hatchery, or for general exploration, but no sort of a place for a Sunday-school picnic. Neither is it a good place to fish. The little brook between the lakes runs along like a chain pump and contains about as many trout. There are one or two pretty good pools, but the effort to reach them is too costly.

We made camp in as dry a place as we could find, but we couldn't find a place as big as the tent that didn't have a spring or a water hole. In fact, the ground was a mass of roots, great and small, with water everywhere between. A spring actually bubbled up between our beds, and when one went outside at night it was a mercy if he did not go plunging into some sort of a cold, wet surprise, with disastrous and profane results. Being the worst camp and the worst country and the poorest fishing we had found, we remained there two days. But this was as it should be. We were not fishermen now, but explorers; and explorers, Eddie said, always court hardships, and pitch their camps in the midst of dangers.

Immediately after our arrival, Eddie and I took one side of the brook and the guides the other, and we set out to discover things, chiefly the upper lake. Of course we would pick the hardest side. We could be depended on to do that. The brook made a long bend, and the guides, who were on the short side, found fairly easy going. Eddie and I, almost immediately, were floundering in a thick, miry swamp, where it was hot and breezeless, and where the midges, mooseflies and mosquitoes gave us a grand welcome. I never saw anybody so glad to be discovered as those mooseflies. They were as excited as if we were long lost relatives who had suddenly turned up with a fortune. They swarmed about us and clung to us and tapped us in any convenient place. I did not blame them, of course. Moose diet, year in and year out would make them welcome anything by way of a change. And what droves of moose there must be in that swamp to support such a muster of flies! Certainly this was the very heart of the moose domain.

Perhaps the reader who has never seen a moosefly may not appreciate the amplitude and vigor of our welcome. The moosefly is a lusty fellow with mottled wings. I believe he is sometimes called the deer-fly, though as the moose is bigger and more savage than the deer, it is my opinion that the moosefly is bigger and more savage than any fly that bites the deer. I don't think the deer could survive him. He is about the size of the green-headed horsefly, but of more athletic build. He describes rapid and eager circles about one's head, whizzing meanwhile in a manner which some may like, but which I could not learn to enjoy. His

family is large and he has many friends. He brings them all along to greet you, and they all whiz and describe circles at once, and with every circle or two he makes a dip and swipes up about a gill of your life-blood and guzzles it down, and goes right on whizzing and circling until he picks out a place for the next dip. Unlike the mosquito, the moosefly does not need to light cautiously and patiently sink a well until he strikes a paying vein. His practice on the moose has fitted him for speedier methods. The bill with which he is accustomed to bore through a tough moose-hide in a second or two will penetrate a man in the briefest fraction of the time.

We got out of that swamp with no unnecessary delay and made for a spruce thicket. Ordinarily one does not welcome a spruce thicket, for it resembles a tangle of barbed wires. But it was a boon now. We couldn't scratch all the places at once and the spruce thicket would help. We plunged into it and let it dig, and scrape, and protect us from those whizzing, circling blood-gluttons of the swamp. Yet it was cruel going. I have never seen such murderous brush. I was already decorated with certain areas of "new skin," but I knew that after this I should need a whole one. Having our rods and guns made it harder. In places we were obliged to lie perfectly flat to worm and wriggle through. And the heat was intense and our thirst a torture. Yet in the end it was worth while and the payment was not long delayed. Just beyond the spruce thicket ran a little spring rivulet, cold as ice. Lying on its ferny margin we drank and drank, and the gods themselves cannot create a more exquisite joy than that. We followed the rivulet to where it fed the brook, a little way below. There we found a good-sized pool, and trout. Also a cool breeze and a huge bowlder—complete luxury. We rested on the big stone—I mean, I did—and fished, while Eddie was trying to find the way out. I said I would wait there until a relief party arrived. It was no use. Eddie threatened to leave me at last if I didn't come on, and I had no intention of being left alone in that forgotten place.

We struggled on. Finally near sunset of that long, hard June day, we passed out of the thicket tangle, ascended a slope and found ourselves in an open grove of whispering pines that through all the years had somehow escaped the conflagration and the axe. Tall colonnades, they formed a sort of Grove of Dodona which because of some oracle, perhaps, the gods had spared and the conquering vandals had not swept away. From the top of the knoll we caught a glimpse of water through the trees, and presently stood on the shore of Little Tobeatic Lake.

So it was we reached the end of our quest—the farthest point in the unknown. I hardly know what I had expected; trout of a new species and of gigantic size perhaps, or a strange race of men. Whatever it was, I believe I felt a bit disappointed.

I believe I did not consider it much of a discovery. It was a good deal like other Nova Scotia lakes, except that it appeared to be in two sections and pretty big for its name. But Eddie was rejoiced over our feat. The mooseflies and spruce thickets and the miry swamps we had passed, for him only added relish to this moment of supreme triumph. Eddie would never be the man to go to the Arctics in an automobile or an airship. That would be too easy. He would insist on more embroideries. He would demand all the combined hardships of the previous expeditions. I am at present planning a trip to the South Pole but I shall leave Eddie at home. And perhaps I shall also be disappointed when I get to the South Pole and find it only a rock in a snowdrift.

We crossed the brook and returned to camp the short way. We differed a good deal as to the direction, and separated once or twice. We got lost at last, for the way was so short and easy that we were below the camp before we knew it. When at last we heard the guides calling (they had long since returned) we came in, blaming each other for several things and were scarcely on speaking terms for as much as five minutes. It was lucky that Charles found a bottle of Jamaica rum and a little pot of honey just then. A mixture of rum and honey will allay irritation due to moosefly and mosquito bites, and to a variety of other causes, if faithfully applied.

The matter of mosquitoes was really serious that night. We kept up several smudge fires and sat among them and

smoked ourselves like herring. Even then we were not immune. When it came time for bed we brushed the inside of the tent and set our pipes going. Then Eddie wanted to read, as was his custom. I objected. I said that to light a candle would be to invite all those mosquitoes back. He pleaded, but for once I was firm. He offered me some of his best things, but I refused to sell my blood in that way. Finally he declared he had a spread of mosquito net and would put it over the door and every possible opening if I would let him read. I said he might put up the netting and if I approved the job I would then consider the matter. He got out the net—a nice new piece—and began to put it up.

It was a tedious job, arranging that net and fastening it properly by the flickering firelight so that it covered every crack and crevice. When he pulled it down in one place it left an opening in another and had to be poked and pinned and stuffed in and patted down a great many times. From my place inside the tent I could see his nimble shadow on the canvas like some big insect, bobbing and flitting up and down and from side to side. It reminded me of a persistent moth, dipping and dodging about a screen. I drowsily wondered if he would ever get it fixed, and if he wasn't getting hot and tired, for it was a still, sticky night. Yet I suppose I did not realize how hot and tired one might get on such a night, especially after a hard day. When he ceased his lightsome movements at last and crept as carefully as a worm under the net, I expected him to light the candle lamp, and read. He did not do so. He gave one long, sighing groan of utter exhaustion, dropped down on his bed without removing his clothes and never stirred again until morning.

The net was a great success. Only two mosquitoes got in and they bit Eddie.

XXIII

Apollo has tuned his lute again,
 And the pipes of Pan are near,
For the gods that fled from the groves of men
 Gather unheeded here.

It was by no means an unpleasant camp, first and last. It was our "Farthest North," for one thing, our deepest point in the wilderness. It would require as much as two or three days' travel, even by the quickest and most direct route to reach any human habitation, and in this thought there was charm. It was a curious place, too, among those roots and springs, and the brook there formed a rare pool for bathing. While the others were still asleep I slipped down there for my morning dip. It was early, but in that latitude and season the sun had already risen, and filtered in through the still treetops. Lying back in that natural basin with the cool fresh water slipping over and about one, and all the world afar off and unreal, was to know the joy of the dim, forgotten days when nymphs and dryads sported in hidden pools or tripped to the pipes of Pan. Hemlock and maple boughs lacing above, with blue sky between—a hermit thrush singing: such a pool Diana might have found, shut away in some remote depths of Arcady. I should not have been much surprised to have heard the bay of her hounds in that still early morning, and to have seen her and her train suddenly appear—pursuing a moose, maybe, or merely coming down for a morning swim. Of course I should have secluded myself had I heard them coming. I am naturally a modest person. Besides, I gather from the pictures that Diana is likely to be dangerous when she is in her moods. Eddie bathed, too, later, but the spell was gone then. Diana was far away, the stillness and sunglint were more in the treetops, the hermit thrush was no longer in the neighborhood. Eddie grumbled that the water was chilly and that the stones hurt his feet. An hour, sometimes—a moment, even—makes all the difference between romance and reality. Finally, even the guides bathed! We let off fireworks in celebration.

We carried the canoes to the lake that morning and explored it, but there was not much to see. The lake had no inlet that we could find, and Eddie and I lost a dollar apiece with the guides, betting on the shape of it, our idea being based upon the glimpse of the evening before. I don't care much for lakes that change their shape like that, and even Eddie seemed willing to abandon this unprofitable region. I suspected, however, that his willingness to take the back track was mainly due to the hope of getting another try at the

little mooses, but I resolved to indulge myself no further in any such pastime.

It was hard to drag Eddie by those islands. He wanted to cruise around every one of them and to go ashore and prospect among the débris. He vowed at last that he would come back with Charles from our next camp and explore on his own account. Then, there being a fine breeze directly behind us, he opened out a big umbrella which he had brought along for just such a time, we hitched our canoe on behind, and with that bellying black sail on the forward bow, went down that long, lovely lake in a luxury of idle bliss.

We camped at our old place by the falls and next morning Eddie did in fact return to have another go at the calves. Del was willing to stay at the camp, and I said I would have a quiet day's fishing near-by. It proved an unusual day's fishing, for those waters. White perch are not plentiful there, but for some reason a school of them had collected just by our camp. I discovered them by accident and then gave up everything else to get as many of them as possible, for they were a desirable change from trout, and eagerly welcomed.

I fished for them by spells all day. Del and I had them for luncheon and we saved a great panful to be ready for supper, when the others should return.

It was dusk when the other canoe came in Our companions were very tired, also wet, for it had been a misty day, with showers. Eddie was a bit cross, too. They had seen some calves, he said, but could not get them. His guide agreed with this statement, but when questioned separately their statements varied somewhat as to the reasons of failure. It did not matter. Eddie was discouraged in the calf-moose project, I could see that. Presently I began boasting of the big day's sport I had enjoyed, and then to show off I said, "This is how I did it."

Eddie was washing his hands in my perch pool and I had no idea of getting anything—one is not likely to, when he wishes to exhibit himself—but I made a cast with the light tackle with two flies on it and immediately had my hands full. For once, I did actually show off when I undertook to do it. I think the only two big perch in that pool seized those flies, and for the next five or ten minutes they were making my reel sing and giving me such sport as only two big white perch on a light tackle can. I brought them to the net at last and Eddie looked on with hungry, envious eyes.

"You don't mean to say you've been taking those things all day," he said.

"All day, more or less. I merely gave this little exhibition to wind up on."

But of course I had to show him the size of the others, then, and he was appeased to the extent of forgetting most of his troubles in a square meal. That quiet day with the white perch, ending as it did with a grand finale, remains one of my fondest memories.

XXIV

You may pick your place—you may choose your hour—
You may put on your choicest flies;
But never yet was it safe to bet
That a single trout would rise.

Back across Tupper Lake and down Sand Brook to the Shelburne. Eddie left the further wilderness with a sigh, for he felt that his chance of getting a moose calf for those museum people was getting slim. A distance—I have forgotten the number of miles—down the Shelburne would bring us to country known to the guides and not remote enough for moose at this season. As Eddie is no longer in this country, I may confess, now, that I was glad.

It was beautiful going, down Sand Brook. There was plenty of water and the day was perfect. There is nothing lovelier in the world than that little limpid stream with its pebbly riffles and its sunlit pools. Sometimes when I think of it, now, I am afraid that it is no longer there in that far, still Arcady, or that it may vanish through some enchantment before I can ever reach it again. Indeed as I am writing here today I am wondering if it is really there—hidden away in that quiet, unvisited place, when no one is there to see it, and to hear it sing and whisper—if anything is anywhere, unless someone is there to see and hear. But these are deep waters. I am prone to stumble, as we have seen, and somehow my tallest waders never take me through.

I have already said, and repeated, I think, that there is no better trout-fishing

than in the Shelburne. The fish now were not quite so heavy as they had been higher up, but they were very many. The last half of the miracle of the loaves and fishes would not have been necessary here, had the multitudes been given some tackle and a few cans of bait. When we were a little above Kempton Dam, Del pointed out the first place familiar to him. The woods were precisely the same—the waters just as fair and fruitful—the locality just as wild; but somehow as we rounded that bend a certain breath of charm vanished. The spell of perfect isolation was gone. I had the feeling that we had emerged from the enchanted borders of No-Man's Land —that we were entering a land of real places, with the haunts and habitations of men. Kempton Dam itself had been used to catch logs, not so long ago, had Eddie had visited it on a previous occasion. He still had a fond memory of a very large trout—opinions differed a trifle as to its exact size—which he had taken there in a certain pool of golden water, and it was evident from his talk that he expected to take that trout again, or some member of its family, or its ghost, maybe, immediately upon arrival.

It certainly proved an attractive place,

We went down that long, lovely lake in a luxury of idle bliss.

and there were any number of fish. They were not especially large, however. Even the golden water was fruitful only as to numbers. We waded among the rocks or stood on the logs, and cast and reeled and netted and returned fish to the water until we were fairly surfeited. By that time the guides had the camp ready, and as it was still early we gave them the rods and watched the sport.

Now a fly-casting tournament at home is a tame entertainment when one has watched the fishing of Nova Scotia guides. To see a professional send a fly sailing out a hundred feet or so in Madison Square Garden is well enough, and it is a meritorious achievement, no doubt, but there is no return except the record and the applause. To see Del the Stout, and Charles the Strong, doing the same thing from that old log dam was a poem, a picture, an inspiration. Above and below, the rushing water; overhead, the blue sky; on either side, the green of June—the treetops full of the setting sun. Out over the foaming current, skimming just above the surface the flies would go sailing, sailing—you thought they would never light. They did not go with a swish and a jump, but seemed noiselessly to drift away, as if the lightly swinging rod had little to do with the matter, as if they were alive, in fact, looking for a place to settle in some cozy nook of water where a trout would be sure to lie. And the trout were there. It was not the empty tub-fishing of a sportsman's show. The gleam and splash in the pool that seemed remote—that was perhaps thirty yards away in fact—marked the casting limit, and the sharp curve of the rod, and the play to land were more inspiring than any measure of distance or clapping of hands.

Charles himself became so inspired, at length, with his handsome fishing, that he made a rash statement. He declared that he could take five trout in fifteen minutes. He offered to bet a dollar that he could do it. I rather thought he could, myself, for the fish were there, and they were not running over-large. Still, it was no easy matter to land them in that swift water, and it would be close work. The show would be worth a dollar, even if I lost. Wherefore, I scoffed at his boast, and took the bet.

No stipulations were made as to the size of the trout, nor the manner in which they should be taken, nor as to any special locality. It was evident from our guide's preparation that he had evolved certain ideas of his own in the matter. Previously he had been trying to hook a big fish, but it was pretty evident that he did not want any big fish now. There was a little brook —a run-around, as it were—that left the main water just below the dam and came in again at the big pool several hundred yards below. We had none of us touched this tumbling bit of water. It was his idea that it would be full of little trout. He wanted something he could lift out with no unnecessary delay, for time that is likely to be worth over six cents a minute is too expensive to waste in fancy sportsmanship. He selected a short rod and put on some tiny flies. Then he took his position; we got out our watches and called time.

Now, of course, one of the most uncertain things in life to gamble on is fishing. You may pick your place, your day and your time of day. The combination may seem perfect. Yet the fact remains that you can never count with certainty on the result. One might suppose that our guide had everything in his favor. Up to the very moment of his wager he had been taking trout about as rapidly as he could handle them, and from water that had been fished more or less all the afternoon. He knew the particular fly that had been most attractive on this particular day and he had selected a place hitherto unfished—just the sort of a place where small trout seemed likely to abound. With his skill as an angler it would not have surprised me if he had taken his five trout and had more than half the time to spare.

I think he expected to do that himself. I think he did, for he went at it with that smiling *sang-froid* with which one does a sleight-of-hand trick after long practice. He did not show any appearance of haste in making his first cast, but let the flies go gently, out over a little eddying pool and lightly skim the surface of the water, as if he were merely amusing himself by tantalizing those eager little trout. Yet for some reason nothing happened. Perhaps the little trout were attending a party in the next pool. There came no lively snap

at those twitching flies—there was not even a silver break on the surface of the water.

I thought our guide's smile faded the least trifle, and that he let the flies go a bit quicker next time. Then when nothing, absolutely nothing, happened again, his look became one of injured surprise. He abandoned that pool and stepping a rock or two downstream, sent the flies with a sharp little flirt into the next—once—twice—it was strange—it was unaccountable, but nothing—not a single thing—happened again. It was the same with the next pool, and the next.

There were no special marks of self-confidence, or anything that even resembled deliberation, after this. It was business, strictly business, with the sole idea of taking five fish out of that run, or getting down to a place where five fish could be had. It was a pretty desperate situation, for it was a steep run and there was no going back. To attempt that would be to waste too much precious time. The thing to do was to fish it straight through, with no unnecessary delay. There was no doubt but that this was our guide's programme. The way he deported himself showed that. Perhaps he was not really in a hurry—I want to be just—but he acted as if he was. I have never seen a straddlebug, but if I ever meet one I shall recognize him, for I am certain he will look exactly like Charles the Strong going down Tommy Kempton's Run. He was shod in his shoepacks, and he seemed to me to have one foot always in the air wildly reaching out for the next rock—the pair of flies, meanwhile, describing lightning circles over every pool and riffle, lingering just long enough to prove the futility of the cast, to be lying an instant later in a new spot, several yards below. If ever there is a tournament for swift and accurate fly-casting down a flight of rugged stone stairs I want to enter Charles for first honors against the world. But I wouldn't bet on any fish—I want that stipulated. I would not gamble to that extent. I would not gamble even on one fish after being a witness to our guide's experience.

That was a mad race. The rest of us kept a little to one side, out of his way, and not even Del and Eddie could keep up with him. And with all that wild effort not a fish would rise—nor even break water. It was strange—it was past believing—I suppose it was even funny. It must have been, for I seem to recall that we fairly whooped our joy at his acrobatic eagerness. Why, with such gymnastics, Charles did not break his neck I cannot imagine. With the utmost watchfulness I barely missed breaking mine as much as a dozen times.

The time was more than half expired when we reached the foot of the run, and still no fish, not even a rise. Yet the game was not over. It was supposable that this might be the place of places for fish. Five fish in five minutes were still possible, if small. The guide leaped and waded to a smooth, commanding stone and cast—once—twice, out over the twisting water. Then, suddenly, almost in front of him, it seemed, a great wave rolled up from the depths—there was a swish and a quick curving of the rod—a monstrous commotion, and a struggle in the water. It was a king of fish, we could all see that, and the rest of us gave a shout of approval.

But if Charles was happy, he did not look it. In fact, I have never seen any one act so unappreciative of a big fish, nor handle one in so unsportsmanlike a manner. If I remember his remark it had "dam" and "hell" mixed up in it, and these words were used in close association with that beautiful trout. His actions were even worse. He made no effort to play his catch—to work him gradually to the net, according to the best form. Nothing of the kind. You'd have supposed our guide had never seen a big trout before by the way he got hold of that line and yanked him in, hand over hand, regardless of the danger to line and leader and to those delicate little flies, to say nothing of the possibility of losing a fish so handled. Of course the seconds were flying, and landing a fish of that size is not an especially quick process. A three-pound trout in swift water has a way of staying there, even when taken by the main strength and awkwardness system. When only about a yard of line remained between Charlie and the fish, the latter set up such a commotion, and cut up such a series of antics, that it was impossible for one man to hold him and net him, though the wild effort

which our guide made to do so seemed amusing to those who were looking on. In fact, if I had not been weak with laughing I might have gone to his rescue sooner. One may be generous to a defeated opponent, and the time limit was on its last minute now. As it was, I waded over presently and took the net. A moment later we had him—the single return in the allotted time, but by all odds the largest trout thus far of the expedition. You see, as I have said, fish are uncertain things to gamble on. Trying for five small ones our fisherman captured one large fish, which at any other moment of the expedition would have been more welcome. Yet even he was an uncertain quantity, for big, strong and active as he was, he suddenly gave a great leap out of the net and was back in the water again. Still, I let him be counted. That was generous.

You might have supposed after that demonstration, Eddie would have been somewhat reticent about backing his skill as a fisherman. But he wasn't. He had just as much faith in his angling, and in his ability to pick good water as if he hadn't seen his guide go down to ignominy and defeat. He knew a place just above the dam, he said, where he could make that bet good. Would I give him the same terms? I would—the offer was open to all comers. I said it was taking candy from children.

We went up to Eddie's place and got out the watches. Eddie had learned something from his guide's exhibition. He had learned not to prance about over a lot of water, and not to seem to be in a hurry. It was such things that invited mirth. He took his position carefully between two great bowlders and during the next fifteen minutes gave us the most charming exhibition of light and delicate fly-casting I have ever witnessed. It was worth the dollar to watch the way in which he sought to wheedle and coax and fascinate those trout, and to study the deft dispatch and grace with which he landed a fish, once hooked. Still he hadn't learned quite enough. He hadn't learned to take five trout in fifteen minutes in that particular place and on that particular evening. Perhaps it was a little late when he began. Perhaps fifteen minutes is a shorter period than it sometimes seems. Three trout completed his score at the end of the allotted time—all fairly large.

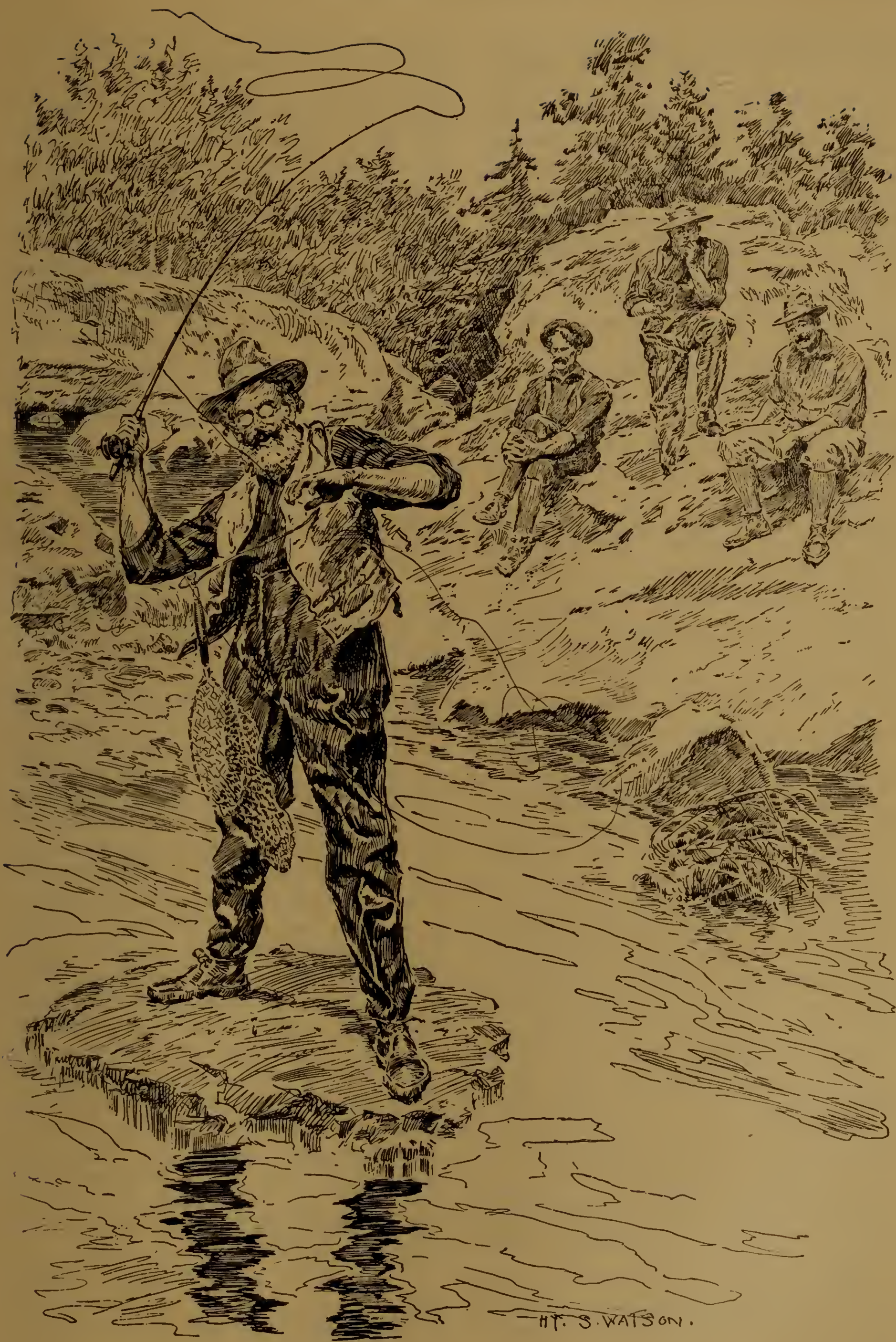
Yet I must not fail to add here that a few days later, in other water, both Eddie and his guide made good their wager. Each took his five trout—small ones—in fifteen minutes, and had time to spare. As I have remarked once or twice already, one of the most uncertain things in life to gamble on is fishing.

XXV

Oh, the waves they pitch and the waves they toss,
And the waves they frighten me;
And if ever I get my boat across
I'll go no more to sea.

We were met by a surprise at our camp. Two men sat there, real men, the first we had seen since we entered the wilderness. Evidently they were natives by their look—trappers or prospectors of some sort. They turned out to be bear hunters, and they looked rather hungrily at the assortment of fish we had brought in—enough for supper and breakfast. Perhaps they had not been to fish as frequently as to bear. I believe they were without tackle, or maybe their luck had been poor—I do not remember. At all events it developed presently that they needed fish; also that they had a surplus of butter of a more recent period than the little dab we had left. They were willing to dicker—a circumstance that filled us with an enthusiasm which we restrained with difficulty. In fact, Del did not restrain his quite enough. He promptly offered them all the fish we had brought in for their extra pound of butter, when we could just as easily have got it for half the number of fish. Of course the fish did not seem especially valuable to us, and we were willing enough to make a meal without them. Still, one can never tell what will happen, and something like six-dollars' worth of trout—reckoned by New York prices—seems an unnecessary sum to pay for a pound of butter, even in the Nova Scotia woods, though possibly trout will never be worth quite that much there.

All the same, the price had advanced a good deal by next morning, for the wind had shifted to the northeast and it was bleak and blustery. Everybody knows the



It was worth the dollar to watch the way in which he sought to wheedle and coax and fascinate those trout.

old rhyme about the winds and the fish—how, when the winds are north or east, the "fish bite least," and how, when the winds are south and west, the "fish bite best." There isn't much poetry in the old rhyme, but it's charged with sterling truth. Just why a northerly or easterly wind will take away a fish's appetite, I think has never been explained, or why a southerly and westerly wind will start him out hunting for food. But it's all as true as Scripture. I have seen trout stop rising with a shifting of the wind to the eastward as suddenly as if they had been summoned to judgment; and I have seen them begin after a cold spell almost before the wind had time to get settled in its new quarter. Of course it had been Del's idea that we could easily get trout enough for breakfast. That was bad judgment—we couldn't. We couldn't take them from the river, and we couldn't take them from our bear hunters, for they had gone. We whipped our lines around in that chill wind, tangled our flies in treetops, endangered our immortal souls, and went back to the tents at last without a single thing but our appetites. Then we took turns abusing Del for his disastrous dicker by which he had paid no less than five dollars and seventy-five cents a pound too much for butter, New York market schedule. Our appetites were not especially for trout—only for hearty food of some kind, and as I have said before, we had reached a place where fish had become our real staple. The conditions were particularly hard on Del himself, for he is a hearty man, and next to jars of marmalade, baskets of trout are his favorite forage.

In fact, we rather lost interest in our camp, and disagreeable as it was, we decided to drop down the river to Lake Rossignol and cross over to the mouth of the Liverpool. It was a long six-mile ferriage across Rossignol and we could devote our waste time to getting over. By the end of the trip, the weather might change.

The Shelburne is rough below Kempton Dam. It goes tearing and foaming in and out among the black rocks, and there are places where you have to get out of the canoes and climb over, and the rocks are slippery and sometimes there is not much to catch hold of. We shot out into the lake at last, and I was glad. It was a mistake, however, to be glad just then. It was too soon. The wind had kicked up a good deal of water, and though our canoes were lighter than when we started, I did not consider them suited to such a sea. They pitched about and leaped up into the air, one minute with the bow entirely out of water, and the next with it half buried in the billow ahead. Every other second a big wave ran on a level with the gunwale, and crested its neck and looked over and hissed, and sometimes it spilled in upon us. It would not take much of that kind of freight to make a cargo, and anything like an accident in that wide, gray, billowy place was not a nice thing to contemplate. A loaded canoe would go down like a bullet. No one clad as we were could swim more than a boat's length in that sea.

As we got farther off shore the waves got worse. If somebody had just suggested it I should have been willing to turn around and make back for the Shelburne. Nobody suggested it, and we went on. It seemed to me those far, dim shores through the mist, five miles or more away, would never get any closer. I grew tired, too, and my arms ached, but I could not stop paddling. I was filled with the idea that if I ever stopped that eternal dabbing at the water, my end of the canoe would never ride the next billow. Del reflected aloud, now and then, that we had made a mistake to come out on such a day. When I looked over at the other canoe and saw it on the top of a big wave with both ends sticking out in the air, and then saw it go down in a trough of black, ugly water, I realized that Del was right. I knew our canoe was doing just such dangerous things as that, and I would have given any reasonable sum for an adequate life preserver, or even a handy pine plank—for anything, in fact, that was rather more certain to stay on top of the water than this billow-bobbing, birch-bark peanut shell of a canoe.

I suppose I became unduly happy, therefore, when at last we entered the mouth of the Liverpool. I was so glad that I grew gay, and when we started up the rapids I gave Del a good lift here and there by pushing back against the rocks with my paddle, throwing my whole weight

on it sometimes, to send the canoe up in style. It is always unwise for me to have a gay reaction like that, especially on Friday, which is my unlucky day. Something is so likely to happen. We were going up a particularly steep piece of water when I got my paddle against a stone on the bottom and gave an exceptionally strong push. I don't know just what happened next. Perhaps my paddle slipped. Del says it did. I know I heard him give a whoop, and I saw the river coming straight up at me. Then it came pouring in over the side, and in about a minute more most of our things were floating downstream, with Del grabbing at them, and me clinging to the upset canoe, trying to drag it ashore.

We camped there. It was a good place, one of the best yet selected. Still, I do not recommend selecting a camp in that way. If it did not turn out well, it might be a poor place to get things dry. One needs to get a good many things dry after a selection like that, especially on a cold day. It was a cold night, too. I dried my under things and put them all on.

"Did you ever sleep in your clothes in the woods?" I have been asked.

I did. I put on every dry thing I had that night, and regretted I had left anything at home.

THE DEEPENING DUSK

BY E. G. CHEVERTON

The round, red sun slips down behind the sea
And o'er the marshes where the cattle graze;
Above the reedy covert of the bays,
The wary wildfowl wheel unceasingly.

The clam'rous crow calls from the blighted tree;
Across the sky the blackbird column sways,
And far and faint a tinkling bell betrays
The laggard kine that loiter up the lea.

The timid noises of the evening hour
Like frightened childish whispers in the dark,
Grow inarticulate. Hills shrink and bower.
The trees creep close for company. And hark!
How suddenly the owl hoots from his bow'r
Affronted at the wakeful watch dog's bark.

THE RESCUE OF HORACE'S WIFE

BY ADÈLE MARIE SHAW

"YOU'RE cross, Kitty."

"Don't call me *Kitty.*"

"What's peeved you?"

"'Peeved!' Why do you take such liberties with the language, Dick? You fairly chuck it under the chin. And you don't know it well enough for that either."

"You needn't try to change the subject."

"There was no subject. Go away, Dickie. I'm in a hurry."

"I'm going away, the same way you are. I say, Kit, what's up?"

"Husbands!" The word exploded in the quiet air of the Hillcrest street as if it had been a pirate's oath.

"'Hus'—Whose husbands?"

"My sister's mostly."

"The blameless Olive! Thus maligned! How long since you suspected polyandry in the family circle. How does Horace—"

"It's not necessary to be indecent because I'm blue." Katharine Abercrombie regarded the landscape as if Richard Hutchinson were not in it.

"I'm awfully sorry, old lady. I didn't know you were——"

"If you see a mud puddle show it to me," commanded Miss Abercrombie suddenly veering to look him straight in the eyes. "A real muddy mud puddle."

"That you may thrust me in?"

"That I may thrust myself in. I want to paddle—I want to wet my feet, sopping, dripping, slimy wet. I want to go home and sit around in wet skirts and dribble mud all over the porch and eat grocer's candy, red and yellow and vermilion and bright *green*——"

"'Who can divine the aspirations of a pure young girl, who can follow the delicate yearnings——'"

"You needn't quote the minister at me. He's a husband, too."

"Keeps the Missis short on green candy?"

"Why"—Katharine looked at him again, the bloom of her cheeks darkened to scarlet, her young eyes fierce and anxious—"why does any girl ever let a man turn into a husband? Men are so nice before——"

"Thank you, Kit."

"I wasn't thinking of you! There are lots of nice ones, good, jolly, decent, companionable fellows and it's beautiful to be engaged to them——"

"'Them!' I wish you'd try *one, Kitty.*"

"But they do become husbands, and what the end of it will be you never can tell—you simply can't predict at all. I'd love to be engaged but I can't. I'm too honest to deceive. He'd expect, probably, sometime, to—to become a husband."

"He would. He does."

"And regulate my diet!"

"Never."

"And chase me round with rubbers——"

"No."

"What do you know about it?"

"I'm the man. Here's your candy."

"You needn't have bought so much," she complained ungratefully as they came forth.

"I handed over the price of one pound, as I understand the language of sweets, and he dug all this out of the tub. Aint it gay?" Dick peered within the ample top of the grocer's bag.

Katharine plunged a reckless hand and nibbled at her fistful. Dick crunched in unison.

"Not so worse," he said.

"Mother began it," confided Kitty indistinctly. Then in parenthesis, "I wish you'd talk English."

"Your——"

"Olive was so little and sweet, and she was sick once, and then everybody coddled her and wouldn't let her do things, and she got to think she couldn't, but she used to go to walk with Horace when they were engaged, and he is so athletic I hoped it was the beginning. Who'd have thought he'd just get to be a fussy old—fuss!" Dick perceived that the cause of the choke was feeling, not candy.

"'Fuss?'" he repeated stupidly.

"She's simply letting go of everything——"

"Horace adores her," interrupted Dick combatively.

"Heaven pity the adored." His companion sighed.

"He's a pattern of devotion. I thought every girl in Hillcrest was praying for a husband like him."

"Hillcrest girls don't have to pray for husbands."

"Olive looks younger than you do this minute."

"She'll always have that baby look. But she used to enjoy things. Now she can't walk up stairs without panting. He's taken to carrying her up to bed. She's getting to be a miserable—invalid——"

"Kit, you idiot! For Heaven's sake, Katherine Abercrombie, you're——"

"I'm *not*——" Kitty mopped wet eyes with a wrathful gesture and swallowed a small sob.

"For the love of Mike, Kit. Don't scare me like that again. You poor——"

"If you ever breathe it to a living soul—but I've stood it as long as I could, alone. I had to tell somebody I could trust."

Dick glowed like a sun of joy breaking from an anxious cloud.

Kitty beheld the glow. "You seem just like a girl chum to me," she said in wicked haste. "I don't think of you as a man."

They had known each other all their lives. They had shared tops and secrets in infancy and discussed the universe without reserve in the years between. It was Dick Hutchinson's daily fear that the thing she said was true. He stopped short, looking down on her.

"You tempt me to—to prove things to you, Kit," he said quietly. It was a quietness more violent than her troubled outcry. Color, vivid, painful, deepened in her cheeks and went, leaving her pale.

"I know you won't tell. If you can, if you see there's a way, Dick, you'll help me?" She gave him back his look. Anxiety had conquered confusion.

"I'll help you in anything on earth you want. I'll help you whether I see a way or not."

From that hour Dick's brow wore the frown of tense concentration. In the office, on the train, even at the table, he made hasty "memos" in a pocket notebook. They began thus:

PLANS	OBJECTIONS
1. Kill Horace.	That would kill Olive.
2. Take Horace out in Whitcher's Semiramis and break his leg. O. takes care of him; gets busy, gets well.	Might break neck. Both our necks. Sure to break machine.
3. Talk to H. like Dutch uncle about similar case of "friend."	Get myself disliked. Have to give up seeing Kit at H's house. (Pass on preach.)
4. Persuade Carter Jenkyns to send H. after Western contracts. In his absence beguile Olive into doing stunts. Horace on return paralyzed with joy—"let the good work go on,' etc.	H. would take O. if he went. O. would obey H. if she stayed. Jenkyns wouldn't trust junior partner with any of Western end. Fool idea anyway.
5. Give Dr. Burgess a hint. Burgess sock it into H.	Burgess has tried. Nothing doing.

The plans of this futile record were enlivened by lightning sketches of Olive in extreme curtailment of outing draperies skipping like a young gazelle upon rocks or balancing herself in a canoe, paddle in hand. Richard Hutchinson had guilelessly hoped that Kit would giggle over the sketches even if she sniffed at the ideas. For reasons he could not fathom she flushed with anger when he attempted the subject and ignored the confidences that had set him into a week's brown study. Evidently she repented her appeal. Dick resented her anger and was obliged to call often to display the resentment. And he continued to think.

In the end it was accident and not design that saved Olive. It was Dick, however, that sent her into the path of her fate. He mentioned, laboriously casual, the ill-health of Horace's wife to Carter Jenkyns, Horace's senior partner. The Jenkyns tribe, snatched abroad by the rheumatism of Mrs. Jenkyns, offered their mountain cottage to Horace Macintyre. The name of the cottage was Morning Blink.

"Whoever named it ought to have rheumatism," opined Kitty. "She's sentimental enough to leave the atmosphere positively damp."

Horace looked severely at Kitty, ceased to waver, and accepted the invitation.

To the joy of understrappers still lower than himself in the ranks of commerce Dick asked for an early vacation and pursued the Macintyres. He had borne Kit's blatant silence for three weeks. Farley's, a modest hostelry three miles from Morning Blink, took him in and did for him. This is a true saying, but Dick would never have noticed discomfort if other things had been—different. On the evening of his arrival he walked briskly over the three miles with hope springing eternal in his youthful breast.

The Blink looked enough like the Macintyre home in Hillcrest to be its twin. There was the same exuberance of bay window, the same amplitude of roofed porch, the same barbaric gorgeousness of nasturtiums on the lawn, and the lawn was little. The difference was in what lay outside the lawn.

Horace Macintyre, Olive Macintyre, Kitty Abercrombie, and a ladylike guest of whom Horace approved, greeted Dick after their kind. He perceived that Kitty's kind was still depressing. He flaunted a gay indifference and talked with Horace.

"Climb much?" he asked.

Horace compressed his lips. "No, Richard," he said.

"He tried it," Kitty explained politely, "but I took Olive walking and got her caught in a shower."

"Too bad. Hoped you'd climb with me." Dick looked at Horace but Kit knew what he meant. Also he knew that she knew. Her absorption in a piece of linen and a needleful of pink silk did not deceive.

"My friends, the Coffins," put in the guest, whose name was Alicia Lightbody, "are starting to-morrow to go over Bald Eagle and across the Twins to Hurricane Peak. I wish you'd go with us, Mr.—Dick."

"I'd like to." Dick snapped up the invitation rabidly; perhaps that would get through Kit's bleak surface of unconcern.

As for Kitty Abercrombie she had withstood the Coffin-Lightbody urgings in order to be at home when Dick came, but she set pink stitches in the soul of a conventionalized rose and said nothing.

"Such a pity our Katharine doesn't care for climbing! Perhaps *you* can persuade her!" Miss Lightbody looked at Dick.

Kitty looked only at the rose. Whereupon the devil entered into Richard Hutchinson and he discussed with zeal two days to be spent in exploring the earth's inequalities in Miss Lightbody's companionship.

"Why don't you go too, Horace?" asked Horace's wife. "You know you'd love it."

Horace was inspecting the thermometer-barometer combination that was scientifically attached to a convenient pillar. "The humidity is increasing, he announced. "I must get your knitted jacket." Horace Macintyre never said sweater of a woman's garment; his soul was of a careful maidenliness.

"I'd be so particular about eating and everything while you were away," began Olive's plaintive undertone.

"Not till you sleep better," replied the incorruptible Horace. "I shall not leave you; the altitude is affecting you. If Jenkyns had not been so vague about the altitude——"

"Horace, you're smothering her," protested Kitty. She frowned at the knitted jacket. She was not of those who can sit in silence and see the world mismanaged.

"I think it's rather cool." Olive suported her husband but drooped mournfully among her cushions.

"He's made her think she's going to die," said Dick to himself. She looks ghostly.

"Let's toddle down and see your falls," he suggested aloud. "Come, Kit, it's too dark to embroider."

Kitty wouldn't. Of course, Dick told himself, she was worried, but she needn't treat her oldest friend like dirt beneath her feet. Must he change his idea of Kit, the one girl who was never silly or unjust?

A sympathetic glance from Olive stiffened his aspect; he didn't want sympathy excepting from Kit herself. He renewed his flippant badinage with the responsive Alicia. He ate small choice foods and drank large hospitable drinks in the belief that he was swallowing vitriol and isinglass. He beheld with nausea the two fat

raw prunes and the distilled water that were Olive's feast. When Horace put tiny storm rubbers upon the small feet of his unresisting wife and walked her four times to and four times fro upon the concrete (where a slight dampness from the hose threatened the rash sole of the invalid) then Dick broke short the hollow persiflage of his discourse with the arch Miss Lightbody and fled into the night.

The next morning he was in the van of the climbers; Miss Lightbody in short skirt but much beribboned shoes was alongside, pointing out to him the scenery.

At Morning Blink the day dragged. Olive shivered at a sound and read in Horace's indefatigable hoverings a sentence of life imprisonment or of death. Kitty was unapproachable. Only Horace seemed contented. At eight-thirty he superintended Olive's breakfast. At nine he administered her drops. At ten-forty-five, although she was not thirsty, he watched her absorption of a pint of lukewarm water. At eleven he presided over the swallowing of her tablet. At twelve he held to her reluctant lips another glass of water. At luncheon he gave her her tonic. Afterward (she was now thirsty and the heat atrocious) he stood guard lest she be tempted to drink before the orthodox hours of digestion had been accomplished. In the intervals of these attentions he conveyed her to and from her hammock, took her temperature, counted her breathing, and recorded the result with the temperature and pressure of the atmosphere. He was quite busy and altogether pleased.

"I'm afraid they'll have a storm up there to-night," he said nodding at the mountain as he prepared to answer Dick's heliograph from the Lookout.

The day crawled by; the night came tardily on its heels. Kit gave up being sprightly to deceive the eye of sisterly devotion, and departed for her room where she could watch the summits and be miserable in peace. Up there on the heights was Dick with Alicia Lightbody. Horace was hopping about the lawn waving burning newspapers. There was an answer from the Cabin on Old Blaze. Kitty's eyes were on the fire signal above, not on the figure of the torchbearer below.

Overhead was the moveless mass of the mountains with a single glint breaking the clouded dark; at Morning Blink was complete repose with the flare of newspaper banners to reveal its snug domesticity. Then out of Nowhere swooped one of those moments that prove to men how close to their vigilance are the elements they say they have tamed.

The glare on the lawn flashed into brilliance. Horace clad for a sultry day in white and tropical linens, spotless as little girls dressed for Sunday school, was on fire. From feet to shoulders a pillar of dreadful light!

It was Kitty who screamed, Kitty who stood for an instant paralyzed, the dread victim of terror. It was Olive who leaped, who beat at the flames with her steamer rug, with her hands, who fought with a crazed man to get him down under the smothering blanket.

Then Kitty started, slipped on the stairs, fell, and lay heaped inside the door. She could not get up, but she watched. Through the screen door she could see. There was no hope!

"The rain water! Horace, the rain water!" Olive's shriek of command got through the insanity of Horace's martyrdom. He understood and quenched himself in the giant tub under the rain spout. Then he fell over its edge and lay a blackened scarecrow in the glow of the veranda lamp.

Olive shot past Kitty into the house, pushing the screen against the injured ankle.

"I've broken something. I can't——" began Kitty, but Olive had seen, comprehended, gone, and returned. She carried out in her arms, a great oil jar, a roll of sheets, a flask. There came back to the house the snip of scissors, a sound of rending cloth.

When Olive came again there was about her clothing a hideous odor. Kitty grew faint. "Will he die?" she begged.

"He shan't die." There was ferocity in the answer. Kitty looked up at the Olive who stood over her and didn't know her own sister.

"Call to him now and then—I'm going for the doctor." Olive went, her flash past leaving on the air again the horrid scent. For a bit Kitty heard the light feet running on the gravel. Soon the rain came down,

suddenly, steadily; the wind rose and the thunder and lightning began. Olive was afraid of a thunderstorm.

The telephone had been out of order all day. Where was the nearest? Oh, Kitty remembered! The old ladies at Pot-Luck had one, but that was a mile below on the mountain road. Delicate Olive was to get there in the dark, in this furious storm, while she, Kitty the lusty, couldn't even crawl out to cover Horace with his raincoat! Horace might be dying at that minute! A horrid old rhyme kept singing in her head.

> "As we come back free and merry
> From the cheerful cemetery."

It kept time to the beat of the flood.

"Hear the wind! Hear it," she said aloud. "She'll be blown away."

But Olive was not blown away.

When Horace got well enough to carry Olive she did not need to be carried. She had nursed her husband stoutly.

"Any one who can go through that and be none the worse for it is a—well, she isn't going to die," said Olive Macintyre.

All the same, on a day when they had walked to Summit and come home by the meadows, Horace picked her up at the steps and did not set her down till he reached the couch in their own room.

"Do you mind?" he asked.

"I love it," said Olive. "Horace, if you don't spoil me now and then I shall get ill at once. Though it's heavenly to be well and go around with you."

"Every physician," Horace had said to his neighbors, "will give you instances like this, of miracles worked by sudden shock." This had been his public explanation of Olive's recovery. Understanding had nevertheless been born in him.

He said nothing now of this understanding, but lapped the rug fussily about his wife's feet and knelt beside her. It is bliss to be foolish and fussy when it can be turn about, and anxiety does not sit in behind, nipping through the pleasure; and Horace and Olive were very pleasantly foolish.

Lagging after them Dick and Kitty came up the country road.

"Why were you—I wish you'd set my feeble wits at rest—Why did you treat me like a meaner kind of scum?" asked Dick.

"I was afraid," answered Kitty.

"Of what?"

"That I—that you——"

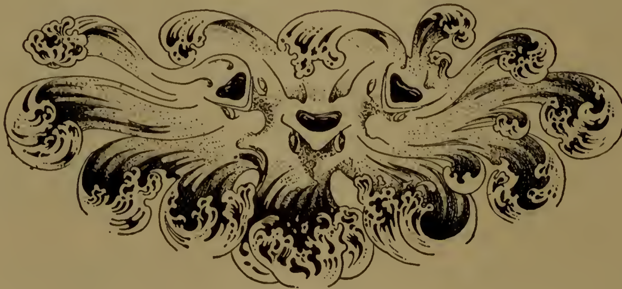
"Pluck up, Kit, and get it out." Dick drew nearer. Kitty retreated.

"That I might want—be willing——"

"To endure a husband? Kitty——" Dick was near again. "There are some husbands—Horace now——"

"But he's been married so long. It took——" Dick's face fell; her voice sounded remote, unfriendly.

Then she slipped away altogether and spoke from the other side of a hedge. At least when she began speaking it was the other side. "If it takes so long," she said, and now her voice sank, caught on something deep and out of sight, and spilled into a thousand little laughing thrills, "I suppose I'd better be—about it."



Drawing by Worth Brehm.

THE FIRST SMOKE—"Look out fellers, here comes Ma."

Waiting to be judged.

HELPING THE WORK HORSES

BY PAUL PINKERTON FOSTER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMAS E. MARR*

IN THESE swift days of automobiles, electric cars, and we had almost said flying-machines, those of us who stop to think of the matter at all are wont to congratulate ourselves on the improved status of the horse. Surely life must be easy now for the tens of thousands of patient animals that used to tug our street cars, and for the other thousands that have been displaced by the big motor-trucks, and we imagine them resting perhaps in green country pastures, or leading a happy existence anywhere except on city pavements.

Undoubtedly there has been improvement, and greater interest is being taken in the condition of man's faithful allies, but as yet the organized effort for the countless thousands of poor animals that are half-fed, over-loaded and over-worked, has been woefully inadequate. The excellent work of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which handles extreme cases, is known to all, but some newer organizations are not quite so familiar, and an account of their unique work will undoubtedly arouse the interest of the many friends of the horse. The most active of these organizations are the Animal Rescue Leagues, the Homes of

* Of the Boston parade.

Rest for Horses, and the Work Horse Parade Associations.

In the United States there are three homes for aged and worn-out horses: one at Fox Chase, near Philadelphia, and two near Boston. The pioneer home is situated at Acton, in the heart of England, and was established in 1886. The objects of the home as stated in its printed report are as follows:

1—"To enable the poorer classes to procure on moderate terms rest and good treatment for animals that are failing, not from age, but from continuous work, sickness or accidental causes, and are likely to be benefited by a few weeks' rest and care.

2—"To provide men with horses for temporary use while their own are resting in the Home, a small amount being charged for such loans, and a strict guarantee of good treatment being exacted.

3—"To provide a suitable asylum for old favorites that would suffer by being turned out only to grass, but whose owners, instead of destroying or selling them for further labor, desire to place them under good treatment for the remainder of their days, paying a remunerative charge for such accommodations."

Provision is made for entirely free treatment of especially deserving cases. The Home is supported by an endowment fund and by liberal annual subscriptions from hundreds of individuals. The Duke of Portland is the president of the association, which numbers many titled names in its list of officers and patrons. With a view of bringing the work of the institution more prominently before its supporters an annual "fête champêtre" is held in July, which is quite a social function. There is a work horse parade, and prizes are awarded for the best horse used in various vehicles under specified classes, and for the best turnout—horse, vehicle and harness.

Three years later, in 1889, the first home for old horses in the United States was founded, through the beneficence of Mrs. Mary Ryerss of Philadelphia, who left a bequest of seventy thousand dollars for the establishment of the Ryerss' Infirmary for Dumb Animals.

This fund was applied to the purchase and maintenance of a fine old-fashioned farm, situated about two miles from the

At the judges' stand.

center of Fox Chase, a village twelve miles from Philadelphia. It contains one hundred and fourteen acres of pasture land, woods, grainfields and vegetable gardens; a stone dwelling-house for the superintendent, built in 1773, and a large barn that has box-stalls for thirty horses. The purposes of the Infirmary, as stated in its by-laws, are to provide a permanent home for aged animals, and a temporary resting-place for horses belonging to poor men. No board is charged; everything is free, and there is always a waiting-list of horses. The Home is under the management of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the income of the endowment fund, and the profits from the sale of the farm products, have always been sufficient to support the place.

The second home for horses to be established in this country bears the attractive name of "Red Acre Farm." It is located at Stow, Massachusetts, not far from the city of Lowell and about twenty-three miles from Boston, and was opened in May, 1903, through the kindness of the owner, Miss Harriet Bird, who offered her farm and her services for the work, provided sufficient financial aid was given for its support. It is managed by the Red Acre Farm Association, an incorporated body of philanthropic citizens of Boston and vicinity, through whose constant efforts sufficient financial support is provided to maintain twenty-five or thirty horses in peace and comfort. Red Acre Farm contains ninety acres, a comfortable stable, an exercising shed, so constructed that it can be readily turned into a barn when more stable room is needed; paddocks, and a well-shaded pasture. A small building is used as a hospital and no horse is admitted to the stable until he has passed probation in the hospital room, and is found to be free from any contagious disease.

Oatmeal and water wagon for the old horses.

Many of the worn-out fire horses of the city of Boston, which were formerly sold at auction to the highest bidder, pass their last days here, as do several old family

horses, pensioned by their owners. Through the efforts of the directors of the Red Acre Farm Association, and especially of Mr. Henry C. Merwin, president of the Boston Work Horse Parade Association, a bill has just passed the Massachusetts legislature which permits the commissioner, or other officer in charge of the fire department, police department, street or sanitary departments, of any city or town, instead of selling the city's incapacitated horses, to transfer them to the custody of Red Acre Farm, or to any other charitable society which will agree to give them proper care. This act was suggested by a New York State law, which, however, applies to the fire department horses of New York City only.

Veteran driver class. John Francis Kelly. 1st prize for long service. (42 years for R. O. Brigham.)

The Red Acre Farm Association also provides care and treatment for disabled horses, whose owners cannot afford to pay for their keeping, or can pay but a small sum; it makes a practice of rescuing old and incurably lame or diseased horses, that would otherwise die of overwork and starvation, cold and pain; finds good homes and masters for horses still fit to work; and instructs poor and ignorant persons in the proper care of their beasts.

The directors of Red Acre Farm have many times called the attention of the police, of the humane societies, and of the public generally to the fraudulent trade in worn-out horses. This is carried on extensively by small groups of dealers who perpetrate the most shocking cruelties upon the horse, and who live by cheating poor and ignorant men. Their system is as follows: One of them buys for a trifle a horse afflicted with lameness, the heaves, or other trouble. He applies some powerful and often excruciatingly painful treatment, such as pouring lead shot down a horse's throat to hide the symptoms of heaves, which has the effect of concealing the defect for a few hours, and the horse is sold, perhaps for fifty dollars, and is taken home by his new owner. The next

General view of the Boston Work Horse Parade at the junction of Commonwealth Avenue and Beacon Street.

day. when the horse has proved to be worthless, and is in great misery from the reaction of the drug or treatment administered to him, another dealer, who is in the conspiracy, comes along, buys the horse for a few dollars, and sells him again to a new customer after another course of treatment, and so it goes on until the wretched animal expires. Half a dozen dealers can make a living in this manner out of a comparatively small number of horses.

A wave of indignation would be aroused if the extent of the traffic in poor old horses were realized. The Boston *Transcript* says:

"There is a large traffic in broken-down, worn-out, diseased and suffering horses, and jockeys of the most degraded character make a precarious living from it. Recently, in one day, at Lowell, fourteen horses were sold by auction, the highest price for any one of them being ten dollars. In one day, at one auction stable in Boston, ten horses were purchased at prices ranging from three to seven dollars. If a horse can walk to the knacker's he may be worth three dollars, and the wretched animal is often bought for one dollar upon the chance that he may be able to make the journey without dropping dead on the way. On Wednesdays and Saturdays (the sale days) a collection of feeble and dead-lame horses may sometimes be seen, after dark, slowly and painfully making their way to a certain rendering establishment situated in the woods, some six or seven miles from Boston; the last part of the road being so steep and stony as to tax the energies of a sound horse. Sometimes they drop dead before the journey is completed.

"Often the men who deal in these horses are able to put them off on ignorant purchasers at a price ten times their value, and for this purpose they are doctored, dosed, stimulated and disguised in every way which rapacity and cruelty can suggest. Not infrequently glandered horses are sold in this manner. To buy them of a dealer is to encourage traffic in them; the place to buy them is in the owner's hands, before they gravitate to a jockey, and, if possible, in the country, where the opportunities for cruelty are vastly greater than they are in the city. This work has been undertaken by Red Acre Farm, so far as its means will allow, and that the work has been economically done is proved by the fact that the price paid seldom, if ever, goes above five dollars, and is usually only two or three dollars."

Happily since the preceding lines appeared in the *Transcript*, and again through the efforts of the work horses' friends of Boston, the state of Massachusetts now has a law, enacted on the last day of the session of 1907, which has put a stop to the bold and open traffic in poor old animals, though it is still carried on too generally in Massachusetts by unscrupulous stable-keepers and dealers, and as openly as ever in many other states.

This law empowers any officer or agent of a humane society, provided he is also a constable, sheriff, or police officer of any city or town, to take possession of any old, maimed, diseased or injured animal, and by giving notice to the local police court justice, to secure a warrant for having the animal killed humanely and at once. The value of the animal is determined by an officer of the court, and paid to the owner of the animal by the society whose agent or officer applied for the warrant. Similar but more drastic laws have been in force for some time in Maine and Ohio, in which states the owner of the condemned horse is given no redress.

Here is an incomplete list of horses received at Red Acre Farm during two autumn months. Their condition may be imagined from the fact that the average price paid was four dollars a head!

Oct. 1—Gray horse, one eye gone, thin and lame, 25 years old.
4—Bay mare, thin, bruised, knees cut open, 25 years.
17—Bay horse, cut, bruised, shrunken, feeble.
19—Chestnut horse, teeth gone, painfully ill, hoof split open.
23—Bay horse, ringbone, thin and lame, 27 years old.
24—Bay horse, thin, teeth gone, 28 years.
25—Bay horse, kidney trouble, 28 years.
25—Bay horse, thin, and lame, 20 years.
25—Bay horse, thin, lame and sick, 27.
25—Bay mare, spavined, emaciated, starved, 27.
30—Chestnut mare, worn-out, one eye gone, lame.
31—Chestnut horse, "racker," hoof partly gone, thin and lame.
Nov. 3—Bay horse, thin, tender forward, patient.
8—Black horse, thin and worn-out, 25 years.
8—Brown mare, thin, one stiff knee, lame, 24 years.
9—Gray mare, ringbone, sore shoulder, blood poison.
13—Chestnut mare, thin, two spavins, lame, 20.
13—Brown horse, sprung knee, thin, 26 years old.
15—Old black horse, bunch on knee, thin, 27 years.
17—Chestnut horse, spavined, lame, thin, 30 years.
22—Old chestnut mare, bruised and cut, 27 years.

"Eva" 37 years old—pensioner at "Red Acre Farm."

22—Bay mare, thin and with stocked legs, 22 years.
23—Chestnut mare, thin and lame, ankle joint enlarged.
25—Bay mare, foundered, thin, 20 years.
30—Buckskin, one knee enlarged, spavined, over-driven.

In all one hundred and two horses were rescued during the fall and winter of 1907. Twenty-one were purchased from public auctions, when the auctioneer had no right to sell, under the new law just described.

Pine Ridge Home of Rest completes the number of the refuges for horses in this country. This latest charity is located on a Massachusetts farm, at Dedham, ten miles from Boston, and was purchased in the summer of 1907. It is an adjunct of the Animal Rescue League of Boston, an association formed in 1899, now numbering three thousand members, and hitherto better known for its excellent work in rescuing homeless dogs and cats—over 17,000 of these animals having been cared for during 1907.

"Pine Ridge" is more strictly a vacation home, where poor men can leave their horses for a few weeks, to enjoy the change and rest afforded by a country farm. Its nearness to Boston makes it easy of access to the many horses too ill or worn-out to make the longer trip to Red Acre Farm, and the officers of the Animal Rescue League believe that the greatest good to the greatest number is secured by temporary visits to a country farm, and that the educational effect on the owners, who give their horses vacations, and who can easily visit them at Dedham, is a very considerable item.

As soon as their funds permit of it the management of Pine Ridge Farm hope to be able to keep one or two strong horses, to loan to men who are unable to give their horses vacations, because they cannot afford to hire a substitute horse. Every effort is made to visit the horses that have been inmates of the Home, after they return to work, to see that they are receiving good treatment. Almost invariably it has been found that the owners are grateful and anxious to keep their horses in the improved condition in which they were

Horse "Senator," age 35, 29 years in service in the sanitary department.

returned. Mrs. Huntington Smith, president of the Animal Rescue League, to whose untiring efforts the establishment of Pine Ridge Farm is due, in her address before the National Humane Association, recently described an instance which illustrates the good influence such homes have upon the owners of poor horses:

"A bay mare, Nellie, was brought to our Home of Rest by her owner, an expressman. He had let her out to a man who had nearly killed her with starvation and ill-treatment. She was very thin, very lame, and had raw sores on her legs and shoulders. Her temper had been so injured that even her owner was afraid of her. In a month's time she was a changed horse. The sores were healed, she had taken on many pounds of flesh, her lameness was better, and her disposition affectionate and kind. Her owner gave her a vacation of over two months, visiting her from time to time, and then came after her, but promised to bring her back if her lameness increased again, as our veterinary doctor told him it was bound to do on pavements. In about three weeks she came back. The caretaker of the Home of Rest heard a loud whinnying and neighing at the gate one day, and hurried down from the barn to see what had happened. The gates are kept closed. Outside the gate was Nellie, her owner hardly able to hold her, as she whinnied loudly and struggled to push her way through the gates before they were opened. In spite of her lameness, she fairly flew up the hill to the stable. Her owner was so much surprised and touched by her joy in getting back that he said, 'I guess I'll leave her for good——' and he apparently has. It can be readily understood that it will not be easy to part with her again as long as she seems to enjoy the Home so greatly."

The stalls at "Pine Ridge" have been filled. Some horses belonging to cab-drivers, market- and express-men have been returned in greatly improved condition; many others have been purchased, and after a happy time in the Home for a month or more, have been killed. At present only about a dozen horses can be

Grocers' class.

accommodated, but every effort is being made to secure funds to permit of enlarging the stables, and an addition will undoubtedly be erected very soon. During the year 1907 the League's veterinarian, who is also a constable, condemned and had killed on the spot one hundred poor horses, that would otherwise have been sold, or made to take the long trip to the abattoir.

Besides buying these old and disabled horses in and near Boston, the Animal Rescue League tries to better the condition of horses that are owned by men who mean to be kind, but are not able through lack of means, and knowledge of the horses' requirements, to give them the right care. In January, 1906, the League started as a branch work the "Horses' Aid Association." Men owning one, or at the most, two horses for business purposes, are invited to join, the conditions being that they come with their horses once a month to the League for inspection of horse and harness, and for advice; that they agree to a few simple rules; and that they give the address of the stable where the horse is kept, which is also to be inspected by the committee. The benefits they will gain from the Association are free veterinary advice, friendly aid, the loan of blankets if needed, and, at the end of the year, six prizes in money are given to the men who have taken the best care of their horses. A committee of six inspects the horses, visits the stables and talks with the men.

One member of the "Horses' Aid Association," a junkman, had a fairly good horse, but he had no blanket until one was loaned him by the committee. He covered his horse with an old quilt, which he took from the rags he collected. The boys snowballed him and his horse, and he explained in very broken English that he thought it was because he had only a ragged quilt to cover the horse with. His stable was inspected and improvements resulted immediately. Cab- and herdic-drivers are urged to join the Association, but not those who are prosperous and have good turnouts. The men who are joining are for the most part struggling to

keep their heads above water, and cannot afford anything but the barest necessities.

The Animal Rescue League's latest institution for the benefit of work horses and their owners is the first of its kind in the world, and if successful, as there is every reason to believe it will be, is bound to be widely copied in other cities. This is a Model Boarding Stable for horses. An appeal for $5,000.00 to the lovers of horses, by the president of the Animal Rescue League, brought sufficient funds to start the project, and early in March the stable was opened.

It is situated on West Brookline Street, Boston, has four floors, seventy stalls, ample fire escapes for horses, drinking water in every stall; and, most important of all, trustworthy manager and grooms. At too many stables the hay and oats are of the poorest quality, the horses suffer from lack of water, the stalls are too narrow, and the grooms are too often careless, brutal or drunken. The League intends that this stable shall be an object-lesson in every respect, and looks for patronage to the workingmen of small means, who do not get for their horses the food and treatment to which they are entitled. The defects of the average boarding-stable are sadly familiar to those at all acquainted with the subject. Frequently horses are left from Saturday until late Sunday night without water. Horses taken sick in the night are not attended to until the owner arrives; and other abuses, too numerous to mention, are common. No liquor will be allowed on the premises, and only good, sober men are employed.

Every man whose horse is boarded at the stable has a ticket which entitles him to the privileges of the lounging and reading rooms, which are supplied with books, magazines and newspapers, and of the shower baths. If this feature proves successful a billiard table may be added later, and illustrated lectures on the care of horses, and other subjects of interest to the men, and to their wives, are to be given occasionally. If the plans of the directors of the Animal Rescue League are realized it will be not only a model shelter for

Distributing free lunches

horses, but a first-rate clubhouse for their owners as well.

The Animal Rescue League's headquarters and receiving station are at 51 Carver Street, in the heart of Boston, where homeless and suffering animals of all kinds are received and cared for. The Home is open day and night, Sundays and holidays; seven men, including a veterinary doctor and night watchman, six women and two boys are regularly employed.

Work Horse Parade Associations, which have been organized very recently in several of the cities of this country, are performing a unique work. It is the object of the associations to induce owners and drivers of work horses to take more pride in the appearance of their animals, to foster their humane and intelligent treatment, and to arouse the interest of the public in the horses which they see daily at work in the city streets. Annual parades are held, usually on Memorial Day, in which all work horses, except cab horses, are entered in competition for prizes. The horses are classified according to the business in which they are employed, prizes being awarded for good, hard-working condition, docile and gentle manners, and for comfortable harnessing. Age counts in the horse's favor, not against him.

Such parades have taken place for many years in English cities, where they have always been very popular, and have been the means of creating a spirit of pride and emulation in the owners and drivers of British horses, which has been of the greatest benefit to the horses themselves.

The first parade in this country was held in Boston, on May 30, 1903, and was a great success, as the parades of succeeding years have also proved. New York City's first parade occurred in 1907, and was viewed by interested thousands. Nearly one thousand teams and 1371 horses were in line. Parade Associations have been organized in Chicago; Philadelphia; Burlington, Iowa; Columbus and Springfield, Ohio; Kansas City; Toronto; and Pasadena, California, and their good influence is rapidly widening.

Free lectures are also given in the winter months on the care of horses, stable management, shoeing, driving, treatment of

Truckmen class.

The buildings at "Red Acre Farm," Stow, Massachusetts.

diseases, etc., and a permanent agent has just been appointed (February, 1908) to improve the condition of the poorer class of horses. It will be his duty to inspect, to suggest, to advise, to remonstrate, to warn, and, if other means fail, to report the case to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in order that they may prosecute. His work will be mainly constructive, and he will be a kind of District Visitor for horses. He will help poor or ignorant owners with information and advice, and in deserving cases will furnish them with such assistance as they may require, free of expense, including blankets, expert shoeing, etc. Already one Director has offered to provide shoeing for twenty-five horses, and the responses from veterinary surgeons and stable-keepers, whose assistance has been asked, are prompt and generous.

While it is difficult to tabulate the good results of the work of the Parade Associations, it is interesting to note the favorable testimony of two employers of horses, of widely different grades. The superintendent of the H. P. Hood Company, the largest milk contractors in Boston, told the president of the Boston Work Horse Parade Association that he considered the influence of the parades worth a thousand dollars a year to his firm, because of the increased interest and pride which their drivers and stablemen took in the horses.

Another, smaller, employer, a shrewd successful Jew owning fourteen horses, not high-grade animals, but quite ordinary, cheap horses, urged his men to enter the Parade, and offered to each man whose team received a prize of any description, $5 additional. He reports that his horses have increased in value to the extent of $25 or $30 apiece, as a direct result of the stimulus afforded by the Parades.

The Parades have shown that people really do care, and that it pays for owners and drivers to care, whether a horse is fat or thin, sound or lame, fresh or winded, and the Work Horse Parade Associations reward and encourage the increasing number of drivers, who are fond of their horses and proud of their good appearance.

Sergt. W F. Leushner — Maj. W. B. Martin — Gen. James A. Drain (Captain of team) — Capt. F. E. Evans (Adjutant) — Capt. C. B. Winder

Capt. Chas. S. Benedict — Capt. K. K. V. Casey — Corporal I. L. Eastman

The American Rifle Team which won the world's championship at Bisley in July.

Photograph by courtesy of "Arms and the Man."

LITTLE STORIES

THE BEAR THAT WASN'T HIS

BY LOUISE E. EBERLE

IT was the second day of the Coleridge Camp. Professor Patrick Marvin, M. S., Ph.D., was painfully conscious that his class had learned more about deer hunting than English literature the day before. Under the severity engendered by this feeling his pupils prospered finely.

"'A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!'"

(The Professor observed that the class was so in the spirit of the reading that the description fitted quite accurately.)

"'When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.'"

The small boy was observing the break in the woods intently.

"'At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed—'"

"It's Alf!" burst in the small boy, and before Professor Pat could reprove Alf was upon them.

"Fetched yees some bear meat," he remarked, producing a bundle wrapped in green leaves. He was duly, if dubiously, thanked.

"But is bear's meat good at this time of year?" asked the Professor, not heeding the wild eagerness of the small boy for the privilege of eating real, wild bear meat, be its taste what it might.

Alf scratched one ear reflectively, stretching his mouth around to the scratched side to help his mental processes.

"We-el, I can't say 't's at its bes' now. 'Tis jus' how you happen to look at it. There's Bob M'Queen's woman. *She* says she doesn't like it any time of year because it squeaks in her teeth when she chews it."

"Squeaks!" cried the camp, with delicious shivers, "What makes it?"

"Dat I do' know," said Alf apologetically, "may be rubbery. Sometimes it's hard. Makes *my* mouth slop right over any time of year jus' to see it, but my Aunt Jane M'Queen says she had some at her house last year that they had to back up against the wall to chew. But——" Alf paused and looked behind him as if he expected to see something uncanny.

"But what?" chorused the camp.

"Well," said Alf, with a mighty awe in his voice, "there's Tiny Herault. *He* says——"

"Says what?" urged even the Professor, for that which charged Alf's soul was evidently weighty.

Alf drew closer and sat down with a stump to back him. Then he whispered fearfully, "Tiny Herault says—that bear's meat—tastes like—*human flesh*."

The camp gasped.

Professor Pat was the first to bury his face in his hands and choke down his laughter. The rest followed suit, and Alf was satisfied with their attitudes of awe.

"But *how*," asked Miss Dixie, when she could, "*how* does he know what human flesh tastes like?"

"Dat," replied Alf, his voice still hushed with the great moment, "is what—de whole countryside—wan' to know!"

The Professor opened the Ancient Mariner and prepared to head off his voluble friend from another story.

"But this bear, Alf, how did you get him?" hastened to say the small, bad boy, carefully avoiding the Professor's eye.

Alf looked down on the camp from the height of mystic wisdom. "He wasn't my bear," he said, with voice and look that the camp knew was intended to convey things occult and dark.

"But didn't you shoot him?"

"Did I not? But he's ol' Trent Dunnigum's bear, jus' the same. *Well*,"—after that word the Professor knew there

would be no stopping him till the tale was done—"Well, if Trent was a betting man he'd a lost five dollars on it. Boys, oh, boys!" he exclaimed in a whisper, "if he'd a' bet he'd have been glad he didn't!"

"'If he'd—" the Professor repeated in amazement, then bent double over Coleridge's masterpiece, knowing that there was in it nothing to match that one, small sentence.

"It was dis way," said Alf, unconscious of his *chef d'oeuvre,* his tongue, in his growing interest, taking to itself the French-Canadian and Irish tricks of his parents in more than usual thickness, "Well, out be our barn there's a wee ellum—" Alf looked fixedly into the bowl of his pipe, the corners of his mouth twitching, then suddenly he began to talk in a carefully casual tone, but with a rapidity clearly designed to prevent interruption. "*Well,* I was up the wee ellum, huggin' my gun an'——"

"Up the wee elm!" burst in the camp forcibly, "What were you up there for?"

Alf stopped trying to control the corners of his mouth and let the laugh come, his face flushing a fine red. "I was up de wee ellum," he said, "because a wee tree is the only kind a bear can't climb."

"Bear!" screamed the small, bad boy, Miss Dixie, the cousin or two, the chaperon, and even the Professor all together, "Were you treed?"

"Was I not?" said Alf, "Was I not? An' but one load in me gun an' the wee daag in the house. So I was waitin' for the beast to come where I couldn't miss him, instead of keepin' to the oats aroun' de corner of de barn. Well, my ol' woman mus' have opened the house door jus' then, for out comes de wee daag through the fiel's that lie between. I let out a whistle an' he comes leppin' along like a jack rabbit. An' when he gets a scent of dat bear does he turn tail?—or climb a tree like me?" Alf laughed. "Dat wee daag," said he impressively, "started for dat bear, tail an' ears stiff, an' his barks sayin' plain as Queen's English, 'Get out of me master's oats, ye devil.'

"An' if ye'll believe me," said Alf, "get out dat bear did, an' the wee daag after him. An' jus' as the brute started over the fence I fired, an' up he lep' wit' a choke an' a gurgle. An' den he lay still—an' so did de wee daag, for the brute had hit him as he fell.

"*Well,* I clim down an' carried the wee man to the house, stopping but to give the great beast one kick. An' when I scorned at Cleffier for cryin', for we thought the b'y was dead, 'There's tears in yer own eyes,' she says.

"But jus' then up jumps the fine lad as good as new. He looked foolish-like an' embarrassed for a minute, then remembers an' bristles up an' starts for the door. 'Ye've had enough for one day, lad,' I says to him, an' shut him up wit' Cleffier an' went back for my bear.

"*Well,*" this time it was Alf who looked foolish and embarrassed, "when I got back be the wee ellum—" puffs of his pipe intended to pique curiosity here—"the bear —was—gone."

"Gone!" cried the camp. Alf nodded. "Gone," he said, "an' not a trace of him but a bit of blood an' torn-up bark an' dirt at the en' of a great log that lay through a gap in the fence behin' the barn. Well, I'd a queer idea I'd fin' the bear in the log, for 'twas great enough, an' I knew it to be hollow, but—" Alf's eyebrow went up again and the corner of his mouth twisted—"I felt modest about investigating either en' till I could be sure the bear was headin' the other way.

"Jus' then out of the bush comes Trent Dunnigum an' his boy, George. Trent takes one look at the blood an' he says, says he, 'What have ye done wit' my bear?' says he.

"'Whose bear are ye mentioning?' says I, keeping my temper. 'My bear,' says Trent short, for he'd little love for me since we left him in the lake when we killed the deer.

"'An' will ye sweetly tell me,' says I, 'how he comes to be your bear wit' my bullet in his carcass?'

"'That's jus' it,' says Trent, 'he's *my* bullet in his carcass, an',' he adds, 'my bullet went in first. I've trailed him here,' he says. 'Where is he?'

"Well, the impidence of him put an idea into my head. 'For all I know,' I says casual, 'for all I know he's in this here log hidin'.'

"'Is he that?' says Trent sarcastic, 'the cozy lad.'

"'I'll bet you five dollars,' says I, 'the

bear's here,' I says. But Trent would never take a bet when a look was cheaper. An' that was when if he'd a' bet he'd a' bin glad he didn't.

"'Son,' says Trent to George, 'do you put down yer gun an' crawl into the log an' chase out Alf's bear. But George hung back, bein' a modest lad, same as I had, so Trent puts down his gun an' says he, 'I'll crawl in one end,' he says, 'an' do you crawl in the other, an' we'll catch Alf's bear in the middle,' he says, 'an' fetch him out.'

"Well, go in they did, an' 'It's mighty dark in this here log,' says George, 'there's no daylight at all, at all.'

"''Tis but the bear stoppin' up the hole,' says Trent scornful, 'push in, son.' Then says Trent, 'it smells mighty queer in here, though, I wonder what it is,' he says.

"Jus' then George's feet kick out like he's in a convulsion. 'It's soon you'll know,' he yells, 'it's soon you'll know,' yells he, 'if I let go this bear's tail,' he yells.

"Well, Trent comes out of de log like de wrat' of God had fetched him out be the heels, for it's much good a bear's tail ud do to hold him by, an' it but a wee whisp of fur, as yees will know. He fetched the top rail off the fence gettin' over, an' de bear fetched off de nex', but my bullet caught him through the back as he went, an' this time he stayed where he dropped.

"'He's dead now, an' no cause for alarm,' I yells after Trent, streakin' through the clearin' as fast as the Lord would let him 'Will ye not come back for yer bear?'

"'Keep yer bear, yells Trent, 'keep yer bear—an' keep him where he is,' he yells, 'he's none of mine,' yells he."

THE VANISHING SQUIRREL

BY VIRGIL G. EATON

JEFF was the most remarkable fox-hound I have ever known; a wonderful dog, wonderful for his ability to pick up a cold track on a dry autumn hill, more wonderful for his savage persistency in following his game to the finish, most wonderful of all for his gluttonous and insatiable appetite. He was none of the thin-chested, long-legged, liver-and-gray or liver-and-blue dogs that can run like grayhounds and drive a fox into the next county; but one of the few Yankee-bred stand-bys, who would circle a fox all day and all night, and drive it into a hole before coming home to eat and lap his paws and rest up for the next race. In color he was just a dirty white, the "dirty" ingredient coming from small tufts of short and black hair peppered in among the white groundwork, and his wide ears of lustrous old gold were so long that they would meet and lap over by nearly an inch when stretched about the tip of his nose.

Though I had reason for admiring Jeff greatly for his unfailing certainty in following difficult trails, and for his gallantry toward all bitch foxes which he overtook and refused to slay, his greed for food awakened my wonder as well as my admiration. From the winter before he became a yearling, when as a glad pup he snatched the false hair from the head of my respected mother-in-law and literally ate it up before he could be caught by the pursuing family, until the end of his noble and virtuous life, he was never known to decline a square meal. Though he ate more than three ordinary dogs, he was perpetually wagging his tail and sitting up on his haunches, pleading and actually drooling for any kind of food. It mattered not what the commodity was, whether bride's cake nosed out among the baskets at the wedding breakfast, or a mammoth hunk of frozen horse, chopped off from some unburied equine cadaver that had been hauled out to a back-pasture lot, Jeff was ready to perform any stunt in order to fill his deep and wide barrel of bone-lined body.

One winter evening I remember returning late from a fox chase, which had led Jeff and me over many cold miles of country hillside, and finding two pans of cream-tartar biscuit waiting for us in the pantry. While I was eating my late supper Jeff cured his raw feet by the approved dog method of applying his tongue, but the moment I arose from the table, my companion was sitting up and "begging" for his reward, not only after the manner practiced by all hungry dogs, but in many cute and "cunning" ways which had been taught him. I had made a good mark for

myself into one tin of the cooling biscuits, but the second pan, holding an even dozen, was unbroached; and learning there were still flour in the barrel and baking-powder in the can, I picked out the corner biscuit and tossed it to Jeff, who caught it in midair, gave it a flattening squeeze between his tongue and the roof of his mouth, and was ready for the next.

Then I said to myself that I would for once in his life give that dog all the warm biscuit he could eat, even if I had to clean out the entire tin. And I did clean out the tin, from one to twelve, and every biscuit I threw was caught by Jeff and caught in one-two-three order, and when the twelfth biscuit had gone, and Jeff's flanks stuck out as if he had been dieting on dried apples and water, that brave old dog, who had covered more than fifty miles since sun-up, was actually snuffling and whining and drooling for more.

One time I thought Jeff's desire to eat everything in sight had proved his undoing. He had holed a fox in a fissure of a ledge about noon one day, and as I had an idea it was not playing the game fair to dig any fox out after it had confessed defeat by taking to its hole, and as it would have required hundreds of pounds of blasting powder to get at this fox, Jeff and I started to walk home in the bright sunlight of a short winter afternoon. The streams and bogs were as hard as flint, and but little snow was on the ground. While passing through a fringe of alders near a stream Jeff saw a flying squirrel among the bushes, and started to rush about, like a fool pup, as if inviting me to come on and join the chase.

None of the alders was more than ten feet high, and Jeff, by throwing his weight against the slender trunk of any shrub where the squirrel might lodge, could frighten the little animal and cause it to sail away and alight at the base of another shrub six or eight feet away. Up this second tree the squirrel would climb and be beyond reach before Jeff arrived. When I joined in the game, however, the squirrel had all the business it wanted to attend to. Foot by foot and rod by rod we drove the flying rodent to where the alders were further apart and smaller, and then, when Jeff and I were not a yard apart, and I reached with a switch stick to dislodge the scared creature we were hunting down, the squirrel sailed away, gracefully balancing in mid-air, as if it were the living model of the future flying machine—and literally disappeared.

I saw a furry tail for an instant between Jeff's gaping teeth. I leaped and grabbed Jeff by the throat, even as the body of the squirrel slipped past my closing fingers, and the event which had started in sport had ended in tragedy. Jeff had swallowed that flying squirrel whole. He had not even had time to close a single tooth upon the passing body, and the squirrel was one of the large Labrador species, as big as an adult red squirrel, and must have weighed from four to six ounces.

I watched the old dog solicitously the rest of the way home, expecting to see the squirrel gnaw its way out and fly away, but nothing of the kind happened, and when Jeff had tamped down a heavy wad of bread upon his raw-meat dinner, he stretched himself before the fire and doctored his feet as carefully as if swallowing live flying squirrels whole was all in the day's work.

EZRA BOGGS' GOAT HUNT

BY NORMAN H. CROWELL

EPHRUM SMITH laid down in his chair and rested his feet on the ashpit of the stove. After chewing his whiskers reminiscently for a moment he remarked:

"Had a letter from ol' Job Withers, who's runnin' a ranch out West somewheres, an' he says he's got two Chicago lawyers boardin' with 'im an' puttin' in their spare time killin' goats. From what Job says I drawed an idee th' critters was rather shy an' hard to get."

Ezra Boggs cracked half a dozen finger joints in slow rotation after which he pushed his cap back and smiled condescendingly at Mr. Smith.

"Don't you ever believe, Ephrum, them Chicago fellers are killin' any goats. They may be huntin' 'em all right, an' huntin' 'em hard, but when it comes to say they're actually killin' goats I can prove an allybi.

"Bill Fikes an' me was out huntin' goats once—in th' year of th' big wind in Kansas

—an' we found out enough about goats to last us to date an' maybe to th' grave. If I was to take my choice betwixt huntin' goats, typhoid fever an' bein' blowed up by dynamite I'd pick th' last two every time. Unless a feller is trained down till he can digest tacks an' you can pound 'im all day with a hoe handle an' not damage 'im any, he ain't got no business chasin' goats with th' idee of killin' 'em. Otherwise it's a snare an' a delusion.

"Our hunt was out West where th' Lord got pressed for time an' throwed all th' surplus material into Colorado an' never's been back since to straighten it out. Most of the country out there is so high that you have to shovel th' clouds away before you can see to hoe your back garden, an' them goats are naturally high-lifed critters as a consequence. Nobody ever saw a goat under th' two-mile line unless it was one that had fell off an' was climbin' back again.

"We got a guide—or maybe this one was a tramp that claimed to be a guide—an' he said he was th' only registered an' pedigreed guide in th' Rocky Mountains who could guarantee shots at goats. Bill asked him how about guaranteein' some of them shots to hit goats an' th' feller said that was where he drawed th' line—said he wasn't takin' none o' them obscene chances. He said a Colorado goat that was healthy an' wasn't afflicted with ingrowin' sin would lug off enough lead to make a mule stagger an' never let up chawin' his cud. Therefore, he said, if every goat we shot at failed to drop like th' price o' wheat jest after you've loaded up, we needn't feel assassinated over it.

"With them inspirin' instructions ringin' in our ears me'n Bill took a squint up th' side of th' mountain where, accordin' to th' guide, goats was swarmin' by th' millions.

"We got an early start an' we clim' steady for two hours before th' guide let us stop an' get our wind back. After we'd puffed an' blowed a spell we started up again. It was hard travelin'. In some places it was so steep we could look back over our shoulder an' see right down th' chimney at th' hotel two miles below. Bill asked th' guide if there was any danger an' th' skunk said there wasn't a bit unless we happened to fall. In that case, he said, we might get hurt. He said more people got hurt fallin' than did hangin' on.

"We got up another mile or so an' come to a place that looked about as enticin' as th' edge of a case knife. Th' guide said it was a hog's back. It was probably a razor-back hog judgin' from th' way it treated me'n Bill's pants a-crossin' it.

"'Look out for goats here,' says th' guide.

"Bill started to look, then grabbed th' mountain in both hands an' emitted a groan.

"'You do th' lookin', guide,' he yells. 'That's what you're paid for. If I'd go to squintin' around I'd land square on th' back of that cow four mile down below.'

"Th' guide bit off a big chew of tobacco an' looked over th' edge.

"'Huh!' he says, 'that ain't a cow—it's a church!'

"After we'd crossed th' hog's back Bill was wheezin' like a little leaky engine an' th' guide cheered 'im up by tellin' 'im his heart was probably weak an' might stop at any minute. He said th' climbin' an' th' thin air had killed lots of 'em. He rec'lected how he'd had to throw two fellers over that identical hog's back only th' season before as they'd died an' he couldn't get 'em down any other way. That didn't help Bill specially, but judgin' by his remarks I figured his wind had come back strong.

"We clim a while longer an' then th' guide sniffs th' air like a bloodhound trailin' a squash-colored coon through a gum-swamp.

"'Goats,' he says. 'They're thick here.'

"'Are they?' says Bill. 'I hadn't noticed it. But if it's all th' same to you I'll jest keep on tryin' to stick to this mountain. If you notice any goats pointed my way kindly shoo 'em off!'

"Th' feller sort of ridiculed Bill some an' we started on again. By this time I'd wore off both kneecaps an' dislocated every toe on both feet tryin' to sock 'em into th' rocks. About noon we got to what th' guide said was th' top. We crawled up slow expectin' to look a herd of about fifty million goats right in th' eye but not a blame billy did we see. After we'd snorted around a spell Bill let out a yell an' pointed across to a big rock. Sure enough, there was a whalin' big goat on it. Bill grabbed

his gun an' was jest goin' to shoot when th' guide told 'im that goat was eighteen miles away, up in another county.

"That made Bill a little disgusted, but he got even when I tried to draw a bead on a couple I'd spotted just across a little ravine, an' th' guide said he was between ten an' eleven miles away.

"We seen half a dozen more goats but th' nearest one was six miles off. Th' guide said he guessed he'd picked th' wrong mountain an' we'd better go back down an' try another next mornin'. Bill told th' feller to take his guns an' fixin's an' let 'im die where he was peaceable, but he wouldn't hear of it. Said he was in duty bound to get us down as he'd guaranteed us shots at goats. Bill said if he'd jest let 'im take a shot at himself he'd call th' contract closed as far as he was concerned.

"We slid down, leavin' our clothes an' most of our hide along th' trail an' th' minute we hit terra firmy we headed straight for a hospital. We didn't go back up next mornin'. We'd had all th' goatin' we wanted. Them Chicago lawyers may be bound to kill goats, but if they do, Ephrum, they'll be boardin' with ol' Job this time next year. Eh? Well, a mere cheekful, Bill—thankee!"

THE BIRTH OF THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

A virgin zephyr, wild and free,
Lifted the leaf of a hawthorn tree,
And breathed on a weary nightingale,
Dreaming under the flowering veil
Of the woodland canopy.

The nightingale awoke as one
Touched with a beam of the wooing sun,
His heart athrill with the mellow fire
Of a new and wonderful desire—
But the virgin wind was gone!

He followed her, his love awing
On the silent air—he could not sing;
But sweet and sunny, far before,
She vanished from him evermore
On the perfume of the spring.

But when his heart, in a glade remote,
Broke with a tender little note,
In the fire of sorrow, thrice refined—
Behold! it was the virgin wind
That bubbled from his throat!

CHARLOTTE OUISCONSIN VAN CLEVE

A DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT—1819–1907

BY AGNES C. LAUT

IV—PIONEER WOMEN OF THE WEST

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM OLD PHOTOGRAPHS AND PRINTS OF WISCONSIN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

AS true a Daughter of the Regiment as ever watched the flag unfurled to sunrise drum was Charlotte Ouisconsin Van Cleve, daughter of Lieutenant Clark of the Fifth Infantry, ordered from Hartford, in 1819, to the Upper Mississippi.

Born on the march, she was cradled by the great river whose banks she was to see carved up into half a dozen broad commonwealths. Altogether, it was a life much more romantic in the telling than the living. You can laugh at starvation afterwards: you don't laugh very loud at the time! And when the Daughter of the Regiment became a wife, it was only to exchange the life in the fort for the more dangerous and thrilling one of a pioneer woman on the prairie. And that, too, is a good deal more romantic in the telling than the living. You may be lion-hearted and fond of scenery and all that. That's all very well, as far as you, yourself, are concerned; but when there are babies—four and five and six of them—and supplies are snowed up in a forty-below blizzard, and the daily rations run down to wheat pounded up with snow water, and the Indians keep coming into your kitchen piling their bowie knives and muskets in a heap on the floor—why, you may be as lion-hearted as you like: it isn't for yourself you are anxious. Far as you are concerned, you would probably be mighty glad to resign life's commission and chuck the contract; but there are the others; and the cold, heavy fear that comes is a good deal more romantic in the past than in the present.

When the regiment received orders to move West—there were more officers than one thought that wives ought not to go—too hard traveling and that sort of thing; but the women decreed otherwise! Three of them shouldered their knapsacks—metaphorically speaking—and set out with the soldiers by stage up the old Boston postroad through Albany to Buffalo. The three were Mrs. Leavenworth, wife of the colonel, Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Gooding, wives of junior officers. From Buffalo, boat was taken to Detroit, and from Detroit to Mackinac, and from Mackinac to Ft. Howard on Green Bay. All very simple, it sounds; but the trip lasted three full months, from April to June, with bitingly cold winds across the open schooners of the lakes; though that was no worse than the stage journey where you were packed in like canned sardines, tight and numb, till side wheels took a tilt in a spring mudhole and then jerked out with a jolt that shook the passengers into fresh places.

At Green Bay waited brigades of Indian canoes to carry the regiment across Wisconsin. Drums beat reveille at day-dawn and the bugles set wild echoes ringing through the unhewn forest. At least two of those women were very young; and I have no doubt they thought some beautifully romantic sentimental things about the gold-laced uniforms flashing against the green foliage, and the little striped flag fluttering at the prow of each canoe. It was worth coming a long way to see,

the blue-garbed troops strung up Fox River in boats poled by bronzed savages or deploying across Lake Winnebago to the strains of the regimental band. Colonel Leavenworth knows the trick of impressing savages with pomp. Soldiers drawn in line, bayonets glittering to the sun, the band crashing a roundelay that set the dimples dancing on the lake, he demands authority from the Indians to pass through their country. A young chief steps into the midst of the circle and stands like carved statuary till the beating of the drum has ceased. Then throwing back the red blanket, he raises his right arm to the sun: "My brother—behold the calm sky above us! Behold the lake peaceful at our feet! So calm, so peaceful are our hearts towards the whites! Pass on!"

And the regiment passes up the river towards the Portage of the Wisconsin. An overland run of a mile-and-a-half at the ambling trot of the Indian packer, through deep woods, across rocks slippery with moisture; and the boats are launched again, down the Wisconsin; but the beautifully romantic, sentimental things which the young wives had been thinking of the sylvan scene didn't serve to keep off the summer rains that began to pour in such sheets the river became a clay-colored, raging torrent. At this very interval —when of all times in the world, she shouldn't—the very small Daughter of the Regiment—arrived! Where the Wisconsin joined the Mississippi stood a dilapitated old stockade that had done duty in the War of 1812—Fort Crawford. Apart, closer to the Mississippi, were the tumble-down shacks and cabins of the old French population, Prairie du Chien, whose name explains itself if you have ever visited a clutter of Half-breed huts. As the provision barrels had seeped in rain water and the flour sacks were encrusted all round with three solid inches of green mould, it was decided to halt for a few days at Prairie du Chien before plunging into the wilderness. Less than an hour after the regiment's arrival, on July the 1st, Lieutenant Clark's wife gave birth to a daughter, whom the parents called Charlotte and the officers welcomed in quaffing bumpers of hilarity with the nickname "Ouisconsin," in memory of the wild voyage downstream. It isn't surprising to find recorded that half the regiment were invalided with the worst form of "shakes" or ague; and it didn't mend matters that the regimental doctor was only sober after you had soused him up and down a dozen times in the river.

Supplies from St. Louis were to meet the troops at Prairie du Chien; but they had not come. To avoid exhausting what provisions they had before the end of the journey, the regiment had to move on. The remaining three hundred miles were made in the famous flat-bottomed boats with running-board up each side of the gun'els like a platform, passenger and baggage space in the middle, some sleeping places at a pinch beneath the running-boards, a high, stout pole at the bow used as hitching post for the tow rope or mast for a sail. On the running-boards down each side stood the boatmen, chests and shoulders braced against long poles. At a word, away all shoved, marching towards the stern. Then reversing, they would march back to the bow; and so the way was poled up the Mississippi, wriggling in and out close to the winding banks, with the monotonous tramp—tramp—tramp of the boatmen back and forward on the running-board, from bugle call at day-dawn till tenting time on shore at night.

It was slow going. July became August, and August, September, before the weather-worn troops poled round the double bend of the Mississippi to the high cliffs of Minnesota, or St. Peter's River. Meanwhile, that very small person known as the Daughter of the Regiment had grown amazingly on a diet of flour-water tied up in a rag in lieu of a bottle. If you ask me how in the world she didn't die of any old "tummy" thing from chewing that rag, I can only answer that life will last a long time on pure air and fresh water. Then you have to remember, she was born on the river under the stars, and passed the first three months of her life with no roof but the stars. In proof that the thing is not impossible I may add that I once employed as guide a Missouri trapper, who brought his little son up on a diet plied in the same primitive fashion, only in his case the bottle was a strip of wool shirting.

The invalids—including the mother—

had all been restored during the passage up the Mississippi, by the tonic Northern air. At the mouth of the St. Peter's, the regiment was to disembark and build their fort. Where St. Paul and Minneapolis stand to-day was nothing but a howling wilderness of painted forest with sky-colored lakes where the wild fowl circled in restless flocks for their long winter journey to the south. Where the flag flies above Ft. Snelling to-day, was nothing but the ocher-colored cliffs spattered by the yellow leaves showering down from the fringe of trees at the sky-line. If there's one thing that makes the loneliness of night silence in the wilds lonelier, it is to hear the last call of the autumn birds. I have an idea those rains down on Wisconsin River must have taken the veneer off the young wives' romance. What was left of romance must have faded gray-drab that first night when they disembarked three hundred miles from the back of beyond with no home but the slant walls of a white tent.

Imagine the Mississippi taking a great bend southward in the shape of the letter V. At the bottom of the V, the troops had disembarked. It isn't so lonely by daylight as it was the night before. In the first place, this Northern air crisp with the frosts of autumn is pure as crystal, stimulating as champagne. After one breath of it you want to open your lungs wide and drink it down. It goes to your head and clears away dull fumes. It goes to your heels and you want to be moving, doing, running. It goes to your hands; and you are hungry for work. In the second place, the woods are ringing with the axemen, cutting logs for stockades. While the women unpack trunks of finery mouldy with the moisture of six months' travel, and the smallest member of the regiment chews gleefully on the end of her rag bottle, the officers rig up one of the smaller boats and pole up that second bend of the river whence comes the roar and chortle of the falls known as St. Anthony. Of the visitors, some are impressed by the beauty of the white cataract glittering in the sun; others by the fact this is the end of navigation for ascending regiments; and the officers note here is water power for the Government mills. That the Falls of St. Anthony would become the driving wheel of a great city, whose mills would supply flour for the world—no one present dreamed.

Adventures began to come thick and fast to the Daughter of the Regiment that first winter. She was quite unconscious of it, of course; for her mother had shoved her under the bed done up in a cradle like an Indian moss-bag; but during a raging blizzard the wind blew the roof off the house, and all that kept the walls from crashing in, was that her father propped his shoulder against the tottering chimney till soldiers dashed to the rescue.

Mail came only twice a year by pony express from Prairie du Chien. Letters were addressed "via St. Louis, wherever the regiment may be found." Fur-trade packets carried the bags from St. Louis up to the mouth of Wisconsin River; and from Fort Crawford an Indian boy set out on horseback alone for the new fort of the Fifth Regiment. There was no telegraph to tell of the mail carrier's coming; but by some witchery of the woods—"moccasin telegram," the fur traders to-day call it—word would be brought that the mail boy was approaching, and the whole fort turned out to greet the dusty rider. For a week, the fort would be given up to mail-time. Later, when other families had joined the regiment and there were marriages, wedding parties had to travel by flat boat or pony all the way to Prairie du Chien or St. Louis for a chaplain to perform the ceremony.

Early in the spring of 1820, Colonel Leavenworth was transferred south. Colonel Snelling arrived to take command and workmen began quarrying for the stone fort named after him. It was a couple of years later that the Government at Washington sent out doubtful, tentative orders for Lieutenant Clark to ascertain if grain for the subsistence of the troops could possibly be grown so far north; and Colonel Snelling, on August 5th, of 1823, replied that large quantities of wheat are to be harvested this very summer and asked for $288.33 worth of machinery to mill the wheat into flour. Such was the beginning of the great wheat fields and flour mills of the Northwest. In Quebec and New Amsterdam, they dated the birth of a city from the foundation stones of fort walls.

They should date the birth of Minneapolis and St. Paul, of the great wheat granaries of the Northwest, from the writing of the Colonel's letter at Fort Snelling.

The summer of 1820 was one continued holiday. There were picnics to Lake Harriet, named after Mrs. Leavenworth, and raspberry jaunts to Lake Calhoun, called after the statesman, and all-day outings across to the Minnehaha, which—praise be—was left with its own name. As other families joined the regiment, a post school was opened, where a soldier who could speak French, taught French, and an old man with a powerful faith in the switch for the Rule of Three held forth on other learning. About this time, too, though frontier troops don't claim much credit for religion, a Sunday school was opened. It is a curious thing, that question of religion in the wilds. It isn't a canned and nickel-plated brand of goodness. It doesn't flip-flop back and forward across the line over different shades of creed. When you see the Creed of the Brute rampant, red and unabashed, along every trail you tread, you don't pause to haggle and hairsplit. You get all the fighters into line; and men come in rank who wouldn't if the Brute were not so plain along the trail, or had been togged up in civilized hypocrisies. I have often thought that to be the reason why good little "Down East," respectable Puritan towns are torn to pieces in church squabbles for sheer lack of a militant devil, while wild West frontier camps with every form of devil that can be invented present a solid phalanx of fighters for righteousness.

One midday in May of 1823, when the dinner drum was beating its rat-tat-too and the soldiers were lining up for roll-call, the small heroine of this sketch and her brother went running across the parade ground when they stopped suddenly in blank amazement. A little blond-haired boy of their own age was standing in their own home porch. No boat had arrived, no messengers by pony express. Had the new boy dropped from the sky? They dashed across the parade ground and laid on hands to see if he were real. Yes, he was real. He was there, smiling and clinging to their hands. In answer to questions, their mother only laughed that perhaps he was the little playfellow they had prayed for. What was his name? Andrew! At that, the two small persons very nearly burst with excitement, though why it should have been wonderful that he answered, grown-ups can't possibly see. Hadn't he another name? Yes: their father answered, coming in from roll-call, they were going to call him "Marvel" because his coming had been so strange. "Andrew Marvel"—that was to be his name! Then, bunching them up in his arms, the father took all to dinner. He didn't tell them all Andrew Marvel's story, of course! It wasn't a story for small ears; but they got the rest of it as they grew older.

Away up north in Red River settlement across the Canadian Boundary were some people, two or three hundred of them, called Selkirk Settlers—watchmakers and clerks from Switzerland, farmers from Scotland. There had been floods in the country one year and grasshoppers the next. Some of the settlers had joined Indian buffalo hunters at Pembina. Others were leaving the country, journeying all the way down to Fort Snelling in ox carts, or rafting down the Mississippi to Prairie du Chien, and Galena, and St. Louis. The Swiss settlers had come all the way down the Rhine to the sea, then crossed the Atlantic through Hudson Bay to America, then canoed up Nelson River to Lake Winnipeg. Now they were ascending the whole length of Red River and descending half the length of the Mississippi before they found a home, but where they finally settled, grew up villages that became the first cities of the Mississippi Valley.

One of these settlers, David Tully, a Scotchman, had left Red River with his family in an ox cart accompanied only by a half-breed to guide him to Fort Snelling. Where the trail branched east from Red River at the place now called Grand Forks, Tully met a party of Sioux on the war-path for Ojibways. The warriors were in ugly mood. They hadn't found the enemy, and they were hungry. They demanded food. Tully had barely enough for his family and refused. At that, the half-breed guide sensing fearful danger, jumped from the cart, slid down the steep river bank, and running over the cakes of floating ice, plunged in midstream and swam to the far shore. When he looked back,

the Sioux were braining the Tully baby on the shore ice. The two little boys had disappeared. The father was struggling in the water to get his wife across. The Indians fired. Husband and wife were swept away. The guide escaped to the buffalo hunters; but what had become of the little boys? One was barely eight years old, the other not six. From the buffalo hunters to the fur traders and from the traders to the troops, the story of the murder was carried. Colonel Snelling heard that two white children had been seen among the Sioux. He sent the troops to search the Indian camp. Both boys were found and brought to Fort Snelling. John, the elder, had been partly scalped. Andrew, the little one, had been kindly treated by the squaws. The older brother was adopted by the Snellings and survived the cruel treatment for a few years, though prone to go off his head raging with terror at the slightest alarm. Andrew remained the foster brother of the little Clark's. When these kinds of stories were frequently brought to the fort, you can understand how the children and the sentries held their *own* private opinion of the Children of Israel campaigning against the heathen.

There were some other opinions held by the children of the fort which would hardly chime with the soft timidities of the Eastern nursery. For instance, the small Daughter of the Regiment could never bear to watch the wolf hunts—men and women mounted on fleetest ponies galloping through the woods and across swamps in pursuit of a gray timber wolf that had been muzzled. The thing didn't seem quite fair—so many people, and the wolf muzzled. That is, it didn't seem quite fair till the winter of 1826, when the wolf packs became bold enough to invade the very fort walls, where they nightly carried off rabbits and chickens. Then the children did what a great philosopher has told us we must all do sooner or later—make your heart as the diamond rather than the charcoal, though they are both composed of the very same thing. The children hardened their hearts against the wolves. Somehow or other, the brother got a large steel trap and a haunch of frozen meat. Nightly, the two youngsters set the trap, which isn't a particularly namby-pamby thing to do. Every daybreak, they were out of bed before bugle call to examine the trap; and many a cold dawn, sea-green eyes and snarling teeth lay bunched a prisoner across the spring; but one morning—the trap was gone! No matter how much freedom the children of the fort were permitted, it was a rule, and a mighty rigid rule, that you were not supposed to be outside the fort walls before the flag went up in the morning nor after the flag came down to roll of drum at night; but the trap was gone; and there was a bloody trail across the snow beyond the gates leading through the woods towards the Little Falls. The brother had cap and mits; but the sister had forgotten hers; but off they peltered through the brush, these two, who could not bear to watch a wolf hunt, the brother clapping cap and mits on the girl as they ran, feeling themselves the biggest heroes that the American Army had turned out in all its history. Other boys and girls have felt themselves heroes for hunting imaginary wolves round dining-room tables; and these two felt very big, indeed! That is—they did for the length of a mile, when the trail "got hot" and the wind got cold and the children got breathless and the crust on the drifts broke through to your armpits; and—maybe—perhaps—(oh, no, for shame, they weren't afraid); but, maybe they began to wonder what in the world they would do with that wolf when they did come up with it! Neither carried a weapon the size of your little finger. Then conscience smote them like the broad side of a baseball bat. Whether they caught the wolf or not, it seemed a dead certainty they would catch something else for breaking garrison rules. The small pair stood panting, looking dubiously at each other! Just then, there bounced noiselessly from the woods an Indian boy carrying bow and arrow. "How! How! Nitchie! How do you do, young man," greeted the brother; and he poured out in Sioux tongue the predicament they were in. For some bread and pork, the Sioux agreed to go for the wolf; and the children loped homeward with hearts thumping like the fort drum; and sure enough, just as they reached Fort Snelling came sound of the breakfast drum; but that afforded small hope of escape; for their father and Captain Scott, later of the Mexican wars,

were gesticulating hotly at the porch. The two culprits bolted in past the roaring stone fireplace to table. Breakfast was proceeding with the kind of silence you can carve up with the dull edge of a butter knife, and two small people were getting large lumps in their throats, when a soldier marched in with the announcement, "Malcolm, there's an Indian boy out here with a wolf; wants to see you!" The silence exploded with a jump. Everybody rushed outdoors. There lay an enormous timber wolf, one foot fast in the trap. Captain Scott, the crack shot of the fort, was the first to discover this was the identical marauder which the whole regiment had been trying to capture. Congratulations were showered on the two guilty youngsters. Questions and answers and two or three hugs of forgiveness somehow got mixed up with the other score that was due; and the two were carried off by Captain Scott, who presented the young Diana with a new dress on the spot, and the brother, later, with his first pony.

One May morning in 1823, everybody had come out from breakfast and the youngest lady was rope-walking the piazza railing, when a strange sound smote up from the river. Somehow, they all knew it, though it had never been heard there before—a puffing and huffing with the swish of water from a paddle wheel. The Indians dashed from the river white with fright. A big canoe with a chimney like a smoke-stick was coming. Then somebody yelled out, "The steamboat—the first steamboat"; and every one wanted to talk at once; for the coming of the pioneer steamboat *Virginia* meant the first link for these exiles with the outside world. Some one steadies the four-year-old lady on the railing so that she can stand tiptoe and see—her first fairy glimpse of the larger life beyond the fort.

Except when drunk with war or whiskey, Indians love white children. Among the tribes, the two little Clark's had many firm friends. Presents of bows and arrows and moccasins and maple sugar were often carried to the children by the chief, Shakopee, or Little Six, a tall, handsome Sioux with the limbs of a Grecian runner and the keen-cut tense features of a metal face.

One June in '27, officers were sitting about the Clark's stone cottage near Fort Snelling. It had been a busy day. Sioux and Chippewa tepees dotted the field outside the fort; for the Indian agent, Major Taliaferro, had that day arranged a treaty between these two warring tribes; and the chiefs were even now smoking the peace pipe in the great council tent. As the evening wore on, the tribes went to their own lodges, and the officers had come away with the feeling that everything was all right, which so often preceded everything going all wrong. Without the slightest warning, the air was split by a cracking of rifle shots, and a bullet ripped past Major Cruger's ear with a ping heard by every one on the piazza. The Sioux had waited only till the Chippewas had gone back to their tents and were off guard. Then five Dakotas, by way of an evening joke, stole across to the Chippewa chief's tent and poured in half a dozen rifle shots. Instantly, rose an uproar. To prevent more murder, Colonel Snelling brought the Chippewas inside the walls. Among the wounded were the chief and a little girl no older than the young Clarks. The Sioux Confederacy at this time numbered not less than 30,000 souls, of whom there were present on this occasion some thousands. The whites—soldiers, traders, settlers, all told—did not number more than a few hundreds; but Taliaferro was the man of whom it was said, "an Indian agent for twenty years, *yet* an honest man." The Indians knew that he had a habit of being in the right and of keeping his word. A few days later, the Sioux came forward in a body towards the fort. Two companies of soldiers went out to meet them. The Sioux refused to give up the murderers—probably thought to haggle in payment for the crime. That is the place where a weak man would have wabbled and lost; but Taliaferro thundered out his answer: "If you do not give up these men, then as many leaves as there are in these trees, as many blades of grass as you see beneath your feet, so many white soldiers will come upon you and destroy your nation." The Sioux were taken aback. They had brought on a war with the Chippewas. If they offended the whites, where was ammunition to come from? An eye for an eye, a tooth

for a tooth, a life for a life—that was their law. For the five wounded Chippewas they handed over five guilty Sioux, among them, Shakopee, Little Six, the friend of the children.

Sioux relatives followed the five into the fort yard. A fire was kindled. Round and round the Sioux circled and danced, chanting their death songs, flinging defiance at the worst Fate could do to them, until the soldiers came to shackle the prisoners hands and feet. And now the question was—what to do with the guilty Sioux. If the Government executed them by court-martial, the life of every white man among the Sioux would be endangered for the next ten years; for the Sioux code is inexorably—a life for a life. If the Government pardoned the guilty, that would be regarded as a sign of weakness by the Sioux and an act of enmity for the Chippewas. Colonel Snelling and Major Taliaferro conferred with the Chippewa chiefs—the eldest of whom was now dying of his wounds inside the fort. The Chippewa council solved the difficulty. Let the murderers suffer the Indian punishment of running the gauntlet.

Far across the field is the Sioux encampment. Halfway across one side are the Chippewa avengers. Back behind the warriors of both tribes are a multitude of squaws and children. Outside the open gate stand in rank the troops, the officers, the shackled Sioux prisoners; and borne on a litter supported by his followers is the dying Chippewa chief brought to witness the punishment of his murderers. The chains are knocked from the hands and feet of the Sioux prisoners. A warrior steps forward. A word, a wave of the hand from Colonel Snelling; and the Sioux bounds out like an antelope on the race of his life across the open space towards his people. The Chippewa rifles—crack! The brother and sister want to hide their faces. The lithe runner has spun up in midair with a flounder forward, and comes down prone—motionless! The smoke has hardly cleared before a second runner shoots out like an arrow from the fort gate bent forward and dancing from side to side zigzagging his enemies' target; but there comes a rain of bullets from all sides; and he drops halfway across the field.

The dying chief was now sitting up with the passion of vengeance in his eyes. The two children could not bear to look longer, yet were powerless to turn away; for the fifth and last man was to run, and that man was Shakopee, Little Six, their friend. He darted out from the blue-coated ranks of the soldiers almost before the children knew. The rifles cracked. The smoke cleared. A roar of delight from the Sioux —Shakopee was still running; and the fort children began to clap their hands; for the Chippewas had fired off all their rifles and had to pause to reload. He was not ten paces from the goal when the rifles again cracked. The children hid their faces. His body had jerked into the air; and when the dust cleared, the Chippewas were howling maniacs flourishing the scalps of the dead.

You will admit it would have been a very difficult matter to bring a child up in this life hedged round by smiling hypocrisies and pretty lies that all things are as they ought to be, and if they are not as they ought to be, all you have to do in the matter is hide your head under your wing and not see. It was a life where you *had* to look The Most Terrible straight in the face without blinking your eyes, and as the children knew very well from experience with the wolves, if you do that—look The Most Terrible straight in the face without a quiver in your own upper lip, The Most Terrible usually skulks off.

When Lieutenant Clark took his family East in 1825, New York papers heralded the arrival of the travelers with the complete story of little Andrew Tully. The consequence was, Mrs. Bethune, wife of a merchant trader engaged with John Jacob Astor, and the widow of Alexander Hamilton, came to the Clark's to beg that the boy might be left to be trained as a missionary to the Indians. Andrew was willing; and the Clarks left him; but when they visited the East again in 1833, they found that Andrew Tully, now a grown man, had declined to go on with the ministry.

Then came a change! The father was transferred to Nashville in time for the children to witness all the excitement of electing General Jackson President. The Clarks were often at "The Hermitage," and there they met the famous Rachel, Jackson's first and only love, whom

enemies have described as a fat half-caste and friends extolled in almost as extravagant panegyric as Jackson had inscribed on her tombstone: "her face, fair; her person, pleasing; her temper, amiable; her heart, kind; a benefactor to the poor; an example to the rich; to the wretched, a comforter; to the prosperous, an ornament." No doubt, all this was true. As the world knows, the little woman died of heartbreak with delight over her husband's election. How her deficiencies gave the enemies of the President a handle against him for ridicule may be illustrated by an incident. Some officers had gone out to "The Hermitage." After dinner, host and hostess and guests gathered round the fireplace. As the gentlemen began to light up, Mrs. Jackson, too, drew forth her pipe saying to Captain Clark, "Won't you smoke, honey?" If the good Rachel had lived in modern days and used a cigarette with coat-of-arms on the paper rollings, society would not have shrieked; but the frontier towns' idea of manners was on a par with the solemnity of an undertaker, and that poor pipe of Rachel's was too much. The President's friends heaved a sigh of relief that she did not go with him to the White House.

In 1833, the regiment was moved to a new fort in Wisconsin near that Winnebago which the parents remembered. On the way up the Mississippi, the troops paused at Prairie du Chien, now commanded by Col. Zachary Taylor. The brother and sister became very fond of Taylor's daughter, a girl about their own age. Jeff Davis, the young lieutenant, was there paying her ardent court; but the glamour went off that romance when the young Clarks learned that Davis had eloped with their girl playmate, who died of a broken heart six months after leaving her father. This time the family drove across country to Winnebago instead of ascending Wisconsin River. Almost unrecognizable was the change in Wisconsin. Corduroyed roads now ran where before were only hunters' trails. Settlers' cabins began to dot the woods like oases in the wilderness; and at Winnebago, where long ago Colonel Leavenworth assembled the Indians, had now sprung up a fort, a fur post, an Indian agency, the last occupied by that John Kinzie with his talented wife, pioneer proprietors of a swampy tract at the south end of Lake Michigan, since known to the world as Chicago.

The following spring, the children were sent East to school. It's hard to believe that any life, which has been contemporaneous with our own, could have made such a primitive journey. The children set out with a detachment of troops down Fox River in an open boat. Mid-space was rigged up an awning; but the slant April rains drenched every soul to the skin; and halfway across Lake Winnebago, a squall pitched the open boat about like a top; but the Indian pilot kept her headed to the wave-drift, climbing the roll instead of swamping under broadside smashers. Out on the river again, they found the stream a roaring flood; but that was all the better for running rapids.

A rest for a week at Fort Howard on Green Bay; and they followed the same path south that their mother had traversed coming north, except when a little railroad had just been opened between Schenectady and Albany. The young passengers boarded the wobbly little cars, but at the first up-grade, all had to get out and walk, while the train was hauled up hill. There are not many people living whose memories go back to that day.

The father's fatal illness called both children back to the West; and the daughter became the wife of an officer, Lieutenant Horatio Van Cleve. A missionary to the Indians at Green Bay had ridden through the snow-packed forests and conducted a ceremony snow-blind. Some years were passed in Missouri and Cincinnati; and the young couple conducted a preparatory school in Michigan for what is now known as the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. But once a Westerner, always a Westerner; and Michigan was no longer the frontier. Friends had bought and were colonizing a large tract of land at Long Prairie, north of Fort Snelling; and by 1856, the little Van Cleves had multiplied like leaves on an olive branch. Perhaps a love of the West born in the blood from those old days—now called the Daughter of the Regiment back to the Upper Mississippi.

The Van Cleve family had driven from the steamboat landing at Pig's Eye, or St. Paul, along a trail on the east bank of the

Mississippi. Late Indian summer had favored the travelers; but hard frosts now came that set the ice running from the upper river; and there was no way to cross the Mississippi at Swan River but by an old rickety boat punted amid the ice-float. Into this scrabbled the children—there must have been eight or nine of them. It was a perilous crossing. The bang of a swirling ice cake would have sent all to the bottom; but for the sake of the children the mother dared not show fear. At four in the afternoon, the family clambered into the wagon, on the west side of the Mississippi, and the horses carried all forward at a rattling pace over a trail bumpy with frost. Darkness fell early. The night grew colder. The stars pricked through the sky, steel and chill. Wolves howled in the bluff along the river. The children were too cold for sleep; and by nine o'clock the horses fagged. The younger children scrambled from the wagon to unlimber numbed legs in a run. The elders fed the horses, got a fire roaring and presently had tea passed around the circle. The new home could not be more than ten miles farther; so, at ten o'clock, all once more piled into the wagon and set off across the prairie; but by this time, that north wind was doing things besides blowing pricks through every crack of your garments. It had become aching cold. Then the horses played out completely—came to a dead stop. A friend, who had accompanied General Van Cleve, set off for help. The boys kindled a fire and spread buffalo robes in a circle. Under these, crept the younger children, feet to fire, and were presently fast asleep, while the mother sat on guard in the wagon crouched over a nursing baby for shelter from the wind. Did she think of warm beds and warm fireplaces back in Ann Arbor? Did her heart fail her? I don't think so; for if we anchored effort to warm beds and warm fireplaces, we would not go very far; and if hearth-cat-comforts mean very much to you, you had better not qualify for a pioneer. Where the horses had broken down was a well-known camping place for Indians. Suddenly, a figure stepped noiselessly into the fire-light with the Indian salutation, "How! How!" and Mrs. Van Cleve jumped from a benumbed sleep to see her own eldest son, who had gone on a trip to the Rockies as a schoolboy now come back a grown man. By the merest chance he had mistaken their fire for a camp of Indians.

Sunday morning they reached their new home. Long Prairie had been an Indian agency, and there were many empty houses; so the family took possession at once; but the provisions had not come. The boys had to depend on their fish nets and guns; and the life af a "Swiss Family Robinson" began in earnest. This was the winter famous in the West for terrific cold and the Ink-pa-duta massacres. And there were neither mails nor telegraphs to hurry these supplies; and the winter came down with a depth of snow and fierceness of blizzards that barred the possibility of help coming in from any quarter. The empty Agency buildings were ransacked. In one, was discovered a quantity of unthreshed wheat left as worthless because it was so smutty. The father and his boys at once got to work to flail and mill that wheat; but it made better food boiled whole than ground into black flour. The Indians were restless this winter, and as the cold drew tighter they began to come in to their old camping ground. The hard winter drove all game to hiding and the hungry Indians began paying nocturnal visits to these stores of threshed wheat, breaking into the granary by fresh window each night till the only supply of food became peppered with glass. The Minnesota climate can do much, but it can't pass a diet of ground glass. That wheat had to be picked over grain by grain; and any one looking into the old Agency house could have seen by the light of tallow candles guttering down the middle of the table, the whole family benched down each side sorting grain from glass, singing songs, telling stories of the good old times *when the West was West*. They had no butter. They had no milk; but they had salt; and they had wheat; and they had wings to the spirit. And the horror-haunted look of Anxious Fright never got past the door into that home; never brought the lonely mad-woman look you have sometimes seen on the sad faces of pioneer mothers. If you ask me why, I can only answer there was a soldier-spirit at the door. I think—no, I'm sure—there was a talisman in that house.

I asked one of her sons, who told me the

story of her life, if they were not afraid of the Indians that winter when hostiles were on the rampage. He laughed. Then he told me of the day the Ojibways came with their great chief, filed unasked into the house and demanded food. Mrs. Van Cleve smiled, welcomed them, put the kettle on. The old chief looked at the white wife, at the white husband, at the white children. They were fearless. Then he gathered up all the knives and the guns and the war clubs of his braves, carried them to an inner room and laid them on the floor for Mrs. Van Cleve. The warriors were under her roof. It was their most delicate act of Indian etiquette. Another time, a party of young warriors came demanding wheat. General Van Cleve told them he had none. They then threatened to kill his cows. The general rose up his full height. I don't know that he said anything; but he looked *some*, possibly in the direction of his boys and the gun rack. The warriors skulked sheepishly out; but at the next farm they succeeded in terrorizing the household; and as they went off, they shot all that neighbor's cows.

"My mother always said there would have been no Minnesota massacre if there had been no whiskey smuggled into the country by white men who called themselves respectable," said one of the sons. Settlers not burdened with any more sense of right than material goods, could always ply a lucrative business by trading whiskey to the Indians; and trouble occurred at Long Prairie from that very cause. A gang of "whiskey jacks" had been warned to stop the illicit trade. The Indians were already resentful against incoming settlers; and to turn whiskey loose when warring tribes were on the same camping ground meant certain murder. The whiskey jacks ignored the warning. General Van Cleve then led a party of soldiers across to the offender's quarters and knocked in the heads of the liquor barrels. The whiskey jacks held a public indignation meeting. There were threats to lynch Van Cleve. No sooner did Van Cleve get wind of it, than he rode across to the meeting, marched to the platform and told them to go ahead. He didn't say much; but he must have looked *some;* for the lynchers didn't go ahead.

But that first winter did not pass in one continued picnic round the candle-lighted dining table. Two or three times that eldest boy donned snowshoes and coursed down to the Mississippi for word of those delayed supplies. It was a three days' journey with no stopping place but camp under the stars; and the boy used always to sing at the top of his voice coming back, so the home folks could hear his yodel through the woods. The supplies did not come; and in January the five-year-old boy fell dangerously ill of pleurisy. There were no doctors within fifty miles, and home remedies had to be plied with that wretched diet of wheat water. When you draw so close to the edge of this life that there are only a few pounds of raw wheat between you and nothing, the Other Life becomes a mighty real and abiding presence. You don't theorize. You are pretty meek and mute before the Veil of Things. The candles were used up with night-nursing; and family prayers round the sick bed brought you very close to Whatever was behind the Veil. How to diet the convalescent proved baffling till a dormant old hen, found round the Agency buildings where the wheat had been stored, cackled to life with a daily egg. Another day a prairie chicken was found floundering in a drift; but at last, a morning came, when after breakfast the mother retired to her room with the baby, to prevent the younger children reading her distress; for they were at the end of the wheat. There was nothing for the noonday meal. The youngest boy was haunting the windows watching the trail. Suddenly, he shouted to his mother, "Look!" The provision sleighs were crunching across the drifts. The teamsters had dug them through the last twenty miles. That is the only time in her long life when I find that something broke—when those sleighs drew up to the door, she went to pieces. Dinner lasted for the most of the rest of the day. The youngsters celebrated the arrival of the relief squad by hilarious dancing; while the mother went to bed too glad for sleep.

All this sounds very romantic and adventury and outdoorsy; but you must not forget that the pioneer women of the West wrought out the fabric of heroic lives in daily tasks by the toil of their hands. Apart from the ordinary toils of

the house that fall to a woman where help is scarce, some tasks that were a terrific feat of nerve frequently came to the woman's hands. For instance, one of those early winters when the father and boys were away, a government surveyor was carried to the house with his feet in a frightfully frozen and mortifying condition. There was no doctor. The man would die if he were not attended to at once. Mrs. Van Cleve took her sharpest pair of scissors and a knife. When she finished, the man's life was saved, and she nursed him back to health.

Col. Josiah Snelling.

A bookful might be written of that old life at Long Prairie, might be written, indeed, of half the families who braved pioneer hardships; but the Civil War and Sioux Massacre called Mrs. Van Cleve back to Fort Snelling. In the guard-house lay an Indian, handcuffed and chained awaiting death for the murder of settlers. Mrs. Van Cleve went to visit him. It was Shakopee, Little Six, son of that Shakopee who had run the race for his life when she was a child, and as she told the prisoner the story, his face lighted up with a fiendish glee. According to his code, he had avenged the death of his father on those white settlers, whose mangled bodies the troops were even now shoveling into common burial pits. It was during the same interval at Fort Snelling, one summer day in '64, that she chanced to be on the bastion of the wall overlooking the river. A shrill hoot came up from the valley. "There goes the first train from Fort Snelling," remarked an officer. Forty years before, from the barracks railing, she had seen the first steamboat ascend the Mississippi.

Mrs. Charlotte Ouisconsin Van Cleve.

The village of St. Anthony became the city we now know as Minneapolis. Here were passed the last days of the Daughter of the Regiment, and here her hands as ever, wrought unceasing toil for the common good. I don't intend to catalogue the public institutions of which she was the founder, nor to relate incidents of her

life in the new city. Some of these stories must not be told till time has softened the edges of conflict; but two incidents illustrate how she went about her work, or jogged other people up to go about theirs. Mrs. Van Cleve and Mrs. Winchell were the first women to run for election to the school board; and the contest was not of a mild variety. An insurance agent, for reasons one may guess, was anxious to defeat Mrs. Van Cleve, and canvassed the slums with a cab to convey voters to the polls. An Irish woman had been driven in state to the polling booth with the gentleman. "And thank ye koindly, Sor," she said, dropping a courtesy, "but sure if ye plase, I'll vote for the loidy." And the "loidy" was elected.

Any one who has lived in the West, when a frontier town was changed to a city, knows the hopeless difficulty of getting the city council away from petty squabbles down to business. Minneapolis sidewalks were famous for up-hills and down-dales and nails and loose boards. Mrs. Van Cleve requested and requested and requested the men to attend to the same; and the men didn't. There was to be a business excursion from the Union Station to advertise Minneapolis as the hub of the Northwest. Mrs. Van Cleve had bided her time. As the train pulled out of the station a lady was to be seen, a lady with a hammer, a lady busy on the nails and loose boards of those sidewalks. For a moment the crowd didn't "savey." Then roars of laughter went up. It was just Mrs. Van Cleve's way of nailing a lesson in with a joke; and the very next day the men got busy on those sidewalks.

St. Anthony's Falls—1849.

Years passed, more than half a century, and the sunset of life was drawing on. One evening the doorbell of the house rang. She happened to be near as an elderly gentleman was ushered in. He stood looking her in the eyes strangely.

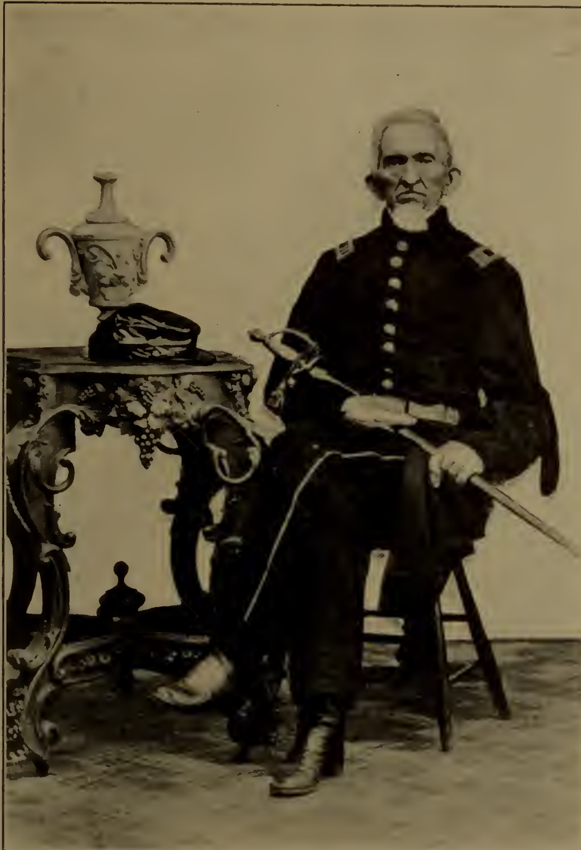
"Is this Charlotte?" he asked.

Like a scroll the years rolled back. Again she was running across the parade

ground towards a small fair-haired lad smiling on her father's porch.

"Is this Andrew?" she returned; and the two old people who had not met for sixty years grasped hands. Together, Andrew Tully and his foster sister drove to the old fort. As they were leaving, the bugle blew for "orderly call." Mrs. Van Cleve had grown very deaf. The commanding officer ordered the bugler to go across and sound the call close to the carriage. The stirring notes rang out as of old, setting the echoes of memory flying, memories of almost a century. Ghost figures emerged from the past, for both the woman and the man listening in the carriage, visions blurred by tears, of a transformation almost undreamed! Who of all the old companions remained to answer the roll call? None but they two, the Daughter of the Regiment, and the waif of Indian Massacres!

And in March of 1907, she, too, had gone beyond hearing of bugle or roll call.



Major Lawrence Taliaferro—"An Indian Agent, *yet* an honest man."

Fort Winnebago (at Portage, Wisconsin) in 1834.

ENCOURAGING HIS FRUIT TREES

ON AN OREGON FARM

BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

I WAS at a scattered village in a wide alluvial valley bordered by irregular wooded hills. Spring had arrived some time before, and the new leafage was well started, the grass getting ankle high, dandelions, violets and buttercups in bloom, and the garden posies opening out around the houses, while the apple trees blushed in full splendor. Men were plowing and harrowing and some were planting corn, and some were hoeing their garden patches, where, though it was only mid-April, the peas, cabbages and other things were all green and thriving.

In the depths of the valley flowed Cow Creek, an innocent-looking stream just then, but showing signs in the gullies neighboring that it was a wild and wide-reaching torrent in flood-time. During the high water many of the outlying farmers are cut off entirely from the village, and others can only get to it by keeping to the high ground and crossing fields and climbing fences.

The prosperous serenity of the country was attractive, but scarcely stimulating, and when somebody chanced to speak of a place, six miles back in the hills, named Canyonville, I was eager to see it, and visions of wild and picturesque beauty floated through my mind. I started in the early afternoon and tramped the dusty road in the warm sunshine up and down an endless succession of little hills. Sometimes I was amid farm fields or pastures, sometimes in the sober fir forest. Occasionally there were thickets of chaparral frosted thickly over with blossoms, and humming full of bees. The little lizards were out enjoying the sunshine, the birds sang, and far aloft in the sky sailed several stately buzzards.

When I reached Canyonville the day was drawing to a close, and the cows were drifting in from their pasturage. The place was a small trading center. It did not look very flourishing, for the main street was grass-grown, and many of the little stores on either side were vacant. The most conspicuous of the village buildings were two diminutive churches, perched with an air of rivalry on the same knoll, both dilapidated, and one never painted. However, the hamlet taken as a whole, in its setting of steep fir-clad hills was quite delightful.

Like nearly all the buildings on the main street, whether shops or residences, my hotel stood snug to the board walk and had a piazza roof reaching out along the whole width of the front across the walk below. The piazza floor served as a sidewalk, but it also served the inmates of the hotel as a support for their chairs when they chose to sit in the open air. There I established myself soon after I arrived and rested and looked about. On the opposite side of the street was a group of boys squabbling playfully.

Soon the stout, elderly landlady of the hotel came to the door. She called one of the boys over to her and said, "Roy, how's the folks?"

"Oh, they're pretty well," he replied.

"You don't look like you been workin' none," she continued. "I wish you'd go to your house and get me a few pounds o' butter."

As he moved off she said to me, "His folks make good butter, though it's claimed that the creamery here makes the best.

The roads wind through beautiful hills.

The old-fashioned country butter ain't to be depended on, and a good many farms sell all their cream to the creamery. I've got three cows myself, and the only thing I don't like about 'em is that I have to do my own milking. Women do a good deal of the milking around here. We've got a very fine cattle country. Yes, this is a nice place to live. You can't get rich; but even if you could, I don't know that you could take any more with you when you died."

After supper when the cows had been milked and the other work done, the hotel family, both transient and permanent, gathered about the office stove, and as it was now dusky, Ella, the hired girl, lit the lamp. The evening was chilly, and one of the men spoke approvingly of the warmth that came with genial vigor from the little stove.

"Well," remarked the landlady, "you can always depend on Ella to make a good hot fire, because the girl who does that is sure to get a smart husband."

"That reminds me," said a teamster who was a local lodger, "I heard yesterday that Ed. Slosson had married the widow Weaver."

"What in the world is he thinkin' of!" cried the landlady. "She's old enough to be his mother. He must be a-losin' his mind."

"I guess he had a likin' for the old lady's farm," responded the teamster. "All the people up the valley where she lives have got fine places. Their buildings are good and their land is all fertile and easily handled. Down this way most every ranch is mortgaged, but up there they own their places clear. I'd like a good ranch myself; and yet if I had the money I don't suppose I'd buy one. You can't get a really first-class ranch for less than ten thousand dollars, and I don't know of any such in the county that will pay four per cent. on the price asked."

"Talkin' about mortgages," said the other man, "I've imagined when I was drivin' along that I could tell every place that wasn't paid for, by the look o' the buildings. Lots o' men would do better to let their land go to the holder of the mortgage and pay crop rent instead of interest. That's what I ben tellin' Albert Lannagan he'd better do."

"Albert used to have a good stake," observed the teamster, "but he don't have the knack o' keepin' what he has like his father had."

"That was once a great ranch for apples," continued the other speaker; "but there ain't been no right good apples in Oregon for twenty years. The old orchards have all failed like on account of the San José scale. However, I don't believe we could equal the Eastern apples anyway. Apples are a cold climate fruit. Last year our crop was ruined by that hot day we had. The thermometer went up to 108, and, in addition, the wind blew hard, and every apple was scalded on the windward side. There's one thing about it—we don't have to hurry pickin' 'em for fear of frost. I've seen apples hangin' on the trees perfectly good at Christmas."

"I was readin' in the paper that Oregon apples beat the world," remarked a man who had not spoken before.

"Oh, that ain't so at all," affirmed the teamster. "They don't compare with those back in Michigan where I came from."

"I wish business would pick up here," said the landlady. "There's nothing a-doing much in the woods since the timber cruisers got into trouble. They been havin' this racket over them a good while now. The Government ain't a-goin' to allow them to be smugglin' the forest any more, and that's kind o' stopped business a little bit. It ain't many years ago this place supported six or seven saloons. Now it's prohibition. Oh, it used to be a good deal more lively."

"I can mention one thing we ain't gone back much on," said the landlady's grandson, who was sitting on an old sofa at the back of the room, "and that's lodges. We've got the Masons, and the Odd Fellows, and Rebeccas, and Eastern Star, and Degree of Honor, and Knights of Pythias, and Woodmen of the World, and two or three others. The people are kind o' lodge crazy and some belong to all the different lodges. We did have a Grange, but the Granges around here have all busted up."

It was nearly nine o'clock, and the various members of the hotel gathering took each a candle and made his way up stairs to bed.

Out at the rear of the hotel a bell was

The school noon hour.

All the family take a hand in the stock raising.

suspended on a pole, and I was awakened by its rude jangling the next morning at a quarter to six. Fifteen minutes later it rang again to make certain that every one in the hotel and in the village should know that breakfast was ready. When I went down stairs I met the landlady coming from the barn where she had just finished milking. The village was astir, and the smoke was rising lazily from home chimneys, and there were occasional passers clumping along on the board walks.

By eight o'clock the schoolboys began to gather at the battered two-story schoolhouse, which was on the outskirts of the central village cluster. Apparently they wanted plenty of time to play baseball; for after a little loitering about the front steps, they resorted to a near common and a game was started. Nearly every boy wore overalls, and some came from home without their coats, and some were barefoot. I judged that as the season advanced they gradually shed their garments until they only retained the overalls and a shirt. A number of hardy youths were reduced to those necessaries already. The orthodox head-covering was a straw hat with a broad brim that was rakishly turned up behind and down in front.

In the hamlet itself the men folks were now resorting to the post office, and presently the stage came in. Then they got their mail, and after more or less visiting dispersed, and the village settled down to its usual sleepy quiet.

I went back into the country to have a look at the happy valley where all the land was superlatively fertile and all the buildings substantial and all the farmers rich. It was an attractive region, but after having heard it described so enthusiastically it hardly came up to my expectations.

What interested me most in my ramble was a man I encountered by the roadside splitting out "shakes". The material he used consisted of sections of straight-grained fir about thirty inches long. These had been roughly split out of a large tree into squarish blocks six or seven inches through. He would set one up on end and with his frow and maul ream out the thin boards quite deftly and rapidly. These homemade shakes made roofing for the farm buildings, especially the barns and sheds.

The man was elderly, and he had come to the region when it was new, over half a century ago. We got to talking, and pretty soon I sat down on his pile of shakes. Then he took out his pipe, and after filling and lighting it seated himself on a log. "It was in 1853," said he, "that I first saw this country. I'd come out here hunting for Oregon—that is, hunting for Oregon farmlands that were as good as we'd heard tell of. We were six months getting to the Coast region from our old home. This country was all wilderness and Indians. The mountains was wooded, but the valleys was prairie. There was some large timber in the valleys, but no underbrush, and the land was covered with bunch grass that growed thick and tall and was the finest feed possible. You could turn out your horses in the fall and they'd find plenty to eat and would keep fat as hogs all winter. Oh, Lord, yes! But as time went on this country got to be heavily sheeped, and the sheep e't off and tromped down the bunch grass till it was run out. The grass that's took its place is pretty poor. In the summer, which is when we have our rainless season, things dry up and you got to feed your cattle and keep on feedin' 'em straight through the fall and winter.

We took up a donation claim. All we had to do was to settle on the land, and it was ours. In a few years that was done away with and they substituted the homestead claim, and you had to pay something for your ranch. We put up a log house with a stick and clay chimney at one end. The boards for the floor we reamed out of four-foot cedar, and after bein' laid we leveled them with an adz and plane. The doors had wooden hinges and latches that we made ourselves. Nails was two bits a pound, and we got along without 'em."

"We talked a jargon that was got up for the Indians, and that was taught in the schools. I used to could talk that jargon better than I could talk English, and we had an idea that was goin' to be the standard language here in Oregon. Grazing was the principal business. The man with ten acres fenced had a big place. There was plenty of wildcats and panthers and black and brown bears, and you can find a good many still back in the mountains. Coyotes are about the worst pest at present, though I can't say they're so awful bad. They kill sheep an' ketch the turkeys and chickens."

Homemade shakes for the barns.

UP AND DOWN PARADISE VALLEY

BY OLIVER KEMP

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

IT was not yet daylight and the stars shone with marvelous brilliancy. Everywhere a steely blue, bitter with the cold. The horses hitched to the nearest convenient thing were faintly illuminated by a thin streak of wan, yellow light which stretched across the snow from the ranch windows. By its pale glow the packs were adjusted slowly, for the ropes and heavy straps were stiff with frost. The canvas covers were pounded into place, bending and crackling like cardboard under the blows, and cinching was achieved amid sundry agonized groans from the cayuses.

With some difficulty the outfit was put in motion, John and I rounding up the broncs that persisted in taking independent directions; Henry was somewhere on ahead leading the way, and we pushed over the crunching snow at a trot. In an hour Paradise Valley was left behind and then the trail led up and ever up, with footing treacherous and the snow and ice causing endless annoyance.

Presently we emerged from the forest to see the red lids of day peeping over the edges of the world. Then the sun arose. Instantly the tallest peaks burst into rosy fire, towering above the misty green shadows of the frost-bound valley, and for hours in a world newly made for me, we climbed these trails of delight.

Meanwhile the pack train was busy with the day's work, negotiating with care, every step of the way, working over down-timber, across treacherous slide rock; the ponies scrambling and digging with all their might to keep their equilibrium on the mountain sides.

Towards nightfall the trail suddenly dipped into a beautiful park with tall and stately pines. Here we threw off the packs, and made camp and the horses struck for the hills to rustle grub.

The next day we circled a large territory in the hope of running across the tracks of elk or sheep. For several hours we walked across the ridges and valleys, and in the afternoon among some scattered spruces where the snow lay half a foot in depth we came upon the extravagant trail of a bunch of blacktails. A slight crust which had formed on this southern slope made stalking a difficult problem, so it was not long before they sensed us. Immediately they strung out into a long line as the trail clearly showed, and turned to the heights, not traveling very fast but always just beyond our sight. Straight for the peaks those deer were going and in vain we tried to head them. It was work, the snow and ice made the climbing tremendously hard. We shoved our rifle butts into the snow and grasped at sagebrush and pine boughs, pulling ourselves with arduous efforts up the steep inclines. Occasionally we came to a more or less flat surface, affording an instant in which to get our breath, only to see the mountains piling up, sturdily as before and always the trail of the deer going on and on. The climbing and unaccustomed altitude was telling on me severely. The thin air burned within my nostrils. In spite of our efforts, however, the deer made their way over a pass into the territory west of us, so we left the trail and turned back. I was thoroughly tired. It was dark when we came in sight of camp, but John was there, the tea hot, the stew ready and the little stove glowing.

Daylight has stolen upon you as you emerge from the forest.

The following morning the peaks were wrapped in clouds and the wind and snow had completely obliterated the elk trail John had found the preceding day. It continued to storm with more or less frequency for the next two days and our hunting brought us nothing. We therefore broke camp and struck for another valley. This proved a better game country, but a noisy crust spoiled our chances. No sheep signs could be found, though we climbed the naked cliffs and searched the mountainsides with our glasses. We did discover, however, a belated bear working his way through a tangled maze of fallen pines on an opposite ridge. It was nearly two miles from us but we made the distance in record time. Much of the way down the mountainsides we ran, making tremendous jumps on bare places and sliding like catapults over the snow-fields at the imminent risk of dashing ourselves against the tree trunks. After crossing the stream it became a climbing proposition. Hard and fast we worked, sliding back at intervals in the most exasperating manner, clutching and clawing at every rooted thing in the effort to gain ground. Over the flats we ran at full speed and in this manner brought ourselves at last to a point high up above where we thought the bear would be, then peering cautiously over a ridge crowned with jagged rocks we scanned the basin but could find no trace of the animal. Carefully we worked our way along avoiding the crusty places, keeping well sheltered behind trees and rocks with never a sight of the bear to reward us. Then we struck straight down a ravine to cross his trail, if possible, and on climbing out of a miniature cañon we met him face to face. Instantly the bear wheeled and raced back to the timber, but my shot stopped him before he reached shelter. On our way into camp we jumped a fine black-tailed deer and gathered him in.

Concluding that the sheep must be on the southern slopes, at dawn we shouldered our rifles and strode off down the creek. At a point where it bore sharply to the east we set up the northern slope climbing the face of a lofty mountain to the spurs. In the dim morning the air was bitter cold, piling masses of sullen clouds veiled the sun. The wind rose and whipped along the crest of the ragged rocks hiding them in whirling shrouds of flying snow.

We toiled up through the moaning spruces and the piñon pines to where the timber faded into a land of ragged stone. From the crest of the divide we looked out over a vast chaos of cloud and crag inconceivably wild. The jagged peaks rose step upon step to the towering pinnacles of the

far-off ranges set in an infinity of sky, grim, wonderful, tremendous.

Presently our attention was attracted by a movement on the snow-field below us, and an old ram walked out from the shelter of a bowlder. Instantly the hunting instinct surged again through the blood. I aimed carefully, but the bullet struck far in front of the sheep. The wind caught the report of the rifle and whirled it into the vast spaces behind so quickly that we scarcely heard it. The sheep was all unconscious. Henry was feeling sad. The next shot was more fortunate, however, for we saw the ram leap into the air and strike for the cliffs. Pell-mell after him we stumbled down and followed his blood-splattered trail to the jumping-off place. Henry crawled out along the face of the rocks and peered round the side, then hurried back and told me the sheep was going down the cliff.

Immediately I began to work my way, spending more of my thought on clinging to the face of that cliff than I did on the sheep. Halfway out a small piece of loose rock pulled out of a crack into which my hand had been thrust. It seemed as if the mountain was about to fall on me. Once at the edge I could make out my sheep going down into a world that was far too deep. It dropped away until my senses could not adjust themselves to the distance. I must shoot from here, holding on with one hand, and the sheep steadily working his way to the mass of snow-covered slide-rock at the foot of the cliff. I waited until he was but a few feet above the slide, then sighted carefully and fired. He dropped instantly, slid a little way, and lay still.

It was an effort to reach him but we finally achieved it by the time night had settled into the valley, and then we started for camp. It was a strong pull back to the summit. The wind was increasing each moment and screeched past us, howling and moaning along the naked cliffs. In an instant the world turned white. Save the fact that we were going down we knew nothing of the landscape about us. The drifting snow swirled into fantastic shapes. It powdered us white and bit deep into our unprotected cheeks as we bent to the dread and frowning forces that came careering down the passes. The night shut in black and impenetrable, and we were glad enough to drift to the shelter of a great bowlder. By alternately beating each other and huddling close we were enabled to wear the long night out without freezing, though there were times when it seemed as if the life would be chilled out of me in spite of my best efforts to keep warm. With the coming of dawn the storm had not abated but we were now able to see sufficiently well to admit of proceeding. When we reached the shelter of the forest, the tall trees were bending to the gale and snapping in its grasp. John's breakfast was entirely insufficient, we had eaten nothing since the morning before.

All that day the snow continued to pile up and the wind to blow. We sat inside the tent adding wood to the fire and getting better acquainted. You come to know your comrade when you have eaten and smoked with him by the side of the friendly camp fire in the wilderness.

Shortly after nightfall the wind ceased its loud complaining and died down, and when we had eaten supper I walked outside the tent for a breath of fresh air. I paused in astonishment at the vision of exquisite beauty unfolded. A peaceful hush had fallen upon the world as she slept, and all unbidden I was shown into her land of dreams.

The mountains rose from the valley, silent, profound. Far at the other end a solitary peak showed silvery green where the shimmering moonbeams touched its snowy summit. Wonderful in its grandeur it stood silhouetted against the blue black of the wintry sky gleaming with its myriad lights. I watched it for a long time and then turned in.

The hunting now was even more difficult than before owing to the depth of the snow though the absence of crust was compensation. The wind was still blowing and high in the mountains the snow drifted from the peaks like misty smoke clouds.

We traveled that day without any success, though we crossed the trails of many of the mountain wild folk—coyote and deer, lynx, weasel, mink and martin—and at night before we pulled the blankets over our heads, we decided to move on the next day. That is a luxurious moment when, after the day's hard tramping in the wet snow, you find yourself wrapped in

Drawing by Oliver Kemp.

"I could make out my sheep—going down into the world that was far too deep . . . holding on with one hand, I must shoot from here."

Crossing Hell Roaring Brook.

dry, warm woolens, stretched at full length on the fragrant balsam. Through drooping lids I watched the softly moving shadows of the tree limbs on the tent, traced there by the velvety fingers of the moon. The splashing murmur of the stream and the crooning voice of the night wind in the mountains lulled me to the borderland of sleep.

It took us several hours in the morning to round up the horses, for they had strayed far up in the mountains, so it was again after nightfall when we made camp in a lonely wind-swept basin surrounded by towering peaks. We were now in a country where elk should be plentiful and fortunately we ran across a medium-sized track which led toward a pass in the south. In a small clearing part way up the mountain another elk had crossed the trail, and the story of the fray could be easily read in the furrows on the telltale snow, in the broken bushes and in the patches of hair that lay scattered about. We advanced cautiously on the trail of the larger elk and presently found ourselves in a thick growth of pine. Softly we trod through the soundless woods. The track was so plain that we did not waste a glance upon it. All our attention was centered on the front. Presently the woods ended in a windfall with the dead timber piled in confusion. Across this our caution was redoubled, every faculty alert to catch the slightest sound or movement. Now the spruces grew thick again and hung their weighted branches out across the trail. Then I heard a sound from the forest and my blood leaped. In another instant from behind a fallen tree trunk he rose, and I saw my quarry's yellow coat silhouetted against the dark pine. It was the easiest shot I had on the trip. The antlers were of magnificent size.

While we were taking the horses up the mountain to bring in the elk, I witnessed John make a remarkable shot. We had with us two pack horses besides those we were riding, and were working over a ridge covered with a forest of lodge-pole pines, when I became conscious of a movement on the crest and caught the loom of a large

object standing motionless. Another glance and I could make out an elk watching our approach with head alert. I aimed for his shoulder and fired just as he started away. He lurched forward to his knees, but quickly recovered himself and bounded out of sight over the ridge. In a flash our horses were tearing through the timber, up the rise to the top. From here I caught a fleeting glimpse of the elk in the edge of the woods to our left, and fired at him again. At the report he swung heavily out across the snow-field but ran with evident difficulty. There was a whoop from John as he dug his heels into the horse's ribs, and in another moment we were racing obliquely down the incline at a mad gallop. There was a flash and roar from John's rifle and the elk dropped in his tracks, weltering on the snow. For the first time I became conscious that I had joined in the race, and it amused me to find my rifle in readiness for shooting. The fact is, I couldn't have hit the mountain under the conditions.

During the next ten days we camped in various places, and though we saw more elk and sheep, shot none for the reason that we already had what I considered our share. Every day the snow grew deeper in the mountains so that in places we could make no progress whatever, and as the storms seemed to be working down into the valleys, we decided to pull for home.

Three days' of travel brought us once more to the ranch at the head of Paradise Valley, where we stopped only long enough for our dinner and to pack our duffle into the big wagon.

Every animal in the pack train knew how close we were to home and needed no urging. We started down the valley on a trot, the flying frozen snow-dust followed like a cloud. Slowly the valley sunk into shadow, the tallest peaks glowed pink with the sun's last rays until the evening shadows closed about them and quenched their fire. Darkness came on, and, following in its trail the chill cold of the night. Slowly the great mountains shrank in size, until they stretched out on either side of the valley misty and indistinct, a long, black line of hills. Here and there a light glowed in some ranch house, and in the still silence of that winter's night we drifted like a band of raiders. Then suddenly the mournful cry of the coyote wailed out in the night, and for miles up and down the valley from every hillside the echoing wolves sent back their answer. Still on into the black night the horses clattered, the wind howled past our faces, and the frost rimed white on hair and fur. Gradually the sky paled and the moon rose over the shoulder of the brooding mountain. Then we turned through the bars and drifted deep into the shadow of the mountain to where a tiny light gleamed out of the blackness. We were home.

Luncheon for the tourists.

BASKETRY IN MEXICO

BY ELEANOR HOPE JOHNSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. B. WAITE, AND SCOTT

IN these times of renewed interest in handicraft, much is made of examples of the art and industry of primitive peoples. Pottery, silverwork, basketry, all our favorite forms of arts and crafts, have been practiced by the Indians of this continent from time immemorial, and from them we often get the best of our designs and coloring.

Perhaps there is less known about the basket work of the Mexican Indian than about any other of these forms of craft, while we hear much of Mexican blankets and pottery, or of the baskets from our own Pacific Coast or from the Southwest. But go, say, to Guadaloupe, that most picturesque suburb of Mexico City, and there in the market place you will find displayed mats, large and small; queer brooms; baskets of divers shapes and sizes, in bewildering variety of color and design. They are made almost entirely from reeds or from long strips of palm leaves, and the best ones are colored with the soft, unfading, vegetable dyes made by the Indians themselves. The Indians of Arizona and New Mexico and some of the coast tribes obtain their colors for weaving often by using different colored plants—the black strands are the stems of maidenhair fern, the soft brown is spruce, and the white is squaw-grass; but in Mexico the colors are almost entirely procured from dyes of different kinds, except when the article—mat or basket—is woven from the freshly cut reed and then the green lingers on a long time, a deliciously soft, cool, shade. The curse to Mexican weaving, be it basket or blanket, is the aniline dye.

The favorite shape of these Guadaloupe baskets is a high, round, bowl effect, so useful for holding food of various kinds—corn, before it is ground into meal, or the favorite and all-useful bean. This basket is woven in a zigzag pattern of two or three colors, or in alternate strips of dull red and blue, perhaps giving a prismatic effect that is charming. In fact, all Mexican baskets that I have ever seen are attractive, even the roughest kinds. The market baskets, round, flat-bottomed, with a good, strong handle, which you hang over your arm and then fill with vegetables, a few hard bread-rolls, a string of peppers, a very thin, hard beefsteak or the strange mutton chops which are as likely to be goat, on your trip around the picturesque and busy market, often retain some of the green of the reeds from which they have been woven; and you are tempted to use one for a waste-paper basket in every room after your return to your Northern home. Then the porters, the cargadores, have huge round and flat affairs, very loosely woven of some tough, firm, willow or similar material; these the owners load with anything and everything and carry on their heads with the greatest ease, giving a quality to the life of the street which is indescribable.

Perhaps the most curious use to which Mexicans put their baskets is to hold gamecocks. Sometimes the cock's basket is woven for the purpose, oftener it is made from a sombrero, the wide, high-crowned, straw hat of the country, into which the bird is put, a hole cut in the crown to give him air, and the brim carefully tied down that he may not escape. The bull fight has been called the national sport of Mexico, but cock-fighting is much more universal; for the humblest peasant may have his gamecock which he keeps in a carefully made cage in his patio, watches with pride and tends with care, until the

Baskets for the market place.

Group of boy Cargadores waiting for orders

Mats, baskets and brooms made near Mexico City.

Gamecocks going to the market.

day shall come when its master can match it against the favorite bird of his neighbor. Of course it is a cruel sport—cruelty belongs by right of birth both to Spaniards and Indians—but it is picturesque, as is everything Mexican. The group of swarthy men, many well-built, especially if they are from the ranches, all lithe and graceful in their white blouses and blue cotton trousers with high sombreros and gaily-colored serapes, watching with absorbed interest the two bright-plumaged, high-spirited cocks about to be pitted against each other. The game is seldom long, and after the brief, sharp, struggle one bird, perhaps both, lie dead and the owner's hard-earned, lightly-spent wages are gone, too. Gambling is as natural to the Mexican as breathing, and it is well he is content with little to make him comfortable and happy—the sunny side of a wall, a blanket, and the eternal cigarette—for the methods of gambling are many and ingenious, and as well as cockfights easy of access both to peon and caballero.

Great interest may be added to the trips the eager tourist takes through the open country around and beyond the too-Europeanized cities, by watching the simple enjoyments of the Mexicans, so often carried on outside the house. The old women—and they might be almost any age so withered and shriveled are they—sit on the ground in the shade of a huge cactus in front of the mud or thatched hut, plaiting soft, pliable reeds into mats which are to be used for all sorts of purposes; or shaping with their hands rough clay into pottery bowls which later will be lovingly decorated with bands of color, perhaps brightened by a little gold or silver, or a pattern inlaid in tiny bits of broken glass and crockery. Then the younger women have frames of drawn-work, some of it indescribably fine, and still others are grinding corn between two stones into meal which they make into tortillas, patting the dough in their hands till it is shaped into a thin, round cake, then baking it on hot stones. And all about are the useful baskets—chairs of basket work; plaited mats on which they sit; round affairs, with and without handles, holding all kinds of useful things —eggs, materials for sewing, the dough which is to be shaped into tortillas, dried chilis and fresh fruit.

The groups are always merry, laughing, jesting, playing tricks on each other, especially if there are men and boys about. There is nothing of the gravity and somber dignity often found among our Indians. They are the gayest people living, unless we except the Italian peasant; and the smile of a black-haired muchacho, bright eyes dancing, white teeth flashing, is irresistible. Simple-hearted children are most of them, living from hand to mouth, taking what they can get with the least effort from the fertile soil, accepting a few pennies for a piece of work with a cheery smile, or begging without shame from tourists or their wealthy Spanish countrymen.

One of the strangest uses to which a basket has probably ever been put was the daily appearance in the streets of a young man carrying in a huge bushel basket on his shoulders, his great-grandmother—of unknown age, who held out a skinny hand to the passer-by for the centavo which was almost unfailingly given. Surely a trust in Providence could go no further!

Photograph by Maude Wyntes.

AT BAY—The end of a day's run with the Devonshire (England) staghounds.

"Like the strutting turkey cock, the birds go toward each other by short runs."

From photograph of the remarkable group mounted in the Museum of Natural History, New York, under the direction of Mr. Chapman.

LOVE-MAKING OF THE PRAIRIE HEN

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN

F any of all the strange things that birds do, when inspired by the passions of the breeding season are more remarkable than the capers the prairie hen cuts when he is or would be in love, the performer deserves a larger place in the birds' Temple of Fame than has yet been accorded him.

Wilson, Audubon, Caton and others have written of the prairie hen's sexual evolutions and they are more or less known to every one living where these birds are found; but anything approaching an adequate description of them will not only arouse interest in the thing itself, but in other descriptions of it; for, as an actor, the prairie hen is deserving of attention every time he appears upon the stage.

The particular stage on which it was my privilege first to hear him, is situated in the sand hills of northwestern Nebraska. The prairie hen is here near the western limit of its range which, at this point, overlaps the range of the sharp-tailed grouse, the two being found together, though the prairie hen prefers the river bottoms, and the sharptail the sand hills.

In this comparatively arid region, unfit for agriculture, except in the watered bottom lands, the prairie hen will doubtless make its last stand. There, on the morning of May 3, 1906, I listened for the first time to its booming, with doubtless much the same feelings that an ardent music lover would first hear the voice of a world-renowned singer. The birds were distant about a mile, but their pervasive, resonant, conch-like notes came distinctly to the ear through the still, clear air.

The following morning I found the place on the prairie where the birds assembled and erected there an umbrella-blind which experience has proved to be indispensable in the study of birds at close range, putting fresh-leaved willow branches about and over it. The next day the weather proved unfavorable for my purpose, but the morning of May 6, was all one could ask for. I arose at four o'clock; there was no hint of coming day, but a great red moon hung over the sand hills just long enough to guide me over the mile and a half to the blind. The mercury registered 25°; the grass was crisp with frost, the air sparkling and deliciously stimulating. A burrowing owl cackled as I passed his dwelling and from the dark the mellow, flute-song of the Western meadowlark greeted the still unseen day.

A prairie is not overburdened with landmarks at night, and but for the now faint light of the disappearing moon, I should have been unable to find my blind without more direct assistance from the sun. While looking for it I nearly stepped upon a prairie hen who, if he was as badly scared as I was, is still talking of the experience. Finally, I found the little structure which seemed singularly home-like, and, no light still paling the east, I crawled within it prepared to spend a chilly hour while waiting for the curtain to raise, but I had not unslung my camera when from almost within arm's length a positively bloodcurdling *boom-ah-boom* resounded over the prairie. The performance had begun.

At short range the bird's note suggested the mellow, resonant tone of a kettledrum, and when bird after bird, all still unseen, uttered its truly startling call, the very earth echoed with a continuous roar. Soon one could see as well as hear, and a remarkable sight it was that presented itself.

Nineteen cock prairie hens were booming, strutting or fighting within one hundred yards of my blind, the nearest being less than half this distance.

As a rule each bird had its own stand separated by about ten yards from that of his neighbor. The boom is apparently a challenge. It is preceded by a little dance in which the bird's feet pat the ground so rapidly as to produce a rolling sound. This cannot be heard at a greater distance than thirty yards. It is immediately followed by the inflation of the great orange air sacks at the side of the neck, which puff out as quickly as a child's toy balloon whistle; the tail is erected and widely spread, the wings drooped, the neck-tufts are raised straight upward, giving the bird a singularly devilish look, then with a convulsive movement of the lowered head the boom is jerked out and at its conclusion the air sacks have become deflated.

One might imagine that after so violent a performance the bird would feel a certain sense of exhaustion or at least quiescent relief, but his excess of vitality seeks still other outlets. Uttering hen-like calls and cacks he suddenly springs a foot or more straight into the air, whirling about as though he were suffering from a combined attack of epilepsy and St. Vitus dance.

But all this activity is only a prelude to the grand finale of actual combat. Like a strutting turkey cock, the neighboring birds go toward each other by short little runs, head down, the orange eyebrow expanded and evident, pouches inflated, neck-tufts and tail straight up, and looking like headless birds with two tails. Their meeting is followed by no make-believe duel, but an actual clash of wings. Uttering a low, whining note they fight as viciously as gamecocks, and the number of feathers left on the ground testifies to effective use of bills and claws.

The first bird called at 4:40, and by seven o'clock the performance was practically over. Either the birds had passed the night out on the prairie or had left their sleeping places in the bushy coverts of the bottom while still it was dark.

It is commonly believed that the performance I have outlined is for the edification of the females, who have been described as interested spectators of the proceedings, but on this morning not one female was present, and I find that Doctor Anderson (*Birds of Iowa*) also states that he has never seen females on these occasions. Probably we may regard these exhibitions as the uncontrollable manifestations of that physical energy which in animals reaches its extreme development during the mating season.

If the female should chance to be a witness of the performance, it may serve to arouse her sexual ardor, but it is evident that her presence is not necessary to stimulate the male to his extraordinary vocal, acrobatic, and war-like exertions.

It is worthy of note that although the prairie cock when in the lists is a strikingly conspicuous creature, he wears no adornment which cannot be concealed at a moment's notice. The sight of a passing hawk changes the grotesque, be-plumed, be-oranged bird into an almost invisible squatting brownish lump, so quickly can the feathers be dropped and air-sack deflated. With woodland birds so great a change is unnecessary, but the prairie hen can hide only under its own feathers.

With the echoing boom of the prairie hen's drum, I can still hear the fluting of the Western meadowlark, who, perching on my blind, sang repeatedly, and with almost deafening effect, at about six inches from my ear.

THE SENSE OF MOTHERHOOD

Copyright photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

The brig *Mexican*, of Salem, attacked by a pirate vessel, September 20, 1832.

THE LAST PIRATES OF THE SPANISH MAIN

X—OLD SALEM SHIPS AND SAILORS

BY RALPH D. PAINE

IN December of 1906 died Captain Thomas Fuller, the oldest shipmaster of Salem, in his ninety-fourth year. He was the survivor of an era on the sea that seems to belong with ancient history. Before 1830 he was a cabin boy in a brig of less than a hundred tons in the Cuban trade. At eighteen he was sailing to South America and Europe, and his shipmates, then in the prime of life, were veterans of the fighting privateers of the War of 1812. He lived well into the twentieth century to tell the tale of the last piracy of the Spanish Main, for he was one of the crew of the brig *Mexican*. Captured by a swarthy band of cutthroats in their "rakish, black schooner," while on a voyage to Rio Janeiro, the *Mexican* carried the period of organized piracy down to the year 1832. Six of the pirates were hanged in Boston three years later, and their punishment finished for good and all a peril to American shipping which had preyed along the coast for two full centuries.

The *Mexican* sailed from Salem on the 29th of August, 1832, commanded by Capt. John G. Butman and owned by Joseph Peabody. She was a brig of two hundred and twenty-seven tons register, with a crew of thirteen men, including able seaman Thomas Fuller, nineteen years old. There was also on board as a seaman John Battis, of Salem, who, before his death many years after, wrote down his memories of the voyage at the request of his son. His story is the most complete account of the famous piracy that has come down to us, and in part it runs as follows:

"I was at Peabody's storehouse on the morning of the day of sailing and others of the crew came soon after. After waiting quite a while, it was suggested that we go after the cook, Ridgely, who then boarded with a Mrs. Ranson, a colored woman living on Becket Street, so we set out to find

him. He was at home but disinclined to go, as he wished to pass one more Sunday on shore. However, after some persuading he got ready, and we all started out of the gate together. A black hen was in the yard, and as we came out the bird flew upon the fence, and flapping her wings, gave a loud crow. The cook was wild with terror, and insisted that something was going to happen; that such a sign meant harm, and he ran about in search of a stone to knock out the brains of the offending biped. The poor darky did not succeed in his murderous design, but followed us grumbling.

"At about ten o'clock we mustered all present and accounted for, and commenced to carry the specie, with which we were to purchase our return cargo, on board the brig. We carried aboard twenty thousand dollars in silver, in ten boxes of two thousand dollars each; we also had about one hundred bags of saltpeter and one hundred chests of tea. The silver was stored in the 'run' under the cabin floor, and there was not a man aboard but knew where the money was stored.

"At last everything being ready we hove anchor and stood out to sea in the face of a southeast wind. As soon as we got outside and stowed anchor we cleared ship and the captain called all hands and divided the crew into watches. I was in the first mate's watch and young Thomas Fuller was in the captain's watch. On account of the several acts of piracy previously committed on Salem ships, Captain Butman undoubtedly feared, or perhaps had a premonition of, a like happening to his vessel, for the next day while he was aft at work on the main rigging, I heard the captain and first mate talking about pirates. The captain said he would fight a long while before he'd give his money up. They had a long talk together, and he seemed to be very much worried. I think it was the next day after this conversation between Captain Butman and Mr. Reed that I was at the wheel steering when the captain came and spoke to me. He asked me how I felt about leaving home, and I replied that I felt the same as ever—'all right.' I learned afterwards that he put this question to the rest of the crew.

"We sailed along without anything occurring worthy of note until the night of the 19th of September. After supper we were all sitting together during the dog-watch, this being between six and eight o'clock, when all seemed bent on telling pirate yarns, and of course got more or less excited. I went below at twelve o'clock, and at four next morning my watch was called. Upon coming on deck the first mate came forward and said that we must keep a sharp look-out, as there was a vessel 'round, and that she had crossed our stern and gone to the leeward. I took a seat between the knight-heads, and had been sitting there but a few minutes when a vessel crossed our bows, and went to the windward of us.

"We were going at a pretty good rate at the time. I sang out and the mate came forward with a glass, but he said he could not make her out. I told him he would see her to the windward at daylight. At dawn we discovered a top-sail schooner about five miles off our weather quarter, standing on the wind on the same tack we were. The wind was light, at south southwest, and we were standing about southeast. At seven o'clock the captain came on deck, and this was the first he knew of the schooner being about us.

"I was at the wheel when the captain came out of the cabin; he looked toward the schooner, and as soon as he perceived her, he reached and took his glass and went into the main-top. He came down and closing his glass, said; 'That's the very man I've been looking for. I can count thirty men on his deck.' He also said that he saw one man on her foretop gallant-yard, looking out, and that he was very suspicious of her. He then ordered us to set all sail (as the schooner didn't seem to sail very fast) thinking we might get away from her.

"While I was up loosing the mainroyal I sat on the yard, and let them hoist me up to the truck so that I could have a good look around. I saw another vessel, a brig, to the eastward of us, way ahead, and reported it. The schooner had in the meanwhile sailed very fast, for when I started to come down she was off our beam. From all appearances and her manner of sailing we concluded afterwards that she had a drag out. We then went to breakfast, the schooner kept ahead of us, and

appeared to be after the other vessel. Then the captain altered the brig's course, tacking to windward, keeping a little off from the wind to make good speed through the water to get clear of her if possible. After breakfast when we came on deck the schooner was coming down on us under a full press of sail. I noticed two kegs of powder alongside our two short carronades, the only guns we had. Our means of defence, however, proved utterly worthless, as the shot was a number of sizes too large for the gun.

"A few minutes before this, the schooner had fired a shot at us to heave to, which Captain Butman was on the point of doing as I came on deck. The schooner then hoisted patriotic colors (Columbian flag), backed her main-topsail, and laid to about half a mile to the windward. She was a long, low, straight topsail schooner of about one hundred and fifty tons burthen, painted black with a narrow white streak, a large figurehead with a horn of plenty painted white; masts raked aft, and a large main-topmast, a regular Baltimore clipper. We could not see any name. She carried thirty or more men, with a long thirty-two pound swivel amidships, with four brass guns, two on each side.

Captain Thomas Fuller. Died December, 1906. Last survivor of the brig *Mexican*.

"A hail came in English from the schooner, asking us where we were from and where bound and what our cargo was. Captain Butman replied 'tea and saltpeter.' The same voice from the schooner then hailed us for the captain to lower a boat and come alongside and bring him his papers. The boat was got ready and Captain Butman and four men—Jack Ardissone, Thomas Fuller, Benjamin Larcom and Fred Trask—got in and pulled to the schooner. When they started Captain Butman shook hands with the mate, Mr. Reed, and told him to do the best he could if he never saw him again.

"The *Mexican's* boat pulled up to the gangway of the schooner, but they ordered it to go to the forechains, then five of the pirates jumped into the boat, not permitting any of our men to go on board the schooner, and pushed off, ordering the captain back to the brig. They were armed with pistols in their belts, and long knives up their sleeves. While at the schooner's side, after getting into our boat, one of the pirates asked their captain in Spanish what they should do with us, and his answer was, 'Dead cats don't mew—have her thoroughly searched, and bring aboard all you can — you know what to do with them.' The orders of the captain of the schooner being in Spanish, were understood by only one of the *Mexican's* crew then in the boat, namely Ardissone, who burst into tears, and in broken English declared that all was over with them.

"It was related by one of our crew that while the *Mexican's* boat was at the forechains of the schooner, the brig before mentioned was plainly seen to the eastward, and the remark was made to Thomas Fuller that it would be a good thing to shove off and pull for the other vessel in sight, to which proposition Fuller scornfully answered, 'I will do no such thing. I will stay and take my chances with our boys.'

"Our boat returned to the brig and Captain Butman and the five pirates came on board; two of them went down in the cabin with us, and the other three loafed around

on deck. Our first mate came up from the cabin and told us to muster aft and get the money up. Luscomb and I, being near the companion way, started to go down into the cabin when we met the boatswain of the pirate coming up, who gave the signal for attack. The three pirates on deck sprang on Luscomb and myself, striking at us with the long knives across our heads. A Scotch hat I happened to have on, with a long cotton handkerchief inside, saved me from a severe wounding, as both were cut through and through. Our mate, Mr. Reed, here interfered and attempted to stop them from assaulting us, whereupon they turned on him.

"We then went down into the cabin and into the run; there were eight of us in all; six of our men then went back into the cabin, and the steward and myself were ordered to pass the money up, which we did, to the cabin floor, and our crew then took it and carried it on deck. In the meantime, the pirate officer in charge (the third mate) had hailed the schooner and told them they had found what they were looking for. The schooner then sent a launch containing sixteen men, which came alongside, and they boarded us. They made the crew pass the boxes of money down into the boat, and it was then conveyed on board the pirate.

"The launch came back with about a dozen more men, and the search began in earnest. Nine of them rushed down into the cabin where the captain, Jack Ardissone, and myself were standing. They beat the captain with their long knives, and battered a speaking trumpet to pieces over his head and shoulders. Seeing we could do nothing, I made a break to reach the deck by jumping out of the cabin window, thinking I could get there by grasping hold of the boats' davits and pulling myself on deck. Jack Ardissone, divining my movement, caught my foot as I was jumping, and saved me, as I should probably have missed my calculation and gone overboard. Jack and I then ran aft and the pirates after both of us, leaving the captain, whom they had continued to beat and abuse, demanding more money. We ran into the steerage and Jack, not calculating the break of the deck, soon went over into the hold and I on top of him. For some reason the pirates gave up the chase before they reached the break between the decks, or they would have gone down with us. By the fall Jack broke two of his ribs. Under deck we had a clean sweep, there being no cargo, so we could go from one end of the vessel to the other.

"The crew then got together in the forecastle and stayed there. We hadn't been there long before the mate, Mr. Reed, came rushing down, chased by the boatswain of the pirate, demanding his money. The mate then told Luscomb to go and get his money, which he had previously given Luscomb to stow away for him in some safe place; there were two hundred dollars in specie, and Luscomb had put it under the wood in the hold. Luscomb went and got it, brought it up and gave it to the pirate, who untied the bag, took a handful out, retied the bag, and went up on deck and threw the handful of money overboard so that those on the schooner could see that they had found more money.

"Then the pirates went to Captain Butman and told him that if they found any more money which he hadn't surrendered, they would cut all our throats. I must have followed them into the cabin, for I heard them tell the captain this. Previous to this, we of the crew, found that we had about fifty dollars, which we secured by putting into the pickle keg, and this was secretly placed in the breast-hook forward. On hearing this threat made to the captain I ran back and informed the crew what I had heard, and we took the money out of my keg and dropped it down the air-streak, which is the space between the inside and outside planking. It went way down into the keelson. Our carpenter afterwards located its exact position and recovered every cent of it. Strange to say the first thing they searched on coming below, was the pickle keg. The search of our effects by the pirates was pretty thorough, and they took all new clothes, tobacco, etc. In the cabin they searched the captain's chest, but failed to get at seven hundred dollars which he had concealed in the false bottom; they had previously taken from him several dollars which he had in his pockets, and his gold watch, and had also relieved the mate of his watch.

"About noon it appeared to be very quiet on deck, we having been between

decks ever since the real searching party came on board. We all agreed not to go on deck again and to make resistance with sticks of wood if they attempted to come down, determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible. Being somewhat curious, I thought I'd peep up and see what they were doing; as I did so, a cocked pistol was pressed to my head, and I was ordered to come on deck and went, expecting to be thrown overboard. One took me by the collar and held me out at arm's length to plunge a knife into me. I looked him right in the eye and he dropped his knife and ordered me to get the doors of the forecastle, which were below. I went down and got them, but they did not seem to understand how they were to be used, and they made me come up and ship them. There were three of them, and as I was letting the last one in I caught the gleam of a cutlass being drawn, so taking the top of the door on my stomach, I turned a quick somersault and went down head first into the forecastle. The cutlass came down, but did not find me; it went into the companionway quite a depth. Then they hauled the slide and fastened it, and we were all locked below.

"They fastened the aft companionway leading down into the cabin, locking our officers below as well. From noises that came from overhead, we were convinced that the pirates had begun a work of destruction. All running rigging, including tiller ropes, was cut, sails slashed into ribbons, spars cut loose, ship's instruments and all movable articles on which they could lay their hands were demolished, the yards were tumbled down, and we could hear the mainboom swinging from side to side. They then, as appears by later developments, filled the caboose or cook's galley, with combustibles, consisting of tar, tarred top-yarn, oakum, etc., setting fire to the same, and lowered the dismantled mainsail so that it rested on top of the caboose.

"In this horrible suspense we waited for an hour or more when all became quiet save the wash of the sea against the brig. All this time the crew had been cooped up in the darkness of the forecastle, of course unable to speculate as to what would be the next move of the enemy, or how soon death would come to each and all of us.

"Finally, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, Thomas Fuller came running forward and informed us that the pirates were leaving the ship. One after another of the crew made their way to the cabin and on peering out of the two small stern windows saw the pirates pulling for the schooner. Captain Butman was at this time standing on the cabin table, looking out from a small skylight, the one means of egress the pirates had neglected to fasten. We told him that from the odor of smoke, we believed they had fired the brig. He said he knew it, and ordered us to remain quiet. He then stepped down from the table and for several moments knelt in prayer, after which he calmly told us to go forward and he would call us when he wanted us.

"We had not been in the forecastle long before he called us back, and directed that we get all buckets under deck and fill them with water from casks in the hold. On our return he again opened the skylight and drew himself up on deck. We then handed him a small bucket of water, and he crept along the rail in the direction of the caboose, keeping well under the rail in order to escape observation from the schooner. The fire was just breaking through the top of the caboose when he arrived in time to throw several handfuls of water on top so as to keep it under. This he continued to do for a long time, not daring to extinguish it immediately lest the pirates should notice the absence of smoke and know that their plan for our destruction had been frustrated.

"When the fire had been reduced to a reasonable degree of safety he came and opened the aft companionway and let us all up. The schooner, being a fast sailer, was in the distance about hull down. The fire in the caboose was allowed to burn in a smouldering condition for perhaps a half-hour or more, keeping up a dense smoke. By this time the pirate schooner was well nigh out of sight, or nearly topsails under, to the eastward. On looking about us we found the *Mexican* in a bad plight, all sails, halyards and running gear were cut, head-sails dragging in the water, and on account of the tiller ropes being cut loose, the brig was rolling about in the trough of the sea. We at once set to work repairing damages as speedily as possible, and before dark

had bent new sails and repaired our running gear to a great extent.

"Fortunately, through the shrewdness and foresight of Captain Butman, our most valuable ship instruments, compass, quadrant, sextant, etc., had escaped destruction. It seems that immediately on discovering the true character of the stranger, he had placed them in the steerage and covered them with a quantity of oakum. This the pirates somehow overlooked in their search, although they passed and repassed it continually during their visit.

"The brig was then put before the wind, steering north, and as by the intervention of Divine Providence a strong wind came up, which before dark developed into a heavy squall with thunder and lightning, so we let the brig go before the fury of the wind, not taking in a stitch of canvas. We steered north until next morning, when the brig's course was altered, and we stood due west, tacking off and on several courses for a day or two, when finally a homeward course was taken which was kept up until we reached Salem, October 12, 1832."

Thus ends the narrative of able seaman John Battis. If the valor of Captain Butman and his crew be questioned, in that they made no resistance, it must be remembered that they were under the guns of the pirate which could have sunk the *Mexican* at the slightest sign of trouble aboard the brig. And although the decks of the *Mexican* were not stained with the slaughter of her crew, it is certain that her captors expected to burn them alive. These nineteenth-century pirates were not a gentle brood, even though they did not always make their victims walk a plank. In 1829, only three years before the capture of the *Mexican*, the brig *New Priscilla*, of Salem, was found apparently abandoned within a day's sail of Havana. The boarding party from the ship that sighted her found a boy of Salem, a lad in his teens, spiked to the deck, an act of wanton torture committed after every other soul on board had been thrown overboard.

The capture of the pirates of the *Mexican* was an extraordinary manifestation of the long arm of Justice. A short time after the return of the brig to Salem the ship *Gleaner* sailed for the African coast. Her commander, Captain Hunt, happened to carry with him a copy of the *Essex Register*, which under a date of October 1832, contained the statement of Captain Butman, in which he described in detail the model, rig and appearance of the pirate schooner. Captain Hunt perused the statement with lively interest and without doubt kept a weather eye out for a rakish black schooner with a white streak, as he laid his course to the southward. He touched at the island of St. Thomas and while at anchor in the harbor saw a topsail schooner come in from seaward. The stranger anchored near-by, and Captain Hunt sat on his quarterdeck with a copy of the *Essex Register* in his fist. The more he studied, first the journal and then the schooner, the stronger grew his suspicions that this was the sea robber that had gutted the *Mexican*. There was her "large maintopmast, but with no yards or sail on it." "her mainsail very square at the head, sails made with split cloth and all new," and "the large gun on a pivot amidships," the brass twelve-pounders gleaming from her side, and "about seventy men who appeared to be chiefly Spaniards and mulattos."

Having digested these facts, Captain Hunt went ashore and confided in an old friend. These two invented an excuse for boarding the schooner, and there on the deck they spied two spars painted black which had been stolen from the *Mexican*. Captain Butman had told Captain Hunt about these black spars before they parted in Salem. The latter at once decided to slip his cable that night, take the *Gleaner* to sea and run down to the nearest station where he might find English vessels. There was a leak somewhere, for just before dark, the suspicious schooner made sail and under a heavy press of canvas fled for the open sea. As she passed within hailing distance of the *Gleaner* a hoarse voice shouted in broken English, that if he ventured to take his brig to sea that night, he and his crew would have their throats slitted before daylight.

Captain Hunt stayed in harbor, but his chagrin was lightened when he saw a British frigate come in almost before the schooner had sailed beyond sight. Manning a boat he hurried aboard the frigate and told her commander what he knew about the *Mexican* and what he more than

guessed about the rakish schooner. The frigate put about and made sail in chase, but the pirate eluded her in the night and laid a course for the African coast.

Some time after this the British war brig *Curlew*, Captain Henry D. Trotter, was cruising on the west coast of Africa, and through the officers of the frigate which had chased the pirate out of St. Thomas, she received the story of the *Mexican* and a description of the schooner. Captain Trotter cogitated and recalled the appearance of a schooner he had recently noticed at anchor in the River Nazareth on the African coast, where slavers were wont to hover. The description seemed to fit so closely that the *Curlew* sailed at once to investigate. When she reached the mouth of the river, Captain Trotter with a force of forty men in boats went upstream, and pulled alongside the schooner at daybreak, ready to take her by storm. The pirates, however, scrambled into their own boats, after setting fire to their schooner, and escaped to the shore where they took refuge in the swamps, and could not be found. A few days after a prize crew had been put aboard the schooner she was accidentally blown up, killing two officers and two men of the *Curlew*. The mysterious rakish schooner, therefore, vanishes from the story with a melodramatic finale.

The stranded pirates meantime had sought the protection of a native king, who promised to surrender them when the demand came from Captain Trotter. After much difficulty, four of the pirates were bagged in this region. Five more were captured after they had fled to Fernando Po, and the vigilance of the British Navy swelled the list with seven more of the ruffians who were run down at St. Thomas. The pirates were first taken to England, and surrendered to the United States Government for trial in 1834. On August 27th of that year the British brig-of-war *Savage* entered Salem harbor with a consignment of sixteen full-fledged pirates to be delivered to the local authorities.

There was not a British flag in Salem, and the informal reception committee was compelled to ask the British commander for an ensign which might be raised on shore in honor of the visit. The sixteen pirates were landed at Crowninshield's Wharf and taken in carriages to the Town Hall. Twelve of them, all handcuffed together, were arraigned at the bar for examination, and "their plea of not guilty was reiterated with great vociferation and much gesticulation and heat." One of them, Perez, had confessed soon after capture, and his statement was read. The *Pinda*, for so the schooner was named, had sailed from Havana with the intention of making a slaving voyage to Africa. When twenty days out they fell in with an American brig (the *Mexican*) which they boarded with pistols and knives. After robbing her, they scuttled and burned an English brig, and then sailed for Africa.

"The hall was crowded to suffocation," says the *Salem Gazette* of that date, "with persons eager to behold the visages of a gang of pirates, that terror and bugbear of the inhabitants of a navigating community. It is a case, so far as we recollect, altogether without precedent to have a band of sixteen pirates placed at the bar at one time and charged with the commission of the same crime."

The sixteen pirates of the *Pinda* were taken to Boston to await trial in the United States Court. While in prison they seem to have inspired as much sympathy as hostility. In fact, from all accounts, they were as mild-mannered a band of cutthroats as ever scuttled a ship. A writer in the Boston *Post* of September 2d, 1834, had left these touches of personal description:

"Having heard a terrific description of the Spaniards now confined in Leverett Street Jail on a charge of piracy, we availed ourselves of our right of *entrée* and took a bird's-eye glance at the monsters of the deep, but were somewhat surprised to find them small and ordinary looking men, extremely civil and good-natured, with a fresh dash of humor in their conversation and easy indifference to their situation. The first in importance as well as in appearance is the captain, Pedro Gilbert, a Castilian, 38 years old, and the son of a merchant. In appearance he did not come quite up to our standard for the leader of a brave band of buccaneers, although a pleasant and rather a handsome mariner."

Captain Pedro Gilbert is further described as having: "A round face, ample and straight nose, and a full but not fierce black eye." Francisco Ruiz, the carpenter, was "only five feet three inches high, and though not very ferocious of aspect will never be hung for his good looks." Antonio Farrer, a native African

had several seams on his face resembling sabre gashes. There were tattoo marks, "on each cheek a chain of diamond-shaped links, and branded on the forehead to resemble an ornamental band or coronet." With a red handkerchief bound about his head Antonio must have been ferocious in action.

In November, 1835, the trial was begun before Justice Joseph Story and District Judge John Davis. The prisoners at the bar were Captain Gilbert, Bernado de Soto, first mate; Francisco Ruiz, Nicola Costa, Antonio Ferrer, Manuel Boyga, Domingo de Guzman, Juan Antonio Portana, Manuel Castillo, Angel Garcia, Jose Velasquez, and Juan Montenegro. Manuel Delgardo was not present. He had committed suicide in the Boston jail some time before.

The pirates conducted themselves with a dignity and courage that showed them to be no mongrel breed of outlaw, and their finish was worthy of better careers. The trial lasted two weeks and the evidence, both direct and circumstantial, was of the strongest kind against seven of the pirates. Five were acquitted after proving to the satisfaction of the jury that they had not been on board the *Pinda* at the time of the *Mexican* affair. Thomas Fuller of Salem, was a witness, and he upset the decorum of the court in a scandalous manner. When asked to identify the prisoners he stepped up to one of them and shouted:

"You're the scoundrel that was first over the rail and you knocked me endwise with the flat of a cutlass. Take that."

The impetuous young witness caught the prisoner on the jaw with a fist like an oaken billet and drove him spinning across the room by way of emphatic identification.

Before sentence was pronounced Captain Gilbert rose and said in Spanish:

"I am innocent of the crime—I am innocent." With that he presented a statement drawn up by himself in a "remarkably well-written hand which he desired might be read." After denouncing the traitor, Perez, who had turned State's evidence, the captain stated that Delgardo, before he had cut his throat in jail, had avowed his determination to commit suicide because his extorted and false confession had involved the lives of his companions. He alleged that his boatswain had been poisoned by Captain Trotter on Fernando Po for denying the robbery, and had exclaimed just before his death:

"The knaves have given me poison. My entrails are burning," after which he expired foaming at the mouth.

The first mate, De Soto, presented a paper addressed to the "presiding Señor," in which he protested his innocence, "before this tribunal, before the whole universe, and before the Omnipotent Being." He went on to say that he was born at Corunna, where his father was an administrator of the ecclesiastical rank; that he had devoted himself to the study of navigation from the age of fourteen, and at twenty-two had "by dint of assiduity passed successfully through his examinations and reached the grade of captain, or first pilot, in the India course. He had shortly after espoused the daughter of an old and respectable family."

(At this point the clerk, Mr. Childs, became much affected, shed tears and was obliged for a time to resign the reading of the document to Mr. Bodlam.)

"Nevertheless I say no more than that they (the witnesses) have acted on vain presumption and I forgive them. But let them not think it will be so with my parents and my friends, who will cry to God continually for vengeance on those who have sacrificed my life while innocent."

Manuel Costello, the Peruvian, "who had a noble Rolla countenance," exclaimed with upraised hands:

"I am innocent in the presence of the Supreme Being of this Assembly, and of the Universe. I swear it and I desire the court will receive my memorial."

The mate, De Soto, obtained a respite after telling the following story, which investigation proved to be true:

He was master of a vessel which made a voyage from Havana to Philadelphia in 1831, and was consigned to a "respectable house there." During the return voyage to Havana he discovered the ship *Minerva* ashore on one of the Bahama reefs, and on fire. The passengers and crew were clinging to the masts and yards. He approached the wreck at great danger to himself and vessel and took off seventy-two persons, whom he carried safely to Havana. He was presented with a silver cup by the insurance office at Philadelphia as token

of their appreciation of his bravery and self-sacrifice. The ship *Minerva* belonged in Salem, and the records showed that the rescue performed by De Soto had been even more gallant than he pictured it to the Court. For this service to humanity he escaped the death penalty for his later act of piracy and was subsequently pardoned by President Andrew Jackson.

When his comrades were called for sentence, Judge Story spoke the names of each, upon which they rose, evincing the same firmness, self-possession and apparent conscious innocence that had marked their conduct throughout the trial. The death sentence for the crime of piracy on the high seas was announced in these words:

"The sentence is that you and each of you, for the crime whereof you severally stand convicted, be severally decreed, taken and adjudged to be pirates and felons, and that each of you be severally hung by the neck until you be severally dead. And that the marshall of this District of Massachusetts or his Deputy, do on peril of what may fall thereon, cause execution to be done upon you and each of you severally on the 11th day of March next ensueing, between the hours of 9 and 12 of the same day, that you be now taken from hence to the jail in Boston in the District aforesaid, from whence you came, there or in some other safe and convenient jail within the District to be closely kept until the day of execution; and from thence to be taken on the day appointed for the execution as aforesaid to the place aforesaid; there to be hanged until you are severally dead. I earnestly recommend to each of you to employ the intermediate period in sober reflection upon your past life, and conduct, and by prayers and penitence and religious exercises to seek the favor of Almighty God for any sins and crimes which you may have committed. And for this purpose I earnestly recommend to you to seek the aid and assistance of the Ministers of our holy religion of the denominations of Christians to which you severally belong. And in bidding you, so far as I can presume to know, an eternal farewell, I offer up my earnest prayer that Almighty God may in his infinite goodness, have mercy on your souls."

De Soto, the mate, who escaped the noose, returned to Cuba and was for many years in the merchant marine in those waters. More than a generation after the *Mexican* affair, a Salem shipmaster, Captain Nicholas Snell, had occasion to take a steamer that traded between Havana and Mantanzas. He had attended the trial of the pirates in Boston and recognized the captain of the steamer as De Soto. The former buccaneer and the Salem captain became friends and before they parted De Soto related the story of the *Pinda's* voyage. He said that he had shipped aboard her at Havana where she was represented as a slaver. Once at sea, however, he discovered that the *Pinda* was a pirate, and that he must share her fortune. He frankly discussed the capture of the *Mexican*, and threw an unholy light upon the character of Captain Gilbert. The night after the capture the officers of the *Pinda* were drinking recklessly in the cabin, and one of the mates held up his glass of rum and shouted, "here's to the squirming Yankees."

The captain had taken it for granted that the crew of the *Mexican* were killed to a man before the brig was set on fire, and when the truth came out, he was fairly beside himself. With black oaths he sprang on deck, put his vessel about, and for two days cruised in search of the *Mexican*, swearing to slay every man on board if he could overhaul her in order to insure the safety of his own precious neck. In truth, that gale with thunder and lightning before which the *Mexican* drove all that thick night was seaman John Battis's "intervention of Divine Providence."

When the word was brought to Salem that De Soto was on the Cuban coast, more than one Salem skipper when voyaging to Havana or Matanzas, took the trouble to find the former pirate and spin a yarn or two with him over a cool glass and a long, black cigar.

CLOSING THE FARM

WHAT TO DO IN ORCHARD AND GARDEN—DO NOT BURN THE LEAVES

BY E. P. POWELL

UST after apple picking, which ought to be done by the twentieth of October, there are off-and-on days of sunshine. These are the days for cutting out old raspberry canes from your raspberry and blackberry fields. You can do this work in mid-winter sometimes. Use a corn cutter or a short piece of scythe with a two-foot handle. When the old canes are cut, tuck the new canes into place between two wires stapled to posts along the rows. Fork out the waste stuff and burn it on your garden land. You have already put into compost piles whatever will easily decompose, and now you reduce to ashes the rest. This sort of cleaning-up must go on until your gardens are ready for spring work. A true sort of country home is kept as tidy in the rear as in the front.

These compost piles are the very life of gardening, and I think they are also the life of general farming. You begin to make them in the fall, and add to them through the spring and summer. Last year's pile is ready for distribution late in October or the first of November—that is just before winter sets in. You will find that you have not lost over five per cent of the nitrogen in the course of decomposition, whereas barn manure as generally distributed, loses from fifty to seventy-five per cent. The gardener will do most of his spreading with fork and wheelbarrow, and in the course of a few years will find his five- or ten-acre lot immensely rich.

No matter how independent you may be in the way of cash, you are bound in honor not to allow anything to go to waste. This is the time of year for looking out for the surplus that is likely to get lost. Each year you will find an increasing stock of young berry plants, especially red raspberries, which multiply very rapidly, and you can either waste these, that is burn them, or you can collect them in a little home nursery for sale. Adjacent to these you will soon be able to collect a few rows of cherry trees and plum trees, especially if you are growing these on their own roots, and not on grafts. Do not throw them away, but set aside half an acre if you have abundant room, or at least a few rods square. Here also you should collect your shrubs that need dividing, and possibly rose bushes. Better yet, you will find coming up all over your place seedlings, and these I specially recommend you to collect at this season of the year, and give them also room and care. You never know what you are to get, and while some of them will revert in quality, others will be sure to give you something novel and rich. By the way, this is exactly what most of Mr. Burbank's work amounts to, and it is by this sort of work that the world is made rich. Among my seedlings I have found many a treasure; a currant bush standing higher than my head, and loaded with fruit as large as Fay; new gooseberries, new shrubs, and new orchard fruits. What will you do with your trees and shrubs? Be generous with them to friends, but exact from most people a moderate price. The sales will, by and by, add quite an item to your annual income—not a large sum, perhaps, but ten such items would pay all your bills for the year, and leave you a surplus.

Most of our bulbs are now to be planted, and a practical country place can well afford to deal quite freely with this sort of

truck. Flowers may or may not enter into your bills of sale, but their exclusion would go far in making home life dry both for yourself and children. The tulips, hyacinths, and all of the lilies except gladioli, should be planted about the last of October; the gladioli in the spring. I will tell you how you can have tulips and gladioli in vast quantities. When you plant a bed of strawberries thrust in these bulbs very freely, about six inches apart, and four to five inches deep. They will begin to blossom in the spring in the early part of May, and after two weeks of glory, will be entirely out of the way for the strawberries. When you pick the latter you will only note dried tulip stems, doing no harm at all. The *ramosus gladiolus* is as hardy as an elm twig, and you need never lift it for winter. But all bulbs must be taken up once in two or three years, some time in July, and laid away to dry for fall planting.

Every man should be his own tree doctor. If properly trained he has been busy all summer removing suckers from the trees, fighting fungus and discouraging insects. When the leaves are off he goes all over his plantation, diagnosing each tree shrub and bush. He will find some borers not yet killed, and these should be thoroughly eradicated from his quinces and apples before winter sets in. Use a flexible wire and a sharp knife; and when the larvæ are killed, pile coal ashes freely around the tree. He will probably find in his currant and berry fields more or less bushes that cultivation has loosened in the soil. These are liable to heave out during the winter. He should slip a narrow shovel under the plant, draw out the dirt, and let the bush settle until it is well planted. Tread heartily, and then, if you have them to spare, place a scuttle of coal ashes about each one.

Currants and gooseberries have need of a fall trimming. This should be done by taking out a part of the old wood, and most of the new shoots. Then take the best cuttings, shorten them to about eight or ten inches each, and set them in your little nursery. They should be set at an angle of seventy degrees; about one half in the soil, and trod down tightly. In this way you will have a fine stock always ready for sale or for home use. Try also a lot of quince cuttings, for they will grow almost as readily as your currants. Then if you want to multiply a fine lilac or an althea, in fact almost any of your shrubs, plant cuttings at this season of the year. Most of them will root readily, and will be ready for use after one year's rooting in the nursery. You have, however, to take care that your cuttings are not placed where the water will settle during the winter. Better place them on a sloping part of your garden, or mound about them. They could occupy properly a corner of your nursery.

A young orchard of any kind whatever, should be gone over carefully in the fall, and it should be about the last thing done by a fruit grower. For the first four or five years of the pear tree or peach tree I would cut back at least one-third of the years' growth, and nearly as much of an apple tree. I never head in a plum, unless it be to shape the top, while the cherry tree needs only common-sense cutting. If the gardener or orchardist cannot accumulate common sense he will make a bad job of his tree-growing. One thing, however, he must not do. He must not get the trimming craze that comes over so many people, just as other work is out of the way. They look about their possessions, and have a general idea that their trees must be gone over—and they are well aware that they have neglected them through the summer. When this conviction burns, they sally out with saw and axe, and they hew and they hack, without definite purpose except to fulfill their neglected duties. The result is terrible. The fact is not a twig should ever be moved on a tree except for good reason, and unreasoning trimming is barbarous.

Worse yet is the work of the professional trimmer; a fellow who comes around occasionally with an assortment of saws, and offers to put your orchard in shape. He is generally some floater who has failed to keep his own orchard in shape. His real knowledge of trees is *ex tempore*, and his sawing is sure to continue as long as you will pay his wages. Large limbs are cut off at random, but suckers are left. The chances are that your orchard will be ruined. There is really but one salvation from this wholesale sacrilege; you must study Nature-work yourself; get acquainted with the trees so intimately that

no roving jack-at-all-trades can deceive you. No one who neglects to familiarize himself with the laws of growth has any right to a country home. The orchardist, first of all, is a man who can make of his trees and plants companions. When they urged the Roman emperor to go back and resume the crown that he had resigned, he simply said, "Come and see my cabbages." The real countryman feels that nothing in this world is quite so pleasurable and satisfactory as his orchard and garden. He learns every year more and more to be intimate with all forms of life around him.

Winter protection is something that we Northerners cannot omit. I do not, however, do as much covering as I used to do. It adds quite too much to the winding up for winter. Grapes that cannot stand twenty degrees below zero can in these days best be displaced by hardier sorts. I have over one hundred varieties, and while I trim them all at this season, and generally lay them down to the ground, I cover only Goethe, Iona, and Dutchess—three favorites of such high quality that I do not care to be without them. Shrubs that must be covered each winter soon get to look like toil, and I would rather throw them out of my lawn. Still one may spare a little labor for throwing autumn leaves over mahonia, and the rhododendrons, while it certainly is delightful to have, at cost of wrapping, a golden burst of forsythia in the earliest spring. Most of the half-hardy plants grow hardier as they get older, and some of them, like *Magnolia conspicua* and the altheas, do not require aid except when quite small. Roses are safest when bent over and fastened down; but the least hardy sorts I would cover with sod, after hoeing the dirt about them. If you have enough evergreen boughs to spare, they make a charming and easily handled protection.

I make a difference when I come to those plants that can be protected with material that need not be removed. A strawberry bed may best of all be covered with compost from your compost piles; that is half-decomposed manurial substance, which at the outset was leaves, ashes and barnyard fertilizer. When this is done from your wheelbarrow, leave the tips of the leaves peeping through. In the spring you will find the plants in excellent order, and nothing necessary to be done but to loosen the covering and rake a part of it into the path. In this way these paths are growing richer, and you can let the runners root there, so that in the fall the old plants may be plowed out. In no case must wet and adhesive material be thrown over your strawberry bed, for there is about as much danger of smothering the plants as there is prospect of protecting them.

Winter drainage is not the same as summer drainage, and it must be attended to very carefully at this closing up season. In summer we simply want capacious tiles running through the soil, capable of keeping it from being water-logged; and we want a sloping of drives so that swift showers shall be carried quickly by surface ditches. But in winter there is often a body of melting snow very suddenly let loose, that will wash the best soil off your land, tear gutters through your strawberry beds, and possibly even heave out your young trees. It is extremely important just as you wind up your work, to cut surface drains of a temporary sort, where the slopes are likely to be washed, and so as to catch the flush of water before it accumulates, and throw it out of your garden and off your lawn. These superficial drains can be closed in the spring, or if left at all can be modified to very shallow and almost unnoticeable sluices.

It is now that the bees need a share of attention. Mine have already turned over to me nearly a thousand pounds of honey, leaving a good supply for themselves. We now remove the last supers, and place chaff cushions in the tops of the hives. With this precaution the bees will furnish the rest of the heat and come through finely. The coldest winter rarely destroys a hive with this protection, although occasionally moths or mice will do worse work than the frost—for they not only spoil the honey but they kill the bees. I think this plan is more tidy as well as safer than the old-fashioned plan of long sheds, in which we arranged two rows of hives, and in front of which we let down boards on hinges during the winter. There is a deal of romance even yet in the bee yard, in spite of the science; but I do miss the old straw cones, the last of which were going out in my boyhood. I can smell yet that bonfire that

burned up the very last of these old-timers. Remember, all the while that in caring for bees you are caring for something quite as important as your sheep or cattle. I would as soon try to get on without milk as without honey, and it is at least one hundred pounds that we manage to dispose of each year in the family. Grand helpers they are, and without them we should not have Bartlett and Anjou pears with Lindley and Brighton grapes.

The birds have been taken into even more full partnership on these ten acres of mine, and they know it. All summer we have shared with them. When we covered our forty cherry trees with mosquito netting we left twenty more without covering; and in these the robins sung *Cherry sweet! Cherry sweet!* while the catbirds looked well to their share. There are wild cherry trees also, planted for windbreaks along our lines, that give a vast amount of bird food. Scattered about the shrubbery and small-tree lawn, are plenty of mountain ash and barberries and tree honeysuckles and high-bush cranberry. Every one of these is beloved of the birds, and it is wonderful to note how much joy they manage to get out of a single mountain ash. The Tartarian honeysuckle ripens just when we are willing the birds shall stay out of our raspberry plantations. Nor do we stop with the mere planting of such trees as will count with the bird population. When chickadees and the song sparrows and other honest birds are hustling to get food for their babes, we always throw handfuls of ground oats about the barn, as regularly as we give more of this nutritious food to the horse. The birds are there often by the half-dozen, and they do not mind it if you walk through them into the barn. Bird love is a fine love; and they pay for all that they get with music. The catbirds ask for apples, and your robins like crackers. It is a good way to use up the old apples that are left in your bins in June. One can make his grounds a bird paradise, where all the better sorts of wing travelers will feel at home; redstarts and phoebe birds; cardinals dressed in scarlet, and indigo birds in royal purple; wood thrushes that sing at sunset, robins that sing at dawn, and catbirds that sing every time they see you. All this we have done all summer; but now after most of the birds have gone to the South, there are still many kinds that need our care. By hanging suet and bones on my trees and in my window frames I am able to collect about my house, even during the coldest weather of winter, nuthatches, woodpeckers, chickadees, snowbirds; while the cedar birds and pine grosbeaks visit my viburnums and barberries. Occasionally a robin will pipe plaintively, and take his dinner, not cheerfully but at least he will take it. I do not consider it a merely æsthetic matter that I may have these cheerful fellows about my windows when the ground is covered with snow, but it is a matter of home economics, for while they are not eating the suet and picking bones, they are busy hunting out the larvæ and eggs of insects around my trees. This is written for other people and not for myself; as for me my winter birds will be the bobwhites and mocking birds of Florida.

I am sorry to say that much of the late autumn work that I see going on is purely mischievous. Why on earth should a man or a woman run a lawn mower in October; or why should they rake all the beautiful brown leaves out of the grass, and burn them? Nature sprinkles these leaves all over the lawns as a protection against the cold of winter, and I would have removed only those which gather in heaps, or possibly lie so thickly as to smother the grass. Nature works all summer weaving at millions of looms, to shade us and the earth, and when the work is done she shakes off the leaves to keep the earth warm during the zero weather. It is a wonderful gift, and that man is a fool who rejects it. Leaves not needed on the lawn, should be gathered for the compost pile; others to be used as bedding in the stables; and others still to bank the buildings, and cover the floors of the chicken room and the apple cellar—if these are under the barn. In all sorts of ways autumn leaves are money-savers and money-makers, and yet, I think that over half of these brown beauties are burned—that is, of those that fall near our villages. If I had no other use for them I would pull off my shoes, just as I did when a boy, and kick through the piles along the hedges and in the swale. Then I would throw myself down on them and smell the delicious odor of beech and

maple and basswood. I would let a little of the poetry that is floating loose through the world get into my soul, and I would keep up my boy life.

One thing more you must not do—that is put shears to an evergreen hedge or an evergreen tree at this season of the year. If you do you will have winter killing to a certainty, and that is precisely what ails so many of our hedges and lawn trees. An evergreen should sit flat on the ground, and only be headed-in once a year—early in May. It should then be allowed to grow on until another May, undisturbed. As for an evergreen hedge, it is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, or at least for seventy-five years, if you know how to trim it and then how to let it alone. This, too, should be trimmed in May, just before the new growth begins, and this new growth will constitute Nature's method of protecting the hedge from the hot suns of summer and the blizzards of winter. Do not let shears or knife touch it during the summer and autumn.

Sour days multiply. Apples must be shipped before there is danger for them to freeze, but not too soon, for very few buyers have a proper place of storage. No house should hereafter be built without provision for keeping things cool; a city house especially should be thoughtful of cool cellars as of hot ones—and they are easily provided. This, however, is our hustling time, for the apple crop is getting to be the most money-making that the farm now turns off. Other little last things bob up, and crowd the remaining days. Perhaps we must find a new home and a kindly master for your horse. Every one wishes to keep your Holstein, for her milk will more than pay for her keep. But how wonderingly she looks at you as she is led away by a stranger. Civilization and evolution do not sit well on the cow; for we have done too much to develop her milking capacity and too little for her thinking powers. Your collies will go with you this year, for the cost of carriage is a trifle.

If we were to stay here all winter we should be overhauling our wardrobe, and adding to the heavy clothing; while into our coal bins we should pour twenty-five tons of coal, instead of four or five. We do not need our hired help for the winter, nor do we have electric light and telephone bills to pay. Better yet, we are going to a land where grippe is unknown, and where we shall live out of doors every day of the winter. If we were to stay here we should put forth a good deal of energy in preparation that we now omit. I remember well when, sixty years ago, my father sat down after a hard day's work at threshing, and said, "Well, one has to use up all his summer's surplus to get through one of these hard winters." It is just so to-day, and if the farmer can adjust himself to a migration, why not? As we start we have to see that the water pipes are empty and the water out of the furnace pipes. Not a trace of fire or hot ashes must be left anywhere, and then the doors and the windows must be made fast. When this is done we set our minds at rest, and our hearts go over to the other end of the route.

The birds will be there ahead of us, and almost our first greeting will be the salute of an astonished robin. He will say as plainly as can be, that we have done a good thing in coming, and then he will add that we must use common sense just as the birds do. They all adjust their habits to conditions, and we must not carry the convention with us. All the world is talking about going back to nature, but very few know what they are talking about. They want the fashion plates in the woods, and they prefer to go as trunk-haunted tourists, to showy resorts, where they will pay huge bills and fight mosquitoes. You and I are on the way to the pines and the woods; the land without fences and without fashion plates. We shall live out of doors and grow cabbages in January. For the next four months I shall talk to you through OUTING of Florida, and you shall see how a Northerner can shy his mufflers at old Boreas, and with the thermometer between fifty and eighty can have his birds, his bees, his garden and his fruit from Christmas to Easter; can bathe in his own lake in January, and eat his Christmas dinner under the pines on his lawn. It is a land where overcoats are a burden; but it is not a land where laziness can loaf and grow rich any better than here in the strenuous North. It is possible to escape snow and ice, but I have never found the place where one could escape the hoe and the plow and the need of honest

toil. If you are a garden putterer in the North you will be here, and nothing will come of your migration.

Those who husk corn in November, and leave their apples on the trees until the snow falls had better stay at home and make the best of it. I recommend every one, whatever his business, to keep a memoranda, showing what is to be done each day for a week ahead, and work to it as closely as possible. In this way you will get three times as much done in the course of a year. At any rate it will hardly be worth the while to go to Florida for winter gardening if you cannot get there about the last of November or early in December. It would, of course, be still better to get your Southern plow at work, by the first of November to the tenth. If you have oranges to pick, the earlier sorts are ripe by that time. This is why I say you cannot put off fall work.

FISHY BUT TRUE

I DO not wish to question the veracity of the correspondent in your June issue, who wrote about a fish which swallowed a snake, but I think he may have got things a little mixed, at all events I want to give you the reverse of the picture.

One morning in the early part of the summer, a friend and I were walking along the Esopus Creek, as it winds in its rocky bed through the Catskill mountains.

We were fishing for trout, which were fairly plentiful, and he had just caught three rather nice young fish. Unfortunately we had come out without our basket, and we were considering what we should do with our trout, when my companion discovered a large old tin kettle in good condition, we filled it with water, put our fisht herein, and then hid the old kettle behind a bush out of the way of the passers-by.

We strolled along by the banks of the stream admiring the beauty of the scene, and I stopped from time to time to gather a large bunch of wild flowers, which interested me more than the fish.

In about half an hour we turned back, having caught no more trout, and as soon as we arrived at the old spot, my friend fetched out the kettle and put his hand in to take out one of the fish intending to gloat over it's fair proportions.

He withdrew his hand hastily with a sudden exclamation, which sounded like a wish to be eternally condemned.

"What's the matter?" I asked lazily.

"Matter enough," he replied, "there's a blessed snake in the kettle, and he's swallowed all my fish."

"Nonsense man," I rejoined, "how could a snake get into your kettle. It's always a bad sign to see snakes at this time of day."

"It's all very well to laugh, but look for yourself," he said.

I looked and there was no doubt about the snake; but I saw no trout.

I agreed with him that it was very odd.

"Odd. It's much more than odd, and they're the first trout I ever caught," he growled, "and now this blooming snake just gobbles them all up. It's disgusting,"

"Well, well, old man, never mind, we've got the snake anyway," I said consolingly.

"We can't eat the beastly snake," he replied grumblingly.

However, we decided to take the snake home with us. We emptied out him on the lawn, and then my friend hit him on the head with a stick, and thus ended his earthly career.

He was a water snake—black and yellow. I thought he looked rather fat, and so I just squeezed him and our three trout came out of his mouth looking as well as ever. Still, although I am fond of trout, I did not like the idea of eating one that had been swallowed by a snake.

We put the snake in a bottle of alcohol, and we have him still to prove the truth of our story to any unbeliever.

This seems to be quite a remarkable instance of sagacity in one of the lower animals. How did the snake know that there were fish in the kettle? Did he smell them, or did they make any noise that attracted his attention?

This is true, and that is why I think your other correspondent got mixed, when he said the fish swallowed thesnake. Probably it was the other way round.

—EDEN E. GREVILLE.

THE WILDERNESS TERROR

BY LLOYD ROBERTS

WE had been surveying in the wilderness a solid month before Jack Segee turned up. He was redolent of universities and city life. In his own environments he might have passed as a pretty decent sort, but out here with nothing but woods and snow and our few quiet selves, where the smallest thing could jar the nerves, he soon became unpopular.

He was broad-shouldered, square-jawed, and put him into sensible clothes and a hundred yards away and he would seem a pretty fair specimen of woodsman. But nearer than that dress wouldn't hide the bumptiousness that stood out all over him. He had been taught a lot, no doubt, but not a quarter as much as he knew. Solomon wouldn't have had a leg to stand on if he had been audacious enough to get into an argument with Segee. It was useless to stand up our facts to his theories for he would knock them down and drown them by the mere weight of words.

Though he had never been in the woods before in his life, at the end of a week there wasn't a thing left to learn. Our skill with axe and snowshoes a child could acquire. The woods were an open primer, wherein he had but glanced to know by heart. Wood lore any fool could master. Who couldn't start a fire when he had an axe and matches? How could one lose himself as long as there were stars and a sun and moss on the north side of trees?

So we, who had been on intimate terms with the wilderness for many years and knew something, though not much, of her varying moods and mysterious ways, of her sudden cruelties and terrible strength, waited for her to open the eyes of this vainglorious youth and fill his heart with humility and fear.

After a time, as our work progressed, the course of the contemplated railroad drew us farther and farther from the old deserted lumber-camp that we had been comfortably inhabiting, and we finally abandoned it altogether and crowded into a tent.

The morning after our change of residence we awoke to find the snow falling thickly. The trees a few yards away were blurred and indistinct. Our boss, Bill Stuart, decided to wait until it cleared up a bit; so we lolled about on our blankets, swapped yarns and chewed on our pipestems.

Presently Segee, reaching for his jackknife with which to shave his plug of tobacco, discovered to his disgust that he had left it behind in the cabin. "Hang it all, that means a ten-mile tramp for me," he growled petulantly. "It's too good a one to lose, and besides a—a girl gave it to me just before I left home."

We showed little sympathy and even looked forward to having him out of hearing for a few hours. But Stuart advised him to wait until the storm cleared. "Yer'll like as not lose yourself and waste our valuable time hunting you up again if you start now," he warned.

Horses couldn't have turned Segee aside after that. His lower jaw protruded stubbornly and he gave a contemptuous laugh.

"Hi, Cook, just give me a hunk of bread and a bit of bacon and tea, will you, so I can get my lunch at the camp?" The cook fished them out of a box and he stuffed them into his reefer pockets. He tied a small tin kettle to his belt, refilled and lit his pipe and without another word tramped away through the whirling flakes.

"Good riddance," one of the boys mur-

mured. "Don't hurry yerself in the least on our accounts." Segee didn't!

About noon the clouds rolled away and the sun came out strong. The spruces blazed as if buried in diamonds. After a quick meal we donned our racquets, picked up our chains and other instruments and slumped back to the scene of operations, going at right-angles to the direction Segee had taken. A quarter of a mile in and just before we reached the straight narrow lane we were hacking through the wilderness, Stuart, who was leading the way, stopped short with an exclamation of surprise. We stepped up and discovered a snowshoe trail that crossed in front of us.

"I didn't know there was another man in thirty miles of us," he announced. "It must be a trapper or a lumberman who's been out to the settlement and returning to his camp, eh?"

"Of course," I answered. "Who else would be tracking through this forsaken country I'd like to know!" We struck the line, got down to work and forgot all about it. When darkness began crowding daylight out of the thickets and hollows so as to interfere with business, we left off and started back.

Imagine our surprise when we found another line of tracks crossing our own and running parallel to the first ones and in the same direction.

"The woods seem to be gettin' chock-full of people, don't it?" said a chain-bearer named Mullen. "Wonder where they're all hikin' to!"

"I couldn't guess," Stuart answered, "but wherever it is the last chap seems to be in a blamed hurry to get there. By the space between tracks and the way he's sunk in he's evidently on the full run. And see, he's bust the tail of his off shoe and hasn't taken time to mend it. I wonder if he's trying to overtake the first one."

"In that case why isn't he following in the same tracks, instead of a hundred yards to one side?" I inquired. Unless he doesn't wish to be seen," I continued on second thought.

"Well, it's none of our business, anyhow, and my toes'll drop off if we stand here any longer," Mullen complained, and struck for home. We stopped our guesswork and strung out after him.

The first news we heard when we arrived at the tent was that Segee hadn't shown up yet. That was strange, because to the cabin and back wasn't over ten miles at the most.

"Do you think he has lost himself after all, Stuart?" I grinned.

"I wouldn't wonder; but I doubt if he's as big a fool as that. He had our old tracks to follow, and a course as straight as a die. Even if the flurry had hidden them, still he couldn't help feeling them beneath his feet. No, he's just lazying, that's all."

But after supper, when the moon came up over the black firs and threw weird splotches and shadows on the white floor of the forest, and still Segee didn't turn up, we began to think that he had committed the very folly he had been warned against.

"Well, it'll do the kid good to spend a night under the trees by himself," said the cook; and we agreed that it would.

An hour later we knocked out our pipes, rolled up in our blankets and became unconscious of the world of reality and our comrade somewhere out beneath the stars.

Morning came, but still no Segee. Then for the first time the significance of those snowshoe tracks we found the day before struck my mind.

"Boys, I bet you anything those were Segee's tracks we saw."

Some looked incredulous, others agreed.

"If so," said Stuart, "he must be clean addled in his head, for he is traveling round in circles when the sun is shining, and is crossing our trails without noticing them. Hurry up with your coffee, boys, and we'll get after him." For the first time his face began to get serious, and there was a scent of tragedy in the air.

We bolted our breakfasts without regard for our stomachs, and then Stuart sent a couple to follow the direction Segee had started in, to discover if he had really branched off to the right. The rest of us, with the exception of the cook, made straight for the double trails where we had struck them the day before. I don't believe we had gone more than a hundred yards from the tent before we came on a third line of tracks. Stuart gave a low whistle of surprise.

"That's him," he said. "See, they're pretty fresh, too. Doesn't that beat all, eh? He's going round like a hen with it's head off. I heard of a man once who got

lost in a blizzard while crossing a river two miles wide, and he never reached either shore, but circled round and round till he died of cold and exhaustion; but this beats that all hollow! He's going slow, so it shouldn't be long before we overtook him."

What I read in the tracks made me pretty anxious, so I set out on a run that trailed the others out behind. Evidently Segee had got panicky when first he discovered he was lost, and was too scared to camp quietly until we found him. The second lap he had been running, desperate at the idea of being overtaken by darkness. He had tripped on a root and broken his racquet, but had rushed on again without heeding it. All night he must have held his mad pace, and a wave of pity for the lad swept over me. If he had only kept his head and practiced some of his much-talked-of theories, how simple it would have been for him. But they had been swamped the first thing by the loneliness and terror that is apt to attack the tender-foot in the wilderness. These thoughts came to me as I sped along his trail.

Each moment I expected to find him lying in the snow, for it was plain he had come near to the end of his tether. His tracks were no longer distinct, but were shuffled together in a continuous crooked line, showing that he had scarcely strength enough to lift his feet, and was reeling drunkenly. One place he had collided with a clumpy fir, and had started running again. Then there was a wide hollow in the snow where he had fallen and had difficulty in regaining his feet. His kettle had broken its string and was lying half buried in the snow. Every yard showed a mad, senseless panic, all the more pitiful because there was no excuse for it.

It was an hour later and I was well out of sight of the others, though I could hear them unwinding that tortuous trail not far behind, when I first caught sight of Segee. He was a couple of hundred paces away, his back towards me and reeling so I expected to see him fall at every step. His head was bare. His arms hung at his sides and flopped about as if stuffed with straw. His shoulders were hunched forward so that his chin rested on his breast, and his head swayed loosely. He walked as if he were already dead, and only some mysterious power was keeping him going. I shouted loudly and ran towards him. He paid no heed.

"Hello, old chap," I said as I came close up behind. Still he didn't seem to hear. I reached out and clapped him on the shoulder.

The effect was startling. He sprang to life with a hoarse screech and swung round. His face was drawn and as white as the snow on his clothes, and he stared at me with eyes of abject terror. Next instant he was bounding down the glade and shrieking like one in torture. I heard the others calling out and running towards me, and then I put my head back and sprinted as hard as I knew how. I shouted once or twice, but it only seemed to make Segee go faster. I knew he couldn't get far before he'd collapse, and saved my breath.

Suddenly his snowshoes tangled and he shot forward on his face. But before I could get to him he was up again and wallowing on with one foot out of a racquet. Now he was absolutely helpless, and he seemed to realize it. He sprawled towards the nearest tree, frantically clutched at the trunk in a vain endeavor to draw himself up, and then his strength left him and he fell back in a limp heap. I waited until the rest came up, and we constructed a rough kind of litter with boughs and carried him back to the tent. With little surprise we found the food untouched still in his pockets, and he had enough wax matches to last him a month. He didn't come to until we had poured a precious lot of raw brandy between his teeth. He was quite sane again, but as weak as a kitten. We rolled him in blankets, and the cook fed him with gruel, and when we got back from work late that afternoon he was almost himself again.

No, not his old self, though. The horrible experience he had been through had knocked the bumptiousness clean out of him, and he was as meek as a lamb. He tried to apologize to each one of us in turn, and called himself every ugly name in his vocabulary, and couldn't see why we hadn't left him out in the snow.

"Now, boys," he announced weakly, "I'm going to get each one of you to kick me as soon as I get on my feet, and then I'll start in and try to learn a little about this bloodthirsty wilderness of yours. Will you teach me?"

THE VIEW-POINT

BY CASPAR WHITNEY

"The creature we call a gentleman lies deep in the hearts of thousands that are born without a chance to master the outward graces of this type."

Olympic Games American Committee Report

Much as I would prefer to dismiss the unhappy controversy which has raged around the Olympic Games since they were decided, it is a discussion too far reaching and one bearing too many lessons to be closed without full hearing. That is why I give space here to some of the official report made by Mr. Gustavus T. Kirby of the American Olympic Committee:

So much comment and criticism has been made in reference to the Olympic Games of 1908 and there seems to be so much uncertainty, especially among university men, as to just what did or did not happen at London during the Games, that I take this, my first opportunity, and immediately upon returning from abroad, to state to the Inter-Collegiate Association, and through it to all who may be interested, my observations as one of the three members of the American Committee d'Honneur present at the Games, and as one who, either as a member of the Executive Committee, President or Chairman of the Advisory Committee of the I. C. A. A. A. A., has been for the past fifteen years identified and in close touch with the best and straightest athletics in the world.

WHAT THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE COMPLAINED OF OR PROTESTED AGAINST:

The acceptance of the entry of one Thomas Longboat, a Canadian who had made himself a professional runner by competing for a money prize in the City of Boston, Mass. Longboat was permitted to run in the Marathon race, representing Canada, when under protest by America and the Amateur Athletic Federation of Canada; and this notwithstanding the fact that there were two weeks time prior to the race within which evidence in his case could have been given and a decision reached.

* * *

The opening day found no flag of the United States flying within the Stadium. This, it was afterwards said, was due to the carelessness of the decorator. If it were mere carelessness, certainly the carelessness was gross; for not only was there no American flag among those of the other nations of the world flying from the stands in the Stadium, but there was none even on the grounds, for when the American Committee d'Honneur requested the "decorator" to hoist the American flag he said they had none and did not know where there was one, but would hoist one if the Committee could find one; which the Committee could not do outside of those carried by the Americans in the stand.

* * *

The arrangement of the programme was such as to make it impossible or unwise for men to compete in both of the sprints, as in the Inter-Collegiate programme, and in certain other races, such as the individual and team distance races. Such an arrangement was to the advantage of the home team. It may have been done with no intent to injure or aid; but certainly there is no excuse in rules or in manners for the officials refusing to permit Mr. Sherman, of Dartmouth, to compete in the broad jump because he was not present at roll call, when during roll call he was actually running in the 200-meter dash.

* * *

The method of drawing the heats in the various events was such as to include all entrants, whether present at the Games or at home, and disregarded the respective abilities of the athletes, thereby producing heats where there were no contestants; heats which were walk-overs for one contestant, and heats in which were the fastest contestants, with the result that several fast second men were eliminated, as only first ran in the final, and second, third and fourth places in the final went to men who most assuredly would have been unplaced if seconds had also run or if the "fastest second" had been in the final. This method of drawing was especially hard on the American team and favored the British team. Until complaint was made by the American Committee, the drawings were in secret and made by British officials.

* * *

The system of running the field events in sections—that is, to divide the athletes up so that some would compete in the morning and some in the afternoon, and some from one circle or take-off and some from another—was also unwise and unfair. Certainly if it had not been for the tremendous superiority of the American competitors the system used would have lost to them many places and points. Imagine Ralph Rose not being at a disadvantage as to all others when he, as the last man in the last section, was called upon to put the shot from a circle (and

one without a toe-board) which, dry for the first section, had been rained upon and was at the time of his trial an absolute mudhole.

* * *

The rule, taken from nowhere—not found in the A. A. A. of Great Britain rules—and contrary to Olympic precedent, that there should be no hole for the pole in the pole vault, was as foolish as improper. It can only be understood on the ground that it was made to place the American competitors at a disadvantage. But why complaint and suggestion had to be made by the American Committee, to have a pit dug so that the high jumpers would not have to land on the hard turf, and the pole-vaulting pit widened and lengthened for the same purpose, can only be answered by those who made these absurd arrangements and were loath to change them until they were made to realize their responsibility and liability for broken legs and sprained ankles.

* * *

The British officials openly coached the British contestants, not only by shouting to them with and without megaphones, but by running alongside of the track with them. This abuse became so flagrant that complaint was made by the American Committee. The reply was that there would be no more of it, and yet, in spite of such promises, the objected-to coaching probably lost to Eislee of Princeton second place in the three-mile team race.

* * *

When an English runner finished, every attention was given to him. If necessary, he was assisted from the field. Until the third day of the meet, not an invitation was issued to an American representative to be upon the field, and no American other than the competitors in the events taking place was permitted on the field; and this when from time to time there were on the field not only unnecessary officials but dozens who were not officials. At last an invitation came to the American Committee d'Honneur to have on the field one of its number or someone representing it, but did not come until the writer pointed out to the secretary of the A. A. A. the absolute necessity of there being someone at or near the finish line to help an American runner from the field if he finished in a distressed condition.

* * *

Had these "trivial" instances been all, much could and would have been forgiven and charged to mismanagement and inexperience. One would have pardoned those Englishmen who hooted at you to "Sit down" when you stood during the playing of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and forgiven the others of the same breed who endeavored to take away a small American flag from a boy in the "American section" of the grand stand, on the ground that these acts were not characteristic of the British, but committed by a few who lacked manners. But when one looks to the 400-meter race and the Marathon, events of importance are being considered, and in considering these I here state only what I personally saw, heard and know of my own knowledge.

In the final of the 400-meters there were Carpenter of Cornell, Taylor of Pennsylvania, Robbins of the Boston Y. M. C. A., and the Englishman Halswell. The race was on a third-of-a-mile track and was around one run and without lanes. Robbins, the third from the curb at the start, gained the curb before 20 yards were run and set the pace for 300 yards close to, if not actually under, even time. At this point, Carpenter was right behind Robbins and next him from the curb, Halswell, some four strides back and next the curb, and Taylor fully ten yards behind Robbins and Carpenter and in the rear of and farther from the curb than Halswell. At no part did Taylor prove a factor in the race. At 300 yards Carpenter passed Robbins; he did not take the curb, but—as is his custom, and to my mind a most unwise and unsafe custom, though used by him so as the better to keep his stride—ran with each stride farther and farther from the curb, leaving between Robbins and himself a gap large enough to drive a car through, and through which gap Halswell should have endeavored to pass. Halswell, however, with what, I was told by a Cambridge athlete, was characteristic dumbness, in making his spurt endeavored to pass Carpenter on the outside. Try as he would, he could not get up. At no time was he within better than half a stride of Carpenter, and at no time did Carpenter strike him or in any manner foul him. If he was elbowed by Carpenter, it was because he ran into Carpenter. But Halswell never made any such claim, nor has there ever been evidence other than newspaper talk to substantiate such a charge. At all times there was never less than four feet between Carpenter and the outside of the track, and through this gap Halswell could and would have come if he had had the speed to so do. The truth is that he was stale from his unnecessarily and foolishly fast trials of too few days before, and the fast 300 yards had killed him off. At 350 yards he was a beaten man. Thereafter, it was either Carpenter's or Robbins's race, both of these moving away and leaving Halswell farther behind at every stride. Carpenter crossed the finish line first, with Robbins and Halswell some two strides behind. There is no doubt whatever but that Carpenter ran Halswell wide at the turn, but there is also no doubt that Carpenter in doing so ran on a circle of practically the same diameter as Halswell and not only gained no advantage on Halswell but, for more than 20 yards of the race, gave Halswell an opportunity to come through on the inside and thereby gain the curb and point of advantage on entering the home stretch. There is no rule, A. A. A. of Great Britain or other, forbidding Carpenter from running the race in the manner in which he did. The A. A. A. rule stated in the press as that invoked to base Carpenter's disqualification upon reads as follows: "Any competitor *wilfully* jostling or running across or obstructing another competitor so as to impede his progress, shall forfeit his right to be in the competition and shall not be awarded any decision or prize that he would otherwise have been entitled

to." This rule can only mean that a man coming from the rear must not change his course so as to interfere with any competitor whom he has passed. If we interpret it to apply to one in the lead, that one of necessity must always run in the course in which he starts, as if he were running in a lane; for, if otherwise, one starting on the outside could never take the curb, for in so doing he would have to cross in front of the others, and such would impede them more or less, depending on the distance he was in the lead. The American rule states that one must not cross in front of another until he is two strides ahead of that one. Carpenter at no time crossed in front of Halswell. If Halswell had kept his course, Carpenter would have crossed in front of him, or rather Halswell would have crossed the path Carpenter had taken and, for 20 or more yards, Halswell could have and should have so done without interfering with Carpenter or impeding himself by having to break his stride to change his direction and get from behind Carpenter. But, Halswell did not keep to his course any more than did Carpenter. They both ran on concentric circles, with a slightly greater disadvantage to Halswell because his was a greater diameter, but with a disadvantage due to no other cause whatever than that he ran only with his heels and not also with his head.

The race was declared "no race," and in what manner? At 350 yards Halswell began to fall back, lacking speed in his final spurt and failing to pass Carpenter on the outside. Immediately the judges and referee, a hundred yards away, ran out on the track and one of them ran toward the inspector at the last part of the turn. This inspector called something to him. What it was could not be heard in that part of the grand stand opposite the finish line. It is to be presumed, however, that it was that Halswell had been fouled. In the meantime, with unslackened speed, Carpenter, Robbins and Halswell came down the stretch. Within twenty yards of the finish an official without authority of rule or reason broke the tape and held up his hand. If by so doing he meant to stop the race, his object was not accomplished, for they all came on, Halswell "digging" stride by stride to get up. What it all meant no one knew, but they did not have long to wait, for, without even the semblance of a consultation or meeting of any kind, the judges and other officials rushed around like madmen. Some grabbed up megaphones and shouted into the stand, "No race," "Foul work on the part of the Americans," "Halswell fouled," etc. Immediately sentiment framed itself against the American and a howl went up to "disqualify the dirty runners." And all the while the officials kept calling into and exciting the crowd, and one of them actually came outside the track and stood amidst a mob of excited Englishmen and started to harangue them as to the race being a good example of how the damned Yankees always tried to win.

* * *

The American Committee d'Honneur went to the entrance of the field and, not being permitted thereon, sent for the Referee, with whom they lodged a protest.

And then for the first time the judges got together. What testimony they took is not known. Certainly no American testimony was requested or given. Their decision was that the American protest was disallowed; that it was Carpenter and not Robbins who had fouled Halswell; that the race was to be run over in lanes, but without Carpenter, for he was disqualified and his case was to be reported to the A. A. A. for its further action.

* * *

THE MARATHON: A huge placard was paraded around the field, showing to the 100,000 persons present in the Stadium the relative positions of the three leading men, as mile after mile of the race was finished. At 20 miles, for the first time, the number of an American contestant was shown. It was that of Hayes and he was in third place. Certainly America now had a chance, for Hayes could always be counted upon to make the last five miles the fastest five miles. At 21 miles, the placard showed Heffron and Dorando leading, but no third man. Had Hayes dropped by the wayside—was he down and out? So it would seem to those in the Stadium. Actually, Hayes was coming on, and fast, and at between 24 and 25 miles passed Heffron; but at 25 miles the placard showed Dorando in first place and no number for second or third place.

A few hundred yards before entering the Stadium, Dorando fell. He was examined by a physician and found to be in a condition of physical exhaustion, so serious, in fact, that he was given a hypodermic of digitalis or strychnine. He was assisted to his feet and staggered into the Stadium a horrible, sickening sight of an exhausted, done-up, almost dying man with the courage and desperation of his race stamped on his ashen features. Four times within the Stadium he fell, and four times by British officials he was assisted up and on. The last time he fell was but 30 yards from the finish and directly beneath and within 20 yards of the writer. He lay inert and all but lifeless. At this moment, Hayes entered the arena and came on with a burst of speed which seemed as if he fairly flew. In a minute he would be up to and past the helpless Dorando. But a victory such as this was to be denied him, for as he came on, those British officials who had theretofore helped Dorando, picked the Italian up, put him on his feet, and carried, pushed and pulled him over the line. Cruel, unwise and unfair, and as unfair to the Italian as it was cruel, for immediately he broke the tape, they gave him the race and hoisted the Italian flag to the top of the "victory staff," indicating that to his country went the greatest honor of the games, and then were forced to take away what should never have been given.

* * *

The rules of the race, among other things, stated that a competitor would be disqualified who, during the race, took or received any drug; that at all periods of the race a competitor should be physically fit to proceed, and that a competitor should not be paced by his attendants, who must keep in his rear. The rules did not state that he should run the race unaided or

only on his own legs and with his own strength. To state such a rule would be as absurd as to say that in a 100-yard dash the runner must not use an automobile; and yet, after the American Committee were forced into the unbecoming position of having to protest against the awarding of the race to a runner as courageous as any the world has ever seen, the English judges asked me to find a rule covering the point and were disgusted when I suggested that they might award the race to Longboat who had finished ahead of them all—in an automobile.

* * *

The judges met and the American Committee waited. The Italian flag still flew at the head of the staff. Minutes lengthened into hours—two long, anxious hours—and then Lord Desborough appeared and handed the American Committee d'Honneur the decision, reading as follows: "That in the opinion of the judges Mr. P. Dorando would have been unable to have finished the race without the assistance rendered on the track and so, therefore, the protest of the United States of America is upheld and the second man, John Hayes, is the winner; the protest made by the South-African team being withdrawn."

Put the Blame Where It Belongs

This is a severe arraignment which Mr. Kirby has lodged against the Olympic Games officials, and allowing for some natural feeling and righteous resentment, it must in the main be accepted as entitled to respectful consideration.

In publishing this statement of Mr. Kirby's, I have no wish or intention to indulge further in criticism or controversy. I believe there were also faults on our side in the beginning, but there is nothing to be gained now by retrospective argument. Let us stop recrimination; it is profitless and harassing. What I desire to point out and what Mr. Kirby's report illustrates, is, that the fundamental fault was lack of a real international committee. America must share the blame for this omission. We should long ago have insisted on reconciliation of conflicting rules and upon the appointment of an international body competent to handle such an important event. With feeling running so high and competition so keen, and an international committee so inconsequential, friction was, in the circumstances, inevitable.

It is unfair to lay all censure for the unfortunate dénouement upon England. The responsibility must be divided among all of us who have tolerated the casual Olympic organization which provided so incompetent an international committee.

There is reason other than athletic rivalry for much of English suspicion and prejudice. The disclosures of American "frenzied finance" have had their effect on the foreign mind. Undoubtedly American reputation abroad has suffered. The average Englishman believes alertness to be only another name for slickness. Much of England considers "frenzied finance" methods typical of all America. Thus the credit of the average American has been hurt. England is frankly prejudiced; they look for something dishonest in everything we do. If we are too smart for them, if we are too fast for them, if we are too strong for them, they cannot believe it superior prowess, but cast about instanter for some underhand advantage we have employed to beat them. This impression I am bound to say is helped out by the ill manners of some traveling Americans and by their tendency to brag and their insolent exultation in victory.

This is written in common fairness and not at all to relieve the British officials of any of the onus that belongs rightfully to them for their mean-spirited and obviously biased conduct, but it does go to show perhaps some of the reasons why prejudices have formed in unintelligent English heads.

The British A. A. A. is welcome to the credit of having established a record which will probably never be equaled, for its share of the Olympic Games provided the worst-managed athletic meeting the world has yet seen.

Let Us Forget

The thing to be done now is to get together for organization on proper lines. My suggestion is dismissal of the present so-called International Olympic Committee and formation of a new one composed of the representative of the countries which support the games, and that the presidency of the new committee be offered to Lord Desborough, the English sportsman who did so much to clear the atmosphere in London.

How They Love Us

It is not complimentary, certainly, yet quite the most convincing evidence of the violent prejudice ruling the British mind where we are concerned, is furnished by the following excerpts from that usually conservative

and always stolid *Academy* in its issue of August first:

It is a very unfortunate thing that the man who came in second at the Marathon Race last week happened to be an American. If he had been an Englishman it may be safely assumed that he would have brought no objection against Dorando. Of course, Hayes was rightly given the race as soon as he had made his protest, but by making this protest he lost the opportunity of his life. If he had been a sufficiently good sportsman to allow Dorando to retain the prize he would have been the most popular man in England, and he would have done much to wipe out the feeling of disgust which had been generated by the conduct of the American athletes and their rowdy supporters. The sort of feeling which prompts a sculler in a race at Henley when his opponent runs into the piles to wait for him instead of going on and taking a long lead is apparently unknown to a citizen of the United States. He would look upon such an act as one of sheer stupidity. America seems to have adopted the old professional maxim which was supposed to have distinguished a certain set of "sportsmen," "Win, tie, or wrangle." It is a spirit which is fatal to amateur athletics, and for this reason we are delighted to see that no American crew is competing in the Olympic Regatta at Henley.

* * *

A correspondent who was present at the Stadium throughout the proceedings confirms our impression that the Americans behaved "odiously" from first to last. He points out that the American spectators and competitors alike sat in a great mass together and made disgusting noises and cries. No other nation behaved in this way, and if the other nations had adopted similar tactics the whole Exhibition would have been turned into a revolting pandemonium. The Americans ran all their races in collusion with each other, it being decided beforehand which of them was to win, the other men being told off to impede as far as possible the other runners. We sincerely hope that this is the last time we shall see American amateur athletes in this country, and we can get on very well without a great many other Americans who are not athletes. Of course it would be absurd not to admit that among Americans there are some good sportsmen and agreeable people, but they are in such a small minority that it is almost impossible to trace them.

These statements are so amazingly prejudiced as to be interesting for their audacity.

The balderdash concerning the Marathon Race reaches the ludicrous. The Marathon Race is a test of endurance. Whether a man wins in the last thirty yards or in the last five miles, is beside the question; added to which Dorando violated the plain rules of the race prohibiting any contestant to receive assistance or stimulants; all the world now knows the Italian would never have been able to stay on his feet in the Stadium without the help of strychnine injections and the British officials who held him up and supported him across the line.

As to Americans running races in "collusion," read the following praise of such work by English athletes in the *Telegraph* of July 15th, which refers to the 1500-meter event:

"It was agreed by all that the British trio named required a fast-run mile, particularly in the first two of the three laps which had to be covered. To that end J. F. Fairbairn-Crawford and E. V. Loney unselfishly agreed mutually to carry a pacemaking mission. But their notions of what this duty involved were at fault.

"The willing Scot Fairbairn-Crawford went through the first with the lead. He certainly was pacemaking, but not at the higher pressure needed. The same defect was observed when Loney took up the running in the second lap. It was obvious that the time was going to be slow. Moreover, Sheppard, the only American to be feared, had still a reserve of power left to him. He was running easily within himself when the last lap was reached. Here Wilson soon worked himself into first place, closely followed by Hallows, with Deakin, who ran with the poorest judgment imaginable and utterly regardless of any but his own purely personal interests, lined right away behind. Deakin is a stayer of the first water and a runner of ripe experience, who should long before this have gone up as a pioneer for the welfare of the British team. As it was, Wilson had to make his own running, with Hallows and the two Americans, J. P. Sullivan and M. W. Sheppard, treading closely on his heels."

And then read this from the *Mail* of July 20th with regard to the 100-kilometer cycle race:

"Then came the moment of the Olympic games, so far as they have gone. The three Englishmen in the first flight—Denny, Pitt and Bartlett—realizing that their chance had come, dashed ahead with a swoop. At the time that the Texier had mounted his new machine, they were half a lap ahead and were out of danger from that source. But Lapize was with them—his strong face set hard, his stout legs caked with mud, his tri-colored costume drenched out of recognition by the rain.

"A beautiful piece of generalship followed. Denny and Pitt looked around and steered their machines in front of the Frenchman. Bartlett crept up at the rear. Lapize, riding for dear life, was completely boxed in. Assuming that he had nothing to beat except what was in front of him, Lapize allowed the riders to carry him to the top of the last bank. Bartlett, who had kept at the bottom of the trap, darted past like

a torpedo and, amid a whirl of delirious excitement, won by two lengths, beating Cappelis's record by nearly eight minutes. Denny was second; the Frenchman, a length behind, was third.

"Bartlett rode once more around the course, his face wreathed in smiles, the air full of tumultuous cheers."

And by way of illustrating the intelligence and ken of the English sporting press, I publish below a paragraph taken from the editorial column of the *Sporting and Dramatic*, the leading British weekly of its kind, under date of August 15th:

Messrs. Belmont and J. R. Keene propose to remove themselves and their horses from the jurisdiction of Governor Hughes, of New York, and to come and race in England. This rather looks like abandoning the fight on behalf of the American Turf, and will, I suppose, be much regretted by lovers of racing on the other side; but it is not for us to criticise Messrs. Belmont and Keene's ideas of patriotism. They are both owners of a class that is welcome here. It will annoy Hughes to know that Mr. Belmont is having a good time in England, for, as I noted some time since, it was personal antagonism to the owner of Norman III., a wish to worry and injure him, which induced Hughes to take up his present attitude.

Isn't this rich! Fancy Governor Hughes impelled to duty by his dislike of Mr. Belmont!

I am printing these not for sake of argument, but to illustrate why international games should have international rules and a competent international committee.

Pro Patria

While the returning Olympic Games victors are being acclaimed and feted and photographed, let us not forget those who bore their share of the struggle even though their efforts gained them no medals. Three men represented America whom I salute: J. H. Craige, Philadelphia; L. B. Stevens, Yale University; F. P. Sheehan, Boston. These men were not good enough to be chosen by the American Committee, but they were keen enough on the game to work their way over, Craige as a stoker and the other two on cattle ships:—and it seems to me that is a pretty good indication of patriotism as well as sportsmanship. In the distribution of commemoration medals let us not forget such brave hearts as these.

There is not a great deal of hope that Alexander and Wright may bring back from Australia the Davis Cup, but to send a team for a try, after earning the right to do so by defeating the Englishmen (Ritchie and Park), is certainly the sportsmanly thing to do. The international tennis trophy was carried from England to Australia where it is likely to stay until a player has developed who can take the measure of that famous expert Brookes. At present only Champion Larned in America has excuse for entertaining such an ambition. In England since the retirement of the Doherty's, their first-class has fallen even lower than has ours in America.

Neither in lawn tennis nor in golf have the tournaments of the year developed any very promising candidates among the so-called youngsters. This has been particularly noticeable in golf, where the veterans have valiantly held their own. Of the younger class, however, Jerome D. Travers certainly "made good." He left no doubt this year as to his right to the championship title. It will be a long time before a more exciting or closer match is played than that which marked the semi-finals in the National Tournament between Travers and that greatest of all our veterans, Travis. If the latter is called the "grand old man of golf," then his younger rival may be styled the prophet of the youthful.

New football appears to be a fact as well as a name.

AUTUMN WORK AT THE COUNTRY HOME

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

WORK ABOUT THE BARN

WINTER is not here yet, but we must not forget that it is on the way, and neglect to get ready for it.

Look over the barn, and find out what needs doing there, and make repairs during the little intervals of leisure which happen along between one's regular work.

How is the barn as to light? Does sunshine have a chance to reach the stalls where the cattle are kept? If not, is it not possible to arrange for it to do so? In several localities in the West the Dairy Commission has found many cows affected with tuberculosis, and in almost every instance the diseased cattle had been housed in sunless and poorly ventilated barns. The stable, of all places, needs the benefit of purifying sunlight most.

Do not fail, in the interest of sanitation, to arrange for the best possible ventilation. Flues with an upward draft will carry off the bad odors of the cow-stable, and they are easy to put in place. Several can be made to connect with a large, central flue running to the roof of the barn.

Arrange for a supply of fresh air. Do not have it blow directly upon the animals, but let it come in and mix with the air of the barn before it reaches them, thus, in conjunction with sunshine, making the place fit for animals to live in—as so many barns are not. Never lose sight of the fact that fresh air and sunshine are Nature's best disinfectants.

Have you a warm place in which to keep your stock next winter? If not, fit one up now. Young animals need just as comfortable quarters as the older ones, and they must have them if they are to grow and thrive. You can not expect full returns from feed if a large part of the vital force resulting from it has to be expended in keeping the animal warm.

POULTRY POINTERS

The coming of October warns the poultry-keeper to get things in readiness for winter. There will be houses to repair, runs to clear from rubbish, and a thousand and one things to do, all of which ought to be done before cold weather sets in if you would have it well done.

Give the houses a thorough whitewashing on the inside. Or, use the skim-milk paint for which a formula was given in this department in September, making liberal use of carbolic acid as an insecticide in connection with it. A house free from insects when the fowls take possession of it in fall can be kept clean during the winter with far less trouble than the house that has received no attention in fall. Carbolic acid not only kills insects, but it destroys the germs of disease. Plan to prevent dampness—that most fruitful cause of much sickness among poultry.

Go over the roosts, and all woodwork that it does not seem advisable to paint, with a generous wash of kerosene.

Provide the houses with plenty of sunny windows, and make sure they fit their frames snugly. Drafts mean colds and roup.

Arrange for convenient drinking facilities. And then see that the fowls get a fresh supply of water regularly. Keep the drinking vessels clean if you want healthy fowls. I am more and more convinced, each year, that many fowls die from diseases caused by filthy water. If it is given in open vessels it is impossible to keep it from contamination. Drinking vessels ought always to be so arranged that nothing can get into the water they contain except the head of the hen, through a small opening. Even these vessels ought to be frequently washed and scalded. Such precautions do much toward preventing the breaking out of chicken cholera and other diseases prevalent among fowls.

Do not have more than twenty-five pullets in a flock if you want them to begin laying early, and keep it up. Overcrowding is a fruitful cause of disease.

If you have been a careful reader of the poultry journals you have seen a good deal in them about modern, up-to-date conveniences in buildings devoted to poultry keeping. Introduce such of these as seem to have practical value in them. Much of the pleasure—as well as profit—of the poultry-man consists in improvements of this kind. Anything that will simplify matters, and has a direct bearing upon the comfort and health of your fowls is worth trying.

Feed the hens well from this time on. Get them in good condition for business before winter. One reason why so many hens fail to lay well until late in the season is that they are neglected at the very time when they ought to receive the best of care. It takes time to get a hen into proper condition for laying, bear in mind.

Give a mixed diet.

Fowls intended for the market should

not be allowed the run of the yards, but should be rather closely penned, and fed liberally on fattening food.

Every man who keeps poultry, even on a small scale, ought to open an account with each hen in the flock, and see that she receives credit for every egg she furnishes, so far as possible. In this way we ascertain which the good layers are. No poor layer should be kept over a second season.

AROUND THE HOME GROUNDS

Get ready for covering the roses and other tender shrubs this month. This may seem like unnecessary advice. Why not wait until the time for covering comes, and then do all the work, may be asked. Because roses and other plants should not be laid down and covered until really cold weather sets in. Too early covering often results in greater injury than exposure to the winter. But there is considerable work to be done before the covering is put on, and this can be done to the best advantage before the ground is frozen and the weather becomes cold.

Plants having thick, stiff canes can not be bent over squarely and laid flat on the ground without great risk of breaking them. Such plants should have earth heaped close to them on the side toward which you propose to bend them. Over this heap of earth the canes can be bent *in a curve*. This does away with all abrupt angles and prevents all injury, *provided*—and this is a most important thing to keep in mind—the work of laying down the bushes is done with the greatest care. Don't be in a hurry about it. Grasp a stalk with both hands—one at its base and the other about halfway up. Hold the base of the plant firmly, while, with the other hand, you bend the bush over slowly and gently. In doing this you will feel the stalk yielding little by little under the pressure exerted, and nine times out of ten it can be made to conform to the position you want it to assume without the least injury, while a sudden bend, with no support at its base, would either split the branch away from the rest of the plant at that point, or so crack it that it would be likely to die in the spring.

Banking up at the base of the plant is one of the things that can be done to advantage early in the season. It is also advisable to dump by each bush, at the same, such an amount of earth as will be needed in covering it, and to provide and have on the ground for use at the proper time, boards, or whatever you propose to use to turn water away from the soil above your plants. If all this work is done in pleasant weather the rest of the work is likely to be well done when the time comes for it, but if everything is put off until the last minute the chances are that your plants will not receive that careful attention which insures success in wintering.

Large-growing roses, like the climbers, can not be laid down safely, because of their very stiff and brittle canes. These I would advise covering with cornstalks, hay, or straw. Draw the entire bush into as compact a mass as possible, and tie it securely with stout cord. This can be done early in the season. When the time comes to apply protection set up whatever you make use of as a covering about the plant, beginning at the bottom, and fasten it well with twine strong enough to stand a considerable strain. Apply a row of covering all about the plant and wind it well. Then put on another row, shingle-fashion, and continue to do this, winding as you proceed, until you have reached the top. By putting on the covering in rows or layers overlapping each other you prevent rain from penetrating to the center of the mass, if this part of the work is carefully done. The last thing to do is to bank up about the roots with earth. This is to hold the base of the covering firmly in place, and prevent mice from burrowing through, as well as to protect the roots beneath. When plants of this kind are prepared for wrapping go over each one of them and cut away all superfluous branches, all weak wood, and shorten the stalks about half their length. This work would have to be done in spring, if not done now, therefore, it is well to do it this season and save the work of caring for branches that would have to be pruned away ultimately.

The bulb-beds should be given an eight-inch covering of litter leaves, of coarse manure before the ground freezes to much depth.

It is an excellent plan to mulch the hardy perennials with leaves, or coarse manure. If the latter is used it can be worked into the soil about the roots of the plants in spring and made to serve as their annual fertilizer. It may seem hardly worth while to give a hardy plant protection, but try doing so for a season or two and you will understand where the benefit comes in. It saves to the plants a large amount of vital force that would have to be expended in their fight against the cold if no protection were given. It pays.

Few persons will be likely to take as much pains with the raspberry and blackberry bushes as they do with their roses. But they must not be neglected if you want them to winter well. There are large small-fruit gardens in the writer's vicinity, and it is the practice of their owners to go over their berry-plats this month and remove two or three shovelfuls of earth from the side toward which they propose to tip the plant. This excavation is made quite close to the roots, and when the time comes to cover the plants they can be bent down without breaking their stalks, the chief strain coming on the roots which are more flexible than the stalk. Later on some of this soil is thrown upon the bush to hold it down, and a thin cover-

ing of straw or hay is given when cold weather comes. Of course all old wood should be pruned away before this is done.

Strawberry beds should receive a light covering at the beginning of the winter, and this, at the North, generally means November. Straw is as good as anything. Too deep a covering may smother the plants. If you have only a small bed, possibly you can get enough evergreen branches to cover it. These afford excellent protection, and they can be left on the bed in spring until they shed their leaves, which will serve as a covering to the soil and prevent the fruit from getting dirty.

MISCELLANEOUS HINTS

On many country places trees are growing which would soon become valuable if given a little care and attention. But, neglected, they will not amount to much. It is well worth while to go through the wood-lot as you go through the orchard, and prune each tree in it carefully. Treat it precisely as you treat any other tree on the place that you want to develop to the best advantage. Thin out the thickets. Cut away the underbrush. If there are open spaces, plant trees there. The value of a good wood-lot is just beginning to be properly understood. On a very small piece of land it is an easy matter to grow all the timber needed for posts, and other purposes to which small trees are adapted, to say nothing of the fuel supply which will be considerable from thinning out and pruning.

I believe in fall-plowing for the garden. It throws up the soil in such a manner that most of the worms and larvae in it are exposed, and destroyed. This, in itself, is a strong argument for the practice. I find that a fall-plowed soil can be made lighter and mellower in spring than it is possible to make the soil from spring plowing alone. The action of frost in it loosens and disintegrates it, during the winter. Fall plowing disposes of many weeds which would have to be reckoned with in spring. And it turns under a lot of refuse which can be made to act as a fertilizer if you get it where it will decay. Left on the surface of the ground it loses whatever value there is in it during the winter.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Wintering Gladiolus. (Mrs. G. H. J.)—Do not attempt to winter your gladiolus roots in the cellar. It is too damp there, as a general thing. Wrap them in paper, and store in a frost-proof room where there is no fire, or hang them up in paper bags, in a dark closet.

Cemented Cellar for Keeping Vegetables. (J. J.)—A cellar finished in cement—floor and walls—is excellent for vegetables if made frost proof. But, on sanitary grounds, I would not advise making it under the dwelling. The barn is a much better place for it.

Storing Celery for Winter Use. (M. S. D.)—Celery can be stored any time during this month. Take up the plants, roots and all, and pack them away in upright position, in a place where they will be free from frost, and where they will receive enough light to encourage an effort toward growth. Set them very close together. It is an excellent plan to set them on a few inches of sand, or of moss, as these can be kept moist, and moisture is needed at the roots of the plants, but the top should be kept as dry as possible. It is possible to keep celery thus stored all through the winter.

Lawn Repairs. ("Young Gardener.")—Defective places in the lawn can be repaired any time before winter sets in. If there are depressions fill them with soil This should be pounded down to make it compact. In spring scatter lawn-grass seed over the soil, and in a short time the spot will look as well as the rest of the lawn. If, as you say, your sward seems thin, I would advise scattering fresh soil all over it before winter closes in. Do not use enough to *cover* the present sward, but enough to fill in evenly all through it. This will give you a soil on which to sow seed early in spring, and make sure of its "catching". The old grass and the new plants will grow along together, and there will be no "spotty" effects such as disfigure lawns where seed is sown here and there in patches. It may be that the soil is poor. If you think it is, I would advise a top-dressing of some good fertilizer, late in fall. Lawns need manuring if they are expected to give satisfaction.

Heating a Small Greenhouse. (M. S. S.)—Steam-heating is not the thing for a small greenhouse. With even a very small boiler you would be likely to get "too much of a good thing." Flue-heating is out of date. You would never be satisfied with it. I would advise you to make use of one of the small base-burning hot-water heaters, several kinds of which are advertised in the magazines by the firms making them. These are easy to take care of, perfectly safe in all respects, and economical of fuel. The quality of heat furnished by them is the next best thing to natural summer heat.

THE ETHICS OF FIELD SHOOTING

BY TODD RUSSELL

AT last that time is almost here when we and our dogs can take the field again. Perhaps there is nothing quite so good after all as going away to your shooting. It is always a trip full of anticipation and remembrance. There are little walks forward to the dog crate in the baggage car to see that there is water in the pan. The brace can even be taken out and shown to the interested baggage-man who is always ready to admire but generally has tales to tell of an old "double-nosed" pointer at home which is a master in his profession; tales that make you feel quite timid about the shy little Llewellin of yours that was placed last year three times in hot company.

There is a time for all things. A corollary is that the early morning when you join your friend for a day's shooting is not the time to train your dog. Putting the fear of the high gods into an ambitious pup is great fun and proper sport. It is worthy the dignity of being reserved for individual attention. Also results are better both ways than when it is "intricately involved," in the words of Mr. Pyecroft, with a day of specially arranged shooting.

On such a time there is one greater sin than giving lessons to your own dog, and that is taking benevolent charge of the career of the dog of your friend. It is quite certain that the friend will not rise to welcome your efforts along this line with smiles of pure joy. Also that dog will not recognize your authority and the effect of your commands will be confusion. Confusion leads to scowls, recrimination, a too frequent resort to the flask, many, many, misses and sure rain in the early afternoon. So let a well-remembered maxim be, "Don't order or interfere with your companion's dog!"

Quail are most happily hunted by two men with a pair of dogs. If you and I have each the best brace in the country (as may very likely happen), it isn't necessary to put them all down together. Indeed the morning may not be nearly so good as the afternoon—or it may be better. With a brace of fresh ones in reserve faster and better sport can be had for the whole of a day and more than two dogs are a burden to manage and generally interfere with each other in their work.

It is mostly in watching the younger man or the novice at the game that a long series of "don'ts" are forcibly brought to mind. But the sinning is not confined to this class by any means and I have spent hours in the field with experienced shots who made me wish for home and a book at their best and at their worst for the good old days of the ducking stool. About the best you can do with the bad ones in such case is to keep uniformly loafing along some feet to the rear so as not to be mixed up with the thing, and that isn't pleasant. Of course, if one wants meat, if one must have meat, it is doubtless as proper as primitive to race for it with small regard to rule and a fixed eye on bird corpses, blood and feathers. But you'd better be in an abattoir. It has always seemed to me that the nicety of this particular game lies in the easy and satisfying way in which it can be approached, taken hold of, played with and treated as what it is, a gentleman's game of pure skill played under blue sky.

A man who cannot handle a gun carefully and with a proper fear simply has no business in the field; and he has less if he has insufficient regard for his companion's share in the game. When a covey of quail is flushed, confine your deadly attentions to those birds on your side. A nervous snapshot nearly always falls into the error of taking the first bird that flushes. You can have him if he comes your way but if he doesn't remember that he is not yours and that there are plenty more. Your score will improve, too, you will find, because of a little deliberation. In this connection, keep a double watch on yourself if you use a pump gun. A man who is proud of himself and will cross-fire with one of these ingenious instruments can make a pretty music for some seconds, but his friend's ear is seldom in tune.

Don't claim a bird unless you know that you have hit it and don't ask a man to make his retriever search for a dead bird unless you *saw* it fall. It's not good for the dog. There is little excuse for both guns doubling on the same bird. Take your turn on the shingles and don't try to wipe your companion's eye until he has shot his second barrel. If he uses a pump give him all six shots and wait to see if he wants to load up again. It is all right to wipe his eye occasionally, but pride goeth before a fall and you are daring him to get you. This eye-wiping is a delicate process anyhow and requires judgment.

Never let a cripple get away if you can avoid it. Always use your second barrel on a feathered bird that fails to fall to the first. When you see him strike the ground mark him carefully and don't give him up till you find him.

Don't run up excitedly to a dog on point. Take your time and he will take his. If you go rushing in the dog is apt

to beat you into the bevy for fear you will step on them or something like that and it will take some days to cure him of an instantly formed habit. On the same basis, don't break shot. How can a self-respecting but modest dog put his judgment up against yours and remain steady when you go charging forward to the kill? Take your time and keep your dog under control. If he is a retriever send him for the bird and when he delivers it order him on. If he does not retrieve keep him at heel until you get it yourself.

Try always to have properly trained dogs. It is ruinous to a puppy to be put down with a wild partner and even an old and tried veteran will yield to the force of repeated bad examples, or will sulk at continued interference.

If a dog should commit the crime of chasing a rabbit, never shoot it in front of him. That brings but one conclusion to his mind, to wit, that you are needing rabbits to-day. Halt him if you can, bring him back and use a switch generously. Above all things, never shoot a rabbit in front of the other man's dog. That is unpardonable crime.

Be fair and gentle and courteous always and don't brag about what you did last week, (and didn't do to-day). A little modesty is always equally as fascinating.

Have plenty of shells of your own when you start on a shooting trip. Borrow money from your friend if you must. It is easier for him to carry about with him than loaded shells. Also, he feels more hopeful of getting it back.

An overfull stomach in the morning frequently makes one feel that no lunch is needed. In such cases it is a delicate attention on the part of your companion to share his frugal sandwich with you at the noon hour. Possibly he will travel better on shortened rations and so you do him a real, though unappreciated, good. Don't risk it!

Don't grumble at poor luck. Don't be a martinet with the dogs all day and let your friend pick out the burrs, rustle the dog-food and prepare the sleeping quarters at night.

In conclusion there is one warning. Never ask a man to loan you his dog and if one asks that favor of you explain that the brute cannot be happy away from your side. Every man handles a dog differently. You will find your animal out of tune with you when he comes back, if no worse. I do not mean that two men cannot handle the same dog, but it is a fact that a dog will not work well for a comparative stranger and that he is quick to take advantage of every opportunity to do the wrong thing when in strange hands. Also a dog, like his master, learns evil much more quickly than he does good. When you loan him you are, in fact, promising him two or three good lickings when he comes home. You mustn't treat a good dog that way.

This department is prepared to answer questions of general interest to dog owners and particularly as to the breeding, care and development of sporting dogs and their use in the field.

LOST IN THE WOODS

WHAT TO DO AND HOW TO GET OUT

ALVIN B. CARLETON

THERE is an old story told as a joke, which, however, is not a joke. It is of a white man, meeting an Indian wandering aimlessly about. Inquiring if the Indian were lost, he received this reply, "Indian not lost, Indian here, wigwam lost." The Indian was absolutely in earnest; he may not have known exactly where the wigwam was, but as for himself, he was very much at home.

Civilized man has become so accustomed to artificial comforts such as houses, means of heating, etc., and to positive guides in the way of surveyed lines, roads, and maps, that when he finds himself with no resources save those afforded by nature, he is bewildered, and his first impulse is to spend himself seeking for the things to which he is accustomed, rather than to avail himself of the appliances at hand. Of course, in very severe weather, it may not be possible for a man to make himself perfectly comfortable without shelter, but I shall try to show that, even under the worst conditions, a man may be reasonably sure of getting back to civilization, without suffering, to any injurious extent, from exposure or starvation. I stipulate only that a man be provided with matches. Before the invention of matches, flint and steel were necessary to the securing of light and heat, and no man forgot to carry them; but though matches are small, portable, and give an easy and speedy mode of producing fire, men are frequently found in uncomfortable, even hazardous positions, without them. Let me, therefore, warn the man who contemplates a long journey on foot, to have matches, not in one pocket only, but in several, in case

those in any one pocket should become damp.

Let us now take the case of a man lost in the woods, in a winter storm, twenty-five miles from the nearest railroad, or traveled road of any kind. In the first place, how does he know that he is lost? Because, as soon as he misses his bearings, he will invariably begin traveling in a circle, and eventually recross his tracks. All people naturally step farther with one foot than with the other. Some circle to the right, others to the left, but in walking aimlessly, or without direction, all describe a circle.

It is storming, so that the lost man cannot find his direction by the sun. Theoretically, there are a great many ways of finding direction in the woods—moss grows thickest on the north side of a tree, branches are heaviest on the south side, Norway pines lean toward the east, etc., but these things depend so much upon surrounding conditions such as light, and shade, moisture and dryness or the slope of the ground, that, unless one is versed in woodcraft, they will only serve to confuse him. So let him stop right where he is, and wait for the sun or stars, the only positive means of determining direction without a compass.

We must now make our traveler as comfortable as possible while waiting for the sky to clear. Let him first find a place as well sheltered as possible. A fallen tree will best serve him. But before deciding on his camping-place, he should look about to see that there is plenty of dead wood. Then, from an area of six feet square, beside the fallen tree, he must clear away the snow, using his feet if nothing else is available, and in the space thus cleared, kindle a fire of birch bark and dry wood, piling on the wood until the fire entirely covers the cleared ground. While there is a good fire burning, he may gather a large number of boughs of spruce, balsam, or cedar. If these are not to be had, the best substitute for bed-making is brush. When several armfuls have been gathered, and placed near the fire to extract the frost, let him begin gathering dry and dead wood, and not until he thinks he has enough for two nights can he be reasonably sure of having a sufficient quantity for one night. After the fire has been burning about an hour, all may be cleared away. The ground will be found dry and quite warm. Then this space is to be covered with the gathered boughs and on the leeward side of the bed thus prepared, a fire should be built. This fire ought not to be large, as a draft would be created, and, moreover, the smoke would be annoying to the sleeper. He is now assured of warmth sufficient to prevent him from freezing.

If there is time before daylight disappears, an effort should be made to catch some meat. I cannot guarantee that he will succeed in this, but I can show him a means whereby success will be comparatively sure. He must provide himself with a pole about fourteen feet long and three inches in diameter at the thicker end. Then, failing twine, the lining of his coat will furnish him with strips which must be twelve inches in length, and wide enough to have the strength of ordinary wrapping-twine. Now he must hunt for rabbit-paths, and, owing to the fact that woods are overrun by rabbits, he will find many paths near his camping place. From these let him select one as well-beaten as possible, and follow it until he sees a forked bush not farther than four feet from the path. Within a radius of one hundred yards he will find many such. The fork should be about three feet from the ground, and on this the pole is rested. A fence of twigs must now be built, extending three feet on either side of the path, leaving only a gateway the width of the path itself. The small end of the pole is then brought down to within a short distance of the path, and fastened with a twig so that the merest pull will free it. A strip of cloth is made into a noose about three inches in diameter, and this is suspended from the pole so as to hang directly in the opening left in the fence, held apart by tying two pieces of grass to the twigs forming the fence on either side. As the noose should be about four inches above the path, small upright twigs should be stuck in the snow underneath, barely touching the noose, to completely bar the rabbit's passage. If the weather is frosty, let the man dissolve some snow in his mouth, and spray the noose until a coating of frost conceals the material of which it is made. Everything is now in readiness, and a rabbit coming down the path and seeing no opening save the noose, will lay back his ears and put his head through. The slightest jar will free the pole, which, flying upward by reason of the greater weight of the large end on the other side of the forked tree, will suspend the rabbit in the air so that he will be unable to bite himself free. It is wise to set as many such traps as time will permit.

Now I wish the lost man to do but one thing more before night, to get a sound piece of birch bark about a foot square, and some pebbles or pieces of stone, and carry them back to his camp. He may go hungry this night, but at least he need not suffer from thirst. The bark should be put near the fire until it is very hot, then the corners are folded inward, and fastened with twigs in such a way as to form a shallow basin, which is to be filled with snow. In the meantime the pebbles may be heating, and when ready they are dropped into the snow. As rapidly as the snow melts, more snow should be added, the stones being frequently reheated, until finally he has a basin of hot water. Should he be familiar with the appearance of ground hemlock, and if there is any in his

neighborhood, he should break off some small twigs, and steep them in the hot water. Otherwise twigs of spruce will answer, and, failing both, he may drink simply the hot water which will allay his thirst much better than cold. In no case should he eat snow. Nothing would so rapidly create thirst.

Now I think he is prepared to pass as comfortable a night as possible under the circumstances, and naturally his thoughts will again revert to the question of direction. It may seem highly improbable, and many have discredited the statement, but I nevertheless maintain that, when on the lookout for it, I have never passed twenty-four hours, even in stormy weather, without catching, through a rift in the clouds, a momentary glimpse of either sun or North star. This has always appeared to me a wonderfully kind provision of Nature to aid a man in sorry straits.

During the night, while maintaining a close watch for the rift in the clouds which will show him the North star, he may employ his time in thoroughly drying his clothing, giving most particular attention to hand and foot wear. Should he become very drowsy, and at the same time be warm, he may lie down for a short nap with the back of his shoulders to the fire. As a person catches cold much more rapidly through the upper part of his body, it is wise to follow the above advice, rather than to lie with feet to the fire as many recommend.

He has time now to make some calculations with regard to his bearings. Let us assume that the nearest traveled road (or the one which he last left) has a general direction of north and south. He will know whether he felt that road to go to the east or west. We will say, to the east. If he has not recrossed the road, he must still be east of it, and in order to regain it, must take a westerly course. If he finds the North star, let him immediately walk in a straight line toward the north, for at least forty feet from his camp fire, and, by breaking a bush, or making any other sign, mark that point of the compass. If he doesn't see the North star he must wait for the sun next day and get his course in the same way.

Let us take it for granted, however, that he has found his direction in the night. In the morning, if he finds that he has met any success with his rabbit snares, he can easily dress a rabbit without a knife, as the skin and flesh are very tender, and easily separated. Having no salt, he should toast the meat thoroughly to prevent any injurious effects, and should eat sparingly. In event of his having more than enough for one day, it should not be wasted, as he may have to pass another night in the woods. After breakfast, when ready to start, he should stand so that his camp fire and northward mark are directly in line at his right. He is now facing westward, and taking two objects such as trees, which are straight ahead of him, he is prepared to start. As soon as he passes the first object, he must take another in line beyond the second one, and as rapidly as he passes each in turn, he must continue to sight a new one in line with the succeeding one. Even though the way may prove difficult in places, he ought not to deviate from his course. Should he come to an insurmountable barrier, such as a steep cliff, he should turn directly at right angles, and maintain this course in the same manner. Proceeding in this way until he finds a place to pass the obstruction he once more turns at right angles, and resumes his westerly direction. If he doesn't come to a locality which he recognizes by three o'clock or thereabouts, he should camp again, guiding himself by his former experiences.

Let him be very careful not to over-exert himself. His chief dangers lie in panic and over-exertion, and, though he may be in a great hurry to find shelter, I must warn him to go slowly. Two miles an hour, on an average, through the snow in the woods, is all that a man in his condition will be able to stand without over-fatigue and its attendant dangers, over-heating and perspiration. By exercising caution, a man may live through a week of what he is undergoing. To make this article brief, however, we shall suppose that he regains the road by the afternoon of the first day. He doesn't yet know, of course, just where he is. He should examine the tracks of the person who last passed that way. It being afternoon, he must follow in the direction taken by the last passing vehicle or team, as shelter will be nearest in that direction, Had it been morning he would have taken the opposite direction, as whoever made the tracks must have come from the place where he obtained shelter the previous night.

In conclusion I should like to remind any who may find themselves in unaccustomed situations, that the Power which created the universe, has provided the natural means for the maintenance of existence; and, as far as possible, putting aside their fears, and using their own inventiveness, they will always find sufficient means at hand to sustain life, until they come once more to familiar ground.

THE FLIGHT OF GAME BIRDS

BY LYNN TEW SPRAGUE

FOR centuries men have been trying to fly, and birds, naturally, have been the models. As the movement and mechanism of a bird's pinion are the despair of experimenters, soaring birds especially have been the subjects of investigation as offering lessons of most value to those who hope to sail the air with propelled aeroplanes.

In simple flight a bird gathers its first momentum from a spring or a run, or through gravity from falling in an initial curved line toward the earth. Water birds both kick with their webbed feet against the resisting water, and also use their wings as levers pressing against the resisting surface, splashing sometimes violently before the rise. Some of our wild fowls may be fairly said to run upon the water before taking the air when rising to windward. It has been found that some good flyers could not rise from the ground at all if their legs were made stiff by lashing to splints. Yet wing shots know that game birds often get into the air when legs are broken.

The wings of birds catch the air with a forward and downward stroke, resulting in an upward and onward body movement. When the wing rises it is partly flexed; the feathers bend to offer least resistance to the air, and the concave surface of the under side makes with the drooping anterior feathers a sort of kite, sailing up against the wind, so that flight is aided by both upward and downward strokes. The elasticity of the air also aids. The spread tail of course acts as a rudder and balancer.

These primary principles of movement are probably common to all birds, but there are auxiliary variations, as diverse as the size and structure of body and wings. The difference in the manner of flying of the hawk and the humming bird, of the duck and the snipe are as great as the divergence in bulk and habit. Long ago Doctor Pettigrew, who gave twenty years to the subject of animal locomotion, and who noted about all the facts that subsequent investigators have discovered, together with some other alleged and probably fanciful phenomena that no one else has been able to substantiate, became convinced from experience with sparrows, pigeons and buzzards that the wing in all rapid flyers acted on the yielding fulcrum of the air much as the blade of a screw propeller acts on water, the wing when advancing describing a looped and a waved track which would be diagrammed with the body at rest by a progressive series of figure 8's. But Professor Marey, profiting by Pettigrew's researches, succeeded by means of cleverly devised electrical apparatus in tracing the wind-stroke, and found the point of the wing would describe, were the body still, lines, diagrammed, in sustained flight, by a series of slender O's connected at the top by upward curves whose length and arch would depend upon the bird's speed. The Professor also succeeded in tracing the vertical oscillations of the bodies of different birds at various flight speeds, and his diagrams show flight to be a succession of falls and mounts, shown to the eye by a line of notched and uneven waves. Common theories opposed to elementary physics, like that of Professor Gatke, of some occult power on the part of birds to sustain themselves in air, paralleling their inscrutable sense of direction, are thus disproved. Even the hollow bones and air sacks which some birds possess are of less value than is commonly supposed, since many of the most rapid and tireless flyers have marrow in their bones and only rudimentary air cells.

As we have said, soaring, sailing or coasting birds, because of the interest in experiments with aeroplanes, have been the pet subjects of controversy. But the members of aeronautical societies have apparently been more anxious to prove the fallacy of one another's theories than to arrive at the truth. However, the quarrels stimulated observation of the winged skill of swallows, gulls, vultures, hawks and the wonderful feats of the sand-hill crane. We were asked to believe that the latter species of birds make their southern migrations without any stroke of the wing except such as are necessary in the first instance to carry them to a high altitude; that once the proper elevation of approximately a mile is gained, they can sail along the air at a rate approaching one hundred miles an hour.

HOW BIRDS SOAR

Now, while the laws of physics are not suspended for any birds, the study of the coasting of the sand-hill crane has revealed that a very slight grade of descent is necessary where the velocity is great, as in the case of certain large birds. The partial inertia of an atmosphere and the upper currents of the warmer terrestrial air may be factors at certain altitudes to which insufficient weight has hitherto been given.

Gulls are known to take advantage of the currents or drafts of ocean-going vessels which they follow, and to be driven or drawn on motionless wings in their courses, and Mr. J. E. Walker has recently printed his scientific observations of the hawks, kites, etc., taking advantage of, and being borne skyward on outstretched wings by ascending currents that more than compensate gravity. All birds are probably more or less skillful in this maneuver. May not cranes and other large migratory sailers coast on their route at trifling gradients, and meeting rising currents, flex wings and balance tail and so pause until lifted to a proper height, and then coast on again with little or no winged motion?

However this may be, the study of the soaring of large birds has rendered it pretty certain that the great difficulty in the way of successful coasting with artificial horizontal sails on the part of experimenters has been a lack of initial velocity. The study of the feats of hawks, cranes and gulls has led to modifications of the aeroplane, and the more recent helicopter. It was scientific investigation of the feats of large-bodied, large-winged birds that prompted the patient experiments of Professor Langley, who, despite his failures in aeronautics did fully prove that increase of speed, not only lessened atmospheric resistance to horizontal planes in the air, but also required no proportionate increase of propelling power. Maxim, acting on these scientific facts, showed by further experiment that, coasting or soaring surface being sufficient, there is no weight that the inertia and elastic resistance of the air will not sustain. Hence a very light motor being furnished by the gasoline engine, flying by man is mainly reduced to a matter of obtaining equilibrium in air currents—of preserving a proper center of gravity to meet shifting winds. It is this last problem that the Wright Brothers seem at present writing, to have solved.

But Newton's laws hold good in all forms of bird life. The large soaring birds, like hawks and gulls, however, have peculiarities of anatomy, and the bone frame upon which the direct strain of the very long wing levers fall is strengthened, braced and muscled as it is not in the case of short, rapid-moving wings like those of the grouse. To quote Mr. Lucas: "As wings are levers of the third order, the longer the wing the greater the force required to move it, and the more strength needed at the fulcrum or shoulder joint, and since sailing birds have long wings, the need of strength is evident." Captain Sprague tried experiments by clipping with shears the quills and tail feathers of various birds, and endeavored to turn "sailers" into "rowers." But though he claims to have made a "fair crow" out of a tame hawk his ripest conclusion was that there is an "exquisite relative adjustment between contour of body and the pinions." But any sportsman could have told him that without his troublesome brutality. Doctor Pettigrew did little more than arrive at the same conclusion by plucking out certain wing feathers, though he did find that "a large proportion of the wings of most volant animals may be destroyed without destroying the power of flight." Of more value were his experiments in the flexion of wings during flight, which he found to vary with the length and form of pinions, "being greatest in short broad-winged birds, less in those wings that are long and narrow and least in the heavy bodied, long and narrow-winged sailing or gliding birds, the best example of which is the albatross."

A bird in coasting or soaring does so of course at the expense of velocity or altitude, and is either falling in spite of appearances, or losing speed. But the structure of all birds is of course wonderfully adapted to their peculiar methods of flight and the maintenance of equilibrium, and the strength of wing muscles shows if not the highest, at least as high proportionate power as is found among animals. The sustained flight of the gull and frigate bird and of certain wild fowls seems nothing less than marvelous. Though the frequent persistence and endurance of the wolf and fox are perhaps as wonderful when the increased resistance to be overcome is considered. To quote Mr. Lucas: "A hawk will plant its talons in a bird of nearly its own size and weight and bear the victim bodily away, and an osprey will convey a fish for a long distance. But a tiger has been known to fell a bullock with a single blow of the paw and to carry a man as a cat would carry a rat, and to drag an Indian buffalo heavier than himself." The fact that no land animal can offer anything like a parallel to the speed and distance with which certain birds travel, is probably then owing more to medium than to muscular power.

SPEED OF FLIGHT

Of our game birds the most gregarious and most beautiful passenger pigeon, now unhappily practically extinct, is or was doubtless the most rapid of continuous flyers; yet to a total length of about sixteen and one-fourth inches, its wing length is about seven and eight-tenths inches, a proportion less favorable for speed than with certain other less rapid species of its family. Their sustained speed certainly exceeded a mile a minute, and some authorities have estimated it as high as one hundred and twenty miles per hour. The fact is often quoted, that the wild rice of the Carolinas was sometimes found in the stomachs of birds shot in Canada, shows both marvelous speed and endurance. The wing stroke was very rapid, and they were clever aeronauts; in the breeding season given to playful antics in the air, to circling

and diving, though unlike our rock doves' descendants they were probably never tumblers. The writer remembers the enormous flocks to be seen in his boyhood near a great roost three or four miles long and perhaps a mile wide in the neighborhood of Sheffield, Pa., from which flights were made for feeding purposes into four different states. The ornithologist Wilson estimated a flock which he once observed to contain over two thousand millions of birds. But the great Audubon's graphic account of the incredible numbers, flight and volant methods of flocks he noted in 1813 in Kentucky, is one of the most striking pictures of bird literature. After counting one hundred and sixty-three different flocks in something less than one and a half hours and noting their increase in density and number, he gave up any thought of even a wild approximation.

"I traveled on," he says, "and still met more the further I proceeded. The air was literally filled with pigeons. The light of noonday was obscured as by an eclipse, and the dung fell in spots not unlike melting flakes of snow, and the continual buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose. . . . Not a single bird alighted, for not a nut or acorn was that year to be seen in the neighborhood. They consequently flew so high that different trials to reach them with a capital rifle proved ineffectual. . . . I cannot describe to you the extreme beauty of their aerial evolutions when a hawk chanced to press upon the rear of the flock. At once like a torrent and with a noise like thunder they rushed into a compact mass, pressing upon each other toward the center. In these almost solid masses they darted forward in undulating and angular lines, descended and swept close over the earth with inconceivable velocity, mounted perpendicularly so as to resemble a vast column, and when high were seen wheeling and twisting within their contracted lines, which then resembled the coils of a gigantic serpent." For three days, he tells us, these flocks continued to pass in undiminished numbers. Yet as a species this incredible multitude has been ruthlessly, almost extirpated by netting and by the professional plundering of nests of the young. Near breeding grounds hogs were fatted on slaughtered pigeons. In New York City squabs have been sold by the barrel at a less price than potatoes.

The passenger pigeon was a slow but apparently a constant breeder, and a very foolish fowl in many ways. The flocks returned to regular roosting grounds night after night to be robbed and killed. Sheeplike, too, each flock though flying in no particular arrangement, performed in the air the gyrations and evolutions of those in advance, so that the lines of movement were certain and regular. Perhaps in the north woods of the Middle West a pair of this distinctively American pigeon and king of flyers may yet be found occasionally; flocks there are now none. The writer records with hesitation that the last of this species he ever saw alive he shot from a tree in Chautauqua County, New York, twenty-three years ago, and pleads in excuse a craze for specimens and his youth.

DASH OF THE QUAIL

But of land birds it is of course the flight of gallinaceous species that most interests the sportsmen of to-day. These offer the most elusive winged targets, though no very marked variations in wing strokes or wing formation despite difference in flight methods. All have comparatively short, but broad and curved pinions. Bobwhite is probably the most widely distributed of the gallinaceous game birds that are not properly migratory, and even if he were not so toothsome, would be the most interesting and lovable because of his high moral character. It is a shame to call this gentle bird a quail when he is so unlike the European quail in his habits, and equally inappropriate to dub him a partridge. He is an exemplary lover, parent and companion among his fellows, and his sweet whistling sunset love-call is to me the most tender note among game birds. The wing length of the larger Northern variety is about four and four-fifths inches, and when spread, very convex and broad, considering the size of the bird, giving great speed at the start. The fourth of the quill feathers is slightly the longest. In all of the California plumed species the fifth quill is also long. In spite of the bird's bullet-like impetuosity and initial dash, it is really not so rapid a flyer as generally supposed. It is simply its method of flight and its speed at the start that gives the impression. That this short, full-bodied bird flies laboriously and with effort is proven by its disinclination for sustained flight. I believe the California valley quail to be the faster flyer; certainly he is fleetest of foot, hardest to flush and most difficult in every way to bag.

I have found the Southern bird, too, at least those of my Texas shooting experience, more eager, rapid and sustained flyers, though hunted least, and in spite of less advantageous wing surface. I think, too, that their coveys, or family bands, on alarm are less prone to scatter. The Florida birds I have always found in open season very fat and less disposed to fly than the Northern or Western varieties. As all sportsmen know, when flushed, bobwhite takes wing with a spring and the wing strokes are of almost unexcelled rapidity, producing an agreeable buzz. My own rough approximation of the full beats of the bobwhite's wing, made while holding a trapped bird by the legs, is that they may exceed four hundred to the minute. It is thought that certain of the swift-flying birds in sustained flight do not stroke to exceed one hundred or one hun-

dred and twenty. But on alarm, after a few yards bobwhites sail to the ground, sometimes with circuitous swallow-like grace, stopping their descent with flapping pinions, usually to run several feet to cover, and alighting to lie close blended to the ground, seeming to melt from existence like snow on a hot stove. It is a familiar fact, too, that the bark of dogs will send these birds to tree branches. Whether there is any truth in their ability to withhold their scent from the keen nose of a pointer, and their alleged conscious and voluntary habit of doing so when once flushed, is to my mind a doubtful question. All hunters know that the best dogs often seem oblivious to quail that have just been flushed, and will run over birds that a half-hour later it will point. But is this due to anything more than that the scent of the bird has been washed away in the dash through the air? After a few moments on the ground this odoriferous exhalation accumulates and is again distinct to the dog's nose. The compressed feathers of a frightened bird, too, may retain scent. But what faculty is it that enables bevies of birds to fly a turning, wheeling course in perfect concert, unless it be a sort of telepathy, as John Burroughs suggests, of all flying flocks.

The ruffed grouse, the common partridge of the North, is probably the gamiest of our game birds on the wing. Excepting the woodcock at certain times and in cover that favors it, our partridge probably is, as a rule, the most difficult of wing shots, and with its present-day shy and elusive habits, calls for the exercise of the utmost precision and speed on the part of the sportsman. Its habitat is wide through the North, dipping into the Southern States. Is there any bird sound that stirs the pulses of the sportsman as does the whirring boom of this bird when unintentionally flushed? It is a curious fact that if one sitting quietly in the thick brush has the rare experience of seeing this prince of the grouse family rise unprovoked and of his own volition, it does so without this thrilling, low-pitched wing whir-r-r. In shape and contour and proportionate measurements the wing of this grouse is like a larger bobwhite wing, broad and short, the upper surface quite convex, the quills stiff. Its wariness in much-hunted districts, its rapid start and the tangled nature of its habitat gives keen zest to the sport of wing shooting. Its wing strokes are very swift, its flight straight away, but not long sustained, and once flushed it is common knowledge that it is reluctant to take to wing again, but seeks safety in swift-running and marvelously skillful hiding. But with each succeeding flight the distance is increased. Its docility and aptness to flight in sparsely settled and little hunted districts, in contrast with its extreme and artful wariness where sportsmen abound, is proverbial, and furnish evolutional examples of survival and inheritance. I have seen this bird in Maine and in the Canada woods as tame as farmyard poultry, and partridges when flushed now in western New York fly twice as far as when as a boy I shot them. Neo-Darwinians and neo-Lamarckinians may quarrel here. The tame ones are killed. Do new habits result simply from instruction and imitation of those of the species with fortunate survival habits? Are they inherited from those left alive under the strict law of natural selection? Are they legacies of acquired characteristics from birds which have made happy escapes; the accumulated experience of the cleverest of the species?

The ruffed grouse is among the most difficult of cross shots and repeated experience of failure on the part of sportsmen seems to fail of teaching its speed. But its arrow-like course makes it, in favorable spots in open woods, a not over-difficult rear wing mark for one handy with his gun. It has the reputation among sportsmen of being very quick to take fright and to wing at unusual sounds, but it probably owes its safety more to the marvelous eye that most feathered things possess. A tough old grouse has an astonishing faculty of getting to dense cover even when hard hit. None of our land bird fliers except, perhaps, an old wild gobbler, has more cleverness and vitality in this respect. I remember that that magnificent sportsman, Edwyn Sandys, once said that this grouse's golden rule is: "Start when the man thinks you won't, go as fast as you can without setting yourself afire, and get everything that will stop shot between you and the gun." Indeed, the different degrees of difficulty in wing shooting is more often a difference in cover than even the experienced sportsman realizes. The grouse's flight is not usually high, and the reckless vehemence with which it will plunge into, and thread a jungle of thick brush, is one of the astonishments of flight. It can also fly with lightning speed and unerring accuracy through dense woods on dark nights. Sometimes when alarmed it will rise above treetops and fly a mile course. Audubon characterized its flight as "stiff," by which he may have meant its wing movements, its rather rigid quills, or perhaps its speed, which certainly deserves the epithet colloquially applied.

With the ptarmigan I have had too little experience to warrant any comment.

EASY MARKS

One of the most interesting of our game birds, and not alone from the point of flight, is the once-abundant, widely distributed, but now rapidly disappearing wild turkey. Comparatively speaking, it is not a swift flyer when size is considered, and in some seasons flies feebly, but when well-conditioned it is anything but a laggard. Its most marked characteristics that interest sportsmen are stealth and almost feline vitality. Its great bulk makes it of course the easier mark, but it must be hard hit to be brought down. Hunting where they were fairly abundant along the banks of the Canadian River, Oklahoma, a few years ago, with heavy charges of No. 6 chilled shot backed by three and one-third drams of best smokeless, I never brought down this bird beyond eighty-five or ninety feet. A companion of much experience with the wild turkey told me that he had known the bird to fly a thousand feet with a rifle ball through its vitals. Of course birds may be shot through the head when flying, and killed at forty yards, and wings are sometimes broken at that distance, but nine-tenths of the turkeys killed are probably shot within eighty-five or ninety feet. But the turkey is decidedly the best foot "sprinter" among game birds.

When frightened from cover a large gobbler in prime condition seems to spring six feet into the air, and start straight away with a roll of thunder. It is fairly startling to the novice at close range. The turkey will find cover as quickly and in spite of its size, hide almost as adroitly as the ruffed grouse, and prove itself quite as clever a tactician. The extent of wing reach from tip to tip of a very large specimen I once measured lacked only four and one-half inches of six feet. Yet this large bird hid so effectively in ankle-deep grass that I all but stepped upon him before he arose. When I hunted the larger bird in Texas, they lie fairly well to dogs and rise above the shoulder-high brush. But hunting the slightly smaller variety in southern Florida in the tangled, thorny sub-tropic growth of hummocks, afforded me harder wing shooting than I ever wish to experience again.

The prairie hen is perhaps the easiest wing shot among game birds, at least in the southwest country. They seem to be easy fliers, but comparatively speaking not rapid, and their bulk and slow rise offer a not over-difficult target. But they fly farther, as a rule, than any of the foregoing birds. They are very gregarious, as everybody knows. I have seen flocks of many thousands on the prairies of the Southwest where not over ten years ago I knew three pot hunters to kill a wagonload for the Northern market in a single afternoon.

HARD MARKS

Perhaps our marsh and shore birds exhibit the most difference of wing form and flight method, and they require no very hard hitting. The woodcock is esteemed by many sportsmen the most difficult of winged shots under some conditions, and by some epicures the most toothsome of game. Personally, I should demur to either estimate. It is really a nocturnal bird, and probably has poor vision in the daylight from its small and strangely set eye. Its peculiar flight in the light hours, however, is commonplace beside the less well-known evening gyrations in the air—a mad, spiral, skyward rush, as of a feather caught in a whirlwind to the distance of three hundred or perhaps four hundred feet, singing at the top of its flight a really musical note in the love season, and then dropping in a broken angular pitch to earth with funny screams as if coasting down an aerial switchback. When flushed by sportsmen from good cover, up it goes out of brush or thicket like a wobbling rocket, on wings that whistle, till its body catches the light; then like a rubber ball that has touched the ceiling it dives back, sometimes obliquely, to cover. It requires of course the quickest shot when the cover makes the target of a second's length. But on some marsh lands where there is only low willow brush here and there, and where the bird rises jerkily, but not over high, I found it an easy bird to kill. It is good and not particularly difficult wing shooting in open second-growth timber land. Late in the season this bird has most speed and wingcraft, but it then suits the palate best. Early in the season it savors more strongly of its food, unpleasant to remember as you dine. Do the pointers of all hunters dislike retrieving this bird and the snipe, and disdain the flesh of each as heartily as do mine?

The woodcocks are very local in habit, but like most of the marsh birds are strictly migratory. They lie well as a rule. If you find a good ground, tell only your best friends; with discretion the birds will stay by you while they last.

The snipe family is the most widely distributed of game birds, being found on every continent. Wilson's snipe is a favorite of wing shots, and there is no more royal sport. Its zigzag flight is familiar to all sportsmen, and its angular course like the staggering flight of certain large moths often enables it to escape pursuing shot, just as the insect misses the voracious flycatcher's bill. You must go down the wind when after this bird if you expect it to lie to your dog. It rises oftenest with a file-like screech, frequently repeated. Say "wait" to yourself when it starts. It does not rise very high as a usual thing, and seldom continues its dodging course beyond fifty or sixty feet. Occasionally it goes much higher. The wind I fancy makes a difference. It flies lowest on windy days. It is often quite shy early in the season, but later after playing the gourmand it grows fat and indolent and less energetic and seems averse to rise. It is better eating now. What it is that so often prompts this foolish snipe to come tacking and careening back toward the gun after a fortunate escape, and to drop within sixty or eighty feet of its first rise, has puzzled sportsmen, but I have always supposed it simply a wish to return to feeding spots that have proven good. It is a disastrous and idiotic custom like the grouse's habit of treeing to a whiffet's bark, or the curlew and plover's self-sacrificing trick of hovering over its slaughtered fellows. But then, systematists tell us that our game birds are not especially high in the scale of bird evolution and that the singing thrushes stand at the highest point of development. Nothing has surprised me more than the suddenness with which this snipe can congregate abundantly even when not migrating, and the celerity with which it can disappear. Some autumns ago when I was fishing near Saegertown, Pa., the milldam of the village gave away after heavy rains. Acres of low land usually under water, were half drained. Snipes were rare in the country, but before many hours the newly-made marsh was fairly teeming with them. Everybody went hunting. The powder of the two

stores was exhausted. A new Fourth of July broke out on the flats, and even a few of the multitude of long-billed birds were shot by lucky amateurs. The dam was speedily repaired; within twenty-four hours the water was up again, and snipe as rare as ever.

Wilson's snipe also has a twilight air-dance not unlike that of the woodcock, and one often sees it mount high in the air on dull, dark days, and occasionally on bright ones, and poise there to utter a musical gurgle—perhaps a love note.

For its migratory wing marches, like the woodcock, it chooses dusk hours or moonlight nights.

THE WILD FOWL

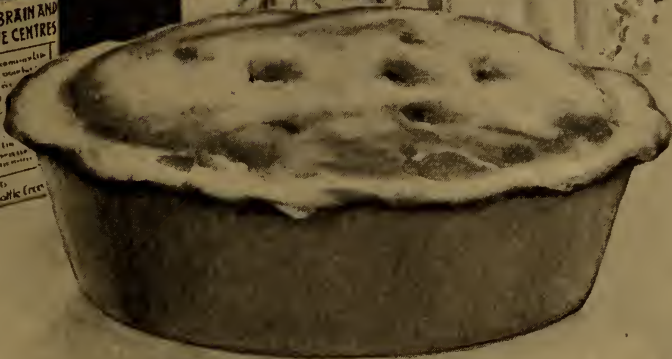
There are marked characteristics in the several species of our game waterfowl, though when flying high and over open spaces their general method, marvelous speed and flight formation are fairly familiar to most observers. To exact knowledge concerning special flight characteristics of some two hundred species of our wild ducks, I am very far from making any claim, but some features of the more popular varieties with which I am most familiar may be noted. As a rule it may be said that wild ducks and geese are not given to fancy gymnastics or erratic evolutions in flight. They are travelers, and so far as my observation goes, use their wings strictly for business.

Of the deep divers and sea ducks the canvasback is of course the most famed. I have never hunted this duck on the Chesapeake, but have met with him in the Gulf bayous, on bays of the Pacific and on our inland lakes. At close range he appears like a labored flyer, but his stiff, straight, sustained and speedy flight gives the lie to appearances. With an average length of twenty-one inches and a wing length of nine inches he flies quite high in migration and often in a two-column V formation, but without the fixity of geese, and seemingly without special leaders. On his feeding ground the canvasback is one of the wariest of ducks and where I have oftenest noted him, avoids the neighborhood of shores. But my observation is that ducks, like all other birds, differ somewhat in habit in various localities. On Chautauqua Lake where most of my wild fowl shooting has been done, and doubtless on all Northern inland waters, the canvasback is very difficult to decoy; they have a habit of flying back and forth between their feeding grounds during the middle of the day, and when so engaged do not fly high. But when once alarmed they mount on the wing sometimes several hundred feet. They do not rise from the water straight into the air like mallard, not yet skate along upon its surface for many yards like the little ruddy duck, but their manner of rising is something between. Small flocks used to be frequent on Chautauqua Lake, but now they are very rare, and mingle both in flight up and down the lake, and in feeding, with redheads and bluebills, though this does not seem a common practice where I have noted them on Wisconsin lakes. I have noticed that in short flights with redheads they are inclined to bunch by themselves and keep to one side, but I can recall no marked difference in ordinary flight method between these three species. The canvasback is a bird of extremes, both flying at a very high altitude and diving deep. Moreover, I am convinced that it flies under water, so to speak. That is to say that it uses its wings as a vigorous and effective means of propulsion after diving, and this conclusion I have arrived at from several experiences with wounded and crippled birds In spite of the strength and speed of flight canvasbacks and redheads may be said to be rather labored risers, and cannot leap at once into the air as do many species of our river and pond ducks.

Suppose yourself to be ensconced behind a good blind upon a point of land jutting into some inland Northern lake with decoys out, and have the good fortune to observe the approach of a small flock of redheads and canvasbacks which settle within range. They may come in two squads, well spread at the rear, or perhaps in a single bunched and ragged line. They fly straight and swiftly. Then as about to settle on the water, they lift their heads, straighten their necks and bring their bodies to a more or less vertical position, at the same time dropping their feet and fluttering their wings rapidly. Pick your bird—not the nearest one (you are most apt to fall short in all shooting across water)—the one beyond him, and aim at his head; then fire just before the bodies touch the water. Never mind your execution. Now shift your aim to the leading bird as they start onward, and empty the other barrel. If you are an experienced shot you have at least two dead birds. But the confusion of the others! Up go your birds now at an acute angle in sustained flight, rising a hundred feet of more, and flying towards some big bay of the other shore.

The supposed superiority of the flesh of the canvasback as a food is a mere delusion. There are several other species quite as delicious when they have been feeding on wild celery, and without that food, (as all species of ducks are with us on inland lakes), the canvasback is less a favorite than the mallard and the teals.

The ruddy duck is generally the first to arrive on our inland lakes in the fall migration. My observation is that the little fellow is far the most labored riser of them all, though the two varieties of the scoter seem to have a hard time getting into the air. The little ruddy is classed as a sea duck and is a deep and persistent diver, though quite common on some fresh water lakes. When rising on alarm it always



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faces the wind, and I have wondered if it could get into the air at all down the wind. Certainly it would dive rather than try, if by any chance you get near on the windward side. Its average length is short of fifteen inches, and its wing length is only five and nine-tenths inches. But it makes a vigorous use of its short, muscular, broad pinion as it skates for a very long distance on the water surface, and when once clear it flies low, and its plump, round body enveloped in buzzing wings looks like a downy wind-blown toy balloon as it speeds across the lake on its long-distance flight.

Our two most common varieties of pond ducks are that big fellow, the mallard, from which our domestic ducks are descended, and both species of teal, and they illustrate a third method of duck flight. On alarm I have sometimes seen mallards go straight up, very high, and then shoot off at great speed. But mallards do not always rise high on alarm, sometimes at forty feet they shoot away in a straight line. I believe a crippled mallard is the very hardest duck to capture. I do not think the teals leave the water as straight or as suddenly, though the green wing is no loiterer. In autumn the drakes of this last species fly in separate flocks. My experience is that mallards are the hardest to decoy; next the teals. Mergansers are the easiest, then bluebills, then whistlers. I never saw any duck dive from the wing, nor did I ever observe any mere frolicking in the air, though both phenomena are reported. I should like some authority as high as Mr. Chapman on these points. I am inclined to think the bluewings fly most bunched and in the densest formation of any species. I should say the fish ducks, mergansers, get up much as bluebills do, but they are not as fast on the wing in spite of the quicker motion of their short pinions. They are certainly the stupidest of ducks, and I have often known them to circle back to wooden ducks after being shot at.

LENGTH OF FLIGHT

Speed of flight is one of the most important factors with duck sportsmen, for nine out of ten shots missed at proper level are fired in the rear of these rapid birds. Some of our river and pond ducks on migration easily cover ninety miles an hour, and some sea-ducks—the whistler and the old squaw have been scientifically studied—are said to exceed this speed. Some writers report a speed of one hundred and forty and one hundred and sixty miles, but such estimates I need scarcely say are conjectural. One hundred miles is the highest rate of speed of water fowls, on still days, which scientific investigation has proven. In wind storms this limit may not hold, though ducks, as a rule, fly low in all storms and prefer to breast the wind. Old squaw and some other species, are, as we have said, reported to sometimes indulge in winged antics. But no duck hunter that I have questioned has ever noted any such phenomenon aside from the circling previous to long flight. Mr. Mackey tells us, however, of a habit the old squaw has of collecting in large flocks on mild afternoons when not alarmed, and rising in the air "in circles so high as scarcely to be discernible—often coming down with a rush and great velocity, a portion of the flock scattering and coming down in zigzag files, similar to the scoters when whistled down."

It is astonishing the distance a duck will sometimes fly when in all reason he ought to fall dead. This fall when standing in the door of a boathouse with a friend, he cried out to me, "Here comes a pair of bluebills"; they were flying straight down the lake at high speed—the drake some thirty feet in the lead, and they passed in front of the boathouse some two hundred feet away, and fifty feet above the water. "I'll take the leader," said my friend. We fired, and though I held some six feet ahead of my bird, and kept my gun moving as I pulled, I missed, and am sure because, as is quite usual, I shot behind. I did not shoot again but heard my friend cry, "I plunked him!" Then this superb sportsman shot again, and I saw the bird I had missed stagger the fraction of a second. "I have leaded him!" he cried, "Watch him!" For a quarter of a mile the bird flew with undiminished vigor and then dropped to the lake like a stone. When we picked him up we found five shot in his body, and one shot straight through his head, just behind the eye. On the other hand, once when hunting snipe on the Kankakee marsh a mallard got up, which I killed dead as iron at more than two hundred feet with No. 9 shot, driven, however, with a very heavy charge of powder.

The migratory range and the winged habits of several species when making their long marches in the air, are interesting topics. All game birds are probably much more local when migration limits are reached than the generality of sportsmen suppose, and some of the gallinaceous birds appear at times positively indifferent to flight. They even make long marches on foot. They do not seem to appreciate the pure delight of mere flying, as we think we should had we wings.

THE LEGEND OF THE ALPINE GLOW

BY ALOYSIUS COLL

The sunbeam wooed the snowflake
  On a gust of the winter wind;
His breath was radiant golden,
  And the gold was thrice refined;—
But the snowflake danced before him,
  For she was a cold coquette;
She smiled on the hope that bore him—
  But she would not have him yet!

She hid in a purple shadow
  On the frown of a westward hill,
And when he could not follow,
  She lured and beckoned still;—
But when the morning brought him
  Unto her feet once more,
She flouted him, and fought him,
  And fled him as of yore!

'Twas then that the god of winter,
  For the sake of the wooing beam,
Caught up the dancing snowflake,
  And froze her into a dream.
High on a mountain dreary
  He chained her to a cone,
And, hungry, cold and weary,
  He left her there, alone!

By morn the sunbeam found her;
  And every close of day
He climbs the dreary mountain
  To kiss her fears away.
And we, who see her blushes,
  In the valleys deep below,
Cry out in the evening hushes:
  "Behold! the Alpine glow!"

"THEY PUSHED ON—THE WOMAN WITH HER LOVE AND THE MAN WITH HIS DREAM"

Painting by D. C. Hutchison to illustrate "The Epic-Minded Scot."

THE OUTING MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1908

THE GLASS BALL

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

NDER the Red Tin Roof was the old-fashioned breakfast room.

Here were high dressers lined with blue plates and polished cups. From the ceiling hung an old iron lantern. At the windows swung heavy wooden shutters; under the mantel was the big brick fireplace, where of winter nights the flames sprang and clawed, foamed at their scarlet mouths, flapped their blue wings and switched their yellow tails.

There was a wide door to the breakfast room, a door that only swung free in summer. It opened out on a small square of paving stones from which ran a little stone path down to the garden gate. It was a pleasant place—the doorstep. It was wide enough to hold the Three. It measured its distance from the ground in benevolent recognition of short legs.

How many things agreeable to the sense were grouped around the stone square. There, to one's eyes came the sparrows to drink from tiny left-over pools. There, over one's head hung the intermingled fruits of hop and grape vine. There beneath one's feet were the cone-topped habitations of many tribes of ants. As for one's nose—there was a big white bush girt with an intangible radius, honey-sweet; the tall pine tree with climbing roses laughing to the sky, and in one's ears, where sounds swam together, the drone of black bees continually a-murmur.

On Sunday afternoon it was invariably to the breakfast room doorstep that the Three betook themselves. Here, for an hour they studied—believing that the Nations of the World, sitting on their doorsteps, did likewise—the Sunday Collect. They—also, of course, the Nations-of-the-World—were not to talk until the lessons were learned. At any untimely levity, how inevitably some sleepy, colorless Grown-up appeared, finger on lip, looking the clammy silence she enjoined. Then settled a chill over the globe, a dumbness on the Nations-of-the-World. Thereafter all communication was *de profundis*.

Oh, Sunday! Day of Lost Opportunity! Oh, Day of Chances that never came again! Day when the Patch Boy, Mercury of nimble limb and wit, Robin Hood of the

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woods, Nestor of the barnyard, appeared suddenly out of the mystery that enshrouded his existence; and, offering to escort the Three to behold his live coon, was frowned down by the Grown-up in power. (Oh, Nations-of-the-World, because it was Sunday you never saw that live coon.)

Day when the milkman—a person ambrosial of kindness, made the mistaken suggestion of a ride in his fascinating chariot to the greater fascination of contemplating his pigs. (Oh, Nations-of-the-World, because it was Sunday you never saw those pigs!) Day when humming birds emerged from the iridescent nebula of their existence to flash by into rainbow Void. When hens, usually conservative, dawdled by, loud with enthusiasm over the last hiding place for eggs. (Oh, Nations-of-the-World, because it was Sunday you never found those eggs.)

Oh, Sunday. Oh, surcharge of aspiration. Oh, pitiless hermetics of prohibition. . . . Nations-of-the-World—can it be that you, too, rebelled, that you, too, remember, and that since those days of the loss of so much that was golden you have wrenched Sunday out of the calendar? Foolish world of men, to think that by so doing you may recover the Opportunities; go with the Patch Boy to see the live coon, ride with the milkman to behold the pigs. As for the humming bird and the rainbow Void into which he vanished, not by foregoing Sunday shall you ever follow him down his lily-lighted vistas. . . . I trow it were better to observe Sunday still, Oh, Nations-of-the-World. It were better, methinks, to sit quietly in the Doorway, to study the Sunday collect and to speak *de profundis*. And thus, perhaps, be it ever so gradually, to float on some new wing of meditation and aspiration into that World where those lost things, forever longed for, sit with their old glamour all around them, awaiting you—Oh, Nations-of-the-World.

"Its a pity about the prayer-book," observed the Prophet languidly, "no pictures, no stories, and the 'O Lords' and things don't really mean anything. I like Jack the Giant Killer better."

The Wight lying on his back, waving his heels in the air and dismally craving conversation for once assented. He demonstrated how peculiarly futile was the wording of a collect. A collect was a prayer, wasn't it? Well, then, why not a real prayer asking for what one wanted? Guinea pigs, strawberries, things vital and vivid.

"I have a collect of my own," remarked the Believer timidly. "I made it up yesterday—that time I was mad and got under the table and wouldn't speak to anybody."

Urged to recite this composition, the Believer, however, demurred; the instinct of authorship, embryo but self-protective, told her that what seems fluent and fine-colored with personal emotions falls flat and feeble on the unattuned ear.

"You're afraid," sneered the Wight. "You didn't really make it up yourself. It's just one you remember, it's the same one I made up last year."

But against this contemptible charge of plagiarism the Believer stoutly defended herself.

"That's the way you always are," she complained with heat. "You want my things, and then when I give them to you you say they were yours anyhow." (Already the Believer had learned the lesson, the lesson which for her sex is so much harder, so much more important than the Sunday collect.)

The Prophet, comfortably leaning against the doorpost interposed. His head was thrown back, his eyes fixed upon the big white bush a-hum with bees. He let his gaze slowly travel up the bush, range over its plumy crest and wander along to the pine trees; here, following the climbing roses, it wandered up and up to the tree's apex; beyond which white clouds burst out of the blue. Now he spoke, "You'd better say it," he advised soothingly. It's all there is to do. We can't chase butterflies to-day, you know; we can't have hop-toad races. Last Sunday, you see was different. We had that potato-bug and played circus, and made it walk the tight-rope on your coral necklace. We had that gingerbread and the ants were the Israelites, and we were Moses. The Prophet dwelt blissfully upon these diversions, but his face fell even as he recalled them, but this Sunday there doesn't seem to be anything."

The Wight said nothing. All his nerve

seemed suddenly to give way. His backbone became jelly. It appeared that he could not longer endure the torture of this emptiness. Whether his anguish was of the stomach or of the heart he could not say, but he groaned and fell bodily upon the Believer in despair so poignant, boredom so utter as to call for her unreserved sympathy, she hastened to the general rescue, reciting her collect without the formality of stage business.

"O Lord we beseech Thee," gabbled the Believer hurriedly, "O Lord we beseech Thee, let me, or Ted if you'd rather on account of his owning the bird-house—get close enough to a bird to put salt on his tail. For I would not hurt the bird, I only want to feel it. Please send an angel to show me where I planted the blue marble, for I have forgotten and I want to dig it up again, for it was not mine but Ted's, and O Lord you know what a fuss he makes about his things and he says he doesn't want to wait to see if more marbles will come up.

"Through the same Mediator and Advocate, "Aman."

It was understood by the Three that all collects and prayers were to end "Aman". When reciting to the grown-up in power one said Amen out loud and A Man under one's breath. One knew that Aman was foolish, but it was not so foolish as A Men. Of too inanities one preferred one's own.

"It's a no-good collect," said the Wight ungratefully, "couldn't you have it nicer? Couldn't you get guns in it and flags and soldiers. In my collects I have bears and hop-toads and spiders and oh, everything."

The Believer was hurt and a little annoyed. She smoothed down her white apron virtuously. "That's because you don't know how to make a collect she reproved him. No one ever says "spiders" or "wasps" or anything in churches, even when they see them. It would be wicked to have a collect with a hop-toad in it. If a hop-toad came hopping into church it would be awful.

"It wouldn't," said the Wight.

"It would," said the Believer.

"It would not," insisted the Wight.

"It would so," persisted the Believer. They paused. A bright sign of battle appeared in their faces. They looked at each other belligerently, hopefully, trying to work up to the usual crescendo, sniffing the air for the stimulus to warfare. But, alas, the chord that had been smitten woke no other chords. It passed trembling with its martial music out of sight. Two pairs of eyes met in sudden blankness, in barren realization. On Sunday no one ever quarreled. Not even the Nations of the World.

The afternoon dragged. More cottony clouds fluffed up in the placid sky. Roosters, afar off, lifted up their voices in that melancholy motif, with which from times Biblical, a rooster has expressed his utter disillusion, his morbid pessimism. Sedate, Sundayfied and full of gutteral contempt the chickens filed by. This and that hop-toad leaped from his den to pass just out of reach of the doorstep, and with a memory of past insults, cynically narrow his eyes. More and more hypnotic grew the humming in the big, sweet bush. In the breathless, speechless quiet, by the general pause and movelessness of objects near, one could detect the slow, ponderous wheeling of the great, green, cumbrous world. Strange that rock and tree kept their positions! Strange that the sky's swaying was only slight! After a moment's silent and half-fearful contemplation of this revolving, the Believer settled her small person more firmly on the doorstep. She had ever felt the precarious position of humanity. What a strange uncertain experience it was, sitting in the lap of this big, clumsy, turning world. If one planted one's self at all carelessly, might not one some day spill out of it? Spill into space, with the sky and trees falling past one?

For a long time the Prophet had been gazing at the big-fluted cloud directly over his head. He had been speechless, absorbed, in a kind of trance out of which it seemed impossible to rouse him. At last he spoke, but he addressed himself neither to the Believer nor the Wight, and he said a strange thing: "I want six new marbles," he whispered softly. He stretched out his open hands to the blue sky. After that he sat in rigid silence, seeming to await a descending gift. He sat with his eyes tightly closed, his hands uplifted, appearing with an ease and familiarity quite astonishing to submit himself to the pleasures of unseen Genii.

"I want six new marbles."

The other two stared. They moved up a little closer. They regarded the Prophet with half-defined anticipation, with pleasant stimulus of hope. Had he ever failed to bring oases out of Sahara? They watched him closely. The Wight was all curiosity, "What did you say?" he asked wonderingly. "Are you only talking to yourself?" queried the Believer, respectfully. The Prophet, however, did not notice these questions. He kept his eyes tightly closed, his face persistently turned upward. After a moment he smiled—it was a smile of conscious and theatrical satisfaction. He directed this smirk straight up at the sky, bowed elaborate thanks, muttered some strange words of his own manufacture and apparently stowed something very costly and precious in his pocket!

There was a pause. At first the thing was too enormous for discussion. The Believer for mingled emotions could not speak. The Wight sat up straight, his hair rising on his head, his cheeks flushing.

"Wha—what was it?" he demanded thickly.

The Prophet gave his customary mysterious nod. "Just the Glass Ball," he said in tones of peculiar condescension. I got the marbles I wanted, agates, lovely ones—but he did not seem to care, though he patted the pocket containing them—to display these agates. "They're awfully nice people up there," he said. "They'll throw down most anything. Why don't you ask 'em for something?"

The Believer and the Wight sat rigid, staring at him. "They?" "Who?" fluttered the Believer; she threw back her head staring up into the sleepy sky. Her eyes ached to behold what her mind readily accepted. She followed the pine tree reaching far up into untraveled lands of blue. Beyond its point, were there, indeed, dimly outlined forms leaning from some bubble of radiance, surrounded by Christmas tree, glitter and spangle? The Believer was no clod. She had had passing familiarity with the atmosphere of Beanstalk country. She was ever ready for svmbol of talking bird, singing tree and golden water. Did she see . . . but no—there spread above her the same placid stretch of blue, far-off, untraveled, uninterpreted. She looked wistfully at the Wight, who in turn sheepishly regarded her. Silently they two went through the same mental analysis. They two knew the Prophet's power of old; they dared not prophesy against him, yet. . . .

Suddenly the Wight, whose arch fear was the fear of being outdone, took heart. He seemed to sense things, to understand the nature of the opportunity, he arose almost dramatically to the occasion. Holding out his fat hands he rolled his china blue eyes in fine imitation of the Prophet's dreamy absorbed seeing. He then tightly clinched shut those eyes, expanded his stomach, opened his mouth and roared:

"Please—I want a new knife. One with a button-hook and corkscrew and a toothpick and a pencil sharpener and a nail-cutter."

Again there was a few minutes' perfect silence. The Believer looked on breathless, spellbound. Would a new knife really come sailing down from the sky? The Prophet too, looked a little anxious, but if he had doubts of his Genii, he never spoke them. Rather he advised his fellow beneficiaries how to voice their requests.

"They don't like you to say it too loud, Ted." This in reverent suggestions as to the sensibilities of the unseen powers.

But what was this? Already the Wight seemed to have received something, seemed to be stowing that something away in his pocket. He took great precautions against the dropping out of this something. He also patted his pocket, and wore the air of mystery, of secrecy. The Believer noticed that he did not look her in the eyes as he muttered: "It's your turn." He turned his back and he and the Prophet exchanged looks of satisfied understanding. It was a secret they perfectly comprehended and one that they knew that they held in common with the Nations-of-the-World.

A strange excitement took possession of the Believer. If—if it were true—if she were to ask for what she wanted most in the world, it would be for a locket, a gold locket all rimmed with little blue stones. The same kind of locket as that worn by the girl who sat in front at church. And yet, and yet—she could not tell why she hesitated, she wished she knew whether it would really, truly, come down to her.

Of course it was only one of the Prophet's wonderful plays—it was only making up—yet, perhaps there really was a Glass Ball up there, something, that like her kaleidoscope, revolved and spun shifting its rainbow treasure.

And the Genii? The Believer had at rare intervals beheld such beings as Genii —whether asleep or awake she could not exactly say.

"Shall I ask for anything I want?" she ventured timidly. The Prophet, as Master of Ceremonies, considered; there was a studied effect of maturity in his deliberation, in his tones, as he replied.

"Yes, but," blandly, "maybe you'd better ask for a very little thing—something you could put in your pocket and that nobody would see and take away."

That settled it—the Believer would ask for the locket.

She still hesitated, however. She shut her eyes, smoothed down her apron, waited, made false starts, and was afraid. And when at last the Believer held up two trembling little hands, in her excitement she could not make the words come.

"I'll, I'll think it," faltered the Believer. But the Prophet objected. His master mind at once perceived that "thinking" one's requests robbed the exercises of their rich and fantastic character.

"The Glass Ball is different from other things," he explained. It's bigger, oh, bigger than this house. It's like the sky and the ocean—only all colors. It's thin, and it spins and shakes like a soapbubble and you can see through it. It's like a moving looking-glass with all sorts of people processioning around and around inside, you know how I mean," he nodded urgently at his listeners, "you've seen it sometimes—just before you really went to sleep, when you were on the Edge, you know."

His hearers nodded gravely back. Exactly, it was just before disappearing over the Edge that they had seen it. And although there had been no mention of the Edge before, it appeared now that everyone—in dreams—stood on an Edge.

"Well, continued the Prophet, relieved at finding himself understood, "inside of The Glass Ball live the people that throw down the things. They're grown up, but they don't act like that. They like us—they want us to have what we like. And on Sundays we can ask 'em for what we want, and maybe we will get it, and maybe we won't. It's something like Christmas, you ask for it, even if you think you won't get it, and we must always ask out loud." The Prophet paused for breath. "And the Thinking part comes," he continued seriously, "when you think you see it coming down to you, the harder you think, the more it seems to come."

The Wight responded with an approving nod. The thing appealed to him. He had already made several requests and appeared to bulge with satisfaction. He now put in his suggestion.

"But," he said, "the people in the Glass Ball don't like it if we tell each other whether we get the things or not. It makes 'em mad, don't it?" The Wight appealed to the Prophet, who solemnly agreed. "Yes," he admonished, "they're apt to get mad and then you won't get anything anyway."

Meanwhile, to prove how favorably he stood with the denizens of the Glass Ball, the Wight proffered a request by which he seemed immediately to become the recipient of untold treasure. He, like the Prophet, muttered runic words, stowing it away in his pocket. Noting his ostentatious gratification the Believer took courage, but a ray of mother wisdom had come to her; just why she did not know, but she no longer risked the locket.

Once again she closed her eyes and held out her white apron. "I want cornballs," she remarked faintly, apologetically, with a kind of nervous gasp. She waited, heart beating hard, eyes tightly closed, listening for the glad rain of bouncing sweets. "I want cornballs," she repeated. timidly. But in vain. She strained her ears in the empty silence, no pink and white spheres, jolly and crumby, came hurtling down. The little white apron remained light and empty. Opening her eyes the Believer looked into her lap. It was a look surprised, shamefaced, tearful. She wondered what was wrong, she could only guess displeasure on the part of the amiable Genii.

"They—they don't like me," quivered the poor little Believer. There was a

moment's embarrassed pause. A moment's hesitation. The Believer's inability to deal with the psychology of the situation was painfully evident. However, the Prophet at once saw his responsibility in the matter and came to the rescue. "I guess they know we can't have candy and things on Sunday," he comforted. "They're kind of funny that way," he cheerfully explained. "Ask 'em for a thimble—you said you wanted one—and, wait," the Prophet leaned over to whisper in her ear. "Think harder that you really get it," he kindly exhorted, "it helps it to come." The Wight chuckled, patronizingly, "yes, that's what they're waiting for," he said. "They want you to think a little harder."

The little Believer did think hard. With all her might she "thought" the thimble. She thought thimbles until her mind became a flurry of flickering motes, until fantastic blurs and blotches swam before her inner vision; until out of the whirl-dance of these lozenges there sprang a small, silver object, ricochetting in long zigzags down to her dazzled eyes. This time she kept these eyes shut with a purpose. She knew what to do, she was all ready with her runic saying, her thanks, patterned after the bowings and grateful mumblings of her fellows. The Believer went faithfully through with elaborate gratitude, with receiving her gift, with exulting over its superiority, with bowing her appreciation to the patronizing Glass Ball, and with carefully concealing in her little pocket her strangely gotten gains. And if the thing proved somewhat barren to her glowing expectancy—who knew? The Believer never confessed.

After that, all was easy and delightful. The Three made extravagant demands and were lavishly indulged. Not only arrived gifts specified and called for, but, this at a suggestion from the Wight, other things, things unearthly, unknown, the whole unrealized of toy and treasure fairly rained from that mysterious Above.

On Sundays, now—but there are no Sundays now. There are no longer quiet afternoons with the far call of sultry roosters, the drone of bees in sweet bushes, and the Nations-of-the-World sitting tight on their doorsteps learning their collects. But in any quiet hour so full of musing and retrospection that it seems like Sunday what do the Three now do? For the world still turns cumbrously, and one still finds one's self holding on tight, afraid of falling out of its lap. Does the Prophet smile dreamily and stow his gift in his pocket. Does the Wight cease his lamentations and call for a new jack-knife—and the Believer —what does she? . . .

Ah, doubt not that wherever they are they pause at that far call of sultry roosters. Wherever they are, they pause and involuntarily raise their eyes, and hold out their hands if it is only in remembrance. They smile tenderly at the recollection of the whirling radiance that one time spun above them—when the Glass Ball rained down innumerable gifts and glories. They see the heavy green earth turning and wonder wistfully how long they can keep from dropping out of it. They and the Nations-of-the-World.

THE EPIC-MINDED SCOT

BY JOHN G. NEIHARDT

PAINTINGS BY D. C. HUTCHISON

I

HERE you have the story of the pigmy who would not fraternize with the Giant. It is an old one; indeed it is the one story, often recurring, that makes the history of Man tolerable reading. When the pigmy wins, we forthwith make him the mystic center of an epic. When he loses, we have suspicions that he was perhaps a bit chuckleheaded. Nevertheless, losing or winning, the story is a human one.

Wallace McDonald was the pigmy—only in the abstract sense, however, for when you strip him of his symbolism, he appears the Giant himself. He was tall, broad, thick through the chest. Also, he was Scotch—a fourth dimension certainly to be reckoned with!

Whether it was due to his haughty gray eyes that seemed to look too far, or to his ever-evident imperial-mindedness, or that insistent Rumor spoke true, McDonald passed for the errant son of some aristocratic house, used to dominance. You have met men who seemed to carry about them a sense of empire like an effluvium. Well, think of McDonald so.

All that was really known about him was this: Along in the latter thirties he suddenly appeared in the Upper Missouri fur country—effluvial empire and all—and at once developed into something like an institution. He was not merely another Scotchman; he was one of the things that *are*—like a mountain, for instance, or a river.

And it was not long after he chose to establish himself as a free trapper almost under the walls of its most important fort, that the Great Fur Company acknowledged him as one of the entities. At first the acknowledgment was tacit in the form of watchfulness; then it took the form of polite offers of employment — steadily rejected; and then — this story began to brew.

McDonald built himself a log house and flung a stockade about it. The stockade represented his imperial-mindedness, and was hardly calculated to mollify the Giant under whose walls the pigmy sat with a show of defiance. And trade grew. The disgruntled element of the various Indian tribes came in increasing numbers to this little "Fort McDonald," bearing choice furs. And always the austere Scot spoke fair words and matched them with deeds. To the unlettered voyageurs and engagés McDonald became a name of wonder. The opinion passed current among them that the Scot exercised the devil's power over the red men. How else could he divert so much of the trade that of right belonged to the Company?

But Pierre Brasseau, writing a report to be carried to the Fur Company at St. Louis by the last boat had another explanation: "I have to report," he wrote at the end of a long letter, "the advent of a new and peculiarly troublesome competitor in the field. A certain Scotchman of the name of McDonald has erected a post at a distance of a mile from this fort, and is rapidly winning over a large Indian following. The man appears to be gently bred—some sort of gentleman adventurer, I should say, and he is certainly well-educated, speaking four or five modern languages with fluency. Also, he reads the Greek and Latin classics in the original. When I tell you that he has named the squaw who lives with him "Briseis," you will smile, but you will

at once get an indication of his character. He is thoroughly infected with classicism, and I verily believe he has imperial dreams. I could perhaps best describe him as epic-minded. He dreams large, and although he has, so far as I have been able to ascertain in conversation, absolutely no saving sense of humor, his personality is very strong, and he has already established over a number of Indians, an influence truly remarkable.

"It is his lack of the sense of humor that most disarms me. I have repeatedly made overtures to him, offering him a clerkship with promises of early advancement. You should see the imperial air with which he spurns my advances!"

The February express brought the answer, quietly worded, but of no equivocal meaning: "In the matter of competition," ran a paragraph at the close of a long letter of instructions from headquarters, "the Company's traditions should guide you. We buy out, or we do that which your own ingenuity and memory will, I am sure, readily suggest to you."

Brasseau, generally known in the Northwest as "King of the Upper Country," acted at once, and in true kingly fashion, as it would appear. The express had arrived in the evening. On the following morning the Bourgeois dictated a suave impersonal note to "Wallace McDonald, Esq., Fort McDonald."

It may have been due to the implied concession in the words "Fort McDonald," or to some lure of vague promise in the body of the note, or both; but nevertheless at noon the epic-minded Scot appeared at the big fort. He was forthwith ushered into the drawing-room of his majesty, the Bourgeois, where he was allowed to wait for a time of sufficient length to insure an impression of awe upon a Gaelic temperament. And indeed, the Scot could scarcely believe himself in the wilderness, so luxurious were the fittings of the place.

The room was large; the walls were decorated with paintings of unmistakable value; the hangings were of costly imported fabrics; the furniture was massive. A suit of medieval armor loomed huge in a shadowed corner, and over it a rather imposing collection of rare arms flung dull lights down. There could be no doubt about it; the place breathed Power.

The Scot's heavy eyebrows lowered; his gray eyes flashed. For the first time, no doubt, he felt the strength of the Giant he had challenged. Yet, as it will appear, he felt it not as a pigmy. The new sense expanded him—brought gray battle-lights into his eyes. The strength of his Foe surged back upon him and was *his* strength. This is to be "epic-minded," as Brasseau would say; also it is to be without a sense of humor, perhaps.

At length Pierre Brasseau appeared at the door, the arrogance of his face scarcely veiled by a beaming smile. He entered rapidly as one who has been unavoidably detained. One tapered hand, unmarred with any toil, nervously fondled the tips of his imperials.

"Ah," he began rapidly, with a perceptible increase upon his habitual French accent, "I fear I have almost kept Monsieur waiting! And upon so delightful an occasion! How very much I am indebted to Monsieur for this—what shall I say?—this condescension? No! The word is ill-chosen. Banish it! There can be no condescension between equals!"

The Bourgeois bowed in his elegant style, thrusting forth a thin, cold hand, which the Scot took with a powerful grip. Their eyes met and clashed—steel-gray fires against black fires. Each knew that the battle was joined, and for a moment there was a hush as when two wrestlers feel about for the grip.

The subtle Frenchman—virtually proconsul of a vast, unscrupulous empire—was power in the abstract, and therefore the Giant. The Scot, gray-eyed, square-jawed, self-reliant, was power in the concrete, and therefore the pigmy. It was a shipwrecked sailor flinging defiance to the sea.

"But let us be seated," began the Frenchman, forthwith launching into a conversation on classical things calculated to draw out the crouching spirit of the Scot. But the spirit of the Scot chose to remain crouched, although at intervals it flashed out for a moment, illuminating the weird gloom of ancient things—city walls tottering in the smoke of doom, lone strugglers with Fate, swimmers in an overwhelming sea. Most of all the lone strugglers brought forth the spirit-flash.

"But you had something to say to me,"

said McDonald, bluntly breaking off the conversation.

"Why, certainly," said the Frenchman pleasantly, "the conversation has been so unusual. Monsieur breathes Oxford, or is it Edinburgh?"

"Perhaps neither," replied the Scot. "There was business of importance?"

"Certainly, the business first!" replied the Frenchman. "I am in receipt of a letter of advice from St. Louis. It seems that the Company is determined that so valuable a man shall not waste his efforts. Now you have reconsidered my former proposition?"

"I have not!"

"But, Monsieur, the Company wishes to buy your trade at a very good figure."

"I do not intend to sell!"

"Ah, that is a pity," sighed the Frenchman, reaching to a bell which he struck softly.

The chief clerk entered silently and bowed before the Bourgeois.

"The little business I mentioned, François—you have not forgotten, I trust?"

"I have not, Monsieur." The clerk bowed again and withdrew.

"I repeat," continued Brasseau, assuming an air of compassion, "it is indeed a great pity. You are so strong and intellectual and of so indomitable a spirit."

The Scot's deep chest heaved.

"And the Company is so powerful," continued Brasseau. "It moves onward —like the Greek Fate of which we have spoken. It sees not what is under its crushing heel. It moves, and sees so far, so far! It is the losing game, my dear McDonald. It is indeed a great, great pity."

The subtle expression of a cat fondling its prey flashed across the face of the Frenchman. The Scot arose to his feet, breathing deeply and towering after the manner of all pigmies expanded with inner fires.

"I tell you, Pierre Brasseau," he said in a deep, vibrant voice, "I tell you I am a free man, and I keep my freedom! Has God deeded the Wilderness to a company? It was for freedom that I came into the Wilderness, and I shall have it, Pierre Brasseau! I shall be no minion of a hierarchy of thieves! I shall be myself—Wallace McDonald—free-trapper or whatsoever I wish to be! You call it the losing game. There is no losing game so long the player delights in his play! You have pitied me, as all Goliaths pity the Davids of the world at first. But there is always the pebble to reckon with, Pierre Brasseau!

"Here I throw down the gauntlet to this Power you stand for. You may move upon me when you will. All my indomitable fighting ancestors shall be with me!"

The Scot, tall, massive, deadly in earnest, checked his theatrical outburst, and the Frenchman smiled, showing his white teeth.

"Bravo!" applauded the Bourgeois. "You have indeed the grand spirit, Monsieur! But the ancestors, Monsieur—they are—how shall I say it? Ah, they are so, so—inaccessible! Are they not?"

The Frenchman stood for a moment, smiling blandly into the gray, passionate eyes of the unconscious humorist. Then, bowing very low: "The very pleasant interview is now ended, Monsieur!"

McDonald strode out of the room. A bevy of engagés in the fort enclosure grinned insolently at the big man who went forth from the Bourgeois with clenched fists and savage eyes. Already they looked upon the man as doomed, for always had they gone forth to ruin who left the Bourgeois with clenched fists.

When the Scot was outside the stockade gates, the consciousness of the great, pitiless waste of snow about him and the meaning of it smote him. It was like the first blow from his Titanic adversary. Behind, the politely insolent words of the Frenchman lay this terrible silent something here become visible. For the first time he realized that the battle would not be one of physical shock, man to man. It would be more like the struggle of heroic flesh against a slow disease. And for a moment, the pigmy saw himself in his own essential littleness—felt the invulnerability of the Giant. But only for a moment. Something out of the very greatness of his enemy thus conceived, rushed into him at the very moment he began to fear, and there was fear no longer, only a great uplift of spirit, a stronger beating of the heart.

He set out with great strides toward his little fort. He had no plans of battle; he knew only that there would be a battle, and that somehow he would fight. Swing-

ing resolutely about the base of a bluff, he suddenly came in sight of his post, and the beat of his heart quickened at what he saw.

His house had been rifled, and the contents had been piled in the snow outside the stockade. In the midst sat the Digger woman, Briseis, glaring with savage eyes about her, like a good watchdog at bay. At sight of the man she raised a shrill voice of lamentation, which ceased at the uplifting of the master's hand.

McDonald quietly went up to the little stockade gate, upon which a freshly written placard had been posted. He read as follows:

"This property seized by order of the Company. You will please set out at once for more congenial localities. You are surrounded by riflemen who will enforce this request.
(Signed) Brasseau."

He had begun to read the placard for the third time, when a sharp crackling of rifles ran about the edge of the underbrush that surrounded the little post, and rifle-balls snarled in the frosty air above him. The enemy had moved, and the first skirmish was lost.

Turning to the Indian woman: "Briseis," said he calmly, speaking in her own tongue, "make the packs ready and forget nothing. We are going on a long trail." Turning again to the placard, he took a sheath knife from his belt, pricked the end of a finger, and scrawled across the edict one word in Greek—the dread name of the eternal Avenger.

For some minutes he gazed upon the blood-red characters, and as he gazed, the spirit of old Homeric struggles grew stronger upon him, flinging about the whole affair a vesture of sublimity.

With a heart strangely light, he set about preparing for the coming struggle. He rummaged about the jumbled mass of goods, found snowshoes, mackinaw coats, his gun—a Northwest fusil—and ammunition. The squaw, stooping beneath her pack, awaited the will of her master.

McDonald set his face to the Northwest, and the woman followed. They crossed the frozen Missouri and toiled up the further bluffs. There on the summit, the man stopped and turned about. Beneath him in the broad, white valley, he saw the stronghold of his Foe—four-square and haughty with bastions. A lazy, gray pillar of smoke mounted from the roofs and stockades of little Fort McDonald. For some moments the Scot gazed upon the little post—the nucleus of a great dream—going up in smoke. Then, raising his arms to the frosty skies, in which already the melancholy light of a Northern winter evening began, he cried aloud two words in a tongue unknown to the woman:

"*Troja fuit!*"

To the squaw, it was the prayer of a strong man flung from an aching heart to some strange god. Brasseau, watching from a bastion window, saw the uplifting of the arms, and chuckled softly: "Absolutely without the sense of humor. It is a pity."

But when an outcast can look upon his burning shack and think of Troy, it is very likely he is even then dreaming of some future Rome!

II

As Brasseau had written, the outcast Scot "dreamed large." Day after day swinging onward with a resolute stride with his face ever to the Northwest, he flung the white, silent miles behind him. All the while the squaw, stooped with the pack, her grotesque brown face set firm with the eternal long-suffering spirit of woman, lifted weary feet that ached with the snowshoe thongs.

Often when the two sat beside the fire at night, huddled close in the little skin tepee, the man would speak to the woman in her own tongue: "It is a hard trail, Briseis, and I see not the end of it. Something leads me, and I go. But for you burn the lodge fires of your people. It is pleasant there."

And the woman would answer, in that strange, caressing, savage tongue of hers: "Where my man sleeps, there is my lodge fire and my people. I follow him; for well I know that he sees things hidden to me. Some great dream leads him, even as the fathers of my people were led in old days."

"But the grub is scarce, Briseis, and the hunting is poor because of the deep snows."

"Shall I weep for meat," she would answer, "when the belly of my man is also flat?"

And they pushed on, the woman with

her love and the man with his dream. And the snows grew deeper, with that soft, feathery surface that breaks the heart.

They had been passing through a shelterless white solitude and there had been little game. Daily the grub-sack flattened. But the dream of the man grew with his hunger. Somewhere in a strange land where the hard trail should end, he would find a simple-hearted tribe, some isolated savage people. And he would stop there, win them with superior knowledge; creep into their hearts and be their master; lift them into a full consciousness of their untried strength. And then—sometime, for dreams have in them nothing of the stuff of years—out of the North, headed by a latter day Attila, should burst a storm of fighting men, sweeping all the multitudinous prairie tribes along with it! There should be a falling of haughty bastions, a groveling of Brasseaus in the dust of utter defeat. All the world should thunder with the name of an outcast Scot! And out of the desert flatness of modern things should spring up the austere purple peaks of the ancient human grandeur!

But now the breath of the Northwest wakened and spit spiteful stinging snow-crystals into the face of the dreaming pigmy. The woman, who knew only love and had no dream, toiled closer to the man; and her heart quailed, for she felt the coming of the blizzard, the ancient foe of her race. But the man, who knew not love, only the great dream, felt the first stinging gust as the insulting slap of the Foe. He set his teeth, leaned stubbornly against the whitening blast, and trudged on defiantly.

The white, muffled solitude through which he had toiled for days, the awful silence of the pitiless nights, and the ever-present Dream had quite subdued his normal consciousness. He had come to live more and more in the subconscious self, where visions flourish and realities are but ghostly shadows.

So this something that smote him in the face with icy whips, this hunger pinch beneath his belt, this dull twinge in the muscles of the legs—it was the Foe! What Foe? There was but one Foe in all the white hollow of the world, and that Foe was the Company! He shut his eyes for a moment to the increasing blasts that blinded him, and in a vague addled way it occured to him that Brasseau was slapping him in the face with those thin, insolent hands of his. He flung out his arms with frost-bitten fingers tense for the gripping of a throat—and laughed joylessly as the illusion flashed out in a spindrift of snow.

But the next moment the illusion fastened upon him again. All about him the subtle, invulnerable antagonist swooped and howled, striking him in the face, gnashing with quick teeth at his finger-tips, mocking him with strange battle cries. Now it fastened with sharp twinges in the tendons at his heels, now it gnawed at his vitals, and once again it was only a biting, stinging something like and unlike sound, filling all the world—an omnipotent, elusive nothing.

The wind had been increasing steadily since morning. For hours they had been plunging on in the center of a small, misty globe, outside of which the writhing snow maze pressed. Night was coming on—more like an awakening sense of a new woe than the passing of day. The white madness of the air by imperceptible degrees merely became gray, then of a muddy tinge, and the small globe in which they walked contracted slowly about them, pressed them together, until it seemed there was no world—only a vast negation.

And it was night.

The man felt the hand of the woman clinging to his coat, lest the one remaining thing in all the world should drop away from her into the howling, stinging emptiness about them. For the first time he was conscious of the terrible fact—Night! He knew by the weight of the clutching hand that the woman was weakening under the strain. Yet to stop without shelter and fire was fatal, and wood was out of the question. To stop was to have the foot of the Foe upon his neck. Moving was fighting; he would keep moving. Not that he feared dying—the thought did not come to him. But to stop was to have the thin, insolent hands of Brasseau set upon his throat; to stop was to see the grinning face of Brasseau mocking him.

For two days they had toiled in the soft snow without eating, and hunger had reached that stage in which it is a sort of false stimulant, transforming the upper-

most idea into an obsession. The woman clung to the man—now become her only reality—and the man moved on, on, because in some vague way he felt that moving was fighting.

Suddenly, he became dimly conscious of some new noise grown up in the world. The howling of the storm had come to be one of the eternal things, and this new sound came like a whisper in the dead silence of a dream. "*Grub! Grub!*" it shrieked. "*Look! Grub!*" It came dimly to the man like the unmade sound one dreams he makes in the clutch of a nightmare. "It's the woman," he thought at last; "she's gone mad—raving."

But the woman threw her arms about him, checked him with a frantic grip. "*See! Grub!*" she shrieked in his ear.

A faint, luminous ball glowed through the storm. The man plunged on toward it, and as he moved, a blotch blacker than the night loomed huge before him. It was a small outpost of the Great Fur Company. It did not occur to the man what place it might be; there was a light, and light meant shelter and food. It meant a truce from the battle. He plunged into a stockade and, feeling his way around it with numb fingers, found the gate. It was barred. He beat upon it with his fists and shouted—it seemed centuries that he beat and shouted. And then at last he was aware of a flare of light above him.

He looked up and saw a man's bearded face indistinct in the wind-blown flare of an upheld torch. The wild light illumined the uplifted face of the Scot. "Quick!" he shouted, "open the gate!"

"I guess you're the man," came the voice from above. "You're McDonald, the Scotchman. You'd better be moving on. I have orders from Brasseau."

The torch and the face disappeared.

"*Move on—Brasseau—Brasseau—move on—orders—move on!*" The night was filled with a commanding voice that shouted. It did not seem the voice of a man—it was the cry of the eternal things not to be disobeyed. He flung himself into the storm again, dragging the woman with him.

Wherever he looked, great wind-blown torches roared and flared. All about them swooped and circled a multitude of haughty grinning faces—the face of Brasseau infinitely multiplied. "*The pleasant interview is ended,*" roared the giddily swooping faces, "*ended, ended, ended, Monsieur! The losing game is ended—no, the game is a very pleasant interview—it is a pity, a pity, a pity!*" Now the cries were like the dull thunder in the ears of a diver; now they ran the gamut rapidly to thin, shrill devil shrieks, that pained like knife-thrusts—now felt as sharp twinges in the heels, now as a dull gnawing at the vitals, and again they were not sounds, but thin, white hands, insolently thin and white, that struck stinging blows in his face. And always they eluded his gripping fingers. They swooped and swirled and circled with giddy speed that made him dizzy—somewhat like drowned faces in a rapid whirlpool; multitudes of drowned, damned faces that grinned down upon him, in upon him, up at him.

After ages, a sense of aching quiet came upon the man, and a melancholy grayness filled the fevered hollow of his mind. He thought vaguely: "I am giving out—this is the way men die—they get quiet and feel all gray." Then suddenly it came to him that the grayness and the quiet were *outside of him.*

And the wind had abated—the dawn was coming.

He now noted that he was barely moving, lifting his snowshoes like a decrepit old man. And yet it had seemed that he was running furiously.

He turned to the woman. Her eyes were blank and dull. She supported herself by clinging to his coat. The sight of the wretched woman awoke a dull twinge of pity within him, drew his thoughts from himself, and some of the natural strength of his spirit began to be reasserted.

He thought no longer of Brasseau, and the faces had dissolved in the melancholy grayness. He now thought only of finding wood, building a fire. "Don't give up," he said to the woman, "we will find wood and food."

She smiled, and they trudged on slowly up a still, white ridge, casting longing eyes about them for a thicket in the valley. Far to the south the sun lifted a pale face, and the snow ridges stretched with glinting monotony into the sky. The night had been as a suffering in a delirium; but the day came as an awakening to a conscious ache.

The two toiled on silently, bent with more than the weight of the packs, listlessly dragging the snowshoes into the Northwest. The sun was halfway up its short arc when the Scot, shading his eyes beneath an arched hand, saw in a little valley ahead a cluster of brush. The sight scarcely moved him, though he had thought of nothing else all the age-long morning. One might build a fire and lie down beside it to sleep; but one could not eat wood, and all the while one slept, hunger would keep awake and do its will. Half-heartedly he changed his course in the direction of the brush.

Now that a goal was in sight, he became fully conscious of his utter weariness, and stopped for a moment to rest.

Something aroused him from his stupor. He held his breath and listened. In the dead hush that had crept in after the dying storm, a whining, crunching sound grew up—faint, but filling all the frosty, vibrant hollow of the world. The woman heard it also. "*Snowshoes!*" she croaked, her dull eyes brightening, and a light of hope flashing across her haggard, frost-whitened face. The sound came nearer. The two crouched behind a drift and waited. Suddenly about the base of the ridge below them a lone form appeared, pushing southward at a swinging merry pace.

"*Grub!*" whispered the woman. The Scot's dull eyes got back something of the old, gray fires. The lone traveler carried a full pack; and was he not one who served the Foe? For days the outcast had struggled with an invisible antagonist that could feel no blow. But here at last was something vulnerable—the invisible Foe materialized.

McDonald mechanically primed his rifle, leveled it across the drift, took a slow, cool aim and fired.

The lone traveler plunged forward and lay quietly with his face in the snow. With hoarse cries the two, no longer conscious of their fatigue, hobbled down the hillside. When they reached the quiet form, the woman at once pounced upon the grub-sack, unfastened it from the limp shoulders, and started for the clump of brush. This was the way of her world; one is hungry and one kills. Her man had killed, and there was grub again; so she would make a home and warm it with a fire. Thus things should be.

But now that it was done, a sense of sorrow came upon the Scot. He stood staring blankly upon the form that lay so quietly upon its face, clutching at the snow. He knelt beside it, lifted the yet warm head and gazed upon the quiet face.

What! This thing the Foe? This that went so merrily down the white world but a moment since? This thing with the beardless face of a boy? The lips looked as though they could have smiled so easily! No! It was not this that he had seen through the rifle sights. That thing had a thin, insolent face with lips that could only leer. Somewhere in the world women would weep for this thing that clutched at the snow.

The Scot groaned and hid his face in his arms. All the purple grandeur of the Dream that had walked with him through the frozen hell of the night, went pale before the quiet face. He had shot at the Foe, and he had killed only a part of himself, it seemed—something that might have smiled upon him, shared with him, and then gone swinging merrily down the white world again.

Brasseau had spoken true. It was the losing game.

After some time he was aware of the woman shaking him by the shoulder and pattering about grub. He raised his eyes and saw that the skin tent had been pitched by the brush clump, and heard the merry crackling of a fire. He got up and listlessly trudged after the woman. She gave him pemmican boiled in snow water, and he ate mechanically. Then he lay down and swooned into a feverish half-sleep in which, over and over and over, he killed Brasseau—only to find that it was not Brasseau at all, but a smiling boy he had killed.

III

The Scot awoke and sat up, blinking dully at the woman who bent over a bed of coals, upon which pemmican simmered in a small kettle. He felt stiff and dazed, half conscious that something strong had gone out of him. He looked at the woman and marveled that she showed no signs of fatigue. She had passed through a merely physical ordeal; food and rest readily

restored the vitality of the savage. But the man had suffered twofold; he had passed not only through hunger and storm, but his too finely nurtured imagination had built up about him an unreal world of torture. He had battled with phantoms.

With a sense of defeat he tried to remember what it was that had been strong in him. Ah, it was the Great Dream! The details of it came straggling back into his consciousness like the scattered remnants of a defeated fighting force. There was no longer the sense of a trumpet blast about it all. The haughty purple of it had gone drab, and he wondered that it had ever had the power to stir his blood. For one might dream large, might even conquer; and after all it would all end sometime in a quiet lying upon one's face and a clutching at the snow.

He pushed the tent flap aside and looked out upon a still twilight world. It seemed that he had only looked into his own heart.

"How long have I slept?" he said.

"One night has passed and another is here," answered the woman; "the grub is ready."

They crouched beside the fire and ate of the dead man's food.

After a long silence the woman spoke: "My man's eyes do not see far as before. This is not the sickness of empty bellies and tired feet. I know. Let us go back to the village of my people, for there even now there is spring in all breasts, and a glad watching for the Wonder."

"What Wonder, Briseis?"

"The old men have dreamed dreams, and soon there shall be a great change. The Wakun comes! The lone goose shall fly north, and then two moons shall grow big and pass; and when the third moon hangs thin above the sunset, the Holy One shall appear in the night, and cold moon-fires shall be about him. Then shall all the prairie peoples awaken as from a long sleep, and the dead shall come back. And there shall be great battles in the world, and the white men shall be swept away, and the peoples of the high places and the flat places shall be one people. For the fathers have seen it in visions. And the time is near."

As the woman spoke, the Scot's face changed. His eyes lit up. He felt stiff and dazed no longer. In one great burst of purple glory the Dream had come back! "And what else, Briseis?" he urged eagerly.

"None who have dreamed have seen the face of the Wakun in their dreams, for the moon-fires blinded them. Some there are who say he shall come with the face of a white man; and some say he shall be neither white nor brown, but spirit and fire. But this all the dreamers have dreamed; that he shall be one wise with the wisdom of hunger and hard trails. And before his coming, a woman shall appear out of the wilderness—one who has seen his face—and by this shall the people know him.

"Only my people of all the peoples shall see his face and the moon-fires of it; for he comes to the poor ones—the eaters of roots in the desert. And my people are the eaters of roots and they are poor."

The light of fanaticism flashed in the dark eyes of this daughter of the chosen people. The Scot pondered long in silence. Here, indeed, was a weapon for his hand if he could only wield it! Back through the glooms of the history of Man his toiling Dream flew. He recalled the many religious fanaticisms of Man, and how the Messianic Idea could transform an obscure people into a world force. Might history not be repeated in the case of the Diggers, even though they were the most beggarly of all the tribes? The very fact of their being so was favorable to his scheme, for in the weak and despised the fixed idea roots deep.

"Briseis," said he at length, "this feeds me more than meat. My dream has come back, and again my eyes see far. It is all like a tale told me long ago, but half forgotten. Now I know whither my trail leads. Your old men dream true."

All night as the woman slept beside him the Scot lay awake with epic thoughts. He saw the marshalling of tremendous fighting forces; heard the whispering of their feet passing down the night to victory; saw himself at the head, no longer an outcast, but the leader of an imperial army. One by one he saw the strongholds of the Great Fur Company totter and fold up in flame like the things of a dream; and last of all, the big fort belched flames from its haughty bastions. He saw it all in a Homeric vision. Troy's towers fell in smoke, and Brasseau was Priam groveling in the ashes!

Over and over he rehearsed it all in a waking dream; but ever he came back to the one pivotal question: How should one go about it to make "moon-fires?"

Toward dawn the answer came in the flash of an idea. The Scot leaped to his feet, his heart pounding with a great joy. He awoke the woman.

"Come!" he said, "let us make ready for the trail, for I have seen a vision. Now the way lies clear before me. We shall find game, and afterward I go forth alone into the wilderness to dream, for the spirits have commanded that I go. Question me not, O most blessed of all women that have been or shall be! But watch and wait!"

The woman stared upon the man with eyes of awe. Never had her man spoken false words, and there was a light in his eyes as of one who has talked with a spirit. With nervous haste she replenished the fire and boiled the last of the pemmican, now and then casting glances of wonder at the man. When they had eaten, she made the packs in silence, while the man gazed into the growing dawn with wide vision-eyes.

Again they set out on the trail, pushing westward toward those desert tracts where dwelt the Diggers. In the evening they came upon the wooded valley of a little stream, and found deer, which were easily killed on account of the deep snow.

"Behold!" said the Scot, "did I not foretell the finding of game? It is as I said. This is more than a finding of meat. The Great Spirit is with me, and now I see that the spirits spoke true. With the next sun I shall arise and go forth into the wilderness to meet the spirits that are calling me. Wait here and watch; and let your days and nights be filled with a thinking of the Wakun. For lo! when I return, even he, the Wakun, shall appear before you wrapped in cold moon-fires!"

And on the next morning the man went forth, taking the back trail of the one who clutched the snow. The woman watched him far, saw him loom huge upon a glinting ridge against the frosty sky, his head wrapped in the halo of his breath sun-smitten. And when he had dropped out of sight, a great fear came upon her. All about in the heavy hush of the winter solitude invisible things moved and whispered. She fled into the tent and drew the flap close. Smearing her face with ashes, she moaned pitifully to the Great Spirit that hovered about her: "Look upon me and pity me, for I am a woman and weak and no vision has come to me. Is he not the Wakun, O Great Spirit? And I have walked far with him and did not know him. I have heard his groans when the hunger pinched him, yet thought of my own hunger; and when the trail was hard, it was for my own ache that I groaned. And never did I fall on my face before him, but was even as a woman to a man. And how shall I look upon his face when he comes back wrapped in the moon-fires? O Great Spirit, make me strong, or shame shall kill me! Is he not the one of whom my people have dreamed? Did he not call me most blessed of women? It was for this that his eyes were always seeing far, far. It was for this that he read the strange writings of a wise people that are dead and become spirit."

All day she moaned aloud to the Great Spirit, smearing her face with the mud of ashes and tears. For she loved the man with the credulous love of the elemental woman. And he had spoken.

The day passed and the night fell, and still Briseis moaned and fasted. All through the spirit-haunted hours of the dark she watched and waited for the Wakun. And the dawn came, and the day passed, and yet another and another night and day, until ten had passed; and all the while she ate and slept little, until the flesh burned with the lean blue flame of spirit. Her waking hours were hours of dream, and her sleep was not sleep, but trance.

And in the eleventh, at the time when the heavy hush falls like a premonition of the miracle of dawn, she heard a voice calling—a soft, deep, unearthly voice:

"*Woman! Woman!*"

She raised herself upon her elbows, shivering with fear, and stared wildly.

Out of the darkness in the region of the tent-flap, she saw the face of the man with whom she had hungered, burning down upon her. But it was more than the face that she had loved. Living fires ran across it—weird cold flames that flared blue and darkled and came and went. The luminous lips opened, and the Great Spirit spoke through them to the terrified woman:

"Fear not, O most blessed of women that have been or shall be! The time has come! Arise and go in haste to the village of your people. For lo! the Wakun has come, and no longer shall there be the pinch of hunger and the wailing in the waste places! Go forth to them with the glad news, for now the lone goose flies, and when the third moon hangs thin above the dead evening, I shall appear before all the village of them that eat roots and are poor. Let there be a fasting and a crying out to the Great Spirit in that village. Let the women make the holy robe of otter skin that I may wear it. And let the young men look to their weapons that they be keen for victories!"

The phosphoric fires had died upon the face, and now only the lips glimmered blue as they uttered the spirit words.

"I am he who should come," spoke the lips of cold fire. "I am he who is wise with the wisdom of hunger and hard trails. Thou hast seen me cast from among my people, O holy woman! Thou hast seen me totter with weariness and heard me groan. And it was for this. No longer am I man, but spirit and fire. Thou shalt see me no more before the Great Change!"

The tent-flap rustled, and the luminous lips were swallowed in the gloom. Out in the mystic hush and the dark, spirit snowshoes fled down the night and died away.

IV

Two days later the little village of the Digger tribe was thrown into a frenzy. Women ran shrieking among the cluttered mud lodges, children cried, the lean wolf-dogs howled dolefully in the general uproar. And everywhere men looked upon each other with eyes of wonder.

The great dream of the old men was coming true. Out of the wilderness a haggard, trail-weary woman had come, crying the awful news among them. The Wakun had appeared to her in the wilderness, burning with cold moon-fires, even as the wise men had dreamed. Words of wonderful promise had been spoken with lips that flamed. The lowly people of the desert should be exalted above all the races, and the white man should perish. Over and over the despised ones heard the words of the Wakun from the mouth of the terrified woman who had looked upon his awful face.

The quick imagination of the child-like people wove and rewove the words of wonder, and the tale grew with every telling. The woman had seen a face that filled the heavens and flashed as a sun out of midnight! The voice of the Wakun had been as a rumbling of thunders out of a cloudless sky, and his eys had thrown lightnings! Many there were who recalled how, awakening suddenly in the dead of that night, a great light flashed before them, and a rumbling shook the frozen world. Few there were who had not dreamed some mystic dream upon that night that marked it among all other nights. Mothers told how their children would not sleep, but cried as in terror. And all had noted how the wolf-dogs bayed till dawn.

Truly the dream of the wise men was coming to pass. A thousand omens, readily remembered, supported the tale of the woman from the wilderness.

The first wild outbreak of frenzy gave way to a great quiet joy. Old enemies became friends, and the rivalries of the young men died out. Then began the preparation for the Great Change. Women toiled over the holy robe of otter skin, and wept upon it as they talked of the Wakun. The young men made weapons and boasted of the deeds of prowess they would do under the big moon-eyes of the Wakun. The wise old men shut themselves in their lodges and held long communings with the Great Spirit.

The time of the flying of the lone goose had passed. The first moon came and went. A softness as of many camp fires crept into the air, and the snows sank into the sands. Green things came out and looked at the sun. Warm rains fell, and geese, winging low out of the south, made music in the shortening nights.

The second moon hung above the sunset, and the old men said: "The time is near; let the holy dances begin." So there was a raising of the chants the spirits love, and a mystic moving of the feet of the young men who should fight beneath the moon-eyes of the Wakun.

And day by day an awe grew upon the village, until all were breathless for the imminent Wonder.

"Now I know that the Great Spirit is with me."

Drawing by D. G. Hutchison.

The thin moon grew and died, and in the dark nights that followed, hearts beat fast in the village of the Diggers. None but the children slept in those last dark hours before the Great Change.

And then, at last, the awful whispered words went about among the cluttered lodges: "Speak no word—to-night the Wakun comes!"

The sun blazed red upon the rim of the world, like a conflagration. Huddled together, the people sat staring upon it with deep thoughts, for to-morrow would be the new time, and all the years of struggle were dying before them as they gazed.

The big red disk slipped under the world; the shadows of the night of all nights deepened about the breathless watchers. With wide eyes of wonder, they lifted their faces and gazed upon the thin new moon that dropped slowly down the pale wake of the day. Slowly, slowly, it dropped in the deepening dusk. It touched the rim of the world, slipped down, down, down, until only the sharp horn of it glinted through the hush and the gloom. A sound of deep breathing grew among the eager watchers.

Suddenly, as the glinting horn winked out, a moving of spirit feet was heard in the darkness. The sound of heavy breathing ceased. In the hush a deep, unearthly voice was raised. Like a light night wind moaning in a thicket it began, growing deeper and louder as when the gale freshens. Louder and more passionate came the voice, speaking in a tongue never before heard among the huddled listeners. Yet the weird battle music of it sent the blood pounding at their temples.

It was a wild Cassandra chorus chanted in the virile Greek of Aeschylus—a prophecy of doom! But to the chosen ones, it was the tongue of the Great Spirit which never man had spoken or could ever speak.

The wild chant died away, and the hush came back. Then again grew the voice, but now the words were in the Digger tongue:

"I am among you, O Eaters of Roots! And soon shall you look upon my face! I am pleased with you, O my lowly children! From among all the peoples of the world I have chosen you, and whatever you have wished shall be. Hearken to the words of the Great Spirit, my father! To-morrow you shall arise and take the trail that leads to the big lodge of the white men by the mighty river. Go forth in silence, even as a people who think only of peace. And when you have come to the big lodge, strike with your weapons, O young men! Set flames to burn, O ye old men! And let the women slay the wounded! Fear not, but do my will. And lo! all the dead shall arise and fight with you! And all the peoples of the wilderness shall hasten to battle with you! And the white men shall perish, and be as the smoke of last year's fires!"

The voice ceased.

Suddenly a luminous hand appeared in the darkness from whence the voice had grown. Slowly it moved above the watchers in the dark, dripping with lambent blue fires as with burning water. With a quick movement it flashed upward, circled and came down, revealing a glowing face—a weird, unearthly face, burning with the same cold moon-fires.

Again the hand disappeared and again it shone out brighter than before; and again it flashed across the face that burned with increased glories.

"*Behold!*" cried the voice, "*behold the Wakun!*"

With sobbings for mercy the watchers fell upon their faces before the revealed glories of their god.

"*Send forth the holy robe!*" thundered the voice.

One among the prostrate multitude crawled forth and groveled at the feet of the Wakun. It was Briseis.

"Woman, woman," said the voice softly; "thou art my good servant and I am pleased. After the battles thou shalt sit beside me. I take the holy robe, and in the day when the big lodge falls, I shall wear it that you may know me for the Wakun. These are the words of the Great Spirit."

The voice died away; and the awful sound of spirit feet fled outward into the darkness.

V

The rest of the story of the pigmy who would not fraternize with the Giant, is a matter of history, and Pierre Brasseau's letter to the St. Louis office of the Great Fur Company tells it.

Wrote Brasseau at the close of a long report filled with other matters:

"I have to report a recent uprising of the Digger Indians. The whole affair was indeed only a thing to arouse pity or ridicule, according to one's mood. But the circumstances that surrounded it were of so unusual a nature that I shall give a brief account of it here. It is another curious chapter in the yet unwritten history of this country.

"During the early spring, rumors had come to me of the exodus of this beggarly tribe from those barren lands which they inhabit. However, it appeared that the movement was merely a migration to a more fertile region, and there seemed to be no occasion for alarm. Furthermore, the Diggers have always enjoyed a rather poor reputation as warriors.

"Toward the end of June the nature of the rumors changed. Some of our trappers had noted warlike preparation among the migrating tribe, though no depredations were being committed. But the posts that were likely to be in the path of the movement were warned, and extra sentries were put on at this fort.

"You will doubtless recall to mind a certain Scotchman by the name of McDonald whom I mentioned to you as a peculiarly troublesome competitor. In my letter of last fall I ventured to describe him to you as one thoroughly infected with classicism. I think I further characterized him as an epic-minded individual who dreamed large; and I expressed my suspicion that he nursed imperial visions. I did not, however, draw attention to him as a possible Messiah, though I mentioned his utter lack of that human balance wheel—the sense of humor.

"Acting in accordance with instructions implied in your February letter, I ousted him from the field. A woman of the Digger tribe who lived with him, and whom he had named Briseis, went with him. During the latter part of the winter, news was had of him from two sources. During a severe storm he had sought shelter at one of our posts on the Upper Milk River, but had been sent away in accordance with certain orders sent out by me to a number of the posts. One night in early March, Trudeaux's post was robbed. As you know, this post is kept by two men. One of these had started south with dispatches some day's before the robbery, and has not been heard of since. A knocking at the door of the house in the dead of the night, awakened the lone keeper of the place, who, thinking his companion had returned, opened the door. A powerful man, thought to be McDonald, struck the keeper in the face, rendering him senseless. When he recovered from the blow, what was his surprise to find nothing missing but *a dozen blocks of lucifer matches!* You will remember having made the first shipment of these last year.

In the morning of the fifteenth of June, a band of some two hundred Diggers burst from the shelter of the underbrush, and advanced upon our stockades, intoning weird chants and brandishing their primitive weapons. A volley from our riflemen brought many of them down, yet they pressed on undaunted. In the front of the advancing force was a tall man who wore a grotesque robe of otter skins. At the second volley he fell wounded, whereat the attacking party halted, wavered and fled, bearing the wounded man of the otter robe along with them.

"I immediately had the wounded Diggers brought into the fort, and from these I heard a pitiful tale. The man in the otters was their Messiah, they said, who had appeared to them *wrapped in blue fires*. They were led to believe that at the first blow the white men would vanish from the earth like smoke, that the dead would come back, and a great reign of peace begin.

"Later in the day a party of riflemen, sent in pursuit of the flying fanatics, came upon the closing scene of this tragedy of an hallucinated people.

"At a distance of some three miles from the fort, they found the dead body of a white man hanging suspended by the arms from the limb of a tree. Under him a fire had been built, and the lower limbs were charred. About his shoulders were the remnants of the otter robe. It was Wallace McDonald—free-trapper, dreamer, would-be Messiah. Beneath him, groveling in the dust, a Digger woman wept—she whom he had called Briseis."

AT THE COVERT SIDE—Awaiting the hunters.

A NEVADA TOWN WITH A PAST

BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

VIRGINIA CITY is indeed a strange town—a living skeleton. In the height of its opulence it boasted a population of thirty thousand. To-day there are less than one tenth that many, and dilapidation and ruin are seen on every hand. The chief streets terrace along a great hillside. Farther up the slope are wastes of sage brush growing in stunted clumps that half hide the earth with their gray twigs and foliage. Down below is a valley where the mines have dumped vast heaps of waste. The entire region is a wild upheaval of hills, and around the horizon are seen ranges of snowy-topped mountains. The only trees are an occasional gnarled scrub pine or dwarf cedar a few feet high. Formerly scrub pines of fair size were plentiful on the hills; but they were practically all used for firewood long years ago. After they were gone some Chinamen ran a wood-yard and sold pine roots. Probably one hundred and fifty donkeys were engaged in toiling about the uplands and bringing in the stumps and roots of the old scrub pines. This material, too, was exhausted presently, and now the fuel comes by train.

The town streets are rough and dirty, and as I walked about I was constantly encountering old tin cans and getting my feet tangled up in wires from the baled hay. Buildings in good repair are rarities. There are tottering fences and ragged walls and broken roofs and smashed glass, and many windows and doors are boarded up.

The search for gold has resulted in tearing the country all to pieces. Everywhere the hills are dotted with prospectors' holes. From any height you can see dozens—perhaps hundreds. They suggest the burrowing of woodchucks or prairie dogs. The region along the Comstock lode abounds too in deserted shafts. Usually the spots where had been the buildings, and the machinery for working the abandoned mines are now only marked by great dumps of waste with possibly a few immense foundation stones and irons.

Two miles from Virginia City is the village of Gold Hill, which, if anything, is deader than its neighbor. There is the same dilapidation and wreckage, and the same canting walls and neglect of repairs. On the borders of this hamlet I met a Scotchman who affirmed that his cabin was the oldest dwelling in the region. The main part contained a single room, but there was a lean-to at the rear, and a little cave ran back under the hill. The owner invited me in to rest myself, and, as we entered, a gray cat departed through a missing windowpane.

"I been spendin' a year or two in the new gold region at Tonopah," said my host; "but I had to get away from there on account of my health. The water is full of borax, soda and alkali, and the Tonopah people been dyin' like sheep. Some of 'em, when they begin to feel sick, go to Carson and boil a little of the alkali out of their systems in the hot springs that are there. But I come here, and the first thing I knew I was in bed with the pleurisy. I had it in good shape and pretty near died. The doctor said the cabin needed ventilation, and he ordered that windowpane broke where you see the cat go through."

That evening, at Virginia City, I dropped in at the office of the paper on which Mark Twain began his literary career as a reporter. There was no one behind the counter in the little front room, and I went

A deserted Indian shack.

The homemade cabin of an old miner.

Sage brush supplies most of the firewood.

Having his photograph taken.

on into the type-setting department—a high, grimy room with type-cases along the sides, and walls bedizened with big theater posters. Two or three men were busy at the type, and their friends strolled in from time to time to look on or chat or warm themselves. Among the rest was one of the early settlers of the region, and I had a long talk with him. He looked as if he had shared the fate of the town, as he came in hobbling along with the aid of a cane. I asked him how the town appeared when he first saw it.

After lifting the cover of the stove and spitting into the opening, he replied, "I come here in April, 1861, and I found just twenty-nine houses. The most important was a small wooden hotel where you paid a dollar a night and furnished your own blankets and slept on the floor. You had to pay a dollar, too, for a meal. The other houses were none of them anything but shanties. Some of the people were living in tents, and some had run back a little drift under a hill and stretched over the hollow a green hide for a roof. The edges of the hide were made fast by laying on rocks. To shut in the front for the night you hung up a blanket. These dugouts were common for years.

"Ore was discovered in this region by the Grosch brothers, in 1858, and they started over the mountains for San Francisco to have some of it assayed. But the cold and the snow were too much for them, and one died on the way, and the other died afterward from the exposure. The ore proved to be very rich in silver, and other prospectors poked around the neighborhood the next year. Among them was two fellers named Mullins and Riley, who, in lookin' at the croppings above here on this hill discovered some heavy sort of rock they didn't understand. Comstock was still farther up the hill, and he see they'd found something, and he come and looked at it. He knew the ore was valuable, and he bluffed 'em into givin' him a third right in the discovery. They staked out claims, and that was the beginning of work here at the Comstock lode.

"At first there was no very great excitement, but by '61 people began to come in pretty rapid on foot, on horseback, and in teams. That next winter was a terrible hard one. The snow was so drifted wagons couldn't git in with supplies, and wood was fifty dollars a cord, and hay a hundred and fifty dollars a ton, and everything else equally expensive. But in the spring we had plenty once more. Until the railroad was built in 1869, our supplies come on ten- and twelve-mule teams, and there got to be five lines of six-horse stages running into town. The railroad was a great job; for it wound around the mountains and up and down and through tunnels and all that; but with the wealth there was here they'd have built a railroad up a tree, if necessary.

"We had the biggest mining camp the world ever saw. However, it wasn't the prospectors who staked out the early claims who made the big fortunes. They sold out and traded off and started again, I knew Comstock well. He was a man of some education, big-hearted and good-natured—a man who would never do wrong to any one except himself. Another person very much like Comstock was 'Old Virginia,' as we called him, the man this town was named after. I've seen those two lying on the floor under the influence of liquor, and the twenty-dollar gold pieces rolling out of their pockets.

"In those days everybody had money. I used to make five hundred dollars a month myself. Part of it I earned as leader of a brass band. There were four of us, and we got twenty dollars apiece to play at a ball, five dollars apiece at a serenade, and ten dollars each at a funeral. The brass bands was always at the funerals. We played a funeral march on the way to the cemetery, a dirge at the grave, and a quickstep comin' back.

"One of the first times I ever saw Mark Twain was at a ball where I was playin'. He'd got a little stepladder for a seat, and he kept joggling me as he moved it around to get a better sight of the people. So I finally up with my cornet and blew a blast in his ear. He left the hall then, and the next day he tried to get even by giving me a good hot write-up in his newspaper. But we met afterward, and he treated me to a drink, and things were all right. That was the only time I ever saw the color of his money, though I suppose he's drank one hundred and fifty dollars' worth at my expense. What he did with the salary he earned I can't imagine. I never knew him to gamble nor buy mining property. He

The playground under the majestic mountain.

had plenty of chances to make his fortune, but he was afraid to invest five cents.

"Most of us were pretty easy in money matters. If we made a lucky strike we laid off to enjoy ourselves. A man might be rich to-day and dead broke to-morrow. Comstock died poor. He went to Montana where he wound up by putting a six-shooter to his ear, after having returned to his tent disappointed in a prospecting tour. But the possibilities are alluring. I knew two fellows from Indiana who rode in here on horseback one morning, staked out claims, and in the afternoon sold out on the street for three thousand dollars apiece. That was more money than they'd ever seen where they came from. They thought they was rich, and they left for home. Another fellow traded an interest in a mine and sold out a little later for four hundred thousand dollars.

"Then there was Sandy Bowers. He got hold of a claim a few feet wide, and there was a woman had a small claim joining his. They got married, and pretty soon it was found their claims covered a little mountain of gold. It was in the hollow above the village of Gold Hill, and that was what gave the place its name. The gold was taken out, and Sandy sold his interest and was immensely rich. In order to enjoy his wealth he built himself a mansion about twenty miles from here over in the Washoe Valley—country where it is about as bare of everything but sagebrush at it is around Virginia City. He spared no expense in putting up his house, and it was of cut stone, and cost half a million. The door-knobs and hinges were of solid silver, and there was everything else to match. Most of the furniture he imported from Europe because there wasn't fine enough to be had on this side of the Atlantic. They had a ten-thousand-dollar library, though neither Sandy nor his wife could read or write; but the bindings looked well. They bought an expensive piano, though they knew no more about music than a pig does. Of course they had to have what they called statuary, even if it was made of plaster of Paris. When they opened up their house they had a big feast and invited all their friends, and the oysters that was served were from Philadelphia and cost a dollar and a half apiece.

"For a time they lived in grand style, as nearly as they could copy it; but they speculated in stocks and lost all they had. Sandy died, and was so poor at the time he hadn't the money to buy a single silver hinge of his fine mansion. His wife became a fortune teller in San Francisco, and was called the "Washoe Seeress".

"It's astonishing, the wealth that's been taken from this little strip of rough country here. One shaft alone has yielded two hundred and seventy millions. Very little of the money has been spent in the state of Nevada. The mine owners prefer to live in San Francisco or New York or Europe. However, for the first few years this town was full of wealth. There was gamblers here that had two or three hundred thousand at a time, and if a church was to be built, or other public work to be done they were the heaviest contributors. They made their money easier than anybody else, and they gave more freely.

"Everything was prosperous and promising when in October, 1875, about five o'clock one morning, a gentleman threw a lighted lamp at a woman he had some difference with, and unluckily missed his aim and set the house on fire. A gale was blowing, and that fire swept right through the town and burned all the business section and three fourths of the homes. We went to work at once to rebuild, and forty-five trains a day came in from Carson bringing grub and supplies. But the city was never the same afterward. The buildings were thrown up in a hurry and they don't stand the test of time. Pretty soon the town began to dwindle down, and a good many of the mines were abandoned. As they got deeper they became more difficult to work, and there was serious trouble with hot water in them, and, besides, the price of silver had dropped. There is some prospect that things may be brighter in the future; but Virginia City will never again be what it was."

And when I left the printing office and once more looked about the village I could not help agreeing that the energy and wealth and glory of that stirring past seemed never likely to return to the dilapidated old mining camp.

THE FIRST YANKEE SHIP AT GUAM

XI—OLD SALEM SHIPS AND SAILORS

BY RALPH D. PAINE

HAT minute dot on the map of the Pacific known as Guam, has appealed to the American people with a certain serio-comic interest as a colonial possession accidentally acquired and ruled by one exiled naval officer after another in the rôle of a benevolent despot and monarch of all he surveys. This most fertile and populous of the Ladrone Islands, which are spattered over a waste of blue water for four hundred miles and more, was casually picked up as the spoils of war, it will be remembered, by the cruiser *Charleston* soon after hostilities with Spain had been declared in 1898. The Spanish Governor of Guam was rudely awakened from his siesta by the boom of guns seaward and with the politeness of his race hastened to send out word to the commander of the American cruiser that he was unable to return the salute for lack of powder. Thereupon, he was informed that he was not being saluted but captured, and the Stars and Stripes were run above the ancient fort and its moldering cannon which had barked salvos of welcome to the stately galleons of Spain bound from South America to Manila two centuries before.

The sovereignty of Castile being eliminated in this hilarious and harmless fashion, the hard-headed legatees who wore the blue of the American navy sought to reform what had been a tropical paradise where no man worked unless he wanted to, where simple, brown-skinned fold dwelt in drowsy contentment without thought of the morrow. The gospel taught by the late Captain Richard Leary as naval governor of Guam aimed to make these happy islanders more industrious and more moral according to the code of the United States. His successors have labored along similar lines and Captain Dorn, governor of Guam in the year of 1908, proclaimed such commendable but rigorous doctrine as this:

"Every resident of the island having no apparent means of subsistence, who has the physical ability to apply himself or herself to some lawful calling; every person found loitering about saloons, dram shops or gambling houses, or tramping or straying through the country without visible means of support; every person known to be a pickpocket, thief or burglar, when found loitering about any gambling house, cockpit or any outlying barrio, and every idle or dissolute person of either sex caught occupying premises without the consent of the owner thereof, shall on conviction be punished by a fine of $250, or imprisonment for one year or both."

A brighter picture of the life of these islanders was painted several years ago by W. E. Safford who wrote of them in a paper contributed to the *American Anthropologist:*

"Everybody seemed contented and had a pleasant greeting for the stranger. It seemed to me that I had discovered Arcadia, and when I thought of a letter I had received from a friend asking whether I believed it would be possible to civilize the natives, I felt like exclaiming: 'God forbid.'"

The same visitor relates of these people and their ways:

"There are few masters and few servants in Guam. As a rule, the farm is not too extensive to be cultivated by the family, all of whom, even to the little children, lend a hand. Often the owners of neighboring farms work together in communal fashion, one day on A's corn, the next on B's, and so on, laughing, skylarking, and singing at their work and stopping whenever they feel like it to take a drink of tuba from a neighboring cocoanut tree. Each does his share

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A native house on the beach.

without constraint, nor will one indulge so fully in tuba as to incapacitate himself for work, for experience has taught the necessity of temperance, and every one must do his share of the reciprocal services. By the time the young men have finished their round the weeds are quite high enough once more in A's corn to require attention. In the evening they separate, each going to his own ranch to feed his bullock, pigs and chickens; and after a good supper they lie down on a Pandanus mat spread over the elastic platform of split bamboo."

A pleasant picture, this, of toil lightened by common interest; an idyllic glimpse of what work ought to be, perhaps worthy the attention of socialists, labor unions, and those that scorn the heathen in his blindness.

Almost a hundred years before Guam became a United States possession, the island was visited by a Salem bark, the *Lydia*, the first vessel that ever flew the American flag in the harbor of this island. There has been preserved in manuscript an illustrated journal of the first mate of the *Lydia*, William Haswell, in which he wrote at considerable length the story of this historical pioneering voyage, and his impressions of the island and its people under Spanish rule in the far-away year of 1801. As the earliest description of a visit to Guam by an American sailor or traveler, the manuscript has gained a timely interest by the transfer of the island from under the Spanish flag.

However arduous may be the restrictions imposed by the conscientious naval governors of to-day, the journal of First Mate Haswell of the *Lydia* shows that the islanders were released from a condition of slavery and merciless exploitation by the memorable arrival of the cruiser *Charleston* and the subsequent departure from the stone palace of the last of the Dons of Spain.

The very earliest experience of these islanders with Christian civilization must have inspired unhappy traditions to make them far from fond of their rulers. The Marianne or Ladrone Islands were discovered by Magellan on March 6, 1521, after a passage of three months and twenty days from the strait which bears his name. Among the accounts written of this voyage is that of Antonio Pigafetta of Vicenza, which relates the terrible sufferings endured across an unexplored ocean. After there was no more food the crews were forced to eat rats which brought a price of half a crown each, "and enough of them could not be got." The seamen then ate sawdust and the ox hide used as chafing gear on the rigging of the mainyards. The water was yellow and stinking. Scurvy devastated the expedition and nineteen men died of it, while twenty-five or thirty more fell ill "of divers sicknesses, both in the arms and legs and other places in such manner that very few remained healthy."

In this desperate plight, Magellan sighted two islands on which there were no natives nor any food, and passed by them to find an anchorage off what was later called Guam. The natives came out to welcome the ship, skimming over the water in wonderful canoes or proas, and brought gifts of fruit. The ships' sails were furled and preparations made to land when a skiff which had ridden astern of the flagship was missed. It may have broken adrift but the natives were suspected of stealing it, and Captain-General Magellan at once led forty armed men ashore, burned forty or fifty houses and many boats, and slaughtered seven or eight native men and women.

"Before we went ashore," writes Pigafetta, "some of our people who were sick said to us that if we should kill any of them whether man or woman, that we should bring on board their entrails, being persuaded that with the latter they could be cured. When we wounded some of those islanders with arrows which entered their bodies, they tried to draw forth the arrow, now in one way, now in another, in the meantime regarding it with great astonishment, and they died of it, which did not fail to cause us compassion. Seeing us taking our departure, then, they followed us with more than a hundred boats for more than a league. They approached our ships, showing us fish and pretending to wish to give them to us; but when they were near they cast stones at us and fled. We passed under full sail among their boats, which, with great dexterity, escaped us. We saw among them some women who were weeping and tearing their hair, surely for their husbands killed by us."

After this bloodthirsty and wicked visitation no attempt was made to colonize these islands until a Jesuit priest, Padre Diege Luis de Suavitores, landed at Guam

Copyright photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

Single and double the ox is the draught animal of Guam.

in 1668, when a mission was established. The Spanish Jesuits held full sway until they were expelled in 1769 and their place taken by the Friars.

When the Salem bark *Lydia* visited Guam, therefore, in 1801, the Spanish administration was in its heyday and had been long enough established to offer a fair survey of what this particular kind of civilization had done for the natives.

The *Lydia* was in Manila on a trading voyage when she was chartered by the Spanish Government to carry to Guam the new governor of the islands, his family, his suite and his luggage. The bark sailed from Manila for Guam on October 20, 1801, and two days later, while among the Philippine Islands, the first mate wrote in his journal:

"Now having to pass through dangerous straits, we went to work to make boarding nettings, and to get our arms in the best order, but had we been attacked, we should have been taken with ease. The pirates are numerous in their prows* and we have but eleven in number exclusive of our passengers, *viz.*, the captain two officers, cook, steward, and six men before the mast. The passengers are the Governor of the Marianna Islands, his Lady, three children and two servant girls, and twelve men servants, a Friar and his servant, a Judge and two servants, total passengers twenty-four and we expected but eight. Too many idlers to drink water, and to my certain knowledge they would not have fought had we been attacked. However, we passed in safety.

"These passengers caused a great deal of trouble when their baggage came on board. It could not be told from the cargo and, of course, we stowed it all away together below, so that every day there was a search for something or other which caused the ship to be forever in confusion."

There was more excitement while passing between the islands of Panay and Negros, where the bark was becalmed close to land, "and all our passengers were in the greatest confusion for fear of being taken and put to death in the dark and not have time to say their prayers." Next day the *Lydia* anchored at the island of Sambongue and the "Governor, his Lady and children" went on shore to visit the officers of the Spanish settlement. Captain Barnard of the bark did not like the appearance of this port and "put the ship into the highest state of defence possible, got all the boarding nettings up, and the arms loaded and kept a sea watch. This night a Spanish launch, as it proved to be afterwards, attempted to come on board, but we fired at it and ordered it to keep off."

Cordial relations were soon established between ship and shore, however, and the Spanish governor of Sambongue and his sons went on board to make a friendly call. "We had made every preparation in our power to receive them with the greatest respect," says the journal. "His sons were as bad as Indians. They wanted everything they saw. Captain Barnard presented them with a day and night glass. They in turn sent a boat-load of cocoanuts, upwards of a thousand, and some plantain stalks for the live stock, some small hogs, two sheep, a small ox and goat, but the live stock was for the passengers. The same evening the Governor's sons returned on board and brought with them six girls and their music to entertain us, but the ship was so full of lumber that they had no place to show their dancing. However, we made shift to amuse ourselves till three in the morning. The current then turning and a light breeze from the northward springing up, we sent them all on shore, they singing and playing their music on the way."

The following day, November 7th, saw the *Lydia* under way and William Haswell, with cheerful recollections of this island, found time to write:

"The town of Sambongue is a pleasant place and protected by fifty pieces of cannon, the greatest part of them so concealed by the trees that they cannot be seen by shipping. This proved fatal to two English frigates that attempted to take it. They landed their men before the Spaniards fired. The Spaniards destroyed two boats and killed, by their account, forty men, one of them a Captain of Marines. The English made the best of their way back to the ships. One of them got aground abreast of the Fort and received great injury. This is their story, but we must make allowance. One thing is certain, the British left the greater part of

* Proas.

their arms behind them. The English account is, the *Fox*, four killed and twelve wounded the *Sybille*, two killed and six wounded.

"The English have so much of the Malay trade that but little comes to the share of the Spaniards, and in the words of the Governor's wife there is plenty of cocoanuts, water and girls at Sambongue, but nothing else. I was well pleased with the inhabitants, as they did everything in their power to serve us.

"November 8th. We had fine weather, light winds and those easterly, so that it rendered our passage long and tedious. Our passengers were very anxious to arrive at the island where they were to be the head commanders, a station they had never before enjoyed. The Friar was praying day and night but it would not bring a fair wind.

". . . Jan. 4th. 4 P. M. we set all steering sails and stood to the westward and got sight of the Islands of Guam and Rota. Next day we had light winds and calms. We steered for the north end of the island and at five P. M. found it was too late to get in that night. Reeft the topsails and stood off and on all night. At 4 A. M. set all sail to get round to the S. W. side. At 10 A. M. saw the town of Aguana* and at one we entered the harbor at Caldera. A gun was fired from the Island Fort, at which we came to and handed sails, the ship rolling very heavy. A small boat came on board to enquire who we were. As soon as they were informed that the new Governor was on board, they set off in the greatest hurry to carry the information to Don Manuel Mooro, the old Governor.

"The breeze continuing, we got under weigh and beat up the harbour. They placed canoes on the dangerous places and by 6 P. M. the ship was up and anchored in sixteen fathoms of water, sails handed, boats and decks cleaned. At midnight the Adjutant came on board with a letter from Don Manuel wishing our passenger, Don Vincentz Blanco, joy on his safe arrival and informing him that the boats would attend him in the morning.

"Jan. 7th. Accordingly at 6 A. M. three boats came on board, one of them a handsome barge, the crew in uniform, a large launch for baggage, and a small boat for the Judge and his two servants. At ten the Governor, his Lady, and suite left the Ship. We saluted with nine guns and three cheers. We then went to work to clear ship."

At this place in his narrative the first mate of the *Lydia* turns aside from the pomp and fine feathers of the new Governor's reception to tell of the hard fate of another vessel.

"We saw a ship heaving in sight and not able to find the passage over the Reef. I took a small boat and went out and found her to be an English ship in distress. I piloted them in and brought them to anchorage near the Hill Forts in thirty fathoms of water. Their story is as follows, that the ship was taken from the Spaniards on the coast of Peru and carried to Port Jackson New Holland and condemned. The present owners bought her there and went with her to New Zealand to cut spars which they were intending to carry to the Cape of Good Hope. But the ship going on shore and bilging herself, delayed them some time which occasioned a greater expenditure of provisions than what they expected.

"They at length got the ship repaired and loaded and went to the Friendly Islands to get provisions, but they were disappointed as the natives were at war with one another and nothing to be got but yams, of which they got a slender stock. They set off again, but the ship got aground on some rocks which made her leaky. They got her off and stopt the leak on the inside with clay as well as they could. Their men then mutinied and insisted on carrying the ship to Macao, but not being able to reach that place, they put in here for provisions, thinking the Spaniards would let them go out again. But their ship was so bad that she never left this place. They could not get at the leak any other way than by heaving the keel out and that was a work of time. I sent them some salt beef and pork on board and took an officer and fifty Indians and a bower anchor and cable with me to get her up the harbour which we were some time about, but plenty of men made light work, and I warped her up abreast of the *Lydia*, and there moored her.

* The name of the capital or chief town of Guam is spelled "Agana" to-day.

"Next day eight of the English ship's men took a boat and went to town to the Governor to enquire how much he would give them to carry the ship to Manila, but he ordered them to be put in irons for mutiny."

Meanwhile the *Lydia* was discharging cargo and filling her water casks. When the wind blew too hard for the boats to make a landing at Agana, Mate Haswell writes: "I used to take my gun and two or three Indians with me and wander into the woods, but in all my stay on the Island I shot only one small deer and some hogs and a few birds amongst which was a large Bat near three feet from tip of wing to wing. The woods are so full of underbrush that it is hard labour to one that is not used to it to get forward, but the Indians travel as fast as I can on clear ground. I frequently went into inland Indian villages and always found them hard at work with the tobacco which all belongs to the King. As soon as dried it must be carried to the Governor and he sells it all at an enormous price. Everything else they have, even the cattle, belongs to the King.

"The houses are small, but very cleanly, and are built of a kind of basket work, with cocoanut leaves and are about twelve feet from the ground. Their furniture consists of two or three hammocks of network, and the same number of mats, a chest, one frying pan, a large copper pan, and a few earthen jars. Near their houses is a large row of wicker baskets in piles six feet high for their fowls to lay their eggs and set in, the breed of which they are very careful to preserve. The fire place is under a small shed near the house to shelter it from the rain, Their food is chiefly shell fish and plantains, cocoanuts and a kind of small potatoes which they dry, and make flour of, and it makes good bread when new.

"But to return to the *Lydia*. She was bountifully supplied with fresh provisions, beef, pork, fowls, all at the King's expense and in the greatest plenty so that we gave three-quarters of it away to the English ship, who had nothing allowed them but jerked beef and rice. As our crew was small we had a great deal of duty a-going on, I often got assistance from the English ship and with this supply of men the work was light. I kept the long boat constantly employed bringing on board wood and water Four men were on shore cutting wood, and some hands repairing the rigging, painting ship, etc., and getting ready for sea as soon as possible.

"About this time Captain Barnard came on board and went, accompanied by himself and the second officer, to make a survey of the hull of the English ship, her hull, rigging, sails, etc., and found her not fit to perform a passage without some new sails, a new cable and a great deal of new rigging and a new boat as hers were lost. The leak we thought could be reduced on the inside, but all the seams were very open and required caulking. A report of our opinions being drawn out, I was sent to town with it.

"The Governor hinted it was impossible to get what was required, but yet wished to send the ship to Manila. The poor owners hung their heads in expectancy of the condemnation of the ship."

After the *Lydia* had been made ready for her return voyage to Manila, Mr. Haswell relates that he went to town, Agana, for a few days, and passed "the time in a very pleasant manner. I found them preparing our sea stock, which was to be in the greatest abundance. It consisted of eight oxen, fifty hogs, large and small, but in general about thirty pounds each, twenty-four dozen of fowl, five dozen of pigeons, two live deer and a boat load of yams, potatoes, watermelons, oranges, limes, cocoanuts, etc. The way we came to be so well provided for was that both the Governors and the Lieutenant Governor insisted on supplying us with stock, but that was not all, for the Friars and the Captains of the Villages near the seaside all sent presents on board, some one thing, some another.

"Thus the ship's decks were as full as they could be with live stock, hen coops from one end of the quarterdeck to the other, the long boat and main deck full of hogs, and the forecastle of oxen. This great stock of provisions was more than half wasted, for the heat of the weather was such that more than half of it was spoiled. It would not keep more than twenty-four hours without being cooked and then not more than two days, so that if we killed an ox of five hundred pounds,

four hundred of it was hove overboard, which was a pity, but we had no salt.

"All of the English gentlemen and some of the Spanish officers came down to the waterside to see us embark. I then went in company with Captain Barnard and bid the kind Governor farewell and found scarcely a dry eye in the house. The Governor's Lady would not make her appearance, but she waved a handkerchief from the balcony of the Palace as we embarked in the boats.

"Captain Barnard was disappointed, as he expected to have carried the old Governor back to Manila with us, and only required half the sum we had for going out, which was 8,000 dollars, but the old man thought 4,000 dollars was too much and offered 2,000 which was refused, the Captain thinking that he would give it at last. Don Manuel had the precaution to embark all the old Governor's goods and the remains of his wife on board the *Lydia* by which Captain Barnard thought he would come up to his price, and so took them on board for the small sum of two hundred dollars. Nothing was left behind but the old Governor and servants. He expected to the last moment that we would stop for him, but as soon as he saw us under weigh, he wanted to stop us, but it was too late as we were gone before his messenger reached the fort.

"We left the Harbour de Calderon with a fine breeze N.E. and as soon as we were at sea a man belonging to the English ship that had secreted himself on board, came on deck and shewed himseif. We had also an Otaheita Indian that was under the care of Captain Barnard as his servant. We had but one passenger, a Friar, and he was a good man, his behaviour was very different from the one we carried out with us. He was so bad that we were forced to send him to Coventry, or in other words, no one would speak with him."

Having finished this running chronicle of the voyage to Guam, the first mate of the *Lydia* made a separate compilation of such general information as he had been able to pick up. His account of the treatment of the natives by their Spanish overlords is in part as follows:

"They are under the Spanish martial law. All (native) officers are tried by the Governor and the King's officers of the army. They have the power to inflict any punishment they think proper. When a man is found worthy of death he must be sent to Manila to be condemned and then brought back again to be executed. There was only one lying in irons for murder, but Captain Barnard would not take him with us. The whole island belongs to the King of Spain whom the Governor personates, and the inhabitants must pay a yearly rent for their houses and lands and all the cattle are the property of the crown and can be taken from them at the pleasure of the King's officers, nor dare they kill their cattle but with the permission of the Governor or the Friars, and they never kill a cow till she is very old. The only things they have are the milk and butter and hides and the labour of the beast, and a small price when it is killed.

"They are called free-men, but I think contrary. If the Governor wants a road cut he calls on all the men and sets them about it and only finds them rice till it is done. The old Governor carried too far and was called a great Tyrant. He made them build two forts and a bridge and cut a road through a high rock, build a school house and some other things and never allowed them to be idle, but for want of a supply of food from Manila the poor men were near starving as he did not give them time to cultivate the land.

"The Church also has its modes of trial. They have a kind of Inquisition or trial by Torture established but I never heard of their punishing any person. The poor Indians respect the Friars highly, but the Governor will not let the Friars meddle with the affairs of Government, as they often want to do. They were at variance about a man that had committed murder and fled to the Church for protection. One of the Officers took him from under the altar. The priests resented this but were forced to hold their tongues. They sat on trials before, but now they are excluded and the Governor takes care of things temporal. But we carried out a Judge with us to examine into the Governor's behaviour and to hear the complaints of the poor to see them redressed.

"On the arrival of the new Governor the ship that brings him salutes him when he leaves the ship and on his landing all the forts fire except the Citadel which fires on

his entering the church. The road was lined with the militia without arms and he was received at the landing place by the Lieutenant Governor and Adjutant and the Guards under arms. There was a handsome carriage and four horses for the children and two chair palanquins for him and his Lady, but he mounted the Adjutant's horse, and rode under triumphal arches of flowers and leaves of trees to the church which he entered with all his family. The forts then fired and the Guards received him on his leaving the church and conducted him to the Palace where the old Governor received him and the Guards fired three volleys.

"A grand entertainment was provided of which all the officers partook and in which the old Governor shewed his taste. His table was covered with the best of provisions, consisting of beef, venison, fowls, fish, turtle, etc. All was in the greatest style, and the old man still has good wines and chocolate though he had been five years without supplies from Manila. The feast he gave was grand and by far surpassing what was to be expected on a barren island. The next day all the officers waited on the Governor's Lady to pay their respects. All of them brought presents, *viz.*, butter, eggs, fowls, fruit, but the Adjutant's wife gave her a pair of earrings of pearls, the largest that I ever saw. They were entertained with music and dancing and had beverages served round to them, but some of the head ones had chocolate, wine, cakes, etc.

"In their dances the natives imitate the Spaniards as near as possible. Their voices are soft and harmonious, their songs are short and agreeable, their language borders on the Malay but not so that they can understand one another. These people are very hospitable and on your entering their huts they offer you young cocoanuts and will get any kind of fruit they have in a few moments. They are in general healthy and strong but a certain malady introduced among them by the Spaniards has made sad ravages and they had no medicines in the Island at the time of our arrival, and they have no person that is acquainted with medicines or with disorders of any kind. It is a great pity that the Spanish Government does not send a man sufficiently qualified to put a stop to that dreadful disorder.

"The Roman Catholic religion is universally established in all its Terrors. I could not find out whether the Indians had any of their own, but they pay great respect to some large flat stones of an oval shape that are often found near their villages and are engraved with characters like Malay, but there was no person on the Island that could decipher them, as all kinds of learning have been long lost by the poor Indians. The Spaniards have established a school to teach them to read and write, but there are few of them who learn more than to read the Prayers which are given them by the Friars.

"In the inland places the men and women go naked, but they have clothes and on the appearance of a European they run and put them on and are proud of being dressed, but they cannot buy clothes to wear in common because they are so dear, for the Governor gains eight hundred per cent. on all he sells them. And no other person is allowed to trade. They are very obedient to government and it is seldom that there is any disturbance.

"Of the troops one company is of colored men formerly brought from Manila but now more than half Indians. They are well clothed and make a good appearance with bright arms and a good band of music. Of militia there is one regiment of one thousand men. Their arms are in bad order, so rusty that when the Militia paraded to receive the new Governor they were not armed but sat about cleaning them. The payment of this militia is the only cash in circulation on the Island. Every man has ten dollars a year to keep himself in readiness. When pay day comes it causes a kind of market. The Governor's secretary pays them and they carry the money to the dry goods store and lay it out in Bengal goods, cottons, and in Chinese pans, pots, knives, and hoes, which soon takes all their pay away so that the cash never leaves the Governor's hands. It is left here by the galleons in passing and when the Governor is relieved he carries it with him to Manila, often to the amount of eighty or ninety thousand dollars.

"The population is estimated at 11,000 inhabitants* of which twelve only are white

*The first American census of Guam reported a native population of between 9,000 and 10,000.

and about fifty or sixty mixed. The Governor and four Friars are the only Spaniards from old Spain, the others are from Peru, Manila, etc. The city or capital of the Island is on the north side in a large bay, but there is no anchorage for shipping. It is a pleasant town and contains five hundred houses of all sorts and one thousand inhabitants of all descriptions. It is on a small plain under a hill which protects it from the heavy gales that sometimes blow from the eastward. The town consists of six streets, one of them three-quarters of a mile long. The buildings of the Governor and Chief Officers are of stone and are good houses. The Palace is two-story and situated in a very pleasant part of the town with a large plantation of bread-fruit trees before it, and a road from it to the landing place. It is in the old Spanish style. The audience chamber is near a hundred feet long, forty broad and twenty high and well ornamented with lamps and paintings. At each end of it are private apartments. In the front is a large balcony which reaches from one end of the house to the other. Behind the palace are all the outhouses which are very numerous. Close to the Palace are the barracks and guard-room. It is a large building and is capable of containing five hundred men with ease. To the northward stands the church, built like one of our barns at home. It has a low steeple for the bells. On the inside it is well adorned with pictures, images, etc. On the southeast and near the church is the free school which has a spire. Here the alarm bell is hung, also the school bell. The scholars never leave the house but to go to church."

In this rambling fashion does Mr. William Haswell, mate of the Salem bark *Lydia*, discourse of Guam as he saw it in the year of our Lord, 1801. He dwells at some length also on the remarkable abundance of fish, shells and *beche de mer*, the animals wild and tame, "the finest watermelons I ever saw," and the proas or "prows" which he has seen "sail twelve knots with ease." Of one of these craft he tells this tale:

"There is a Prow that was drove on shore in a southerly gale from the Caroline Islands with only one man alive. She had been at sea fourteen days, and ten of them without provisions. There were three dead in the boat and the one that was alive could not get out of the boat without assistance. She had but one out-rigger which they shifted from side to side. In other ways she was like the Guam Prows. The man that came in her was well used and has no desire to go back. He looks a little like a Malay, but there was no person in the Island that understood his language."

Mate William Haswell has left unfinished certain incidents of his voyage to the bewitching island of Guam. Why was the Friar of the outward voyage sent to Coventry? Did the thrifty "old Governor" finally overtake the remains of his wife which sailed away to Manila without him? One might also wish to know more of the brilliantly successful methods of the Governor as a captain of industry. The system by which he kept all the cash in the island in his own pockets, paying his militia in order that they might immediately buy goods of him at a profit of eight hundred per cent., seems flawless. It has not been surpassed by any twentieth century apostle of "high finance."

Whatever sins of omission may be charged against the literary account of First Mate William Haswell, it is greatly to his credit that he should have taken pains to write this journal of the *Lydia*, a memorial of the earliest voyage under the American flag to that happy-go-lucky colony of Uncle Sam which in more recent years has added something to the gaiety of nations.

BACK FROM THE WILD

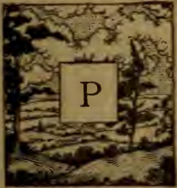
VIII—THE TENT DWELLERS

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. S. WATSON

XXVI

It is better to let the wild beast run,
And to let the wild bird fly;
Each harbors best in his native nest,
Even as you and I.



PERHAPS it was the cold weather that brought us a visitor. There was a tree directly over our tent, and in the morning — a sharp sunny morning, with the wind where it should be, in the west—we noticed on going out that a peculiar sort of fruit had grown on this tree over night. On one of the limbs just above the tent was a prickly looking ball, like a chestnut burr, only black, and about a hundred times as big. It was a baby porcupine, who perhaps had set out to see the world on his own account—a sort of prodigal who had found himself without funds, and helpless, on a cold night. No doubt he climbed up there to look us over, with a view of picking out a good place for himself; possibly with the hope of being invited to breakfast.

Eddie was delighted with our new guest. He declared that he would take him home alive, and feed him and care for him, and live happy ever after. He got a pole and shook our visitor down in a basket, and did a war dance of joy over his new possession. He was a cute little fellow—the "piggy-pine" (another of Eddie's absurd names)—with bright little eyes and certain areas of fur, but I didn't fancy him as a pet. He seemed to me rather too much of a cross between a rat and a pincushion to be a pleasant companion in the intimate relations of one's household. I suspected that if in a perfectly wild state he had been prompted to seek human companionship and the comforts of civilized life, in a domestic atmosphere he would want to sit at the table and sleep with somebody. I did not believe Eddie's affection would survive these familiarities. I knew how surprised and annoyed he might be some night to roll over suddenly on the piggy-pine and then have to sit up the rest of the night while a surgeon removed the quills. I said that I did not believe in taming wild creatures, and I think the guides were with me in this opinion. I think so because they recited two instances while we were at breakfast. Del's story was of some pet gulls he once owned. He told it in that serious way which convinced me of its truth. Certain phases of the narrative may have impressed me as being humorous, but it was clear they were not so regarded by Del. His manner was that of one who records history. He said:

"One of the children caught two young gulls once, in the lake, and brought them to the house and said they were going to tame them. I didn't think they would live, but they did. You couldn't have killed them without an axe. They got tame right away, and they were all over the house, under foot and into everything, making all kinds of trouble. But that wasn't the worst—the worst was feeding them. It wasn't so bad when they were little, but they grew to beat anything. Then it began to keep us moving to get enough for them to eat. They lived on fish, mostly, and at first the children thought it fun to feed them. They used to bait a little dip net and catch minnows for the gulls, and the gulls got so they would follow anybody that started out with that dip net, calling and squealing like a pair of pigs. But they were worse than pigs. You

can fill up a pig and he will go to sleep, but you never could fill up those gulls. By and by the children got tired of trying to do it and gave me the job. I made a big dip net and kept it set day and night, and every few minutes all day and the last thing before bedtime I'd go down and lift out about a pailful of fish for those gulls, and they'd eat until the fish tails stuck out of their mouths, and I wouldn't more than have my back turned before they'd be standing on the shore of the lake, looking down into that dip net and hollering for more. I got so I couldn't do anything but catch fish for those gulls. It was a busy season, too, and besides the minnows were getting scarce along the lake front, so I had to get up early to get enough to feed them and the rest of the family. I said at last I was through feeding gulls. I told the children that either they'd have to do it, or that the gulls would have to go to work like the rest of the family and fish for themselves. But the children wouldn't do it, nor the gulls, either. Then I said I would take those birds down in the woods and leave them somewhere. I did that. I put them into a basket and shut them in tight and took them five miles down the river and let them loose in a good place where there were plenty of fish. They flew off and I went home. When I got to the house they'd been there three hours, looking at the dip net and squalling, and they ate a pail heaping full of fish, and you could have put both gulls into the pail when they got through. I was going on a long trip with a party next morning, and we took the gulls along. We fed them about a bushel of trout and left them seventeen miles down the river, just before night, and drove home in the dark. I didn't think the gulls would find their way back that time, but they did. They were there before daybreak, fresh and hungry as ever. Then I knew it was no use. The axe was the only thing that would get me out of that mess. The children haven't brought home any wild pets since."

That you see is just unembellished history, and convincing. I regret that I cannot say as much for Charlie's narrative. It is a likely story enough, as such things go, but there are points about it here and there which seem to require confirmation. I am told that it is a story well known and often repeated in Nova Scotia, but even that cannot be accepted as evidence of its entire truth. Being a fish story it would seem to require something more. This is the tale as Charlie told it.

"Once there was a half-breed Indian," he said, "who had a pet trout named Tommy, which he kept in a barrel. But the trout got pretty big and had to have the water changed a good deal to keep him alive. The Indian was too lazy to do that, and he thought he would teach the trout to live out of water. So he did. He commenced by taking Tommy out of the barrel for a few minutes at a time, pretty often, and then he took him out oftener and kept him out longer, and by and by Tommy got so he could stay out a good while if he was in the wet grass. Then the Indian found he could leave him in the wet grass all night, and pretty soon that trout could live in the shade whether the grass was wet or not. By that time he had got pretty tame, too, and he used to follow the Indian around a good deal, and when the Indian would go out to dig worms for him, Tommy would go along and pick up the worms for himself. The Indian thought everything of that fish, and when Tommy got so he didn't need water at all, but could go anywhere—down the dusty road and stay all day out in the hot sun—you never saw the Indian without his trout. Show people wanted to buy Tommy, but the Indian said he wouldn't sell a fish like that for any money. You'd see him coming to town with Tommy following along in the road behind, just like a dog, only of course he traveled a good deal like a snake, and most as fast.

"Well, it was pretty sad the way that Indian lost his trout, and it was funny, too. He started for town one day with Tommy coming along behind as usual. There was a bridge in the road and when the Indian came to it he saw there was a plank off but he went on over it without thinking. By and by he looked around for Tommy and Tommy wasn't there. He went back a ways and called but he couldn't see anything of his pet. Then he came to the bridge and saw the hole, and he thought right away that maybe his trout had got in there. So he went to the hole and looked down, and sure enough, there was Tommy, floating on the water

bottom side up. He'd tumbled through that hole into the brook and drowned."

I think these stories impressed Eddie a good deal. I know they did me. Even if Charlie's story was not pure fact in certain minor details, its moral was none the less evident. I saw clearer than ever that it is not proper to take wild creatures from their native element and make pets of them. Something always happens to them, sooner or later. We were through breakfast and Eddie went over to look at his porcupine. He had left it in a basket, well covered with a number of things. He came back right away—looking a little blank, I thought.

"He's gone!" he said. "The basket's just as I left it, all covered up, but he isn't in it."

We went over to look. Sure enough, our visitor had set out on new adventures. How he had escaped was a mystery. It didn't matter—both he and Eddie were better off.

But that was a day for animal friends. Where we camped for luncheon, Eddie and I took a walk along the river bank and suddenly found ourselves in a perfect menagerie. We were among a regular group of grown porcupines—we counted five of them—and at the same time there were two blue herons in the water close by. A step away a pair of partridges ran through the brush and stood looking at us from a fallen log, while an old duck and her young came sailing across the river. We were nearing civilization, now, but evidently these creatures were not much harassed. It was like the Garden of Eden before the Fall. It is true the old duck swam away, calling to her brood, when she saw us; the partridges presently hid in the brush, and the blue herons waded a bit further off. But the porcupines went on galumphing around us, and none of the collection seemed much disturbed. During the afternoon we came upon two fishermen, college boys, camping, who told us they had seen some young loons in a nest just above, and Eddie was promptly seized with a desire to possess them.

In fact we left so hastily that Del forgot his extra paddle, and did not discover the loss until we were a half-mile or so up-stream. Then he said he would leave me in the canoe to fish and would walk back along the shore. An arm of the river made around an island just there, and it looked like a good place. There seemed to be not much current in the water, and I thought I could manage the canoe in such a spot and fish too, without much trouble.

It was not as easy as it looked. Any one who has tried to handle a canoe from the front end with one hand and fish with the other will tell you so. I couldn't seem to keep out of the brush along the shore, and I couldn't get near some brush in the middle of the river where I believed there were trout. I was right about the trout being there, too. Eddie proved that when he came up with his canoe. He had plenty of business with big fellows, right away. But the fact didn't do me any good. Just when I would get near the lucky place and ready to cast, a twitch in the current or a little puff of wind would get hold of the stern of my canoe, which rode up out of the water, high and light like a sail, and my flies would land in some bushes along the bank, or hang in a treetop, or do some other silly thing which was entertaining enough to Eddie and his guide, apparently, but which did not amuse me to any extent. I never realized before what a crazy thing a canoe can be when you want it to do something out of its regular line of work. A canoe is a good sort of a craft in its place, and I would not wish to go into the woods without one, but it is limited in its gifts, very limited. It can't keep its balance with any degree of certainty when you want to stand up and fish, and it has no sort of notion of staying in one place, unless it's hauled out on the bank. If that canoe had been given the versatility of an ordinary flat-bottomed john-boat I could have got along better than I did. I said as much, and disparaged canoes generally. Eddie declared that he had never heard me swear with such talent and unreserve. He encouraged me by holding up each fish as he caught it and by suggesting that I come over there. He knew very well that I couldn't get there in a thousand years. Whenever I tried to do it that fool of a canoe shot out at a tangent and brought up nowhere. Finally in an effort to reconstruct my rod I dropped a joint of the noibwood overboard, and it went down in about four hundred feet of water. Then I believe I did have a few things to say. I

was surprised at my own proficiency. It takes a crucial moment like that to develop real genius. I polished off the situation and I trimmed up the corners. Possibly a touch of sun made me fluent, for it was hot out there, though it was not as hot as a place I told them about, and I dwelt upon its fitness as a permanent abiding place for fishermen in general and for themselves in particular. When I was through and empty I seesawed over to the bank and waited for Del. I believe I had a feverish hope that they would conclude to take my advice, and that I should never see their canoe and its contents again.

There are always compensations for those who suffer and are meek in spirit. That was the evening I caught the big fish, the fish that Eddie would have given a corner of his immortal soul (if he has a soul, and if it has corners) to have taken. It was just below a big fall—Loon Lake Falls I think they call it—and we were going to camp there. Eddie had taken one side of the pool and I the other and neither of us had caught anything. Eddie was just landing, when something that looked big and important, far down the swift-racing current, rose to what I had intended as my last cast. I had the little four-ounce bamboo, but I let the flies go down there—the fly, I mean, for I was casting with one (a big Silver Doctor)—and the King was there, waiting. He took it with a great slop and carried out a long stretch of line. It was a test for the little rod. There had been unkind remarks about the tiny bamboo whip; this was to be justification; a big trout on a long line, in deep, swift water—the combination was perfect. Battle, now, ye ruler of the rapids! Show your timber, now, thou slender wisp of silk and cane!

But we have had enough of fishing. I shall not dwell upon the details of that contest. I may say, however, that I have never seen Del more excited than during the minutes—few or many, I do not know how few, or how many—that it lasted. Every guide wants his canoe to beat, and it was evident from the first that this was the trout of the expedition. I know that Del believed I would never bring that fish to the canoe, and when those heavy rushes came I was harassed with doubts myself. Then little by little he yielded. When at last he was over in the slower water—out of the main channel—I began to have faith.

So he came in, slowly, slowly, and as he was drawn nearer to the boat, Del seized the net to be ready for him. But I took the net. I had been browbeaten and humiliated and would make my triumph complete. I brought him to the very side of the boat, and I lifted him in. This time the big fish did not get away. We went to where the others had been watching, and I stepped out and tossed him carelessly on the ground, as if it were but an everyday occurrence. Eddie was crushed. I no longer felt bitterness toward him.

I think I shall not give the weight of that fish. As already stated, no one can tell the truth concerning a big fish the first trial, while more than one attempt does not look well in print, and is apt to confuse the reader. Besides, I don't think Eddie's scales were right, anyway.

XXVII

Then breathe a sigh and a long good-bye
To the wilderness to-day,
For back again to the trails of men
Follows the water way.

Through the Eel-weir—a long and fruitful rapid—we entered our old first lake, Kedgeemakoogee, this time from another point. We had made an irregular loop of one hundred and fifty miles or more—a loop that had extended far into the remoter wilderness, and had been marked by what, to me, were hard ventures and vicissitudes, but which, viewed in the concrete, was recorded in my soul as a link of pure happiness. We were not to go home immediately. Kedgeemakoogee is large and there are entering streams, at the mouth of which the sport at this season was good. Besides, the teams that were to come for us would not be due yet for several days, if we had kept proper account of time.

It was above the Eel-weir, at George's Run that Eddie had his first and only success with dry flies. It was just the place—a slow-moving current between two islands, with many vicious and hungry trout. They would rise to the ordinary fly, two at a cast, and when Eddie put on the dry fly—the artificial miller that sits upright on the water and is an exact imitation of the real

article—and let it go floating down, they snapped it up eagerly. It is beautiful fishing—I should really have liked to try it a little. But Eddie had been good to me in so many ways; I hadn't the heart to ask him for one of his precious dry flies.

During our trip across Kedgeemakoogee, Del—inspired perhaps by the fact that we were getting nearer to the walks and wiles of men—gave me some idea of Nova Scotia political economies. He explained the system of government there, the manner of voting, and the like. The representation is by districts, of course, similar to our own, and the parties have similar methods of making the vote of these districts count on the right side. In Queens, for instance, where we had been most, if not all of the time, the voters are very scattering. I had suspected this, for in our one hundred and fifty miles travel we had seen but two natives, and only one of these was believed to have political residence. Del said the district had been gerrymandered a good

I never realized before what a crazy thing a canoe can be when you want it to do something out of its usual line of work.

deal to make the votes count right, and it was plain enough that if this man was the only voter in that much country, and he chasing bears most of the time, they would have to gerrymander around a good deal to keep up with him. Del said that when election time came they would go gunning for that voter over the rocks and through the burnt timber, and would beat up the brush for him as if he were a moose, and valuable. Somehow politics did not seem to belong in this place, but either Del exaggerated, this time, or there is a good deal of it to the individual. I suppose it's well to have it condensed in that way.

We camped that night at Jim Charles's Point, our old first camp, and it was like getting home after long absence. For the time seemed an age since we had left there. It *was* that. Any new and wonderful experience is long—as long as eternity—whether it be a day or a decade in duration. Next morning, across to the mouth of West River—a place of many fish and a rocky point for our camp, with deep beds of sweet fern, but no trees. That rocky open was not the best selection for tents. Eddie and his guide had gone up the river a little way when a sudden shower came up, with heavy darkness and quick wind. Del and I were stowing a few things inside that were likely to get wet, when all at once the tents became balloons that were straining at their guy ropes, and then we were bracing hard and clinging fast to the poles to keep everything from sailing into the sky.

It was a savage little squall. It laid the bushes down and turned the lake white in a jiffy. A good thing nobody was out there, under that black sky. Then the wind died and there came a swish of rain—hard rain for a few minutes. After that, the sun once more, the fragrance of the fern and the long sweet afternoon.

Looking at those deep tides of sweet fern, I had an inspiration. My stretcher had never been over-comfortable. I longed to sleep flat. Why not a couch of this aromatic balm? It was dry, presently, and spreading the canvas strip smoothly on the ground I covered it with armfuls of the fern, evenly laid. I gathered and heaped it higher until it rose deep and cushiony; then I sank down upon it to perfect bliss. This was Arcady indeed; a couch as soft and as fragrant as any the gods might have spread by the brooks of Hymettus in that far time when they stole out of Elysium to find joy in the daughters of men. Such a couch Leda might have had when the swan came floating down to bestow celestial motherhood. I buried my face in the odorous mass and vowed that never again would I cramp myself in a canvas trough between two sticks, and I never did. I could not get sweet fern again, but balsam boughs were plentiful, and properly laid in a manner that all guides know, make a couch that is wide and yielding and full of rest.

Up Little River, whose stones like the proverbial worm, turned when we stepped on them and gave Eddie a hard fall; across Frozen Ocean—a place which justified its name, for it was bitterly cold there and we did nothing but keep the fire going and play pedro (to which end I put on most of my clothes and got into my sleeping bag)—through another stream and a string of ponds, loitering and exploring until the final day.

It was on one reach of a smaller stream that we found the Beaver Dam—the only one I ever saw, or am likely to see, for the race that builds them is nearly done. I had been walking upstream and fishing some small rapids above the others when I saw what appeared to be a large pool of still water just above. I made my way up there. It was in reality a long stillwater, but a pond rather than a pool. It interested me very much. The dam was unlike any I had ever seen. For one thing, I could not understand why a dam should be in that place, for there was no sign of a sluice or other indication of a log industry; besides, this dam was not composed of logs or of stone, or anything of the sort. It was a woven dam—a dam composed of sticks and brush and rushes and vines, some small trees, and dirt—made without much design, it would seem, but so carefully put together and so firmly bound that no piece of it could work loose or be torn away. I was wondering what people could have put together such a curious and effective thing as that, when Del came up, pushing the canoe. He, also, was interested when he saw it, but he knew what it was. It was a beaver dam, and they were getting mighty scarce. There was a law against killing the little fellows, but their pelts were worth

high prices, and the law did not cover traffic in them. So long as that was the case, the beavers would be killed.

I had heard of beaver dams all my life, but somehow I had not thought of their being like this. I had not thought of those little animals being able to construct a piece of engineering that, in a swift place like this, could stand freshet and rot, year after year, and never break away. Del said he had never known one of them to go out. The overflow was in the right place and of the proper size. He showed me some new pieces which the builders had recently put into the work, perhaps because it seemed to be weakening there. He had watched once and seen some beavers working. They were as intelligent as human beings. They could cut a tree of considerable size, he said, and make it fall in any chosen direction. Then he showed me some pieces of wood from which they had gnawed the sweet bark, and he explained how they cut small trees and sank lengths of them in the water to keep the bark green and fresh for future use. I listened and marveled. I suppose I had read of these things, but they seemed more wonderful when I was face to face with the fact.

The other canoe came up and it was decided to cut a small section out of the dam to let us through. I objected, but was assured that the beavers were not very busy just now, and would not mind —in fact might rather enjoy—a repair job, which would take them but a brief time.

"They can do it sometime while I'm making a long carry," Charlie said.

But it was no easy matter to cut through. Charlie and Del worked with the axe, and dragged and pulled with their hands. Finally a narrow breach was made, but it would have been about as easy to unload the canoes and lift them over. Halfway up the long hole we came to the lodge —its top rising above the water. Its entrance, of course, was below the surface, but the guides said there is always a hole at the top, for air. It was a well-built house—better, on the whole, than many humans construct.

"They'll be scrambling around pretty soon," Charlie said, "when they find the water getting lower in their sitting room. Then they'll send out a repair gang. Poor little fellers! Somebody 'll likely get 'em before we come again. I know one chap that got seven last year. It's too bad."

Yes, it is too bad. Here is a wonderful race of creatures—ingenious, harmless—a race from which man doubtless derived his early lessons in constructive engineering. Yet Nova Scotia is encouraging their assassination by permitting the traffic in their skins, while she salves her conscience by enacting a law against their open slaughter. Nova Scotia is a worthy province and means well. She protects her moose and, to some extent, her trout. But she ought to do better by the beavers. They are among her most industrious and worthy citizens. Their homes and their industries should be protected. Also, their skins. It can't be done under the present law. You can't put a price on a man's head and keep him from being shot, even if it *is* against the law. Some fellow will lay for him, sure. He will sneak up and shoot him from behind, just as he would sneak up and shoot a beaver, and he will collect his reward in either case, and the law will wink at him. Maybe it would be no special crime to shoot the man. Most likely he deserved it, but the beaver was doing nobody any harm. Long ago he taught men how to build their houses and their dams, and to save up food and water for a dry time. Even if we no longer need him now, he deserves our protection and our tender regard. *

XXVIII

Once more, to-night, the woods are white
  That lie so dim and far,
Where the wild trout hide and the moose abide
  Under the northern star.

Perhaps the brightest spot of that sad period when we were making ready to leave the woods, with all their comfort, their peace and their religion, and go back to the harrying haunts of men, to mingle with the fever and fret of daily strife, is the memory of a trip to Jeremy's Bay. I don't know in the least where Jeremy's Bay is, but it is somewhere within an hour's paddle of Jim Charles's point, and it is

* I have just learned from Eddie that Nova Scotia has recently enacted a new law, adequately protecting the beaver. I shall leave the above, however, as applying to other and less humane districts, wherever located.

that hour and the return that sticks with me now.

It was among the last days of June—the most wonderful season in the North woods. The sun seems never ready to set there then, and all the world is made of blues and greens and the long, lingering tones of evening.

We had early tea in preparation for the sunset fishing. It was best, Del said, in Jeremy's Bay, about that time. So it was perhaps an hour earlier when we started, the canoes light.

In any one life there are not many evenings such as that. It is just as well, for I should account it a permanent sadness if they became monotonous. Perhaps they never would. Our course lay between shores—an island on the one hand, the mainland on the other. When we rounded the point we were met by a breeze blown straight from the sunset—a breath that was wild and fresh and sweet, and billowed the water till it caught every hue and shimmering iridescence that the sky and shores and setting sun could give.

We were eager and rested, for we had done little that day, and the empty canoes slipped like magic into a magical sea of amethyst and emerald gold, the fresh breeze filling us with life and ecstasy until we seemed almost to fly. The eyes could not look easily into the glory ahead, though it was less easy to look away from the enchantment which lay under the sunset. The Kingdom of Ponemah was there, and it was as if we were following Hiawatha to that fair and eternal hunting ground.

Yet when one did turn, the transformation was almost worth while. The colors were all changed. They were more peaceful, more like reality, less like a harbor of dreams and visions too fair for the eyes of man to look upon. A single glance backward, and then away once more between walls of green, billowing into the sunset—away, away, to Jeremy's Bay!

The sun was just on the horizon when we reached there—the water already in shadow near the shore. So deep and vivid were its hues that we seemed to be fishing in dyestuff. And the breeze went out with the sun, and the painted pool became still, ruffled only where the trout broke water or a bird dipped down to drink.

I will not speak of the fishing there. I have already promised that I would not speak of fishing again. But Jeremy's Bay is a spot that few guides know, and few fishermen find. It was our last real fishing, and it was worthy. Then home to camp, between walls of dusk—away, away from Jeremy's Bay—silently slipping under darkening shores—silently, and a little sadly, for our long Day of Joy was closing in—the hour of return drew near.

And postpone it as you will, the final moment must come—the time when the rod must be taken down for good; the leaders stripped and coiled in their box, the fly-book tenderly gone over and the last flies you have used fitted into place and laid away.

One does not go through that final ritual without a little sentiment—a little tugging about the heart. The flies were all new and trim and properly placed when you set out. They were a gay array and you were as proud of them as of a little garden. They are in disarray, now. They have an unkempt look. The snells are shredded, the feathers are caked and bitten, the hackle is frazzled and frayed out. Yet you are even more proud of them than in the beginning. Then they were only a promise, fair and beautiful to look upon; now they conjure up pictures of supreme fulfillment—days and moments so firmly set upon the past that they shall not soon fade away. That big Silver Doctor—from which the snell has twice been broken, and the feathers wrapped and rewrapped—that must have been wound with a special blessing, for when all else failed it was a certain lure. The big trout below Loon Lake rose to that fly, and accordingly this battered thing will forever be preserved. This scarlet Breck, with almost every gay feather gone and the silver wrapping replaced with tinfoil—even when it displayed a mere shred of its former glory it proved far more fatal than many a newer fly. How vividly it recalls a certain wild pool of strange dim lucence where, for me, the trout would take no other lure. And this Montreal—it has become a magic brush that paints a picture of black rocks, and dark water, and my first trout taken on a cast. For a hundred years, if I live that long, this crumpled book and these broken, worn-out flies will bring back the clear, wild water and the green shores of a Nova

Scotia June, the remoter silences of the deeper forest, the bright camps by twisting pools and tumbling falls, the flash of the leaping trout, the feel of the curved rod and the music of the singing reel.

I shall always recall Eddie, then, and I shall bless him for many things—and forgive him for others. I shall remember Del, too, the Stout, and Charles the Strong, and that they made my camping worth while. I was a trial to them, and they were patient—almost unreasonably so. I am even sorry now for the time that my gun went off and scared Del, though it seemed amusing at the moment. When the wind beats up and down the park, and the trees are bending and cracking with ice; when I know that once more the still places of the North are white and the waters fettered—I shall shut my eyes and see again the ripple and the toss of June, and hear once more the under voices of the falls. And some day I shall return to those far shores, for it is a place to find one's soul.

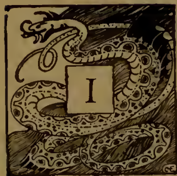
Yet perhaps I should not leave that statement unqualified, for it depends upon the sort of a soul that is to be found. The North wood does not offer welcome or respond readily to the lover of conventional luxury and the smaller comforts of living. Luxury is there, surely, but it is the luxury that rewards effort, and privation, and toil. It is the comfort of food and warmth and dry clothes after a day of endurance—a day of wet, and dragging weariness, and bitter chill. It is the bliss of reaching, after long, toilsome travel, a place where you can meet the trout—the splendid, full-grown wild trout, in his native home, knowing that you will not find a picnic party on every brook and a fisherman behind every tree. Finally, it is the preciousness of isolation, the remoteness from men who dig up and tear down and destroy, who set whistles to tooting and bells to jingling—who shriek themselves hoarse in the market place and make the world ugly and discordant, and life a short and fevered span in which the soul has a chance to become no more than a feeble and crumpled thing. And if that kind of a soul pleases you, don't go to the woods. It will be only a place of mosquitoes, and general wetness, and discomfort. You won't care for it. You will hate it. But if you are willing to get wet and stay wet—to get cold and stay cold—to be bruised, and scuffed, and bitten—to be hungry and thirsty and to have your muscles strained and sore from unusual taxation; if you will welcome all these things, not once, but many times, for the sake of moments of pure triumph and that larger luxury which comes with the comfort of the camp and the conquest of the wilderness, then go! The wilderness will welcome you, and teach you, and take you to its heart. And you will find your own soul there; and the discovery will be worth while!

THE END

THE CAVE OF THE DEVIL MASS

BY H. S. POTTER

PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR



I DO not vouch for the truth of this story, I only give it to you as Salveggio told it; and of Salveggio's veracity you may judge for yourselves. The best boatman in Capri, they call him at the Quisisana. Several times during the month he rowed us with many protestations of confidence to the mouth of the Blue Grotto, and quite as elaborate had been his astonished exclamations each time that the water was too high. But this was all in the way of business and really does not argue Salveggio undependable in other matters. Salveggio's trade is to take visitors to the grotto at five lira the person; he does not make the tides.

On the last occasion I took from my pocket a five lira piece and regarded it contemplatively. Salveggio also regarded it with his dark, beautiful eyes, those soft, perfidious eyes of the Greek, as their Italian neighbors say of the Capriote. There was reproach in their dreamy depths as I again pocketed the coin; yet Salveggio only slightly rubbed the palm of his hand on the gunwale of the boat and moved not a muscle of his classic face, for Salveggio is an actor. He has been with a traveling troupe to Nice and San Remo and speaks French as well as you or I.

"Salveggio," I said coldly, "this is too much; I have been already with you four times to the grotto and always as to-day the water is too high. This time I will see something in exchange for my silver."

"No, I will not see the green or the pink or the mauve grotto. *Basta!* I am wearied of these and unless something decidedly interesting presents itself that five lira piece will remain where it is, empocketed."

I omit Salveggio's protestations; they are useless, besides they might prejudice you against him. However, storms in this latitude are of short duration and he suggests artfully: "My cousin, the coral fisher, whose *bambino* Monsieur has been painting, occupies with his boat a grotto under Lo Capo—many things of interest have been found there lately, relics of the church and of devils. Annunizio is instructed, he has been to Rome, Monsieur, and he is free from superstition. These others have fear of the grotto of Tamburini the pirate, and of the mass to the devil he said there after the looting of San Costanzo. But pardon, Monsieur and Madame would perhaps find it interesting."

"Pirates," broke in Madame, "let us go by all means!" My wife adores pirates, so we went forthwith to view the cave of the cousin of Salveggio.

Around Lo Capo, past the Salto of Tiberius, more than nine hundred feet above our heads, yet so precipitous that victims hurled from above splashed into the sea; past the ancient lighthouse whose subterranean chambers were a prison for Crispina and Lucilla, the sister and bride of Commodus; passing likewise the Miromania, we entered a small and deep basin and found the black mouth of a cavern before us. The grotto itself was interesting enough with the litter of nets and oars of Salveggio's cousin half stopping up the entrance. Inside, underfoot, was dry rock; overhead stalactite formation—but it served well enough for a background for Salveggio's story of the buccaneer Tamburini.

Now part of this tale I have verified by consultation with the notary who lives in the via Tragara. He is an unimaginative person with a talent for dates. But in the

HERE IN THIS UNSANCTIFIED GROTTO THE PIRATES GLOATED OVER THE BOOTY STOLEN FROM THE CHURCH

Painting by H. S. Potter.

"TAMBURINI'S BULGING EYES WERE RIVETED ON THE FACE OF THE CARMELITE HE HAD WRONGED"

Painting by H. S. Potter.

main I give it to you as Salveggio told it that day in the grotto, looking out over the bluest of blue waters, with the Campo Nella a pink strip against the purpural shadow of Mt. Costanzo in the distance. Under the spell of this romantic loveliness and the Phidian gestures of Salveggio, how could I share the notary's conviction that the vestments and vessels found in this spot might have been brought here to make of it one of the plague chapels so numerous in all Italy, and that possibly Salveggio is wrong in his contention that the plague of 1656 was a direct result of the indignation of heaven at the unfortunate island of Capri for having permitted itself to be the scene of Tamburini's Devil Mass.

So you may believe just what you like only you will not have Salveggio's soft voice and liquid eyes to bias your judgment; and thus you will probably arrive at the truth.

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SALVEGGIO'S TALE

It is told of Tamburini the pirate, that in youth he sold his soul to the devil and made a foul jest of the holy monuments of Italy. They tell that he was of Saracen blood, perhaps even a descendant of that Chaireddin Barbarossa, who, in 1535, ravaged the coast from Messina to Civita Vecchia and reduced to ashes the town of Ajano, which stood halfway between the new town of Capri and the Palazzo a Mare. The church of San Costanzo alone escaped destruction.

Whatever his pagan name may have been, this successor of Barbarossa was Tamburini to the coral fishers, to the coast traders and to the islanders of Ischia and Capri of 1650 or thereabouts; and never was mortal held in greater fear. Some hold he was not mortal, but of the black breed of devils.

We know for certain that he said a mass to the devil his master in this grotto, defiling with the office the stolen vessel of the holy church. Here to this unsanctified hole were brought from our own San Costanzo the golden ornaments of the altar, the candlesticks with their wax tapers lighted, while saints of precious memory looked down painfully from their frames on the division of the spoils. Golden chalices filled with fiery liquors pressed to unclean lips; these together with the bones of revered martyrs, of which he made a jest, were lately found in the grotto where he and his company repaired after the desecration with everything of value for the melting pot.

Villains all, his crew—outcasts of the Levant steeped in blood and lust. Human life they considered not a jot—pillage and rapine for gold their only ambition. Among them all we know only of one other beside the leader, a sort of sub-commander or lieutenant. A Sicilian he, from Catania, called Serafino. Serafino, cast off by his family for ruffianly conduct and crime, had a sister, who was no more to him than his silver-mounted pistols—yet was she of his blood. Deep as he was soaked in the most uncleanly of crimes, yet the tie of the blood relationship still lived and finally moved Serafino to the only useful act of his life, as we shall see.

Tamburini to his other crimes added the ultimate bestiality. He pillaged the sainted convent of Santa Brigida at Maratea, murdered the inmates, and carried off one of them to dishonor and to his own undoing. This holy woman was the sister of Serafino, and here we shall see that by the blood of the Sicilian is his conscience awakened.

Serafino had gone as deep into the business as his master and had melted the crown of the Virgin with his share of the booty; but in time he learned of the tie that bound him to the prisoner of Tamburini. This not until the unfortunate had found asylum in the dark waters—for which heaven will forgive her the crime of suicide.

Once awakened the vengeance of Serafino was full and pleasing.

. . . . .

SERAFINO'S VENGEANCE

Capri at this time was governed, along with Naples and Ischia, by a Spanish viceroy, whose garrison, as well as himself, spent its time in gaming and drinking the heavy wines of Vesuvio. While Don Manuel sat with heavy eyes over the dice box, the undoing of Tamburini, whom slothfulness permitted as neighbor under the impregnable cliffs of Lo Capo, was approaching.

A little fleet of English ships sent out by

Cromwell to prey upon the Spanish that traded on the Levant, maneuvered in the Tyrennian Sea. Serafino must have learned of these ships, for on a sudden a desire came over him to visit the land of his boyhood. On some pretext he set sail in a felucca for Sicily.

Tamburini, left to himself, had no longer to divide the spoils, and grew bolder. As a rule he did not attack the Spanish ships which knew how to defend themselves, but preyed upon the unfortified towns and the smaller craft of the coast. Now, however, he ventured far to the south in search of larger fish for his net.

One morning a felucca appeared in the offing. Tamburini gave chase to the tempting prize. All day he followed a distant, sparkling wake, yet would not give up the chase, confident in the superior sailing qualities of his own vessel. Blue water changed to green, purple sky to rose, then black—Tamburini in the dark found himself next to a formidable ship, to the windward, close, another. No room to come about, but enough light for a cannon shot, and boarding parties armed with musket and cutlass. It was a short fight, and Tamburini, a prisoner, was dragged aboard the English ship. And there,too, was Serafino, erstwhile commander of the decoy felucca.

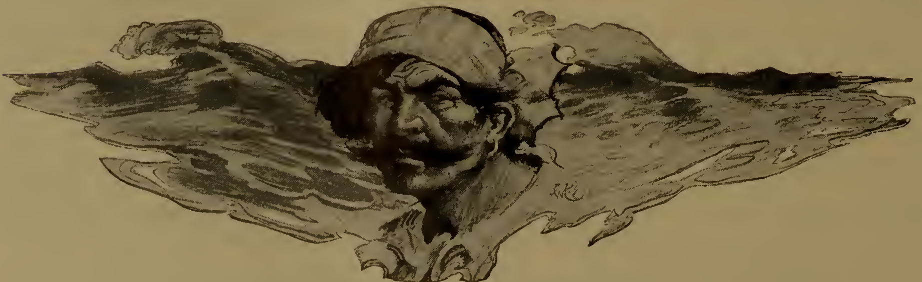
Short shift made these hard English men of Tamburini's crew. These heretics (begging Monsieur and Madame's pardon for the word) offered them no shriving of priests. Death by water to the pests of the water.

All day in chains they left Tamburini to think of his crimes and at sunset they brought him forth for their expiation. Tamburini had looked upon death many times, no fear that he would quail at the last. Englishmen respect bravery in a man even though he is a villain, and Tamburini's eyes were left unbound that he might take a last look at the Mediterranean which he had loved in his fashion—a mistress whose loveliness and serenity are all unruffled by deeds of violence and blood.

His air of braggadocio did not forsake him as he stepped with a swagger upon the prepared plank, with arms bound behind his back and a curse upon his lips. Then as he stood balanced upon the farther end for one black moment, a strange thing happened. Out of a sea calm as a woodland lake and brazen with long rays of the sun setting in angry clouds over far-off Sardinia—out of this level sea arose a great wave, green and cold, that swept its sinuous length up to the doomed man flinging high its white foam till it lapped his feet, grasping with eager clutches at his bony ankles.

Tamburini's eyes, bulging from his head, seemed riveted to the desiring waves. A terror seized him and he drew back, for in that crest of foam among ghastly faces with the agony of death still upon them, and fleshless hands which rose with the swell and clutched and grasped—was one face of an unearthly and horrible sweetness that rose up farthest of all—the Carmelite.

The ship gave a mighty lurch and Tamburini was at home with his master, the devil—where may the foul fiends rend him. Then ran a quiver through all the ship, and far to the north over Vesuvio the hanging pall of smoke rose straight into the heavens, spreading out in two points like the tongue of an adder, to curl downward, red as blood, in two great horns.



BIRDS WITH A HANDICAP

BY HERBERT K. JOB

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

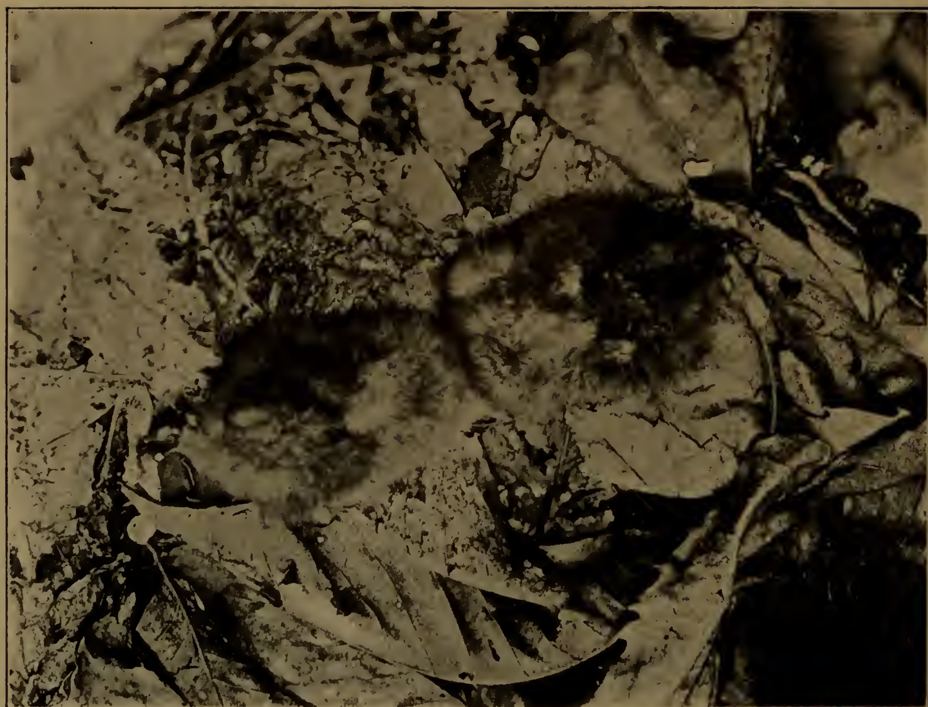
HERE is a singular group of birds known to science as the order Macrochires—long-handed, that is; long-winged, the word means. Possibly this grouping is arbitrary and unnatural, for the subordinate groups into which it is divided are most diverse. However much they may differ, though, they have at least two things in common, the possession of long, powerful wings, and small, weak feet. Though they enjoy splendid powers of flight, they cannot scratch and tear like the hawk; most of them can hardly walk or perch, and one sort is able only to cling. Fortunately for them, Nature has given to their wings unusual strength through which advantage they have surmounted the otherwise cruel handicap. Many other birds are also long of wing, so that their very name serves to emphasize the fact that out of weakness they have become strong.

Each of the subordinate groups in this very interesting order is unique, and stands high among the especial curiosities of bird-life. First we have the goatsuckers, so named because of the old superstition that these birds sucked the milk from goats. Among the more than one hundred species of this order found in different parts of the world are our two familiar ones, the whip-poor-will and the nighthawk. Next come the swifts—the common chimney swift being the sole representative we have among the fifty species known to science.

The whip-poor-will is notably a bird of timbered regions. Wooded hillsides with small or scrub growth and occasional openings or clearings are a favorite resort, as is almost any scrubby, thinly-timbered, dry woodland. Such tracts along the borders of farms are almost sure to have their quotas of whip-poor-wills. During the day, especially if the sun shines, this curious brown bird lies close, generally on the dead leaves under trees or bushes, where its colors so wonderfully blend with the surroundings that it is practically invisible, even though one pass quite near. In case it flushes, it will give one a sudden start of surprise to see the long-winged bird flit up from one's very feet and sail off silent as a specter, to alight again a few rods beyond. Often it selects for its roosting-place a fallen log or a low branch of good size, on either of which it lies lengthwise, seldom across.

It is no easy matter to see the whip-poor-will producing its notes. Many an enthusiast has tried and failed. We hear the ringing sounds and follow them up under what seems to us the cover of the deep twilight. Now we are very near the bird, which is evidently on the rail fence or one of the posts. But just as we begin to make out the shadowy form, away it goes, for it has been watching us long before we could see it. One moonlight night a whip-poor-will took its station on a fence with a flat board top in my garden. There was a shed near by, and from the window I had just managed to make the bird out when away it flew. But I heard it distinctly. Before beginning the call proper, it always gave an introductory cluck which at close range sounded very loud. Then followed the whip-poor-will notes so loud and fast that it seemed the bird must stop for lack of breath. It sings more commonly in the evening and at dawn, but also at any time on bright nights.

The food of the bird consists entirely of insects which it captures a-wing, in the nocturnal shades of woodland or pasture,



Young whip-poor-wills in their nest.

or else, taking station on some branch or fence, it sallies after passing insect roamers. Though apparently almost without bill, it has a tremendous mouth well adapted to insect-catching. Indeed, the head is fairly cleft from ear to ear, permitting an amazing gape, while the long, stiff bristles at the base of the bill serve to guide prey into the hungry maw. How capacious the mouth is may be judged from the fact that it is able to swallow even large flying moths tail first, crumpling up the wings as they proceed downward into the lower regions. The amount of insects eaten by the whip-poor-will is very large, and it is therefore a most useful bird, deserving every encouragement and protection. Fortunately it is pretty well able, because of its retiring habits, to protect itself.

About the only hope of photographing this bird is through first finding its nest. The time, in northern or middle districts, is usually from the last of May to the tenth of June; the best place is in second-growth woods, where there is a moderate undergrowth, usually near an opening, and particularly where there is a pile of dry brush or a fallen tree. The bird builds no nest, but merely selects a spot on dead leaves in the shade on the ground where her two handsome eggs are deposited. To find this spot notice in the evening where whip-poor-wills first begin to call, and then by day beat through that territory, thrashing the bushes with a switch. The brown mother sits tight and her colors and markings blend so wonderfully with the surroundings that there is little chance of seeing her, unless we happen to walk so near as to flush her; and then the white, lilac-spotted eggs will be conspicuous enough.

In the cold, backward spring of 1907 most of the birds were very late in nesting. On the twenty-sixth of June I was walking with a friend through a grove when I heard a scarlet tanager and a vireo chirping excitedly. As we stood in a little open place it chanced that unawares I was within three feet of a whip-poor-will upon its eggs. I should not have seen it even then, had it not become uneasy over our talking and flushed. There were the two

eggs, the invariable number with this species, very beautifully marked, and evidently freshly laid. A rainstorm was just setting in, so I had to postpone the attempt to secure a picture. When I returned the bird was on the nest, but so wonderfully inconspicuous that for the life of me I could not make her out until accidentally I flushed her. Covering the camera with dead leaves and focusing it on the nest, I withdrew, after attaching a thread to the shutter, but it was two hours before she was back at her task. During the ten seconds of exposure which I gave she did not move. Then I crept up silently on hands and knees, hoping she might allow me to change the plate. She did, and let me take picture after picture without stirring.

From time to time, on succeeding days, I visited her and took other pictures from different points of view. Simply by my moving very slowly and noiselessly, she let me openly plant the camera on the tripod within a yard of her and take fine detailed pictures in the shade, with the lens stopped down. At one time I thought I would see if I could touch her, but she gave a little hop and flutter and alighted on a low, fallen branch close at hand. There she sat, this time almost across the limb, a very unusual thing, and kept perfectly still during two exposures, each of which, as it was deep twilight, lasted two whole *minutes*. Seventeen days from the time I found the nest, my friend saw a whip-poor-will's eggshell lying in the road, and three days later I found the mother brooding the singular little yellowish twins. She was reluctant to leave them, but when she did they scurried away a couple of feet and squatted in the leaves. I photographed them at once, for I had read that they are liable to wander off or to be removed by the old bird. It was well that I did so, for on my next visit they were gone.

The nighthawk is our other common and well-known member of the goatsucker family, and is closely allied to the whip-

Whip-poor-will on a branch close to its nest, after being flushed—The exposure of the plate was two minutes, but the bird sat perfectly still.

Nighthawk on rock—showing the protective coloring.

poor-will, with a general resemblance to it in form, but entirely distinct. Yet it is surprising how generally the two are popularly confused, even though all bird-books sound a warning. Apparently it is a case of conspicuous notes being attributed to a conspicuous bird.

Ordinarily I expect the first nighthawks in early May, a little later than the whip-poor-will, like which it has also journeyed from distant South America. Instead of hiding in woods or thickets during daytime, as soon as it arrives we see it darting about rather high overhead with easy, clean-cut wing-beats, pursuing its insect prey. Indeed, the nighthawk is among the most graceful and spectacular of feathered aeronauts. Soon after arrival the birds begin to mate, during which process the male offers to the public a free circus performance of unusual merit. High in the air he dashes, now this way, now that, squeaking his peculiar syllable which sounds somewhat like the word "peent." Anon he almost shuts the long wings and dives headlong toward the earth at tremendous velocity. Just as he seems about to dash out his brains, the wings open again and he sheers off from the danger and skims upward, the concussion of his wings with the air as he turns producing a peculiar booming sound. Mounting aloft, he goes through this singular performance again and again.

When one comes to know the habits of this bird, its name of "nighthawk" appears decidedly inappropriate. Though sometimes seen in flight in the evening, it is an open question whether or not it is really nocturnal. Some writers say it is, while others, like Audubon, declare it is not. Personally, I have a few times heard its note at night*, but, like every one else who knows it at all, I have often seen it in flight at all hours of the day, even when brightest and hottest. Nor is it a hawk, save in possible resemblance in flight. It is strictly insectivorous, and more like a large swallow than a hawk. In the South they have an equally curious name for it—

* This is a recent observation made since writing the text.

"bull-bat," or, familiarly, plain "bat." There is a conspicuous white patch on each wing, which shows as it flies, from beneath as well as above, and this alone should distinguish it from the whip-poor-will.

The nighthawk is notably a bird of the open country. Avoiding the woods, we find it resting and sunning itself on rocks or fences in the pasture, or lying along some large bare limb of a tree growing out in the open. Equally well with the sun-bath it seems to enjoy the dust-bath, taken in the middle of the road or other open, dusty spot. Out on the treeless prairies of North Dakota I have found them about as commonly as in the East. On one of the Sea Islands of South Carolina I flushed one from her eggs in a hollow of the dry sand at the top of the beach. If a night bird, it certainly goes out of its way to keep in the open sunshine. It is especially fond of sun-beat rocks, and its black and gray colors blend as wonderfully with them as do the whip-poor-will's browns with the dead leaves of the woodland.

In migration, unlike the solitary whip-poor-will, the nighthawks proceed in loose, straggling flocks. Though they are, unfortunately, on the decrease in numbers, I was delighted last autumn, in early September, to see, on several occasions, the whole sky dotted with nighthawks. They were leisurely proceeding southward, catching insects as they went, each bird for itself, yet keeping in touch with the great host. That one company of nighthawks was destroying insects by millions, which is recommendation enough to the farmers. The habit which obtains in the South of "bull-bat shooting" for food is deplorably short-sighted. Even if insectivorous birds were fit for civilized food, which I doubt, it is nothing short of a national calamity to kill off birds that prey on such pests as the boll-weevil. Surely it is a high price to pay for so small a morsel of indifferent flesh!

Early in June the female nighthawk deposits her two darkly mottled eggs on or by a low, flat rock in a field or pasture, or, if there are no rocks, as in parts of the

Nighthawk with eggs about to hatch, bristling up when poked with a stick.

Chimney swift—illustrating its method of clinging propped by its spiked tail feathers.

West, in any dry, open place. They are persistent in returning year after year to breed in the very same spot, and I have found eggs on the same familiar rocks time and time again. One of these old nighthawk friends was especially tame, and was my preferred stalking-horse for photographs. I first snapped her in 1900, setting the grass-covered camera on the ground and using the thread from a distance. Every season she set up business at the old stand, and in 1907 I found her, late like the whip-poor-will, on the first of July, with fresh eggs. By creeping up carefully, making every movement very slowly, I was able to set the camera on the tripod within a yard of her and take as many pictures as I wanted, without having to retire and wait. Later, when the eggs were about to hatch, she was so tame that I poked her with a short stick into standing up and raising her wings without flushing her, taking her picture in that interesting posture. A few days later I found her on the rock with two tiny young, and the eggshells lying beside. When flushed she would go flapping over the grass, dragging her wings and gasping, as though nearly dead, trying to decoy me from her treasures.

The brooding nighthawk, as she squats on the gray rock, with her eyes nearly closed, blends so perfectly with the surroundings that it is very difficult to make her out. Even when traversing a rocky pasture looking for nests, I almost invariably flush the bird before discovering her. After finding a certain nest, I took with me one day eleven members of a ladies' bird club to see the great sight. We advanced in line, and, when within a few feet of the bird, I stopped the company and pointed out the brooding mother. Eleven pairs of field glasses were leveled at the rock, but for some time not one could distinguish the bird. Finally one lady made the great discovery, and set up such a squeal of delight that the nighthawk was almost minded to fly. Then the rest were perturbed because they too could not see. When all had separated the bird from the rock, we advanced and flushed her.

After flushing and fluttering over the grass, I have noticed that the bird will pose on some conspicuous perch, such as a bare limb or a fence post, apparently with the idea of attracting one away from the nest. Following up a bird under these circumstances, I secured some good pictures of her with the reflecting camera in hand as she sat on a post, outlined against the sky. Then, evidently thinking that she had decoyed me from the nest, the scheming mother flew off some distance to a low rock, where she disappeared as though the earth had swallowed her up. When I succeeded again in finding her, she allowed me to walk up and secure some more excellent snapshots, showing how well she matched with the gray rock and lichens.

The chimney swift, which most people erroneously call "chimney swallow," resembles the swallows in habits, but in structure is very different. Its feet are so weak and the toes so stiff that it cannot, or does not, perch at all, but clings to the perpendicular wall of a chimney or hollow tree, propping itself from behind with its peculiar tail, each feather of which ends in a sharp spine or spike. But to see it in flight, no one would suspect that it thus handicapped, for well does it earn its name

of swift. Almost ceaselessly during the day, and at times by night, it is a-wing, tireless in the pursuit of flying insects. Every day it is supposed to travel upward of a thousand miles, yet it never wearies.

Before all parts of the country were settled the swift resorted to hollow trees for rest, shelter and nesting. But now it seldom occupies any other retreat than a chimney. The sight of swifts pausing in their flight over the chimney-tops, to throw up wings, and drop into the flue with a noise like distant thunder—is a familiar one. In the autumn, when flocking preparatory to the southward migration, I have seen assemblages at dusk drop into some selected chimney in a steady stream, until thousands must have been clinging inside, occuping every available inch of brick surface. Even to this day they are known to occasionally revert to their ancient custom and use some large hollow tree for a roost. Such roosts are said to have been seen very recently.

They return to us about the last of April, but do not lay their eggs, ordinarily, until July. During June they may be seen darting over the tops of dead trees, pausing hardly an instant in their flight as they wrench off the twig, which is carried down the chimney and stuck it to the brick wall with a gummy saliva the female swift exudes until the curious basket-like structure has been completed, and then four or five elongated pure white eggs are laid. The brood, and the old birds in feeding them, make considerable disturbance, but they make amends by killing off the mosquitoes and the flies.

It is hard to photograph the nest, owing to the narrowness and inaccessibility of the chimney. But I was fortunate in happening upon a very peculiar and desirable nesting site in the hayloft of a barn. Up close to the top of the inside wall, near an open window, for the past three years they have stuck their curious nest to the plain board wall. I secured photographs by building a platform across the beams for the camera, and having a friend throw sunlight on the subject from outdoors by means of a large mirror.

Young chimney swifts leaving their nest.

THE VANDERBILT CUP RACE

SCENES ON THE NEW PARKWAY

Cars of spectators parked at side of grand stand.

The winning Locomobile starting with Robertson at the wheel.

Officials stand. "Car coming."

How "common folk" get home.

W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., donor of the cup. Taking in gasoline during the race.

Turning into the Jericho Turnpike.

They came down in an automobile from New York; now they are recovering.

The Isotta mechanic hanging out on the turn to balance car. Note how close Lytle keeps to the inside curb.

Straight stretch on the new Parkway.

The turn from the Old Westbury road into the new Parkway.

Lytle driving the Isotta at the Woodbury turn.

Every time a car passed the crowd swarmed over the course.

Several times water was played through a hose onto the crowd to get them off the track.

Finish of race. Robertson winning with the Locomobile.

Where the Savannah race is run.

The Isotta winning the Savannah race in 1907. Compare this track, clear of spectators and officials, with the Vanderbilt Cup Parkway scene.

TOO LATE

Painting by Oliver Kemp.

HOLING UP FOR WINTER

V—THE NEW SPIRIT OF THE FARM

BY AGNES C. LAUT

PLOWING, planting, haying harvesting—and the first thing you know the year has swung round to the time when man and beast hole-up for the winter, hole-up not to the torpor of death, but to rest, recuperation, the joy of the fullness of the year when farmer-folk—in the language of the old prophets—"receive of the fruit of their own deeds." Presumably, the fruit is of a pretty good sort; for Harvest Home—Thanksgiving—has come to be the most sacred festival of the American year.

Up in the Northwest, in the wheat country, it is Indian summer—warm, shimmering purple days; cold, clear, starry nights, a tang of parched grasses in the air, the horizon dotted and aflicker with the huge bonfires of straw piles left by the steam thrasher. All day the wagons are lumbering along the looped prairie roads loaded with wheat sacks for the big red elevators that loom through the autumn haze. According as the crop has prospered or failed, the Western farmers have a way of saying, "There is a new silk dress in those elevators, or a trip down East." The league-long furrows mark where fall-plowing is turning over the crisp, yellow stubble. Only the old-time idea of the plowman was a peasant bowed of back, sodden with labor, crushed by poverty; and though that is picturesque and makes mighty striking pictures and poems, it isn't in the least typical of the up-to-date farmer at the plow. In fact, it is up to the modern makers of pictures and poems to portray the man at the plow exactly as he is to-day, not bowed of back, as though the whole world were sitting on top of him, but he, himself, sitting on top of a plowing contraption, watching the six or the twelve or the forty steel mold-boards of the plow-thing curling up the shiny furrows six or twelve or forty feet wide at a swath according as he is using horse power or has harnessed up a steam engine to do the job. The old type of plowman was the slave of toil. The modern farmer is the master. That is all the difference, but it marks a revolution as complete as the difference between serf and citizen.

And it is great just to be alive out on those wheat plains of the the Northwest during the Indian summer of holing-up time. I don't know what it is—they call it "ozone" out West—but it gives you the feeling of walking on air and dieting on champagne, care-free as a pagan god with about ten thousand times more joyous energy than you know how to use. It is good to feel that way, it is, with your "*poor* farmer-man," and a long shot different from your harried office lordling of the town with pressure of money and work (and sometimes no money and no work) and of a thousand nagging cares and irritations jumping on him from all four sides at once like Tennyson's cannon in "The Charge of the Light Brigade." I think it is the way the Lord meant men to be when He created humans in His own image—forward-facing, buoyant, boundlessly happy in the doing of things. Of course, there is a reverse side to the picture of "Holing-Up Time," when your farmer-man has been hailed-out or droughted-out; but the pious turning up of the whites of one's eye to misfortune as to the Will of God—isn't part of the New Spirit of the Farm. Your new farmer doesn't crunch up bowed and broken even if a bad year does leave him

An Elberta peach tree on the very rocky land of the Ozarks. The tree had been picked over twice before this photograph was taken.

Drying prunes at Napa, California. This illustrates the outdoor method of fruit drying in the great horticultural districts of this state.

with nothing but a crop of liens and mortgages. He doesn't pray and run away the way the Irish farmers used to, when the potato blight came. He bucks up like a rider joyous in the hunt even if there is an occasional cropper. He knows that bad years don't average up oftener than one in seven. He knows that science is gradually reducing an *utter* failure in the farmer's year to an utter impossibility. The dry-farming system will beat the drought, varied or mixed farming defeat the misfortune of the hail, and disinfectants destroy the insect and fungus enemies of crops. He knows that scientific farming is founded on laws as immutable and certain as God Almighty. If he banks on those laws, he can't fail in the end. That is the essence of the New Spirit of the Farm.

In autumn, you could pretty nearly index the whereabouts of a farm in America by the tints of the foliage. You leave the yellow wheat plains with their flaming horizon fires and you come eastward toward the Midland States to the region of the yellow cottonwoods and poplars shedding their leaves with a flutter like snow. Not so much big plowing here! The farmers are taking up roots—potatoes worth more than Klondike gold a year. They are rounding up the year's milk and cheese business. Dairy stock is foraging in the stubble fields and cleaning up uncut corn. Incidentally, it may be said, the dairy business of one of those Midland States—Wisconsin or Iowa—for a single year exceeds in volume the national income of half a dozen of the lesser European kingdoms. Then you come on eastward and you are into the region of the hardwood, maples, flaming fire, and the red fruit-laden orchards now smelling of cider as in springtime the bloom smelt of sap. The nectar that the honey bees were singing about last spring has been concentrated. I like to think of all autumn things being a concentration of the year's toils and joys.

Filling potato pits.

Browning sings of "God being in the Heaven and All-right with the World" in

Harvesting in Lake County, California.

spring. Ten times more is all right with the world in autumn! In spring, you were putting your money and labor in investment. In the fall, the earth is handing you out her yearly dividends.

What kind of dividends does the soil hand out to the farmer-man at holing-up time? Are they melons or lemons? In other words—reduce the poetry of the thing to facts, to terms of the pocketbook!

First—the country as a whole.

In all the circle of all your acquaintances, in all the circle of all your reading, do you know of a single billionaire? I don't mean—do you *think* you know. I mean—do you *know* that you know of a single capitalist, who is really a billionaire? That is a lot of money, you know. At four per cent. interest, it means an income of three and a third million dollars a month. I'm not talking of capital that is a quarter water and a quarter hot air and only half hard cash or convertible realty. I'm talking of wealth that can be handled with your hands and measured with your eyes, wealth that doesn't require convulsions of frenzied finance to be converted into terms of the mint.

You acknowledge frankly you don't really know of a single billionaire in the history of the world. Much less do you know of any group of capitalists in the world whose combined wealth would make twenty billions and whose twenty billions pay a *yearly dividend of seven billions*. A dividend of seven billion dollars a year means an income of five hundred and eighty millions a month, or nineteen million dollars a day. Talk of the fate of Midas! Any capitalist or group of capitalists, who had to take care of that much money a day, would have genuine convulsions in frenzied finance.

Such a capitalist, collectively, is the United States farmer. Such a dividend collectively does the soil of the United States yearly hand out to the farmer-man. By the last census, the capital invested in agriculture in the United States was twenty billions and by the last report of the agricultural Department, the products of the farm for 1907 yielded a grand total of seven billions. Compare these figures to the billion dollar Steel Trust, over which the whole world went daffy a few years ago; and the magnitude of the greatness—and of the growing greatness—of agricultural interests in America becomes apparent. In fact, it would be hard to put your hand on a single department of industrial life, or constructive work in the United States, which would compare in importance to the permanent value and yearly yields of the farm. Then remember, too, that of all the manufacturing interests in the United States, 75 per cent. are dependent on the farm for raw products.

What bearing has the New Spirit of the Farm on all this? To answer that question, you must consider the farms individually and the crops individually. But first consider these facts: Less than 50 per cent. of the arable land in the United States is farmed. The rest is lying idle, arid, forested, mountainous, inaccessible, or abandoned as too difficult or non-productive. The New Spirit of the Farm aims to make every foot of plowable land in the United States wealth-producing. By dry-farming, the semi-arid plains are to be brought under culture. This has already been done as told in the account of Durum wheat. By irrigation, the desert has already bloomed as the rose on the fruit farms of Nebraska and Arizona, and Utah and Colorado and California. Barren mountain slopes that have been grubbed bare of wood as the famine-stricken, naked hills of Manchuria are to be reforested so that there will always be foliage to retain moisture in air and earth, and there will always be root growth to prevent the washing of the hillsides. Where forests still remain, they are to be conserved and cut only as the growth warrants with care of the young trees. Where the soil is of a difficult character—too alkali, sour, peaty, sandy, swampy or exhausted—science is at work with twofold aim: (1) scouring the earth to find plants specially adapted to these difficult soils; (2) investigating the chemistry of soil to learn how to remedy sick fields. These are pretty big aims. I expect the practical man will regard them as all up in the air; but before you pronounce snap judgment, listen to a fact or two.

Thirty million dollars of Durum wheat from land formerly regarded as not worth fifty cents an acre.

Ten thousand dollars a year from cran-

berry farms of New Jersey and Massachusetts, from bogs formerly regarded as not worth a thing but the value of the wild fowl shot in them.

One thousand seven hundred dollars to two thousand five hundred dollars a year net from hundreds of small grape farms on mountain slopes too steep for any other kind of cultivation.

These are only a few, a very few, of the things science has done with the poor-soil farms. As an example of what science is trying to do for other poor-soil regions, I would say plans are under way with the Bureau of Plant Industry to introduce bamboo and matting rushes in the flooded regions of the South. We import millions upon millions of dollars worth of Chinese and Italian and French silks every year. Science says mulberry trees will grow almost everywhere. Breed silkworms and *farm your own silks*. Of Chinese and India teas, the United States imports millions of dollars' worth. Science has demonstrated that tea can be grown in the Carolinas. We send to the ends of the earth for dates and figs. Science is now trying to prove that America may *farm her own figs*. Down in certain sections of Oklahoma, it was almost impossible to get a good hay crop. Science proved that Bermuda grass would grow five tons to the acre where ordinary prairie grass would barely grow a blade. All this is not up in air—is it? The appended map of the Bureau of Plant Industries shows somewhat the aim of the New Spirit of the Farm.

Now, go back to the first statement about the soil's yearly dividend of seven billions. This dividend is from only half the arable land of the United States. Suppose science can bring that other half of the United States' unproductive lands under culture; do you see what it may mean in the nation's yearly dividends from the farm?

Then take this other fact. While less than 50 per cent. of the nation's lands are being farmed, only 20 per cent. of the lands are being farmed and kept in improved condition. The aim of the New

Entire crop from one Huntsman apple tree, sprayed three times with Bordeaux mixture after July 1st, to prevent bitter rot. Twenty bushels entirely free from rot.

Picking apples.

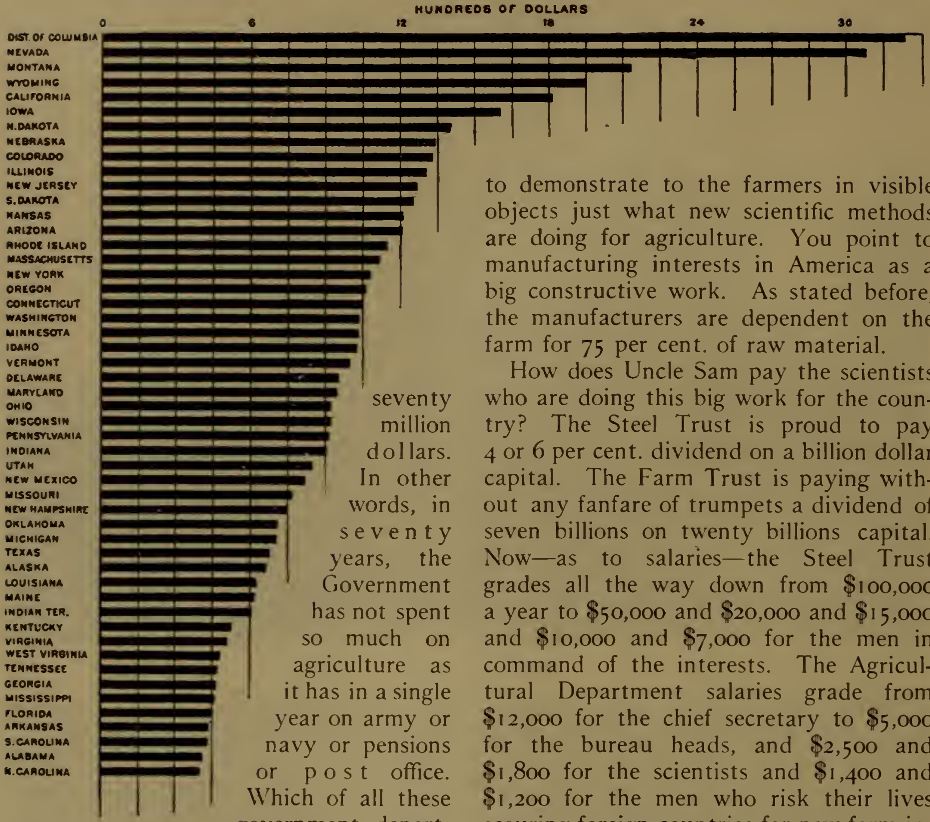
Spirit of the Farm is to bring *all* lands up to an average excellence. I asked one of the first experts on agriculture in America what difference he thought it would make to the yearly dividends of the soil if all farming could be improved as much in the next twenty years as it has been in the past twenty. "Well," he answered, "you know what we have done to corn—doubled the averages in two or three states. You know we've pretty nearly created new wheats, and brought potato yields up from one hundred to seven hundred and twelve hundred bushels to the acre. The whole tendency in scientific farming to-day is to do for live stock what is being done in plant industries—create and develop only the best strains and eliminate all scrubs. What difference would it make if we could eliminate the scrub farmers completely and bring all farming up to scientific methods? A yield, I should say, four times greater than the present seven billions a year."

Taking the thing collectively, you must acknowledge that the soil hands out pretty good yearly dividends to the American farmer-man.

Considering the bigness of agriculture in national interests, it is worth while looking into what is spent on this great constructive work compared to the other departments of the Federal Government. Here are the main figures in the appropriation list for the current year:

Post Office	$222.962.392
Pension	163.053.000
Permanent annual appropriations	154.194.295
Navy	122.662.485
Sundry Civil	112.937.313
Urgent deficiency, additional urgent deficiency, and general deficiency	56.213.923
Legislative, etc.	32.833.821
Agriculture	15.000.000
Fortifications	9.317.145
Army	95.382.247

It will be noticed that agriculture comes almost at the foot of the list as to expenditure for the advancement of farming. In fact, since 1839 when the first thousand dollars was spent by the Washington Government for the advancement of agriculture to 1907 when fifteen millions is the appropriation, the total amount spent by the Department of Agriculture has not totaled



seventy million dollars. In other words, in seventy years, the Government has not spent so much on agriculture as it has in a single year on army or navy or pensions or post office. Which of all these government departments is adding the most of permanent benefit to the nation? Not long ago a congressional committee after strictest investigations figured carefully out exactly how much value in dollars and cents the Agricultural Department had added to the farm products of the United States a year. The increment over and above ordinary results as a direct effect of scientific work in weather bureau, soils, plant industry, animal industry, chemistry, public roads, entomology, etc., is two hundred and thirty millions a year. What other department of American life can show such results in constructive work? You point to railways. The railways are dependent on the increase of farm produce for their big haul. So keenly do many of the railways realize what science is doing for the farm—and for their own traffic returns—that the big Western roads run farm institute and demonstration trains free with scientists and lecturers aboard to demonstrate to the farmers in visible objects just what new scientific methods are doing for agriculture. You point to manufacturing interests in America as a big constructive work. As stated before, the manufacturers are dependent on the farm for 75 per cent. of raw material.

How does Uncle Sam pay the scientists who are doing this big work for the country? The Steel Trust is proud to pay 4 or 6 per cent. dividend on a billion dollar capital. The Farm Trust is paying without any fanfare of trumpets a dividend of seven billions on twenty billions capital. Now—as to salaries—the Steel Trust grades all the way down from $100,000 a year to $50,000 and $20,000 and $15,000 and $10,000 and $7,000 for the men in command of the interests. The Agricultural Department salaries grade from $12,000 for the chief secretary to $5,000 for the bureau heads, and $2,500 and $1,800 for the scientists and $1,400 and $1,200 for the men who risk their lives scouring foreign countries for new farm industries. Comment on the discrepancy is unnecessary. I called the attention of two or three of the scientists who have done the biggest work for American agriculture to the difference between their remuneration and the remuneration paid the same class of men in big industrial works, or in the professions.

"Yes, I know," one said, "but we are not working for money, or we would not be here. We are all enthusiasts. We all love our work, and work for love of it."

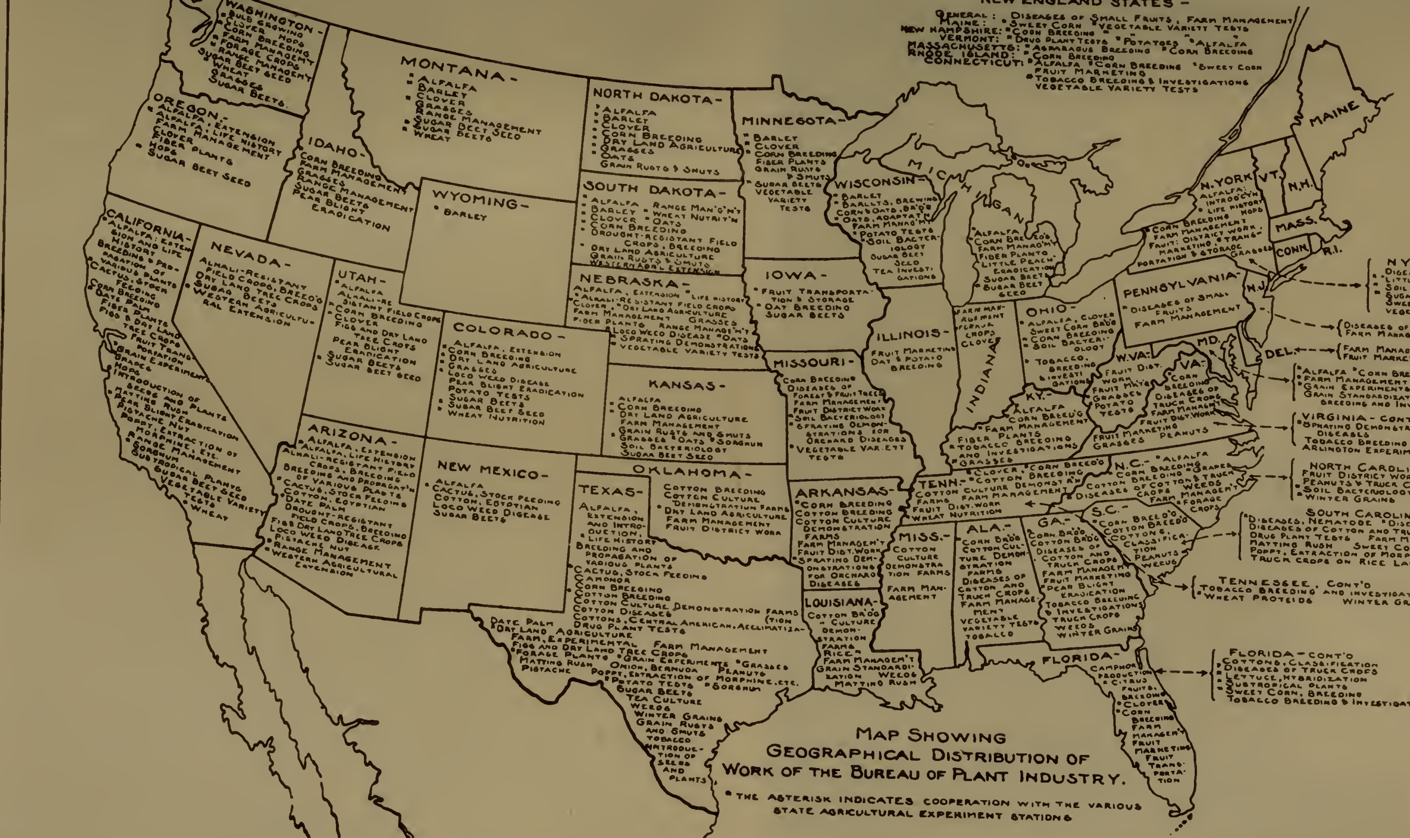
All the same, it is up to the United States to see that the men, who are helping to bring in a seven billion yearly dividend from the farm, receive remuneration at least equal to the pay of coal heavers and second-rate stock brokers and very middling lawyers, indeed. It is up to Uncle Sam to see to this and get the ruralized hayseeds out of his hair; or we shall have more of our agricultural experts going off to foreign countries on long-time contracts

at $10,000 a year, as one recently went to India.

When you come to consider what the seven billion dollars a year dividends from the soil mean to the individual farmer, the average is disappointing. As seen from the table, it runs all the way from $3,000 a year in the new Western States to $300 a year in the Southeastern States, with the average per farm for other states of the Union ranging all the way between these two figures. According as the prizes of life go, $3,000 a year—the highest average—is not big money; but it is a *high* average. I doubt if any of the professions in the same state equal as high an average. Certainly, the wages for the mechanical arts do not equal that average. Three hundred a year from a farm is not, of course, a living wage for any self-respecting family. It is the pittance of the peasant—the kind of wage that perpetuates peasants and paupers, just enough to prevent the class being extinguished by starvation. How such low averages are brought about can best be illustrated by the examples of two farms in one state. One is an old plantation of two thousand acres that was on the market for ten years at any price and didn't find a buyer, at the end of which time the old Colonel sat up and rubbed his eyes and sent an invitation to the agricultural experts to come down for two weeks' shooting on his place and find out what in thunder was the matter: were the times out of joint, or was he? He had been trying to grow cotton on land that had been growing cotton for his ancestors for a hundred years and had wearied of the job and was not yielding him net profits of eleven cents a day. The experts set about rejuvenating the soil by turning that plantation into an alfalfa hay farm with enough live stock on half of the farm to keep all the fields fertile. At the end of three years' scientific treatment, the hay meadows yielded three cuttings a year of two tons an acre; and hay in that part of the South was worth twenty dollars a ton. The old Colonel was once more in possession of a good income from his estate and would

A harvest field of flax and mill near Stockton, California.

1. VALUE OF FARM PRODUCTS PER ACRE: 1900
WASH.
OREGON
CAL.
IDAHO
NEV.
MONT.
WYO.
UTAH
ARIZ.
COLO.
N.MEX.
N.DAK.
S.DAK.
NEBR.
KANS.
OKLA
IND.T.
TEXAS
MINN.
IOWA
MO.
ARK.
LA.
WIS.
ILL.
MICH.
IND.
OHIO
KY.
TENN
MISS.
ALA.
GA.
FLA
S.C.
N.C.
VA.
W.VA.
PA.
N.Y.
VT.
N.H.
ME.
Less than $ 4 per acre
$ 4 to 7 per acre
$ 7 to 10 per acre
$ 10 per acre and over



NEW ENGLAND STATES -
GENERAL: DISEASES OF SMALL FRUITS, FARM MANAGEMENT
MAINE: SWEET CORN *VEGETABLE VARIETY TESTS
NEW HAMPSHIRE: *CORN BREEDING
VERMONT: *DRUG PLANT TESTS *POTATOES *ALFALFA
MASSACHUSETTS: *ASPARAGUS BREEDING *CORN BREEDING
RHODE ISLAND: *CORN BREEDING
CONNECTICUT: *ALFALFA *CORN BREEDING *SWEET CORN
FRUIT MARKETING
*TOBACCO BREEDING & INVESTIGATIONS
VEGETABLE VARIETY TESTS
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FORAGE CROPS
RANGE MANAGEMENT
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WHEAT
GRASSES
SUGAR BEETS.
OREGON -
ALFALFA; EXTENSION
ALFALFA; LIFE HISTORY
FARM MANAGEMENT
CLOVER
FIBER PLANTS
HOPS
SUGAR BEET SEED
MONTANA -
ALFALFA
BARLEY
CLOVER
GRASSES
RANGE MANAGEMENT
SUGAR BEET SEED
SUGAR BEETS
WHEAT
IDAHO -
CORN BREEDING
FARM MANAGEMENT
GRASSES
RANGE MANAGEMENT
SUGAR BEETS
PEAR BLIGHT ERADICATION
WYOMING -
BARLEY
NORTH DAKOTA -
ALFALFA
BARLEY
CLOVER
CORN BREEDING
DRY LAND AGRICULTURE
GRASSES
OATS
GRAIN RUSTS & SMUTS
SOUTH DAKOTA -
ALFALFA
BARLEY
CLOVER
CORN BREEDING
RANGE MAN'G'M'T
WHEAT NUTRIT'N
OATS
DROUGHT-RESISTANT FIELD CROPS, BREEDING
DRY LAND AGRICULTURE
GRAIN RUSTS & SMUTS
WESTERN AGR'L EXTENSION
MINNESOTA -
BARLEY
CLOVER
CORN BREEDING
FIBER PLANTS
GRAIN RUSTS & SMUTS
SUGAR BEETS
VEGETABLE VARIETY TESTS
WISCONSIN -
BARLEY
BARLEYS, BREWING
CORN & OATS, BR'D'G
OATS, ADAPTAT'N
FARM MANAG'M'T
POTATO TESTS
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SUGAR BEET SEED
TEA INVESTIGATIONS
MICHIGAN
ALFALFA
CORN BREED'G
FARM MANAG'M'T
FIBER PLANTS
LITTLE PEACH ERADICATION
SUGAR BEETS
SUGAR BEET SEED
N. YORK
ALFALFA INTRODUC'N
LIFE HISTORY
HOPS
CORN BREEDING
FARM MANAGEMENT
FRUIT: DISTRICT WORK
MARKETING & TRANSPORTATION & STORAGE
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VT.
N.H.
MAINE
MASS.
CONN.
R.I.
N.J.
NY CONT'D
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FARM MANAGEMENT
DISEASES OF SMALL FRUITS
FARM MANAGEMENT
DEL.
FARM MANAGEMENT
FRUIT MARKETING
MD.
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UTAH -
ALFALFA
ALKALI-RESISTANT FIELD CROPS
CORN BREEDING
CLOVER
FIGS AND DRY LAND TREE CROPS
PEAR BLIGHT ERADICATION
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SUGAR BEET SEED
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FARM MANAGEMENT GRASSES
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LOCO WEED DISEASE *OATS
SPRAYING DEMONSTRATIONS
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KANSAS -
ALFALFA
CORN BREEDING
DRY LAND AGRICULTURE
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GRASSES *OATS *SORGHUM
SOIL BACTERIOLOGY
SUGAR BEET SEED
MISSOURI -
CORN BREEDING
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LOCO WEED DISEASE
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RICE
FARM MANAGEM'T
GRAIN STANDARDIZATION
WEEDS
MATTING RUSH
MISS. -
COTTON CULTURE DEMONSTRATION FARMS
FARM MANAGEMENT
ALA. -
CORN BR'D'G
COTTON CULTURE DEMONSTRATION FARMS
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TOBACCO
GA. -
CORN BR'D'G
COTTON BR'D'G
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CITRUS FRUITS, BREEDING
CLOVER
CORN BREEDING
FARM MANAGEMENT
FRUIT MARKETING
FRUIT TRANSPORTATION
FLORIDA - CONT'D
COTTONS, CLASSIFICATION
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SUBTROPICAL PLANTS
SWEET CORN, BREEDING
TOBACCO BREEDING & INVESTIGATIONS
MAP SHOWING
GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF
WORK OF THE BUREAU OF PLANT INDUSTRY.
* THE ASTERISK INDICATES COOPERATION WITH THE VARIOUS STATE AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATIONS

A modern gasoline power sprayer at work.

not sell the ancestral acres at any price. Yet within a stone's throw of that plantation on the hillsides washed bare of humus till red as brick clay, are hundreds of little farms that do not yield net, fifty dollars a year. To be precise, I think when the experts figured it out, these farms made exactly nine cents a day. Why? Because they did not deserve any more! They did not give Nature a square deal and she paid them back by giving them exactly what they gave her—which she has a habit of doing, though you pray yourself black in the face three times a day to escape the penalty! It is almost incredible at this time of day that any people in America could have farmed in such fashion. Their habit was to burn a patch on the hillside bare, then plant and plant and plant on that patch till the soil became so exhausted that it would not grow another stalk. They would then abandon this patch to the wash of the rain and the growth of weeds, burn the brush off another patch, and repeat the process. They reaped as they had sown—worth exactly nine cents a day; but when there are hosts of such small "white trash" and "black trash" farmers, it is not surprising that $27.00 totals a year pull down the averages of whole states in the Southeast region to from $300 to $600 per farm.

When you come to consider nature's dividends in the matter of the individual crops, the new methods are still more striking. The farmer no longer goes it blind, planting wheat year after year because his neighbor plants wheat and that section of the country has got into the "wheat habit," or planting potatoes as Irish farmers did because potatoes had become a habit, or planting cotton year after year on the same worn-out soil as the Southerners did till the land had become literally "cotton-sick." He plants only in such rotation of crops that each special field is in special condition for its special crop—a clean-soiled oat crop one year to get the weeds out of the land; a clover crop the next year to put nitrogen back in the soil; pasturing the field the next year to fertilize and rest the ground and at the same time keep down the weed seeds; then

corn to put the ground in good, clean tilth; then that crop of royal blood which exacts highest conditions of all—wheat, followed by, perhaps, potatoes. So the rotation is rounded, special rotation for special soils.

Then the new farmer no longer goes it blind in the matter of cost in proportion to profits, and cost in relation to market demands. The cost of producing a good crop is practically the same as the cost of producing a bad crop. Your implements, your hired man's wages, your seed, cost just as much for the bad crop as for the good one. It costs as much to raise ten bushels of wheat to the acre as to raise forty, to raise two hundred bushels of potatoes as to raise six hundred, to raise half a ton of hay to the acre as to raise five tons; and the new farmer has the matter of cost down to as fine a point as the manufacturer has the matter of cost as to raw material and labor and machinery and depreciation of machinery.

The old time idea was that the farmer toiled from dawn till dark—sixteen and eighteen hours a day, and had a very much more difficult life of it than the artisan with labor union hours or professional man twiddling his pen over writing paper six hours a day. The new farmer knows that though the day's work may be sixteen hours in the rush season, it is often less than four hours in the rainy and dull seasons, and that the farmer's day's work totals up fewer hours for the whole year than the artisan's; to be exact, I think the figures are between six and seven hours for an average. The new farmer knows to a cent what his labor costs him in wages and board, and what returns in cash that labor gives him and whether the margin of profit is big enough to guarantee keeping certain hired men.

"The Southern colored people cost me $8.00 a month in food," said the manager of one of the biggest farms in California to me, "and they don't do $20.00 worth of work. You see plainly there is no use paying them $15.00 a month wages; or the balance would be on the wrong side. Mexican greasers cost me between $8.00 and $9.00 for food a month; but they will

Stacks of wheat thatched with their own straw.

Stacking hay.

Digging and sacking potatoes on the field.

Driving in the sheep.

Photograph by Edward C. Neilson.

do a good $1.50 worth of work a day; but take your husky young foreigner or native-born American worker—he costs less—about $6.00 a month when you are catering on a big scale, but he wants a choicer class of food; but then he works. I can afford to pay such young fellows $2.00 and $2.50 a day, and have a bigger margin of profit than for the cheaper unskilled labor. Everything has got to make good on this farm on the profit side of accounts, from a blade of wheat up—or it goes!"

Ask the old-style worker how much it costs to raise an acre of potatoes or wheat or hay or to raise a pound of beef or a pound of butter; and he would look at you dazed, and scratch his head, and hum and haw. Ask the new-time farmer, and he tells you right off the bat something like this according to the place he lives:

Potatoes:

Seed value	$ 3.939
Plowing	1.607
Dragging	.920
Planting (hand)	3.276
Cultivating	1.709
Hoeing	2.865
Spraying	1.492
Digging (hand)	5.405
Machinery cost	.212
Land rental	3.500
Total	$24.925

Or Wheat, this:

Seed value	$ .969
Cleaning seed	
Plowing	1.012
Dragging	.160
Seeding	.228
Weeding	
Cutting (binder)	.311
Twine	.299
Shocking	.101
Stacking	.486
Stack-thrashing (labor)	.246
Cash cost thrashing	.722
Machinery cost	.356
Land rental	3.000
Total	$ 7.890

You can see quite plainly if shiftless farming produces only 100 or 65 bushels of potatoes and they sell for 25 cents as they sometimes have in the West, there is not going to be any margin of profit with cost running at $24.90. The same of wheat. In the old days like 1866 when wheat sold at $1.52 a bushel, there was profit in even a ten-bushel crop. To-day, with price ranging from 60 to 80 cents, a man must raise more than 10 or 15 bushels to the acre, in order to have a profit over a cost of $7.00 an acre. Neither of these two lists from Assistant Secretary Hays estimates takes account of depreciation in value of machinery; and this is very vital where your slither farmers leave binders and mowers out in the snow and rain, as I have often seen them on the prairie, half-housed by leaky sod-roofed sheds.

And so the year has swung round again to Thanksgiving—the fullness of the ripeness of the year. On every bare meadow patch, the birds are clamoring in noisy political caucus over the details of their long journey south. Above the pine woods circle the raucous crows like bandits ready to swoop for plunder. The warblers and tanagers and the orioles and the bluebirds have long since gone south. You can still see robins gathering together traveling in battalions; and the saucy sparrows are already at work on the weed seeds of the summer's growth. When you walk through the painted woods, you are in a sun-shafted fairy world. The trees are a blaze of gold in a golden light. The leaves are showering down, flocks of leaves shepherded by the rustling wind, showering down in such silence they somehow lay a hush on all the perturbation and fool-haste of the human spirit. Then a blue jay flashes across the sky with querulous complaint at your intrusion and a gray squirrel comes scuttling down the trunk of a chestnut tree to swear chatters at you for approaching too near his cache of nuts under the leaves at the root; and with a *hum-m* and a *drum-m* a whole covey of partridges has flopped up from your very feet and flitted through the russet autumn woods like brown wraiths. You rub your eyes. Your eyes are all right. It's only a blood-red blotch of swamp sumac, there, frosted and painted in the sun.

And then the red light comes aslant the woods on the level; and the tang of night frost is in the air. Down in the valleys, you see the warm kitchen lights springing to life—beacon lights for the home-comers through the dusk. What does he say to himself, the man down there, unhitching his plow team on this eve of the year's harvest home? "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest . . . summer and winter . . . day and night shall not cease."

Not so far different, the Old Gospel from the New—is it; only one is Science, and the other is Scripture—both revelations of the God behind the Scheme of Things.

AT THE CAGE OF THE MACAWS

Painting by George Luks.

RIVER ADVENTURING IN PERU

BY W. T. BURRES, M.D.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

PERHAPS South America contains in the great Amazon Basin more hundreds of square miles of unexplored territory than any other continent, and for many years will furnish a broad field for frontier travel and adventure. The region is so vast that unless many years are given to the task one man cannot hope to see more than a comparatively small section of the waste of territory; a fact best appreciated by those who have had some experience in tropical travel and have personally encountered its many difficulties.

On the 12th of September, 1903, we organized an expedition which covered several hundred miles of wild and virgin country, in a part of which we encountered savage inhabitants absolutely primitive and uncontaminated by civilized man.

My companions included C. W. Brown, the virtual leader of the expedition, Professor Bailey, of Harvard University, C. R. Glass, Fred Brown, Todd, Lang, three Peruvians, and a retinue of servants and Indian packers. We were well equipped with rifles, tents, outing beds, mosquito netting, canned goods and other necessary supplies. From the Pacific port of Mollendo to Tirapata by rail is three hundred and fifty miles; thence one hundred and fifty miles by mule-back over the last great ranges of the Andes and the Aricoma Pass, and a rapid descent of fifteen thousand feet placed us at the Inambari River, the rendezvous of our party and the point from which the expedition proper began.

Our first few days travel was over the low but precipitous and unsurveyed mountains forming the eastern slope of the Andean System, hills covered with small but almost impenetrable forests which contain many rare woods, as well as balsams and gums, the latter including rubber. Three hundred inches is the estimated rainfall, and on more than one occasion we were not inclined to consider it an overestimate, but we soon became accustomed to daily wettings. While game is fairly plentiful in the mountainous region, it is quite impossible to capture it on account of the difficult travel; however, we killed some monkeys and several turkeys, which we ate, the former furnishing palatable but rather "gamy" meat.

The first river reached we believed to be the Huacamayo, and after some miles of arduous travel down the west bank we reached a small stream of fair size and beautiful surroundings, which, on our return, we named (by request of the Peruvian Government) the "West," in honor of an explorer whose travels were several hundred miles to the north of us. The fact that the general course of the river is west renders the name appropriate. The Huacamayo, after union with the West, bears the name of Tavora.

Here we unloaded our Indian packers, pitched camp, and proceeded to build "balsas" or rafts out of a light, pithy wood which we found in the forest, nailing the logs together with long spikes made of the very hard "chunta" palm which grew there in abundance. The specific gravity of practically all the green wood of the forest is so great that it sinks at once in the stream, but the light balsa tree, growing on the river banks, is a fortunate exception. In three days we had ready three rafts and two rough-hewn canoes which were loaded with all of our belongings well roped on. It took us two days to go twenty miles down the Tavora, encounter-

Andean summit at Aricoma Pass—peak estimated 20,000 feet altitude.

ing dangerous rapids every few hundred yards, and on two or three occasions we came very near losing not only our cargo, but some lives as well. The canoe in which Fred Brown and I traveled completely swamped in a terrific rapid, and we barely succeeded in beaching it below. Glass was swept off his raft and buried in the foam while shooting the same rapid, and one of the Peruvians who fell in was with difficulty rescued from drowning.

So we continued until reaching the river Tambopata with which the Tavora makes a broad and beautiful union, and marks the point where we left the last low hills and entered the vast expanse of the Amazon Basin. Great dense forest extended in all directions, rendered almost impenetrable by myriads of "bejucas" (tendrils), climbing vines, cane, and bamboo. Thousands of orchids clung to the trees and countless insects furnished natural music, swelled by the songs and chirpings of vari-colored birds. Occasionally we sighted a band of monkeys, some little furry fellows that one could place in a coat pocket, and big brown "howling" monkeys, one of which would furnish a meal for a dozen men. These howling monkeys have an auxilliary larynx which acts as a sounding box and enables them to produce the most unearthly and continuous roar, really blood-curdling to one who is ignorant of its source. Many parrots and macaws flew back and forth across the river, adding their unmusical voices to the river's murmur and the soft hum of the forest. On one bank we found a deserted house of the savages, but nothing worth appropriating.

We then started down the Tambopata, getting over several rapids, and in a few hours sighted a naked native woman on a small raft. She set up a lusty yell for the camp of savages on the beach, and as we pulled up to the bank she came forward offering gifts of bananas and plantains. In the meantime a number of the tribe came running down to see us. This was our first meeting with the Indians, and it was with a thrill of excitement that we disembarked and walked with them up to their village which consisted of a group of palm-

leaf huts, temporary affairs of the most primitive type. After taking a few snapshots we left them and continued our journey along the broad and beautiful river.

We camped as usual on the sandy shore, generally having to search for a bare place large enough to pitch our tents, and slept well notwithstanding the fatigue and persistent insect pests. Here and there along the river we saw small collections of bananas and yuccas growing in a seemingly natural state. Although the Indians enjoyed the produce they evidently did not cultivate the plantations. The soil varied all along from red clay to black loam, with occasionally an outcropping of hard conglomerate; the whole country seeming to rest without transitional substrata on silurian slate and plutonic rock. The entire region is exceedingly rich, supporting spontaneous fruits and heavy forest; has great possibilities and will some day support its millions of people.

The following day Glass killed a red deer and I caught a large fish weighing about twelve pounds and shot a bronze duck, so we were well supplied with fresh meat. Many days of our travel we were glad to get turkeys, ducks, and monkeys when our provisions got low.

Right here I may as well digress a moment to say a few words about the game of this region, and guns, the two most interesting topics to a large class of readers of travel. The question of arms is a very important one and the uninitiated generally import modern high-power rifles, which are useless when the first supply of ammunition is exhausted. From Mexico to Chile I have found that the old standard shells are the most dependable, for the reason that they are readily procured in the most distant camps, and are quite powerful enough for any game found in South America. The .44-40 leads the list, then the .32 and .38, and the .22 of various lengths. I killed most of my game on the expedition with a .22 repeater, using the long-rifle shell, its portability being very desirable in the tropics where lightness of equipment is a prime requisite. The Spanish-American

Glacier and glacial lake passed at Aricoma—17,000 feet.

market is flooded with cheap "Made in Germany" imitations of American arms, which, needless to say, should be avoided. Mammals and birds are abundant in the Amazon forests, but in many places the heat, insects, and heavy jungle render hunting impossible. Many varieties of monkeys, as well as wild hogs, armadillos, sloths and ant-eaters, turkeys, ducks, grouse, toucans and the parrot family are in evidence. Deer, bear, tapir, jaguar and other felines are numerous enough but not frequently seen. Large and edible fish abound in the streams, but from the naturalists' standpoint the wonderful insect world and endless variety of plant life are of the most absorbing interest.

The next day we got over some bad rapids and sighted two villages of Indians, reaching the second one late in the afternoon. We saw twelve rough-hewn canoes drawn up on the bank and knew that there was a large tribe near. Soon we found them a short distance in the forest, and all of our party disembarked. Men, women, and children came out to meet us and our visit was exceedingly interesting. Their hair was long and unkempt, their bodies naked, excepting that some of the men wore bark shirts—made of the inner bark of trees, beaten and washed until a fiber mesh alone remains. Many wore nose ornaments which fell over their mouths and interfered somewhat with eating, and numbers of the women had necklaces made of monkey and tapir teeth drilled and strung on thread made of cotton-tree fiber. The women were generally naked, somewhat coquettish, and some were fairly pretty, but like children of Nature they showed no shame of their nudity. Their teeth are even and white, but the skin of their bodies is rough from the bites of innumerable flies which they are constantly fighting. The women are entirely subservient to the men who hunt and fish. The men carry large bows and long arrows with wicked barbs. Some of the

The Indian packers crossing one of the streams with supplies.

A local belle.

provisions. Our general direction was a little east of north.

At the mouth of a small river coming in from the east we came upon a tribe of aborigines that proved very interesting. They were a finer set of fellows than we had met before and of a more warlike bearing. The women had their faces and bodies gaudily painted, and two or three were very pretty. This tribe had canoes built of the trunks of large palms hollowed out into light craft as shaky as racing sculls. The whole tribe had just arrived from up the river, where they had had a battle with another outfit, and were evidently defeated as they were all suffering from spear and arrow wounds and were short of women and children. Some of the women also were wounded. They always fight for women; their object being to add to their chief treasure, their "Chinanis," as they call them; and it is probable that many of the women and children are killed. The captured women seem willing to go with the conquerors who sometimes have

arrows are six and seven feet long, and are shot with considerable accuracy. Their vision is acute, and the rapidity with which they penetrate the forest is marvelous, protecting their naked bodies from thorns and entanglements which would prove formidable barriers to the progress of a white man. At this village we made exchanges of knives, mirrors, etc., for bows and arrows, necklaces, and other curios.

As it was already late we camped on the opposite side of the river and were not molested, but we kept a strict guard during the night.

So we continued, day after day, passing many rapids which in some places caused considerable delay as we had to "rope" the canoes over them; and always wet and tired out by night when we camped on the most convenient bank high above water level to avoid the sudden freshets resulting from enormous waterfall back of us. Occasionally we caught a fish or killed monkeys, wild turkeys and macaws. Brazil-nut trees began to appear, their dull red tops towering above the other forest trees. In two places we cached some

A savage showing negroid features.

On the Huacamayo River.

On the Huacamayo River.

The Inambari—Eastern Peru.

On the "West" River.

The native boat—"balsas" on Lake Titicaca.

A group of Indians, some wearing breechcloths given them by members of the expedition.

two or three wives. We saw no old people, the exposures of a wild life and the prevalence of malignant malarial fevers which they are unable to combat probably explain their absence. We could discover no trace of religion among them, nor the slightest evidence of familiarity with civilized life.

Insects that preclude boredom.

Leaving Glass, Lang, and Todd to make a rapid survey we continued down the stream, and in two days more entered the broad and noble Madre de Dios River which flows a little north of east (at about 11° S. latitude) through the illimitable waste of unsettled forest to the Madeira which in turn reaches the Amazon. We found it to be from one half to one mile wide according to location, with a rapid current carrying much drift, and from thirty to sixty feet deep, though doubtless much deeper in places. A week was spent by our expedition in a trip down the Madre de Dios to the mouth of the Heath River, so named for Doctor Heath, who some years before had reached that point, coming in from the opposite direction. Up that river are supposed to be thousands of fierce savages, and our small party did not care to disprove it. The whole country is covered by dense forest containing rubber, caoutchouc, Brazil nut, and a great variety of palms and valuable woods. As before stated insect life is omnipresent, being especially rich in coleoptera and hymenoptera, while the diptera carry off the honors of being pests indescribable. Contrary to popular belief the finest specimens of lepidoptera are found in the higher regions. The temperature ranges from 70 to 100° F.

On the eighth of October we began the return trip, twenty persons in all, in three canoes, as the rafts served only for downstream travel, and it proved far more difficult and dangerous. Owing to the current we had to hug the banks, the water began gradually to rise, and it was necessary to avoid the drift which was coming down in large quantities. For two days we worked hard and were wet all of the time, as we had to push and pull the boats up the rapids. On the eleventh we met some of the savages or "chunchos" who were enjoying a feast, having killed a tapir which they roasted over a fire kindled by friction. We stopped there a while to trade and to join their feast, which was certainly a novel spectacle.

Our journey now became very difficult and all were exhausted from fighting the rapids. From then to the fifteenth we worked like demons to overcome the rapids, and with the rising river the current between them was strong. The canoes stuck on reefs several times, and for miles we had to pull them along the banks by ropes. We were in the water all day, wet and exhausted at night, and dressed in wet clothes each morning. Many of our meals we had to eat while standing in torrential rains, tormented by vicious insects. On October fifteenth, after a wet and sleepless night, we started, but were drenched anew before getting the canoes loaded. The river was a torrent and rising rapidly, with enormous drifts and dangerous eddies. We moved slowly, poling along and hugging the east bank, cutting our way through overhanging brush with scratched and bleeding hands. I lost my rifle overboard and my insect net was swept away. The second canoe got beyond control, whirled around, and was swept down the flood. We thought it was lost, but they

finally gained the bank and slowly worked their way back. After hours we had to give up the fight, having made less than half a mile. It suddenly turned cold and windy, and we were soon chilled and shaking, and forced to camp, cutting a space in the jungle for the tents, but could find no dry wood for fire to cook our food or dry our effects; so we ate our short-rationed dinner while standing in the rain. The water rose rapidly to the tents and surrounded our camp, cutting us off from the mainland, and then we were obliged to move to the highest ground available. The flood increased until three in the morning, when it was within a foot of the tents and our situation seemed desperate, for one would have no chance of life in the current. The river widened to about three thousand feet; immense trees, brush, and débris came rushing down, colliding with fearful violence, and the roar was continuous. Masses of earth near us caved away and dissolved in the torrent. Two days we were held here, and when the water dropped about ten feet we manned our boats with difficulty and proceeded up stream, cutting through the overhanging brush and poling the canoes against the current. C. W. Brown's canoe swamped in a whirlpool and a little savage that he was bringing along as a curio was swept under some drift and came to the surface about a hundred yards below, hanging to an oar, and was saved by clinging to some brush about a half-mile downstream. Many of our effects were lost, and others ruined by the water, including most of my photo films, whose loss I deeply deplored.

The rest of our journey was merely a repetition of danger and hardships in the rapids; a number of times we had to unload our boats and several close calls we had from drowning. To dilate on all of our experiences would make this narration tedious. We reached the junction of the Tavora and the "West" the latter part of October, fagged out, with sore feet and scratched and insect-bitten features, and ultimately arrived at the outskirts of civilization, all thankful for our safe return, and convinced that it was the most interesting and exciting trip of our lives.

Some of the bugs that greet the adventurer in the South American jungle.

MY WINTER GARDEN IN FLORIDA

BY E. P. POWELL

OUTING found us in November hurrying up our work at Clinton, and spreading our wings for a flight southward. The frost had already got hold of the clods, and was working its way down to grapple the roots, while the foliage, gently loosened by Mother Nature, had been spread over the lawns and gardens to temper the severity of winter. Our first touch of Florida, after leaving the boat was at Sanford, well up the St. John's River and in the heart of the trucking region. Here one may walk four miles up an avenue, where he will see nothing on either side but celery and lettuce. The land is as level as a prairie, and the soil is sandy. The beautiful St. John's River, sluggishly winding its way northward, drains but a moiety of the water from the soil, leaving it so saturated that a flowing well can be obtained by dropping a pipe down a dozen feet. Every back yard and every front yard is a lettuce bed, and each one has its own irrigating plant—costing only a trifle. We have dropped into a new world at once. Great tanks of sulphur water throw jets and fountains in the streets, and there is an air everywhere of garden life. Lettuce is sown in November, to be marketed in January. The great celery crop follows, to be shipped in April, and the land does not object to three successive crops each year. When these have been sent North crab grass appears in all the gardens and fields, making a sort of cover against the intense heat of summer, and furnishing splendid forage for cattle.

But we are not disposed to find a home, or even a winter's rest where the land is level and the mosquitoes abundant. We have only to go twenty-five miles to the west, to find ourselves in a range of rolling land, almost hilly, where every hollow is filled with a lake or lakelet. To reach this section you may go by a branch of the Atlantic Coast Line, or almost as speedily you may drive through the palm groves and pine forests. I took the latter course, and Jeff, an intelligent black fellow, started with me directly into the forest. There were openings here and there, and there were homesteads, and occasionally groups of houses. But not a road, and much less a road fence.

I said to him: "Jeff, where are you taking me?"

"Why, Suh! to Sorrento, Suh! and Lake Lucy, Suh! where you tole me you wanted to go."

"Why not take the road then?"

"Why, Suh! this *is* the road. You Northerners wants roads with board fence on both sides, Suh! and ditches, and all that, but we likes better, Suh! to drive right under the trees in the shade."

"Yes, Jeff, that's all right, but what is to hinder you from losing me somewhere in the woods?'

"Lose you, Suh! Why, Suh! me and these horses would go anywhere in Florida, darkest night you ever saw, Suh!"

So it was that we found our way to Sorrento, and Lake Lucy, for the first time. Lake Lucy is a lovely sheet of water, about half a mile across, and two miles from the depot and the church. Here we had bought at a venture ten acres of Florida soil. It had been an orange grove and a plum yard, but the freeze of 1895 had killed these down below graft, and, with Northern notions of garden-making, we simply set to work and grubbed out all the

old stock, preparatory to planting anew. The first thing to do was to create a vegetable garden. It is a curious sensation one has who escapes the frost-bound North and reaches Middle Florida. He has just wound up for winter, and here he is just beginning his garden work. The seasons get so mixed after awhile that he will call winter summer, and will speak of spring as last winter. Everything else is turned about, for he is calculating on green peas for New Year's dinner. He hears the bees at work in his orange trees, and the hens are laying as in midsummer. Only one thing goes on like the North—the deciduous trees do not hold their leaves all winter, but drop their foliage and go to sleep for about three months. There really is a sort of winter in Florida. The pines have sifted down their old needles without showing very much change in their foliage, but the oaks, all but the live oaks and water oaks, the maples, the China trees, the catalpas and many more stand bare-limbed. Some of them hold their leaves until January, and it is thoroughly amusing to watch the trees that you have yourself carried there from the North. They really do not know when to wake up, whether in January or February as Southern trees do, or to sleep on until March as they have been accustomed to do in New York State. Some of them do one thing and some the other. In February, when Southern peaches were in blossom or half-grown, some of my stubborn Yankee plums were still asleep. They simply would not leaf out until they were waked up in a perfectly natural manner, as late as April.

You are going to work in a soil that to a Northerner is a great revelation—especially a New Englander accustomed to stiff clay. It is sand everywhere, and can be worked with about as much ease as a Northern schoolboy makes mud pies or sand puddings. But sand does not mean a lack of fertility, as you will readily see when you note the pines everywhere standing from sixty to one hundred feet high. The great trouble with Florida soil is that it lacks humus. The State has been burned over annually ever since white people lived there, and now, instead of three or four feet of vegetable deposit, the sand has very little to show but a mixture of carbon and a small per cent. of potash. Your very first need is to create humus, and here Nature is at your right hand all the time. No other spot in the world is so wonderfully supplied with legumes, little sorts and big sorts, from tiny plants an inch high to those that grow fifty feet in a season, and with these annually plowed under, you can very rapidly accumulate the humus needed. Beside this there is easily accumulated an abundance of coarse grasses and other vegetable stuffs with which you can make compost piles with great rapidity. These must be worked into your vegetable ground, as incipient soil. You will find the natives neglect all this and rely upon buying commercial fertilizers. This is a mere fad, heartily encouraged by the manufacturers of such fertilizers. The result is exactly like whipping a jaded horse. There is a spurt of work done, a single crop secured, but the soil is exactly what it was before. I have never bought a pound of commercial fertilizer, and I doubt if I ever shall. Your compost will steadily change the character of the soil, not only feeding your plants but adding vegetable mold. The sandy soil is in this way made capable of holding moisture, and its temperature is made equable.

My garden spot of six acres, which was decidedly lacking plant material, and subject to fits of heat and cold, I have rapidly made the home of vegetables and fruit trees. Last year I lifted out of my compost a sweet potato weighing eighteen pounds. The old "crackers" and the negroes are wiser than the whites, for they have long been accustomed to ripping open very wide furrows, then filling them with pine needles and decaying straw or waste, over which they plow the soil, and into which they thrust their sweet potato plants. This decaying humus underneath retains moisture, prevents the intrusion of the hottest rays of June, and the result is something splendid. You have one more thing to look out for, and that is the possibility of frost, just as your vegetables are on the jump. This we provide against by storing coarse grass up and down the garden, where it can be easily spread over the potatoes and peas to make a light protection when there is danger. The frost is hardly more than a chill, and the thermometer has never marked, during the last

four years, below thirty-one. I have a habit of leaving out about every tenth row of vegetables for this protective material. After it has served as covering for one year, it can be plowed under to add to the humus.

Occasionally clay crops up to the surface; this we use for making roads—spreading two or three inches over the sand. It does not hold the water and make mud like our Northern clay, but shunts the water off into the sand. Where clay cannot be had we spread fresh pine needles, and when these have become gradually ground up with sand we remove them to the compost pile, to be used in the garden. If we still lack compost material we can obtain it by sowing velvet bean and cow peas and beggar weed. These are all legumes that make rapid growth, serve finely for animal food, and can then be plowed under to add nitrogen to the soil. Alfalfa can be grown, but is in no way comparable with the legumes I have named. Mow your velvet beans three or four times during the growing season, for hay; retain it for a cover crop; and then plow it under. The mass of humus and nitrogen added to the soil can be surmised when you are told by the Government Bulletin, that this plant will grow seventy-five feet in a season. I am not quite sure of this growth, but I have seen it thirty feet high where it could get hold of a tree to climb on. Only a fool need starve in Florida. No matter how lacking the sand may seem to be, it will sooner or later be found rich enough for almost any possible crop, if only the leguminous plants are wisely used. Several of these are specifically adapted to the poorest soil, and in this way lay the foundations on which other plants can build.

All through central Florida, instead of vast celery and lettuce beds (although these find conditions all right around the lakes, and the lakes are everywhere) we grow potatoes in the lowlands and melons on the higher slopes. Sorrento ships, annually, carloads of melons weighing on an average over forty pounds, and it can grow its Irish potatoes just as freely as it can grow sweet potatoes. Cassava is another splendid garden product. and easily grown. It is a long tuber from one foot to four feet in length, and may be left in the ground, to continue growing, three or four years. One hill of cassava is equal to six hills of corn, counting in corn and stalks. It is relished by horses, by cows, and by hens. They will all eat it raw and uncut, but it is far better to grind it and sprinkle with grain. It is also a fairly good food for making pies and puddings. Sweet potatoes also may remain in the ground many months after maturing, and dug as wanted either for table or market. We plant them either in September or in January or in April. The January planting is unwise, because the tops are very subject to a chill. Irish potatoes we plant in January, and have them ready for the Northern market two or three weeks ahead of Georgia. In fact, Florida can command the market in vegetables and in melons. The melons surpass anything grown elsewhere not only in size but in quality. This last point I take on credit, for up to date I have left Florida before my melons were quite ripe. It is a stern resolution that hereafter I shall not eat my melons by proxy.

The Florida markets are full of fine cabbages and cauliflowers in January; lettuce can be had all the time, and celery is being shipped from New Year's until June. I have a neighbor from Brooklyn with whom I swap carrots for collards in February, and there is a supply of young beets and turnips all the time after Christmas. A single head of this Florida lettuce will fill a half-bushel measure, and it will be as solid as a cabbage. Green peas and new potatoes for Christmas is a sensation that you will appreciate, but to do this you must reach Florida in October. Your sweet potatoes will be usable all the time, dug fresh from the ground until the last of May. If left in later than this they begin to grow, and soon become worthless. The Southern rule is to dig a bushel at a time, and let them ripen a little out of the ground, before using, as it makes them sweeter. I do not believe that you can imagine a finer dinner than grape fruit, just taken from the tree, delicious beyond anything you have a dream of, with a few loquats added; then all the sweet potatoes you care for, following a fresh tomato soup; and after that an orange shortcake. You will not complain seriously when I add that in Florida we eat very little meat apart from fish and eggs.

Your garden will also turn you out peanuts, although I have not yet seen anything first-class in that line. The chufa nut is also easily grown, and is relished by hens and pigs as well as by people. Colored people have a strange passion for a vegetable of the cabbage-family called collards. Irish potatoes, while easily grown, are very perishable in Florida. The Government instituted a series of experiments, and at last discovered a way for keeping them through the wet season. They will not keep in straw nor in sand, and left in the soil they will promptly decay. But placed in a dry cellar or barn with alternate layers of pine needles, they can be kept for several months. I am a great believer in mulch and mulching. I never plant a tree in the North without a mulch of barn manure or coal ashes or their equivalent. In the South this need is intensified. April is our most burning month, and the midday sun will run its fingers down six inches into the soil, with heat marking eighty or ninety degrees. This will burn the fine fibrous roots of young trees, and make bad work. It is for this reason that apple trees are seldom grown in Florida. Mulch is just as valuable in your vegetable garden. After I have planted my potatoes, I spread a mulch of several inches over the whole field; (loose straw or coarse grass), the tops will come up through the mulch, and without cultivation of any sort the crop underneath is fine. It is these two problems of humus and mulch that the old Florida farmers have not solved.

Another trouble in this State is the lack of a stock law, leaving you to fence against cattle and hogs, and very likely you are turning your own animals loose in the woods. The proposition is a bad one every way. The manure is lost, and a part of the year the cattle are half-starved. Cattle and crops go naturally together; hens in plum yards; sheep in orchards; cows and horses in stables to give us food for our garden plants. Add the manure to muck, which abounds in Florida, and you have a fertilizer ahead of anything that can be bought. There must be a co-operation of moisture, food and humus. Without a stock law you have to fence in your land, or it will be a public range. Once a year the old grass and vegetable waste is burned, so that new grass can come up to feed the running cattle. My advice is that you not only put up fences, but plow your fire lines, and never let the torch be touched to your land again. You can cut your own fence posts, and barbed wire will cost about three and a half cents a pound. Public opinion has already very nearly banished the hogs, and when any are let loose the chances are they will never again find their homes. When you have stopped the annual burning over of your property, keep your own cattle inside your fences, feed them well, and own the manure. This is the basis of garden wealth.

The flower garden is as fine in winter as the vegetable garden. We have roses in midwinter, and gladiolus from February to June; in fact we can have them all the year if we choose. For vines the most wonderful is Bignonia venusta, once in a while getting frosted, but climbing to the top of high pines in a single season, and swinging off great arms all the way, twenty to thirty feet long and every one of them a mass of orange trumpet-shaped flowers in January. The Cherokee rose is single flowered, but it climbs all over houses and trees, and is a sight worth going far to look at and smell the perfume. In December I found my Brugmanzia in blossom, and wild flowers as a rule begin to expand themselves the latter part of February, although there are some exquisite little violets and moss-like flowers in January. Violets blossom all the time, and you can grow in great masses the sweet-scented English sorts. Roses you may have in bloom at any season, but their real florescence begins about the first of March. At this season the herons are lighting on your plum trees, occasionally building nests. White egrets are around the lake, and occasionally fly over your garden. Alligators stay buried in the mud for a couple of months, but show themselves in March. These fellows are utterly harmless, and I have never seen any marks left by them in my lakeside garden, although they do travel overland,' from lake to lake. Turtles are dormant for about the same length of time, under ground or in the lakes. The gopher turtle emerges about the first of March rarely, and rarely we catch in our gardens a snapping turtle or a

leather-back. We have a way of catching them by burying boxes at the opening of their burrows; into which they fall, house and all, and cannot get out. They make good soups and excellent hen feed. They will eat off the tops of our vegetables unless caught.

My yard includes about two acres, and for fourteen years it was never burned over. In this enclosure stand about fifty great yellow pines, eighty to ninety feet high, surrounding my house. The sod, that is what a Northerner would call it, is hardly a sod at all, and I had thought of having it replaced with St. Lucie grass, or Bermuda grass. That is the one thing we much miss in Florida, the blue grass of Kentucky and the orchard grass of New York—something to make a beautiful green and smooth sod. But before I had gone to work to inaugurate a change, some long-stemmed violets thrust themselves up a foot high; star-like little ones at the same time creeping around close to the ground. Then began a display of more novelties and beauties in the way of wild-flowers than I have ever seen even on the prairies of Illinois or in the marsh prairies of Michigan. The dominant colors were lavender and yellow. Then an insignificant vine threw open a lavender pea as large as our sweet peas. In fact I found that I was in possession of a grand wild-flower garden, and it would be folly to try to improve it. In January there began to bloom what I was told was a Cherokee bean. It sent up stalks three to four feet high, and lots of them. I never before saw such carmine scarlet in the flower garden. It came in great masses and continued for three or four months. In April the sensitive plant covers whole square yards, and through it the wild phlox lifts its eyes of crimson and white. Nearly all these wild plants have bulbous roots, that can withstand the heat and drought. I simply cut beds for roses, and gladioli, and a few more of my civilized favorites, and where the sand was rather bare I planted English violets.

I have fine flowers in my Northern garden, but I would not exchange the most artistic lawn or garden for this natural display of what Nature likes to do. Through it, and close to my door, bob-white trails and calls. Almost the first thing in the morning it is bobwhite under your window; and I am taking advantage of the law to protect him. Young mourning doves, which look much like the quail, march around in pairs, beautiful creatures, but not quite so trustful as bob. Mocking birds dip down out of the pines, pick up a piece of apple or bread which you may have thrown down at your feet, and then, lighting in a plum tree or a loquat, will toss off a bumper of all sorts of nonsensical notes. The bees are very happy in this climate, and in such a garden as mine are constantly making honey.

For all the months of the year the procession of Nature's children goes on, and I do not know which one of the open hearts I like best. I take room enough for my shrubs and trees, and yet they constitute a garden beyond my art to compass. I often go out under a Florida moonlight, or under the evening star (which in Florida casts a strong shadow), and my soul grows very peaceful among the flowers—some as erect as Southern majors and others creeping, but every one of them simple-hearted and knowing nothing of seedmen's catalogues. The whip-poor-will calls from the shadow and the megaphone of the bull-bat groans out of the upper air. The wind ripples the lake into little white ruffles and all the world is full of peace.

And this I say, that winter gardening in Florida is far better than crooning over the fire for five months, with the clapboards snapping in the frost fingers. One is not eating up, during idle days, all that he could grow during the summer. There are no coal bills to settle, and one may go bathing in the lake of a Christmas Day. Neighbors get together on New Year's, and dine off new vegetables, then sit out under the arbors of roses, and eat their fill of fresh-picked oranges. The South is a great new land, with new problems and novel possibilities. The Cracker and the negro are alike fond of gardening, and only need the advice and leadership of modern science. The whole of Florida will yet be a garden; and its people will be the leaders in national horticulture. It can grow the best things from the apple belt; and the best from the corn belt; and then add the cotton and the peach belt; while Florida, reaching well down into the tropics, will remain the garden of America

THE MAD COW

Painting by C. M. Russell

DRIVEN FROM EDEN

(A LATER VERSION OF ADAM AND EVE AND THE SERPENT)

BY M. WOODRUFF NEWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY HORACE TAYLOR

WE were newly married, we were living in the suburbs —brand new suburbs, too, where you would lose yourself if you went three feet out of your own dooryard, and it was summer time. There you have our Eden as it was before the serpent entered.

We knew it was Eden. We continually congratulated ourselves on our delightful location and the fact that while it was so deliciously rural the conveniences of a modern Eden were at hand; trolley a few minutes walk away so that I could easily get to and from my work in the city, and a rural free-delivery box. We had only two neighbors, and we did not know them, so our happy evenings were quite undisturbed.

After a little I bought some chickens, and we made a small garden. Then did our Eden seem quite complete —alas the evil day that a persuasive farmer beguiled me and I came home leading the serpent with a rope around her neck.

Like those sinners of old we dreamed not of danger, Marion and I. In the cool of the day we would wander out into our back yard, a small strip portioned off from the as yet uncleared wilderness beyond, and peer through the loose boards into the shed where we kept her nights, and say, how nice she looked, and how beautiful it was to have pure milk in Eden every day from our own cow in addition to eggs fresh from our own hens.

Even then Fate was swinging her lasso over my head.

It was a warm August evening, a very warm August evening when the noose fell. I sat reading alone in the library. Marion had retired early. Absorbed in my book I read until after midnight. At last, weary and sleepy, I closed the house for the night and prepared for bed. As I put out the light a sound in the back yard caught my attention. I went to the window and looked out. It was a dark night, but I soon saw the trouble. I had forgotten to close the shed door. Old Sally was ambling across the yard, headed directly for the gap in the back fence. That cow cost me $45.

"Then did our Eden seem quite complete."

"I came, leading the serpent."

her from the rear with a great circling of my long arms. I now discovered that while she would not be coaxed, neither would she be driven. She slid past me through a break in the fence into pastures new. I gritted my teeth and pursued.

Just as I thought I had her she always got away. She would woo me into almost touching distance, then bolt off into the darkness. So I pursued.

I thrust my bare feet into slippers and went out of the back door in my night clothes, like a flash.

I aimed for that gap in the back fence. So did the cow. She got there first but I was a close second. I spoke to her very gently, but firmly.

"Come, Bossy. Come, Bossy."

But she kept just out of my reach and straight ahead.

I hesitated. It was very dark. Yet, if either of our new neighbors should see me—first impressions are apt to be lasting—or if Marion should wake and miss me!

Sally crossed the open lot, and I could just make out her bulky form near a huge clump of blackberry bushes. I was not very well acquainted with my surroundings, but the field, to the best of my recollections, was fenced in, and had no openings on that side. I crept stealthily through the long grass. Sally never stirred. She eyed me curiously as I neared her. My voice was like maple sugar as I entreated her to come home. But, just as I made a center rush she made one too, and a longer one, that carried her just beyond the reach of my arms. I grew excited and some of my natural firmness—Marion *will* call it obstinacy—came uppermost. Be beaten by a cow? I would get her now if it took until morning!

I made a wide detour and ran toward

The country was all strange to me now. The ground was rough and uneven, with considerable underbrush. As I plunged along in the darkness I left portions of my attire on every bush.

The moon came out suddenly from a cloud and illumined my bedraggled figure. I shrank into the shadow of a large oak and looked around me. All was still. I must have come a half-mile, or more.

"That cow cost me forty-five dollars."

"My voice was like maple sugar."

Sally's big black shadow waited just beyond. I spoke softly.

"Sally," I said, "Sally, you—you old—elephant."

I crept cautiously forward. Within a finger's length of me she crashed away into the underbrush. I wondered what time it was. I was in a pretty mess. I'd better let the old cow go and get home before Marion had hysterics, or I got arrested.

If I only had been dressed that cow would never have beaten me, but what can a man do, in his pajamas, in a strange neighborhood? I shook my fist at Sally and told her just what I thought of her. Then I started for home.

The air was growing a little chilly. I felt cold around my ankles. My slippers hurt my bare feet. The trees and shadows bewildered my tired, straining eyes. I nearly sprained my kneepan stepping over a broad belt of moonlight, thinking it was a brook.

I grew worried at last. Surely this was not the way I had come. There was no path at all now. Ahead, the trees grew denser. I ran here and there, seeking an opening. It was like a nightmare. Cold sweat broke out all over me. I realized suddenly I was a long way from home, and that it must be nearly morning. It had been after midnight when I stopped reading.

If only I had a compass; but what man ever carried a compass in his night clothes. If only I knew the heavens and could read the stars! If only I hadn't followed that cow! If I hadn't ever bought a cow! If I hadn't ever moved into the suburbs! Oh, the fun every one would have at my expense when morning came, and I walked into that unfamiliar neighborhood under the curious eyes of grinning women, tittering girls, mirthful men. I groaned and staggered on.

My poor wife must be distracted. Oh, that cow.

The sun appeared at last. It grew very warm. The birds sang in the bushes. I seemed doomed. The house had moved. It was not where it should be according to the sun. Or, perhaps the sun had changed its place of rising. I braced my aching head against a tree.

All that day I traveled. It must have been mostly in a circle, for I seemed always to come back to the same place. Suburbs? It was a howling wilderness.

After awhile, worn out, I laid down by a tree where the moss was the thickest, and slept, in spite of hunger and thirst and worry.

When I awoke the sun was below the treetops and I was stiff and cold. My heart sank. Another night of it. I called until I was weary. Would I ever find any one? Would any one ever find me? I grew frantic. I tried to run but it was more of a stagger.

Of a sudden I saw—blessed sight—open pastures and a little rise of ground beyond and knew that past that little hill lay the road, and home.

I shut my mouth so grimly that the wrinkles are there yet. I could stand it another hour until it grew darker. Marion could, too. She would have to. I had

"Would any one ever find me."

time to think of my attire now and I wasn't going to be more of a laughing stock than I could help. So I sat down within sight of the "promised land," and waited.

I was trembling with fatigue and hunger. My knees shook with the sudden reaction. As I sat there I thought of every good thing I had ever had to eat: beefsteak, mutton chops, roast beef, oyster stew, fried potatoes, until my jaws ached. At last I could stand it no longer. Wrapping my one garment majestically around me I strode forth into the open.

At that instant something came crashing through the underbrush. I jumped. Had I lived through all this to be killed by some wild animal. It was Sally. She stood and eyed me. I glared at her. I knew her at last for what she was. She might pretend to be a cow, but I had penetrated her disguise. She was the serpent who had spoiled our Eden. I thought of that unhappy moment to come when I should face the aroused neighborhood just as I was, without my dress suit, and choked back an unmanly sob.

Then for fear my spiritual nature was not strong enough to subdue my evil impulses I turned from her and started through the open pasture. Sally followed like a lamb.

The sounds of life and people grew clearer. I staggered into the last prickly field, and through the gap in the back fence into my own back yard. Sally lumbered after and before she realized it I had her caged and the door locked.

I crept softly up to the back door. I heard voices within. Some one was crying.

"Marion," I shouted. "Here I am, all right, only I'm not much dressed, and get me something to eat, quick, for Heaven's sake."

After I had regained my composure and my clothes I was willing to answer questions while they cooked up the butcher shop.

"You poor, poor dear, lost in that dreadful wood all this time."

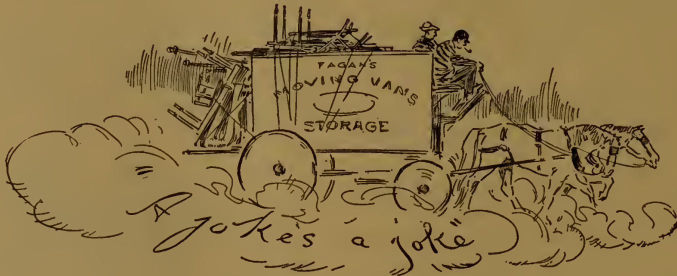
I had a wonderful inspiration then.

"Lost. Lost. Who said I was lost?" I snorted.

"Why, weren't you?" asked Marion, faintly. "Were you after Sally all that time? In your pajamas, too? You poor, brave boy. And we were sure you were lost."

"Well, I guess not," with insulted dignity. "I was hunting for that cow. I vowed I'd find her and I did. Lost!"

I sold Sally the next day, and a little later we moved back to the city. A joke's a joke, but one doesn't like to furnish a permanent snickering bee for a whole suburb. I've had a fellow-feeling for poor Adam ever since. He, too, was driven out of Eden.



LITTLE STORIES

"KISMET"

BY ALONZO CLARK ROBINSON

Fate has strange instruments, we never know
Out of what idle act a death may grow.
We, with our mirth, may wake another's fears;
Or move to sudden laughter with our tears.

AKBAR ULAN sold nuts beside the Pont de Longchamps. He wore a "tarbouch," green Turkish trousers which came a little below the knee, white stockings and yellow shoes. In fine weather when people were abroad, he sat all day cross-legged, with his back against the stone parapet and his wares—peanuts, almonds, hazelnuts—in three sacks upon the ground before him.

At the top of the long slope which he faced, the Trocadéro spread out its gigantic wings in a semicircle, as if wishing to embrace all Paris. Behind him, across the bridge, were pleasant trees and grass, an immense expanse out of which sprang the Eiffel Tower, piercing the sky. Between was the river, rushing against the stone arches of the bridge and hurrying with it the boats and barges, all the wonderful life of the Seine. But the old man saw neither the Trocadéro nor the river nor any of the hundreds who passed him going down to it, for he was blind.

He sat there in darkness, his back against the parapet—for it is pleasant to feel something solid behind one's shoulders when the whole world is an abyss—and listened to the ceaseless shuffle of feet upon the pavement, that terrible sound of people passing in the night.

When he first came to the Pont de Longchamps he had sat with a naked face, but little children cried at sight of him and thus trade was lost; so he purchased a pair of smoked glasses. They were very costly and it was many months before he could acquire them, but afterward he did better, for it was not pleasant to look into what had once been the eyes of Akbar Ulan.

When the sun shone, especially if it happened to be a Sunday, he did very well and the little pile of coppers in his pocket grew to considerable dimensions; but there were other days and weeks when the rain fell or a cold wind blew up the river. Then, no one stopped to buy, no matter how persistently he called "*Voilà, Messieurs, des amandes, cacaoüettes et noisettes.*" The poor old fellow could not see that often he was crying to an empty street.

At last there came a winter simply without sunshine. Paris forgot to go abroad. As the weeks slipped into months and not a single favorable day arrived, misfortune began to close about the blind man. Little by little his reserve melted though he spared it in every way. Hunger and cold were his constant companions. He began to eat his stock in trade, for there was nothing else. March came at last but spring still lingered somewhere in the South, and the sun hid himself behind thick clouds.

The old man kneeling with his face turned to the East, prayed continually. But since there was no answer to those prayers, it seemed to him that the mercy of God was turned from him and that his destruction was written. At certain moments rage at his fate, his God, mastered him, and in his heart he blasphemed. Then, since he had kept the faith of his fathers untouched by Western civilization, terror and remorse simply terrible pierced him like a knife.

It came time to pay his rent. Since he had nothing they gave him a week in which to raise the money, otherwise they would turn him out of the garret which he called home. This thought was the most frightful of all to the blind man. He had grown so accustomed to his room that he could find his way about it as well as one who

saw, but to be set down in the terrible street, to stand still and dread that something would run into him, to move and feel every moment that he was running into something, and with no place to which he could escape, this filled him with such terror as he had never known. It was only a matter of ten francs they wanted, but ten francs! It might as well have been a million.

The week passed, Sunday came. Akbar Ulan awoke to hear the joyful chirping of birds, and knew that the change had come. In the street he felt a soft breeze upon his face. The heat of a warm sun struck him between the shoulders and hope entered him at once.

He sat in the accustomed place and knew by the voice of the crowd and the incessant shuffling feet that all Paris was stirring. Therefore, he cried eagerly every moment: "*Des amandes, cacaoüettes, et noisettes.*" There were a few purchasers, but not so many as he had hoped. Indeed it seemed that bad luck was still to pursue him, for at the very beginning he dropped a sou which rolled away somewhere. He felt with his hands for an hour, but did not find it.

Suddenly a voice right there above his head said: "Fifty centimes worth of almonds." He experienced a pang of delight, for it was a large purchase. With trembling hands, but being very careful not to spill a nut, he emptied the measure into a paper sack and held it out. No one received it. "*Voilà, Monsieur,*" he cried, but there was no answer save the uninterrupted sound of feet, and his outstretched hands wavering in the darkness encountered nothing. He recognized a joke. It was not the first time that some one had amused themselves at the expense of the old blind man. He refilled the measure and recommenced his cry, but there began to sound in it a note of despair. Afternoon came. He had taken in two francs.

Suddenly Akbar Ulan felt something strike in his lap. He found it and his heart stood still. It was a franc. No shadow stood between him and the sun; at the moment no one was passing, yet there was the coin. "*Vous désirez, Monsieur?*" he asked with a faltering voice, but there was no reply. The wonderful hands flew over his wares, touching, counting: everything was intact. He felt the piece of silver carefully, slowly, as a man who does not understand. It was beyond doubt a franc. He bit it. It was good. Such a thing had never happened to him before. That any one should give him a franc out of pure charity was unheard of, yet there was no other solution.

He put it in his pocket and began again, "*Des amandes, cacaoüettes, et noisettes.*" Something struck the button of his coat with a sharp sound. It was another franc.

For a long time he forgot to cry out and sat with the piece in his hand. Then he looked up to heaven.

During the next hour two more francs fell out of the darkness. It became clear to the old man that a change had come over Paris, that humanity had suddenly become something different. Charity now ruled the world and the blind were to be cared for by those who could see. This thought gave him such delight that laughter, silent but uncontrollable, shook him. At that moment two purchasers approached at the same time. The crowd was very dense. When it had passed somewhat, the old man, feeling his measures, found one of them empty. He cried at once with all the strength of his voice: "Monsieur, you owe me four sous," and turned his blind face this way and that, hopelessly. Nothing happened; the terrible feet did not pause even for a moment. Akbar Ulan thought awhile. Evidently human nature was the same, and the reign of charity had not yet come, since there were still those who robbed the blind. Thinking thus, he began to refill the measure, and as he did so he heard a clink among the nuts. Very slowly, with infinite caution he felt amongst them. He hunted so long that he began to think he had deceived himself, when his finger encountered a coin. It was a two-franc piece. The lights that played upon the blind face were so wonderful that even the passers-by stopped, and a little circle was formed about him while he fingered the piece, sounded it upon the pavement, and wondered. He was terrified by this shower of francs which fell upon him, clearly from heaven. The silence and the mystery made him tremble. In some way he felt as if a presence had entered into his darkness, and he began to pray.

The sun set. Akbar Ulan felt its rays grow less and less and finally depart. After a while its place was taken by the glimmer of the street lamp. But in this glimmer, resembling pale moonlight, the blind man sat unconscious, for no heat came to him from it. The shuffling feet became more incessant, more hurried, for people were returning home after the pleasures of the day. The old man felt the movement of the human stream pouring past him, and he cried more and more quickly to the emptying street: "*Des amandes, cacaoüettes, et noisettes.*" At last he ceased and listened—silence, not a footfall. "It is finished," said Akbar Ulan.

At that moment it began to rain sous. They came so fast that he could not collect them; by twos and threes and fives. They fell in his lap, on his hands, among the nuts, even on his head. The old man began to pray aloud in Turkish. He had forgotten that he was in Paris. Amazement that became terror possessed him completely. Suddenly the shower of sous ceased. There was a pause. Then something heavy struck his knee so that it hurt. Trembling, he stretched out his hand and picked up five francs.

After a long time Akbar Ulan threw out his right hand in that wonderful gesture which embodies the spirit of the East and signifies "*Kismet hai.*" He had ceased to inquire.

That night he spent upon his prayer-rug, his face to Mecca and God in his heart. In the morning he paid his rent.

But young Avery who amused himself throwing the pieces to the old blind man, knew nothing of these matters.

HOW TRENT LOST THE BEAR

BY LOUISE E. EBERLE

IT was the third day of the Coleridge Camp. Alf and his yarns had sadly interrupted the study of the great poet, but to-day they went over almost twenty lines without a break, and the Professor was hopeful. He wished, however, that his pupils would give more attention to him than to the opening in the woods through which their provision man was wont to make his appearances.

"'With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call.'"

read the Professor. As he finished the line Alf appeared with the milk. Professor Marvin went on with a severe disregard of their visitor:

"'Grammercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in—'"

Alf sat up excitedly (he had settled against his favorite stump).

"That's jus' what we did when ol' man Dunnigum didn't shoot the bear," he cried delightedly. The camp sat up. The Ancient Mariner was no fit rival for Trent Denningham and his misadventures.

"Tell us," cried the small, bad boy, and even Miss Dixie's eyes sparkled, while Professor Pat only tried to frown. "Night sessions," he said, and the reckless class assented.

Alf puffed at his pipe, joyous creases at the corners of his eyes, one eyebrow quizzically tilted.

"*Well,*" began Alf, making the start after which there would be no stopping him, and his tongue plunging riotously into the French-Canadian and Irish tricks of his parents, "well, it was dis way. One fine morning my woman's sister, Cleffier, comes leppin' into de kitchen, an' her gaspin' there's a bear out be the barn in me oats.

"'Hang,' says I, 'an' dad in the bush wit' me gun.'

"'Do you keep an eye on the brute,' says Cleffier, 'an' I'll clip it to ol' man Dunnigum's an' bring him back wit' his gun.'

"So me an' the wee daag started for the barn, an'," Alf paused to laugh at the memory, "as we came aroun' the corner what should we walk into face to face but a great bear standin' on a big log that lay through a gap in the fence forninst the wee ellum. Well, I got back like a Jack-in-the-box when the spring's pulled, an' I don't know what the wee daag did, but anyhow the nex' look I took at the brute was from the roof of the barn. Dad! he was a gran' big one, an' he paid me no manner of attention at all, at all, but went on girnin' an' growlin' to. himself an' helpin' himself to the bes' of me oats.

"'Glad to see ye,' says I, 'it makes me think more of me oats to see ye approve of them. If ye'll but have patience,' says I, 'there'll be a special delegation here to welcome ye, for I'd not put myself forward so,' says I.

"But the bear paid me no manner of attention, nor yet the wee daag, that was beginnin' to nose up within speakin' distance, but went on at the oats like a lamp in new grass. Jus' then I heard a shout, an' there stood George M'Queen in the road gapin' at me. 'Is it the stars ye're studyin' up there?' he calls, 'for they're not out yet, if ye want to know,' says he.

"'The Great Bear is,' says I, 'an' a free peek through the telescope.'

"At that up climbs George beside me on the roof. 'Where is it?' asks he, lookin' at the sky.

"In the grass,' says I,' 'tis a star-daisy,' I says.

Alf chuckled happily. "The yell George gave when he saw dat bear," he said, "near deefened me, but the animal paid no attention at all.

"'Do ye not disturb him,' says I, ''tis dessert he's eatin' now, an' maybe he'll take a drop of tea afterward.'

"Jus' then we heard another yell, an' looked up an' there was Tom Newton an' Tom's Willie, splittin' their sides laughin'. 'An' has the wee daag treed the two of ye?' yells Tom, for all he could see was the little lad watchin' curious through the fence, his tail an' one ear stickin' out straight.

"'He has that,' I says, 'the wee brave man. Do ye come up an' let us down,' I says.

"Well, when the two of them comes 'roun' the barn forninst the wee ellum an' sees the bear so close they got up beside us faster than we could see them come.

"'No cause for alarm,' says I, "he'd suck a sugar-rag in yer han',' I says.

"'An' is it huntin' a sugar-rag ye are up here?' asks Tom, but I scorned to answer him. ''Tis long Trent is comin',' says I, but, 'here he is,' says Tom, but 'twas not Trent at all, only Tiny Herault an' Buck M'Queen.

"'Reserved seats in the gallery,' I says, an' they clim up curious to see what 'twas. But when they did see the four of us but seized them in time to keep them from fallin' off on the bear's back.

"An', before we'd done there were twelve of us on the roof waitin' for ol' man Dunnigum an' his gun. 'Hush,' says I to the boys, ''tis a sleep our friend will be wantin', for de bear was but nosin' around in de oats by now an' pluckin' mouthfuls an' throwin' them away like a baby does wit' its bread when it's done.

"But at last along comes Trent wit' his gun, pantin' like he'd come over in five minutes instead of half an hour.

"'Where is he?' he blows, 'where is he? Let me have but one shot at him an' I'll land him,' says Trent, 'for,' says he, 'I never yet missed a bear,' he says. But when he come behin' de barn an' met face up wit' de bear he lep' back like a flea to see the brute so close. He pulled himself together, though, for we was makin' a grin twelve mouths wide on de barn roof. 'I'll have him,' he says, 'do yees not fear. I'll have him,' says Trent Dunnigum, crouchin' down behin' de fence an' restin' his gun on a rail.

"Well, he peeked along the sights, an' then he peeked again. Then he nursed the gun into his shoulder a bit an' took another peek." Alf leaned forward, and looked from one member of the camp to another, mystic awe in his face. "We don' know what Trent Dunnigum saw down them sights," he said, "all *we* saw was de bear an' de wee ellum. But Trent jus' sat an' watched, his eyes dreamy an' glazed like. Bimeby says Bob M'Queen, 'Lead him to the barn,' he says, 'an' open the bins. 'Tis a pity for him to be tryin' to sort out them wee oats with his great teeth.'

"'Put the muzzle against his ribs an' ye can't miss,' says Tom.

"'Sing him to sleep before ye murder him, says I,' 'an' let him die peaceful,' I says, for de ol' man was but crouchin' in de grass an' peerin' pop-eyed along de gun.

"'Draw a bead on the wee ellum,' says Willie, 'an' ye'll get the bear in between.'

"'Don't be in such haste,' says Buck, for the ol' man was dreamin' for sure. ''Tis rash,' says Buck, 'will ye not consider a bit?' says he.

"'Feed him oats from yer han', says Tiny, 'an' maybe ye can come close enough for a shot,' says he. But ol' Trent paid no manner of attention, but kep' on gapin', drawin' a bead on de wee ellum, an' de

bear as peaceful an' content as a baby wit' a sticky feather in its wee fist.

"Well, we all had our fling, till but the wee daag was left. He gives but one side look at Trent an' den walks stiff an' contempshus t'rough de fence. An' dat wee daag," said Alf, waving his pipe excitedly, "dat wee daag marches right up to de en' of de log an' begins barkin' an' snappin' up at the bear like he was a wee cat up a tree. I looked for the great brute to reach down an' snap him up at any minute, but he did not. He stopped at de oats, though, an' looked down, swayin' about his noddle like one of them toys wit' a swinging head, tryin' to follow de wee daag which was on every side of him all at the same time, till I was sorry for the brute, for one of the wee daag's bad enough, let alone a swarm of him. Boys, oh, boys! I'm tellin' yees the truth, dat lad begins barkin' an' leppin' right up alongside the log, mad as a hornet, an' nearly bustin' himself to let the beast know how much he despised him, an' the great creature actually backing up along the log before the wee mite.

"An' all the time there was ol' man Dunnigum gazin' like he was struck an' drawin' a bead on the wee ellum. I'd a min' to crawl down an' shoot for him, but, says I to myself, I says, 'I'd give much,' I says, 'to see what dat bear does when he backs up to de en' of de log,' an' when Tiny would have clim down I stopped him. 'For,' says I, 'the old fellow may have some game in his looney nut. Leave the bear to him,' I says. But, dad! to see the great brute backin' up an girnin' an' growlin' as helpless an' bewildered as a puppy wit' his eyes jus' opened. An' to see Trent crouched behind the gun, his finger on the trigger, an' his eyes along the sights, watchin' like it was to be all he'd ever see!

"'Go it!' says I to the wee daag, 'help him along, boy. Ye're the bes' man of the two.'

"An' he did go it, the wee daag did, till all of a sudden the bear reached the end of the log, an' there was a rip like the worl' tearing loose, an' a roar like the en' of time, an' bark flyin' like a crosscut saw never made it, an,'" Alf had risen and was gesturing wildly in his excitement, "an' up gets the bear from where he'd landed on his back, rollin' over like a clumsy puppy, an' ambles off into de bush, the wee daag barkin' an' leppin' after him till it was a question if he'd live through it, an' ol' Trent Dunnigum drawin' a bead on de wee ellum wit'out a blink to his eyes, an' the twelve of us starin' at the bear an' Trent an' the wee daag, as struck as Trent.

"But why didn't he shoot?" demanded the camp as one man.

"Dat," said Alf, with his most impressive manner, "is what I asked him when I dropped on his back from the barn roof. An' he says, says he, Trent says, blinkin' like I'd waked him too early, 'Dad!' says he, 'I was afraid I'd frighten him,' he says."

THE HEADQUARTERS MAN

BY RAYMOND S. SPEARS

"BACK to nature!"

The command rang out imperatively in the ears of Lester Gray. Thirty years of habit had vised his feet in a rut. Against the grip of good salary, steady work and life in place, one phrase cut and pounded, and as it was a doctor's phrase there was hope that it might win.

Gray was a reporter, a department man. He had long been faithfully covering stations—police headquarters, the Seventh, Eleventh, Fifteenth and Twentieth precincts were his to do. Murder, fire, suicide, or clambake, it was his duty to know about it. Night after night, he plodded around his beat—strike of teamsters, 'longshoremen broke loose, baby abandoned, arson in a tenement—these were the things he knew. Sometimes he caught a glimpse of harbor lights jumping from back to back of the waves; one day a long-forgotten sensation stirred his heart as he spied a little red-headed bird on a tree in the City Hall Park.

He remembered the bird of six springs before, as the gray eyes of the doctor searched his face for the answer that meant life or death to him.

"All right, doctor," he said, "I'll go back to the woods."

"Good!" the doctor said, cheered for once. "You'll live!"

Six weeks later the old-time reporter

with his wife, were in a clearing cabin. On three sides were woods; the fourth was a mile-long valley bottom of farm land, surrounded by wooded hills.

"It's beautiful," the wife said.

He laughed, without his throat choking him. He was getting well. But as he grew stronger, his mind turned back to his police stations—to his beat from headquarters to the Seventh, to the Eleventh, to the other stations he had visited regularly twice a night for fifteen years. He longed for the thrill of fighting time with pencil, notebook, typewriter and a house a-fire.

His wife saw his growing uneasiness with much concern. What was there to keep her husband busy? One day in the fall, she saw a boy going up the road with a steel trap dragging behind him. That afternoon, she purchased half a dozen No. 1 mink traps and a No. 4 otter trap. She asked the storekeeper some questions, and the boy some questions. The next day, she prevailed upon her husband to go to the woods with her. With his help, she set the No. 4 trap in the ripple of a little brook where it entered the creek.

"This," she said, "is police headquarters."

He laughed. Up the creek on top of the bank, they set another trap.

"This," she said, "is the Seventh precinct. On the ridgeside back in the woods, they set a third trap—the Eleventh precinct, she called it. Among some broken rocks at the edge of a balsam swamp, they found a little cave with paw-trodden earth at the entrance. This was the Fifteenth precinct. The Twentieth was a trap under a bridge over a brook. The Dundon Democracy Association was a trap baited with corn on a stump top, and the seventh trap was called "trouble at large," being set in a hollow log at the edge of the clearing in which the "office" was located.

That night the old reporter forgot to wonder what was going on "down town." He smoked his pipe with a certain sense of serenity. He even sharpened a lead pencil, a fact that his wife noticed but did not mention.

In the morning, the "city editor" did not have to remind the old headquarters man that it was time to go to work, He slipped into his overcoat, drew on his hob-nailed lace boots and put on his cap, but there he hesitated.

"Oh, by the way," the city editor remarked, reaching into her apron pocket, "here's—here's a slip from the Fifteenth——"

As she hesitated, with a catch in her voice, he snatched the bit of paper and bolted for the door. As he crossed the yard, his wife saw him reading the slip, which read:

"Fifteenth precinct—an arrest believed to have something to do with the girdling of several yellow birches was made last night. Detectives Steel and Stake—prisoner won't talk."

The old reporter strode away with new energy, but apparently something was the matter with his eyes, for he ran into the front gate with a crash. However, he made his way across the field to the woods and went to headquarters at the mouth of the little brook. Here he sat down on a hemlock log and stared at the two streams, at the trees, at the falling leaves. Suddenly, a flock of blue jays came plumping down on a near-by beech tree, and began to pick the little nuts out of the burrs.

"Graft at Headquarters" the reporter wrote on a little bunch of folded paper, "Bluecoats caught in the act of taking plunder from the public stores. Brazen jeering as they worked—pretended they had right to help selves. Protest by a leading red squirrel and a woodpecker all in vain."

Chuckling, the reporter strode up the creek bank, and at the Seventh, he found "nothing doing." But thirty rods beyond the "station" he found fluffs of feathers spread over the ground for yards around. He stopped and gazed at the scene with curiosity. Suddenly he spied a little fleck of red on a yellow leaf. He examined it closely—it was blood.

"Why, something's been killed here!" he exclaimed, and instinctively reached for his paper and pencil.

He knew the feathers—a ruffed grouse's —but he was not an expert in woodcraft. Suddenly, as he found himself helplessly wondering what had happened, he burst into a laugh.

"Mysterious murder," he wrote on his paper. "Partridge killed by unknown assassin. Horribly mangled and dismem-

bered. Fury of the murderer shown at the scene of the tragedy. Police of the Seventh precinct unaware of the crime till informed by the——"

"Wonder what paper I'm working for?" the reporter mused, "*The Day-Broke?*"

There was a good deal in the tragedy, as he found when he came to study the scene. He found a white feather among the others, and this was the only clue to the identity of the "murderer." This was news, at least, and when he went on, he hurried. He had tramped many a round of the police stations "back there" and found nothing doing at all. Here were two sensations already, and the round not yet half completed.

There was nothing doing at the Eleventh, but on the ridge top the reporter heard a crash on the ridge back. It was loud, and like the rushing of some great creature through the treetops. Looking in that direction, the reporter saw a commotion among the trees, and a dancing of the branches. He ran to the scene, and found that a dead stub had at last succumbed to decay, and fallen to the ground, carrying with it many second-growth trees, which the deadwood bent over and pinned to the ground.

"A forest chieftain falls—many die with him," the reporter noted. As he stood by the broken ruin he saw that the trunk had been bored in all directions by ants. One of the top branches had been split in two, and a cavity containing a bird nest of some kind was exposed. "An apartment collapses—winter residence of Nester ruined," he wrote. Here, too, was news of a pressing kind. Sitting on the fallen tree trunk, he made a sheet of notes which had among them the making of another forest tragedy. As he tramped down the hill toward the Fifteenth precinct, he suddenly found himself surrounded by a flock of little black-capped birds who "chipped," "day-dayed" and fluttered from twig to twig.

"The United Order of Chickadees," the reporter said, "I don't remember that I ever had much to do with society news!"

At the Fifteenth, something had happened. There had been a capture, but the prisoner had escaped again. This looked like collusion on the part of the authorities. The ground was torn up where the prisoner had pulled and struggled. The trail in the soft dirt led away from the hole along a trail deep-trodden in the soft woods loam.

The trail led to a huge hemlock tree, and on one of the top branches, reaching out to seize paws full of green twigs was a porcupine, apparently none the less bold a tree eater after its adventure with the "authorities."

"Protected!" the reporter chuckled, reaching for his notebook. "Thieves operate in sight of the office window of the captain of the Fifteenth precinct—just like old times!"

At last the reporter returned to "the office." He found a desk facing the cleared valley, with his typewriter and a pile of white paper beside on it. The room was bare—no rugs on the floor, no pictures on the wall, and only some of the most disreputable looking of his books were in an old bookcase in the corner. On the desk was a dog-eared dictionary, open, with some of the pages askew.

The reporter, young again, flung his coats and hat over the bookcase, and sat down to write. *That* was something like. He began to write forthwith—blue jay graft, grouse assassination, forest monarch dead, and crime protected. As he wrote, the city editor took the copy and read, black pencil in hand.

The old reporter, busy and earnest, was home again. Nor was there any illusion among the facts.

SCIPIO'S ALLIGATOR

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

THE fourteen-foot alligator lay in the hot June sun under the low-spreading buck-cypress tree on the river bank. The flies buzzed drowsily about him. Once an inquisitive blue jay tilted down one limb after another until he could see the reptile at full length. Then he flew screaming away, for no particular reason except that he had an excuse to scream. It was ten o'clock in the morning and the sun beat down fiercely on the black swamp water of the river, on the overgrown shimmering rice fields, and the thin, withered grass which tried to grow on the exposed margins. The fresh-water mud sent up its own peculiar odor; where the sun struck

it fairly it was baked brown and cracked into cakes. Now and then a fish broke water languorously in the river. But there was not much life astir. It was too hot for the hunters or the hunted among the animals to be abroad. A white man could hardly have survived that sun and the rancid steaming of those fetid marshes. Even the negroes were not anxious to be out in it for too long a time. But to the bull alligator it was paradise itself. One low, bushy limb of the cypress shaded his head; his body lay in the sunlight, deliciously thawing out the last stiffness of the long winter's hibernation. His huge armored body was stained with mud and slime from the river. His small, wicked eyes opened and closed luxuriously. His short legs were extended and showed a glimpse of the softer white coat of scale behind the shoulder; that was one of his two vulnerable spots, the other being the little soft excrescence between his eyes which covered his brain. He lay content in all his hideousness.

A part of his heavy lower lip drooped and showed the white and yellow tusks; there was something peculiarly loathsome about the short stout legs with their clawed feet and the sensuous abandon of the body. His nostrils were wide and tilted upward; his eyes gleamed redly out of protruding sockets; the corners of his mouth drooped until the lines seemed to form themselves into a sardonic smile. There was nothing beautiful about him. He lay inert, satisfied, half asleep.

And as he lay in the sun that hot June day, his tiny brain, set in the center of his monstrous head, was dreamy with thoughts of peace, future feasting, and deep content. His food was provided, his body was warm, there was no danger.

Eighty yards up the river the black bow of a dugout cypress canoe shot around a bend, and, hugging the marsh on the other side of the river from the alligator, swept swiftly down the current. A gaunt negro with long and powerful arms which swung the paddle lightly was the sole occupant. And he was none other than the liar and poacher, Scipio. He did not often travel without his musket, but this time he seemed to be on a peaceable errand. There was no weapon in the boat. Scipio had no powder at home, and was going all the way to Joetown to get some. So he had told his wife. It was not altogether a lie, though the purchase uppermost in his mind was that of a quart of the vilest whiskey, obtainable for forty cents at the State Dispensary in Joetown. For an ordinary man it would have been a long and a hard trip—eight miles paddling and ten miles walking each way—to take for a drink and a dram. But Scipio's domestic felicity was not so great but he could absent himself from home for a day without being particularly missed. And, moreover, he had, early that morning, killed a wild gobbler in the swamp near his cabin and the sale of this poached game would net him enough to buy his whiskey and powder.

Scipio made the canoe spin along for he wanted to catch the flood tide back up the river to his home. A quarter-mile farther and he would land and strike off through the pine woods for Joetown. The canoe was almost flying, but not too swiftly for Scipio to miss any signs of game. His keen eyes took in the long sweep of the river; he saw the few ducks at the next bend, the raccoon asleep in a bunch of Spanish moss in the high fork of a tall and almost inaccessible cypress. He marked where an otter had slid down the muddy bank, and where rabbits and a mink had been walking. He saw nearly everything on the opposite bank also, and he made out the huge 'gator lying under the buck-cypress tree. He did not slacken his pace; nor did he marvel openly; he was too wary for that: but he drew a deep breath as he shot past.

"G'eat Gawd," he whispered, "but dat is de gran'pa!"

He marked with his eyes the place where the alligator lay and even the distance from where the 'gator lay to the river so that he would know just how far he would have to drag him some fine day before he could be lifted into his canoe.

A few minutes later he ran his canoe into the bank and pulled her clear up and into some bushes—certain friends of Scipio were not above such small irregularities as lifting a canoe—then he struck off thro' the pine woods for his ten-mile walk.

But Scipio's walk was different from that of any one else in the whole world. In less than two hours that walk had taken him

to Joetown. In less than ten minutes he had bought his whiskey and his powder and was on his way back. But, alas for human frailty! It took him seven hours to reach the canoe. And when he found it he reprimanded it sharply for trying to hide from him; for Scipio had not been wholly abstemious during that walk. And yet, for all his weakness, he had kept one thing before his mind's eye every minute of the time.

He had thought of the alligator lying out on the river bank in the sun; of the dollar he could get for the skin; of the fine steak he could get his wife to cut from the muscular tail. And with every drink he took his determination to kill the 'gator increased. He called himself a fool for not bringing a musket. For there was nothing in the boat in the shape of a weapon except the light cypress paddle, the black bottle with only a gill of whiskey left in it—Scipio did not know there was any left—and the short rope which he always carried in cases of emergency. And with every drink he had taken on that long and lonely walk he had determined more firmly he would not go home without that alligator.

As he shoved his canoe into the water the sole thought in his mind was of the alligator. In his condition he imagined it would be a pleasant surprise for his wife—Scipio had, at times, a good deal of sentiment about him—in spite of the fact that up to this period of their married life the surprises had always come from the spirited wife whose power of invective was superb. They had not had an alligator steak for some months, thought Scipio; and a few gentle tears welled up in his eyes as he thought of the long privation they had undergone. So, with courageous though not commendable resolution, he laid his plans as carefully as his condition would admit.

His idea was to steal up to the 'gator, with his whiskey bottle in his right hand and his rope in the left, and so blind him with a blow from the bottle that he could noose him before he recovered enough to make for the river. Such a scheme was not plausible, even in theory; but Scipio's mind was not very logical that afternoon. As he paddled across the river he grew more and more confident; he began to imagine that somehow, when the alligator realized the beauty of his plans, he would do all in his power to further rather than to frustrate them.

When he had come under the lee of the farther shore, he paddled slowly and softly up the edge, keeping under the shelter of the marsh. Foot by stealthy foot he drew nearer. Soon he came to the alligator's tracks in the mud and his crawl through the marsh. He rammed the boat's bow gently into the bank. He made no sound as he got out. In his right hand he grasped the whiskey bottle by the neck; from his left dangled the short rope.

He bogged a few steps up the 'gator crawl. Then he stopped very suddenly for he saw the alligator, not ten feet away, rounding a little bend, making down his crawl for the water. It is neither wise nor safe to face an alligator at such a time; but Scipio gazed with bland cunning at him and waited for him to come. The alligator's tremendous jaws sucked open and his mouth unclosed showing his splendid wicked tusks and the red cavern of his throat. A harsh hiss came from the monstrous cavity. Then, lifting himself on his short, bunty legs, he made a rush for the river and, incidentally, for Scipio. The negro stepped aside and, as the alligator, sinking in the soft mud with the force of his rush, slowed up as he came near, Scipio dealt him a tremendous blow over the eyes with the bottle, a blow that was blinding, terrific. There was a crash as the bottle broke, and a shower of splintered glass and of whiskey fell all over Scipio, the alligator, and the surrounding scenery. With a snort of rage and pain the alligator waddled and rushed for the river. But he did not go alone; Scipio was feeling companionable at that moment and as the frightened 'gator came conveniently near, he straddled him. Nor had he forgotten the noose. With a single deft turn he had the alligator's jaws tied together and he held the slip-end of the rope.

By that time they both struck the water.

While Scipio had often reaped the whirlwind of domestic science at home, he had never ridden a cyclone. It exhilarated him; but it sobered him, too. When the alligator first plunged into the black waters of the river Scipio lay back on the rope and kept him from going down. The captive leaped and snorted and lashed the water

with his powerful tail; he plunged and fought and rushed hither and thither until the river foamed and boiled. But the broken glass had blinded him and he was helpless. And, besides that, Scipio held on as he had never held on to anything in his previous existence.

From the middle of the river, where the alligator had been giving Scipio a few minutes of intense excitement (to put it mildly) he took a sudden rush for the shore. He was making straight for the canoe. He went into it, head on, and at full speed. He lay stunned for an instant, then he nosed his way up to the shore until his head slid up and rested on the mud. And just then Scipio remembered what he had so long forgotten, the little blunt knife in his shirt pocket. He clutched for it, drew it forth, opened it with his teeth, and plunged it up to the hilt into the alligator's brain. The reptile shuddered; then he began to flap and turned over, his white belly glistening in the fading sunlight. And as for Scipio, he was himself again. He was decidedly sober. He waded ashore and pulled the dying alligator up after him. Then he sat down on the bow of his canoe and watched his kill die.

As soon as the tremors in the huge frame ceased, Scipio drew the canoe near and hauled the 'gator in. He and his prize together almost sank the boat, but Scipio knew how to keep a balance with the water forty feet deep and the level of it only an inch below his gunwales. And so, in the falling twilight, he passed up the river with the flood tide to the cabin in the little clearing in the pine woods. And the month's supply of alligator steak which he had secured was the only thing that saved him from a domestic whirlwind when he finally got home.

SPORTSMEN OF TRADITION

BY GEORGE HIBBARD

ONE thing that as much as another recommends any true form of sport to any true sportsman is the ever-existent and accompanying sense of fellowship. There is not only the interest in the principles and practice of the common pursuit, but the fact of an interest in it is in itself a very fair warrant of congeniality. A man who has been trained in the honest rules and customs governing sport starts with a good deal in his favor. A companionship, a fellowship, a friendship with this as a basis has a fair chance of a strong and lasting existence.

The interest and fellowship of sport is not confined to a locality. The kingdom of sport is one embracing nowadays the ends of the earth, for one knows what sportsmen are doing at the North Pole and in the interior of Africa. But the interest is not alone in contemporaneous sport and sportsmen. This must extend to all times for sport even in its modern sense as a game of address and strength is as old and older than history. There were sportsmen as early as there were heroes and if one looks closely one will find that as a general thing the early heroes were sportsmen. If one is going to believe that Hercules was a "solar myth" well and good, but the conception was one born of a sporting instinct.

The first sportsman of tradition of whom there is any real knowledge is the great Nimrod himself, who has remained the great sporting prototype.

Alas, there seems to be some doubt as to the qualifications of this hero to hold the place he does. Whether he is really able to "make good" is a question. His whole reputation rests on a single line of doubtful meaning. "Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord." What, however, was his game no one certainly knows. The Targum declares that his was "a sinful hunting of the sons of men." Pope following this idea calls him "a mighty hunter and his prey was man." Milton seems to have inclined to take this view when he says, "And men not beasts shall be his game." Indeed, there are many facts that lead one to think that Nimrod was something of a tyrant and that his hunts may have been something of the nature of expeditions harrying the country. But after all, what have disputed facts to do with it. Tradition has created a Nimrod and that is the Nimrod that will be accepted by the world. One much prefers to think of the early Assyrian monarch thundering through the plain upon his ropy-maned horse with his ropy beard streaming over his shoulder in pursuit of

the lion. Josephus would have one believe that his potentate built the Tower of Babel. One tradition is reproduced, however, in the Talmud at which one pauses. We are told that Nimrod had constructed a coffer which was carried aloft by four huge birds harnessed to it in some manner unknown. There seems to be something prophetic in such an attempt as this on the part of this first great sportsman when we consider how the air has become a field of sport.

In the traditions of sport there are long breaks. Though men were as interested in "records" as they are now no means existed of preserving them or the memory of the men who made them. The Grecian world had its sportsmen. We must believe from the story of Bucephalus that Alexander was a true sportsman. The Romans appear to have been too grim and serious to have produced any true sportsmen. The existence of the arena as an ideal of sport really disqualifies them.

The next traditional name after Nimrod is St. Hubert. Though at first he was not the patron saint of sportsmen, St. Martin or St. Jerome holding that place, by the beginning of the tenth century he was generally accepted. That his day was the third of November at the "opening of the Season" had something to do with the position assigned to him. And that all the "bag" of the opening day and a tenth of that of following days was brought to his altars was something, a French authority informs us, much appreciated by the monks who tended his shrine. But there seems to have been additional reason for his veneration beside that to be found from the mere date of his day. St. Hubert was certainly a sportsman himself. Indeed he was pre-eminently a sportsman before he was a saint; though history does not say that after he became a bishop he abandoned the chase. With the latitude of the clergy of the time—later there was a very famous German sporting archbishop—it is not unlikely he may have still taken his part in the hunt. And this is to be believed since, as "The Apostle of the Ardennes" his life was in that enchanted region of sport, the Forest of the Ardennes.

Many sportsmen of a later time lived in France, though France has never perhaps held quite the reputation for sport that is deserved. Almost every version of France has an English tinge, and from Crecy to Waterloo the English tendency has certainly not been to extol French sport. There never was perhaps a more typical sportsman than Henry IV, with all a sportsman's vigor and love of taking chances.

In England one comes however to the earliest home of sport and sportsmen in the strictly modern sense. In the "snug little island" the spirit of sport has flourished most strongly and the traditions of sport been most carefully guarded.

There may seem to be something more Irish than English in saying that the first sportsman of England was a woman. But the curious fact is that the first book written about sport was written by one of the gentle sex.

Of Dame Julyan or Juliana Berners or Bernes or Barnes—for the name appears in all these ways—very little is really known. All is really tradition. Juliana Berners, for this is the form in which her name usually appears and in which it will always be known to the world, was a lady of noble family. She was the daughter of Sir James Berners and the sister of Lord Berners. The early part of her life she is supposed to have spent at Court. The story is that there she was an adept in the woodland sports so much practiced at Court and that it was only after she "got" her "to a nunnery" and became the Prioress of Sopwell, near St. Albans, that she wrote her treatises on hawking and hunting and fishing. Indeed, her experience was apparently very much the same as St. Hubert's—first the life in the gay world and then the withdrawal from it. And again as in his case one cannot tell whether she abandoned the chase with the world.

Mr. William Blades in his introduction to the reprint of "The Boke of St. Albans" declares "there is not the shadow of evidence" that the lady wrote a great part of what is ascribed to her, and "not a particle of evidence that she ever presided over the nunnery of Sopwell." Though he does appear to concede that she compiled the greater part of the "Book on Hunting." However, in investigating history the assumption that there cannot be so much smoke without some fire is a good one to accept for popular purposes, since for the

"man in the street" history will ever be accepted tradition, though the most learned scientific historian cannot find a vestige of fact on which to base it. "The Boke of St. Albans" did not appear until 1486, when the tract, "The Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle" was added. This was what so influenced Isaak Walton and if for nothing else is of historical and traditional consequence. This "Boke of St. Albans" is a very rare volume in the original; indeed, only three perfect copies of the first edition are known to exist, the only one, and that not perfect, to come to auction room in the last century, bringing six hundred guineas. But twenty editions of the book have been published and its influence has been great on sport and sportsmen. There is a certain quality in the writing that makes one think lovingly of the writer even as one does of that placid old sportsman, Isaak Walton, and leads one to believe that she must have had a very sweet and pleasant nature. There is also a strange modernness of application in the quaintly spelt old words and a sound wisdom in it even for sportsmen of to-day.

> "Salomon in his parablys sayth that a good spyryte makyth a flourynge aege, that is a fayre aege and a longe. And syth it is soo; I aske this questyon. Whiche ben the meanes and the causes that enduce a man into a mery spyryte? Truly to my dyscrecon it semeth good dyspoetes and honest gayms in whom a man joyeth without ony repentannce after."

Since Dame Juliana's time the interest of England and of the world in sport has in no wise decreased. The question is whether the charm that it has always had for man has not really grown greater the further mankind has traveled from primitive conditions. The contrast of out-of-door sports with our complex civilizations makes them even more attractive—even more of a recreation. Men find relief in turning from the artificialities of modern life to the simple occupation of the field and stream that have really changed so little with all the modern appliances now in use. As sport comes more and more into our own lives we give more and more attention to its history and traditions, for though we have made modifications and often framed new rules fitting new conditions, we are linked to the past by the indissoluble bonds of inheritance.

One sportsman of tradition should unfailingly be mentioned, even though he is nameless and shall probably always remain so. He is that "country gentleman who was out with his hounds between the armies on the morning of Edgehill," and one may find a reference to him in Sir George Otto Trevelyan's "Early History of Charles James Fox." There is a sporting picture in the glimpse of this old gentleman. The great civil war that was to change a government and kill a king was just beginning. The first battle of the conflict was about to be fought, yet this tranquil sportsman was content to go about his usual life without regard to the wrangles of party or even the turmoil of war. There is something restful and pleasant in contemplating him riding through the October morning with his horse and hounds while the two armies lay ready to spring to the attack. With the quiet serenity of his position the occupations of the combatants seem feverish and futile.

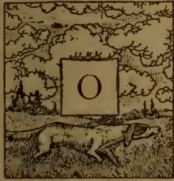
After all it is something the same way with each who after doing his duty in life calmly follows his chosen sport. One feels that one would rather ride with that old sportsman throughout the bright morning than with the noisy armies.

We have produced sportsmen without number in America and though some are becoming traditional like our Boones and our Crocketts and the glamour of legend is gathering about them, they really are more sportsmen of history than of tradition. And we are producing sportsmen now who undoubtedly in time will become traditional also. That there are those of tradition gives an added value to the present, in that there is a satisfaction in doing this well which good men have done before—that stout men have considered worth doing.

LIVELIEST OF THE BIRDS

THE VALLEY QUAIL OF CALIFORNIA WHICH CHALLENGES KEENEST MARKSMANSHIP AND CLEVEREST DOGS

BY T. S. VAN DYKE



OF all the birds the valley quail of the Pacific Coast seems the most active and varied in his daily life. No other bird is so continuously in motion even in the middle of the day, when taking the sun bath in winter on the granite rock, or when enjoying the noonday shade of the green sumac or heteromeles. No other bird ever wears such a happy air or seems to enjoy life so thoroughly in all its forms. No other game bird lives so constantly within sight and sound of man, takes so little pains to avoid being seen by him, or seems rather to court his notice. For ten years I lived where these quail were as plenty as English sparrows in a park yet never saw one at rest for more than a minute except at nesting time. However small the flock some are always moving about, twittering or calling. They have more notes than any other bird I know and keep them more constantly in use. Many a time in the arbor of wild grape and clematis where I did most all of my reading and writing, I have had them spend an hour or more within a few yards of me, going through their many evolutions, and long vocabulary, looking at each other with as much expression as people, talking and acting much like a crowd at a ball.

When the bright orange of the poppy begins to blaze above the fading gold of the violets, the valley quail still remain in the great flocks into which they combined when the joyous song of the mocking bird subsided to a feeble twittering in the night and the thrush hung up his mellow pipe to await the coming of the winter rains. If it were possible to get near enough with the camera to a flock when feeding, it would show only a dark sheet or a long dark strip with lines running out on the sides with here and there the head of a bird erect, but with most of them in the grass and flowers with little more visible than the top of the back and tail. When, however, the mild pink of the alfilaria is no longer seen and brownish tints begin to spread through the spangled carpet that robes the land in spring, two birds suddenly steal away from the edge of the great band and wander off among the scarlet of the painted cup or the soft white of the nodding cream cups that yet linger on the slopes. In a few minutes two more slip away and fade in lines of dark blue where the green spires of the white sage wave above the golden glow of the lucern. Before long, twittering new notes of spring, two more trot away and mounting some rock look calmly back on the company they have left; then, skipping over the radiant four-o-clocks and primroses they vanish among the bowlders where the mimulus still lights their dark chinks at the foot of the hill. And then it is but a few minutes until another pair breaks from the center of the flock and, whizzing on rapid wing through the hum of a myriad bees, vanishes away up the hillside where the sunshine ripples in silvery waves over the nodding wild oats.

To all this the rest of the flock pays no attention. It is the same after the flock has quit feeding and moves away to the edge of the brush or into the shade. Hour after hour the melting away continues until in a few days there is nothing left of the great host whose roaring wings made the air throb at your approach. Dark lines still fade on the swiftest of feet into the green of the artemisia and chemisal that robes the hills, now only in couplets instead

of the hundreds and even thousands of a few days ago. And the birds that so lately fled before you were within gunshot, now linger more to look at you. In another few days they may be trotting about your garden and merely move out of your way a little when you come near.

Yesterday a muffled *wook—wook—wook* of suspicion came from a hundred throats as you approached, and a sharp *whit—whit—whit* of defiant tone rang from as many more as the birds dodged about among the thousand bushes that form the covering of the hills. To-day, from the top of the wild buckwheat whose snowy bloom is taking on the reddish hue of ripeness or, from the cactus whose rosy flowers are brightening among the purple of the mints, there comes at intervals of a minute or so a single *wah* or *waw*, sweet as the note of a silver flute and tender as any sound of love earth ever knew.

For three or four weeks this is about the only sound heard from the quail, however numerous they may be. Sometimes one may sound the assembling call and at times a ringing *teeooo* of clear metallic tone may be heard in the brush. But this is only from the male when on the ground and also in cover, whereas the *wah* is heard only when he is on a bush, rock or cactus. He is generally in plain sight where he can see out upon the blooming world around him, and the note seems a greeting to his partner on the nest below, a sort of "All's well, my dear."

The soft lavender of the tulip soon bows to rise no more, the strontium fire of the scarlet larkspur blazes from afar, and through the openings in the brush little gray scraps of down begin to scud at a pace quite amazing. For a few days the young birds hide with all the cunning of young Bobwhite, but they soon begin to climb the shining bowlders to inspect you, run across the road in front of you, or trot along the limbs of the cactus without touching any of its sharp needles. And they very soon begin to act as if they were taking pains to make you aware of their presence. One of the modern nature school would have no trouble in proving to some people that such was the case. As the young birds appear the *wah* and the *teeooo* cease along the hills and dales and are heard no more for another year.

In a few days the young birds flutter out of the brush with little dolorous squeals in all sorts of spiral lines, and day after day the squealing grows louder and more plaintive while the spirals become straighter and browner and the flight swifter and longer. Soon the back of the young quail takes a tinge of slate blue with chestnut hues creeping over the throat and sides, while tawny white with an edging of black takes the place of the gray farther back. When the last spot of white fades from the coat of the wild fawn and the young eagle tries his wings from the top of the lofty sycamore, white begins to glimmer on the throat of the young quail and a plume of jet nods over the darkening head. All this time the old birds are rapidly losing the confidence they so lately had in you. The young ones also seem acquiring notions independent of the old ones, and when they climb the big rock to look at you it is no longer with the pause of a few days ago but more often with a lively scramble assisted by wings and squeals.

Below the line of deep snow there are few parts of California where this bird is not seen in numbers still quite surprising to those accustomed only to the single bevies in which Bobwhite is found. Scarcely any game bird has such a varied habitat. The valley quail loves the barren washes where the scarlet bugler and the purple pentstemon struggle with the long summer drouth as well as the deep jungle of the river bottom where gigantic nettles smother the pink of the wild rose. It is quite at home in the dry cañon where only the mealy stem of the stonecrop hangs its crimson bells over reefs of glittering rock as well as where the glistening red and white of the ice plant and the pink of the sand verbena encroach upon the kelp tossed upon the shore. It is ever cheerful and pleasant on vast reaches of desolation where only a lonely hare runs the sun a race out of bed, and only the tuneful coyote breaks the silence of the night, as well as far up the towering hills where cold springs break from grassy hillsides and trout brooks sing through green arcades of alder and willow. Everywhere the bird is in motion with never a saddened face or a note of sorrow from the time the flock bursts like a charge of grapeshot from the live oak or cactus in which it passed the night, until

through the shades of dying day, like a flight of arrows it goes whizzing with stiff-set wings again to bed.

The white bars on the black wings of the shining flycatcher glistening in the sun among the ripening elderberries which he now prefers to bugs, the doves darting in twisting lines of gray over the bleaching mustard, softer purple flushing the granite crags of the higher mountains beneath the sinking sun, all indicate the noon of summer; and the bevies of quail begin to unite in great bands. The principle is the same as the packing of the pinnated grouse but begins earlier and the flocks are of much greater size. From little side cañons and down the adjacent ridges, out of the heavy chaparral or the rock piles along its edge, bevy after bevy comes trooping into the valley where the nucleus of the flock is feeding. No ceremonies attend the union; the new bevy drifts into the company as naturally as snowflakes combine with fallen snow with never a head raised in curiosity or greeting. It is but a few days before bands are formed numbering many hundreds, and often one of these makes a call on another band and the call lasts until mating time next spring. And this crowd may go seeking more until the aggregation numbers thousands.

When you come suddenly upon one of these great armies in the bend of a cañon you are startled by a roar much like thunder, and the air is suddenly full of chirping and squealing blue, curling, darting, twisting, and whizzing in all directions; while hundreds of dark lines are vanishing along the ground and hundreds of quail are scudding up hillsides, scrambling over rocks, skipping along logs and dodging through openings in the brush on legs invisible with speed. Their numbers are quite inconceivable to one who has never seen them, though not remarkable when you consider that they have no winter snows or cold spring rains to struggle with. Extreme drouth is the only natural thing that reduces them. They increase fast enough to supply the hawks and foxes, wildcats and owls, and can stand even a reasonable amount of shooting. But when the winter rains fail to make seed enough for its ravenous appetite this quail knows well before too late. It then declines to mate and remains all summer in the big armies of the preceding year.

The larger one of these great flocks the more you hear of the assembly call from morning until night. No matter how compact the flocks may be, no matter how busy feeding, or how idle the quail, at noon when dusting in the shade, some are continually calling as if afraid of losing their companions. This call is generally something like *ca-loi-o*, of great purity and fluty softness. It is generally repeated three or four times, and then the bird that gave it waits a minute or two if he intends to repeat. But more likely some near comrade takes it up so that when quails are very plenty you can locate a flock by this call at most any hour of the day. At times this call becomes a clear *O-hi-O*, and often the accent is changed to the last syllable so that it sounds like *tuck-a-hoe*. Then as suddenly the accent is thrown back so strongly on the second syllable that it sounds like *k-woik-uh*, and sometimes the last syllable is dropped so that you hear only a ringing *k-woik*. All this time a low twittering is going on among birds near each other, varied in so many ways by accent or tone that it seems probable they talk to some extent. This twittering is heard only when they are at peace and unsuspicious. The instant they suspect danger a sharp *whit-whit-whit* takes the place of it mingled with the *wook-wook-wook*. But though a note of alarm this *wook, wook, wook* is common among them when they are not suspicious. It is then uttered in low muffled tones that can be heard only a few yards away. It seems a sign of content with all the world much like the twittering. But the instant there is danger the *wook, wook, wook* becomes so loud and is heard from so many throats that you can often locate a flock three hundred yards away by that alone.

From the time the valley quail is strong on the wing he loses little time in letting you know that he knows something of the naughty ways of man. He may have nested in your garden and the sweet *wah* may have roused you from the morning nap with sensations akin to those with which the *woo-woo-woo-wooooo* of the pinnated grouse swelling over the prairie may have stirred your soul in the dawn of the sunny days of spring. But suspicion soon begins to mark all his actions, and when feathery plumes of snowy white tip the

golden green of the baccharis, and the berries of the photinia redden among its living verdure, when the burnished head of the mallard glistens in the lagoon and the silvery honk of the goose falls softly from the sky, there is clear defiance in the sharp *chirp-chirp-chirp* with which the quail rises from the brush. Yet all this time he keeps about as much as ever in your full view, and rather seems to enjoy deceiving you with the idea that he is tame. As he nested perhaps in your garden he may now return to fatten on your choicest grapes. And never does the new settler meet a more stunning surprise than when he starts for the vineyard with the gun in the thought of dining on quail of his own fattening. The ease with which a thousand birds without taking wing at all can lead him a merry chase out of the vineyard, across the tangled creek bottom up into the hills beyond, and be again in the vineyard about the time the baffled pursuer reaches the house well out of breath, is one of the most delicate of all the little delusions with which California amuses her new citizens.

With the rapid settlement of the country the flocks of thousands that once darkened acres of plain when feeding dwindled to hundreds. But it is not probable that this made any difference in the action of the bird in adapting itself to new conditions of persecution. For from the earliest days the restless nature of the valley quail was wonderfully increased as soon as man appeared with a gun. I have known flocks that never heard the sound of a gun near-by send an Eastern expert back at night with game pockets much lighter than the ammunition pockets with which he opened the hunt. And the size of the flock made little difference in the results.

One of the great surprises of the novice is the quickness with which a flock rising within shot and alighting only a hundred yards farther on, and seeming to scatter over an acre or more, can concentrate again and be scudding away up hill over rocks and through brush on foot as swift as when he first approached it. Especially is this the case if he yields to the great temptation to shoot into the flock at the first rise and happens to hit a bird. The time lost in looking for it generally allows the flock to unite and run again so that the novice is just where he began. For to locate and find quickly fallen quail in the brush frequently takes almost as much skill as to shoot them.

The valley quail trusts first to its legs and such a wonderful reliance are they that the better one knows them the more one wonders why they use their wings at all. Though in most cases it takes about as much skill to hit a single bird running in the brush as flying over it, the sportsman, of course, practices only wing shooting. And the only way to have this is to break up and scatter the flock by rapid and repeated flushing, giving the birds no time to run together upon alighting, and scaring them by firing over them. When this is done three or four times the wisdom of losing no time by trying to bag a bird earlier is very plain. The roaring sheet of bluish gray that seemed at first such a tempting mark, breaks into small bunches, these again into smaller ones, and those into single birds which go curling and whizzing in all sorts of lines and curves to disappear in several acres of brush and rocks scarcely more than two hundred yards from where you last flushed them.

Of the birds thus scattered probably one fourth run the instant they touch ground, and keep on running until over the next ridge. Another fourth will run till they find a bush or other cover which they think will hide them, and then squat on the ground like Bobwhite, though they may also sit up in the bush several inches above ground if the cover is dense enough. About as many more may stop in the first bush they meet, and perhaps as many more will strike ground and wander slowly about for a while as if uncertain of the best move, only to rise wild or run away as soon as they find you want them.

Of the number that hide perhaps one tenth will lie as closely hidden as Bobwhite ever lies. Toward the middle of dry, hot days this number will be largely increased. The rest will rise from two to fifty yards from the gun, the average being about twenty. One who can keep cool and tramp and re-tramp this area can get within an hour and a half all the shooting any man should have for one day. After he is all through and cannot flush another bird a good dog in condition will find, lying so that one can almost tread on them, as many more as would make a good day's

shooting almost anywhere in the Eastern States.

Note that I said a dog in condition. There is the rub: to have him fit when this time comes. For the chances are many that before this, by using him when he is not really needed, he will have become so demoralized by the running, whizzing and chirping of so many birds that he will have lost some of the steadiness now needed. And if you have allowed him to dash here and there to retrieve at the crack of the gun, jumping brush for wounded birds, he will be so overheated and so thirsty on the dry hills under a bright sun, that his scent will be nearly gone.

It took but one or two trials to convince the greatest lover of the dog that in southern California, where ground cover is scarce, he can not be used to as great advantage as in northern parts where the ground is well covered with grass and weeds. In most cases even the attempt will ruin the training of the best dog. With unbounded sadness the good old dog from the East is soon left at home or kept at heel until the last moment, and it is plain in most cases that the change has meant more birds with less annoyance and less bad dog.

But with the rapid settlement of southern California that began in 1886 came also a new host of breechloaders with all the improvements of the day, and plenty of men behind them with time and money to keep them warm. Probably no game ever rose so quickly to the emergency as the valley quail. After spending the night in the dense shrubbery of the live oak grove he no longer spent the day in its shade, but soon after feeding roared away upward in a dark sheet to the tops of the ridges five hundred to a thousand feet. Here he kept in the brush and among the rocks to descend again in the evening on stiff-set wings like a flight of falling arrows. Thus far all travel when there was no disturbance had been on foot. But now the flocks took up traveling on the wing, and flights of nearly half a mile from one hillside to another became common. The assembly call which some birds were always sounding, even when not alone, and which had been so common that a large flock could easily be located by it nearly a quarter of a mile away, quickly became so rare that the finding of a flock without a dog soon lost its simplicity and certainty.

When a flock flew over a ridge it used to be almost certain that it would alight just over or not far down the next slope. But now the chances are as sure it will cross the next hollow with almost a surety of continuing on over the following ridge. And by way of variety it will go up or down the first hollow far enough to make the hunt entertaining, for those who hunt primarily for exercise. Always a master of the art of plunging down hill, the quail quickly doubled his skill and went down into a steep ravine faster than the pull of gravity. But the vanishing point is no longer the place to seek him, and the art of knowing whether he will go up, or down, or where, is one yet unknown. Instead of rising at the bottom of the hill, and going over the top so you can get some idea of his course, this quail now begins to rise at the top and whirl and twist in all directions among the rocks and brush on the crest. By the time you scramble up there he will be several hundred yards away running as fast as you can run on a good track.

This quail's increase of speed on foot with the longer flight on rising, makes the breaking and scattering of a flock so that the birds will lie singly for good shooting, much more difficult than before. We had fondly imagined that persecution might make a quail lie more closely after he had once decided to lie. Instead of that the distance of the rise became so much longer that even the expert must be very quick with the gun. And when nitro powders and modern choke bores added so many yards to the range of the gun the quail simply added that much to the length of his rise, and went the game several per cent. better for a margin of safety.

These and other new tricks too numerous to mention here, soon made the valley quail the most difficult of all the small game birds to capture by any fair means.

It seemed harder than ever to use a dog to advantage after this change, but also it was more necessary on account of the great increase in the difficulty of finding the flock which was now so much smaller than before and so silent. Not to mention the greater trouble in finding them after they had vanished in a hundred curling lines over a ridge.

A dog that is fast on Bobwhite is too slow here, and if not a very wide ranger will be of little use on the great hills and slopes that form the stage of action. The highest development of the wide and swift ranger that used to be considered such a treasure for hunting pinnated grouse is needed, combined with endurance that will carry him over leagues of hill and dale in dry, hot air without wilting or losing scent. There are light-limbed, wiry racers that can do it, and in the hands of trainers who spend time enough with them where birds are plenty, they soon develop even greater speed and endurance as the need arises. And the dog seems to learn very quickly that he must not lose his head. In vain the quail may roar out of the brush just ahead of him, sneak off in silence when he comes to a steady point, or even run away in plain sight. He soon quits being disturbed by such things. He appears to discover that the ground must be clear of birds before it is safe to resume his speed, with the additional fact that if he waits too long he will have his work to do over. In the meantime the quails do not have to have the ground clear of dogs for their movements, and even one second is sometimes quite long. The way the dog knows the scent is cold the instant a bird moves from his hiding place far surpasses all the marvels ever seen with dogs on other game.

Not an instant does the dog lose snuffing about on the scent of a bird that has run. He finds every second precious yet he also knows that it is even more important to stop and point on the outer edge of the circle of certainty than it is with the woodcock or even the ruffed grouse. Between these two principles the compromise he makes is wonderful, especially when birds begin falling before the gun and he is called upon to retrieve. The quickness with which a dog can distinguish between the scent of a live bird, a dead one and a wounded one has always been a marvel to the sportsman, but now the dog has to be twice as quick about it. If he stops to point a live one on his way to a fallen one the latter may be only wounded and run away before he gets through pointing, while the one he might have pointed will run away before he can return if he has not already flushed it in his haste to reach the fallen one. When he goes after a cripple it may run into a bunch of running birds which he is certain to flush if he presses the cripple, whereas if he does not press it he is certain to lose that one and also lose for his master his chance for a shot on the running birds which may at any instant stop and lie. In addition to all this he has to remember that the main part of the flock that has been lying pretty well will soon be getting uneasy and under way again, so he must hurry to return to them.

All these and many other points the high-class dog seems to study so well that training him becomes the most interesting part of the hunt. But it also takes so much time that the owner is generally unable to do it himself and thus loses the most charming feature of hunting with the shotgun. For I think every one of the old school who trained their own dogs will agree with me, that hiring some one to train your dogs is like hiring some one to smoke your cigars for you.

While the dog is thus improving the quails lose no points in studying him. In early days it was the presence of the man with the gun that made the birds restless. For the dog they cared little or nothing, and often did not see or hear him. But they soon discovered his connection with the noisy gun and rarely waited to see if he had a man for a companion. As the dog had to learn that he could not lose time in assuring himself that the birds had moved, but had to move ahead on the slightest weakening of the scent, just as quickly the birds learned that they must lose no time in stopping to look so as to be sure that the dog was after them. When one of the old-time flocks held together the dog had little trouble about knowing where the center of gravity was. They began to scatter more widely and scud here and there in bunches that made him lose time in deciding which way to go. A favorite diversion was the splitting of a flock about the time he came to a stiff point with his nose in a bush or behind a rock where he could see nothing. This left him in some hesitation about what branch to follow, which time the birds improved at the rate of twenty feet a second. But when they decided to take wing their scattering on the ground did not prevent their uniting in air again and alighting two hundred yards or more farther on to repeat the trick when the dog should arrive.

The dog nearly mastered this by ranging more widely from side to side, at the same time increasing his speed, but the birds again were equal to the occasion and small bunches began to rise here and there and fly far ahead and on the sides of the main flock. At the same time they kept a good reckoning of the location of the main flock and unless pressed very hard had little difficulty in getting together again, in which case they would never lie, but run at full speed.

And so the play goes on, year after year, making a true animal story far superior to anything the nature fakers ever imagine. So far the birds seem to have the better of it. The best shots do not claim to be able to bag over thirty five per cent. of the birds shot at and have proved that with all improvements in dog and gun the game is in no possible danger of extermination even on very open ground. Yet no bird is more beloved by the crack shot in spite of the fact that beside Bobwhite the valley quail is simply ridiculous on the table. It is because his ability to take care of himself commands unbounded respect among all those who love to play their wits against something that will sharpen them still more, a love that develops so rapidly in contact with this bird that even the tyro wending his way homeward with empty pockets feels he has done something worth the doing.

THE OPEN ROAD

BY FRANCIS E. FALKENBURY

There is a good road leading down,
  An old brown road from a good old town;
Shaded and shadowed by restful trees,
  That softly talk to the fresh young breeze:
And sometime when my heart is sad,
  And all the city looks old and gray,
I shall leave the work which drives one mad,
  And take that good road leading away,
  And follow it on through the ripening day,
Until my soul comes back to me—
  My soul which here is fettered and bound
  As to iron wheels by the city's sound—
All straight and smooth and free.

THE VIEW-POINT

BY CASPAR WHITNEY

Recreation on Sunday

In the Puritan days of this adolescent America, under the law of our forceful if intolerant forefathers, a man was forbidden to kiss his wife on Sunday. No longer ago than a dozen years the museums of metropolitan New York were shut on the seventh day of the week to the public of whom perhaps 90 per cent. have no other day than this one for recreation.

Last winter during the bawling fury of one of those indiscriminate "reform" spasms which every now and again assail us, the refined and uplifting Sunday night popular concerts at the opera houses were catalogued with the song and dance vaudeville shows as "wicked"—and closed forthwith!

Over in the amiably disposed and gentle-mannered little town of Plainfield, N. J., a peace-disturbing commotion is raging around the question of golf-playing on Sunday. It appears that a majority of the town's "best citizens" recently decided to open the club course on Sunday, and in consequence of their action were denounced by several of the local ministers as depraved examples of ungodliness. Here is what one preacher delivered from his pulpit:

"Last Tuesday night 168 people by their vote to open the Plainfield Country Club for a half-day on Sunday, put a stumbling block in the way of the moral and religious progress of the beautiful city of Plainfield.

"Just as truly as the retribution of God came upon the people in Isaiah's time for the desecration of His holy day, so we have every reason to believe that the people who are endeavoring to break one of the great institutions that God has given us for our moral and spiritual development will be called upon to account for it. But these 168 stumbling blocks have not only violated God's law, but upon this very day when they open their golf links violated a State law."

Often the plaint falls from the pulpit upon the heads of the congregation that people are staying away from church in increasing numbers. Is there not, I ponder, some explanatory light shed upon the subject by the fanatics who howl against innocent recreation, and seem mad with the thought that every one having joy in his heart is destined for hell.

Open the Window Of Your Soul

Is not such bigotry and ignorance a handicap to the church it seeks to serve? Certainly it is no help to happy, wholesome existence. With these sad-eyed exhorters it is always to prohibit rather than to regulate; to destroy rather than to mend; to expel rather than to suppress. Obstinately the eyes are closed to the helpfulness of wholesome exercise, merely because it runs counter to preconceived notions. Apparently the obsession of their own dogmas is so enfeebling they dare not venture from under the eaves of the Puritan meetinghouse.

I sometimes wonder what these frenzied advocates of Sunday blue laws would have our people do on this day—or what sin they find in pursuits that bring health and happiness. To walk, to drive, to indulge in harmless and clean recreation; to visit the museums—in what manner more wholesome, more beneficial, can the workers of the world occupy themselves on Sunday? Here is where the Roman Church reveals its common sense and its cleverness, for not only do its priests tolerate harmless Sunday diversion, but they encourage their people to it after attendance at church in the morning.

I confess I always suspect the man who rails from the pulpit against innocent diversion, as indulging in a desperate resort to arouse the congregation from a lethargy

in which perhaps his commonplace dissertations have engulfed them. I have never heard a minister of ability and force misconceive as helpful guidance to Christian living, the harangue against harmless Sunday play or recreation.

Oh, my friends of the narrow view, let the sunlight come in; let it search your hearts and put joy and laughter there; look up and see the blue sky. Why should not you, why should not all of us enjoy the best that God gives us on a Sunday? Is not your spirit uplifted the more by walking, or driving, or playing in the open—along the roads, over the green fields and hills, under the glorious sky? If there is anywhere that man's thoughts may be bettered and purified, surely it is in the open enjoying the glories of Nature which have been created for his benefit.

Blue Laws and Wise Laws

There is no thought in anything I have said of offending churchmen or of belittling Christian influence. I revere the ideals of the Church and respect and extol the splendid efforts of its workers. I do, however, distinguish between Christians and religionists, as I do deplore the biased activity of the latter in seeking to deprive the work-a-day world of its one-day opportunity to get into the open for recreation. I am not in sympathy with the dogma of these people that threatens with perdition the men and women who indulge in Sunday diversion. Within the lines of clean and helpful living is not each of us according to his needs entitled to his own interpretation of Sunday? If your idea of commemorating the day is remaining indoors to read, I see no reason why I should criticise you any more than you should condemn me if my interpretation expresses itself in a walk, or a drive, or a round of golf. I cannot understand that my respect for the day and reverence for God suffers by my wholesome outdoor activity any more than yours degenerates through your depressing indoor inactivity.

I believe the quiet and general peace of Sunday should not be disturbed by ball games or other sports to which the public is admitted for an admission fee. Not that I think an admission fee affects the moral question at all, but such a game where the public gathers in large numbers is apt to be noisy, and noise such as cheering, etc., is quite as apt to offend the sense of propriety of those living in the immediate vicinity; and my feeling is that the peace and opinions of our fellow men should be respected. As I respect the sense of propriety in others, so I feel that my manner of observing Sunday as long as it continues harmless and wholesome, is also entitled to respect.

Incidentally I beg to remind the religionists that even John Calvin used to play bowls on the green at the back of his house on Sunday afternoon,—and none will accuse Calvin of lacking respect for Sunday or reverence for God.

Let in the Sunlight

Let us teach pursuit of happiness on Sunday according to the dictates of our conscience so far as may be consistent with the respect and the protection from annoyance of every phase of religious worship.

What we need in this world for the glorification of God and the pursuit of happiness, is a little breadth of thought, a little bit of sunlight, and a little more of common sense distributed among the religionists who should grow to know that laughter in the heart makes for good citizenship, and that an upturned eye and a sanctimonious manner do not indicate a Christian spirit with more certainty than do harmless diversions on Sunday reveal possession by the devil.

Clean thoughts in the head, clean blood in the body, and laughter in the heart—that's what makes for worthy men and women; and the most helpful of these is laughter in the heart

Sense in Army and Navy

The War and Navy Departments showed both common sense and a Christian spirit not long ago in meeting this very question of Sunday diversion. Some religionists at Kansas City organized a committee and proceeded on to Washington where they presented to the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy a manifesto protesting against the Departments permitting "Sunday baseball playing on the part of the soldiers and sailors.

That Kansas City, which does not come

into immediate contact with either sailors or soldiers, should take upon itself to regulate the habits of enlisted men, is somewhat illustrative of these propagandists.

The authorities at Washington informed the committee from Kansas City that "enlisted men have little opportunity for relaxation and that after the usual hours of Sunday worship it will be entirely proper to allow them to play baseball on the naval and military reservations where such contests do not interfere with other peoples' observance of the Sabbath."

More Harm Than Good

The maddening feature of these clanging religionist commotions is their unwisdom from an economic, politic or humane viewpoint. Take for example the Army canteen agitation which shook the country a few years ago. The howlers were too many for Washington, and the canteen was abolished. If you will write now to the Secretary of War he will tell you that it was a harmful action, and that cases of drunkenness have doubled since the canteen was taken from the enlisted men.

Better Play Than Degenerate

The people that suffer most through the prejudices of the religionists are the poorest of the working classes, whose six days of the week from sunrise until dark are spent in toil, and to whom Sunday brings relief from labor and a leisure that permits of dressing up and going out for recreation. To deny such people the opportunity of harmless diversion on Sunday is to darken even more their already none too lightsome existence. It is to deprive them of the physical relaxation they require; and still more important is its effect upon the children of this class. For such reason is the playground so invaluable a missionary for cleanliness (in mind and body) and wholesome living among the growing generation of these people; and to the children of these Sunday recreation is vital.

Let any one of you under whose eye this paragraph happens to fall, take your next Sunday walk in the park of your city and note the grateful enjoyment and the eagerness of the youngsters who romp and roll upon the grass.

The Christian Spirit

In New York General Wingate, who is doing great practical good through the playground movement, has proposed to open these playgrounds on Sunday. And this wise suggestion has aroused a storm of protest from the religionists. It does not interest the religionists that the children of the streets had better be playing in the open than shut up in the tenements, or loafing on the street corners, or in the back rooms of saloons. It does not appeal to the religionists that wholesome play makes for the cleanliness of mind and body of these youngsters; or that loafing on street corners or in the open side doors of saloons, or in dark halls and dingy rooms of the tenements is conducive neither to cleanliness nor healthfulness. The religionists see in General Wingate's suggestion only "Sabbath breaking," and Sabbath breaking is Sabbath breaking and "compromising with sin."

Fortunately it is unlikely that General Wingate's excellent and helpful plan will be frustrated by such stupid bigotry. The genuine Christian spirit is neither an ignorant nor a narrow spirit, and it recognizes that the Almighty is best served by a clean and a happy people.

There is Another Way

There are ways to incite men to Christian living other than merely preaching the gospel to them, and the one which leads to the outdoor world returns the largest number of converts.

From first to last and around the globe the wholesomest men I know are those who play a little; for it is fairly improbable that you have a clean mind if you have not a clean body, and a clean body is impossible unless you take it out for an airing and exercise it and purify its tissues through stimulating its blood.

We are learning a lot of common sense things these days, but one of the most valued lessons is that one which emphasizes the need of vigorous wholesome play for the youth, and fresh air and relaxation for us all; not only that our bodies may be benefited, but our moral tone bettered. No intelligent man or woman in these enlightened days is unaware of how powerful an influence for healthful living are the rightfully conducted games of the youth,

and the relaxation of the outdoor world upon men and women generally. The annual vacation pilgrimage to the shrine of Nature grows unceasingly and amazingly. No sentient man or woman can view the marvels of God's handiwork whether revealed in the wild-flowered meadow, or in the silent forest, or along the rugged mountain trail, without experiencing a feeling of spiritual uplift.

Outdoor men as a rule are clean-thinking and clean-living, and the influence of the outdoor world makes for wholesomeness of mind and of body.

Whatever stimulates our interest in or directs our steps toward the outdoor world is therefore an influence for the betterment of men and women. Such an influence this magazine strives to be, through bringing you the entertainment of the adventuring, pioneering, home-making, play-inviting world, while at the same time helping you to find the road which leads to clean living. To direct travelers to this road which leads to ideal American citizenship is my dearest wish.

How Forest Fires Start

Considering forest fires cost the country thousands upon thousands of dollars, the question of their origin is pertinent and ought to be of general interest, especially at the close of this year when destructive conflagrations have flamed through all parts of the wooded country to a greater extent than in any previous season of record.

It has been said that the loss by forest fires last season represented enough money to build a fleet of battleships. That estimate is probably not very near the mark, yet none the less it offers a suggestion not too wild. In nearly every Northern state from Montana to Maine, the woodland suffered, and it is probably within reason to place the cost in the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

One-half to three-quarters of these fires are started by careless campers or by the sparks of locomotives and it is interesting in this relation to study last years' figures of the Forest Reserve. Of the 1,355 fires discovered on the National Forest last year (all of which were checked by the Rangers before they had burned over 14-100 per cent. of the area), campers caused 346, railroads, 273; lightning, 176; donkey engines in lumbering, 65; careless brush-burning by homesteaders clearing land, 34; by incendiaries, 30. Of the remainder (over 400) the cause was undiscovered, which is not strange when it is taken into consideration that a fire may smolder for days before it breaks out to reveal its presence to the watchful Ranger.

All forest fires, except those caused by lightning, are unnecessary and all of them save the incendiaries result from gross carelessness. It is almost unbelievable that men will deliberately start fires in order to get the employment of $2.00 a day which is given to fire fighters, and yet such was the well-established fact in the Adirondacks last season.

Considering the great cost of these fires it would seem a wise economic act to considerably increase the forest patrol during the dry seasons. The Forest Service does wonderful work considering the comparatively few men it is able to employ, but outside of this service little is done on private property and almost nothing worth while accomplished on State woodland.

Chiefly, the States trust to rain, or to the fire burning itself out, whereas at a comparatively low figure men could be employed to patrol the woods, and lanes of sufficient breadth to check the fire if it once got started could and should be cut through the forest. At the present moment almost nothing of this sort is done.

The cost to the different States through the fires of this last season would have paid for an efficient patrol for the next dozen years.

Stamp It Out

Carelessness on the part of the hunters and campers generally is nothing short of criminal, for neither of them is pressed for time and both are supposed to be of the more intelligent class of our citizens.

Two things to observe for every camper in the woods:

First:—never to throw a lighted match on to the ground. After you have lighted your pipe, or lighted your fire, *put the match out* and do not toss it away in the thought that it is of no danger.

Second:—stamp out the last remaining ember of your camp fire before you leave it; and *be sure* you stamp it out. If there

is any wind blowing put dirt over the dead embers after you have crushed out their last bit of life. Take no chances. It is astonishing how tiny a spark will lead to a tremendous conflagration, and how many days it may smolder before finally fanned by the wind into disastrous activity.

The Ounce of Prevention

As most of the trouble and much of the scandal in horse racing arises because of the misconduct or the vicious purpose of the jockey at the start, the new rule of the English Jockey Club is to be applauded as well as commended to the thoughtful attention of our own Jockey Club:

> "The starter has power to inflict a fine not exceeding 10 sovereigns on any jockey who misconducts himself at the post, and should a jockey be so fined, the starter shall report the fact at once to the stewards. He shall also report to the stewards any jockey who refuses to obey his commands in any respect whatever."

This is the preventive kind of legislation of which we in America stand much in want, and a variety given too little thought by our legislators.

Last season when the better class of citizens were growing restive under corruptions permitted to flourish through laxity of racing regulations, a measure for the punishment of jockeys for reckless horsemanship without disqualification of the horse was urged by the friends of the American turf. Such a measure was sorely needed and had it been adopted, together with another one handling the betting scandal, American horsemen would not now be sending over the best of their stables to England.

There has never been any real necessity that rule inefficiency attain to scandalous proportions in racing or in any other game. The recent agitation over race-track betting is illustration enough of what may and what does happen when controlling bodies shirk their plain duty to the game and ignore the advice and wishes of the disinterested class of their supporters. Had the Jockey Club taken the bookmaker-betting-ring question vigorously in hand as it could have done, I very much doubt if the present prohibitive epidemic would have been set in motion.

Let us have the ounce of prevention rather than the legislative tome of cure.

Victory of American Automobile

It is to the great credit of American workmanship that the Vanderbilt Cup Race of 1908 should have been won by the Locomobile over so fine a car as the Isotta. It must be acknowledged, however, that second in this event shared the honors; for while the winning Locomobile driven so admirably by Robertson, was a car of 120 horse power, the Isotta, which Lytle piloted with marvelous skill around the curves, was only of 50 horse power. If Robertson had not run off the track he would have won by about four minutes, instead of the 1 minute 48 1-5 seconds officially returned;—but to stay on the track is part of the game.

This was the fourth Vanderbilt Cup Race and the first to be won by an American-built car. It also developed the fastest average speed per mile though the distance was the shortest in gross miles; the Cup record follows:

Year. Driver. Car.	Distance. Miles.	Time. H. M. S.	Average Miles. Per Hour.
1904—Heath, Panhard	284.4	5 26 45	52.2
1905—Hemery, Darracq	283	4 36 8	61.51
1906—Wagner, Darracq	297.1	4 50 10	61.43
1908—Robertson, Locomobile	258.06	4 00 481-5	64.3-10

While this is a record for America, it is considerably below the best time made on European tracks. The winning Mercedes in the 478 mile Grand Prix in France averaged 69.5 miles an hour; and that brilliant Italian driver Nazzaro averaged 74¼ miles an hour with the Fiat in the Florio Cup Race of Italy.

As a racing spectacle it was fairly successful though absence of the other great French and Italian cars which have made former meetings so interesting and significant lessened its importance. But for the entirely uncalled-for and useless controversy between The Automobile Club and the Association (now happily adjusted) these other entries would have been forthcoming.

The event also signalized the opening of the new Motor Parkway on Long Island, of which about one dozen miles have been completed. No doubt it was this speed-

way which helped to make Robertson's record, yet several of the drivers expressed disappointment in both the speed and smoothness of the cement bed. It may be that there are some things yet to do to this roadbed before it attains to the perfection proposed. Certainly it was a feature of the race.

The Savannah race which will occur on Thanksgiving day will be made of greatest moment by the entry of Nazzaro with the Fiat in which he has done such wonderful driving on the other side.

Killing the Goose

I desire to sound friendly warning to The Automobile Club of America and the American Automobile Association, both of whom have shown and continue to show too little thought of the rights and the comforts of the public which makes their races possible and profitable. The Vanderbilt Cup Commission and those in charge of the Parkway appear to have viewed the public solely in the light of a tribute payer. Excessive prices for everything on which it is possible to make any charge at all is the rule and once the spectator has paid the price those in charge appear to feel no responsibility at all that the victim gets his money's worth.

The management of the grounds, the accommodation for those who had paid for grand-stand seats and parking places, was as inconsiderate and as extortionate as at Briarcliff last spring.

At Briarcliff as well as at the Vanderbilt Cup Race, the crowd swarmed over the track wherever and whenever they pleased. They swarmed in front of spectators who had paid for the privilege of reserve space and they swarmed in front of parked automobiles that had paid high for the privilege of a good view.

The American people, and particularly that portion of them who attend automobile races, are patient and long suffering, but the limit is just about reached. When people pay $5.00 a seat in the grand stand or $50.00 for a box, or $50.00 for a parking place, they at least are entitled to undisturbed possession and an unbroken view. In addition the Company charged $10.00 to enter the Parkway. Altogether the Vanderbilt Cup Commission must have taken in some forty to fifty thousand dollars and they probably did not spend over twelve to fifteen thousand of it. To have given the public such shiftless management in return for their generous patronage is distinctly bad business.

As You Would Be Done By

In this season of Peace on Earth and Good Will Towards Men, it is peculiarly fitting, my sportsman friends, when you are going abroad with your gun to have a thought of the rights of the other fellow.

Most of the trouble between farmers and sportsmen is due to the entire lack of consideration on the part of the sportsman for the farmer. So many men when they get on to another man's land with dog and gun appear entirely to forget or to think that the owner of the land has any rights.

It is human nature to be a bit vain of one's possessions and every landholder desires his ownership recognized. He does not want his territory invaded without permission. The farmer who will chase off a trespasser with a pitchfork, will, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, smilingly give that man permission if he asks it.

Sportsmen do not make this mistake, but so many men go shooting who are not sportsmen. These break down fences to clear a way, or pull off palings, to say nothing of stalking over the land without thought of asking permission, as though it belonged to them.

Now as a rule farmers and landowners generally are rather a generous people; but they are stubborn of their rights. It is no more than they should be. Therefore I say, think of the other fellow when you are going out with your gun. Be considerate of the farmer and you are not only developing the sportsmanly instinct by so doing, but you also are serving best your own purpose of a chance for game-getting.

Never enter upon any one's property without first seeking the owner and asking permission; and if you kill half a dozen or so of birds on a farmer's land, do not you think it fair (and certainly it is generous and sportsmanly) to stop at the house and leave a brace for his own table? You may be sure that farmer will be glad to

see you again and give you access to his best covers.

The severe weather of last winter and the drought of this summer have combined to make birds scarce in many localities. Therefore sportsmen kill in moderation this season.

Chicago Earned the Pennant

It is not fair to refer to the Chicago professional baseball team as having won the pennant through a "technicality." The discussion following that game with New York was no credit to the home team or to the spectators. The failure of the New York runner to take his second base was in defiance of the plain rule, and he was just as much out for not doing so as though he had been caught on a fly from his bat to left field. The action of the spectators in overrunning the field and in attempting to rough the umpire was discreditable and raises the query if New York's local prejudice is not stronger than its sense of fair play.

The Chicago team won the championship because it not only knew more baseball than the New Yorks, but played the best baseball of any of the teams. Just in manner that it showed superiority in 1907, so did it likewise in 1908. Chicago had the strongest and best rounded-out organization in the League.

Common fairness is the basis of all sport whether it be for glory—the *raison d'état* of the amateur, or for a salary—the money reward for professionalism.

It will be to California's everlasting disgrace if the big trees are allowed to be destroyed either by careless burning or through devastation by the lumbermen. Already there is lumbering in the Calaveras Grove. These are the last survivors of a once numerous race. Their loss would be irreparable, for the Sequoias are the oldest living things on earth. Surely the glorious State of California holds enough public-spirited citizens to father a movement for giving these giants of the forest into State ownership and organized care.

American cricket owes much to Philadelphians, but in the past season the Gentlemen of Philadelphia quite surpassed all previous efforts during a tour of Great Britain on which they played the best of the counties, including the very first of the cricket world.

Their record is one of which the followers of the game in America may well be proud, for the Gentlemen won more matches than they lost. That the list of games was longer than any visiting team had before attempted, is sufficient proof of the creditable performance of the Gentlemen and of the progress of cricket in America.

Miss Annie Peck has finally attained her heart's desire. She has surmounted Huascan which arises in central Peru out of the Andes. The height of Huascan has yet to be finally decided upon. It is somewheres in the neighborhood of 22,000 feet, although other figures much higher have been offered. Whatever its height, however, there is no doubt that it is among the great peaks of the world, and Miss Peck in successfully accomplishing its ascent, has placed herself among the great mountaineers. Her achievement is the more notable in so much as she has passed the first flush of womanhood to somewheres in the forties and had already made two unsuccessful attempts.

There are two modest journals that deserve American support, *Arms and the Man*, and *Bird Lore*. One makes for the preservation of our national integrity, the other makes for the preservation of our birds; and both are working devotedly and disinterestedly for a cause which should have the backing of every American citizen.

The best quality of the 1908 football as developed at this writing (Nov. 1) is its leveling tendency. The revised rules making for more open play put large and small colleges more nearly on even terms, which gives a zest and an interest to the contest it formerly lacked.

The other day at Worcester, Mass., the son of a local wealthy man was sentenced to six months for reckless automobile driving. That is the kind of medicine to put the fear of God and the respect of man in the hearts of the chauffeur who speeds unmindful of the rights of his fellows.

ALL AROUND THE COUNTRY HOME

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

HINTS FOR THE MENFOLKS

A CORRESPONDENT who writes that he has lately invested the savings of some years of hard work in a country home which he would like to develop, asks my opinion about the silo, as an addition to a small place. In order to give his question a satisfactory answer, I have consulted several owners of silos, and it seems to be the general opinion that a herd of ten cows warrants the construction of one. One man tells me that he gets twelve per cent. greater returns by feeding crops in the form of silage than by feeding the same crop in a cured form. Another says: Farmers and dairymen know very well that cows are most profitable on the cheap pasturage of May, June, and July. This being the case, it stands to reason that if the conditions which govern the pasturage of those months could be continued over the other months of the year, a greater profit could be realized. Now this is, to all intents and purposes, just what can be done with the silo. It gives June pasturage the year round.

* * *

Frequent complaints are made by those who have constructed cement buildings about the home that they vary so much in color that the general effect is not pleasing. The proper thing to do, in order to secure an evenness of color, is to make a wash of Portland cement, two parts, and one part marble dust, using enough water to make it the consistency of whitewash. Apply with an ordinary whitewash brush, taking care to spread it evenly. Stir the mixture frequently, as the cement will have a tendency to settle to the bottom. Before applying the mixture spray the surface on which it is to be spread thoroughly, and see that it is kept wet, as the work progresses, as the wash will not adhere to a dry one. If a gray color is not desired, add dry paint of the color preferred until you have the shade you want. This paint should be mixed with the cement in its dry state. If too dark to suit you, when the mixture is ready to apply, add more marble dust. If too light, add a little more paint. Keep in mind the fact that the surface gone over will be several shades lighter in color, when dry, than it is when wet.

* * *

After the ground freezes, cover the strawberry beds with straw or coarse hay. Deep covering is not advisable, as it will be likely to smother the plants. Here is a hint worth remembering, as it will apply to more things in the garden than the strawberry patch—never cover deeply any plant which retains its foliage during the winter. Deep covering is for the plants which lose all their top in fall.

* * *

Have you gone over the place and picked up all the tools made use of during the summer? You can't afford to leave them out over winter unless you have money to burn, or, in this case, to rust out. Store everything in this line under cover, but give them a good wash of oil first—woodwork and all.

* * *

Have a place about the barn in which to keep hammer, nails, and a saw. You will have use for these things nearly every day. but the probabilities are that they won't get used unless they are at hand. It pays to have things convenient. And it pays to make repairs as soon as it is discovered that repairs are needed.

* * *

Many persons defer the pruning of gooseberries and currants until spring. There isn't much harm done in putting off this work until then, if it were sure to be done at that time, but, in the rush of the season, it is often neglected. Now, while there is more leisure, is a good time to do it. The writer believes late fall and early winter preferable to spring for work of this sort, because there is no sap in circulation, consequently there is no danger of "bleeding." The more you cut away from your plants—and all should be cut away that is not needed for the production of a good crop—the less vital force they will be called on to expend during the winter, and the more vitality that can be saved the better.

* * *

The owner of a country home who takes proper pride in its appearance can put in a few days very profitably, at this season, in going over the place, and cleaning up things generally. Cut the bushes that have sprung up along the road. Do away with the weeds and rubbish that is sure to accumulate there if the right kind of attention is not given as one "goes along." (Which is always the proper thing to do.) There is no good reason why a place should not look quite as neat in winter as at any other time of the year.

The owner of a country home always sees chances for improvement in it, and everything connected with it. Winter time gives him leisure to devote to the improvement question. Look over the house, and the barn, and the poultry yard, and see wherein you can better things. Much of the work can be done during the winter, and that which cannot be done now can be planned out and got ready for in advance. Make the winter the planning-season for everything about the place. Work well planned is work half done.

* * *

And during the long evenings which are coming it will pay the man who owns a little piece of ground, as well as the man who owns a large farm, to study up along scientific lines. More and more the cultivation of the soil is coming to be scientific. The up-to-date farmer, the fruit-grower, and the gardener, does not theorize, nor does he simply do what his neighbors do. He aims to understand what he is about, and he does this by posting himself as to what other men have learned by experiment. Every man who owns a country home should provide himself with a choice library of standard books on the subjects that interest him most, and during the winter he should make a student of himself.

* * *

A correspondent who writes that she would like to give something in return for many helpful suggestions she has received from this department, says:

If the person who has charge of the poultry-house will sprinkle a shovelful of wood ashes in every nest he makes for his hens, he will find that he will have no trouble with lice or mites. This is so simple a remedy as to seem hardly worth mentioning, but it is so effective as to be invaluable, as every poultry-grower who gives it a trial will admit. Keep plenty of ashes standing round in boxes for the fowls to wallow in whenever they feel like it. In using kerosene emulsion for spraying the hen house, add a gill of crude carbolic acid to each gallon of the emulsion. It will kill insect life when nothing else will, and of its sanitary effect there can be no question.

* * *

If the members of the country-home family are as fond of rhubarb pie as the writer is, the menfolks will not fail to put several strong roots of this plant in the cellar, just as winter is setting in, to furnish pie material at a time when spring seems a long way off. Take up the entire root, if possible. Crowd several into a large box, and pack some good manure among them. At first, keep the plants as cool as possible. They will not be harmed by allowing them to freeze. When winter is at hand, remove the box to the cellar, but do not encourage premature growth by giving them light, warmth, and moisture. Let them remain dormant for a time. Then move them to the light, water them well, and give enough warmth to start growth. Stalks produced under such conditions will be large, tender, and finely flavored, and a pie made from them will be a dish fit to set before the king.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER

A correspondent writes that she would like to discard carpets, and use rugs instead, but her floors are not very good, and new ones cannot be put down now. The boards of which they were made have shrunk and left unsightly cracks that a coat of paint will not fill satisfactorily.

Here is a method of overcoming the difficulty of which this correspondent complains: Make a thick paste by boiling blotting paper or other paper of similar nature in water until it becomes pulpy. Add to it some glue previously dissolved in hot water. Mix these well together, and then stir in enough whiting to stiffen the paste and give it a little body. Work the materials over and over until they are perfectly incorporated with each other. If the wood of the floor is colored add some coloring matter that will make the paste as nearly the color of the floor as possible. Apply the mixture to the cracks while soft, crowding it in solidly with a putty knife, and smoothing it even with the wood. As the whiting will cause the mixture to "set" quite rapidly it is advisable to prepare a small quantity at a time. This paste will not shrink, nor cleave away from the wood, as putty will, nor is it affected by heat or cold. If a careful job is done, the old floor can be made very satisfactory. If there are knotholes or other defective places, fill with the paste the same as if they were cracks. This filling will take paint as well as wood.

* * *

Do you have trouble with water bugs in the plumbing system? They can be effectively routed by pouring a week solution of turpentine down the pipes once a week.

* * *

It is a mistake, according to a housekeeper who has a long experience to make her opinion weighty, to have good floors treated with anything but wax. She considers it almost sacrilege to apply shellac or varnish to hard wood, as a floor so treated is sure to become unsightly in places, and it will have to be scraped and refinished quite frequently to keep it looking well—a troublesome and expensive proceeding which she considers entirely unnecessary. A floor once waxed can be kept in good condition for a long time if properly cared for. Water should never be used on it. Turpentine is the thing to clean it with.

If the cellar is damp and has a musty smell, put some good-sized lumps of fresh lime in it. These will purify the air, and absorb the moisture.

* * *

To remove discoloration caused by heat, on varnished surfaces, apply lamp oil. Rub hard, with a soft cloth, for a minute or two. Then apply a little alcohol and rub dry with chamois skin. This will almost always restore the original color, and make revarnishing unnecessary.

* * *

To clean an enameled bathtub, go over it first with kerosene. This will "cut" the oily matter which is likely to collect on the surface, and pave the way for a thorough washing with strong soapsuds into which a little washing soda has been mixed. Kerosene and the application of a little elbow grease will make the tub look like new. To clean marble tubs, take two parts soda, one part pumice stone, and one part fine salt. Sift these ingredients through a fine sieve, and add water enough to make a soft paste. Apply to the marble, rubbing as if you were using soap. It will remove stains, though a second application may be necessary. Then wash the surface with salt and water, and wipe dry with a soft cloth.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

How to Ventilate the Cellar. (C. W. S.)—This correspondent writes that he has a cellar under his house, and it is not provided with a system of ventilation. He wants to know if he can run a pipe from it through the floor of an unused room, this pipe to extend above the roof. Certainly he can. Such a pipe will allow all gases and foul odors to pass off freely. As it will have to be of considerable length to reach the roof, no cold air will be likely to come down it, except in cases of strong wind, when the air currents have a downward dip. To guard against this, fit the lower part of the pipe with a damper which can be closed snugly in severely cold weather. See that the pipe fits snugly at every joint, to prevent the escape of gases into the room above in their upward passage from the cellar. But do not be satisfied with this precaution against infection. Go over the cellar at least once a week, during the entire season, and remove every particle of decaying matter found there. By doing this you may prevent sickness, much of which originates in cellars under the living-rooms. The writer recently heard a prominent medical man make the statement that at least half the cases of diphtheria and typhoid fever he had treated during the past year, in country neighborhoods, were directly traceable to foul and poorly ventilated cellars.

Oil Stoves Smoking. (Mrs. V. B. D.)—This correspondent writes that her oil stove fails to give the satisfaction it formerly gave. It will smoke, in spite of all her efforts to regulate it, and it gives off a very disagreeable smell. As the stove is used, in very cold weather, to warm a bedroom, she would like to get it in good working order. What shall she do to it? Take it apart, and give every part of it a thorough cleaning. Then provide it with a new wick. See that this fits well. It should not be loose, neither should it be thick enough to so clog the cylinder that free motion is interfered with in turning it up and down. Sometimes it is necessary to pull out a good many of the threads of the wick before it will work without "binding." A stove that is set away in spring without giving it any attention, and is allowed to stand unused all summer, will seldom work well when brought into use in fall. It should be emptied of oil in spring. The old wick should be removed, and cleaned by washing it in very hot water, after which it should be soaked in vinegar, and then put away until fall. At the same time, go over the entire stove and give it a good cleaning, and store it away in a dry room if it is not to be used during the summer. It is much better to give this attention before storing than after it has been allowed to stand all summer. A well-made oil stove will not smoke or smell if regulated properly and kept clean. It should be given the same treatment which the lamp you use in lighting your dwelling receives. Use the best grade of oil.

Wells About the Home. (M. N. K.)—This correspondent writes that he must put down a well, which must furnish water for both house and barn. There is a hollow between the house and barn where, it seems to him, he would be most likely to strike water without having to go very far, thus saving considerable expense, but friends have advised against locating it there, because of the danger of contamination from the barn. He asks if there is any such danger. The barn will be at least two hundred feet away if the well is located in the hollow, and it does not seem to him that water would soak so far. The advice given by friends should be taken. Locate the well on the ridge, by all means, instead of in the hollow. Impurities are carried a long distance in the soil, and a sag or hollow acts as a reservoir for all drainage from the soil surrounding it. As the well is to be operated by power furnished by a windmill, it will be an easy matter to take the water to the barn. The cost of the well should be secondary consideration. Sanitary conditions should be considered first of all.

WHEN THE DUCKS BEGIN TO FLY

BY H. D. TRIEPER, JR.

DUCK shooting at its best has been to me an exhausting form of amusement to say the least. For instance, there was the time we sat out in our blind at Hemlock Beach and had an intermittent rain pour upon us for ten hours, without a single bird coming to stool to reward our patience; meanwhile we watched a couple of gunners in a battery out in the bay bag birds every few minutes. We could see a cloud of birds flying low over the water, head straight for this battery, and, with the uprising of the gunners for their shot, soar upward on hurried wings, while the sharp crack of smokeless and a couple of splashes announced the success of their shots. We learned later that battery shooting had netted these gunners more than their share of birds, and I resolved then and there that my next try at ducks would be from a battery.

The next trip took place on schedule time and in a battery, a single battery. It looked good to see the brant get up in clouds as we rowed out into the bay, and I could hardly wait until I was set out in shipshape order waiting for the sport to begin. But it didn't begin—not that trip. The birds were flying and seemed anxious to stool, judging from the bunch of brant that settled just out of gunshot from me, but as for me I was too busy bailing out the battery to take a shot. A head fender that was too short in the choppy sea coupled with a battery that leaked a bit, made me resolve once more to leave duck shooting for those who liked that strenuous form of amusement, and to stick to upland shooting.

But after you are home a couple of weeks, and you get a letter saying the birds are flying, together with an invitation to take another crack at them, you remember the long tracks of salt marsh, the peculiar bracing tang to the air, you dream a bit, and—you've simply got to go again.

Well, the letter came as it usually does, and I went as I usually do. And as usual it rained. The greater part of the night was spent hoping the rain would clear off, fixing up the stool, and getting ready for the morning.

It was still raining when we got up before daybreak; but rain or no rain I was determined to see the bay anyway, so we harnessed the horse, and with the guns, stool, lunch, and the rest of the junk, in the rig, set off for Babylon in the downpour. The rain stopped after we got to the bay and our spirits revived. Putting all the junk into a bag we set off across the marsh and finally got into a small duck boat in which we intended crossing the bay, Jack's sloop being hauled up for the winter. In the natural course of events we got set out and things went along nicely. Jack got into a duck boat he had on that side of the bay, and after setting out a quarter of a mile or so to the windward it began to look like we were to have the sort of a trip you read about.

There were six broadbills and a couple of black ducks under the salt hay at my feet, when the wind started to blow. Of course it had been blowing ever since we started out but now it began to b-l-o-w-*blow.* I was behind a small point of marsh and sheltered to a certain extent, but when the spray from the other side of that point began to splatter over me, I was not surprised to see Jack pull out from his exposed position and pole down to me. Just before he got there, a shelldrake came along boring into the wind a few feet over the water on some very pressing business judging from the way he was going, but I felt duty-bound to pay my respects to him, and he tumbled prettily with a broken wing. We had taken but one pair of oars with us, and in trying to get that shelldrake I snapped one of the oars at the blade—we found out later it was worm-eaten.

Jack only remarked: "Looks like we'll have to stay here till this breeze o' wind goes down," and I knew that the little god of misfortune who usually perches on my shoulder on my gunning trips had not forsaken me. By this time it was out of the question to try to shoot against that wind, or even lie in the boats, so we got on some dry seaweed fifty feet or so from the shore and had a smoke. We put our hopes on the wind dying down with the sun; but it wasn't that kind of a wind, for when Fire Island light started to twinkle it spat on its hands, so to speak, and started to blow "a livin' gale," as Jack said.

Since there was to be no chance for home that night we started to make ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The duck boats were pulled up on the shore and laid side by side. Four stout poles found among the driftwood, of which there was plenty, were used to form two inverted V's, one at the bow and stem of each boat, and with another log for a ridgepole we had the skeleton of a hut. It only needed a bunch of small sticks running from the ridgepole to the ground and plenty of eelgrass, which can be found on any marsh on the Great South Bay, on top of that, and we had a hut that would at least shelter us from the wind

for the night. All our food had been eaten at noontime so we crawled into our huts supperless to find what comfort we could in a smoke. Now, when you crawl into a duck boat and shove your wet feet under the deck and lie in such a manner as to get some degree of comfort, you are up against it, no matter how tired you may be. Even though the bottom was covered a foot deep with salt hay, I can remember exactly how many ribs that boat had and just how far apart they were. There is no use telling how often we awoke that night, it was the longest night of my existence. It was only about 36° above, and we were wet. However, there's an end to everything, and when I saw a faint, pink glow in the East, I jumped up and made a fire which we hugged to thaw out, for the wind was still doing business at the old stand.

The pink glow chased the purple shadows away and the stars grew dim. The opposite shore began to take form, and we could see the spires of Babylon through the haze. A meadow lark whistled, and a yellow-leg called querulously. Cold, hunger, and thirst were forgotten in the wondrous beauty of the sunrise, when — the ducks began to fly.

As if by a signal they came boring into the wind in bunches of six to a dozen, necks stretched, wings fluttering rapidly, and a never-to-be-forgotten picture they were limned against the grayish blue of the cloudless sky. A picture that paid well for the hunger and weariness we felt. Did I say weariness? It was gone at the sight of the birds, gone too, were hunger and thirst, to be replaced by an overpowering desire to get set out again for just one more try at them.

The wind moderated long enough to get fourteen when it started in all over again, so I concluded it was about time to make an attempt to get home. The broken oar was laced together with some cord from the anchors of the stool and we started out in the teeth of the gale. There is no need of telling how many times we stuck on the mud flats, or how the spray drenched us, or how the glare of the sun on the water blinded the oarsman, or how, when after a row of three and a half hours, the boat's nose grated on the beach and we were too stiff to get up.

I resolved then and there, no more duck shooting; but what a difference when we were washed, a good meal under our belts, a cup of steaming coffee at our elbows and a pipe in our mouth! A feeling of content stole over us and in spite of the tussle we had, "it was a good trip after all" wasn't it, Jack?

All this happened last December, and the old gun is in its case well oiled and ready for use. For in spite of my resolve to let duck shooting alone, I can't forget how they looked as they came fluttering along, or the thrill I felt when the gun cracked, as they hung poised for an instant to fall with a splash that sent the ripples in an ever-widening circle.

MUSCULAR WORK, APPETITE AND ENERGY

BY G. ELLIOT FLINT

THERE is an odd notion current that man is a kind of vessel, in some compartment of which he has a definite supply of energy; and it is thought to be of vital importance that he conserve this energy as much as possible. We hear constantly such phrases as, "Saving the strength," and, "Wasting the energy." Now, as a matter of fact, free expenditure of energy and a considerable employment of strength are absolutely necessary for the existence, in any great degree, of both. Naturally, there are gradations. One who expends little will possess little, and as he expends more he will have more, provided he goes not beyond what his system can bear. The more energetic about us are, therefore, those who give out much energy; while those are least energetic, even when occasion requires action, who save themselves most. Though some persons are naturally more energetic than others, yet energy can be acquired by any sound man or woman, however indolent he or she may be naturally, just as easily as strength can be acquired; and, curiously enough, the only way to acquire it is to expend at certain regular intervals the little that one has.

If the above proposition seems strange, a little reflection will show any one that, as in physiology, the same principle holds good in finance. If one wishes to make money he must spend it, and, if his business methods are sound, the more the outlay, the greater will be the return.

This is an age of over-much conservation, so far as physical energy is concerned. A certain class work prodigiously with their brains, and utterly neglect all bodily

exercises; and they expect to escape the consequences of this neglect by lessening their amount of food. But they deceive themselves. As the water in a pool which has no outlet becomes stale and at last foul, so the blood in man becomes foul when it does not freely circulate. Again, however trite the observation may seem, the fact in its practical significance is often lost sight of, that you cannot force new matter into a body from which the old matter has not escaped. There must be the need and capacity to receive the new matter. It is by reason of this principle that men who do no physical work have poor appetites, and can hardly digest the little food they force into themselves. In contrast to these are those who take much physical exercise; they eat largely, and are benefited by their food, because there is previous need, manifested by sharp appetite. Energy comes from food only if the food is appropriated after it has been digested; when there is no need for it, it is merely eliminated. So I repeat that to get energy we must give out energy.

We are told that we eat too much; that we can live on less food, and that therefore we should. But it is a serious thing to weaken the nutritive functions; and we assuredly weaken them by cultivating the habit of eating little. Rather should we sharpen the appetite by more work, and thus strengthen them. The writer has always found that, after any kind of hard physical work, he could eat hugely and digest perfectly. Laborers are usually large eaters, are not nice about quality, and, yet, rarely realize they have stomachs. The dyspeptic American needs not to eat less, but to work more and to eat more.

It is as easy to cultivate a strong stomach, on the vigor of which our amount of energy depends, as it is to cultivate strong biceps. But our method should be the reverse of "babying" it. Not that I suggest indiscriminately overloading it with rich foods. There are plain foods, such as beefsteak, boiled rice and a variety of fresh vegetables, which, to the healthy appetite that has resulted from a proper amount of work, taste infinitely better than the so-called made dishes: and these should be eaten in quantities that completely satisfy. I do not believe in leaving the table hungry. I never do, and I am never troubled with dyspepsia; indeed, did I know nothing of physiology, I would not know there was such a process as digestion. Though these remarks are quite personal, my excuse for interpolating them is that I thought it might interest some to know the effect the practice of my dietetic beliefs have had on myself. Perhaps some will think that my digestion is naturally strong. But I assure them that the contrary is the fact. As a boy my stomach was so wretchedly weak that the simplest breakfast usually made me sick; and even as a young man my digestion was not specially good. Now, at the age of thirty-seven, I can eat anything, in any reasonable quantity, and digest it perfectly.

Statistics have shown the great value of abundant food. Dr. J. Robertson, an eminent surgeon of Manchester, Eng., has remarked that the families of working people, when well fed, maintained their health surprisingly, even while living in cellars. And he observed that during four years of prosperity the number of fever cases admitted into the Manchester House of Recovery were 421 per annum, while in two pinching years 1,207 cases per annum were admitted.

The ultimate effect of curtailing the food supply is to weaken the stomach so that it cannot digest what it once could easily. Thus the source from which our energy is derived is weakened to our great detriment. Now as man is really no stronger than his stomach, and as "good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both," should we not rather seek to strengthen the stomach by giving it exercise, than to enfeeble it by dieting? I think we should, and I think that persons with common sense will agree with me; Chittenden, Horace Fletcher and other dietarians notwithstanding. Loss of weight is the first symptom of failing health; and cutting the food supply invariably causes loss of weight.

To develop strong muscles we train them gradually to do strong work. In the same way we can, by judicious care, accustom even a weak stomach to digest hearty meals. But we cannot do this by forcing into the stomach more food than it calls for; we must first create the need of a greater quantity by a proper amount of bodily exercise. Of all cures for dyspepsia with its accompanying languor, exercise is the best cure I know of.

Many middle-aged women, who are rather stout, but young and fresh-looking, diet with the idea of improving their appearance. But is their appearance improved by this method? They lose a few pounds, but their faces become haggard and wrinkled; and did they realize that their "Banting" had aged their looks about ten years, I think they would have remained as they were. In pronounced obesity the most effective remedy is exercise, gradually made vigorous, supplemented by a *change* of diet, but never by semi-starvation.

We shall consider now what kind of exercise develops the most energy. The slight, muscular contractions of light exercises can be repeated successively many times; which shows that each contraction requires but little energy. On the other hand, heavy exercises, requiring as they do much energy for their contractions, cannot be often repeated successively. Whence it follows that only those who have much energy can perform heavy exercises; whereas those with but little energy can perform light exercises. The exclusive

pursuit of light exercises will, then, not form much energy, for the simple reason that it is not required. But any sound man can, by proper training, learn to perform heavy exercises, and these will inevitably form a large amount of energy; for did they not the exercises could not be performed.

How this energy is produced in the latter case is interesting. When a considerable weight is lifted, or when the body's weight is raised high and thrown forward or backward by means of the arms or legs, the muscles must be contracted powerfully through energetic explosions of the nervous force. Moreover, the circulation is greatly accelerated, particularly in the muscles used; and this devolves hard work upon the lungs and heart. Thus do heavy exercises quickly deplete the body of energy. Then follows rest, which, if sufficiently prolonged, results in sharp appetite, eager digestion and quick repair. Ultimately the body becomes accustomed to, and easily capable of, the heavy exercises; thus proving that it has acquired the capacity to form sufficient energy to meet the successive expenditures.

It is true that light exercises also, when prolonged, use up much energy; but the stimulation of the entire system being not nearly so intense as it is in heavy exercises, the bodily capacity of forming energy is increased by light exercises in a by no means equal degree. Long-continued light exercise, if repeated daily, uses up more energy than the body can form.

We see the above theory often exemplified. Postmen, who walk all day, are usually haggard and tired looking. Silk-winders in factories, whose days are spent in unremitting light toil, obviously lack energy. In fact all whose callings tax their endurance, and athletes who establish records in endurance tests, alike seem deficient in vitality and are rarely long-lived.

The exhilaration that is felt after vigorous exercise is altogether wanting after prolonged lighter work. What woman has not experienced the depression that follows a shopping tour, or the languor and *ennui* consequent on her eternal round of small duties? For such, vigorous exercise of any kind, performed, say three times a week, would stimulate the formation of energy, and make their tiresome, but necessary duties, less exhausting.

It is a principle in physiology that the greater the muscular activity, the greater is the general organic activity that follows it; or, in other words, when exercise is vigorous, the formation of energy through the nutritive functions is very great; whence results an augmentation rather than a diminution of energy. But light exercise stimulates the organic functions not much more than no exercise; so, in this case, when much energy is used up if the exercise be prolonged, there ensues a depression, sometimes amounting to an almost complete exhaution.

How long-continued light strain is more prostrating in its after-effects than a heavier strain can possibly be, may be clearly seen by an illustration. Suppose a man "puts up" a five-pound dumb-bell until he can put it up no more. The effect in the muscles involved is to leave them not sufficient energy to raise the light weight of five pounds. But this effect cannot be attained by putting up a fifty-pound weight as many times as possible; for the muscles will still retain enough energy to put up immediately forty pounds. If this statement be doubted the "Thomas" can easily convince himself by trying the experiment.

To sum up: Light exercise, when prolonged, consumes much energy and forms less—in fact, can be carried almost to the point of exhaustion; whereas, heavy exercises, while they also consume much energy, form *more*, and absolutely cannot be continued until there is exhaustion, because such work, obviously, can be performed only by comparatively fresh muscles.

I have mentioned the above facts relative to the respective effects of light and of heavy exercises the more particularly because the latter do not hold the high place in modern physical culture that they deserve. Calisthenics and light exercises generally have a value; but the claims made for them as regenerators of mankind have lately become so absurd that it is well to know their limitations.

Still another effect of prolonged light exercises or exercises of endurance deserves mention for its important bearing on the general health. Using the muscles of course draws the blood to them *away* from the internal organs. Now this does not affect deleteriously the internal organs unless the muscles are employed too constantly. But if muscular work be continued for several hours each day—and only comparatively *light* muscular work can be so long continued—then these organs do suffer, and this is detrimental to health; for health depends far more on the organic, than on the muscular strength. This (organic deterioration due to too-prolonged muscular work) is probably one reason why many athletes who place a high value on feats of endurance die young.

That I may not be misunderstood I shall now say plainly what I mean by "heavy work." Certainly, I do not mean work requiring excessive strain. In dumb-bell exercises there is no weight which I would advise all, or even the majority of persons to use; for what would be a proper weight for one would be not proper for another. Here, however, is a rule which every reader may apply to his particular case. Whether you raise two weights to the shoulders and put both up simultaneously to straight arm above the head; whether you "see-saw" them—that is, put up each alternately,

lowering one as you raise the other; or whether you put up a single weight with one arm; use weights with which you can repeat the movement successively about five times. Such a weight will be neither too heavy nor too light, and there will be little danger of overstrain. Increase the weights as your strength increases, and you will soon grow strong enough to perform with ease exercises requiring considerable strength. If a chest-weight is used—and this apparatus is especially suited to women and children—repeat each of the various movements, which can be learned from pamphlets describing them, from fifteen to twenty times. When you can repeat more than that number of times make the weights heavier. The many exercises on parallel, and horizontal, bars are also excellent for developing strength and energy, as the raising and propelling of the body's weight necessitate strong contractions.

We come now to the usually neglected, but really the most important, part of physical culture as it relates to the formation of energy—namely, rest. Very vigorous exercises should not be repeated daily. One hour and a half a week distributed in half-hours on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, or on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, is not only amply sufficient, but will produce the best results. But when you work, work. Don't play at calisthenics, or at heel-and-toe drills. But always after the heavy work go through some active quick movements for a few minutes, such as running, boxing, or punching the bag.

Strenuous exercises, as I have said, necessitate a large expenditure of energy; but they also favor the after formation of as much, or more, energy than that used. Thus, during the alternate days of rest, particularly during the two full days of comparative rest, the natural vigor of the system, much augmented by the hard, regular exercise, easily forms more than enough energy to meet the next expenditure. Furthermore, in the days of comparative rest, the blood, enriched by the digestive processes which have been made more vigorous by the half-hours of sharp work, is not drawn from the internal organs, which consequently derive the full benefit of the blood's increased nutritive power.

Surely such a result is worth while! The plan saves time (any man can snatch an hour and a half a week from his duties), keeps exercise from becoming monotonous, and benefits health as much as it increases strength. By thus exercising and resting there is at no time a depletion of energy—"staleness," but always a feeling of well-being! We entirely miss the languor due to the lowered vitality resulting from constant, grinding muscular work; and these benefits with no interference with other important duties! For illustration: what bounding energy is manifest in the horse that has remained in the stable a day, as contrasted with the spiritless nag that plods the same weary round daily.

The above simple system of training has enabled the writer to retain his full muscular power for the past twenty years—a long time to keep in condition; and what he has done almost any one can do.

Then, when we consider that, by accustoming the body to withstand hard work, we thereby render its ordinary duties far easier of accomplishment, besides making it fit to undergo the strain of prolonged mental labor, we are perforce impressed with the great value of a system which has the added distinct advantage of exacting a very little time.

As to the amount of work necessary on exercising days; that will depend entirely upon the strength and endurance of the subject. A safe general rule is to discontinue any exercise as soon as the muscles have become too tired to perform it vigorously. After a rest of a few minutes, the exercise may be renewed, and continued until the muscles again begin to tire. Exercises, interrupted by rests, may be renewed until a point is reached where the muscles feel tired at the very commencement of the exercise; at that point stop for that day. If you do not, you will lose at least what you have gained, and perhaps more.

Painting by Roy Martell Mason.

She comes to serve us with a cigarette in her mouth—and we realize that we have escaped Americanized Puerto Rico.

THE
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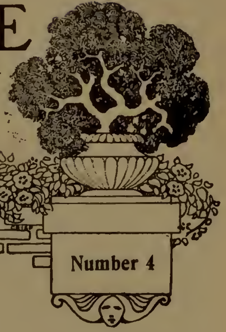

JANUARY, 1909

ON TO MARCO PASS

A TRIP THAT FAILED

BY A. W. DIMOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY JULIAN A. DIMOCK

WE BEGAN the trip in canoes but ended it in an ox-cart. We paddled and wallowed through two hundred miles of flower-clad lakes and boggy, moccasin-infested trails, zigzagging from border to border of the Florida Everglades, and were hauled for five days over pine-covered stretches of sand, across submerged prairies, and through sloughs of the Big Cypress country, but we failed to reach the big lake by twenty-five miles.

Last year we crossed the 'Glades, from west to east, in a power boat, over the deepest water known for a decade. This year, from Cape Sable to Lake Okechobee, we could seldom find water to float a canoe.

Last year's trip was a picnic. That of this year—wasn't. But it was worth a dozen picnics and, after all, the hardest work was of our own compelling.

The explorers were the Florida-man, the camera-man and the scribe. We wanted a guide to the Indian camps of the Everglades and the Big Cypress Swamp, and an interpreter after we got there, but such of the Everglade Indians as had a smattering of English shook their heads when interviewed and said "*oko suckescha*" (water all gone) so we finally engaged a Pine-land Seminole—Charley Tommy—with the English vocabulary of a third-class parrot, who agreed to go with us as guide and interpreter. As an interpreter he was useful, but if he had any knowledge of the Everglades I never detected it, nor do I recall a time when he wasn't lost. But then he was "a amoosin' kuss" and really earned his pay. His promise to meet us at Everglade in two weeks had been a solemn one, ending with a dramatic "Me no lie!" He was on hand at the appointed time, but neither drew himself up to his full height and pointed to a shadow cast by the sun, nor even recited "The Seminole's Reply." No, the descendant of Osceola was too drunk. He said to us with much reiteration, "Lilly water in 'Glades, me think so, most dry." Some days later we concluded that he was less drunk at that time than we had given him credit for.

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Our adventures began early. The smooth Gulf invited us and we went forth in the tiny canoe and the baby power boat for the run down the coast.

Into the pines of scrub palmetto the half-wild razor-backs would bring their families at the call of our driver.

"Bill Brown's." The "bust" occurred when we tried an ox-team to haul us out.

At Osceola's camp, where we stopped for a day, there was a distilling device—presumably used to purify the water.

The water shoaled until we could hardly budge the canoe which seemed glued to the bottom. It was a year of unprecedented drought.

The launch, from the cruising boat, towed our little canoe, loaded with the impedimenta of the trip, down the coast to the rendezvous at Everglade. A little below Cape Romano a high wind from the southwest built up a sea that broke over the launch and made us bail furiously to keep the motor from being drowned, while the little fifteen-foot canoe rode the waves like a duck. At Everglade we were joined by the Florida-man and the Seminole, and added to our outfit a canoe of similar model, but eighteen feet long. The two were to carry us to Okechobee. Their aggregate weight was 140 pounds, less than their cargo of plates and camera. Such non-essentials as food and clothing cut very little ice. We wore the latter and a little grub goes a long way when one is out for a bigger purpose than pandering to his stomach. A light canvas sheet sometimes served as a sail by day and occasionally kept out a little rain at night. We used the launch to tow the canoes through the labyrinth of bays and rivers of the Ten Thousand Islands to the head of Lossman's River. Our boatman borrowed Johnny, an Everglade boy of thirteen, an alligator hunter from his cradle, to help him find his way back. When we started, Johnny took the wheel with an air of grown-up nonchalance that ended in his falling overboard in the first half-mile.

"Want to go back and get some more clothes, Johnny?" asked the cameraman.

"Nope, got 'em all on," replied the dripping boy.

I had resolved to make a chart of our route, and for twenty miles watched the needle and covered pages of pad with estimates and courses until I had boxed the compass a dozen times. The thought of plotting out that spider's web made me tired, and as I scattered my torn notes among the keys I caught a twinkle in the eye of the Florida-man as he said:

"That's right, throw 'em away, you can't learn this country that way."

"I ought to know it," I replied. "All your navigation among these islands is by rule of thumb and I believe you're lost half

the time, only your superb assurance conceals the fact."

As we passed through Alligator Bay we looked sadly upon the abandoned rookery of plume birds, where the attempt of the Audubon Society and other friends of the birds to save the few remaining egrets had been thwarted by the unprecedented dryness of the season, which so narrowed down the feeding places of the birds that the Indians were able to get them all. We renewed our acquaintance of last year with the crooked creeks which led to the network of shallow lakes and bays that lay between the Everglades and the heads of Lossmans, Rogers and Broad Rivers, cutting our way through tangles of vines and other vegetation, and were again worried by wasps above and moccasins below. At dusk we landed on Possum Key, pleasantly planted in the middle of a bay and convenient for the solitude-seeking convicts of the neighborhood. Our blankets, when laid down for the night, nearly covered the tiny island, and I lay upon mine in luxurious ease while the boys began to rustle some grub. Soon I felt something running over my neck, several somethings in fact, and tried to brush them off. Then, in the language of our hunter-boy, "I sat up and squalled." An army of big black ants, each from one half to three fourths of an inch long, was advancing upon us, biting like bulldogs whenever they got a chance. We embarked in record time and made for Onion Key, a possible camping-ground in the next bay, which was encompassed by heavy foliage above and dense undergrowth beneath. This, too, we found occupied by what the Florida-man impertinently called "Jersey hummingbirds."

The boys made a fire and cooked something which no one ate but the Indian, who sat unconcernedly on a log, enveloped in a halo of mosquitoes which settled on his bare legs until he appeared to be wearing gray trousers.

The rest of us had rigged up our mosquito bars and crawled under them as quickly as possible, without even the customary precaution of exploring the ground for rattlesnakes and moccasins. In the

When we met Miami Jimmy, Tommy and he exchanged salute ceremonious and drank it in *whyome.*

At Rocky Creek we bade farewell to the power boat and to the outside world.

Then began weary days of hauling the canoes, wallowing through soft, sticky mud, often sinking to the sharp-pointed rocks beneath, along trails infested with venomous moccasins. Days that seemed endless, under a sun that heated the water until it scalded our feet.

After days of heartbreaking hauls in an unsuccessful attempt to reach Okechobee we headed for the boat landing. With an improvised sail of Indian make and the slogan "Bill Brown's or Bust!" we made the trading post.

morning we broke camp and embarked with no thought of breakfast until we were out in a bay, a hundred yards from shore, where, free from insects, we ate a cold, unsatisfying lunch.

The waters now were well known to us, from months of manatee hunting, and the path to the 'Glades through Harney River was familiar, but the camp of Osceola, which we wished to visit, was by way of Rocky Creek. Our Pine-land Seminole was of no help in our search for the creek, which after some failures, we found. It was very shallow, and as the launch began to bump on the rocky bottom we got overboard and shifted cargoes, putting two days' rations and the rifle (for we carried no weapons ourselves) in the launch, and said good-bye to the boys. The Florida-man and the Seminole took the larger canoe, while the camera-man and the scribe got into the little one. Then, as we dipped our paddles in the water, with canoes pointed to the Everglades, the boy said in a low tone, "I wish I was goin' with you," and I sympathized with the child.

Neither canoe, loaded, drew over five inches, and for a time they slipped through the clear water at the rate of five or six miles an hour. Then the creek began to lose itself in the Everglades, thick grass held us back, poling took the place of paddling, and when the footing was fairly firm we often chose to wade and drag the canoes. We abandoned the meandering creek for an Indian trail which led in the direction of our choice, along sloughs through saw-grass and over marshes. Often for one or two hundred yards passage had been made possible by Indian-dug canals. The trail wound among little keys called heads, of bay, myrtle and cocoa-plums, and after following its turnings for three hours we arrived at Osceola's camp, only to find that it had been abandoned. A trail led northwest from the old camp, and we followed it for an hour, when a bit of dry ground on a little key tempted us to rest and lunch. After some coffee and canned stuff three of us reclined on the grass, but the Indian climbed a tree and lay down upon a branch. When, later, I asked him why he slept in a tree he said, "Redbug *ojus* (plenty)," adding, "sometime me want to scratch, then me like 'em."

We promptly took a kerosene bath, which became hereafter, during our stay in the 'Glades, our first duty in the morning and our last at night. The microscopic redbug is the dreaded wild beast of this country. Even hunters who will wade through mudponds filled with alligators, grab the unwounded reptile at the mouth of his cave, kick out of their way the moccasins in their paths and hardly turn aside for the royal rattler, will anxiously inquire before making camp, "Any redbugs here?"

As we progressed the water deepened a few inches and we floated on a broad meadow of white pond lilies, thousands to the acre, dotted every few hundred yards with fascinating little keys topped often with picturesque palmettoes and an occasional cypress or pine. We passed masses of bulrushes, strands of flags and fields of saw-grass. Fat limpkins watched us from near-by trees, ducks flew up from every bunch of grass and among the heron, which abounded, were a few plume birds. Sometimes we paddled up to a tiny mound, that floated in the shallow water, and admired the prettily constructed home of a diedipper, with its eggs which we were careful not to disturb beyond clipping off such blades of grass as were in the way of the camera-man.

In some of the nests we found newly hatched birds among the eggs. Once the Indian thrust quickly with his paddle and stepping overboard took from beneath its blade a water-turkey. In the afternoon our surroundings suddenly changed from dazzling sunshine to the alternate blaze and blackness of a tropical thunderstorm. We covered up our chattels and then hurried into rubber coats, not to keep dry, for we were already wetter from work than rain could have made us, but to escape the chill of cool water, wind-driven. Tommy scorned our weak devices and smiled superior as he lay down in the warm water of the 'Glades till the fury of the storm had passed. Just after the sun had set we discovered Tommy Osceola's new camp, only to find that it, too, had been abandoned. Excepting for Tommy himself this desertion was temporary, as Charley Jumper and others of Osceola's band were coming back to the camp. A few days later we met Tommy in the 'Glades and learned that he had made new matrimonial arrangements,

We followed trails in the 'Glades until they dried into mud paths.

The Florida-man and Tommy start for home—forty-five miles afoot.

For five days the scribe and the camera-man lived in this prairie schooner, with adventures ranging from being struck by lightning to continued attacks by the wild beasts of the region—the microscopic redbug.

having dropped his old wife and married again. Tommy Osceola was an Indian of modern ideas and one of the social aristocrats of his tribe. According to Seminole usage he had to leave his old camp and live with the family of his new squaw. As she was a widow with six children and Tommy already had a few of his own, it is doubtful if he escaped altogether the white man's burden. The camp was the conventional one of the well-to-do Seminole and contained such evidences of enlightenment as a sewing machine, a cane-mill and a device for distilling, intended, doubtless, to provide pure water for the family. We kept house in Osceola's camp for a day, to give the camera-man an innings, as he claimed that the absence of the family afforded unusual opportunities to one of his profession. We visited the fields of cane and corn that covered the patches of dry land on adjacent keys and utilized Indian implements to pulverize the latter and civilized methods to convert it into something more palatable than any Indian mess. When the hens cackled we negotiated with them for eggs at prices current in the settlements and put the cash therefor in their nests.

From Osceola's camp we traveled to the northeast, intending to work over to the eastern border of the Everglades. All hands toiled from daylight till dark and Tommy began to develop unrest, first asking to take the little canoe by himself, then wanting to rest altogether, but finally suggesting that some *whyome* (whiskey) would make him strong enough to go on. By good fortune we had anticipated this emergency. The next morning the Indian treated us to his views on temperance.

"Me got no sense. Head hurts *ojus*. Think so, too much *whyome* make Big Sleep (death) come pretty quick. Lilly bit *whyome* good, me want lilly bit now."

We found less and less water, and while Tommy dragged the little canoe, one of us pulled at the bow and another pushed at the stern of the big one, while the third rested. The one at the bow sometimes sank in the mud of the trail waist-deep, while the toiler at the stern could save himself by grabbing the canoe, but then the pilgrim in advance could usually see the moccasins in the trail while the other could only recognize them by their squirmy feel under his feet. During a noon rest on a little key where I had just killed a coiled and threatening moccasin, which occupied most of the bit of dry land on the island, I asked the Seminole if he had ever been bitten by a moccasin. "Um, um, six time. One time, walk in trail, push canoe, moccasin me no see 'em, bite in leg, sick *ojus* four week, me think so."

Thereafter we worked in pairs in dragging the canoe, walking on each side of the trail and carrying a pole between us to which the painter of the canoe was fastened. Day by day, with increasing frequency, reptiles appeared in the trail, but although my apprehensions became dulled, they were never fully quieted. The toil was incessant, the noonday sun pitiless, and the hot shallow water scalded our feet. Then for a time the trail improved and we met on it an old Indian in his canoe. Tommy exchanged a lot of gibberish with him of which we got the substance.

"Him Miami Jimmy, camp one mile, sick *ojus*, want lilly bit *whyome*."

We went with Jimmy to his camp of five Indians and a few squaws and pickaninnies. We were received without enthusiasm, excepting by an Indian dog with painfully sharp teeth, which rushed out and grabbed me by the leg. One of the Indians was a medicine-man and another his victim. Doctor Tiger, the patient, was in a bad way according to his voluble physician, who assured us that the trouble with his patient was heart disease and bad blood, that he had just bled him in thirty places taking out two quarts of blood, and would fix him in four months. The appearance of the patient indicated that he would succeed. With sundry trinkets and gay kerchiefs the camera-man secured the exclusive right to photograph the family, all and singular, but when the goods came to be delivered a string was found attached to them in the shape of impossible conditions of attitude, arrangement, surroundings and light, until the camera-man lost his temper, shut up his camera and used language regarding the entire Seminole tribe which it would have been imprudent to translate. As we worked toward the east coast the islands became fewer, pine, cypress and palmetto disappeared, and low as was the water it yet became difficult to find ground dry enough for a camp, and sometimes one

or two of us chose to sleep in a canoe. On one such night which I spent in a canoe we had three heavy rains. I rolled myself in a rubber blanket which partially protected me through the first one, but by the end of the second storm I was lying in about six inches of water, and after that had to sit up to keep from drowning. When the smoke of the factories and craft of the coast became visible we changed our course to the northwest and made our way back to the border land between the Everglades and the Big Cypress. Again the islands took on a greater variety of vegetation. Scattering cypress trees and beautiful strands of the same marked our approach to the Big Cypress Swamp. One morning we saw, about three miles to the westward, the top of a wooden building of which Tommy said:

"Me think so, Charley Tiger."

Following the line of least resistance the three miles became fifteen, and even then we hauled the canoe for half a mile over dry land through saw-grass. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at a building of boards, across the entire front of which was a home-painted sign:

"MR. CHARLEY TIGER TAIL'S STORE."

Back of the store was an orthodox Seminole camp, occupied only by squaws and pickaninnies, the men being absent. We camped there two nights and the camera-man spent one whole day in getting acquainted with some Indian girls. His efforts were unsuccessful until he assumed an Indian costume, consisting of a crimson shirt. This seemed to secure the confidence of the young ladies and they apparently overlooked the fact that he continued to wear trousers. The result of his efforts belongs to the story of the Indians. After one more zigzag to near the eastern border and a return to the more picturesque western side of the 'Glades, we headed north for Okechobee. One day we found water that floated our canoe and, as a high wind favored, converted our bit of canvas into a sail that in a few hours put many miles behind us. Once more the water gave out and we found Indian canoes abandoned on little keys for want of them. We met Indian hunters whom we knew, who had turned back from hunting because "*oko suckescha*." Tommy suddenly remembered that his pickaninnies were hungry and he must go home. A little *whyome* would have convinced him to the contrary, but that argument had been drunk up. As we struggled on, the work grew harder, keys and trees scarcer and moccasins multiplied. Camping on a little swampy key one night, the camera-man was struck in the face by a frog that jumped against his mosquito bar, and a moment later a struggle and a squeak beside him told that a snake had secured a supper and the disturber of his rest had been punished. There were twenty-five miles of nearly dry land and heavy saw-grass between us and the big lake, and an alligator hunter who met us as he was returning disgruntled from a hunt, dragging his canoe, summarized our prospects:

"Half a mile a day, over dry trails, through saw-grass twelve feet high, with no air and a d—d hot sun sizzling your brains."

The Florida-man could spare no more time, and conceding that the trip had failed, we decided to make for Boat Landing, locally known as Bill Brown's, on the western border of the Everglades. Tommy was a happy Indian when we turned back and told him that it was now "Bill Brown's or Bust," and every few minutes for a whole day he could be heard repeating to himself with a laugh:

"Bill Brown's or Bust."

From Brown's the Florida-man started on foot with Tommy, the former for a forty-five mile tramp home, over prairies and through swamps in the Big Cypress country. Brown put a couple of yoke of oxen to a cart, loaded on our canoes, and with two of his boys we started for the Caloosahatchee River to resume our interrupted itinerary. During the first hour of our journey we were struck by lightning, the team ran away, the boy who was driving was knocked down and I felt like a live wire. Our road lay in the northern end of the Big Cypress Swamp and ran through groves of palmetto, around heads of ash, maple, water and live oaks, bunches of cypress trees draped with Spanish moss and covered with orchids; meadows of wild sunflowers six to eight feet high, hiding all of the oxen but their backs; through swamps dense with undergrowth and dark with thick growing trees; and across sloughs of clear-flowing water beside which lay half-

finished Indian canoes fashioned from the trunks of great cypress trees that grew on its banks. Wild turkeys were abundant and tame, deer plentiful, and we flushed a number of flocks of quail. We had carried no guns in the 'Glades; it was weeks since we had eaten a Christian meal and therefore it was that no scrap of the turkey gobbler that was served for our first supper was left over for breakfast. It may have been a tame turkey—I asked no questions —but that night, as I rested on a fragrant bed of pennyroyal, I quieted my conscience with the reflection that *malum prohibitum* was not always *malum in se*. As the slow-moving oxen wore away the days, the landscape changed and in place of the flora of the swamp came areas of tall pines above a carpet of low-growing scrub palmetto, alternating with shallow ponds and meadows of grass from which half-wild cattle, wary as deer, gazed upon us with apprehensive eyes. One of the boys walked beside me, gathering specimens of grasses, weeds, flowers, herbs and vines, giving names and characteristics, knowledge born of a trip with a botanist. Cattle recognized his voice at the distance of a mile, half-wild razor-backs brought their families to him from half that distance and owls held conversation with him at night. When we traveled after dark the camera-man and I rode in the cart. By day we could see the venomous snakes which filled the fields and swamps and overflowed upon the road. I don't know how many we killed. We were at it most of the time.

The camera-man spent a day in getting acquainted with the Indian maidens, but succeeded only after he had donned a scarlet Seminole shirt.

When we reached the big flower garden known as the Caloosahatchee River the camera-man and the scribe got into the larger canoe and, towing the other, paddled down the stream. Wind and tide are the landscape gardeners of this river, at one hour filling it from bank to bank with the lovely water hyacinth; at another breaking the mass up into islands and banks of flowers of many sizes and forms, arranging and re-arranging them with kaleidoscopic effect and suddenness. We

paddled among these gorgeous masses, drinking in their beauty of color and design, regardless of the anathemas with which boatmen of all degrees had weighted each bunch of them.

Until noon the day was dazzling, but it was the storm month, and it made good by piling up masses of black clouds in the east and sending down a deluge of rain that shut from our sight the river's bank. We covered up camera and plates and prepared for a ducking, when—the storm that was within a hundred yards melted away and not a drop of water fell on us. The tide was against us for the last ten miles of the river, but a canoe oughtn't to be troubled by a tide, and we made the mouth of the river that night as we had planned. We left the smaller canoe at Punta Rassa, to follow us in the mail boat, as in case of bad weather in the Gulf of Mexico even one canoe would keep us busy. We filled a fifty pound lard can with ice obtained from a fish boat, wrapped it in a blanket and put it in the middle of the canoe. Every half-hour of our labor we laid down our paddles long enough to dip a cup of ambrosia from the can.

At daylight as we were starting out of the pass for our forty-mile paddle down the coast, we were passing the yacht of a retired admiral of the Japanese navy, when its owner hailed us:

"Where are you going?"

"Marco," said I.

"Not in that thing?" inquired the admiral.

"Yep," I replied.

"You're a couple of children and I wish to heaven I were going with you," came to us as we dipped our paddles into the water.

Every minute of the trip down the coast was a distinct pleasure. The wind was fresh, and there was exhilaration in the waves, increasing to excitement as we crossed the breakers at the mouths of the many passes. About noon, when off Little Hickory Pass the camera-man said he wished we had something more substantial for lunch than the pie and fruit a girl had put up for us. Just as he spoke a fat pompano jumped into the canoe and we promptly paddled through the surf and soon were sitting in the shade of a palmetto, eating broiled pompano and drinking iced lemonade.

The wind freshened and held us back, while the waves grew bigger and darkness found us ten miles from our destination. We again ran the canoe through the surf to the shore and slept on the beach until the rising of the moon. Then, in the solemn beauty of its light which was reflected from the white crests of breaking waves and rested brightly on the beach save where it was crossed by dark shadows of tall palmettoes, we paddled silently down the coast and at midnight, passing between the palms that guard the entrance to Marco Pass, finished the trip that failed.

HOW SUMATRA PIRATES TOOK THE "FRIENDSHIP"

XII—OLD SALEM SHIPS AND SAILORS

BY RALPH D. PAINE

THE first American vessel to load pepper on the coast of Sumatra was the Salem schooner *Rajah* in 1805, and the last ship under the stars and stripes to seek a cargo on that coast was the *Australia* of Salem, in 1860. Between these years the trade with that far-off island was chiefly in the hands of the merchants and shipmasters of Salem. When the United States frigate *Potomac* was ordered to the East Indies seventy-five years ago with instructions to prepare charts and sailing directions of the Sumatra coast to aid American mariners, her commander reported that "this duty has been much more ably performed than it could have been with our limited materials. For this important service our country is indebted to Capt. Charles M. Endicott and Capt. James D. Gillis of Salem, Massachusetts. The former, who was master of the *Friendship* when she was seized by the Malays at Qualah-Battoo has been trading on this coast for more than fifteen years, during which period he has, profitably for his country, filled up the delay incident to a pepper voyage, by a careful and reliable survey of the coast, of which no chart was previously extant that could be relied on."

Captain Endicott of the *Friendship* not only risked his vessel amid perils of stranding along these remote and uncharted shores, but also encountered the graver menaces involved in trading with savage and treacherous people who were continually on the alert to murder the crews and capture the ships of these dauntless American traders. Notwithstanding all of Captain Endicott's precautions and shrewdness born of long experience, he was at length overtaken by the fate which befell others of these pioneers in Malaysian waters. The story of the tragedy of the *Friendship* is typical of the adventures of the Salem shipmasters of the long ago, and Captain Endicott, like many of his fellow mariners, possessed the gift of writing such a narrative in a clean-cut and vigorous fashion, which makes it well worth while presenting in his own words. Perhaps because they told of things simply as they had known and seen and done them, without straining after literary effect, these old-fashioned sea captains of Salem were singularly able writers, self-taught and educated as they were, jumping from school in the forecastle at twelve or fourteen years of age.

For the entertainment of his comrades and friends of Salem, Captain Endicott put pen to paper and told them what had happened to him and his ship on the coast of Sumatra in the year 1831. Somewhat condensed, this virile chapter of salt-water history runs as follows: *

"The ship *Friendship*, of this place, under my command, sailed from Salem for the west coast of Sumatra, with a crew of seventeen men, including officers and seamen, on the 26th of May, 1830. On the 22d September following we touched first at the port of Qualah Battoo (*i.e.*, in English, Rocky River), in Lat. 3° 48 m North. We remained here for the purposes of trade, until the 5th of November following, at which time, having obtained all the pepper of the old crop, and the new pepper

*From The Historical Collections of the Essex Institute.

not coming in until March or April, we left that port, and in prosecution of our voyage visited several others, and finally returned to Pulo Kio (*i.e.*, in English, Wood Island), about two miles from Qualah Battoo the latter part of January, 1831, intending to remain there until the coming in of the pepper crop.

"One bright moonlight night, shortly after our arrival at this place, I was awakened by the watch informing me that a native boat was approaching the ship in a very stealthy manner, and under suspicious circumstances. I immediately repaired on deck, and saw the boat directly in our wake under the stern, the most obvious way to conceal herself from our observation, and gradually approaching us with the utmost caution, without the least noise or apparent propelling powers, the oars being struck so lightly in the water that its surface was scarcely ruffled. Having watched their proceedings a few minutes, we became convinced it was a reconnoitering party, sent to ascertain how good a look-out was kept on board the ship, and intending to surprise us for no good purpose, to say the least, if they were not discovered.

"We therefore hailed them in their own dialect, asking them where they came from, what they wanted, and why they were approaching the ship in such a tiger-like manner. We could see that all was instantly life and animation on board her, and after a few moments we received an answer that they were friends from Qualah Battoo, with a load of smuggled pepper, which they were desirous to dispose of to us. We, however, positively forbade them to advance any nearer the ship, or to come along side; but, after considerable discussion, we at length gave our consent for them to come *abreast* the ship at a respectful distance, and we would send some of our own men on board to ascertain if their story was correct, and if there was nothing suspicious about her, on their giving up their side arms we would rig a whip upon the main yard, and in this way take on board their pepper, and allow one man to come on board ship to look after it.

"All our own crew had, in the meantime, been mustered and armed, and a portion of them placed as sentinels on each side the gangway. In this manner we passed on board some 50 or 60 bags of pepper. We were afterwards informed by the 2d officer, that while this was going forward, the chief officer, who subsequently lost his life, was secretly scoffing at these precautions, attributing them to cowardice, and boasting he could clear the decks of a hundred such fellows with a single handspike. This boat, we ascertained, was sent by a young man named Po Qualah, the son of the Pedir Rajah, for the express purpose which we had suspected; the pepper having been put on board merely as an excuse in case they should be discovered. It was only a sort of parachute, let off to see from what quarter the wind blew, as a guide in their future evil designs upon us.

"Strict regulations were then established for the security and protection of the ship. In the absence of the captain, not more than two Malays were to be permitted on board at the same time; and no boats should be allowed to approach her in the night time upon any pretence whatever, without calling an officer. Then mustering all hands upon the quarterdeck, I made a few remarks, acquainting them with my apprehensions, and impressing on their minds the importance of a good look-out, particularly in the night, and expressed my firm conviction that vigilance alone would prevent the surprise and capture of the ship and the sacrifice of all our lives. Having thus done all we could to guard against surprise, and put the ship in as good a state of defence as possible; keeping her entire armament in good and efficient order, and firing every night an eight o'clock gun, to apprise the natives that we were not sleeping upon our posts, we commenced taking in pepper, and so continued for three or four days, the Malays appearing very friendly.

"On Monday, February 7, 1831, early in the morning, while we were at breakfast, my old and tried friend, Po Adam, a native well-known to traders on this coast, came on board in a small canoe from his residence at Pulo Kio, in order to proceed on shore in the ship's boat, which shortly after started with the 2d officer, four seamen and myself. On our way Po Adam expressed much anxiety for the safety of the ship, and also an entire want of confidence in Mr. Knight, the first officer, remarking in his broken English, '*he no look sharp, no understand Malay-man.*'

"When we reached the landing we were kindly received, as usual. The natives were bringing in pepper very slowly; only now and then a single Malay would make his appearance with a bag upon his head, and it was not until nearly 3 o'clock in the afternoon that sufficient was collected to commence weighing; and between 3 and 4 o'clock the first boat started from the shore. The natives were, however, still bringing in pepper, with a promise of another boat load during the day. This was a mere subterfuge to keep us on shore.

"As the boat was passing out of the river, I noticed her stop off one of the points, and believing it to be the object of her crew to steal pepper, and secrete it among the neighboring high grass, two men were sent down to look after them. They soon returned, remarking that there appeared to be nothing wrong. The ship lay about three-fourths of a mile from the shore, and between the scale-house and the beach there was a piece of rising ground, so that standing at the scales we could just see the ship's topgallant yards.

"I had observed a vessel in the offing in the course of the day, apparently approaching this place or Soosoo, and, being at leisure, walked up towards the beach to ascertain if she had hoisted any national colours. The instant I had proceeded far enough to see our ship's hull, I observed the pepper-boat, which was at this time within two or three hundred feet of her as she rose on the tops of the swell, appeared to have a large number of men in her. My suspicions were instantly aroused that there was something wrong, and I returned to question the men who were sent down to the mouth of the river.

Friendship, of Salem.

"I was then informed, for the first time, that as they had approached the boat 6 or 7 Malays jumped up from the high grass and rushed on board her; and as she passed out of the river, they saw her take in from a ferryboat, that was passing, about the same number; but as they all appeared to be '*youngsters*,' to use their own expression,

they did not think the circumstance of sufficient importance to mention it. They were reprimanded for such an omission of duty, accompanied with the remark:

"'Your youngsters, as you call them, will, I suspect, be found old enough in iniquity, at least, to capture the ship, if once admitted upon her decks.'

"The words of Po Adam, that morning, that '*Mr. Knight no look sharp, no understand Malay-man,*' now struck me with their full force, and I appealed to Mr. Barry, the 2d officer, for his opinion as to what would be Mr. Knight's probable course, remarking '*he certainly will not disobey his orders.*' Mr. Barry, however, expressed his fears as to the result, remarking he knew so well the contempt which Mr. Knight entertained for these people, 'that he will probably conclude your precautions to be altogether unnecessary, and that he can allow them to come on board with impunity, without your ever knowing anything of the circumstances, and no harm will come of it.'

"I should have remarked, that on my own way up the beach, just before, I passed near a tree, under the shade of which a group of 10 or 12 natives were apparently holding a consultation, and, as I approached, all conversation ceased. The object of this meeting, as I was afterwards informed, was to consider whether it would be better to kill us *before* attempting to take the ship, or *afterwards;* and the conclusion arrived at was to be sure of the ship *first,* the killing of us appearing to them as easy, to use their own simile, as cutting off the heads of so many fowls; the manner *how* had already been decided, the time *when* was all there was to be considered—a native having been already appointed, and the price fixed for the assassination of each of the boat's crew. The price set upon my life was 1,000 dollars, for the 2d officer's, 500 dollars, and for each of the seamen 100 dollars.

"As soon as Mr. Barry has reached an elevation where he could fairly see the ship's hull, I noticed a quick movement of his limbs, and that he turned short round, and walked, without hastening his steps, directly towards me—passing, however, without discovering any emotion, and said, 'There is trouble on board, Sir.'

"To the question, 'What did you see?' he replied, 'men jumping overboard.'

"Convinced at once, of our own perilous situation, and that our escape depended on extremely cautious and judicious management, I answered:

"We must show no alarm, but muster the men, and order them into the boat.'

"We deliberately pushed off from the shore, the Malays having no suspicion of our design, thinking it to be our intention, by our apparently unconcerned manner, to cross the river for a stroll in the opposite Bazar, as was our frequent custom. The moment the boat's stern had left the bank of the river, Po Adam sprang into her in a great state of excitement, to whom I exclaimed:

"'What! do you come, too, Adam?'

"He answered: 'You got trouble, Captain, if they kill you, must kill Po Adam first.'

"He suggested we should steer the boat as far as possible from the western bank of the river, which was here not more than one hundred feet wide, when I remarked to the boat's crew:

"Now spring to your oars, my lads, for your lives, or we are all dead men.'

"Adam exhibited the utmost alarm and consternation, encouraging my men to exert themselves, and talking English and Acheenise both in the same breath—now exclaiming in Acheenise, '*di-yoong, di yoong hi!*' And then exhorting them to 'pull, pull strong!'

"As we doubled one of the points we saw hundreds of natives rushing towards the river's mouth, brandishing their weapons, and otherwise menacing us. Adam, upon seeing this, was struck with dismay, and exclaimed 'if got blunderbuss will kill all,' but luckily they were not provided with that weapon.

"A ferry-boat was next discovered with ten or twelve Malays in her, armed with long spears, evidently waiting to intercept us. I ordered Mr. Barry into the bows of the boat, with Adam's sword, to make demonstrations, and also to con the boat in such a manner as to run down the ferry boat, which I concluded was our only chance to escape. With headlong impetuosity we were rushing towards our antagonist, nerved with the feeling of desperation. With profound stillness and breathless anxiety we awaited the moment of collision.

"The points of their pikes could be plainly seen. Already I observed Mr. Barry with his sword raised, as if in the act of striking. But when we had approached within some twenty feet, her crew appeared completely panic-struck, and made an effort to get out of our way. It was, however, a close shave—so close that one of their spears was actually over the stern of our boat.

"We had now time calmly to contemplate the scene through which we had just passed, with hearts, I trust, grateful to God for his kind protection and safe guidance in the midst of its perils. This was the part of their plan, otherwise well conceived, which was defective—they had taken no measures to prevent our escape from the shore, not believing for a moment that our lives were not at their disposal, unprotected and defenceless as they saw us.

"The doomed ship lay tranquilly in the roads, with sails furled, and a pepper boat alongside, with a multitude of natives in every part of her, and none of her own crew visible, with the exception of a man on the top gallant yard, and some 10 or 12 heads just even with the surface of the water.

"The pirates were conspicuous in every corner of the *Friendship's* deck, waving their cloths, and making signals of success to the natives on shore. My first impulse was to propose boarding her but I was very properly reminded that if the ship with her full armament had been taken with so many of her crew on board, we could do nothing in our unarmed state, towards her recapture.

"We continued, however, to row up towards the ship until we could see the Malays pointing her muskets at us from the quarterdeck, and they appeared also to be clearing away the stern chasers, which we knew to be loaded to their muzzles with grape and langrage. At this moment, three large Malay boats crowded with men, were seen coming out of the river, directly towards us. While debating whether it would not be best to proceed at once to Muckie for assistance, which was some 25 miles distant, where we knew two or three American vessels were laying, heavy clouds commenced rolling down over the mountains, and the rumbling of distant thunder, and sharp flashes of lightning gave sure indications that the land wind would be accompanied with deluges of rain, rendering the night one of Egyptian darkness, in which it would be almost impossible to grope our way safely along shore towards that place.

"Under these discouraging prospects, Po Adam advised us to proceed to Pulo Kio, and take shelter in his fort. Submitting ourselves almost wholly to his guidance, we at once pulled away for that place, but before we reached it his heart failed him, and he represented his fort as not sufficiently strong to resist a vigorous assault, and he would not therefore be responsible for our lives, but suggested we should proceed to Soosoo, some two miles further from the scene of the outrage. We accordingly proceeded for Soosoo river, which we had scarcely entered when Po Adam's confidence again forsook him, and he advised us not to land. We therefore only filled a keg with water from the river and came out over the bar, intending to make the best of our way to Muckie, where we arrived about one o'clock A. M.

"We found here the ship *James Monroe*, Porter, of New York, brig *Gov. Endicott*, Jenks, of Salem, and brig *Palmer*, Powers, of Boston. On approaching the roads, we were first hailed from the *Gov. Endicott*, and to the question 'What boat is that?' the response was 'the *Friendship*, from Qualah Battoo,' which answer was immediately followed with the question 'Is that *you*, Capt. Endicott,' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'with all that are left of us.'

"Having communicated with the other vessels, their commanders repaired on board the *Gov. Endicott*, when it was instantly concluded to proceed with their vessels to Qualah Battoo, and endeavor to recover the ship. These vessels were laying with most of their sails unbent, but their decks were quickly all life and animation, and the work of bending sails proceeded so rapidly that before 3 o'clock all the vessels were out of the roads and heading up the coast towards Qualah Battoo. It was our intention to throw as many of the crews of the *Gov. Endicott* and *Palmer* as could be prudently spared, on board the *James Monroe*, she being the largest vessel and proceed with her directly into the roads, and lay her alongside the *Friendship*, and carry her by boarding—the other vessels following at a short distance.

"Daylight found us upon the decks of the *Monroe*, watching for the ship, which, in the indistinct light, could not be discovered in the roads. The horizon in the offing was also searched unsuccessfully with our glasses, but we at last discovered her close in shore, far to the westward of her late anchorage, inside a large cluster of dangerous shoals, to which position, as it then appeared, the Malays must have removed her during the night. One thing was certain, we could not carry out our design of running her alongside in her present situation; the navigation would be too dangerous for either of the ships. At this moment we saw a prou, or Malay trading craft, approaching the roads from the westward, with which I communicated and of which I hired a canoe, and sent a messenger on shore to inform the Rajahs if they would give the ship up peaceably to us we would not molest them, otherwise we should fire both upon her and the town.

"After waiting a considerable time for the return of the messenger, during which we could see boats loaded with plunder passing close in shore from the ship, this delay seemed only a subterfuge to gain time, and we fired a gun across the bows of one of them. In a few minutes the canoe which we had sent on shore was seen putting off. The answer received, however, was one of defiance: 'that they should not give her up so easily, but we might take her *if we could.*'

"All three vessels then opened fire upon the town and ship, which was returned by the forts on shore, the Malays also firing our ship's guns at us. The first shot from one of the forts passed between the masts of the *Gov. Endicott,* not 10 feet above the heads of the crew, and the second struck the water just under her counter. This vessel had been kedged in close to the shore within point blank shot of the fort, with springs upon her cable, determined on making every gun tell. The spirited manner in which their fire was returned soon silenced this fort, which mounted 6 six-pounders and several small brass pieces.

"It appeared afterward, by the testimony of one of my crew, who was confined here, that the firing was so effectual that it dismounted their guns and split the carriages. The other two forts, situated at a greater distance from the beach, continued firing, and no progress was made towards recapturing the ship, which, after all, was our only object. We then held a council of war on board the *Monroe,* and concluded to board her with as large a force as we could carry in three boats; and that the command of the expedition should, of course, devolve upon me.

"The ship lay with her port side towards us, and, with the intention of getting out of the range of her guns, we pulled to the westward at an angle of some 33 deg., until we opened her starboard bow, when we bore up in three divisions for boarding, one at each gangway, and the other over the bows. We were now before the wind, and two oars in each boat were sufficient to propel them; the rest of the crew, armed to the teeth with muskets, cutlasses and pistols, sat quietly in their places, with their muskets pointed at the ship as the boats approached.

"The Malays now, for the first time, seemed to comprehend our design, and as we neared the ship, were struck with consternation, and commenced deserting her with all possible dispatch, and in the greatest confusion. The numerous boats of all descriptions, alongside, were immediately filled, and the others jumped overboard and swam for the shore. When we reached the ship, there was, to all appearances, no one on board. Still fearing some treachery we approached her with the same caution, and boarded her, cutlasses in hand. Having reached her decks, and finding them deserted, before we laid aside our arms a strict search was made with instructions to cut down any who should be found, and give no quarter. But she was completely forsaken—not a soul on board.

"Her appearance, at the time we boarded her, defies description; suffice it to say, every part of her bore ample testimony of the scene of violence and destruction with which she had been visited. That many lives had been sacrificed, her blood-stained decks abundantly testified. We found her within pistol shot of the beach, with most of her sails cut loose, and flying from the yards. It was the work of a short time for us to kedge the ship off into deep water, and anchor her in comparative security alongside the other ships in the roads.

"The next morning a canoe was seen approaching the *James Monroe* from Pulo

Kio, with five or six men in her, whom we took, as a matter of course, to be natives; but we were soon hailed from that ship, and informed that four of the number were a part of our own crew. Their haggard and squalid appearance bespoke what they had suffered. It would seem impossible that in the space of four days, men could, by any casualty, so entirely lose their identity. It was only by asking their names that I knew either of them. They were without clothing, other than loose pieces of cotton cloth thrown over their persons, their hair matted, their bodies crisped and burnt in large, running blisters, besides having been nearly devoured by musquitos, the poison of whose stings had left evident traces of its virulence; their flesh wasted away, and even the very tones of their voices were changed. The few pieces of cloth, which covered their nakedness, were all their flesh could bear, and these it was necessary first to oil, to enable them to do even that. They had been wandering about in the jungle without food ever since the ship was taken. Their account of the capture of the ship was as follows:

"When the pepper-boat came alongside, it was observed by the crew that all on board her were strangers. They were also better dressed than boatmen generally, all of them having on white or yellow jackets, and new ivory-handled creises. No notice appeared to be taken of these suspicious circumstances by the mate, and all except two men, who were left to pass up pepper, were admitted indiscriminately to come on board. One of the crew, named Wm. Parnell, who was stationed at the gangway to pass along pepper, made some remark to call his attention to the number of natives on board, and was answered in a gruffy manner, and asked if he was afraid. 'No,' replied the man, 'not afraid, but I know it to be contrary to the regulations of the ship.'

"He was ordered, with an oath, to pass along pepper, and mind his own business. The natives were also seen by the crew sharpening their creises upon the grindstone, which stood upon the forecastle, and a man named Chester, who was subsequently killed while starting pepper down the fore hatch, asked them in pantomine, what so many of them wanted on board, and was answered in the same way, that they came off to see the ship. He was heard by one of the crew to say, 'we must look out you do not come for anything worse,' at the same time drawing a handspike within his reach.

"The Malays had distributed themselves about the decks in the most advantageous manner for an attack, and at some preconcerted signal a simultaneous assault upon the crew was made in every part of the ship. Two Malays were seen by the steward to rush with their creises upon Mr. Knight, who was very badly stabbed in the back and side, the weapons appearing to be buried in his body, up to their very hilts. Chester, at the fore hatch, notwithstanding his distrust and precaution, was killed outright, and supposed to have fallen into the hold. The steward, at the galley, was also badly wounded, and was only saved from death by the creis striking hard against a timber which took the force of the blow. Of the two men on the stage over the ship's side, one was killed, and the other so badly wounded as to be made a cripple for life.

"The chief officer was seen, after he was stabbed, to rush aft upon the starboard side of the quarterdeck, and endeavor to get a boarding pike out of the beckets, abreast the mizzen rigging, where he was met by Parnell, to whom he exclaimed, '*do your duty.*' At the same instant two or three Malays rushed upon him and he was afterwards seen lying dead near the same spot, with a boarding pike under him.

"On the instant the crew found the ship attacked, they attempted to get aft into the cabin for arms but the Malays had placed a guard on each side of the companion-way, which prevented them; they then rushed forward for handspikes, and were again intercepted; and being completely bewildered, surprised and defenceless, and knowing that several of their shipmates had already been killed outright before their eyes, and others wounded, all who could swim plunged overboard, and the others took to the rigging, or crept over the bows out of sight. The decks were now cleared, and the pirates had full possession of the ship.

"The men in the water then consulted together what they should do, concluding it certain death to return to the ship; and

they determined it would be safest to swim on shore, and secrete themselves in the jungle; but as they approached it they observed the beach about Qualah Battoo lined with natives, and they proceeded more to the westward, and landed upon a point called Ouj'ong Lamah Moodah nearly two miles distant from the ship. On their way they had divested themselves of every article of clothing, and they were entirely naked at the time they landed.

"As it was not yet dark, they sought safety and seclusion in the jungle, from whence they emerged as soon as they thought it safe, and walked upon the beach in the direction of Cape Felix and Annalaboo, intending to make the best of their way to the latter place, with the hope of meeting there some American vessel. At daylight they sought a hiding-place again in the bushes; but it afforded them only a partial protection from the scorching rays of the sun, from which being entirely naked, they experienced the most dreadful effects. Hunger and thirst began also to make demands upon them; but no food could anywhere be found. They tried to eat grass, but their stomachs refused it. They found a few husks of the cocoanut, which they chewed, endeavoring to extract some nourishment from them, but in vain.

"Since further progress towards Annalaboo appeared impossible, they resolved to retrace their steps, endeavor to pass Qualah Battoo in the night, without being discovered, and reach the hospitable residence of Po Adam, at Pulo Kio. They accordingly took up their line of march towards that place, and reached, as they supposed, the neighborhood of Cape Felix by the morning, when they again retreated to the jungle, where they lay concealed another day, being Wednesday, the day of the recapture of the ship, but at too great a distance to hear the firing. At night they again resumed their journey, and having reached the spot where the Malays landed in so much haste when they deserted the ship, they found the beach covered with canoes, a circumstance which aroused their suspicions, but for which they were at a loss to account.

"They now concluded to take a canoe, as the most certain way of passing Qualah Battoo without discovery, and so proceed to Pulo Kio. As they passed the roads, they heard one of the ship's bells strike the hour, and the well-known cry of '*All's Well*,' but fearing it was some decoy of the natives, they would not approach her, but proceeded on their way, and landed at Pulo Kio, secreting themselves once more in the jungle, near the residence of Po Adam, until the morning, when four naked and half-famished white men were seen to emerge from the bushes, and approach his fort with feeble steps. As soon as recognized they were welcomed by him with the strongest demonstrations of delight; slapping his hands, shouting at the top of his lungs, and in the exuberance of his joy committing all kinds of extravagances. They now heard of the recapture of the ship, and the escape of the boat's crew on shore, who it had never occurred to them, were not already numbered with the dead.

"Having refreshed themselves (being the first food they had tasted in 72 hours), they were conveyed by Adam and his men on board the *James Monroe* in the pitiful condition of which we have before spoken.

"In the course of the latter part of the same day, another canoe, with a white flag displayed, was observed approaching the fleet from the direction of Qualah Battoo, containing three or four Chinamen who informed us that four of our own men, two of whom were wounded, one very severely, were at their houses on shore, where their wounds had been dressed and they had been otherwise cared for; and that we could ransom them of the Rajahs at ten dollars each. To this I readily agreed, and they were soon brought off to the ship in a sampan, and proved to be Charles Converse and Gregorie Pedechio, seamen, Lorenzo Migèll, cook, and William Francis, steward.

"Converse was laid out at full length upon a board, as if dead, evidently very badly wounded. The story of the poor fellow was a sad one. He, with John Davis, being the two tallest men in the ship, were on the stage over the side when she was attacked. Their first impulse was, to gain the ship's decks, but were defeated in this design by the pirates, who stood guard over the gangway, and making repeated thrusts at them. They then made a desperate attempt to pass over the pepper-boat, and thus gain the water, in doing

which they were both most severely wounded. Having reached the water, Converse swam round to the ship's bows, and grasped the chain, to which he clung as well as he was able, being badly crippled in one of his hands, with other severe wounds in various parts of his body. When it became dark, he crawled up over the bows as well as his exhausted strength from the loss of blood would permit, and crept to the foot of the forecastle stairs, where he supposed he must have fainted, and fell prostrate upon the floor without the power of moving himself one inch further.

"The Malays believing him dead, took no heed of him, but traveled up and down over his body the whole night. Upon attempting to pass over the boat, after being foiled in his endeavor to reach the ship's decks, a native made a pass at his head with his '*parrung*,' a weapon resembling most a butcher's cleaver, which he warded off by throwing up his naked arm, and the force of the blow fell upon the outerpart of his hand, severing all the bones and sinews belonging to three of his fingers, and leaving untouched only the fore finger and thumb. Besides this he received a creis wound in the back, which must have penetrated to the stomach, from when he bled from his mouth the most part of the night. He was likewise very badly wounded just below the groin, which came so nearly through the leg as to discolor the flesh upon the inside.

"Wonderful, however, to relate, notwithstanding the want of proper medical advice, and with nothing but the unskillful treatment of three or four shipmasters, the thermometer ranging all the time, from 85 to 90 deg., this man recovered from his wounds, but in his crippled hand he carried the marks of Malay perfidy to his watery grave, having been drowned at sea from on board of the brig *Fair America*, in the winter of 1833-4, which was, no doubt, occasioned by this wound which unfitted him for holding on properly while aloft.

"The fate of his companion Davis, was a tragical one. He could not swim, and after reaching the water was seen to struggle hard to gain the boat's tackle-fall at the stern, to which he clung until the Malays dropped the pepper boat astern, when he was observed apparently imploring mercy at their hands, which the wretches did not heed, but butchered him upon the spot.

"Gregory was the man seen aloft when we had cleared the river, cutting strange antics which we did not at the time comprehend. By his account, when he reached the fore top-gallant yard, the pirates commenced firing the ship's muskets at him, which he dodged by getting over the front side of the yard and sail and down upon the collar of the stay, and then reversing the movement. John Masury related that after being wounded in the side, he crept over the bows of the ship and down upon an anchor, where he was sometime employed in dodging the thrusts of a boarding pike in the hands of a Malay, until the arrival of a reinforcement from the shore when every one fearing lest he should not get his full share of plunder, ceased further to molest the wounded.

"The ship, the first night after her capture, according to the testimony of these men, was a perfect pandemonium, and a Babel of the most discordant sounds. The ceaseless moaning of the surf upon the adjacent shore, the heavy peals of thunder, and sharp flashings of lightning directly over their heads, the sighing of the wind in wild discords through the rigging, like the wailings of woe from the *manes* of their murdered shipmates; and all this intermingled with the more earthly sounds of the squealing of pigs, the screeching of fowls, the cackling of roosters, the unintelligible jargon of the natives, jangling and vociferating, with horrible laughter, shouts and yells, in every part of her, and in the boats alongside carrying off plunder, their black figures unexpectedly darting forth from every unseen quarter, as if rising up and again disappearing through the decks, and gambolling about in the dark, must have been like a saturnalia of demons.

"The morning succeeding her capture, affairs on board appeared to be getting a little more settled, when several Chinamen came off and performed the part of good Samaritans, in taking the wounded men on shore to their houses, and dressing their wounds with some simple remedies, which at least kept down inflammation. In doing this, however, they were obliged to barricade their dwellings, to guard them against the insulting annoyances of the natives.

"Qualah Battoo bazar that day presented a ludicrous spectacle. Almost every Malay was decked out in a white, blue, red, checked, or striped shirt, or some other European article of dress or manufacture, stolen from the ship, not even excepting the woolen table cloth belonging to the cabin, which was seen displayed over the shoulders of a native, all seemingly quite proud of their appearance, and strutting about with solemn gravity and oriental self-complacency. Their novel and grotesque appearance could not fail to suggest the idea that a tribe of monkeys had made a descent upon some unfortunate clothing establishment, and each had seized and carried off whatever article of dress was most suited to his taste and fancy.

"The ship was now once more in our possession, with what remained of her cargo and crew. She was rifled of almost every movable article on board, and scarcely anything but her pepper remaining. Of our outward cargo every dollar of specie, and every pound of opium had, of course, become a prey to them. All her spare sails and rigging were gone—not a needle or ball of twine, palm, marling spike, or piece of rope were left! All our charts, chronometers and other nautical instruments—all our clothing and bedding, were also gone; as well as our cabin furniture and small stores of every description. Our ship's provisions, such as beef, pork and most of our bread, had, however, been spared. Of our armament nothing but the large guns remained. Every pistol, musket, cutlass, and boarding pike, with our entire stock of powder, had been taken.

"With assistance from the other vessels we immediately began making the necessary preparations to leave the port with all possible dispatch, but owing to much rainy weather we did not accomplish it for three days after recapturing the ship, when we finally succeeded in leaving the place in company with the fleet bound for South Tallapow, where we arrived on the 14th of February. When we landed at this place with the other masters and supercargoes, we were followed through the streets of the bazar by the natives in great crowds, exulting and hooting, with exclamations similar to these:

"'Who great man now, Malay or American?' 'How many man American dead?' 'How many man Malay dead?'

"We now commenced in good earnest to prepare our ship for sea. Our voyage had been broken up, and there was nothing left for us but to return to the United States. We finally left Muckie, whither we had already proceeded, on the 27th February, for Pulo Kio (accompanied by ship *Delphos*, Capt. James D. Gillis, and the *Gov. Endicott*, Capt. Jenks), where I was yet in hopes to recover some of my nautical instruments. With the assistance of Po Adam, I succeeded in obtaining, for a moderate sum, my sextant and one of my chronometers, which enabled me to navigate the ship. We sailed from Pulo Kio on the 4th of March, and arrived at Salem on the 16th of July.

"The feeling of presumptuous exultation and proud defiance exhibited by the natives was of brief duration. In something less than a year after this outrage, the U. S. Frigate, *Potomac*, Com. Downes, appeared off the port of Qualah Battoo, and anchored in the outer roads, disguised as a merchantman. Every boat which visited her from the shore was detained, that her character might not be made known to the natives. Several amusing anecdotes were told, of the fear and terror exhibited in the countenances of the natives, when they so unexpectedly found themselves imprisoned within the wooden walls of the *Potomac*, surrounded by such a formidable armament, which bespoke the errand that had attracted her to their shores. They prostrated themselves at full length upon her decks trembling in the most violent manner, and appearing to think nothing but certain death awaited them, which it required all the efforts of the officers to dispel.

"A reconnoitering party was first sent on shore, professedly for the purpose of traffic. But when they approached, the natives came down to the beach in such numbers, it excited their suspicions that her character and errand had somehow preceded her, and it was considered prudent not to land. Having, therefore, examined the situation of the forts and the means of defence, they returned to the frigate. The same night some 300 men, under the guidance of Mr. Barry, the former 2d officer of the *Friendship*, who was assistant sailing-master of the frigate, landed to the westward of the place, with the intention of surprising the forts and the town,

The Battle of Qualah Battoo.

It will be remembered that the ship Friendship, of Salem, while at Qualah Battoo, on the island of Sumatra in the Indian Ocean, was taken by the natives and all hands murdered. When the intelligence was received by the American Government, the U. S. Frigate Potomac, Capt. John Downes, was immediately ordered to that place to chastise them; which was effectually accomplished on the night of the 7th of February, 1832,—convincing them that the stars and stripes of Uncle Sam are not to be trampled upon, nor the lives of American tars sacrificed with impunity.

The [illegible] was [illegible] mo[illegible].
The [illegible] of [illegible];
The [illegible] *P*[illegible] Downes our com[illegible]—
Rode [illegible] of Qualah Battoo.

The [illegible], the night was serene,
Our [illegible] the word, and our [illegible]—
Six [illegible] between,
Our [illegible] ship and the enemy's [illegible]

Our [illegible] on the breast of the [illegible],
And [illegible] given;
On deck we [illegible] our p[illegible],
And [illegible] to Heaven.

At the dead hour of [illegible] silent,
The boatswain's [illegible] man to his [illegible];
Our [illegible] arm'd [illegible],
To attack and [illegible],

Who boarded the *Friendship* [illegible] her crew,
Just [illegible] months [illegible]
When Shubrick* led forth the P[illegible],
To fight and to vanquish the [illegible] Malay.

Our [illegible] were all ready and we were prepared
To [illegible] or to die, for our [illegible];
Our [illegible] were [illegible],
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] Columbia
[illegible] or child.
And may virtue and honor attend you this day—
[illegible] death [illegible]

To avenge [illegible] our [illegible],
So [illegible] fell;
Our work [illegible], and the [illegible]
[illegible] the sad story to tell.

Their [illegible] were strong, and like heroes they [illegible],
For mercy or quarter they never [illegible];
And the [illegible] they sought,
But the [illegible] Christians they never had [illegible].

All armed [illegible] death [illegible]—
[illegible] abroad,
But [illegible] play,
To [illegible]—Potomac [illegible] the word.

Exposed to [illegible], the Potomacs undaunted
Beneath [illegible] ramparts stood firmly and brave.
Resolved that the [illegible] Columbia
[illegible] should wave.

Their [illegible] ceas'd, and our brave pioneers
Then opened a path and entered their gates;
We [illegible] a moment—gave three hearty cheers—
[illegible] the flag that is worn by the States.

The [illegible] began to increase,
And [illegible] was near;
Our [illegible] in peace,
And [illegible] and our muskets a bier,

[illegible] and pale from the shore,
[illegible] rode on the wave;
[illegible] more,
And [illegible] to a watery grave.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

but by some unaccountable delay, the morning was just breaking when the detachment had effected a landing, and as they were marching along the beach towards the nearest fort, a Malay came out of it, by whom they were discovered, and an alarm given.

"They, however, pushed on, and captured the forts by storm, after some hard fighting, and set fire to the town, which was burnt to ashes. The natives, not even excepting the women, fought with great desperation in the forts, many of whom would not yield until shot down or sabred on the spot. The next day the frigate was dropped in within gunshot, and bombarded the place, to impress them with the power and ability of the United States to avenge any act of piracy, or other indignity offered by them to her flag.

"When I visited the coast again, some five months after this event, I found the deportment of the natives materially changed. There was now no longer exhibited either arrogance or proud defiance. All appeared impressed with the irresistible power of a nation that could send such tremendous engines of war as the *Potomac* frigate upon their shores, to avenge any wrongs committed upon its vessels; and that it would in future be better policy for them to attend to their pepper plantations, and cultivate the arts of peace, than subject themselves to such severe retribution as had followed this act of piracy upon the *Friendship*.

"Perhaps, in justice to Po Adam, I ought to remark, that the account circulated by his countrymen of his conniving at, if not being actually connected with this piracy, a falsehood with which they found the means of deceiving several American shipmasters soon after the affair, is a base calumny against a worthy man, and has no foundation whatever in truth. The property he had in my possession on board the ship, in gold ornaments of various kinds, besides money, amounting to several thousand dollars, all of which he lost by the capture of the ship, and never recovered, bears ample testimony to the falsity of this charge. His countrymen also worked upon the avarice and cupidity of the king by misrepresentations of his exertions to recover the ship, thereby preventing them from making him a present of her, which they pretended was their intention. His sable majesty, in consequence, absolved every one of Po Adam's debtors, all along the coast, from paying him their debts. He also confiscated all his property he could find, such as fishing-boats, nets and lines and other fishing tackle, and appropriated the proceeds to his own use, so that he was at once reduced to penury.

"The king also sent a small schooner down the coast, soon after, to reap further vengeance upon Po Adam. Arriving at Pulo Kio, while Adam was absent, they rifled his fort of everything valuable, and even took the ornaments, such as armlets and anklets off the person of his wife. Intelligence having been conveyed to Po Adam of this outrage, he arrived home in the night before the schooner had left the harbor, and incensed, as it was natural he should be, at such base and cowardly treatment, he immediately opened a fire upon her and sunk her in nine feet of water. She was afterwards fished up by the *Potomac* frigate, and converted into firewood.

"We do not know if Po Adam is now living, but some sixteen years since, we saw a letter from him to one of our eminent merchants, Joseph Peabody, Esq., of Salem, Mass., asking for assistance from our citizens, and stating truthfully all the facts in his case. I endeavored at the time, through our then representative to Congress, to bring the matter before that body, but from some cause, it did not succeed, and the poor fellow has been allowed to *live*, if not *die*, in his penury. We will, however, permit him to state his own case, in his own language, which he does in the following letter, written at his own dictation:

"'Qualah Battoo, 7th October, 1841. Some years have passed since the capture of the *Friendship*, commanded by my old friend, Capt. Endicott.

"'It perhaps is not known to you, that, by saving the life of Capt. Endicott, and the ship itself from destruction, I became, in consequence, a victim to the hatred and vengeance of my misguided countrymen; some time since, the last of my property was set on fire and destroyed, and now, for having been the steadfast friend of Americans, I am not only destitute, but an object of derision to my countrymen.

"'You, who are so wealthy and so prosperous, I have thought, that, if acquainted with these distressing circumstances, that you would not turn a deaf ear to my present condition.

"'I address myself to you, because through my agency many of your ships have obtained cargoes, but I respectfully beg that you will have the kindness to state my case to the rich pepper merchants of Salem and Boston, firmly believing that from their generosity, and your own, I shall not have reason to regret the warm and sincere friendship ever displayed toward your Captains, and all other Americans, trading on this Coast. . . . .

"'Wishing you, Sir, and your old companions in the Sumatra trade, and their Captains, health and prosperity, and trusting that, before many moons I shall, through your assistance, be released from my present wretched condition, believe me very respectfully,

"'Your faithful servant,

"(Signed) 'Po Adam'

(in Arabic characters)."

ON THE ROAD TO KEOWEE

IT was early morning at Conover—Conover beyond the river—and June had come. To the east were the wooded hills, here purple with shadows, there glorious and golden with the light of the uprisen sun. Away to the west was the broad valley of the river half-hidden by the wreaths of the summer mist, the long winding roads, and the meadows green with the lush young grass and crystal with the fallen dew. And in the gardens about the great old house there were roses—red roses and white—and from the wheat fields above the orchard came the calls of the partridges.

"White! Bob White! Bob, Bob White!"

From my place on the columned porch I stood up and stretched my arms in the sheer joy of living and took great breaths of the dew—scented amethystine air. What a symphony in color was there, I thought; what a masterpiece of God's own painting; what a goodly earth under the goodly sky—a sky where the little clouds sailed like ships of ruby on the flawless bosom of a turquoise sea.

Across the river I could see the spire of old Rehoboth Church, and nearer were the oaks of the Dederick place where Wash Bozeman is now installed, for since I have come to live at Conover, Wash is in charge at the Dederick to overlook the crops and the planting there, also he keeps a sharp eye out for those vandals who may desire to seine the streams or to dispossess my sedge-grass tenantry. We are no theologians—Wash and I—but we believe firmly in a heaven—a heaven filled with pleasant streams where the good fishermen all go—and a real hell, heated specially, for the groveling souls of the unelect who disturb the nesting quail.

But no doubt we are prejudiced—we contented cronies of the riverside—and fail often to understand.

Once out upon the road I turned toward the river, and when I had passed the bridge I climbed the hill, traversed a mile between rose-laden hedges and came at leisurely ease to the Dederick house. There I found Wash, but a negro bore him company and there was also a wagon with baskets in it.

"I wuz jest a settin' out fer town," explained my friend. "We had some 'taters ter take in terday."

"It is a good day," I answered fervently. "I'll go along, too, I think."

So I clambered to a seat and the negro clucked to the mules. There are those who might have found the wagon rough, but I did not. Presently Rehoboth slid away into the distance, then we passed the Bailey place, then the creek. On the hill above the creek we beheld a pedestrian—a lean man, severely clad—who stopped and waited for us. When we were abreast him he accosted us.

"Friends," said he, "I am engaged in the much-needed work of uplifting the farming class: namely, in disseminating tracts and in the giving of personal counsel. If you can favor me with a seat in

your wagon, you will find, I think, that my discourse by the way will amply repay you for your trouble."

"Shore," answered Wash, hospitably. "Climb in, stranger, an' rest yo' laigs. This yere air ther Squire's waggin, but I is a runnin' uv hit."

The wagon halted and the newcomer found a seat on one of the potato baskets. "Going to market?" he inquired.

"Ya-as," drawled Wash laconically.

The unknown turned his attention to the potatoes, ran his long fingers over them and finally removed a portion of the contents of the basket whereon he was sitting.

"Ah!" he ejaculated in the tone of one who makes a discovery.

"Whut mought ther trouble be?" asked Wash, solicitously.

The stranger took one of the potatoes he had removed and held it up, then alongside this he placed one from the bottom of the basket—there was a considerable disproportion in the sizes of the two.

"I am pained," commented our new-found Mentor, "pained but not surprised. Let me present each of you with a tract which I hope you will read and heed. But—ah—how far are we from the Bailey place?"

"'Bout a mile," said Wash, as we folded the papers and stored them carefully away.

"But," I began, "the road, you know, goes——"

The tractarian smiled. "I will correct you," he remarked indulgently. "A road never goes—its position is fixed, therefore it is the traveler who goes."

I do not take kindly to correction—not even when I am wrong, so the Goddess says—but in this instance after my first small frown of annoyance I laughed and winked at Wash.

"So be it, then," I assented, "it is the traveler who goes, and that sometimes whither he would not."

And Wash, smiling grimly in reply, touched the mules sharply. Then he turned to me.

"Squire," he asserted, "ig'nunce air painful ter me, an' ther workin's uv ther ign'ant mind. Now ther Rev'und back thar on ther 'tater baskit he have got hit all wrong 'bout them 'taters. You an' me fishes some, an' hit aint fer me ter say 'at afore Mis' Marian got aholt uv yer 'at you didn't was'e yer Sabber days, but we don't consort wi' no ongodly an' we don't fudge on 'taters."

"But you must admit," I said severely, "that you had the biggest at the top."

"Yas," returned my friend imperturbably, "so they wuz, an' thar'fo' I remarks 'bout ther ign'ant mind. Ign'ance hit sees fac's but hit kaint draw conclusions f'm hits fac's. How come them biggest 'taters ter be on top? Any fool kin ax ther question but hit takes a rees'nin' man ter answer hit!"

"Well, how did they get there," I asked.

Wash cast a look at his passenger. "Squire," he returned, "don't 'taters grow in ther groun'? An' ther longer ther 'tater stays in ther groun' haint it in natur fer ther bigger that 'tater ter git? Wa-al, which 'taters is dug fust an' which is dug last, Squire? Them at the bottom uv ther baskit is dug fust an' them at ther top uv ther baskit is dug last. Does yer see ther light, Squire?"

"Oh, pshaw!" I ejaculated.

But Wash had turned to the stranger. "My onknown fren'," he said emphatically, "them taters at ther top o' ther baskit wuz ther biggest bakase they had the moest chance ter grow!"

But the wayfaring man had grown uneasy. "The Bailey place—" he began, "You said a mile, and——"

Wash took a chew of tobacco. "Hit air 'bout fo' mile now," he said emphatically. "While you wuz a sortin' them air 'taters you wuz a comin' right away f'm hit!"

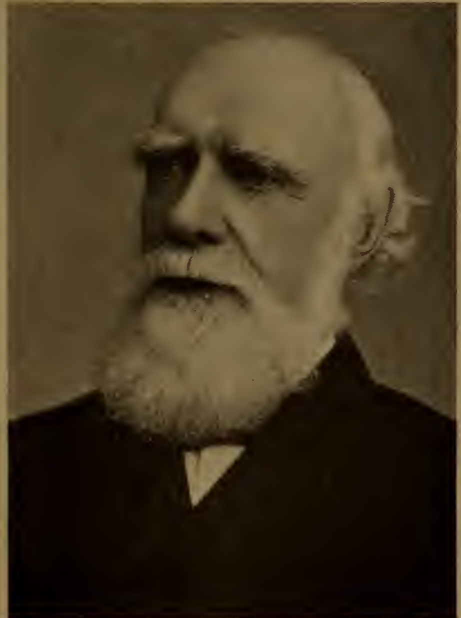
—E. Crayton McCants.

THE PEOPLE WHO STAND FOR PLUS

LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL

VERY few men reach their fiftieth year without any capital accumulated except experience and then, before they are seventy, gather together more millions than they can count. Such is the record of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, one of the richest men in England to-day, formerly Donald Smith of Red River, Manitoba. When about nineteen years of age, Donald Smith came out from Scotland a clerk in the Hudson's Bay Company. He was sent to a lonely post in the bleak wilds of Labrador. There, he passed more than twenty years, cut off from all pleasure and companionship. In fact, Donald Smith could relate rare tales of midnights when he was wakened at Northwest River, Labrador, by wolves rummaging the house windows. Two or three times when he was in Labrador, the ambitious young Scotchman grew impatient at his lonely post, where there seemed no chance of promotion, and donning snowshoes, he coursed all the way down the wind-swept shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and St. Lawrence River to Montreal, where Sir George Simpson, the Canadian governor of the Company, resided out opposite Lachine Rapids; but the doughty little Sir George was unmerciful. When Donald Smith complained that his health was breaking under the long hard strain of the worst climate and worst fare in America, Sir George called in the doctor to examine the young chief factor. The doctor pronounced him sound, and back to Labrador went Smith.

Out of this life, finally, Donald Smith emerged close on his fiftieth year to become resident commissioner for the Company in Montreal at a salary of £1,500, a big figure for these days. Things seemed to be smiling on Donald Smith till the first Riel Rebellion of Half-breeds in Manitoba, or Red River. Then, Smith was sent West by the Canadian Government, ostensibly to pacify the Half-breeds, really with explicit but unwritten orders from John A. Macdonald, the premier of Canada, to get Riel, the agitator, out of the country at any cost. The rights of the French Half-breeds had been ignored by Sir John's government. An election was coming on. Sir John could not afford to offend the French Province of Quebec by punishing Riel. Smith was verbally authorized to pay Riel as much as $10,000 to leave the country, and $10,000 was a cheap escape out of a hard dilemma for John A. After forty years of ineffectual effort, the statesmen of Canada had at last succeeded in inducing Quebec to join Confederation; but


Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

a puff of adverse criticism would have overthrown the poise of that delicate arrangement, and for the sake of Confederation John A. could not afford to take any risks about Riel.

Donald Smith proceeded to Red River and succeeded in his mission. Riel fled the country; but John A.'s political foes had got wind of the secret and were prepared to work the bribery cry for all it was worth in the ultra-Protestant Province of Ontario. Smith had paid the $10,000 to Riel from Hudson's Bay Company funds. When he returned to Ottawa, a comical and furious scene ensued that is remembered yet by old-guard politicians of Canada. John A. dared not acknowledge his instructions about Riel. The Premier had taken the one drop too much on the morning that Donald Smith came down the corridors of the House toward his chief's private office. Insiders of the party gathered in groups and waited for the fun as the future Strathcona disappeared in the office. Things at once began to happen. There was a noise of furniture in a somewhat active state with a smashing of fists on desks. Then John A.'s voice was heard crescendo in those choice and hot epithets of which he was past master when he had that one drop too much, and the little Scotchman bolted from the doors into the arms of his fellow countryman, Senator McMullin, gasping in broadest Scotch: "An awfu' mon! An awfu' mon! He hae dun naethin' but d—n me for this hour and more!" The Hudson's Bay Company docked $10,000 from Strathcona's salary—hard lines for a man, who thought he had earned an easy place; but at this very moment, the turn came to the tide. On his way through St. Paul to Red River, Smith came in contact with Jim Hill, traffic manager of a small bankrupt road, and Commodore Kittson, Pooh-bah of Minnesota. How these three with the co-operation of Hudson's Bay and Bank of Montreal officers raised money to buy the bankrupt road, and thereby laid the foundations of their own colossal fortune —all the world knows. When C. P. R. stock was rated at its lowest in the 40's and 50's, Strathcona's fortune was estimated at seventeen millions. To-day, C. P. R. is three times that old figure. Strathcona besides holds some thirty millions in Hill stocks, and is the heaviest shareholder in both the Bank of Montreal and Hudson's Bay stocks.

After all, that $10,000 quarrel with Sir John didn't leave him in such a bad way, as long as he had the knack when "kicked" of getting "kicked" *upstairs*.

CESARE CONTI, ITALIAN-AMERICAN HUSTLER

SO accustomed are we Americans to thinking of the genius of the Italian as confined to the dreamy realms of moonlight and music, that when we find one with such an abundance of the American spirit of "go" as to make him a business expansionist of distinction even in ever-expanding New York, we open our eyes in wonderment.

Some people doubt whether Cesare Conti is mere man, let alone Italian. They think him a syndicate. And you can't blame them when you learn that this much-gifted individual, besides being the sole American representative of a big fleet of transatlantic steamers, is a banker of many cities, and deals with equal success in cheese and chianti, American trotting horses and Italian automobiles, Kentucky whiskey and Italian champagne and macaroni.

About the only assets of which he could boast when he began his career in New York were good intentions and certain gifts of nature. Now he is ranked among New York's leading financiers and business men, the ramifications of his widely-divergent enterprises extending throughout this country and Europe. Hundreds in Italy think of America and Cesare Conti as inseparably as of liberty and union; they can't think of one without the other. And among Italians *in* America, Mr. Conti is simply premier. All classes know him—from his patrons, the Duke of the Abruzzi and the Count of Turin, to the humblest Sicilian who comes over in the steerage and goes to him for advice.

For many years, Mr. Conti's enterprises were essentially Italian; they either had to do with Italian products or were confined among his compatriots here and at home. This field, however, eventually became too limited for his energies, and he now is going after American business with

American goods. Fancy an Italian as the general sales agent throughout the United States for a brand of Kentucky whiskey! Well, that's Conti.

At all events, there is one fact about Cesare Conti in which such Americans as may not enjoy being beaten at their own game of hustle, can find satisfaction. We captured this unusual specimen of an Italian while young, and now can fairly lay claim to him as one of ourselves.

Born some forty-five years ago in Pontremoli, a town in the extreme north of Tuscany, he came over with his parents at age of seven. His father, an educated gentleman without fortune, became secretary to the Italian consul in New York, which position he held for many years until his death. Cesare was sent to the New York public schools, in which and the College of the City of New York, he received his education. So you see he had an opportunity to become imbued with the American spirit, and results show that he took full advantage of it. Not that he ceased to be an Italian in feeling and characteristics. The fact is that the outcome of the thoroughly American education of this thoroughly Italian youth was a singular combination of qualities. It is an interesting example of what our public school system can do with a stock so alien.

The Cesare Conti of to-day is a loyal American citizen, but remains warmly devoted to his native land. In republican beliefs and democratic ways, he is typically American. In vivacity and polish of manner and diplomatic finesse, he is typically Italian. Again he is typically Italian in his instinctive love of the fine arts. And again he is typically American in his intense application to business.

Cesare Conti—the Italian-American hustler.

Moreover, upon the American custom of organizing business to the minutest detail along lines of scientific system, and the American habit of steadily reaching out for new business worlds to conquer, he apparently has grafted something of Latin sentimentalism. His development of these manifold enterprises can be explained as much by his desire to benefit both his native and his adopted countries as by his desire for personal gain. He wants to find the largest possible market in America for Italian goods that we can't produce here or are superior to what we produce. And he wants to create the largest market in Italy for American goods that the Italians need. In other words, he would seem to be actuated by the spirit of ideal commerce.

Mr. Conti began his business career in 1884 in the same building in lower Broadway where his present enlarged offices and storerooms are situated. His first enterprise was a little bank and general steamship agency for Italian immigrants. The banking business steadily grew, until now it has branches in Boston, Philadelphia, and Newark, N. J., and is represented in Chicago and California. It was so ably and conservatively conducted that it at

length gained the official correspondence of the Bank of Naples, an institution of the highest rank. It also is in correspondence with more than fifty American national banks, and altogether has seven hundred regular and five hundred irregular correspondents.

A few years ago he abandoned his general steamship agency to become the American representative of the Italian Steamship Company, which operates a fleet of modern steamers between New York and Genoa, Naples and Palermo. Here was work enough for any ordinary man, but not for one like Conti. He went on steadily increasing his business of importing Italian wines, olive oil and a host of food products, and then, looking around for something else to do, leaped lightly from cheese, chianti, etc., to automobiles, and in a jiffy he became the financial agent in America for the Fiat people, and is able to boast of importing twenty-six cases of automobiles at one time.

Still burdened with a surplus of energy, Mr. Conti began to bethink himself of what he could do in the way of finding a market in Italy for American products. As a starter, he turned to horses. They needed good trotting horses in Italy; it was high time, in truth, that the Italians acquired a little sporting blood, American brand. Experience had taught Conti that he could sell anything. So why not send trotting horses to Italy in exchange for spaghetti? There was no reason why he shouldn't, and he did.

His relations with wealthy Italians enabled him to make a success of this business as he had done with everything else. One of his noteworthy achievements was supplying the Baron Franchetti with Onward Silver, a horse that sold for $21,000 and made a fine record abroad, and now Italian sportsmen look to Mr. Conti to keep them supplied with trotters.

After trotting horses for the Italians came whiskey. It is true that to picture Italians partaking of this strictly American product puts something of a tax on one's imagination, but a little thing like that did not feaze Mr. Conti. His business associates say he could sell palm-leaf fans to Eskimos. Be that as it may, he decided Italians needed a good whiskey, if only for medicinal purposes, and that partly explains why he became the general sales agent for a brand of old rye. He is selling it in the United States, too, but his heart is in making the great American high-ball a go in the sunny peninsula.

When he is not at his office, he is attending to what his associates call the "diplomatic" end of his business, and twice a year he goes to Italy to keep in touch with his interests there. His diplomatic ability, combined with his acumen and remarkable energy, is said to explain his success. People who go to see him on business are received with all the gracious consideration an Italian gentleman can bestow upon a guest. Wherever he goes, he carries the atmosphere of the drawing-room into the counting-room. Always you are hypnotized into believing that you are a social acquaintance instead of a mere business acquaintance. So how can you refuse him anything? The combination of Italian finesse with Yankee enterprise would seem to be a good one.

One is glad to hear that, with all his interests, Mr. Conti still finds time to lend a helping hand to the poor and ignorant immigrants of his own race. His father before him, the secretary to the consul, always was the friend and benefactor of these people, and the son follows his example. His pocketbook as well as his experience and judgment are invariably at the service of the worthy. But don't let any one think that he can be fooled. It isn't easy to fool a man who can sell anything from macaroni to bills of foreign exchange and from cheese and chianti to automobiles and trotting horses.

A TOUCH OF FROST

BY L. D. SHERMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE "Worshipful Master," who was breaking trail, stopped to dig out the caked snow from beneath his moccasins.

"I would like to see that particular man, just now, who said we wouldn't find snow," he remarked. "I never saw so much in my life!"

Nor had I. The day before we had left a land of spring and bare ground; to-day we were in a land of winter and snow—five feet of it. This is a conservative estimate. The cook at a logging camp we passed said there was seven feet. However, we measured it in several ways: by falling into it, guessing at it and shoveling it. This last test was conclusive, though it did seem as if the cook was several feet shy on his estimate.

The title of this tale is particularly apropos. The trip came near being a frost in every sense of the word. This was the third winter I had attempted it. The first season the snow lacked; the second produced plenty of snow, but a twenty-mile tramp through a northeast gale with some other complications put me on the shelf for three weeks with a torn ligament. The present trip was well planned but from one cause or another was postponed three times until the first of March. The leaves were about budding in our town and we were starting on a snowshoe trip! No wonder our friends laughed! But, as we explained, having successfully explored the other points of the compass, the Worshipful Master and I were going to travel north—until we found snow. And now, having accomplished our purpose, here we were on a stormy morning dragging a loaded toboggan eight miles up a mountain trail.

By great good fortune a logging-camp tote-team chanced to meet our train at the little railway station. I had always claimed the driver as a friend, and now I was sure of it. The prospect of saving three miles of hard uphill travel was bright indeed. Langill swung his four-horse team up to the platform and loaded us in with a lot of miscellaneous truck for the camps.

"You didn't see anything that looked like missionaries aboard that train, did yer? I been expectin' of 'em fer a week past. I guess they balked at the job."

"I wouldn't be surprised," I answered. Having spent many days in the logging camps, I knew that the missionary field was both wide and deep. "Must be tiring work trying to steer some of those old moss-grown lumber-jacks into the straight and narrow path," I offered.

"You bet it is! Still it makes a little excitement, and after a man has been in the woods fer a couple hundred days anything that bu'sts the monotony is welcome."

"What do the missionaries do?" inquired the Worshipful Master.

The driver, who was trying to bite off a mouthful from his "eatin' plug," hesitated long enough to enlighten us.

"O—h, they—preach an'—play the phonograph an'——raise h—ll! Whoa, boys! Here's yer trail."

"So long," said we, having unloaded our belongings.

"Good luck," he returned, starting his horses.

And so, being too late to repent, we took up the work ahead of us. As I said before, there was five feet of snow which, having all fallen during February, was light and feathery. The racquets sank twelve or fourteen inches at every step, and breaking

We had to push through a storm going in.

Digging a hole for the tent.

Breaking trail is no easy work in a heavy wet snow.

And it takes skill to climb with those laden snowshoes upon your feet.

trail was a nice busy little job all by itself. As for dragging that toboggan! I wish I could tell you how much that outfit weighed; and still I'm glad I'll never know. It was snowing so fast that there seemed as much in the air as under foot—like wading in a snowbank a mile high.

We had planned to tramp up through the Notch and establish a permanent camp from which base we could make what side trips we pleased. I'm going to be honest if it kills me! About a mile and a half up the trail from the tote-road was where the worshipful master stopped to clear his snowshoes; then he slid over a bank into a brook bed for a drink of water, after which he held a talkfest. As the old woman said, we had "bit off more 'n we could chaw." We had been about four hours making that mile and a half when we were *fresh*. It's a simple problem of mathematics to figure out how many weeks it would take us to reach the top of the mountain notch. However, mathematics were never my long suit, so we tried again.

I wish you could have seen just what happened during the next hour. We got mad and snaked that toboggan along until it finally refused to move; forward, backward, up or down, or sideways. Then we tried hauling half the load. Then we tried packing it on our backs. We got down on our knees and pushed, and pulled, and rooted it along. We even broke out a hard-beaten trail for a hundred yards ahead and tried to coax it along that way. During these strength tests we whistled, sang, laughed, cried or cussed, just as the spirit happened to move us. Finally, the danged spirit refused to move and then we *were* bogged down.

"Now what will we do!" I exclaimed.

"Rest," answered the Worshipful Master.

After a while we were able to look about us. Then we arose to our feet crossed the brook and found the snuggest camping spot you could imagine. At least it looked good. It is quite a gamble to shovel a hole in the snow eighteen feet long, eight feet wide, and five feet deep and strike a spot level enough for a camp. However, our first shot was a bull'seye, which proves that we weren't entirely luckless.

There being only one shovel in the outfit I immediately shifted all responsibility on to the Worshipful Master, and taking up a pack-strap, started back over the trail to pack in some of the load that had fallen by the wayside. I delayed my return as long as possible that the Worshipful Master might have every chance necessary to complete his work, but I found that he had very unselfishly saved some for me. Not that either of us lacked for useful occupation. Far from it! To return to the plain unvarnished truth once more, we were flying around that fast you could have heard us buzz, if you had been within earshot of the disturbance. I'm sorry you weren't—we could have used one or two more men as easily as not.

It requires some time to make a permanent camp shipshape on a summer basis. In the winter, when you aren't sure of the basis, it takes about twice as long.

But to pitch the tent. Our tent was a 7½ by 7½, and by chance our camping spot so situated that it could be pitched back to the storm-winds, while the prevailing winds blew across the front. However, we were nicely sheltered by the surrounding hills in any case.

The fireplace was made of logs; a big, yellow birch, crooked and old, that had been waiting for us for many years. We built the fireplace by piling the logs, one above another, against some stakes driven into the ground. No, it was not frozen. Under four of five inches of moss and leaf-mold and the warm blanket of snow, the soil in the deep woods never freezes. Then we erected the tent so that the front was ten feet from the backlogs. This was too far away for warmth as we discovered that night, and subsequently we moved the fireplace up to six feet, which was too near, and again to eight feet, which was just right.

By way of advice; do not use logs if you can locate a bowlder or ledge against which to build your fire. This for two reasons: it positively will not burn away, as any kind of wooden one must in time, and it will radiate warmth into your tent long after the fire has burned low.

The ground sloped from the fireplace back into the tent. This did not worry us, however. We did not need to go down to the ground for our tent floor—did not care to, in fact—the snow was much smoother.

The bed of the fireplace was perhaps a

foot above the level of the tent floor, which was better for warmth and much—very much better for smoke than if it had been lower.

The tent being provided with a sod-cloth twelve inches wide, all that was necessary to anchor it securely was to cut three logs to fit the back and sides and lay them on the sod-cloth inside. Then we filled the tent two feet deep with balsam browse.

It is awkward work chopping and carrying firewood or anything else on snowshoes.

The Worshipful Master was the proud possessor of one cigar that by some miracle was still intact. Not to be mean he offered to play me a game of "pitch" for it, and when he won, offered, or rather agreed to make it two out of three.

We each took a game. It was getting exciting. Then he won the cigar a second time. Now he became generous and very kindly placed the series at three out of five. I won two games and could almost taste that cigar—but I like a pipe better. It was broken in one place, anyhow.

Mixing the johnny-cake.

They were necessary, however, for one is absolutely helpless in that depth of snow without them. It stopped snowing during the afternoon, and when night closed down the thermometer dropped with it.

But our happy home was complete; the tea-pail bubbled merrily, an odor of baked beans permeated the air, a goodly pile of green logs and dry wood gave promise of warmth and cheer, while the fragrant balsam bed piled high with blankets was eloquent of rest and comfort.

In a winter camp, instead of undressing, when you go to bed you put on more clothes—all you have in fact. We used some homemade sleeping bags constructed of army and double blankets equal to three bags and a waterproof cover. As we were comfortable enough in them, and did not try sleeping double, I cannot tell you which is the warmer method.

We each possessed a hot-water bottle which helped some on the coldest nights. The small of your back is the proper place

Working up night-wood.

Hot running water for toilet purposes.

for one but the Worshipful Master will advise you—from experience—not to roll on it and cause it to leak. In the morning, if you place the bag on a log and turn the stopper enough you shall have an unheard-of luxury; hot running water for toilet purposes.

The day's duties begin with breakfast-getting; and here, let me say that being cook in a winter camp is a pleasant, not to say comfortable task. Let the rest of the crowd rustle the wood; you sit down on a log in front of the fire and peel the onions, mix the johnny-cake, start the stew or stodge up something *new* for a change. The chopping-block and the little hatchet are handy; and it is also a pleasant task to reduce the green and dry wood to just the size you like.

When your turn comes for chopping wood you are going to be surprised at the amount it takes for a night fire, and how hard it is to get it in the deep snow; and you are going to be very thankful if you have the proper tools for your work; two good, razor-edged, man's-size axes—of the brand the lumbermen use in that locality, if you can get them—and a crosscut saw. This last is a life-saver. As the Worshipful Master expressed it:

"Sometimes we show signs of human intelligence! It was a happy thought that included that saw on our list."

A winter campfire will use one good-sized tree a day—upwards of half a cord of wood—and the saw will reduce the fuel problem from nearly a continuous performance to a two or three hours' job each day.

Remember, that every tree you cut has value, and that you are going to undo eighty or a hundred year's growth in fifteen or twenty minutes.

Select the worthless varieties as far as possible. Balsam is one of the least valuable of the soft woods. You will use its boughs for your bed, and the trunk will make you a fireplace if you like, as it burns very slowly while green. It is not so good for this purpose as yellow birch, however, which is perhaps the best all-round wood for winter use in the Northern woods. Beech, paper birch and red maple are all good green fuel. The last two are softer than the beech or yellow birch and so work up more easily, but they do not make such lasting fuel.

All of these trees are comparatively worthless. Nevertheless you should select trees that are crooked or stunted, or those that crowd more valuable species, for your campfire. By so doing you are practicing forestry of a kind—destroying the weeds.

Our days passed swiftly enough with our numerous duties. What spare time we had was used in visiting the logging camps, picking gum and looking for a deer yard that we might try to photograph its inmates.

However, we failed to locate a yard within striking distance of camp.

Unless one makes a trip into Canada, or far enough north to be sure of continued cold weather, coarsely woven snowshoes are best, as they allow damp snow to sift readily through. Also because of wet snow one should wear the oil-tanned moccasins.

February is the month of snow, and during that month and early March snowshoeing is at its best from the White Mountains northward.

What one wears for clothes makes no particular difference, so long as it is enough—and still not too much—snowshoeing is warm work.

We wore two suits of thin woolen underclothes, woolen trousers—kersey or mackinaw are good—flannel shirts, "warmback" vests and pontiac shirts big enough to pull on over everything as a sort of smock made a very serviceable outer garment. A V-necked sweater makes an additional undergarment that will be found acceptable at times. Wear a cap to pull over your ears, mittens—not gloves—on your hands, high pontiac knitted leggins and as many pair of socks besides as you can crowd into your moccasins, and finally, a silk handkerchief to keep the snow out of your neck and to tie up your shirt collar against the cold if necessary.

The extra clothing list is not alarming. You are not going to take many baths or change many underclothes—if you are wise, so an extra pair of leggins, two or three pair of socks and a knitted cap or toque for night wear are about all you will need.

Your moccasins should be at least two sizes larger than the shoes you wear. Take the same old cooking kit. For your grub-list choose solid, heat-giving food.

An eight-foot toboggan is small enough. Hire a horse!

LIFE AT OLD MACKINAC

V—PIONEER WOMEN OF THE WEST

BY AGNES C. LAUT

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM OLD PHOTOGRAPHS AND PRINTS OF WISCONSIN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

LIFE at Old Mackinac had its compensations. It would be hard to find a place in America where children had a better time than our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers when they were boys and girls at this old gateway of the Upper Lakes.

To be sure, they hadn't Teddy Bears and Noah's Arks with animals running round on casters; but then, they had real bears that ran round without any casters; and husky dogs harnessed tandem hauled the old-fashioned, high-backed, carry-all sleighs along roadways tunneled through snowbanks even with the door-tops. And every spring came the gala event of the year—the sugaring off—when officers and traders moved out with their families from Mackinac to Bois Blanc Island, five miles down the ice of the Straits, to a white city of tents in a sugar-maple grove.

Sometime about March 1st, the sap began to rise in the forests of northern Michigan. Sunny days, and frosty nights to prevent the flow when no one was there to take away the sap—were the ideal weather for sugaring off; but soon as the warm sun set the sap running, Mackinac prepared to go camping for some three weeks. Sleighs were brought out, carrioles, backs and sides painted gorgeous crimson, runners black, inside cream, crammed with fur robes against the cold, and hitched tandem behind dogs keen to be off as the children muffled in furs to their eyes, wriggling restless to set out. The officers were usually accompanied by their families. Grand dames—wives of the big fur traders, Astor's magnates from New York, or pompous Northwest partners from Montreal — went along garbed as for a fête, in sables and martens with huge beaver hats topped by plumes gay as ever nodded in Eastern fashion. Abreast each tandem team as driver stood a French-Canadian wood-runner, blanket coat, sash, toque, beaded moccasins shining new as squaws could make. A crack of the leading officer's whip! Away all

Mrs. Elizabeth Baird, one of the earliest white women to reside in the fort.

Fort Mackinac as it appears to-day.

The old Mission Church at Mackinac, the oldest mission of the Northwest, where the Jesuits first preached.

raced, dogs and sleighs and drivers, the dogs barking and jingling their bells, drivers yelling, as out swept the runners from the snow-walled roads of Mackinac to the glare ice of the Straits. A rabbit lopes for cover! The dogs bolt in pursuit, spilling a sleigh-load of big people and little people about on the ice, none the worse of the mishap, and well padded in furs. Or another team spurts for the lead on the down grade with yowls and jumps as the sleigh nips heels. In less than an stuffed rabbit are roasted whole at the end of long sticks; and one can guess whether youngsters at the end of a five-mile rough-and-tumble drive through frosty air thought the simmering, smelly things took long to cook; but the real fun only began when the ladies of Mackinac set to frying the pancakes, or flipping the flap-jacks. What dire portent it was to let a pancake fall in the fire when you flipped it—I don't know: very ill-omened for single ladies; and it took a deft hand to toss

Mackinac as it looked one hundred years ago.

hour all sleighs are at the sugar grove of Bois Blanc Island, where forerunners have kindled a roaring fire, and all camp kit has been left from the preceding year.

While the half-breed servants and black slaves move rugs into the big main tepee—fifty by two hundred feet—and erect the smaller tents of canvas and deerskin, it falls to the ladies of the fort to prepare supper. A kettle is slung to a chain between four corner-timbers. Partridge and duck and wild goose kept frozen from the fall hunt, bears' paws and beaver tails and the browned side up from a flat, rimless frying pan and catch it on the toss to brown the other side. If the thing tossed down in a man's cap, that ended peace of mind for him; and a good many Mackinac officers must have wanted to lose their peace of mind; for when pancakes began, there was a wild scrabble of men with hats. Later, when the sugaring off, proper, took place, that is, the last night of boiling the sirup into sugar, the whole evening was spent flapjacking, the pancakes served, of course, with maple sirup. Supper was

eaten in the camp firelight above the crusted snow, with a crisscrossing of shadows like ghosts from the wind among the branches of the melancholy pines and leafless maples.

The big wigwam was given up to the use of the women and children. It was a long slope-roofed cedar-bark affair, like the side-tent of a circus, with platforms of huge logs down each side, an enormous fireplace in the middle with the usual posts at the four corners, and a big hole in the roof to let the smoke out, and—as Mrs. Baird relates—"to let the stars in!" On the logs were spread the fur rugs for beds, though some of the grand dames brought out their down mattresses. Along the walls to keep out drafts, that make you mighty sad if you sleep next to a good brisk one in the small of your back in the small of the night, was tacked heavy gun-sacking. Sticks driven in the bark supplied hooks to hang clothing. The fireplace was built big enough to admit whole logs, and though the tents outside were assigned to the men, one can guess how long everybody lingered round the main fireplace of the big wigwam, lounging on rugs listening to hunters' yarns. What with the smoke curling out and the stars shining in and those big beaver hats with the ostrich plumes that the ladies wore, and the gold braid on the officers' uniforms, and the red firelight on faces that were good to look at without it—with all that and the flapjacks, it isn't awfully surprising that weddings were as frequent at Mackinac as there were *singles*, and that most of the singles didn't wait much past fourteen.

Night time was fun. Morning, the real work began. Birds sounded the reveille at that hole in the roof above the dead fire. Soon as the stars began to fade and daylight to come through that hole like a sheeted ghost, the blue jays began to scream, the whiskey jacks to twitter, the swamp pigeons to whistle and coo. A tame old owl nested near, and he used occasionally to peer from the ragged edge of the hole with a hoot that startled the wigwam. When the whip-poor-wills began to lash from near-by trees, Mrs. Baird says the campers knew it was time to go home; for the ice would break up. But the day's work really began with the call of the birds.

Brooms to keep the big tepee clean were extemporized from cedar branches fastened to a long handle. You can see these brooms in use to-day among the habitants of Quebec or the Indians of the West. The most of the dishes for sugaring-off were made of birch bark; troughs of two gallons set out at the tree to catch the trickling sap, three-gallon pails or buckets carried by an oaken or cedar yoke across the shoulders with ropes suspended hooked to each pail, *macocks* or *macucks* holding a hundred pounds of the sugar. Bark for these dishes was gathered at Bark Point, the year before, preferably in August. The dishes were shaped as desired. All seams were sewed from the outside with basswood strips and gummed with pitch. To clean these dishes a single layer of bark was removed from the inside and the dish rinsed with scalding water. The grooved spouts or gutters were of basswood. The barrels were of staved oak hooped with tough bark. No pine was used because it would taste the sugar. The strainer was a big flannel bag. This was cleaned by scalding without soap. To stir the sirup, there was used either a hemlock branch or a basswood paddle. All the brass and copper kettles were scoured with water and sand, though the kettles were really what we would call big pots, such as farmers use out of doors for bran mashes. Sugar not required for immediate use was buried in the earth to prevent souring.

Spite of the hilarious fun, sugar-making was hard work. First of all, the trees must be tapped. This meant long walks over the crusted snow through the March winds. Into the nicked bark the spout was pushed, slanting down. Under the spout was placed the birch-bark trough; and down trickled the sap in a stream—as I remember in my childhood days on the east side of Lake Huron a century later—about the size of a very small lead pencil, with a faint odor as of flowers in spring. On Bois Blanc Island was a maple grove of some thousands of trees, and though they did not tap every tree every year, still Mackinac sugar was the main supply for the Lake traders, and they must have tapped a great many trees. Once a day, some one must go from trough to trough of the maple trees with the yoked pails to see that the troughs did not run over and to carry the sap to the oaken

buckets and big brass kettles. That was task enough to keep a large camp busy so long as the sap ran. Two or three others to each section of the sugar grove must haul the sap to camp on hand sleighs; for the precious cargo must not be risked with bolting huskies.

If the weather were exceptionally fine, the boiling might be done outside, but ordinarily it took place over the great fireplace in the main wigwam. A good bed of coals was prepared but not too blazing a fire *yet*. It took the strength of three people to hoist the great kettle; but first a splash of sap was thrown on the bottom to prevent scorching. Then the big pot was hooked to the chain above the coals and lifted. Bucket after bucket, the sap was poured in. If many people were at camp, and the year a specially favorable one for sap, half a dozen sap boilers might be hoisted at once. Then the big logs were plied, watchers standing stirring day and night, three to a kettle, with hemlock branches and paddles, to keep the sizzling amber fluid, now letting loose all the fragrance of the imprisoned forest, from boiling over in a blaze. From twenty-four to forty-eight hours it took for the sap to turn to sirup. When half-boiled it was transferred to a fresh kettle.

The next thing was to boil the sirup into sugar over a slow fire. At this stage the fun of the first night redoubled. If anybody had not come out from Mackinac he came now for the final sugaring-off, which was always timed for a night frolic, an all-night of it, often. Sugar to be sent to far distant points—and in the early days of Mackinac, sugar was sent as far as New York, St. Louis, the Arctic—was ladled out to harden in the macocks; but the taffy and the sugar for the night's fun were either poured on basswood chips or spread out molten on a stretch of clean-crusted snow. If you scrambled for somebody else's chip, you stuck to it! I have been told—though children do not remember how they looked in similar sugarings-off a century later—that as far as small people were concerned it was very hard to tell where their hoods stopped and where their faces began; after the first ladling all visible was taffy. And the youngsters were not the only sinners over the taffy spoon. Mrs. Clarke, widow of John Clarke, Astor's leading trader, now a grand old lady past the century mark, tells of a sugaring-off when one young officer from Montreal made a frantic grab for the amber stream poured on the crusted snow. His foot slipped. Into the lava of taffy he plunged full length on his back. The campers shouted, for when he sprang to his feet, a trailing cloud of taffy glory clung from his shoulders. Grown-ups and youngsters, black servants and half-breed drivers, pursued with a whoop the flying phantom of a uniformed gentleman twisting in and out among the trees with a taffy-train trailing from his back. Now, too, was the time when small people gouged their birch bark molds into shapes of rabbits and bears and horses and beavers, filled them with taffy or sugar, and placed them in the snow to harden. Sugaring-off often lasted till the stars faded and the whip-poor-will whipped in daydawn. Then there was a rush to break camp, for the whip-poor-will warned warm weather, and that meant the ice would run like a fury through the Straits as the campers paddled back upstream to Mackinac. If the wind rose, there was nothing for it but to land at any fishing shelter and wait till the churning waters calmed.

As I said before, there were compensations in the life at Old Mackinac, though people didn't change their fashions every three months the way we do because some tradesmen in Paris and London make it their business to make *us* buy things we don't want. It was a long way from Mackinac to the nearest stores—eighteen hundred miles—and when the grand dame of the Straits put on her best gown, it was put on for a year—black silk, the kind that will stand alone and not let you poke your finger through it.

Look at the map! Mackinac lies just where Lake Michigan sweeps through a narrow pass to Lake Huron, and Lake Superior comes down through the Sault or Jumping Rapids. All roads led past Mackinac. It was the first and earliest gateway to the West. Nicollet passed this way in 1634, when he came jaunting westward hunting a path to China. So did Radisson and Groseillers and Marquette bound for the Mississippi. So did La Verendrye a

century later on his way to the Saskatchewan. In those days Mackinac was on the north side of the Straits at what is now Point Ignace. And when French power fell in Canada, and English power in the New England colonies, the way Westward still led through Mackinac, built about 1781 on the island in the center of the Straits. Hither came Astor's fur traders on the way to the Mississippi and the Missouri and the Pacific; and here paused the Scotch merchants of Montreal on their way to invade the country of the Saskatchewan.

And when the settlers came on the heels of the fur traders, the way still led through Mackinac. You took schooner for the fare of one dollar from Buffalo to Detroit. From Detroit, for the sum of twenty-five dollars, you took another vessel up to Mackinac. From Mackinac, you could go South down the shores of Lake Michigan to Indiana and Illinois and Kentucky and Missouri; or West across what is now Wisconsin to Iowa and Minnesota and the Dakotas; or North by way of Lake Superior to the great valley of the Saskatchewan. Astor and General Clarke and General Ashley, the great traders, always went from New York to St. Louis by way of Mackinac, rather than by ocean voyage through the Gulf of Mexico, even when Ashley was on the way to Utah and Colorado. There were no harbors on the east and west shores of Lake Michigan in those days; and vessels from Mackinac to Fort Dearborn (Chicago) came back ballasted with sand. As soon as navigation opened, there was a constant flow of notables, not to mention fifteen thousand gallons of whiskey annually, through Mackinac bound for the Far West. Robert Stuart, who had been with Astor's hunters on the Columbia, was wintering-partner of the American Fur Company at Mackinac. Capt. Benjamin Pierce brother of the President, was commander of the garrison, and among the permanent residents were families whose names are to the West what the *Mayflower* ancestors are to the East—Biddles from Philadelphia; the Kinzies who fathered Chicago; the Fishers of Red River, Manitoba; Mrs. Baird, whose reminiscences give the best picture of family life at Mackinac; Doctor Mitchell, an English surgeon, Pooh-bah and millionaire of the island; the French-Canadian family of Laframboises, whose sons explored literally every state from North Dakota to California, serving alternately Astor for the Americans, then McLoughlin for the British; Tanner, who had been stolen as a boy by the Shawnees in Kentucky; that good Jo Rolette, father of Wisconsin and Minnesota, who was the first man to take cattle to the settlers of Red River, Canada, and the first to bring ox-cart brigades from what is now Winnipeg to what is now St. Paul. That Jo Rolette's nerves were made of iron as well as his courage, may be guessed from Bishop Kemper's testimony that the stalwart trader could drink eight glasses of brandy at a meal and smoke every day twenty-five cigars the size of a poker without ill-effect.

Prior to the War of 1812, English agents yearly came to Mackinac with presents for the Indians of the West, a suit with gold lace, cocked hat and sword for the chiefs, silver circlets for hair and wrist of the warriors; and the Indians camped every autumn in a mushroom city of tents on the water front. Behind on the upper cliff were the whitewashed fort and the whitewashed town and the glittering spire of the chapel; for the dominant tone of Mackinac was both French and Catholic. By the time the Indians had scattered to their hunting grounds and the fur traders had departed for the East, it was Christmas season, a week kept as a holy festival with constant ringing—ringing—ringing—of the angelus chimes and chant of the mission priests—six in the morning—midday—six again at night. Then, when psalms and prayers were over, the whole population gathered at the largest of the manor houses, where pigs were roasted whole at open fireplaces and stuffed goose cooked at the end of a stick and supper served, with dancing till daylight. New Year's Eve, the men of the fort tramped from house to house singing the Old Year out and the New Year in; but soon as dawn came and the matin bells rang, every child, grown or small, in every household, knocked on the door of the parents' room, entered, and knelt for the mother's blessing.

To return to those weddings yoked up under the stars of the sugar camp—I said the sugaring-off was the great event of the year, but I'm not sure I ought not to

have said the weddings. You can judge for yourself. There was a slaughtering of the innocents among those officers and traders of Mackinac. Miss Josette Lafromboise, staying at the white manor house of the Mitchells, meets and marries Captain Pierce, brother of the President; but though there was an Indian strain in the Laframboise family, there was also the blood of the good old French-Canadian noblesse. Besides, Madamoiselle Josette had been to Montreal schools, so her wedding was not so typical of Mackinac life as some of the other unions between wellborn native women and white men. Joseph Bailly had married one of the Minnesota Fairbaults; and when his Indian stepdaughter became espoused to one of the Philadelphia Biddles, the families of Mackinac with native blood determined to show the white race what they could do in the way of an Indian trousseau. Of furs, the bride was dowered with the richest money could buy. The bride's dress was of black broadcloth embroidered at the ankles to a depth of six inches with finest beadwork in blue and red and white and green. The leggins were also of black embroidered broadcloth. The moccasins were of leather stained scarlet and embroidered to match the skirt. The blanket, which Indian etiquette demands as a woman's veil against insult similar to the custom of Oriental women, was of red broadcloth fringed and beaded and worn as a Spanish lady wears her mantilla. The bodice beneath was of red silk fitted tight as a glove to a form, perfect in every line. The sleeves were tight almost as the bronze skin of the bride's arm. Belt and collar of beads to match the skirt with silver brooch-clasp for each—completed the costume. Four such gowns as this had the bride; and the feast that followed the wedding was like the festival of Christmas Day or the sugaring-off. Of course, with such unions there was always the sequel, which novelists do not tell—the loneliness of the bride if she left her own people to go among the whites; the isolation and sometimes slumping down (you can hardly call it "degeneration," when the man remained decent) of the white husband as associates gradually became limited to his wife's people. In the case of the Biddles, the sorrows of the alien alliance fell heaviest, as usual, on the children, A daughter, a very beautiful child, was sent East at an early age to be educated with her aristocratic cousins in Philadelphia. When she came back she was a grown woman with a white girl's tastes and customs; and she came back to an Indian mother hot to resent and tender to be hurt by comparisons, though unuttered, with civilized life. The girl pined away in silence and died of what the records called consumption, but what was more likely loss of anchor-grip, mental, moral and physical, on the life in which she found herself.

Good Madam Laframboise prevented a similar tragic ending to the union of her Josette. The Laframboises were very devout Catholics. They were among the few traders who never gave the Indians liquor. Mrs. Baird relates that no matter where they were or at what work, when the angelus rang or the hour of the angelus came round though they were far from sound of the chimes in the depths of some Michigan forest, father and mother dropped their work and with the sign of the cross knelt in prayer. They had gone up the coast of Michigan to Grand River in two Mackinaw boats accompanied by some twelve servants, Indian and negro. Laframboise had refused to barter liquor to a dissolute Indian. One night, the trader was kneeling at prayer in his tent. Sunset or campfire threw the shadow of the devotee on the tent wall. A shot rang out; and Laframboise fell over dead pierced by the ball of the malicious Indian. The body was interred at what is now Grand Haven, and Madam Laframboise continued the fur trade in the wilds alone. Through the maternal line, she belonged to the Ottawa tribe, and she always dressed in Indian style, though her heart was whiter than many a Christian's, which was shown by her treatment of her husband's assassin. The slaves had caught the murderer and brought him to camp. Then they came to Madam's tent and demanded whether "he should be scalped or burned." Did the Indian blood in her veins cry out for revenge? She stifled the cry and answered: "I do as my husband would have wished! I forgive this man! I leave him to the Great Spirit! He will do what is right." This was the woman whose daughter Commander Pierce had married. Robert

Stuart declared she spoke French like a Parisian; and all her children had been educated in Montreal; but if rumor is to be credited, at the time of her husband's death the wife could neither read nor write. However, she procured a fur-trade license for herself, and yearly took her brigade of canoes to Montreal. That is worth noting by "womans' rightsters." Here was an Ottawa woman who took her rights and didn't talk about them, took them by virtue of her fitness, which is the best charter of rights. And now, in 1821, Mrs. Pierce, her daughter, died, leaving little children. If sent away East so young, Madam Laframboise could easily foresee they would come back to Mackinac weaned from their people, as Miss Biddle had come, to pine and die. Madam ponders the matter of these little Pierce children; but she doesn't rail at fate! Instead, at the age of forty, she sets herself to learn to read and write and master subjects of English study, that she may teach the children and keep pace with them when the time comes for Montreal schools. This Ottawa woman of Indian blood donated both land and funds for the Mackinac church.

One of the interesting families in Mackinac a century ago was the Mitchells. Doctor Mitchell was English by birth and hotly loyal; but he had married an Ottawa woman staunch and true like Madam Laframboise, but born to the airs of the grand dame like a princess. The Mitchells kept open hospitality in their white house with its green shutters, and Mrs. Mitchell was recognized as mistress of all occasions at Mackinac. Her children were educated in Montreal, with finishing courses of travel in Europe, and when they came home to the fort, weekly whist parties and receptions were held at her house, or else society went tandem driving with a round-up "hop" at the Mitchells. Mrs. Mitchell was a very large woman and always dressed in heavy black silks with deep military pockets in which she carried the keys of wine cellars and account boxes. No one wore more gorgeous hats nor finer plumes. About the time Mackinac became American a funny thing happened. The Doctor was so ultra-British that he would not stay. The wife was so American that she would not leave; so the husband moved across to Drummond Island, which was British in those days, where he plied his fur trade, and Mrs. Mitchell stayed on at Mackinac, where she carried on her fur trade. Twice a year husband and wife visited each other in the most amicable fashion in the world.

To Mackinac as to all frontier posts, drifted strange waifs and strays. On a boat from Detroit, in 1819, came a James Tanner, of Kentucky, son of a clergyman, searching a brother, who long ago had been stolen by the Shawnees. Lord Selkirk when in Red River, had employed as scout a white man by name of John Tanner living as an Indian among the Crees, of Manitoba. Selkirk advertised for the man's relatives in American papers. In answer to this advertisement came James Tanner from Kentucky. The scene must have been strange when the brothers met.

After searching the Cree camp of Red River for three days, James Tanner came to a white man lying on the broad of his back in the sun, dressed as an Indian. James Tanner stretched out his hand. "John," he said. John gazed back unmoved. "John Tanner is your name," continued the other. "Don't you remember? I am your brother! Don't you remember your sister Martha?"

A film of recognition, of dawning memory, came over the lost brother's face; and the two talked far into the night. The stolen child had been traded to the Ottawas of Mackinac, where he lived for many years, and married a woman of the Sault. When the elder brother tried to persuade the younger to renounce Indian life, a troubled look came over John Tanner's face. He had Indian children. He knew no life but that of the wandering hunter basking in the sun to-day, hunting tirelessly to-morrow, feasting one week, starving the next.

"I suppose there are no hunting grounds back in Kentucky? I don't want my boys to grow up like girls indoors all the time. To be a man, my boys must prove they can kill a man—they couldn't do that back with you! In a few moons will be a buffalo hunt. Have you any buffalo there? I don't want to live like white men who have to tell lies for their living. I don't want my boys to. As for the girls, they can go to the whites where they won't have

to chop wood. A woman is a woman no matter where!" What answer the civilized brother made, I don't know. He found one of his brother's little girls was the image of a Kentucky cousin. For four months James Tanner stayed with his Indian brother, and John at last consented to go down to Kentucky; and James departed for the South.

The next July (1820), John Tanner, four children and an Indian wife, arrived in a birch canoe at Mackinac. An infant had been born on the way. Naturally, the wanderers attracted great attention, especially Tanner, who could no more wear civilized clothing without looking grotesque than an Indian could. His trousers were inches too short. His coat flapped to the wind. His hat jammed to the ears above a tangle of long hair looked like a scarecrow. What had once been a boiled shirt slipped anchor free of belt and braces. The poor fellow, now neither a white man nor an Indian, was wretched. To aggravate unhappiness, his wife refused to go on to the white man's land. The ladies of Mackinac took the disconsolate family under their wing for some twelve years. Tanner went on alone by way of Chicago to his relatives.

Fate has a ghastly trick of being tragically funny sometimes! While Tanner, the poor Ishmaelite of two races, was finding out that he could not fit himself to white life in Kentucky, his Indian wife and family up at Mackinac had been converted to Catholicism, baptized, sent to school and civilized. When Tanner came back from Kentucky, he found his squaw such a civilized woman that she would no longer live with him because he would not marry her according to the Catholic faith. You see —Tanner was a Protestant. Let us not laugh! It is tragic! For two years, husband and wife bickered along—then Tanner broke loose, went to Detroit, married a white wife and came back to live just round the point at the Sault.

I don't need to add that Tanner's last condition was worse than his first. Scripture tells of a man out of whom the devils went and into whom they returned. His white wife left him. He became an outcast, bitter to the inmost core of his being, his hand against every man, every man's hand against him. Personally, I often wonder just how the angel of records untangles things in a life like Tanner's. On the American side of the Sault, lived that family of Schoolcrafts from whose Indian legends Longfellow framed his "Hiawatha.' There was a quarrel with the Schoolcrafts. A member of the family was found murdered. Suspicion fell on the poor outcast, and until the Mexican War it was firmly believed that Tanner had committed the murder. In the Mexican War, a dying deserter confessed that he and not Tanner had been the guilty man. Meanwhile, poor Tanner was like a demon-haunted thing. Taking his gun, his only and last friend, he fled to the swamps on the Canadian side of the Sault. Next spring, trappers found a man's body in the swamp, clothing torn to tatters, bones picked clean by the wolves. Beside the skeleton lay a rusted gun. The gun was Tanner's.

Some descendants of Tanner became active missionary workers on the frontier of Minnesota and Dakota; so perhaps his life was ultimately not utter waste; though that is poor compensation to Tanner.

ASSISTING THE GODDESS OF LIBERTY

SETTING UP A NEW PRESIDENT OF HAYTI

BY DAVID BUFFUM

WHENEVER I recall my West Indian days and the experiences and acquaintances I had there, one of the figures very apt to come into my mind is that of John Vincent White. White belonged to a class common enough in the tropics and familiar to all who have spent much time there—men who come into a locality, no one knows whence, and after a sojourn, usually brief, depart, no one knows whither; always with gorgeous schemes for making money, always more or less poor and forever on the move.

White was thoroughly typical of the class; irresponsible and full of fun; visionary and enthusiastic; active and enterprising but incapable of any long-sustained effort and far too restless to remain in one place long enough to succeed, even under the most favorable circumstances. Four times in three years I stumbled upon him in the most unexpected localities and every time he had a money-making scheme a little better than the last. On the second of these occasions, his stay being unusually protracted, I staid two months at the same hotel with him. At this time he was boring artesian wells. He never once struck water, nor could he, in the way that he went at it, reasonably expect to, but what was more to his purpose, he had formed "The Liguanea Water Supply Company," and he was flush of money, in high spirits—and, incidentally, beginning to be thoroughly sick of his job.

There were five of us Americans living at the hotel, and we were very apt to spend the evening—especially that hot period which intervenes between sunset and the setting in of the land breeze—on the balcony, smoking and spinning yarns. I have already described White. A briefer description will suffice for the others. Henderson, a native of Mississippi, was the West Indian representative of a harness and saddlery house in New York; Dumois, French-Canadian, was purchasing bananas for a Boston firm, and I was preparing land for a coffee plantation. We three formed the more substantial part of the quintette. The fifth, Josiah Burrell, was a bird of the same feather as White, and he had run the gauntlet of all the larger West Indies and several localities on the mainland. At this time he was doing nothing, and was rather down on his luck, but he was thinking of going to Costa Rica, where he thought the field for enterprise might be better.

One evening as we were thus assembled, White broached a brand-new plan for money-making, which involved the purchase of a little schooner called the *Rosita*. "All you fellows know," said he, "that it costs twenty-five dollars to get from Jeremie, Hayti, to this town—a distance of only two hundred miles. That's because the India Line has the monopoly. Now, if we had the *Rosita*—no need of a steamer—we could get all that trade and the India folks could go hang. We could carry passengers at the modest sum of fifteen dollars apiece and make fourteen dollars on every one. I tell you there's a barrel of money in it; the *Rosita's* a dandy little craft and she can be had cheap, too."

"There'd be a big profit on passengers at that price," said Dumois, cautiously, "if we had enough of them. But I'm

afraid the number would be limited, and surely there'd be no freight worth mentioning. I'm for making money, but I want to see my way clear first."

"Nonsense!" said White. "At that price the Black Republicans 'll jump at the chance. We're public benefactors, see?—breakers-up of the old tyrannical monopoly that has been crushing out enterprise and wickedly restricting inter-insular communication. I tell you the new line 'll be so popular that we'll have to build a second-story on the *Rosita's* deckhouse for first-class, and have the hold running over with steerage passengers. We'll carry the steerage passengers," he added, with a laugh, "dirt cheap—five dollars per. There'd be a snug profit on 'em at fifty cents."

Now we all knew White and we also knew that his scheme, as a business enterprise, was entirely worthless. But there is something wonderfully alluring in the idea of ship-ownership, and when White shrewdly added, "Then, you know, if we ever take a notion to go on a longer cruise, there's our own vessel to go in," we were all more or less in his toils.

The result was that the following morning we went, in a body, to look the vessel over. She was a stubby-looking craft, of that untrim appearance peculiar to vessels built in the Islands, but she was comparatively new and was certainly heavy-timbered and strong. The owner, a prosperous-looking colored gentleman named Gonzales, asked two thousand dollars for her, which seemed (and actually was) extremely cheap.

White was shrewd enough to get in his work while we were properly "enthused." He got us together on the forward deck and said, "Say, the time to buy is when a man is red-hot to sell. Captain Gonzales 'll take fifteen hundred, I know. Now, I'll put in five hundred if you' fellows 'll make up the rest. What do you say?"

Dumois, the most level-headed and cautious of the lot, declined at once to have anything to do with the project. Burrell, after a whispered proposal to Henderson that the latter loan him a few hundred and take a mortgage on his part of the vessel, also sneered at the absurdity of the plan. This left only Henderson and myself. We were both careful enough ordinarily—from the tropical standpoint, at any rate—but the prospect of navigating enchanted seas with the *Rosita*, founding a new packet line, etc.! Flesh and blood could not stand it. We came into line handsomely and before we left the deck, White, Henderson and I were joint owners of the *Rosita*.

As I have already intimated, the purchase, as a business venture, was a foolish one. White's scheme for running a Jeremie packet petered out before we made even a single trip, and the India Line continued in its tyrannical monopoly without a rival. But, as White sagaciously observed, "man cannot live by bread alone, and oh! what fun we did have with that schooner during the short time that we owned her. Being a Santo Domingo craft and unknown in our island, no one could tell us anything of her qualities, but we soon learned them. She behaved wonderfully well in all weathers, and was so fast that I learned then never to judge of the speed of a craft by her appearance above the water line. Most certainly the *Rosita* was a clumsy-looking boat. But, though I never saw her out of water, I have no doubt that her bottom was formed on excellent speed lines, and this, too, I have always believed to be more or less accidental, for she was built for commercial purposes. We beat everything of her size that we met the first week we owned her; then we challenged the Yacht Club and beat every craft they owned, large and small. To one familiar with the "yachts" that figured in this contest our victory was not quite as great as might seem from the statement, but it was a victory nevertheless, and was accordingly celebrated.

One evening, as we came slowly into the harbor before a rapidly failing breeze, we were hailed by a man in a small rowboat. He was copper-colored, tall and commanding in appearance and wore a long beard that reached nearly to his waist. On drawing nearer we recognized him as General Delacrosse, a wealthy Haytian refugee who, a year or two before, had headed an unsuccessful "revolution" in his native country. He asked us to take him on board, and his boat in tow, which we did, and almost immediately he began negotiating for the purchase of the *Rosita*. We did not care to sell just then, but he wanted a fast vessel and money seemed no object

to him if he could have what he wanted and have it at once. Before we could set a price he offered us four thousand dollars —and of course we accepted it. That very evening, when we reached shore, he paid us the money and our ownership of the vessel ceased. We parted from her with genuine regret. Her purchase had been foolish but Fortune, proverbially fickle, had smiled upon our folly and, as White had said, the *Rosita* was a dandy craft.

We felt no curiosity as to what Delacrosse wanted of the boat, but he told us without any hesitation, saying he knew that, as Americans, we were the foes of tyranny, the adorers of liberty and much more to the same purpose. The city, as we well knew, was swarming with Haytian refugees, and these men, he told us, he was secretly preparing for yet another revolution. He already had the needful arms and ammunition and his men all sworn in; all he had to do now was to get everything on board, and his plan was to sail direct to Port-au-Prince, unseat Hippolyte and assume himself the dictatorship of Hayti. Of course, being on an English island and Great Britain at peace with Hayti, he had to use extreme caution. If it were once known what he was doing the Colonial authorities would very promptly put an effectual stop to all his proceedings.

I knew that Delacrosse was resolute and brave and that he possessed many amiable and praiseworthy qualities. But he was lacking in sagacity and in the power of organization—a very needful trait in a revolutionist—and, with the material that he had to depend upon for a following, I saw no hope of success for him. The majority of the refugees were the very riff-raff and offscouring of Hayti, undisciplined and wholly devoid of that moral force which sometimes makes good fighters, even of crude and raw recruits. Had I been newer to the country, I might also have wondered why a rich man, like Delacrosse, cared to mix himself up with revolutions at all; but this I now accepted as a matter of course. We all uttered sentiments appropriate to the occasion, and White became enthusiastic as he expressed his unmixed approval of the enterprise. Hayti, he said, with a wink which, it would seem, Delacrosse must have been blind not to perceive, had long groaned under the despotic rule of Hippolyte, and he blessed the day when a man like Delacrosse came to uplift that fallen country and give it its true place among the nations. The old General warmed to him visibly. He stroked his long beard complacently as he listened, and when he departed he shook White's hand with special fervor, expressing the hope that "he might see more of his dear young friend before he departed on what he believed to be a great and holy errand."

During the next three days—or, rather, nights, for nothing was ever done till after midnight—the *Rosita* was got ready for her voyage. As the General had freely acquainted us with his secret, he made no objection to our coming on board to watch the preparations, and I was much amazed at the high quality of the arms he had provided and also the store of provisions. Assuredly, his men would have nothing to complain of as far as the outfit was concerned. But the greatest surprise of all was on the third night, when White informed us that he was to accompany the expedition, the General having made him his private secretary at a salary of two hundred dollars a month, American money. The Liguanea Water Supply Company, he said, had gone to the demnition bowwows and, on the whole, he didn't much care; no one could ever strike water in this damned hole, and he was sick of the job, anyway.

The information made Burrell green with envy and he forthwith proffered his own valuable services, but the General didn't want him. White was to remain on board that night and, as we left, he bade us a smiling farewell. "Good-night, boys," he said, "Come and see us off to-morrow night and don't forget to come and visit me when I'm Secretary of State, in the cabinet of the great and good Delacrosse. *Vive la Hayti!*"

On the way home Dumois asked me if I thought White really was such an ass as to expect that expedition to succeed. It was a question I could not answer, though I doubt now if our friend ever took the trouble to form an opinion about it, one way or the other. He was in the expedition for the two hundred a month and for the change and adventure which it promised.

The time set for the *Rosita's* departure

was on the following night, at midnight, and Dumois, Henderson and I rowed out to see her start. Burrell had lost his interest in the affair and didn't come.

When we boarded the vessel we found a scene of much confusion. She was literally swarming with men—mostly black, though there were some few mulattoes and other mixed-bloods—and they were a wild, savage, dangerous-looking lot. Fully half of them were more or less intoxicated and White looked frightened, as, indeed, he had some cause to be, for rum and firearms are a bad combination. Twice before the anchor was weighed Delacrosse had to go forward, with a loaded revolver in each hand, to enforce order and obedience, and how in the world a man of his apparent intelligence could expect to accomplish anything with that horde of unruly, undisciplined ruffians is one of the mysteries of human nature. But at last the *Rosita* got under way, and the time came for us to leave. After grasping the hands of White and the misguided old General and wishing them all success, we entered our boat, cast off, and the *Rosita* passed slowly out of sight.

Just eight days later, when I rose from my bed in the morning, I chanced to look out over the harbor and—somewhat to my surprise, for I expected the expedition, however unsuccessful, to occupy a little more time—the *Rosita* lay at her accustomed anchorage. Not a man was to be seen aboard; her sails were all stowed, and in her peculiarly slumberous appearance, as she lay on the glassy waters, there was an impression of long-continued quiet, a suggestion of repose, which made the events of the previous week seem like a dream. It was hard to realize that she had been away and returned. On the balcony I met Henderson and Dumois, and together we speculated on the outcome of the expedition. We were not long in doubt about it for, shortly before noon, White appeared, looking, perhaps, a trifle foolish and crestfallen but, on the whole, not much the worse for wear.

"Well, the jig's up," he observed cheerfully, as soon as he had shaken hands with us, "and Hayti still groaning under the heel of the oppressor. Come on, let's have something to drink and then get some comfortable seats and I'll tell you all about it." And as soon as we were what he considered comfortably settled, he told us his story.

"To begin with," he said, "no one on the ill-fated *Rosita* knew a blamed thing about a vessel except Captain Gonzales, whom the old man hired to run the ship, his son, aged twelve, and myself, so I had to work pretty hard sailoring the whole time we were running. Then we'd hardly got out into the open before we found we had a voodoo-man aboard—you know the kind; regular obee-priest—and he'd raised the devil amongst the monkeys the old man called "his followers." He'd had a vision, he said, of the failure of the whole expedition—most of the crew killed or rotting in Haytian prisons, etc., and more than half of the men were demanding to be set back on Jamaican soil. Old Delacrosse was equal to the emergency; he held a court-martial and had the time of his life conducting it. We found the obee-man guilty of inciting mutiny, and the General sentenced him to be shot. "Colonel," he said (that was yours-truly—Colonel in the Revolutionary army, see?), "Colonel," he said, "I entrust the execution to you. Detail twelve men for the job, please, and see to the loading of the muskets yourself. Make a sure job of it, Colonel; you understand." I said, "oh, yes, sure thing.' They tied up Mr. Obee-man to the mast and I went down in the hold, where we had our ammunition, and loaded up all the guns with blank cartridges. The General didn't know we had any, but there were several boxes of 'em amongst our stores and I didn't care to officiate as murderer. Then I got my twelve monkeys in a semicircle around the unfortunate victim of misplaced zeal and gave the word 'Fire!' Lord! What a racket! And when those darkies saw that the man wasn't hurt at all they were scared stiff. They thought he had a charmed life.

"Delacrosse looked at me pretty puzzled and I thought a little bit suspicious; but I made my teeth chatter and pretended to be scared almost to death (and I *was* scared some). 'Gen—General!' I said, 'there's sure—surely something in this obee-worship. The man has a charmed life.' Delacrosse stood for a while, stroking his long beard and thinking. Then, 'I'll be damned if he gets back to Jamaica!'

he said, and that was the only time, during the whole trip, that I saw the old man really angry or heard him use language of that kind. Toward evening we ran in close to a small island where some fishermen lived and we set the obee-man and all the disgruntled ones—which took more than half of our 'army'—ashore.

"The third evening, just after nightfall, we reached Port-au-Prince and anchored just far enough off not to be noticed—or so we thought, at any rate. The General said he would what he called 'effect a landing' about midnight. Before midnight all our men but eighteen deserted, taking their arms with them; a lighter, with two niggers came alongside with fruit to sell and they all tumbled in, pell-mell, and got away.

"The old man didn't seem much disturbed. He said discipline, when once we left the high seas, wasn't easy, and I guess he was right about that. He likewise observed that, as their hearts were'nt in the cause, we were perhaps as well off without 'em; disloyalty, the one element of danger in our midnight attack, was now removed.

"'Great Scott!' says I, 'you don't mean that you're going to land with only eighteen men, do you?' and you can bet your lives little Willie felt pretty sick.

"'Certainly, my young friend," he said, with a smile that made me think he had gone plumb crazy, 'What else did we come here for?' And at half-past eleven, sharp, he ordered us all to get into our best uniforms.

"I got into mine. It was a good deal like the one the old man got for himself, and it was a beauty, I tell you—superfine blue broadcloth, with epaulettes and sword belt and all, covered with buttons and gold lace. I had a chapeau, too, of black plush, with a black ostrich plume. I must show you the whole outfit some day. The men's uniforms were nothing but overalls and jumpers of blue denim and they didn't have much trouble to get into 'em for they'd had 'em on ever since we left Jamaica, night and day, and they were of such poor quality that half of 'em were faded and ragged already. Most of the men were barefooted, and they looked like hell, and an outsider might have thought the difference between officers and men in our army just a trifle disproportionate; but we didn't mind a little thing like that.

"We were a deuce of a while getting the ammunition and everything ready, and it was pretty near daybreak when we started for shore in a couple of boats, the Colonel, for one, in a state of blue funk. But my courage came back when we reached shore and found nobody to oppose us. There were a few niggers, just about as ragged and dirty as our own, loafing around on the little pier, but they simply gawped at us and didn't even ask us a question.

"We started for old Hippolyte's house—the Executive Mansion, our General called it—and he seemed to know the way all right. When we got there we found two sentinels, one on each side of the front door, both of 'em sound asleep, but we waked 'em up and inquired if His Excellency, Monsieur le Président, was at home. They were scared stiff, but they made out to say no, he wasn't, and after a while we got it out of 'em that the haughty tyrant was on one of his sugar plantations, a little out of the town.

"'Oh, too bad!' said Delacrosse, looking more disappointed than I'd ever seen him, 'It's too, too bad! For if we could only have captured his person, the rest of our task would be mere nothing; the people would rally around me.'

"I don't know whether he was right or not, but I'm mighty doubtful about the people. At any rate I was figuring out that we were lucky in not having to put it to the test, and I reckoned the time had arrived for making ourselves scarce. But not so.

"'Colonel,' said our General solemnly, 'though our cause, for the present, is lost, we must have nothing to reproach ourselves with. I'll take a look through the house, as a matter of good form, and, meanwhile, you remain here on the piazza with our men and keep them together.' This was easier said than done, for the moment the old man disappeared all but seven of our trusty followers decamped. I tried to call 'em back, saying that in a few minutes we would loot the house and that it was chock full of gold watches, jewelry and other things that they needed in their business, but 'twas no use. The seven who staid were Jamaicans and not Haytians, and they didn't know the Haytian lingo, else they'd have probably gone, too. Just as the old man reappeared one of the deserters, who,

to give him credit, must have had some fellow-feeling for us, came running back with the news that Hippolyte had been informed of our arrival and was just then entering the town with two hundred men. Delacrosse stroked his beard and smiled. 'Do you know whether he evinced some fear of the invader?' he asked. The man said, 'Oh, no,' for the men who told him—some of our deserters—said that undoubtedly all of our men would quit us before he arrived. The seven Jamaicans began to look unhappy, and I asked the General if we hadn't better be getting back to the boats; but there was no hurrying that old man. He stood around like a man in a brown study, and when he finally did consent to return he said that we must make our retreat like gentlemen and not like a fleeing foe. Then he took my arm, much as if we were going out for a friendly stroll, and produced a couple of big cigars, which we lit up, and in this manner we slowly strolled back to the water front, our seven ragamuffins following. It seemed to me that we'd never get there, but when we did we found Captain Gonzales and his son with the two boats, and we were soon safe away from the town.

"We didn't get away any too soon, however, for, when we were about halfway out to the *Rosita*, Hippolyte's army or regiment or whatever it was reached the shore and began to fire at us; but their shots fell short. I looked back at 'em with a glass and I saw they all wore ragged overalls and were barefooted, like our own men—consoling, as far as it went, for it proved that we were right in the fashion, according to the Haytian standard.

"Nothing happened on the way home, except that poor little Willie had to work at sailoring again, and our precious captain lost his reckoning one night, which put us a day late. But I haven't told you the whole story; for last night, the moment we stepped ashore here in Kingston, the old man and I were arrested on the charge of conducting a filibustering expedition to Hayti, and we're only out now on bail. Our case is to be heard to-morrow."

"How about your two hundred a month," asked Dumois.

"O, that's all right. Delacrosse don't need me any more, of course, but he laid down my whole month's pay this morning and a nice little present of a hundred more to pay for all the trouble I'd been at. I'll say this for the old man: he's cracked in his head all right, but he's liberal and he's brave. I don't believe he knows what fear is—or gumption, either, for that matter."

At the trial, which took place on the following day, Delacrosse and White were both found guilty of fitting out and conducting a filibustering expedition against a country with which Great Britain was at peace, and each was fined heavily. Delacrosse paid both fines, saying that he alone was responsible—a fortunate thing for White, who, otherwise, would have paid very dear for his whistle.

ANTIQUARIAN ATHLETICS*

BY TUDOR JENKS

IT was recently my good fortune, in examining a few very ancient pamphlets dating from about 1850 to 1900, to come upon a fragment of a small brochure relating to a popular amusement of those remote times. The title-page was gone, but fortunately there was a quaint woodcut remaining. This, in its rude way, showed a man costumed in the wide breeks of the time, long side whiskers, and an unusual headpiece. A woman in a preposterous wide skirt, and a round, close headdress, stands near him. Both are armed with sledges. The woman is resting one of her tiny brogans upon a sphere closely adjacent to a similar sphere, and has raised her sledge as if about to deliver a crushing blow upon the object beneath her foot. The words printed beneath are "The Game of Croquet."

From the costumes I am inclined to assign a date to the brochure not long before the Automobile Age, perhaps in the reigns of Albert the Good and his Consort Victoria. Evidently, the publication describes a pastime of that period.

The title of the pastime, "Croquet," suggests to the shrewd philologist the name of another sport of the day, "hockey," or "hackney," as some authorities spell it. Probably "croquet" and "hockey" are different forms of the same word. Hockey, by changing the initial *h* to the guttural *ch*, becomes "chockey," an ordinary change in the Teutonic Aryan tongue, and from "chockey" to "crockey" we may pass by euphonic change of *ch* to *cr*, thus arriving at crokey, or croquet.

Croquet is therefore a branch of the good old-time sport hockey, a favorite with schoolboys of the olden times. Allusions to boys "playing hockey," or "hookey" (another form of the word) are frequent in the literature of the time, and, as shown so ably in Doctor Dullheimer's monograph, "De Hookeyo Britannorum Antiquorum Puerorum," seem to indicate that there was prejudice against the pastime. "Playing hookey" was at times an offense frowned upon by pedagogues.

In this article addressed to the general public it would not be fitting to present a complete treatise upon this ancient game. We reserve the full discussion of the subject for the annotated edition of this valuable relic of ancient literature, to be issued by the Karnegy Institute, that venerable university founded in the early part of the twentieth century by Ann Drew Karnegy (or Carnegie), the inventor with Samuel Finley Breese Edison of the earliest form of the wireless dynamo. The annotated edition will give the restoration of the corrupt text; but in this preliminary paper I sketch for the general reader only the main features of the long-forgotten sport.

It was commonly played in summer on public grounds known as Lornes or Lynxes. The name Lorne may be derived from the Scotch family so-called (possibly the inventors of the sport), and the name Lynxes no doubt refers to the abundance of these animals in the wild places set apart for the pastime. Among the apparatus used we find mentioned hoops or crickets. The hoops were worn by the women players; and the crickets were so-called either from a resemblance to a small footstool so-called, or (as Doctor Dullheimer suggests)

* This article is from the celebrated Professor Buchworm, perhaps the most learned antiquarian of the twenty-fourth century, and especially noted for his researches in that branch of sociology relating to sports and pastimes. Though he modestly quotes Dr. Dullheimer of Oklahoma University in support of some of his conclusions, Professor Buchworm himself is a sufficient authority, as his knowledge and his reasoning are almost unerring. Here is the article as it will be presented in the Reports of the Smithsonian Institution for 2353.

from the shrill sound caused by contact between the wires and the colliding spheres.

The expletive "crickey!" found in the dramatic literature of the day seems to favor the learned Doctor's contention.

The object of the sport was to pass the crickets and to secure the stakes, or wager laid upon the game. It is hard to ascertain the exact method of play, but the best authorities believe that all the players started at one end of the Lorne, and then pushed or hammered the balls through the crickets with the sledges. Whoever first passed all the crickets, "hit the stakes," or pocketed the money, and then ran away, becoming a "rover."

The confusion must have been terrible! Fancy twenty women in hoops and as many of our barbaric male ancestors, jostling one another rudely as they trundled the balls about, colliding, interfering, squabbling, contending fiercely.

We can appreciate the necessity for the caution we find printed in the old handbook: "Croquet is a game trying to the best of tempers, giving rise at times to tergiversation and hard feeling."

No doubt the brutal sledges proved far too convenient in the hands of maddened contestants; and thus we see the reasonableness of Doctor Dullheimer's view that the strange headgear worn by men and women in connection with croquet, as shown in the old woodcuts, were really protective casques or helmets. The tall helmets of the men were known as "stove-pipes," a proof that they were of metal, like the smoke-flues of the ancient coal-burners. After the great coal strike of 1908 these "stove-pipes" were disused, being coeval with the disuse of coal as fuel. The women wore their hair in heavy pads known as "rats," or "chignons," a protective device.

The game of "Lorne-tenace" may have resembled croquet, though it was played without stakes, and merely for pleasure, as is evident from the expression "a love-game," which is frequent in ancient writers. How much more civilized it was to play for the mere delight of the sport than to contend simply for the stakes as in croquet!

In conclusion let us say that the limits of this brief sketch prevent our giving any comparisons with other popular sports, such as "Glof," or "Bazeball," since the meaning of the jargon employed by the worshipers of these games, these pagan mysteries, has been completely lost in the lumber-room of time. The true signification of the terms, "Fore!" or "Foresome"; "Two up and fore two play," and "stymie,' or "a brassie caddy lying near the bunker," is beyond the acumen even of such eminent students of language as Doctor Dullheimer; though he has proved that a "three baize hit" probably refers to "ping-ping" as the earliest table exhumed shows fragments of a baize cover. So a "three baizer" means a ball that bounded three times. The invitation to play these games was usually expressed thus: "Oh, John Doe, come and have a high-ball." The usual answer was, "Doncarifido"—an expression handed down by oral tradition, and explained as a form of assent.

In these enlightened days of the twenty-fourth century, we can hardly realize the brutal pleasures of our ancestors of the twentieth and nineteenth. Bull-baiting, feet-ball, Lorne-tenace, six-day cycle suicides—such were their "pastimes." But if we are justified in our conjectures, we must, for sheer sickening brutality award the unhappy pre-eminence to a Croquet Lorne, with its struggling, shrieking, avaricious horde of men and Amazons, armed with their horrid sledges, striking murderously right and left upon the metal helmets or padded heads of their foes, while the women (if such creatures be worthy the name!) guarded within their iron hoops, their krinolines, entered strenuously into the demoralizing struggle to reach the stakes!

The loss of life and limb must have been terrible. But to those hardened spectators, inured to bull-fights and feet-ball, this was doubtless the charm of the whole spectacle!

Happily the bloodthirsty Croquet is now but a tradition, and yet there are in this twenty-fourth century sentimentalists who complain when a small percentage of daring navigators of the air pay the penalty of rashness by plunging down from the empyrean to meet a quick and painless extinction for the benefit of their fellow sportsmen.

COLORFUL PUERTO RICO

A SKETCHING TRIP ACROSS THE ISLAND

BY ROY MARTELL MASON

PAINTINGS BY THE AUTHOR

HOW disappointing was our first view—a well-kept, up-to-date wharf, a stone-paved Marina and rows of not un-American looking business buildings. In the foreground flared a big black and gold signboard extolling the merits of American impotations; around the corner we encountered another, which advised us in letters a foot high that here was an American grocery. To one in search of pictures, San Juan appeared at this entrance unpromising and melancholy, in spite of the exquisite blue of the tropical ocean and the joy of a landsman in getting the good old earth once more under his feet.

As we neared the Plaza Principal, however, things looked up a little; an occasional arched doorway, a glimpse of green leaves or a fountain gave a hint of something really worth while just round the corner. And so there was, for when one has left the business section behind and comes to the narrow streets up toward Casa Blanca and the market, there are to be found many things worth journeying far to sketch, hidden away in the old one-story Spanish houses, and one soon gets over noticing arched doorways and strongly barred green shutters.

It is indoors, really, that one gets most effectively away from Americanized Puerto Rico. Quite often a café, for instance, which on the outside looks prosaic, will, upon a closer acquaintance, reveal in its darker corners and back rooms, touches of surprising picturesqueness.

It was thus that I happened one day quite by accident upon a cool green interior, where the silent waiters were dispensing coffee and rolls to dark-faced gentlemen with wiry mustachios and white linen clothes. One and all cast covert glances as my sketch proceeded, finally abandoning all pretense and frankly watching with round eyes while I dipped my brush in the drinking water and prepared to apply color. Mine host of the green interior, a person of slightly bellicose disposition, seemed chagrined that I did not leave my sketch with him, despite the fact that I purposely omitted a highly varnished American refrigerator, the pride of his heart. Another startling incongruity of this café was a flock of battered wooden decoy ducks floating in the basin of a fine old terra cotta fountain!

Over on the hill, in the vicinity of the barracks and the market, however, is encountered a purely Latin atmosphere. Here one often descends several steps below the level of the paved streets to find himself surrounded by big piles of fiber baskets stored away in an agglomeration of kegs, leaf tobacco and ripening fruits, the whole presided over by a little wrinkled man who peers out from a barricade of braided garlics and answers the request for permission to sketch with an unvarying, "Si, Señor."

The market is still a true expression of typical Puerto Rican life. The big hollow square, open to the sky in the middle, with its tiled roof and Spanish arches, old blue walls and iron grills, form backgrounds for the lines of wooden booths, each with its board or canvas roof throwing into heavy spots of shadow the dark faces—a contrast

to the heaps of merchandise or bright fruits. To see the best of the market place one should be on hand at six o'clock in the morning when trade is at its height, and have breakfast cooked on the spot over a charcoal brazier.

The neighborhood of the market place held us closely; nowhere else on the island did we see so much that was paintable. Here one may step out of almost any back door onto the crest of a high seawall with its eroded and colorful blocks of old red crumbled rocks, crowned with a growth of sparse wiry grass full of funny little lizards with blue crosshatched tails that dive into their holes with astonishing nimbleness, and at times show a curiosity approaching the unpleasant. These walls, of great thickness, are crowned at every angle with battered sentry boxes whose yellow stucco stands out sharply against an ocean of the purest of blue, streaked near shore with traces of purple and emerald green which betray the presence of submerged coral reefs.

Perhaps nowhere did we get a glimpse of the family life of the Puerto Rican to better advantage than in the patios, with their patches of brilliant sunlight and purpled shadows, throwing into sharp definition the white, newly washed clothing on the line; or perhaps in the mellow half-light, was a wheelbarrow full of partly peeled mandarins, which the men of the house would shortly sell in the Plaza.

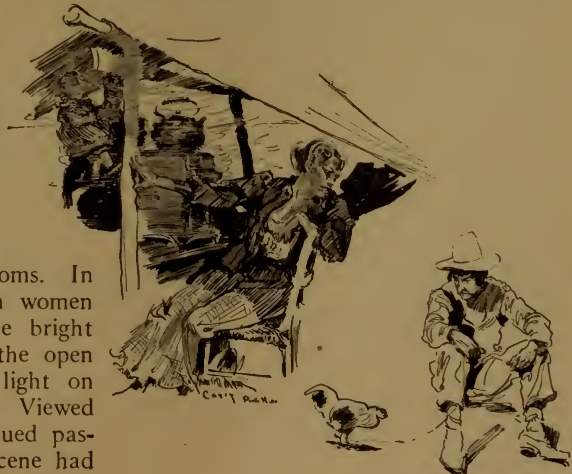
In the Calle De Sol there is an old patio paved with worn square tiling of a dull orange color, which gives the entire interior a mellow glow as though a strong wash of chrome orange were laid over it.

Among others which strongly appealed to me was a patio on the Calle De San José, which was built in a large circle with an arched gallery running around it and an old green balustraded winding staircase, nearly hidden by a mass of geranium blossoms. In this patio were as many as ten women all bending over tubs, and the bright sunlight streaming down from the open sky made a dazzling spot of light on the worn brown pavement. Viewed through the dark and somber-hued passageway from the street, this scene had the color and animation of a Fortuny. Here one might sit and paint to one's heart content and never be disturbed, save for an occasional appreciative comment from a passing worker, or an exchange of pleasantries with one who shyly offers you a carefully peeled orange or mandarin.

Not far from here, I (one morning) descended a short street of stairs, on one side of which rose the blank wall of the old barracks, a mass of variegated colors, stained by the rain and sunlight of four centuries, and buttressed by sloping pillars of orange-colored crumbling masonry. This alley led down a slope and out through an ancient city gate where swung a strong plank door studded with brass bolts bearing decorated heads, and on either side an old cannon on end to fend off careless wheels.

Directly opposite the gateway was a false work of brick and a sentry box to mask the gate. Along the base of the adjacent fortifications was a wide, gently sloping walk, which terminated on the harbor-side directly beneath the walls of the governor's mansion. Here stalwart convicts were at work, shoulder-deep in the green water, prying with crowbars at submerged blocks of stone which had fallen during a gale; the faded blue uniforms of the guards, and the dripping figures of the giant negroes composing not unpleasantly against the neutral gray of the massive seawall.

On a patch of coarse grass in an angle of the wall, a quantity of freshly washed linen was spread to dry; and washerwomen



came trooping down to the gate from the hill, with their fiber baskets balanced on their heads.

Perhaps there are places where there are more babies to the square mile; I have my doubts. Big and little, boys and girls, clad and otherwise, all rejoicing in the common condition of unwashed bliss, rolled oranges down the stairs or floated toy boats in the sudsy water of their mother's tubs.

The Puerto Rican mother seems very fond of her babies, and will fondly exhibit them in a row, usually a long one, on railing or porch for the admiration of the visitor.

Up the cobblestone street from this old gate lay Casa Blanca, dating back to the days of Ponce de Leon, in it's line of waving palm trees, now grown to great height, purring drowsily in the brisk trade winds. A favorite spot of ours was across the road under a brown bean tree, and many a sketch went unfinished while we slumbered in its shade.

After a long, hot and extremely tedious journey of forty miles through fields of sugar cane and tobacco and over innumerable hogback ridges, which start up through the level, plain-like, miniature wooded mountains, we arrived at Mayaguez, which has a particularly fine old cathedral with twin domes and an arched slate roof, facing the most attractive plaza on the island. We were fortunate enough to be present at the Saturday-night Parade, a weekly event of no small importance in the life of every town large enough to boast a plaza. Upon these occasions the band plays all of the evening, and the wealth and beauty of the village paces lazily between long lines of rocking chairs, occupied by the older people and the unattached young men.

The gentlemen all wear white duck, spotless panama hats, and carry canes, while the inevitable cigarette, from which death alone will part the Spaniard, is always in evidence; the señoritas still favor a lacy shawl with long fringe, worn in the manner of a mantilla.

A peculiar feature of this weekly gathering, noticeable to a stranger, is the monopoly by the better class of the center of the plaza, while on the outskirts the Peons form another audience and follow a similar programme, equally restrained and orderly.

One is impressed by the great number of old, deserted sugar mills in traveling over the island; in the fertile regions almost every plantation can show its tumble-down smokestack and deserted, weed-grown plant. The cane is for the most part shipped by rail to the large Centralls, where up-to-date machinery is now in use.

In passing through the little station of Guanica, we could see in the distance a great cloud of smoke hanging low over the hills, and were told that directly beneath it was located Guanica Centrall, the largest sugar plant on the island.

After this we passed along stretches of seemingly barren land, with here and there a few goats grazing near a native palm-leaf hut, stuck upon posts on a desolate hillside, surrounded perhaps by a few, ragged banana trees. Once the train stopped where the red dirt road crossed the track and took on a man whose peon rode off through the chaparral, leading his master's horse. During the long waits at plantation switches and way stations, to allow train loads of sugar cane to pass us, the time was whiled away by bargaining with the incorrigible-looking scalawags who sold *dulcies* (sweets) and fruits; one could purchase fine large oranges for three cents a dozen and a cocoa-de-agua for two cents. These green cocoanuts were still in the husk and were opened for the purchaser by the vender with a couple of strokes of a savage-looking machete.

The first, second and third classes of this road seemed to grade from the affluence of our American branch-road smoking cars down to a rickety little open-trailer with wooden seats and a sickening sideways motion when running at speed.

In Poncé we were fortunate enough to receive an invitation to visit the studio of

Where hangs the family washing amidst patches of brilliant sunlight and purpled shadows.

Painting by Roy Martell Mason.

It is in the patios one glimpses the family life.

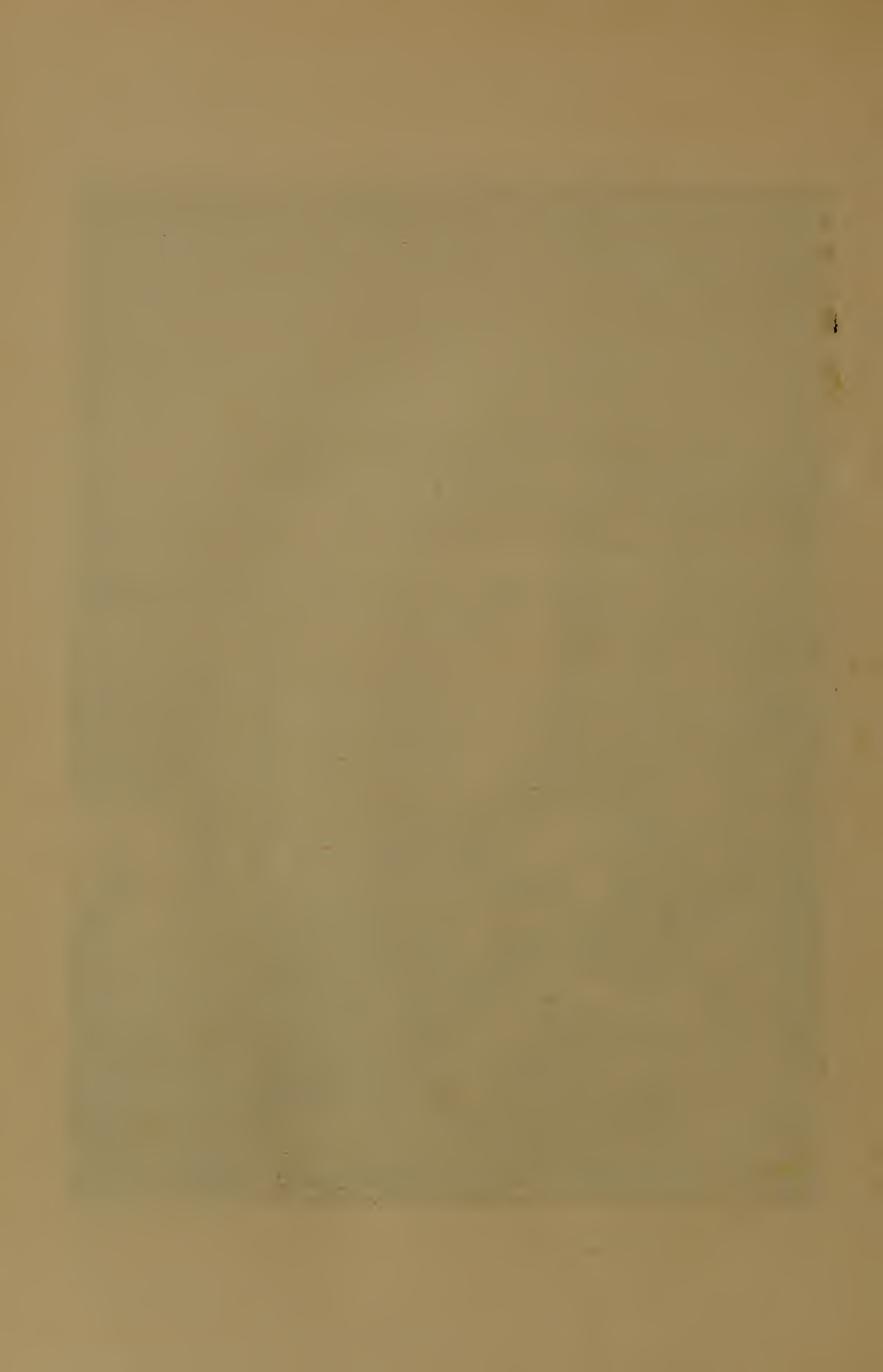
Painting by Roy Martell Mason.

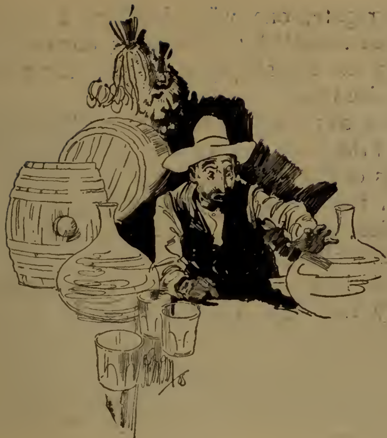
Painting by Roy Martell Mason.

A short street of stairs and . . . the blank wall of the old barracks stained by the rain and sunlight of four centuries.

A cool green interior where coffee and rolls and white linen clothes predominate.

Painting by Roy Martell Mason.





Señor Juan R——, and a singularly quaint old place it was. When we arrived the Señorita Margarita, the Señor's daughter, was at work upon a huge portrait of King Alfonse of Spain, which was shortly to adorn the walls of the Spanish Club, while his two black-eyed sons were busy over landscapes. Downstairs in the Señor's studio, were old brown canvases on home-made stretchers, and piles of age-yellowed Spanish illustrated weeklies filled the corners; spirited pen-and-inks by Daniel Vierge, clipped from *La Figaro* of a decade ago, were tacked upon the walls, and a table of uncertain stability staggered beneath a collection of sketch books and collapsed color tubes. The long, narrow windows on either side of the door were nearly obscured by musty books and spider webs.

In the center of Poncé is located the oldest cathedral on the island, as well as the most typical Spanish burying grounds imaginable, situated upon a sloping hillside above the town and surrounded by a high wall.

Some of the picturesqueness of the market has been destroyed by the new building, which it now occupies, but in one corner a pottery dealer squatted upon the stone-flagged floor, surrounded by his hundreds of dull, red, porous water bottles and close by were several grain merchants with their sacks of corn and red beans. Here, unintentionally, we nearly precipitated a riot by tossing some pennies into the street in an effort to rid ourselves of the horde of small boys who swarmed about the market. Such a rush resulted as I have never seen—a wild yell, a dive and a collection of ragged arms and legs, gyrating under a dust cloud in the roadway. As we looked back, as many as five separate and energetic encounters were in progress.

At the Hotel Inglaterra, of which every town has one, we dined upon a wide, roomy, balcony facing the patio. Here we were waited upon by a bright-eyed old dame with the liveliness of a cricket and a good knowledge of English picked up from tourists. Mary seemed at first a trifle suspicious of picture-making gentlemen, for, had she not sent $4.75 and a photo of her three children to a party in a town called Chicago, who had failed to return either the photo or the beautiful color enlargement promised on his circular? It was only after a lengthy explanation that we finally cleared ourselves of the lurking suspicion that we might also hail from "the town known as Chicago?"

It is an all-day trip over the mountains in an automobile, but a delightful one and much of interest is seen aside from the wonderful views from the mountain tops. The road is that great military highway made familiar to every one by the Spanish-American war, but the teams of long-horned oxen, swaying as they shuffled along, heads low, dragging the heavy, squeaky carts, were typical. These patient creatures come in for disgracefully cruel treatment at the hands of their ignorant drivers, and a very correct idea can be obtained of the age of the beast by the scars he wears, an old one being a network of healed cuts, scratches and sores, caused by the sharp nail in the end of the

driver's goad. The Spaniard's inborn inhumanity to dumb animals is everywhere in evidence. Whips seemed to be considered cheaper than oats and the little undersized horses are almost without exception saddle-galled and mean in appearance; their ill-kept, flea-bitten coats afford slight protection from the hot sun and flies, not to mention the long, heavy whip which is wielded without intermission by the driver. In public squares and plazas where the native coachmen congregate, one will often see a driver amuse himself by fretting his horses with whip and bit, simply because he has nothing else to do.

And so at last the big car rumbled across the bridge at San Turce, as the battered walls of San Cristobal came into view behind the tall white spars of the wireless station, and in a very short time we were again looking out across the harbor to the purple hills behind Catano, as we steamed away from this colorful land.

AT THE SHRINE OF THE HILL-BROOK

BY RICHARD WIGHTMAN

Sing to me, little stream, sing to me long,
The soul of me thirsts for thy undulant song.
Prone in thy grasses I listening lie,
Pine trees and verdant leas, bracken and sky
Are near to me, dear to me, but, little stream,
Sing me away to the sweet Land of Dream.

The fag of the city has mantled my heart,
My weary feet bleed from the thorns of the mart,
The spirit within me is ill with the strife,
But thou art unweary, oh, blithe thing of life!
I am pleading, and needing thy lilt and thy gleam—
Sing to me, sing to me now, little stream!

AN OLD VILLAGE ON THE PACIFIC COAST

BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

NOT for a long time had I been in a place that so filled me with delight as did Capistrano in southern California. Such a dreamy, easy-going community — no hurry, no worry—such a luxuriant valley, such lofty environing hills with the turf clothing every rounded outline! The village itself was a queer huddle of primitive homes, some no more than board shanties, and none of them large or in the least pretentious. However, the feature that gave especial distinction to the hamlet was the ruin of an old Mission, still impressive, calm and beautiful, and appealing powerfully to the imagination. One apartment is even yet used as a church, the chime of four bells performs its accustomed service, and there is a fine corridor in an excellent state of preservation.

The village was charmingly pastoral. The insects thrummed; the children laughed and called at their play, the roosters crowed in endless succession, the dogs barked, and the cattle lowed from the luscious hill-slopes. And what throngs of birds there were! I saw them flitting everywhere, and the air was athrill with their songs.

On the noon when I reached Capistrano the main street was full of teams tied to the wayside hitching rails, and yet the place seemed mysteriously devoid of human beings. At last I discovered the male inhabitants of the region gathered at the far end of the street in and about an adobe justice court. The wide doorway was jammed full of men peering over each other's shoulders, and the case was evidently of the most absorbing and vital interest. At length, however, the gathering broke up, the village became populous, and one after another the teams were unhitched and driven away. The excitement, it seemed, concerned two individuals, one of whom had said the other was a "liar," and the latter had responded that the former was a "son of a gun" and likened him to a variety of similar obnoxious things. But the court failed to get together a jury, and the judge had dismissed the case. As a clerk in a local store explained it, "The two fellers remind me of my school days

An Indian family at home.

In the old Mission.

when one of us kids 'd sometimes go an complain to the teacher saying, 'Jimmy's been a-callin' me names.'

"'What's he been callin' you'? she asked him.

"'I don't like to tell you,' the boy says. 'It's awful bad things.'"

While I was in the store a fat old Indian entered. He had short hair, wore overalls, and except for his color was not much different in dress and appearance from a white workingman. The clerk introduced him as the best sheep-shearer in the country. He shook hands and said, "Me good man! You good man?"

In the season he had about fifty other Indians working under him, got five dollars a day himself and two dollars for his wife, who did the cooking for the gang. The wealth he acquired did not stick to him. He gambled it away. Gambling was a common recreation among the villagers, and the place supported four "blind pigs," or unlicensed saloons. There were always loafers hanging about their porches and a noisy crowd inside playing pool. One of the Capistrano experts at poker was a Chinaman who had a ranch just outside the village. He lived in a dirty little hut there and kept his horse under a pepper tree with only the shelter afforded by the leafage. For ten miles around the people depended on him for vegetables. Some of the poorest families in the village bought of him, rather than take the trouble to raise their own vegetables, though they had the finest kind of land right at their doors.

"He can't speak hardly three words of English," I was told, "but he'll sit down and play poker all right with any of us. Perhaps he'll lose fifty dollars or more at a single sitting and not go home till the small hours of the morning; and yet he'll be at his work that day as usual without batting an eye.

"This was a much bigger place years ago," my informant continued. "In 1870 there were nearly two thousand inhabitants. Now there are less than four hundred. But in those days they were practically all Mexicans and Indians, and they didn't work any more than was necessary to exist. A few watermelons and a sack or two of beans will suffice a Mexican family for a year. They take no thought for the morrow and are content to half-starve rather than exert themselves. Why, an energetic American will raise a crop of walnuts and clear in a single season four or five thousand dollars, which is more than a Mexican would clear in four or five thousand years.

"Most of the Indians have drifted off to the reservations to get the benefit of Uncle Sam's coddling. We've managed to pauperize nearly the whole race. If some one else will support them they quit doing anything for themselves and are just loafers. Work is plenty, but most of our poorer class, if they take a job, are soon tired, or get too much money and lay off. A Mexican with five dollars will spend it like a lord. He is very apt to get drunk on Saturday night, and you never know whether he will be back to his work Monday morning or not. Some families are so shiftless we are obliged to support 'em. The county allows such from five to ten dollars a month. But they don't consider themselves indigents. They are, rather, indignants. We have no paupers. They call themselves 'pensioners,' and think it an honor to get public aid."

English walnut growing had chief place among the local industries, and there were a number of extensive groves. The trees spread out like apple trees, but have a smooth, light-gray bark. In the walnut harvest time the school closes for six weeks to give the children a chance to help gather the crop. Some of the nuts fall of themselves, but a large proportion is thrashed off with poles. A sack is the usual receptacle carried by the gatherers, but the women use their aprons. Back of my hotel were a number of the great slatted racks on which the nuts were dried. A few nuts were still left on the frames and I often loitered there and feasted. If I chose I could supplement this repast with oranges picked from trees in the garden.

The hotel was an old-time stage-route tavern—a big, long two-story building with a piazza and balcony on both front and rear. It had been built about three decades ago. There was then no railroad, and, as the landlord said, "In those times, by golly, the hotel was jammed all the time. The daily stages, one going south one going north, met here at midnight, and we always had hot coffee ready for persons

The local court is a center of interest.

that wanted it. You've noticed how the village people go and hang around the depot to see the trains come in. Well, they used to gather at our hotel just as thick to see those midnight stages arrive.

"You ought to be here the last day of Lent—Judas Day, we call it. The night before, it is customary for the Mexicans to ransack the village and steal buggies and tools and anything they can carry off, and they make a big pile of all this plunder just outside the fence in front of the old Mission. Then they take a worn-out suit of clothes and stuff it full of weeds, and stick it up on top of the pile, and that is Judas. Next thing they get an old dress and stuff that full of weeds and set it up side of Judas to represent his wife. In the morning when we wake up we find all the vehicles and loose things that were around our yards stacked up over by the Mission, with those two scarecrow figures on top. But the best of the performance comes in the afternoon when the Mexicans bring to the village two half-wild bulls from the hills. They tie Judas to one, and Judas's wife to the other and chase the creatures up and down the street till the two figures are torn to tatters."

The landlord paused in his remarks and one of his listeners asked, "Who was the man that was here to dinner and went away just afterward on the train?"

"It was a doctor," the landlord replied. "He had some thought of settling here; but I told him he'd starve to death. You see the people avoid callin' a doctor till the sick person has one foot in the grave and the other following after. The old women think they can cure most any one with herbs and weeds, and they keep dosing the sick person till he's nearly dead. Then, if the doctor can pull him through things are all right; but if the doctor has his patient die on him, they'll never pay for his services.

"One of the most interesting institutions of the village is its school. The seventy-five pupils are an odd mixture of whites and Mexicans and Indians and various combinations of the races. A generation ago the place had no school and its establishment was due to the energy of Judge Bacon, the local justice of the peace. He was one of the Argonauts of '49, and the ability to read and write was about the extent of his book-learning. His home was an old adobe without a floor, and yet," said my informant, "he was rich—oh, heavens! he had money galore. The school was Bacon's hobby, and he got a building put up and painted it himself—spent three weeks at it. He laid out the grounds around with the notion of having a sort of park, and he urged that there should be put on the post at each corner of the fence a big globe having the entire world mapped on it. Then, inside, on an arch over the teacher's alcove he wanted a motto painted—'The poorest child may tread the classic halls of yore.'

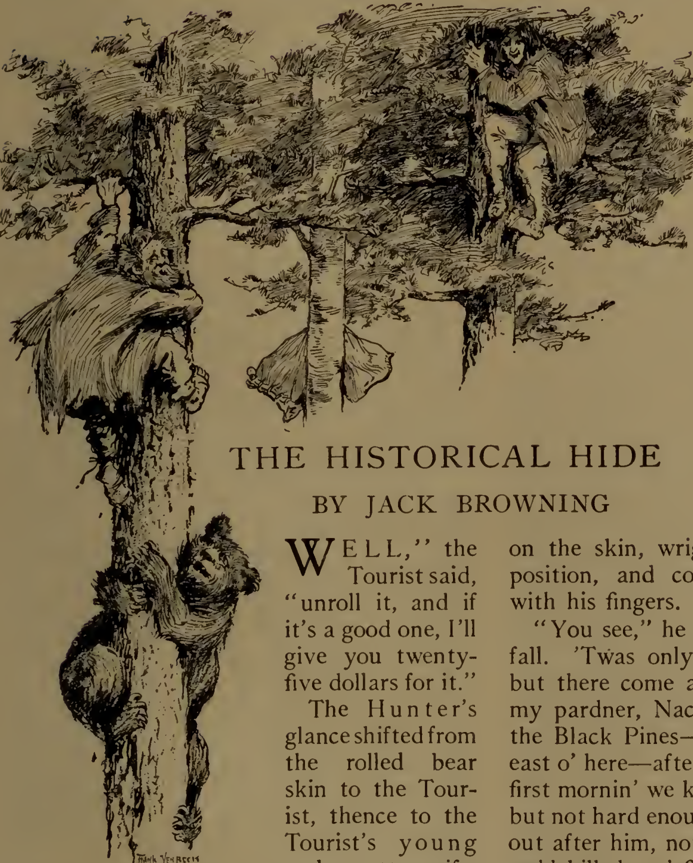
"But there were two other trustees, and they wouldn't agree to these things. They didn't see much sense to 'the classic halls of yore,' and were afraid it would only get them laughed at. So, instead, they finally had an eagle and some stars painted on the arch. As soon as he got the school building done he put in a seventy-five dollar chandelier to light up so they could have dances. He paid for it—plumked up every nickel himself, and he furnished the oil, and he hired a dancing master to come from Los Angeles, and they had a dance every Wednesday night.

"One day he happened to ask a woman why her daughter hadn't been to the last dance, and she said the girl couldn't go no more because she was wearin' out her Sunday gaiters with the dancing.

"'Buy her a pair of gaiters, and I'll pay for 'em,' says he; and after that he had to buy gaiters for every girl in town, you bet-cher!"

Then they got to asking for other things until the Judge got tired of the experiment and the weekly dances came to an end. Many other quaint incidents came to my knowledge, but I have repeated enough to indicate the picturesque charm of life in this old village both of the past and of the present.

LITTLE STORIES



THE HISTORICAL HIDE

BY JACK BROWNING

"WELL," the Tourist said, "unroll it, and if it's a good one, I'll give you twenty-five dollars for it."

The Hunter's glance shifted from the rolled bear skin to the Tourist, thence to the Tourist's young and pretty wife, and then back to the bear skin.

"Well," he said slowly, "this *ain't* a first-class hide, bein' damaged a little; but some people likes hides and curiosities an' that sort o' thing more for the int'rest that's in 'em than for the hair that's on 'em."

"Oh!" the Young Wife exclaimed breathlessly. "Has it a history!"

"Hist'ry? Why, ma'am, I reckon this is the most historical hide that ever come off a grizzly."

"What's wrong with it?" the Tourist inquired disappointedly. "Isn't it prime? Unroll it."

"O, it's prime, all right," the Hunter protested, bending slowly and fingering one of the thongs that bound it. "Only it's damaged a little, as I says before. But that's what makes it so int'restin'."

"O, did it fight! Were you in danger? Won't you tell us about it?" The Young Wife clasped her hands, and pleaded with her eyes.

"Yes, he did fight. An' I reckon I was in danger. An' shore I'll tell you about it." The Hunter sat down on the skin, wriggled into a comfortable position, and combed his ragged beard with his fingers.

"You see," he began, "it happened last fall. 'Twas only the middle of October, but there come a early snow, an' me an' my pardner, Nack Wesson, went up into the Black Pines—that's about forty miles east o' here—after a mess o' ven'son. The first mornin' we killed one, an' hit another, but not hard enough to stop him. We took out after him, not waitin' to dress the one we'd killed, an' finally got him, though it took us all o' three hours. We snaked him into camp, which wasn't so easy, seein' he weighed all o' two-fifty, an' then we went back after the first one, which we found about half eat up.

"It wasn't hard to tell what done it. There was grizzly tracks in the snow big as the top of a coal scuttle, an' the claw marks looked like they'd been made with a pitchfork. Course we went right after him. Follered him about a mile, I reckon, an' come to Sheep Creek—not very big that time o' year, but pretty deep an' swift. We seen where the b'ar had slid down the steep bank for a drink an' then

crawled back up again. The creek up there has worn down deep—must be twenty or thirty feet down to water in some places, an' the banks is steep as the side of a house.

"We follered the tracks along the bank for about half a mile, an' come to a patch o' timber. I was pretty tired an' hungry by this time, an' was thinkin' more about ven'son steak than grizzly. Besides, the timber an' underbrush was so thick it didn't look like we could get into it. I tells Nack that if Injuns was after us we might be able to get through that timber, but that I hated like he—heck to try it just for fun. But Nack would get up off his dyin' bed to foller a grizzly.

"'O,' he says, 'I figure that the b'ar ain't seen us yet, an' has come in here for a snooze after his ven'son dinner.' Which I 'lows was true, but grizzlies is such da—dang light sleepers. But he had his way, an' we went in, him in the lead, an' me trailin' clost behind. Guess we went about a quarter of a mile. The b'ar was keepin' to the edge o' the creek, because the brush wasn't so thick there. About a quarter of a mile, I reckon it was, an' then we found him.

"We found him all at once, too. He wasn't ten yards away, an' he wasn't five yards away—he wasn't a foot away. He was right there. He was so clost that there wasn't no time for Nack to get his gun to his shoulder—he was so clost that the muzzle o' Nack's gun jabbed him between the eyes. Nack pulled the trigger, but the grizzly riz up at the same time, an' the bullet just took him through the right ear. I'll show you the hole when I unroll the hide.

"Well, it was the G—gosh-awfullest quick thing I ever seen. The b'ar made a swipe an' slapped Nack clear into the middle o' Sheep Creek. An' me—I was so clost behind him that when he went he knocked my gun out o' sight into the snow. There was a branch of a tree handy just over my head, an' I swung up, losin' only the tail o' my coat. An' the way I went on up! Why, da—danged if I didn't pull the bark off the top limb tryin' to stop myself. It wasn't more'n twenty feet to water where Nack went off, but I was thirty feet up that tree before he splashed.

"That b'ar was a quick thinker. He didn't delib'rate a half a second before he started up after me. An' I didn't have nothin' but a jackknife—so small that if the b'ar had been asleep I couldn't 'a' woke him up with it. I looked down at the creek, thinkin' that was my only chance an' pickin' out a good deep hole to dive into. But I thinks I'll take a good big drink before I jumps into that cold water.

"I had a pint flask full o' conyack—some French conyack that a Eastern feller give me an' Nack that we'd been guidin' that fall. Every night after supper he'd pour some o' that conyack on two lumps o' sugar an' light it, an' when the sugar was melted he'd pour it into his coffee, an' then light a gilt-edge cigareet, an' puff an' sip as contented as a cat in a rag-box. Me an' Nack got to likin' it that way, too—all but the cigareets.

"Well, the b'ar was so clost by that time that I just poured about a quarter of a pint o' that conyack into his face, thinkin' it might smart his eyes an' discourage him for a minute. It did. He let go with one hand an' scratched his face an' howled outrageous. An' then all of a sudden I thinks about that feller burnin' his sugar.

"I had some bunches o' them little sputterin' Chiny matches, an' I begin lightin' them six or eight in a bunch—whatever I happened to rip off—an' dropped 'em on to Mr. B'ar. At first they didn't ketch, but by an' by a bunch took holt, an' that b'ar flared up so hot I had to scrooch up my legs to keep from bein' singed, not bein' able to go any further up the tree.

"Nack seen what I done, an' yells at me. 'He—heck fire!' he yells. 'That's a mighty fine hide you're spoilin'!' he yells. I yells back that I 'lows it's a mighty fine hide, all right, but I'm thinkin' of a hide I think a da—danged sight more of.

"The b'ar looked plum dazed for a second. Then he let go with all four hands, an' hit the ground with a thump that made me bite my tongue. I thought he done some howlin' when the conyack got in his eyes, but that was just tunin' up. After he hit the ground an' got his breath back, he done some reel howlin'. I never thought so much noise could get in one place. An' he didn't just howl. He scratched an' he clawed till he'd shore dug up my tree by the roots if the ground hadn't been so rocky. As it was, he stirred up a dust o' bowlders you couldn't see through. Then he'd cut loose on himself,

an' scratch the hot spots with all four feet at once, an' all the time he howled worse'n the dev—worse'n anybody with the toothache. He broke off trees big as that telegraph post yonder, an' flattened out a acre o' underbrush. But that conyack stuck like a hot plaster.

"Finally Nack begin to laugh, havin' got over his 'mazement somewhat—just haw-hawed. An' that attracted the b'ar's attention. There was a dead tree that had fell acrost the creek right there, an' he skinned acrost it an' started up Nack's tree. But Nack knowed the trick, too, an' poured on some more conyack. There was a *pooff!*—like one o' them gasoline stoves when you spill gasoline all over the top, an' the b'ar begin goin' all through his tricks again on Nack's side o' the creek.

"But pretty soon he spies me again, an' hits back acrost the log to my tree. But I was ready for him, an' poured on some more conyack. There was another *pooff*, an' the b'ar decides he'll go back an' eat Nack. He didn't wait to do any tricks much that time. Guess by then he was hotter inside than out. But hot as he was, he couldn't stand the he—heck fire Nack poured out on him, so he comes straight back to me.

"By this time my conyack was gettin' pretty low. I give him the last o' it an' started him back to Nack, an' wondered what I'd do next trip. Nack used up the last o' his conyack that same trip—he was pretty cold after his dive into the creek, an' was usin' a good deal o' the conyack on himself. Guess when it was gone he begin to wonder like I done. But it was all right. We didn't need to worry none. When he come back to my tree I just shook the flask at him an' says *pooff!* an' back he goes to Nack. An' Nack does the same thing, an' back he come to me.

"Well, da—dang my skin if we didn't have that grizzly bluffed to a frazzle. Yes, ma'am, all'n the world we had to do was just shake our flasks at him and say *pooff!* an' back he'd skedaddle acrost that log. He just seemed to forget all about me an' Nack, an' got into the habit o' runnin' back'ards an' forwards acrost the log so strong that he couldn't stop. Guess if he had got started in any other direction he wouldn't 'a' stopped in the United States.

"Well, it looked so shore like we had him fuddled that I got reckless, an' finally, when he was in the middle o' the log on about his forty-first trip, I lets fly at him with the flask, an' says *pooff! pooff!* as loud as I could grunt. The flask took him flatways on the jaw, an' busted with a bang. I don't know whether it was that, or whether it was the extra *pooff!* But anyhow there was something that b'ar couldn't stand. He give up in despair, so to speak. He didn't fall off that log—he jumped. Yes, ma'am! He jumped just as delib'rate as anything you ever seen.

"It was about twenty feet down to water, as I says before. Nack made the trip with nothin' worse'n a duckin', but the b'ar wasn't as lucky. Fact is, luck seemed to plum desert that b'ar the minute he started up my tree first time. Anyhow, he hit headfirst on a big rock. Guess it stunned him, an' before he come to he drownded.

"I didn't claim the b'ar, me an' Nack bein' pardners. But Nack says he's my b'ar accordin' to Hoyle."

"I should think so!" The Young Wife exclaimed admiringly.

"I'll show you how the conyack singed him," the Hunter continued. "It got him all along the back, from snoot to tail, an' some places where it run down his sides. See. An' here's where Nack's bullet took him through the ear—you can see where the powder singed the hair."

He spread out the hide and pointed. There, indeed, was the bullet hole; there, also, was a wide strip of stubble running the full length of the hide, as well as narrower strips extending toward either side.

"But," the Hunter went on admiringly, "ain't it a beauty where the conyack didn't touch it!" He ran his fingers lovingly through the long hair. "Clost a shave as it was, I can't help feelin' sorry I done it."

The Tourist touched the hair gingerly, and brought out, between thumb and forefinger, a small wing, gray and powdery, which he examined curiously.

"Them da—danged trout flies," the Hunter said carelessly. "They get into everything this time o' year, if you happen to camp near a stream."

The Tourist smiled. "Tell you what I'll do," he said. "I'll give you ten dollars for the yarn, and you throw in the hide."

"Suits me, Mister," the Hunter said.

THE $20,000,000 HAYSTACK

A TRUE STORY OF THE LE ROI MINE

BY F. G. MOORHEAD

EVER hear of the $20,000,000 haystack?" inquired the foreman as he got out of his work clothes, the day shift disappearing homeward bound, a few more thousands added to the profits of the mine owners.

"Does it beat the $12,000,000 burro?" his visitor demanded in return.

"Skins it a mile," asserted the other. "There isn't a mining story like it in the country. The next time you get down to Spokane just drop in at the Ridpath hotel and inquire for Colonel——"

"What's a haystack got to do with the mines?" scoffed the visitor. "A haystack, even if it's worth $20,000,000, isn't a part of any mine. And what kind of hay was it, alfalfa, timothy, what?"

"Nobody knows, it's been lost sight of in the excitement. But it was genuine while it lasted. And I'll bet you this, too, that you never heard of a haystack, no matter what it's value, leading to a suicide which was the sensation of the whole civilized world?"

Silence in the room, as the foreman tugged at his patent leathers.

"Go ahead," remarked the visitor at last. "I'm ready for anything."

And while the foreman dexterously wielded the safety over his lathered face he reeled off the story—that is, the beginning of it.

"They say lightning never strikes the same place twice, but you can't convince a prospector that good luck doesn't strike twice, three times, any number of times, in the same place. That's why Joe Morris and Joe Bourgeois—'Bushway' the fellows all called him—drifted to the famous Wild Horse country of East Kootenay, a quarter of a century after the last pan of gravel had been washed and the last dollar added to the $20,000,000 of the placer output of the region. Even the Chinks had become disgusted and gone on, but the two Canucks couldn't have worse luck there than they'd been having, and so over the old trail, matted with underbrush, they went.

"'Honest Old Bob' Dore had led the placer miners the same way back in the early sixties and hadn't left anything on top of ground, but the two Joes didn't know that—how could they? Muttering a few 'Ave Marias' and tightening their belts a little more each day, they stumbled along until at last, one night, they gave up and cursed as only half-starved Canucks, without any pretty girls to make love to, can curse.

"But while they could fill their mouths with oaths they couldn't fill their bellies and so the next morning 'Bushway' started off by himself to Nelson—then only a tiny British Columbia post—for grub, leaving Morris ostensibly to continue the search, in reality to lie around and kick, figuratively rather than literally, for he was getting weak.

"Now, kicking's all right in its way, but when there's nobody around to hear it gets monotonous and is useless, so Morris gave up in despair. He had to do something till 'Bushway' got back with the grub, so he gathered his few effects together and started up the trail through the dense underbrush until he crossed the cañon where the forest fires had swept clear the side of Red Mountain. And there, where the brush had been burned away, he saw ORE—just write that in capital letters, my boy, for that's the way it looked that July day to Joe Morris.

"There's no need of telling you that the Canuck dropped down on his marrowbones and thanked Divine Providence; that's all very pretty, but it doesn't happen in real life. What Joe Morris did was to drop down and claw at the side of the mountain as if it were made of Swiss cheese and the cañon was running beer and he was starving to death, which was almost the fact—the starving part, I mean.

"All alone in the wilderness, so hungry he could hardly see straight, a poor devil of a Canuck had stumbled on the greatest ore deposit of the British Northwest. Go up to Rossland to-day and look over the Le Roi, the War Eagle, the Center Star, the Idaho and the Virginia—once they all belonged to Joe Morris—broke, starving.

"It was a few days afterward that Morris and 'Bushway' arrived in Nelson, carrying their samples.

"The local expert looked at them with interest, hefted them carelessly and handed them back.

"'Iron pyrites,' he said. 'What does it assay?'"

"'Ten dollars in gold, five per cent. copper and a trace of silver.'"

"'That's a bad showing, 'Bushway', better drop it,' and he turned back to his work and lost the opportunity to put Croesus off his pedestal.

"There isn't any use trying to tell how Morris or 'Bushway' felt or what they said. They've gone on; where, nobody knows or cares; it's the old, old tale of the man that stumbled on the big thing passing out of the story in the first chapter.

"They started back to the Wild Horse country, still carrying their samples. But Fate didn't intend the find should be lost, for they hadn't gone far until they ran across Topping. Ever hear of Topping? He had been a mining recorder down in California or Nevada and was then running a little store in Nelson. He didn't run it much longer, he didn't have to, but wait till I back up.

"Topping saw the samples and was interested, but he didn't let the Canucks see till he had asked a lot of questions. Morris had staked out five claims, but he didn't have a sou to his name. Topping stepped into the breach and proposed to record the five claims if the two Joes would make it worth his while. They offered him one of the claims for filing all five, and Topping accepted. Say, that man was certainly born lucky. It cost him $12.50 to record the five; he got the Le Roi; it's rated on the money markets to-day at anywhere around $20,000,000."

The face was talcumed now, so that it was difficult to recognize the foreman of overalls and grimy face—for working on the 1200-foot level isn't child's play, even when one is boss.

"But where does the haystack come in?" demanded his visitor. "It's interesting and romantic, but you promised some alfalfa."

The supper gong sounded, but a lost collar button prolonged the recital a minute.

"Topping started to Spokane to realize on his $12.50 investment, while Morris and 'Bushway' went back to Red Mountain to prospect some more.

"At Colville Topping stopped over night. The hotel was full of lawyers and court officials from Spokane. Court was in session. That night, in the office, Topping showed his samples. There was 'Bill' Ridpath, a 'poor but honest' lawyer; George Forster, another of the same brand; Williams, the court stenographer; Armstrong, the court clerk; and Sanders, the court bailiff. They gathered around Topping, hefting and scratching at his samples, until late in the night. And before they went to bed they made Topping promise he'd wait the next morning until they had looked again.

"The next day court was late in convening; the lawyers, the stenographer, the clerk and the bailiff hadn't put in their appearance. They were in the shop of a local assayer, their heads close together, jabbering away excitedly; keeping their eyes on Topping, you may be sure, to see that he didn't get away and go on to Spokane.

"When the judge sent for them they had to decide, and in a hurry. They wanted to know what Topping would take for his claim. He had it all figured out. It had cost $12.50, but was worth a good deal more. He'd sell part and hang on to the rest for a while. So he up and says, as though he were making a great concession, 'If you close it up soon I'll let you have sixteen-thirtieths for $16,000.' And he never batted an eye."

The lost button was found, the toilet was completed. Once more the supper gong clanged noisily.

"Come on, we'll be late," shouted the foreman, halfway down the hall. The next minute the clash of steel on queensware was the only sound.

After supper, when the pipes were lighted, the visitor demanded of the foreman the rest of the story, but he shook his head and was silent. At last, when patience had ceased to be a virtue, he opened his mouth.

"You'll have to see Colonel Ridpath for the rest," he said. "That's as far as I can go."

"But the haystack?"

"See the Colonel."

And neither threats or cajolery could make him speak further.

Seeing Colonel Ridpath is no hard job. To begin with, he runs a big modern hotel

in Spokane, and, leaning over the desk, gives the glad hand personally to many of his guests. In the second place, at the time the foreman's visitor waited on him, he was a candidate for the office of governor of Washington, and there's never any telling when another vote is to be made. Treat every man civilly, ask after his health, kiss the baby, don't be too much of a stickler on any issue and success is likely to be won. The Colonel is an affable man any time, before the primary he out-Ridpathed Ridpath.

"The Le Roi mine? Certainly. I'll tell you all I know. There's not much to it, though. I was up there a year or two ago and found them working at the 800-foot level, having just run into an ore vein sixty-five feet thick. It's paying big dividends and is one of the great mines of America."

"That's not it, Colonel; how was it discovered, how was it built up into this fine paying property, how was——"

"Oh, the Le Roi's all right, but that's all passed now. The main thing is, shall Washington be ruled by the trusts or shall the common people——"

"Yes, yes, Colonel, I know all about that."

The Colonel's genial face fairly beamed; he wasn't sure of it himself, and here was a convert who knew all about it.

"I tell you, it's time the people were——"

The visitor had an inspiration.

"Colonel, if you'll tell me about the Le Roi, I'll vote for you, sure as fate."

Hand met hand and then the Colonel tilted back and took up the story where the foreman had left off.

"Well, I happened to be in Colville attending court," he related, "and Topping came along with his samples. They looked good to George Forster and myself and we took an option on the claim and formed a company. A half-dozen or more Spokane men at last got all the shares; it cost approximately $30,000. I guess Topping was satisfied.

"But then the real work began. We had the ore, miles from smelter and from railroads, with only an overgrown trail leading from it to the outside world. We needed money before we could get money. There never was a moment I didn't feel sure in my heart of hearts that Joe Morris and Joe Bourgeois hadn't stumbled on a great big thing, but there were whole months when bankruptcy stared us all in the face. Money we must have; money, tainted or pure. Dollar by dollar we got hold of it, working every friend, and so we pulled through and began shipping. I remember the first shipment went to the Tacoma smelter—800 tons. Then others went to the Black Hills smelter, and then Jim Breen put up the Northport smelter, and we were on Easy street. There had been a time when Le Roi shares were on the market for forty cents each and very few people wanted them; four years later they were quoted at $16 each and nobody able to get any.

"Then the word went around the world—a lot of fellows out in Spokane had one of the biggest mining cinches in the world tucked away up in British Columbia, near the international line. Lieutenant Governor Mackintosh found out it was a good thing; when he went home to England on a visit he told all his friends, and by and by the English visitors began coming, full of questions, and talking about American luck and all that. They didn't know of the nights we'd laid awake and the days we'd sweated blood.

"Well, to make a long story short, they went back home and formed a big syndicate and began to talk business. Whitaker Wright came over and closed up the deal. You remember him? At that time he was a very prominent British capitalist. I remember we haggled over the price and split up in two factions, to sell and not to sell, but finally Wright got the property for $3,400,000. I remember taking the first payment check of $500,000 to the Bank of Montreal for deposit. And there was another check, this one for $1,042,254. It looked good to a lot of fellows who'd been court bailiffs and clerks and poor, struggling lawyers only a few years before.

"And I guess it would have looked mighty good to Joe Morris or Joe Bourgeois, or even to Topping. From $12.50 to $3,400,000 is quite a jump, but out here in the Northwest anything is possible."

The Colonel let his chair down easily and taking from his pocket a memorandum book, searched his pockets for a pencil.

"I guess that's all," he concluded. "You remember the sequel. Whitaker Wright

capitalized the property for three times what he paid for it and resold it to a British syndicate. A short time afterward he was indicted for fraud. During the progress of the trial he asked permission to step from the court-room into an adjoining lavatory. The moment the door had closed he snatched from his pocket a bottle of cyanide and drank it all. They found his dead body in the room, when the judge sent for him, a few minutes later. The Le Roi trail had led to a suicide's grave."

The Colonel had found his pencil; he was all business once more.

"Let me see, you're from what precinct?" he demanded, and it was not until the promise of a vote had been repeated and recorded that the interview terminated.

The next night the mine foreman entertained his visitor again and together they talked over the story. Statistics were at hand showing that the year the sale had been made to Whitaker Wright the Le Roi had shipped 66,000 tons of ore, of an aggregate valuation of $1,532,388; while the War Eagle had shipped 42,779 tons, of a valuation of $1,047,016.92, and the combined mines of Red Mountain had shipped 116,697 tons, of a valuation of $2,804,758.12.

"Good returns for Topping's twelve-fifty," commented the foreman. The visitor was silent. It was not until they were ready to retire that something overlooked popped into his head.

"Say, where does the $20,000,000 haystack come in," he demanded. "I guess that was a bum steer."

"Not a bit of it," retorted the foreman with a laugh. "You see, the Le Roi is worth $20,000,000 already."

"Yes, but the haystack?"

"Well, it was a haystack in dispute between two men that made the lawsuit which took Colonel Ridpath and George Forster and the court officials to Colville and kept them there until Topping came along. No haystack, no lawsuit, no lawsuit, no option on Topping's property, no wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, no Rossland of to-day, no millionaires out of yesterday's poor men, no suicide—Oh, come along to bed, what more do you want?"

A MISSOURI 'GATOR

BY EDGAR WHITE

A MEMBER of a party of Macon fishermen captured a rare specimen on the bosom of Lake Carlos, northern Minnesota, recently. Perle H. Hall, an artist, was the lucky angler. He had rowed out in the lake by himself. When he came back in the evening he excitedly exhibited a long, strange-looking fish, with sharp, wicked teeth. The campers shared in his excitement.

"What you got?" they asked.

"I don't know exactly what you fellers would call it," said Hall. "It looks to me like a baby alligator."

The fishermen squatted around at a wink from John Etz, a traveling salesman, who bent down to examine the prize closely.

"By George!" exclaimed Etz. "I believe you're right, Hall. It is a 'gator!"

"I never knew that alligators got up this far," said Harry Walker, a hardware man.

"They don't often," said Etz, "and that's what makes it so remarkable. Let's scoop out a ditch and put the thing in it, Hall. Then I'll go up to the hotel and get Professor Aspinwall—he'll know, for sure."

Professor Aspinwall was tall, emaciated and solemn. He put on his specs and poked his nose against the ambiguous fish. Then he straightened up and took off his glasses.

"Gentlemen," he said, oracularly, "we have here an infant specimen of the *alligatoridæ Mississippiensis*, a most wonderful thing in these waters."

The artist smiled proudly.

"I was about to conclude my vacation," the thin student went on, "but this gives me some further and most important work. I shall write a treatise for the Federal Fishery Commission. Would you mind my taking this—this—it's too long to pronounce the name again—to the hotel tomorrow? I'll promise you faithfully that no harm shall come to it," he said earnestly.

"Not at all," said Hall importantly, "but take good care of it. I want to get a permit trom the warden to ship it home. I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for the thing."

"I should say not," murmured the Professor. "I have never heard of a member of the crocodile family coming this far North before. But this proves one can come if it wants to. We are all but children—even the oldest of us—and science is becoming confounded every day. Your discovery, sir"—the speaker bowed to the harpooner of the 'gator—"will be of inestimable value to natural knowledge."

Professor Aspinwall took the 'gator to the Lake View hotel in the afternoon to prosecute his study of the phenomenon.

Next day was Etz's —th birthday and he proposed to celebrate it by taking his crowd up to the hotel for dinner. Hall was a little startled by this item on the menu: "*Crocodile à la Messouree.*" Across the table a patriarch ordered some of the same, with milk gravy and maple sirup. His wife did likewise and added currant jelly. A blond girl near the foot of the table told the waiter she wanted to go against a Missouri crocodile and a glass of lemonade. A ranchman from New Mexico ordered *Allegatro-de-Mizzouree* with chili and a napkin. Hall began to glare around dangerously. Then the camel's back went down when a smirking pilgrim from St. Louis filed his application for a section of Missouri alligator, a plate of ice cream and a quart of brandy. Self-respect demanded that he have it out with the landlord, who was found down in the office.

"What the devil do you mean!" he demanded, "by serving my alligator to those people? Every mother's son and daughter, too, is ordering Missouri alligator with ice cream or some other pagan stuff, and there won't be enough of it left for me to carry a piece home in my vest pocket!"

"Did you have an alligator here?" asked the tavern keeper quietly.

"I did that! I loaned it to Professor Aspinwall yesterday to experiment with, and your cook has found it and served it for dinner!"

The *chef* was summoned.

"Are you serving this gentleman's alligator for dinner?" asked 'mine host.'

The head cook smiled.

"A Swede fisherman brought in a boatload of pickerel this morning," he said, "and as they looked pretty good I took 'em. He told me down in the Missouri camp they called 'em alligators. So I used that name on the bill of fare."

Hall didn't return to the dining hall, but he met the Professor on the porch. The scholar extended a warm hand, which was not accepted.

"O, Mr. Hall," he said, "I have found a way to explain the appearance of the *alligatoridæ Mississippiensis* in the Northern——"

"Professor," said the artist, ominously, "if you say one more word about your infernal *alligatoree Mississippicus,* or whatever you call the darned thing, even your gray hairs won't save you!"

WASH LOSES A TURKEY

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

THE turkey-blind was a simple affair, made of green boughs leaning against two pines which stood almost together. Beyond the blind was a thin trail of peas and rice trailings on a strip of open ground, skillfully sprinkled with pine trash. All around the blind was a knee-high growth of dark-green gallberry bushes; then came the sweet myrtles with their cool and fragrant foliage; then the deep swamp where the turkeys roosted, with its tall gum trees, its shadowy tupelos, its towering elm, and its whispering poplars; beyond the swamp lay the wide, mysterious pinewoods, lonely, baffling. This spot was on Colonel Jocelyn's plantation, not far from the Great House and almost too near the negro cabins. But the Colonel's code of honor was rigid, even to the point that he stooped not to suspecting even the lowest of his fellow creatures. And he was more than this. He carried his trust to the point of temptation. He proved this when he got Scipio to build the turkey-blind for him, in spite of the fact that rumors with regard to Scipio's persistent poaching and unreliability had come to his ears. Colonel Jocelyn did not believe it. He had known Scipio too long; there was not a better negro on his plantation, or any other. The Colonel expressed this judgment with some explosive emphasis to his frail, quiet-eyed little wife; and so, when on his way home from a deer hunt, he saw the turkeys go to roost one twilight, he sent for Scipio the

next day and told him with great secrecy, in a [illegible]n's whisper, of the turkeys. Inasmuch as Scipio had found the nest in the summer, he had every turkey in the brood marked from the time when they came out of the speckled eggs; and inasmuch as, out of the twenty, he had already killed and sold seven, it required not a little diplomacy to express surprise at their discovery. Yet Scipio's praise and admiration of the Colonel's acuteness was in no wise failing. He listened with great attentiveness, and gravely assented to the Colonel's plan. Yes, he would build it right away; and he would get the rice trailings from the barnyard that very morning; oh, yes, he knew the very spot where his boss wanted the blind put. Did he think the turkeys would take the feed? There was no doubt of it. Had Scipio seen them before? Not Scipio; he had not seen a wild turkey on the plantation for years; it was a miracle to him how his boss was so keen as to mark them down; his boss seemed a younger and a better woodsman every day. And, yes, Scipio would surely let him know the first time the turkeys took the feed.

After this conversation the Colonel walked briskly into the house, kissed his little wife affectionately, whistled a catch of an old love song, popular long before the War, and then went out to see the rice-thrashing in the barnyard. And wherever he went *Secret* was written on every feature and found expression in every movement.

Meanwhile Scipio had, in all faith, built and baited the blind, He knew very well that the Colonel would forget all about it; that all his enthusiasm and spirit were as transient as a flash of sunlight thro' some dark door; that the turkeys were his if he could but keep up his cunning and his courage.

The very next day after the blind had been completed, Wash Green, returning from an intimate and friendly visit to some one else's potato bank on the neighboring plantation, and having in his possession that which was not intended for public inspection, took a short cut through the swamp and almost walked into the turkey blind. He saw that it was freshly made and that no hogs had touched the bait; he noticed its location and guessed its purpose with self-applauding cunning. When he got home he brought his old smooth-bore musket down from the loft over his parlor and, drawing the buckshot poured half a handful of No. 3's into the barrel and wadded it down with some black moss. Now, he thought, he would steal a march on that sly Scipio who had, time and again, thwarted him, and made him a subject of jest and laughter. Now if he, Wash Green, could slip into that turkey blind early the next morning and bring home a fine gobbler, the chagrin of Scipio, who was always so proud about his hunting, would be acute and his defeat most mortifying. Wash always relished his victories before they came; he was wise in this where it was a question of getting the better of Scipio, for such victories never actually came.

And Scipio, while down in his heart he hated to deceive the Colonel, who had always been so fair and just to him, was fully prepared to make the blind a success. He, too, loaded his musket with big duckshot, and went to bed with his mind on the "moondown" as the time for him to be stirring. And when the moon, almost full —which all night long had sailed in lonely splendor over the purple pine woods, flooding the plantation fields and the great river, which moved slowly seaward, with her mysterious light—began to sink on the bosom of the pine forest, Scipio awoke and, stretching his arms, shuffled to the door. Yes, it was time for him to start. At "day-clean" turkeys flew down. He would be on hand if they came to the blind, but he hardly thought they would take the feed the first morning.

All night Scipio had been dozing in front of the fire with his clothes on; so, by merely reaching for his cap and musket he was ready to start. When he got outside of the cabin the morning air was chill and he buttoned his coat more closely about him. In doing so he felt in the pocket for his box of percussion caps. They were not there. He felt himself with growing and anxious excitement, but the caps were not to be found. Scipio swore softly. There was no use for him to go without caps. He leaned his musket against the palings of his little garden and went back into the cabin. He must have been gone twenty minutes, and when he reappeared he had the caps but had lost his temper. He

plunged out of the door, grasped his musket and disappeared in a fox-trot down the narrow path which led through the broom grass from his cabin to the pine woods. But the day had already come; in the east the pale colors were brightening and the sky overhead had its day-blue. The blind was half a mile away, and he would be fortunate if he got there before the turkeys flew down.

His gait took him through the woods swiftly. He was unconscious of their cool and dewy sweetness, their delicious freshness, their serene beauty and tranquility; he knew only that before him, beyond a certain blind, a dozen wild turkeys might be at their breakfast, and that he might be too late to surprise them. As he got near the place, his anger was replaced by caution; his vehement pace slackened, and he bent low as he crept behind the blind. He slunk from pine to pine, keeping his sight on the clump of green bushes before him; as he came nearer and nearer he disappeared almost entirely in the gallberry bushes. And then, when he was thirty feet away, he was transfixed by something which caught his eye suddenly. He saw a movement in the blind before him. Scipio fell flat in the bushes, bewildered and amazed. Could it be Colonel Jocelyn? If so, he was keener than Scipio had imagined. If it was the Colonel, the presence of Scipio's musket would be embarrassing. Slowly, and with infinite caution Scipio, without bending his knees, raised himself on his hands and peered over the bushes, He could see nothing. A loose branch had fallen over the entrance of the blind and hidden its occupant. Even while Scipio peered there came a mighty roar from the blind, and every aperture seemed to belch forth smoke. Then Scipio sprang up and, flattening himself behind a big pine, peered forth. What he saw filled him with surprise, anger, and the spirit of vengeance. He saw Wash Green plunge out of the blind, hat in hand, and rush out on the open space where the bait lay. He saw him run down toward the edge of the swamp, stoop down, and rise with a magnificent bronze gobbler held in his hand. Scipio gulped hard, and his thoughts crowded fast. His mind was already made up when Wash, twenty yards away, turned his back and again looked toward the swamp. He had swung the gobbler over his shoulder and had replaced his old, creased black-felt hat jauntily on the side of his head. And so he stood for a moment, a picture of satisfaction and of debonair content.

Scipio had sometimes had occasion to call to him many wild animals which had thereby fallen before his musket. He knew, too, how to imitate the voices of men. With sudden decision he jerked his musket to his shoulder:

"Ha, nigger!" cried Colonel Jocelyn's irate voice, and as it reached the ears of Wash, Scipio's musket roared forth. Wash's black-felt hat flew off and lodged in a myrtle bush; Wash himself sprang into the air as if preparatory to aerial flight; the gobbler fell to the earth, and the terrified negro crashed through the bushes, screaming and rubbing his head with both hands. He did not look back, but ran on and on, screaming louder and louder as he found the shot had not hurt him. And so he disappeared.

After a few minutes Scipio came out from the shelter of his pine. He fixed up the blind and then walked down to the gobbler and the felt hat. He took the latter out of the bush and grinned as he looked at it. There were five tiny holes through the top of it, front and back. He stuffed it into his pocket, picked up the gobbler and, stopping at the blind to get Wash's musket, was soon on the path homeward.

It was some time before Wash returned home, and as Scipio's cabin was near his, Scipio sat on his steps and watched for the return of the wanderer. They were far enough apart to make it safe for Scipio to grin, as he had ample reason to when he saw the dejected form of Wash Green emerge from the pines and slink along to his cabin. The next morning Scipio's rival found his musket with his cap on the end of it leaning up against his door. And to this day he has not had the courage to thank Colonel Jocelyn for returning them.

FLORIDA

A WINTER PLAYGROUND

BY KIRK MUNROE

N its winter playgrounds the United States is the most fortunate country of the world; for, while Europe has within its borders only shivery Italy, every portion of which suffers from cold weather through January and well into February, we have California, Arizona, Texas, and Florida, all of them warmer than Italy, and offering a greater variety of natural attractions.

Foremost among these by virtue of its accessibility, and its possession of the only tropical area of United States mainland, stands Florida, the largest state east of the Mississippi, and having an area equal to that of combined New England. At its most southerly point it is six hundred miles nearer the equator than Los Angeles, and three hundred miles farther south than New Orleans; while it extends toward the tropics a whole degree beyond the latitude of Brownsville, Texas, which is the next most southern bit of the United States. Moreover, its entire coast line is bathed by the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico, and those of the Gulf Stream, which give it the winter climate of Upper Egypt at Assouan, or of northern India. Thus, through its geographical position, Florida gains its chiefest asset, the most equable climate of the world.

Although the topography of Florida is

There's no end of opportunity for canoeing on swift or still waters.

by no means as varied as that of California, and while it is entirely lacking in mountains or in fact any elevation greater than three hundred feet above the sea, it is far from presenting the monotonous level of swamp, pine barrens, and sand, imagined by those who ignorantly speculate as to its natural features. The northern portion of the state is a high, rolling country of red clay hills and fertile valleys, heavily forested, dotted with blue lakes, and intersected by many swift-flowing rivers fed by crystal springs. Most notable among these rivers are the St. John, (Sp. San Juan) which, like the Nile, flows due north, and the Suwanee, (Sp. San Juanita or Little St. John) known to the whole world through Stephen Foster's song.

The central portion of the state also boasts of hills, only they are of sand instead of clay, and of an incredible number of spring-fed lakes.

In the three most southerly counties, Dade, Lee, and Monroe, are located the Everglades, the Big Cypress Swamp, Lake Okechobee, and that long-extended line of coral sea islands, known as the Florida Keys. The first of these is a limitless prairie, occupying thousands of square miles, covered with giant grasses that grow in clear, clean, drinkable water, and dotted with an infinity of small, wooded islands. On these islands dwell that remnant of Seminoles who successfully resisted expatriation to the Far West, and who remain to-day the most picturesque Indians of the United States.

West of the Everglades lie those dark, watery woodlands known as the Big Cypress; a trackless labyrinth of swamp, fresh-water lagoon, creek, and low but wonderfully fertile islands on which the Seminole makes his most prolific gardens. All these are deep buried in the shadows of a vast cypress forest that, in turn, is bordered by a dense, interlaced, and impenetrable fringe, miles in width, of mangroves, that grow equally well in salt or brackish waters, and extend to the Gulf an unbroken mantle of perennial green.

At the northern end of the Everglades lies Okechobee, the largest fresh-water lake, next to Michigan, within the limits of the United States. On the south, all these are girdled by the Florida Keys, a wonderful chain of coral islands that, beginning at Miami, extends for two hundred miles south and west through the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, which gives them the climate of Cuba.

Now all this, with every portion easily accessible, is thrown open every winter as a playground for the people of the North. Here, beyond the reach of snow or ice and amid tropical surroundings, they may hunt, fish or loaf, cruise on summer seas, or speed automobiles over ocean beaches hard and smooth as a floor. They may play golf, tennis, or bridge, at the most fashionable of winter resorts, or with canoe and camera they may explore the depths of an uncharted wilderness, widespread, primeval, and occupied only by gentle savages who dwell in huts of palmleaf thatch, as strangely picturesque as those of the South Pacific. They may share the curious lives of sponge fishers and turtle catchers on the coast, or of Florida cowboys and cypress loggers in the interior. They may take a launch trip into the Everglades and witness the operations of draining one of the world's greatest swamps; or in the same launch they may adventure among the coral Keys and study one of the mighty engineering problems of the age, the building of a sea-going railroad. Thus in this particular winter playground is provided plenty of occupation and amusement for all ages and tastes, and for the slender purse as well as for "predatory" wealth.

Twenty-five years ago Florida as a winter playground meant only Jacksonville, St. Augustine, the St. John, and the Ocklawaha as far as Crystal Springs. To the tourists of those days all else was a vast space, vaguely alluring but unknown and unattainable. Then there were but two railroads; one running west from Jacksonville to the Chattahoochee, and another from Fernandina to Cedar Keys, with a branch to the St. John. About this time, however, a Pennsylvania steel man built a little thirty-five mile railroad from Jacksonville to St. Augustine, to which he gave the big name of Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Halifax River Railway, and with this enterprise the vast system of tourist routes that now cover the whole state, was inaugurated. After a while Mr. Henry Flagler, since known as the "Magician of Florida," bought this little railway as a plaything. Then, to make business for his

The seashore was made for the children, with it's gentle sea and beach strewn with shells.

plaything, he began the restoration and upbuilding of America's oldest town, to which, within a year, he had not only given one of the most beautiful hotels in the world, but he had in other ways so added to its existing attractions that its fame as a winter resort has since become as wide-spread as the English tongue.

But this was only a beginning. The Magician who had accomplished these things soon began to plan other and greater enterprises. He cruised down the Indian River, touching at such beauty spots as Daytona, New Smyrna, and Rock-ledge, and still pushing southward beyond its ultimate waters he finally discovered Lake Worth with its charming but isolated little winter colony at Palm Beach. This was the most beautiful place the Magician ever had seen, and at once he made a large tract of its choicest lands his own. Then, that Palm Beach might be opened to the whole world, he ordered that his railroad be brought to that point with all speed. At the same time he began the erection there of the largest hotel in the world. So impatient was he to witness results that these great undertakings were begun and finished between two seasons, and Palm Beach sprang full-fledged into the foremost rank of famous winter playgrounds.

For a time the Magician paused here, devoting himself to the beautifying and perfecting of what he already had acquired. To meet the demands for still more ample accommodations, he built other hotels at both St. Augustine and Palm Beach, and established a third playground at Ormond, midway between the two. Then came the great freeze of 1895 that extended its icy fingers even to the Palm Beach paradise, and despoiled it of much beauty. While the Magician sadly gazed upon withered foliage, dead flowers, and citrus trees shorn in a night of their glorious bloom, he was presented with a great bunch of orange blossoms, as perfect and fragrant as had been those so recently destroyed. Until that moment he had not known that there was an orange bloom left in all Florida.

"Where did they come from?" he asked eagerly.

"From the Biscayne Country, nearly one hundred miles to the southward," was the answer.

"What is there?"

"One of the most beautiful salt-water bays of the country."

"How large is it?"

"About forty miles long, and from two to ten broad."

"Is there any reason why our road cannot be extended to that country?"

"None at all."

"How can one reach it now?"

"By two days' ride over a trail almost hub-deep in sand, and through an unbroken wilderness, or by a night's run down the coast in a yacht."

A little later Mr. Flagler had seen for himself the orange trees, untouched by frost, from which his blooms were gathered, and the living green of scores of other tropical trees that form an encircling forest about the amber-crystal waters of Biscayne Bay. At that time there were a dozen houses at Lemon City, near its upper end, two at the mouth of the Miami River, midway down the length of the bay, and a score or so more, six miles south of the Miami, at Cocoanut Grove, then the largest settlement between Palm Beach and Key West. All else was wilderness, exquisite in its primeval beauty and already famous as being the only rock-bound portion of Florida. In those early days the rocks of the Biscayne country were regarded with lively curiosity by those who knew Florida only as an area of sand and swamp, and in these later days of development the rock houses, rock walls, and rock roads of Dade County are its most notable characteristics.

A year after the Magician's first visit, or in May, 1896, the railroad, now known as the Florida East Coast, had reached this land of perpetual summer, of perennial bloom, rugged contour, and swift-running streams, and had established what was thought to be its final terminus on the banks of the Miami. Tracts one mile square, on each side of the river, had been laid out in town lots, the sixth of the great East Coast hotels was in process of construction on a point of land between river and bay, and the embryo city of Miami had sprung into existence. To-day this most southern of mainland cities boasts eight thousand inhabitants, many miles of paved streets, electric lights, a score of hotels, two banks, two daily papers, a deep-water

With ox-teams and prairie schooner, trips mediæval in speed, nerve-restoring in effect, can be taken.

channel dredged across its shallow bay to the sea, terminal docks at which ocean-going steamers may lie and discharge cargoes, an ever-increasing foreign and coastwise commerce, and a widespread surrounding of prosperous farms, and thrifty groves, threaded by hundreds of miles of the finest rock roads of the state.

Here, for six years, the Magician rested, only extending his transportation facilities by the establishment of steamship lines to Key West, Havana, and Nassau, and building at the Bahama capital another of his splendid winter hotels. Then his attention was attracted by two other great undertakings in line with his own. One was the construction, by Sir William Van Horne, of a railway, throughout the entire length of Cuba, from Havana to Santiago, and the other was the resumption of work, with a certainty of its completion, on the Panama Canal.

Key West is a long way nearer to both Havana and Colon than any other port of the United States, and a railroad to Key West necessarily must receive much of the freight from both places. Such a road could be built along the line of Florida Keys, and besides promising to do well as a freight proposition, it would open a most unique and fascinating playground to the ever-increasing number of tourists searching for just such places.

Then why not build it?

No reason at all, since our Magician is amply possessed of the magic wands of to-day, and finds his greatest pleasure in testing their powers.

Then let it be built.

With the edict thus issued, work was begun on the sea-going extension of the F. E. C. Ry., and last winter (February, 1908) passenger trains were run to Knight's Key, more than one hundred miles beyond Miami, and four hundred and seventy-five south of Jacksonville, over a roadbed unique among all the railroads of the world. Key West is only forty miles beyond Knight's Key, but, in covering this distance an immense concrete viaduct, spanning a deep channel three miles wide, still remains to be built. Thus at least another year must elapse before F. E. C. locomotives, and steamships from the Orient, via Panama, can rub noses at Key West. In the meantime, however, the best of the Florida Keys are being traversed by through Pullmans from all principal Northern points, and this new playground is ready for the entertainment of the many thousands who will seek its charms.

While Florida's eastern coast has thus been transformed into nearly five hundred miles of winter playground, the many delightful localities on the West or Gulf Coast have not been overlooked by railroad builders. These have extended their lines to Homosassa, known and loved by two generations of fishermen; to Tarpon Springs, headquarters of the Gulf sponge industry, and of a happy winter colony of yachtsmen; to St. Petersburg at the southern end of the Pinellas peninsula; to Tampa with its interesting cigar factories and its great Moorish hotel; to Manatee amid its orange groves; to Sarasota with its shell beaches and fine salt-water bathing; to Punta Gorda at the head of Charlotte Harbor; and finally to Ft. Meyers nestling in the shade of its cocoa palms, on the south bank of the Caloosahatchie, and having the same latitude as Palm Beach. Here are the largest grape-fruit groves of the world, also the finest tarpon fishing. Ft. Meyers is furthermore an interesting place as being the winter home of Thomas Alva Edison, and the outfitting point for cruises down the lower West Coast, among the bird-haunted labyrinths of the Ten Thousand Islands; into the mysterious waterways of Whitewater Bay; or on past Cape Sable, to the Keys; and, if one chooses, around the southern end of the state to Biscayne Bay and Miami. Of course this trip may be reversed, with Miami as the outfitting point, and Meyers, Punta Gorda, or Tampa, the objective.

To those who do not care for salt-water fishing or cruising, or who find the sea breezes of the coast too bracing, the interior of Florida offers hundreds of delightful playgrounds, beside spring-fed lakes, shaded by rustling palms, moss-hung live-oaks or orange trees laden with fruit, dead-ripe and luscious, that may be had for the picking. In these groves the yellow fruit and the scented blooms hang side by side; for oranges ripen in the winter, and at the same time the trees cover themselves with fragrant bridal wreaths of the next year's fruitage.

Most of these pleasant places can be

Palm trees and clouds make a trip along the west coast a trail into fairyland.

reached by train; for the vast territory that twenty-five years ago held only two railroads, now is so threaded with these arteries of travel that only two of its forty-six counties are without them. Then, too, the waterways of the state, its rivers, creeks, and canals, its myriad lakes and lagoons, are so intimately connected one with another, that a canoe or light-draught launch may traverse them in any direction throughout the length and breadth of the peninsula. Thus, for instance, the inland cruiser may start from Jacksonville and go up the St. John to Welaka, where he may enter the Ocklawaha, follow the windings of that crooked stream past Crystal Springs, and so on for a hundred miles farther, into the "Lake Region." Here, in close proximity, lie Lakes Griffin, Eustis, Harris, Yale, and Dora; and the last-named is connected by canal with Lake Apopka, the largest of all. Bordering these lakes are great orange groves, and fine winter estates, besides towns and villages at which supplies may be renewed. From Lake Apopka a short railway carry may be made to Kissimmee on Lake Tahopkelaga whose waters flow south by way of the Kissimmee River to the great lake Okechobee, which, through the Caloosahatchie, finds outlet to the Gulf near Ft. Meyers.

Or the cruise from Jacksonville may be continued up the St. John, past the mouth of the Ocklawaha, through Lakes George and Monroe, to Sanford, where another all-rail carry of about thirty miles, forms a second connecting link with the south-flowing waters of the Kissimmee.

If he chooses, the cruiser may keep on past Sanford, still farther up the St. John, making his way through widespread marshes, and innumerable ponds, all connected by navigable streams, to distant Lake Poinsett. From its eastern shore a wagon carry of five miles will land him at Rockledge on the salt waters of the Indian River, with a clear inland passage all the way to Palm Beach and Biscayne Bay.

Still another cruise may start from Jacksonville, with a thirty-five-mile rail carry to St. Augustine, or a short, outside run from the mouth of the St. John to the same point. From there it may be continued to the extreme southern part of the state by salt-water lagoons, connecting canals, the Indian River, Lake Worth, Biscayne Bay, and the sheltered waters of the Bay of Florida, lying behind the long-extended line of Keys.

The route of any of these cruises may, of course, be reversed, by starting from Key West, the most southerly city of Florida, which has direct sea communication with New York and Mobile. By thus working northward, for some eighty miles along the Keys to Cape Sable, and so on up the West Coast to the mouth of the Caloosahatchie, or along the entire stretch of Keys, one hundred and fifty miles to Miami and the waterways of the East Coast, the cruiser stands a good chance of having warm and pleasant weather during his entire trip. This most desirable feature of a cruise cannot be assured to him who makes his start from Jacksonville or St. Augustine, for, from the middle of December to the middle of February, the northern half of Florida is more or less subject to the discomforts of frosty nights, cold winds, and chilling rains.

On any of these expeditions, whether undertaken from the northern or the southern end of the state, the cruiser need never be more than three or four days, or a week at most, away from a base of supplies, including gasoline for his motor. Thus, on Florida cruises, it is never necessary to over-burden the cruising craft with cargo.

While every county in Florida demands from the non-resident sportsman the payment of ten dollars for a hunting license before he may so much as take aim at bird or beast, the angler is subjected to no such restriction. He may take fish by fair means, in any Florida waters, without price or question; and as all these waters, fresh as well as salt, swarm with fish of all degrees of excellence and pugnacity, the cruiser, who also is a fisherman, will find every opportunity for the pursuit of his favorite sport. Nor need he fear going hungry while traversing these prolific waters, if he is provided with tackle and bait. If he would fish only for sport and the excitement of battle, the mighty tarpon, "Silver King" of finny tribes, often tipping the beam at two hundred pounds; and the agile bonefish, weighing less than ten, but darting with the swiftness of a hawk, and fighting with a hawk's persistent energy, will give him every opportunity for testing his skill and power of endurance against theirs.

A proper spirit of adventure, a canoe and the Everglades form an incomparable combination for the winter fun seeker.

If he must fish at the command of appetite, he will find pompano and Spanish mackerel, kingfish, and grouper, big-mouthed bass and perch, mangrove snapper, and yellowtail, besides scores of others, all admirably adapted to the frying pan or the chowder pot, awaiting him at every mile of his Florida cruising. Besides these, he will find crawfish, as large as lobsters and more delicate, oysters and clams by the bushel, shrimp to be scooped in by the netful, turtle and terrapin to delight the heart of an epicure, and turtle eggs freshly buried in warm beach sands. Oh, no! the Florida cruiser need never fear hunger, even though his entire supply of "boughten grub" should become exhausted without chance of renewal, if only he has the knowledge and skill to help himself from nature's abundance.

He must learn, probably from experience, for he is not likely to profit by written advice, especially if he be young and self-confident, that many biting and stinging insects abound in certain parts of Florida at all seasons. To meet these he should provide himself with netting for mosquitoes, and with dope for sand flies; or, better still with a fine cheesecloth bar for both; with ammonia for all insect stings, though salt water is nearly as efficacious; and with a hypodermic syringe and a solution of potash permanganate for venomous snake bites; though the chances are ten to one that he will not see a snake of any kind during his entire cruise. He must learn that the ubiquitous, but microscopic redbug has colonized every bunch of grass and moss and dry seaweed in Florida, as well as every log and bit of dead wood, and that, given the opportunity, they will promptly incorporate themselves with him, until he has good cause to imagine that he has been set on fire. To war with the redbug, the cruiser's most convenient weapons will be kerosene, a salve of lard and sulphur, spirits of ammonia, or a saturated solution of salt.

He will furthermore learn that scorpions are no more to be dreaded than spiders, that if a centipede crawls over his bare skin it will leave a painfully inflamed trail; that, when bathing in salt water, if he touches the long, streaming tentacles of a purple physalia, or Portuguese man-of-war, he will fancy that he has run afoul of a bunch of particularly vicious stinging nettles, and that if he comes into contact with a whip-ray he probably will receive a wound that will be acutely painful and a long time in healing. But, as an old Floridian says:

"What's the use in naming all them biting an' stinging critters, when I've lived here all my life an' haint run up agin nary one of 'em, 'ceptin', of cose, redbugs an' moskitters, an' scorponiums, an sich trash that don't count, only to make a feller scratch *and* cuss?"

Florida is very easy of access nowadays, Jacksonville being but thirty hours from New York and forty from Chicago by the fast trains, or three days from New York by steamers that also touch at Charleston; while the Keys, only just across the Straits from Cuba, and now reached by through Pullmans from all principal Northern points, are but twelve hours farther away. Thus, within forty-eight hours, one may change his environment from arctic to tropic, winter for summer, a zero mercury for one between 60° and 80° above, ice and snow for blue skies and bluer waters, ever-blooming flowers, and singing birds. And all this without leaving the mainland of the United States!

On the Keys, this winter, the traveler in search of a new playground will find half a dozen new hotels; small to be sure, but clean and well appointed; and here will be unfolded a wonderland to delight and interest him.

IN THE BLACKJACK

A DAY WITH THE QUAIL IN FLORIDA'S TANGLED SCRUB OAK

BY MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

NOON—high noon, you'd say, since a sun like Joshua's stood midway in the round of staring cloudless sky. But every man to his choice. We'd chosen this day of many Florida days for our sport; so here we were. Across the open, the blurred landscape swayed drunkenly—sand and a waste of scrub pine, oak and palmetto wavering in the glassy heat flung back from the baked and arid earth. But who hunts in a half-tropic land like this suffers a penalty in days of just this kind. We hunted; and I think Bert and I each had a clear opinion of the other's idiocy. And each of his own, as well.

Yet hope tempted onward. Beyond, and through a fringe of live oaks standing on the southward bluff, we caught a glimpse of blue, a strip of color gleaming like naked metal beneath the foliage that of itself was as stiff and fixed as bronze. There was the Gulf, and by and by, a landward breeze would rise upon its width, and for a while, wake to life again the dead world around us. So we drifted on, hunting shade, the silence broken only by the tires grinding along the road's deep, sandy furrows; the steam-like panting of Mac and Doris under the wagon body, and our own patient, thoughtful sighing. But when the breeze came——

"Birds?" observed Bert, and grinned. "Oh, shucks!"

And I believe he was right, at the time. *Birds?* If there were any, we'd quite failed to locate their whereabouts. "Say, if you did find any birds to-day," said Bert oracularly, "I'll bet a dollar they'd be squatting on a slice of toast."

Which was hopeless of Bert, who was nominally hopeful.

"Cheer up," said I hopefully, and utterly without hope, "we'll cross over to the bayou heads for a while. We'll find them coming down to the swamp to drink."

Bert looked at me over his shoulder, grinning feebly, though it were benignly. "*Unh hunh*—oh, yeah," he remarked distinctly. "Regular formula to find birds, isn't it? You hunt 'em early in the straw—oh, yeah! Fine! They're all there just where they roosted. And afterwards, when they've moved, we find them all out in the pines, feeding on the mast. Sure! That's it. And then a little later, they retire to shady nooks to scratch and dust. By 'n' by they go down to the swamp for a drink. Right you are. *Hmph!*" Bert sniffed lightly, and the sniff was voluminous with its scorn. "Only they don't," said Bert tartly. "Not on days like this anyway. They just dissolve. Hey!—get ap, you Dolly!"

Dolly, the mare, belonged to our friend the dominie. And a more thoroughly quiet and seemly Dolly no parson ever drove on godly ways. Times when the dominie carried the gospel afoot we exercised Dolly at his behest, and he was glad. But to exercise Dolly required as much exertion on our part as on Dolly's; for Dolly owned to a kirkly repose equal to that of the dominie's richest parishioner dozing in a pew corner. To keep Dolly awake was an art as well as a manual effort, a kind of progressive carpet-beating, only a little more dusty. "Git ap!" said Bert, turning off the road into a piece of pineland strewn with down-timber. "Git ap, you!" Accordingly, Dolly awoke long enough to rattle us over a fallen log, a jolt that was as if meant to remind us a buggy

is not a steeplechaser. "*Unh*—whoa!" snapped Bert, and weariedly stood up.

"I'm looking for a way," explained Bert, "and there isn't any. I want to find a short-cut, because it'll be the longest way to get there."

"To get where?"

"Oh, down by the swamp heads where all the quail are drinking," said Bert coolly. "Wasn't it there you said we'd find them?"

I stuck my gun between my knees and reached for the reins. "You give me those lines, Bert."

"Willingly," said he, and thrust them on me. "Hie away, bullies!" said Bert listlessly, leaning over to look under the wagon body at the dogs. "Hie away, there!"

Doris, after a glance to make sure he meant it, linked away across the open, stretching herself in a hopeful burst of speed. But Mac—big, lumbering, clumsy Mac sidled off uncertainly, scuffling dispiritedly, and with a look almost of reproach in his wistful eyes, as if he had settled with himself that to hunt to-day meant only a waste of precious effort. "Mac," said Bert, addressing him pointedly, "you hie away there, or I'll get down and say something real personal to you. Git!" said he, and Mac got, picking up speed as he reached out across the open. But one could hardly blame the big, blue-ticked setter. Beyond, the pineland thinned out again, and between the tree boles we could see what lay beyond—another waste of scrub, but scrub of a different kind than the desert of palmetto, oak and pine straggling behind us on the sandy plain. "Blackjack!" snorted Bert, and lurched to his feet. "Hey, you, Doris—come out of that!" he cried sharply, and instinctively reached for the dog whistle strung from a button of his coat.

For we'd been there before; we were fully informed concerning that particular stretch of thicket—a desert of stunted oak sun-dried to a dingy rust color, square miles of it lying like a jungle and thicker than a summer woodcock cover. Back three weeks or so, on a December afternoon, the dogs had popped into that tangle before we could head them off, and there the two had hunted quail on private account while, for a sad two hours, we had hunted them. Sad, I say, because the dry, rasping foliage gave off heat like an oven; sad, because we wandered blindly through the blind maze of it, hot, weary and futile—and still sadder, hotter and more wearied because we knew that Doris and Mac must have found birds, or, long before they would have come in to Bert's incessant shrilling, piped Pan-like on the dog whistle. And then, when he had chanced on Doris frozen to a covey in the depths, we added a new vexation to our emburdening woe; for the birds, trod up from underfoot, whirred headlong against the wall of brown, rattling foliage and were gone at the first jump off the ground. So we had collared Doris, and Mac coming in at the crack of my ineffectual dose of No. 9's, had been collared, too, and forthwith we fought our way out of the trap, growling our vows to the future. "Don't No. 1," I said at the time: "Don't go into the blackjacks before the leaves are off."

So now—"Hey, you come out of that!" muttered Bert again, reaching for his whistle, and, at the call, strident and commanding, Doris headed up again, quartering out into the more open ground of the pineland.

"And here's 'Don't No. 2,'" remarked Bert reflectively: "Don't go into the blackjacks at all. Not scrub like that, anyway. We'll just stick to the open, I guess."

But one might just as well have hunted birds in a picked cotton field as to look for them in the midst of these open pine fields at noon. Particularly in the midst of bland, glaring sunlight like this. I knew it and Bert knew it, too. "It's about a mile to the heads," he mumbled, settling back and half-asleep; "we'll hunt along."

But man proposes and—well, in this case it was Doris that shaped the way, disposing of our plans in a measure that left no other alternative. For, as the buggy turned, Doris swung with it, streaming up to our right, going at the pace of a quarter-horse and heading straight for the jungle of blackjack. "Hey, you come out of that!" yapped Bert again, and snatched swiftly for his whistle. "You Doris!"

She was gone though, a flash of white gleaming an instant against the rusty edge of the scrub oak, flitting like a wraith. But as she plunged headlong into the thick of it, we'd seen her sharp head flung

upward—seen her swerve and then ply onward with an added sign of making game in the way she flattened in her stride.

Bert's whistle dropped from his lips. "Say, look at old Mac!"

Away along the blackjack's edge, the scuffling, clumsy bigger dog—a dog keen and true in despite his seeming awkwardness—there big Mac had swung across the other's line, and now, with his head outthrust and shoulders hunched together, he was stalking on in the train of vanished Doris, his eyes fixed on something unseen to us in the scrub. *Pop!* there he froze; and prodding Dolly into a trot, we rattled up toward him, tumbled out of the buggy; and, for form's sake, if not for other reasons, we hitched the dominie's dozing mare to a jack pine, and walked in to see what was doing.

It was Doris that old Mac had his eye upon, and there in the scrub oak's edge we found her, fast on a beautiful point—beautiful, I say, though not one of the head-high, upstanding points that fashion dictates. But Doris, cracking headlong into the thicket, had been left no chance to pose, for, stooping to trail, the full blast of the covey scent had caught her straight in the face as she swung. There she was now, crouched sideways, her head screwed back to her shoulder, all four legs propped together, and almost toppling over in the tense, guarded stress of that exquisite, anxious moment. One saw that the birds were almost under her, and the bitch's eyes rolled slowly as we pushed our way into the thicket.

"Wait," said Bert, eyeing the ground ahead. "Let's try to drive them out into the open."

"All right—but we can't do it, Bert."

Still Bert said we'd try, and try we did. Also I fail to recall a more complete and hapless fiasco—as it should have been—this imbecile effort to herd the covey to our liking. Out in the clear we might have headed them one way or another after a fashion, but to drive them willy-nilly away from close cover like the scrub and out into the open pine-lands. Have you ever tried it? But Bert, I suspect, knew fitly what would be, for, as we circled in ahead of quivering Doris, I saw him out of the corner of an eye, squinting backwards into the blackjack, and edging in sideways, a sure sign that he had no faith in the maneuver and meant to swing when they flushed.

And—well, as might be expected. *Hurrh-rrrh!* I still have a clear, unfailing recollection of the way that covey burst out from underfoot and climbed scrambling, beating a way through the latticed twigs. For the moment the air was full of birds, their wings whirred in my face as they rose, streaming overhead, and in that brief, disordering moment, I swung sharply about, a bird at my right shoulder battling clumsily against the boughs, and another plowing by straight overhead, so close that I could have reached up and clubbed it down with the barrels.

Yet, as I swung, the thicket seemed to open narrowly, a half-blurred lane seen beyond the length of gun rib, walled in on either side, but still open enough to show me that overhead bird hustling on his way. There was no time, though, to dwell on the scuttling fellow; in some respects it was like squibbing at longbills, a shot such as you get when you kick up a cock from among the birch poles; for the gun, pitched to the shoulder, cracked instantly the butt-plate found its rest. *Bang!* said Bert's gun, and then again—*Bang!* Somehow you always see the other man's downed birds when you're drawing on your own—Bert had managed a right and left—and *bang!* I had him—and then *bang!* again, this time at a hen bird streaming off at the right. A nice clean snap at her, and—well, a nice clean miss.

We broke our guns and dropped in fresh shells. "Dead!—fetch, Doris—Mac. Three are pretty good," said Bert, and then added: "*Hmph!* three when we didn't deserve any. Why, you'd think we were punching cows, the way we tried to round them up. Hey! where are you going?"

"After the singles," I told him. "And into that scrub!" protested Bert, peering into the thicket. "Hey," began Bert, peevishly, and then halted with an exclamation. "Why, I declare!" he cried, "it's almost open enough to shoot. Why, the leaves are nearly gone."

"Come on, Bert."

He took another look. "Hie away there, you Doris—Mac!"

Bert, with a look on his face of a Cortez exploring unknown worlds, plunged ahead

into the jungle, Doris and Mac racing on before.

For, as Bert had said and, by chance, I had already seen, the leaves were almost gone. Looking at the scrub from a distance it had seemed to be as walled-in and as thick and blinding as before, as traplike and impenetrable as on that day when we had sadly hunted our missing dogs. But three weeks of year-end wind and weather had stripped the maze of its foliage; there was room to shoot now, even in the thickest parts—if one shot quickly—so Bert and I braved it again. But I'll admit, we stuck pretty close to the dogs.

That venture proved to be a pretty lucky try for us, a full repayment of the morning hours' blank and fruitless effort. And for many hours, too, when we had wandered far and near, wondering where the birds had gone. For here was their natural refuge, a place in which to hide and keep, and in that waste of scrub, that day, we found shooting to last us many weeks—covey after covey strung together in a way we'd never dream to find them in wasted, shot-over grounds we'd known before. And here it seemed to make no odds to our success whatever time of day we hunted—morning, noon and evening—it was one and the same; the birds were nearly always there—always I had almost said—always there when we hunted them.

"Steady, Mac!"

But the blackjack had its disadvantages, too—more than one, I can tell you. Out in the open, a bungle is your only chance to make a miss. Very nice and pretty, of course; you can drive straight up to your birds, if the down timber isn't too thick; and the birds stand no chance at all, until sad experience has taught them to light out at the first jump for the cat-brier swamps along the head of the draws. And, if you don't care to get your hands scratched, you can shy off from the cat-briers and hunt another covey in the open. Only you don't always find the coveys in the open, though in the blackjack——

"Steady, Doris!"

A hundred yards within the scrub Doris dropped, and Bert nodded for me to take the bird.

Now, that particular cock quail was like a great many other birds we found in there—big, well-fed and strong, not at all like the weazened, half-hearted starvelings one finds so often on Florida's sandy plains. For food in there was a-plenty, and these birds were like their Northern fellows because of it—stout and hearty birds, prone to lie close at any hazard, and then to rush from cover, bustling fiercely like a grouse. This bird I have in mind now, had squatted in a little bunch of tuft grass, verdure strewn with withered oak leaves exactly matching his own mottled tans and grays. And though I trampled the tuft to and fro, kicking gingerly in the fear of stamping him underfoot, he would not budge until I very nearly trod on him. Then, like his fellows, he burst from cover straight away—*burr-rrh-rrh!*—bent on departing forthwith and regardless of the way he went. *Burr-rrh-rrh-rh!* That first jump took him straight forward—not upward—and about on a height with my knee. Most disconcerting—*bang!* Prettily missed. *Bang!*—again. I'm not at all certain where he went after that, though I could swear to it that the charge of No. 9's went elsewhere.

"*Hmph!*" said Bert consolingly, "he lit out along the ground just like a rabbit. But your shot hit the brush just where he was before he bounced upwards. If he hadn't you'd have got him."

"Thanks!" said I.

"You're welcome," said Bert. "Where's Mac?"

And a moment later there was added to this question, its companion query—a question we were pouring always into each other's wearied ears: "Oh, say, where's Doris, too?" There was but one variation to the plaint: "Say, can you see either of the dogs?"

For, above all other places I have ever hunted in, this particular stretch of blackjack owned the ability of swallowing our dogs at odd moments, as if the ground had opened and sucked them in, or, as if they had run down an unseen hole. "Where's Doris?" "Where's Mac?" Conversation in the blackjacks was reduced inevitably to this form, querulously persistent—Doris and Mac hunted quail; we hunted them—and in nearly every instance when we'd lost the two and then found them again, one or the other was fast upon a covey.

So now, the beginning of that plaint: "Where's Doris? Say, can you see Mac?"

Ten minutes later—and more by good luck than by good management—we found the two, each fastened to a bird. Mine skied, and clearly outlined against the sky, seemed too easy. But as I pulled, the bird ducked, stooping back to cover, so that it took a hasty snap from the left to pull him down. Bert's bird was like that first single of mine, flushing close and skimming the earth like a rabbit, his bustling wings almost fanning the ground as he tore away. Furthermore, his flight took him under the lower branches of the scrub oak, a safe screen for him had Bert tried to crack away standing upright. But my friend knew a thing or two; I saw him squat on his heels, the gun cracked, and by the nonchalant, airy way Bert arose and broke his gun, I knew the bird was downed.

"Shucks!" he remarked, "it was just like shooting through a water main. I couldn't possibly have missed him."

But others could, I among them. I could have missed that bird with ease.

We picked up four other singles after that, and then again the setters disappeared. "See here, Bert," said I, after a hot and wearying scramble to and fro, "we'll never in the world be able to follow the dogs afoot. I'm going to get the wagon."

"Hey?" Bert turned to stare at me with a fishy eye. "You going to try driving in this blackjack. Say, I guess Dolly will need a set of climbing irons if you do."

But we tried, and the effort, I'm bound to say, was very nearly a success. Dolly aimed straight at the tangle—"Get ap, Dolly!"—Dolly, headed into the thick of it, ambled peacefully along. But not for long. "Git ap, there!" chirped Bert, and to the staccato accompaniment of the oak staves rattling on the spokes, an ear-racking clatter like unto a small boy dragging a lath along a picket fence, we plowed our way into the scrub. But not for long, as I've said—"*Unh!* whoa there, you!"—and then again, "*Unh!*" as we brought up with a bang, wedged in firmly between two blackjack boles that disputed our right to ride them down.

"Don't No. 28—say, I forget the rest," drawled Bert peevishly, "but Don't No. 28—don't go into the blackjacks with a parson's mare and buggy."

I turned about, looking behind me for a way to back clear of the mess, and I caught another fishy gleam from Bert.

"Because," said he, still petulant, "you've knocked about a dollar's worth of paint already off the parson's buggy, and you'll knock all the hair off Dolly, too, and besides, I can see language coming not fit for a perfectly respectable parson's mare like this."

Nor was Bert wrong. I backed and then went ahead again, and it was Bert that supplied the language as a blackjack limb sprang back from the forward hub and rapped him on the knuckles. Somehow we plowed through the worst of it, learning a lesson by the way—the lesson that follows one's dogs properly in any field—particularly in scrub like this—one must take to the saddle. We had the lesson driven home that day.

"Whoa, there! Look!" cried Bert.

We'd burst out into a little swale, an opening where the down timber lay hidden in the thick, upstanding straw, and there in the center lay a little puddle, a hollow into which the drainage of past rains had flowed. On its edge stood big Mac, stiff and rigid like a statue, and off to the left, Doris, with one paw curved beneath her and her back to the other dog, hung quivering.

"Pretty, pretty!" chuckled Bert, as we tumbled out. "See old Mac backing Doris—why, it's all of seventy yards." But Bert had no sooner clucked his satisfaction than he cried aloud again. "Back nothing!" he exclaimed. "Each one has a covey!"

Which was true.

We walked in on Mac's birds first, and as the guns cracked the other covey flushed at the sound. But we were looking for that; we marked their flight, and as they scaled along, hustling over the blackjacks, we saw them wheel and swing in ahead of the others.

"Gee! Come on—let's hurry!" urged Bert joyously. "Two coveys down together. We'll get some shooting now."

But again man proposed and—well, there was the providence that disposes things to the advantage of the little birds. I've said we'd marked their flight, but in that tangle of sun-dried scrub, all of a hue of the birds themselves, there was no marking them down. Furthermore, we had not

marked them far enough—pure carelessness on our parts, for though the birds may be said to have gone away in a bunch, there were outlying strays—at least three or four I'd seen out of the corner of an eye to screw away from the main flight—and these I had not marked at all. But live and learn. We walked out with the dogs ahead of us, and then Bert and I began to grumble peevishly.

For we found no birds; the two coveys were gone as if stricken from the world about. About where we thought they'd dropped, we circled, and, running the circle home, drew a blank for our pains.

"Farther out," said Bert reflectively, and ranging on, we tried it farther out. Another blank, and—"Oh, shucks!" said Bert. Afterward, we went still farther, drew another blank, and, the Gulf wind having raised itself, puffing gently, we hunted up that gentle whisper of a breeze, found nothing—turned—came back—and once more lost our dogs.

"I was looking straight at Mac," protested Bert; "I had my eye right on him not a quarter of a minute ago. Where's Doris?"

How could I know? I gave thanks only in that Doris was lemon and white—not a brick-red Irish setter or a black and tan Gordon, for if she had been we'd never found her at all in the cover of the blackjacks.

"What we need in here," said Bert dispiritedly, "is a red, white and blue dog—in stripes, too—something we can see. Oh, here we are!"

It was old Mac. He came slouching in out of the depths, took a look at us, and promptly plunged back into the blackjack again. "And there you go," said Bert, sotto voce, as Mac dissolved from view. "Say," demanded Bert, "did you mark where the birds went, anyhow?"

"No—did you, Bert?"

Bert protested he had been too busy marking down a dead bird dropped to his right barrel, and a cripple tumbled over at his left. The long and short of it was, that a half-hour later we found three scattering birds lying far out to right of where we thought the coveys had gone; the others we never found. But to find the dogs seemed enough to be glad for. Mac we stumbled over behind a fallen tree, and when we had cleaned up that single, Bert neatly wiping my eye after I'd missed with a right and left, Mac went on and picked up the two other singles.

But Doris, a swift and widely ranging dog, we saw nothing of for an hour.

"Catch me in here again afoot or in a buggy," vowed Bert wrothfully, "and I'll——"

But I never learned Bert's provision for what he would do, for there in another little rift among the blackjacks, an opening carpeted with straw and the strayed leaves drifted from the scrub oak, we found the missing bitch, poised head high and outstretched, and holding fast to a smashing covey of quail.

Now, two shots may match each other, bird for bird, in the open, but in the close thickets like this sweep of blackjack, the man who keeps an eye to his p's and q's is the one that gets the quail. By that, I mean the one that walks in for the rise where there will be room to shoot—one that picks the likeliest opening in the brush. Every time, he will be the one to get the birds, and Bert and I—well, I think we bungled that covey handsomely.

For Bert and I, stumbling unexpectedly over the bitch, hilariously burst our way toward her, forgetting utterly how long she must have held the steadfast point before we came along. Indeed, the birds had long run out from under her, and as we crashed through the blackjack they got up almost behind us at the right, whirred frantically, and again, at the first jump, dissolved forthwith into the walled background of the thicket.

Bang! Bang!—then *bang! Burr-rrh-rr!* A stray bird, rising late—*bang!*

"Oh, shucks! never touched him at all."

"Same here, Bert."

Four shells like votive offerings burned on the shrine of carelessness. "Oh, shucks!" mumbled Bert, more loudly than before.

Yet armed by past experience we made that covey pay for it.

"Mark!" snapped Bert under his breath. The blackjack was thinned out enough to give a view, and with our eyes, we followed, till with a sudden lift, the birds turned sharply to the right and were gone.

Bert grinned grimly. "Got 'em now?" he asked.

I nodded, and sending on the dogs, we walked straight up to that scattered covey as if there had been a sign post to show us the way.

There were many things we learned about—and all about—that day. One, in chief, was that it wouldn't do to lift one's eyes off the birds until the last bird was lost to view; then one must gauge the distance through the blackjacks to where they'd likely drop; and after that, to swing off both to the right and left in widening circles. For in that listless air there was no way to tell how they'd turn, whether on one hand or the other, and the only way, after all, to find them, was to hunt far and wide—if we missed them then, we came back to the starting point and hunted far and wide anew. For, in that close thicket, as I've said, there was no close marking of the spot; we must take their line—and take it closely, too—and then follow the formula of far and wide. In that way only we found our game—not always, I'm bound to say, but times enough to make it pay.

Evening dropped and found us still at it, a day big in doings, though not, perhaps, in the number of the slain. But we had birds enough and in plenty. At dusk we came out on the blackjack's edge, and there in the straw of the rising pineland, we had a half-hour's clear shooting in the open that was child's play to what we had left behind.

"Oh, shucks!" said Bert, "it's too easy. Let's go home."

So home we went through the dusk, leaving behind us a scattered brood piping its covey call, but taking with us more than had dropped to our guns—much more, in the memory of that day's events in the blackjack.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the parson, peeping into the wagon box, "you've certainly had a day."

"A day and a half," promptly answered Bert, "and we owe you, too, for about nine dollars' worth of buggy paint."

But the dominie, busy pocketing the plumpest of our birds for the sick and needy of his flock, was too absorbed to hear.

THE VIEW-POINT

BY CASPAR WHITNEY

Football Review Season '08

In order to conclude the 1908 football season comment in this number, I give space here to the following review, by Mr. Glenn S. Warner, whose comment and selections I fully endorse, with two exceptions: Yale in my opinion would rank second, and Pennsylvania third, and West Point seventh, and Brown eighth.

REVIEW OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON OF 1908

THE football season of 1908 showed that there has been no diminution in the popularity of this most distinctive and important branch of college sport. In fact, although the excitement and popular interest in the national campaign naturally diverted much public interest and newspaper space from the gridiron to politics, the interest in football proved to be greater than in any previous year, as evidenced by the fact that at nearly every important game the demands for admission far exceeded the supply of seats.

This increase in the popularity of football was not limited to any section of the country, for in the South, Southwest, Middlewest and on the Pacific Coast, as well as in the East, the game was more highly developed, more generally played and more largely attended than in any previous year.

Perhaps the feature of the past season has been the remarkable increase in strength and knowledge of the game shown by the smaller schools and colleges. Only a few years ago the so-called "Big Four" in the East and the "Big Nine" in the West so far outclassed the other colleges and universities, that it was rare indeed when any of them was hard pressed by the gridiron representatives of institutions outside their exclusive set; but the past season has demonstrated the fact that the so-called "minor college" football teams will have to be reckoned with in the future and that an exclusive few of the big eastern and western universities no longer hold a mortgage upon all the fine points of the game.

Undoubtedly the causes of this gradual equalization of the playing strength of college and school football teams are to be found in the changes under the new rules. In the first place, the changes made in the rules during the past three years have decreased the importance of unusually heavy and "beefy" players and have made it possible for players of ordinary athletic build to become members of the teams. As there are many more of the latter type of college students than the former, the smaller colleges do not find themselves in such dire straits for material as in former years, when the best teams were made up mostly of physical giants, whose greatest assets were "beef" and brute strength.

The changes in the rules also tended to equalize the playing strength of teams, because they were so radical that the game was practically made a new one and every team started out to develop the new game on practically an equal basis. In fact, the football authorities of the larger universities were so conservative and so slow to depart from their old traditions, football axioms and methods, that they found themselves being tricked, scored upon, and often outplayed by football teams of smaller institutions, which, by reason

a lack of heavy men, had made a failure of the old game and were quick to take advantage of the open plays made possible by the new rules and better suited to the material available.

The most prominent teams have learned much from some of the smaller teams and they are gradually breaking away from their old style of game, but the line plunging and mass playing of the old days still continue to be their main stock in trade.

Another feature of the season of 1908 was the increased development and use of the quick place-kick and drop-kick as a means of scoring. This was a natural development of the game under the new rules. Since forward passes and onside kicks are practically barred when near the goal, the defense becomes less scattered as the opponent's goal line is approached, and with ten yards to gain in three downs the difficulty of carrying the ball over the last two or three chalk marks by rushing was so great that very few teams were able to score a touchdown when fairly evenly matched, unless a long run, a fumble, a forward pass or onside kick had resulted in a first down well inside the ten-yard line. The field goal was used as a last resort rather than lose the ball on downs, and as the danger of thus losing the ball occurred more frequently than formerly it was but natural that field goal kicking should come into greater use; so much so that many games were won by the field goal route. The importance of developing field goal kicking was so greatly impressed upon coaches by this fact that it is probable that next season will see this feature of the game developed to a much higher degree than ever before.

The rules, allowing forward passing, putting every one onside when a punted ball strikes the ground and making it necessary to gain ten yards in three downs, have now been in operation three years and there can be no doubt but that the game has been greatly improved. However, there is one great fault with the rules as they now stand, and this is that they are altogether too complicated. There are so many technical points involved in construing and applying the rules, so many lines to be marked upon the field of play and so many competent officials needed to enforce the rules, that a severe hardship is imposed upon school and smaller college teams. Innumerable disputes arise which cause a great deal of dissatisfaction and often hard feeling over the results of many games.

The forward pass has so many restrictions placed upon the execution of it that it is a dangerous play to use. These should be removed or the play prohibited altogether. If the restrictions were removed there would be a preponderance of passing and little punting, and it is probable that if the forward pass was prohibited beyond the line of scrimmage and the players of the offensive team were allowed to secure kicked balls before they touched the ground instead of having to wait, as they do now, for the ball to touch the ground or another player, a much better game would result and one in which accurate and distance punting would be at a great premium. The game would retain all of its open features, and it would still be football without so much of a basket ball appearance.

The rules prohibiting forward passes and the first man to receive the ball from the snapper-back from crossing the scrimmage line within five yards of the center should by all means be revoked, as it is hard to see what useful purpose they accomplish. Then, too, it is these rules which make it necessary that the field be marked lengthwise with lines five yards apart, and which cause so many disputes and differences of opinion and which put so much responsibility and work upon the officials.

The rules should be such that three officials could run the game satisfactorily. The referee should be the only official standing within the field of play and he should have sole charge of enforcing all the rules, being assisted by a linesman who, in addition to his duties as now outlined in the rules, should be authorized to report any infraction of the rules which he sees to the referee. An assistant linesman should be stationed upon the opposite side of the field and, besides marking where the ball or the man carrying it goes out of bounds, watch for and report to the referee any violations of the rules. The rules could easily be put in such shape that these three men could handle the games much more satisfactorily and with much less bickering than the four officials do under the rules as they now stand. This would simplify and benefit the game greatly.

While a great many different suggestions have been made and will continue to be made in regard to how the rules should be changed, there seems to be an almost unanimous opinion prevailing among those most interested in the game, that the Rules Committee should at least put forth every effort to simplify them so that players can more readily learn them, spectators better understand the game, and also to enable the officials to render better and more satisfactory service.

It is a difficult matter to determine satisfactorily the standing of the teams, and it is probable that very few critics will place them in the same order. In placing the teams in the order of their strength, as will be attempted in this review of the season, the form shown throughout their schedule will be taken into consideration, but more importance will be placed upon the results of the final games and the judgment of the writer will be based, not only upon personal observation, but upon the accounts and criticisms of the various games and teams in the public press, and upon opinions and views expressed in conversation and correspondence with coaches and officials, many of whom differ greatly in their estimates of the ability of the different teams and players.

SUMMARY

Rank of teams in the East	Rank of teams in the West
1. Harvard	1. Chicago
2. Pennsylvania	2. Wisconsin
3. Yale	3. Kansas
4. Dartmouth	4. Illinois
5. Carlisle	5. Minnesota
6. Cornell	6. Nebraska
7. Brown	7. Michigan
8. West Point	8. Ohio State
9. Annapolis	9. Ames
10. Princeton	10. Indiana
11. Syracuse	11. Purdue
12. Penn. State.	12. Iowa.

In the East, Harvard and Pennsylvania went through the season without a defeat and they are unquestionably the two strongest teams in this section. Harvard played a tie game with the Navy and Pennsylvania was unable to secure better than an even break with the Indians. The admirers of each team can figure out in many ways why their favorite should be accorded the championship. However, both played about the same caliber of schedules, neither lost a game, each was tied once, and to an impartial critic it is hard to see why one should be given the preference over the other. On their records they should undoubtedly be classed as tied for first honors.

The Harvard team played a consistently strong game, improving with each contest. Unlike most Harvard teams of former years, the players composing it were all fast, rangy fellows, and their team work was developed probably to a higher degree than that shown by any other team of the year. The coaching system was largely responsible for Harvard's success and Haughton and his assistants deserve a great deal of credit for pulling Harvard football out of the rut it had been in. Radical changes were made in the system of line defense, and an ably conceived starting signal aided greatly in the attacking power of the team.

Pennsylvania's strength can be largely attributed to the ability of the individuals composing her team, but the team work was of a high order and the results of the games demonstrate that the players were well coached and well trained. The attack was a varied one, the forward pass and on-side kicks being developed to such a high degree that the opponent's backs were kept well scattered and unable to present an adequate defense for the strong mass plays which the Quakers hurled at the line.

Yale will probably be conceded third place by nearly every one. The material at New Haven was up to the usual standard and was probably better than that composing any other squad, with the possible exception of that at Pennsylvania, but injuries handicapped the team, and this fact probably more than any other prevented the team's highest development.

It is a noteworthy fact that Yale was rather backward in the use of the forward pass, as were several of the other larger university teams of the East.

Dartmouth's victory over Princeton and her close game with Harvard entitles her team to be ranked fourth. Her team was well balanced and composed of able players who played a consistently strong game throughout the season.

Carlisle should be entitled to fifth place, taking into consideration her record in the East up to the time of the Western trip, which should be considered as a post-season series. The Indians were beaten

but once by their Eastern rivals and that defeat was administered by the Harvard team, which shared the highest honors with Pennsylvania. Carlisle defeated such strong teams as Pennsylvania State, Syracuse and the Navy, and was given credit for out-playing Pennsylvania in a game which resulted in a tie.

Cornell lost but one game and that to the strong Pennsylvania team. She tied with Chicago, the undisputed champions of the West, while Brown suffered more defeats but played a harder schedule. West Point and Annapolis both played strong games, the Navy seeming to have a slightly better team up to the time of their final game in which the Army nosed them out and therefore earned the right to a slightly higher rank. Cornell, Brown, West Point and Annapolis seem to have been so very evenly matched, it is difficult to determine just how they should be ranked.

The Princeton team passed through the most disastrous season it has played in several years. Captain Dillon was practically out of the game the whole season on account of injuries; Harlan's puzzling running side-kick of 1907 was greatly missed, and the coaches were unable to develop a line plunging and defensive fullback anywhere near the equal of McCormick.

Next should come Syracuse, whose team played a strong but rather erratic game, and Pennsylvania State College, which put up a highly creditable game throughout the season against strong opponents.

In the West, Chicago should unquestionably be placed at the head of the list. Her team was not a heavy one, but it was composed of fast men, especially on the ends and in the back-field, just suited to the open style of game which Coach Stagg used to the limit.

Wisconsin, whose football teams have been gradually coming to the front for the last few years, should be ranked second.

Kansas won every game on her schedule and gained the distinction of being classed champions of the Missouri Valley, and her team should be ranked next to Wisconsin.

Illinois should probably come next and Minnesota fifth. The latter team was disastrously beaten by Chicago, but played a close game with Wisconsin and finished strongly by defeating the Indians, although the latter, by reason of injuries and their tiresome trip, did not play their usual game at that time.

Nebraska, Michigan, Ohio State, Ames and Indiana all had good teams and are entitled to rank with the first ten of the Middle West in the order named.

In the South, Virginia, Georgia Tech., Louisiana State University and the University of Texas were the leaders in their respective sections, while Vanderbilt and Sewanee were tied for the honors of their locality.

Denver University gained the distinction of being champions of Colorado and were probably the best team among those of the Rocky Mountain States.

In the Northwest, the University of Oregon, Seattle and Washington State College maintained strong teams, which are gradually coming into prominence.

The game is gradually increasing in popularity in the schools and colleges of the Pacific Coast, in spite of the fact that Stanford and the University of California continue to play the English Rugby game. St. Vincent's University and the Sherman Institute Indians were prominent among the Coast teams.

ALL-EASTERN TEAM

	First Eleven	*Second Eleven*
Ends......	Scarlett, Pennsylvania.	Schildmiller, Dartmouth.
	Coy, Yale.	Burch, Yale.
Tackles....	Fish, Harvard	Horr, Syracuse.
	Northcroft, Annapolis.	Seigling, Princeton.
Guards....	Andrus, Yale.	Rich, Dartmouth.
	O'Rourke, Cornell.	Goebel, Yale.
Center.....	Nourse, Harvard.	Philoon, West Point.
Quarter....	Lange, Annapolis.	Miller, Pennsylvania.
Halfbacks..	Tibbott, Princeton.	Mainer, Pennsylvania.
	Corbett, Harvard.	Thorpe, Carlisle.
Fullback...	Hollenbach, Penn.	Walders, Cornell.

In selecting an All-Eastern and an All-Western team and substitutes, the writer has taken into consideration only those players who have played a clean game and whose eligibility has been unquestioned. The temperament of the men has also been a factor in making the selections, because no player who cannot harmonize with the other players or who does not take kindly

to the suggestions of the coaches, is of any value to a team, no matter how brilliant his individual work may appear.

The selections are based upon observation in most cases, aided by a study of each player's work as outlined in the columns of the sporting pages, as well as by information gleaned by correspondence and conversation with prominent officials and coaches.

In looking over the material for an All-Eastern team, a person cannot help but be impressed by the lack of brilliant ends, guards, centers and quarterbacks, while there are an unusually large number of excellent tackles and fullbacks and quite a number of good halfbacks.

Scarlett of Pennsylvania probably has the largest number of admirers who would choose him as the star end of the year. He was fast in getting down the field on punts and showed excellent form in blocking his opponents from getting down the field. He was a fierce man on the defense and ran well with the ball. His only fault was his inclination to play to the grandstand.

Coy of Yale is chosen as the other end, because of a lack of end material and for the further reason that both Hollenbach and Coy were players of unusual ability and both should have the honor of being placed on the All-Eastern team. Coy would be an excellent man to bring back of the line from the end position to head a tandem and thus relieve the backs from the burden of this grueling work. There seems to be no doubt but that he is as well qualified for the position of end as for that of fullback.

Schildmiller of Dartmouth and Burch of Yale were ends of the first class and the latter especially would have made a more enviable record than he did if he had been in condition to play throughout the season. Braddock of Pennsylvania, Crowley of Harvard and Reifsnyder of the Navy also showed ability well above the average.

Fish of Harvard was an exceptionally tast and active tackle, strong and steady and a hard man to box. He has earned the right to first honors in his position. Northcroft of Annapolis was also a hard man to handle and he probably broke up more plays aimed at and outside of his position than any other tackle. He always charged through, and very few ends were able to prevent him from breaking up plays aimed at his side of the line. His place-kicking ability, especially for long distances, would prove valuable to any team in an emergency.

Draper of Pennsylvania would be chosen as an All-Eastern tackle, but for the fact that very few people outside of the athletic authorities at Pennsylvania considered him eligible to play, while Wauseka of Carlisle would at least have earned the honor of being placed upon the second team, but for his ungovernable temper which caused him to be ruled out of two games during the season.

Horr of Syracuse, Seigling of Princeton, Pullen of West Point and Hobbs of Yale were other good tackles of front rank, while O'Rourke of Cornell was so good that he deserves a position upon the first team, and he is therefore placed at guard, where he played two years ago and where he would be the peer of any guard who played during the past year.

Andrus of Yale is entitled to the other guard position for his all-round work. Rich of Dartmouth and Goebel of Yale deserve mention for excellence of play, but there seems to have been a much smaller number of good guards developed this season than usual, probably for the reason that the best line material was quite generally used in the tackle positions.

Nourse of Harvard was probably the best center in the East, although closely pushed for the position by Philoon of West Point, Marks of Pennsylvania and Brusse of Dartmouth.

Dillon of Princeton would undoubtedly have had the call for quarter if he had been able to play, but his injury rendered him practically of no use to his team and Lange of Annapolis is given first choice for this position. He was a good handler of the ball and the best man to run back kicks of any backfield man playing on any Eastern team, and his weight and stamina were assets of great value.

Miller of Pennsylvania, Balenti of Carlisle, Banks of Syracuse and Vorhis of Pennsylvania State were able men in their positions and are deserving of special mention.

Tibbott of Princeton and Corbett of Harvard are awarded the halfback posi-

tions. The former was the greatest ground gainer of any halfback of the year and his playing in the Yale game especially was of an exceedingly high order. Corbett was not so well adapted for end running and open field work as Tibbott, but his work was consistent throughout the season, both on the offense and defense, and he could always be counted upon for a good gain whenever he carried the ball.

Manier of Pennsylvania and Thorpe of Carlisle were halfbacks who starred for their respective teams. The former was especially valuable as a line plunger and his defensive ability could hardly be improved upon. Thorpe was a strong, fast runner, especially adapted to open-field work, and his punting and place-kicking were hardly excelled by any other player. If he had taken coaching with a better spirit, he would have developed into the best halfback of the season.

Philbin of Yale proved to be a halfback of great merit, very little below the high standard of the others mentioned.

For the position of fullback, Hollenbach of Pennsylvania undoubtedly should have the honor, especially since Coy, his nearest competitor, has been placed at end. As an all-round fullback who can run in the open field as well as plunge through the line, and who can punt and put up a great defensive game, Hollenbach has had no superior. Walders of Cornell is given second choice, and the form he has recently shown is very little below the standard set by the Pennsylvanian. Marks of Dartmouth and Ver Weibe of Harvard were classy fullbacks, both exhibiting playing qualities of a very high order.

ALL-WESTERN TEAM

	First Eleven	*Second Eleven*
Ends	Page, Chicago. Schommer, Chicago.	Rogers, Wisconsin. Reppert, Ames.
Tackles	Osthoff, Wisconsin. Wham, Illinois.	Boyle, Wisconsin. Chaloupka, Nebraska.
Guards	Messmer, Wisconsin. Reed, Kansas.	Van Hook, Illinois. Seidel, Iowa.
Center	Schulz, Michigan.	Safford, Minnesota.
Quarter	Steffen, Chicago.	Gray, Oberlin.
Halfbacks	Iddings, Chicago. Johnson, Minnesota.	Alderdice, Michigan. Myers, Kansas.
Fullback	Wilco, Wisconsin.	Lambert, Ames.

In the West, Page of Chicago should be the unquestioned choice for All-Western end, and while there will be considerable difference of opinion regarding the choice for the other end, Schommer of Chicago seems entitled to the call over Rogers of Wisconsin, and Reppert of Ames, while Harvey of Nebraska, Dean of Wisconsin and Richards of Illinois were ends of rare ability.

While good ends were plentiful in the West, there were not so many good tackles as upon the Eastern teams and there seems to be considerable difference of opinion as to which tackles should be chosen for positions upon the All-Western team. Osthoff of Wisconsin seems to have the greatest number of admirers, as he proved to be a tower of strength to his team, and is in all-round athlete, possessing football brains combined with great strength. The other tackle position is given to the veteran Wham of Illinois, but he is closely pushed by Boyle of Wisconsin, Chaloupka of Nebraska, Eggeman of Purdue and Gross of Iowa.

The players chosen for the guard positions are Messmer of Wisconsin and Reed of Kansas, who are veritable giants of strength and yet fast enough to be valuable in playing the open game. Seidel of Iowa and Van Hook of Illinois should be given second choice, while Ostand of Minnesota, Kassebaum of Purdue, Harte of Nebraska and Ward of Northwestern deserve special mention.

The veteran Schulz of Michigan is awarded the center position without question and Safford of Minnesota is placed second, closely followed by such good men as Steim of Wisconsin, Lickey of Purdue and Hull of Illinois.

Steffen of Chicago will be conceded the position of quarterback by nearly every one, as he was probably the best quarter of the year, either in the East or West. Gray of Oberlin created a sensation wherever he played and is placed second, while Sinnock of Illinois, Cooke of Nebraska and Moll of Wisconsin were quarterbacks who attracted much attention from football critics.

Iddings of Chicago was the best halfback in the West—a fast, strong runner and a consistent ground gainer, as well as a great interferer and defensive player. Johnson of Minnesota is given the other

halfback position, but there is little to choose between him and Alderdice of Michigan, whose field-goal kicking alone entitles him to rank high up in the list of Western halfbacks.

Myers of Kansas, Crowley of Chicago, Manley of Northwestern and Douglas of Michigan were classy halfbacks, who proved very valuable men upon their respective teams.

For the fullback position there seems to be little choice between Wilce of Wisconsin and "Si" Lambert of Ames (Iowa State College). Both were fullbacks of a very high order; the former excelling in line plunging, while the latter was the better in open field work. Both were very fast and heady players. Plankers of Minnesota was a valuable and husky fullback, while Cartright of Indiana, Kirk of Iowa and Rice of Kansas starred for their respective teams.

In choosing an All-Western team only players of those teams east of the Rocky Mountains have been considered. Undoubtedly there are players in the far West who would be entitled to the highest consideration, but their fame as players is little known except in the locality where they are prominent.

Glenn S. Warner.

SLAUGHTERING FISH FOR VANITY'S SAKE

Editor Outing:

Many reams have been written concerning the proper preservation of our game birds and fishes, and any decent sportsman will aid the warden in enforcing the law.

But we have on the Pacific Coast no law that puts restraint on swinish men and women who, under the guise of sport, kill multitudes of our gamy yellowtail, hang them on racks to be photographed and then get a dago boatman to take them out to sea and dump them overboard, wasted. While the yellowtail lacks the delicacy of flavor of the trout, yet he is good food and tremendous sport.

I have had some delightful moments with a 15-pounder yanking at my rod, and when I sat down to carve him later, piping hot from the oven, stuffed and flavored with a touch of native sage from the hills of Catalina Island, I had other delightful moments in which he furnished the entertainment.

And he has proved such a good entertainer that I would be glad to help stop wasteful killing. Ever since I used to trot around barefoot, with a cotton line wound on the hook in my pocket, and a grasshopper pinned on my straw hat, watching for a chance to cut and run for the lake, I have been a lover of good sport, both fishing and hunting.

What fun I used to have among those lakes in the Minnesota forest. How I did enjoy hanging over the edge of a boat watching the bass, perch, sunfish and goggle-eyes.

I am glad the law has protected their descendants, so they will increase and furnish sport for other boys when I am dead.

I have written President Roosevelt, asking for federal control. If Outing will help we can probably get the attention of many who will help in this work.

Yours truly,

E. E. Harriman.

Los Angeles, Cal.

COUNTRY HOME SUGGESTIONS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

LOCAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES

COUNTRY home owners are, or should be, very much alive to everything that is calculated to the comforts and conveniences of life away from the city. One reason why life in the country has not appealed to people more in the past is its lack of many things they find in the cities and larger villages—things which they have come to consider as necessities rather than luxuries. But now that so many persons are "getting back to nature" by buying themselves homes in the country, it is being discovered that very many of the comforts and conveniences of the city can be so easily transplanted to the country that we wonder why people did not attempt to introduce them years ago. By the use of windmills or hot-air pumps water can be distributed all over the place as effectively as from city waterworks. We can have lighting plants really more satisfactory in operation, and cheaper, than city gas or electric lighting. The telephone makes us all near neighbors, and the trolley-line puts us in easy communication with the town. And we have what the city has not, pure air, plenty of elbow-room, and a home that can be made as attractive as we see fit to make it.

But country life cannot be developed to the fullest extent without a good deal of thinking and planning, and considerable expense. Winter is a good time to think out improvements in, both of a local and general character. Every community ought to have its Local Improvement Society, to meet frequently during the season, and discuss ways and means for making the neighborhood more attractive and up-to-date in all respects.

Here is something the owners of country homes would do well to discuss this winter. Mankato, Minn., believes it has solved the problem of good roads. It has applied crushed stone and gravel to some of its highways, and covered it with cement. This has stood the test of two seasons perfectly. The expense of constructing such a road has been found to be about eighty cents per lineal foot. The roadbed is proof against washing, and mud is unknown, except in small quantities formed from the dust brought upon the cement from uncemented roads. Ruts are impossible. The authorities of Mankato propose to construct a good many miles of this road the coming season, the intention being to apply the system throughout the entire county as rapidly as possible.

We expend enough money every season in "tinkering up" the ordinary country road to make quite a stretch of cement road, and our roads, as managed at present, are never satisfactory. Why not investigate the Mankato plan this winter, with a view to adopting it to some extent next spring? If the money used annually in repairing could be used in making roads which would need very little repairing, it would not be long before we had a system of highways that would be a source of pride, pleasure, and profit to every one using them. As it is, our country roads are costly, they are seldom in good condition, and have to be practically remade every year. It is time we began to make our roadways in such a manner that we need not be everlastingly mending them.

* * *

If you grow apples, and haven't a place made expressly for storing them in, in winter, by all means arrange for such a place now, while there is plenty of leisure to plan and get ready for it. Cellars in which furnaces are located are poor places in which to keep fruit. They are too warm, for one thing, and too poorly ventilated, for another.

* * *

If you do not care to put up a building for fruit storage, arrange for an above-ground cellar. Such a place can be kept cool enough to suit apples—which always keep best in a low temperature—and it can be ventilated perfectly by running a pipe up through its roof, and admitting fresh air through the walls. Vegetables will keep perfectly all winter in such a storeroom—something they will not do in the ordinary cellar.

* * *

Plan now for the spring planting of all kinds of fruit trees and bushes, if you have not a collection already under way. If you do not feel safe in selecting certain varieties whose descriptions appeal to you, consult your neighbors about them. It is well for the beginner in country home-making to be governed largely by the experience of others in regard to hardiness, and adaptability of trees and small fruits to the soil in your locality.

* * *

If you already have an orchard or small-fruit plantation, it is well to go over it at this season, and make sure of the condition of each tree or plant. If any are found that are badly diseased, and give signs of speedy failure, mark them for removal, and arrange to plant something good in their places. In many localities orchards can only be kept up by planting new trees

each season to take the place of those that die from disease, injury, or because of inability to stand the climate or adapt themselves to local conditions.

* * *

A device for cleaning carpets, curtains, walls, and everything about the house has recently been put on the market. The principle employed is that of suction. Hose is run through door or window from the machinery which furnishes the power to operate the device, to the room that is to be cleaned. To the end of this hose is attached something patterned after the idea of the ordinary carpet sweeper. This brush is run over the surface to be cleaned, the dust thereon is loosened, and is sucked out through the hose. Men will welcome this novel invention because it will put an end to the trials and vexations which have heretofore characterized house-cleaning period and made life a burden for them for days at a time.

* * *

Why should not this principle of cleaning by suction be introduced into the horse and cow stable? Such an invention for removing dust from the body of a cow, previous to milking, would put an end to the usual brushing, which, after all, does not remove the dust and loose hair so much as it shifts it about on the animal's body, or leaves it floating in the air from which more or less of it settles into the milk pail. By all means let us introduce suction-cleaning into our barns and cow stables.

* * *

Green bone contains the elements needed for the production of eggs. A bone-cutter ought to be owned and operated by every man who keeps poultry. It costs but little, and soon pays for itself in the increased production of eggs following its use.

* * *

The writer recently heard an eminent poultry authority, in an address before a convention of poultry men, speak of the importance of bone in the following terms: "If you have the right kind of hens, and give them the right kind of care, egg-production becomes largely a matter of feeding. Give your hens the right kind of food and they can hardly help laying. The most important food element for hens, and the one that is hardest to get, is protein. Nature supplies protein in the bugs and worms that hens eat so greedily in summer. In winter it must be supplied in some other form. The cheapest and most effective substitute for bugs and worms is raw bone. It is rich in protein and lime, and has a tonic effect that increases egg production. If you want eggs—lots of them—use raw bone liberally, and constantly."

* * *

At this season of the year we hear of a great deal of sickness which the doctors attribute to gas from leaking furnaces. The occupants of the house do not notice it, because they have become used to the foul air so gradually that the presence of gas is not detected by them, but any one coming in from out of doors will be likely to be affected by it. If there is the least reason to suspect leakage, a thorough test should be made at once. A simple but extremely effective test is this: Put into the furnace a ball of cotton which has been saturated with oil of peppermint and heavily sprinkled with flour of sulphur to make it burn quickly. Close the furnace tightly, and let some one who has not breathed the fumes of the cotton go through the rooms above. If the smell from the cotton, prepared as directed, cannot be detected there, it is safe to conclude that the furnace is in good condition, but if there is any of its peculiar odor in the air, the furnace-man should be instructed to come and remedy the difficulty at once. Prompt attention to a matter of this kind is very important from a sanitary standpoint.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Improving the Home Grounds. (F. D. M. B.)—This correspondent writes that he has a piece of rocky ground near the house which he would like to make as attractive as possible. He wants to know what to plant there.

Why not plant it with native shrubs? You ought to be able to find enough in your vicinity, growing under conditions similar to those which prevail on the bit of land spoken of, to stock it well. It is a mistake to think that we must confine our selection to plants and shrubs of foreign origin. We have many native varieties that are superior in every respect. And these, if selected from the locality in which we live, can be depended on for hardiness and general adaptability to our purpose. The wild rose, the dogwood, alder, celastrus, ampelopsis, wild grape, elder, and honeysuckles among native deciduous plants, and the helianthus, vernonia, lobelia, aster, golden-rod, iris, rudbeckia, and meadow-sweet and many other perennials, furnish a list from which you ought to be able to make a bit of woodland very attractive all through the season. Not all of these may grow in your immediate vicinity, but there will doubtless be others found there to take the places of those not obtainable. We have so many lovely native plants that we do not need to make use of any of foreign origin to make our home ground attractive. There is beauty all around us that may be had for the taking—beauty going to waste every year because we fail to appreciate it because it is "common!" Who cares if it *is* common? The sunshine is common, for that matter, but that is no reason why we should not make the most of it. . . . Seedling yuccas, about which you inquire, would not be likely to bloom before the third or fourth year. Sow the seed as soon

as possible after it ripens. A better way to increase your stock of this plant is to remove some of the offsets that form about the old plants, with a bit of root attached, and plant them in a rich soil early in the season. These will grow to blooming size much sooner than the seedlings.

Cut-leaved Birch. (H. K.)—This correspondent writes that his cut-leaved birch seems to be dying, and he wants to know if it is not hardy enough for our Northern climate. This tree is perfectly hardy at the North. Doubtless his tree has been attacked by sap suckers or woodpeckers. The sap of this birch is very sweet, and readily attracts ants. The birds mentioned drill rows of holes about the body of the tree and the larger branches, and when sap exudes the ants soon discover it and come after it in great numbers, and are eaten by the birds. These holes are so close together that several rows of them affect the tree very much as "girdling" would, and after a little the top begins to die off. Those who grow this beautiful tree in localities where the birds referred to are plentiful paint the body of the tree and the larger limbs with tar, early in the season. Of course this spoils the charming effect of the white bark, but it makes things so unpleasant for the birds that they let the tree alone, and as soon as it leaves out the disfiguring paint is not noticed. As soon as the circulation becomes fully established, and the tree will not "bleed" when wounded, the birds will not trouble it. Apply the tar before circulation begins, and do it every season. The birds will do their work so quitely that you will not suspect their presence, therefore, it is not safe to wait for them to put in an appearance with a view to shooting them. They will get the start of you every time if you do not anticipate their coming.

How to Grow Large Chrysanthemums. (Mrs. C. B. W.)—This correspondent writes: I am a great admirer of the chrysanthemum, but I never succeeded in growing large specimens like those I see at the fall flower shows. I get a good many flowers from my plants, some of them very fine ones, but I would like larger plants than I usually have. Can you tell me how to secure them?

Exhibition plants are started by the florists early in the season—in February—generally. When you order from the dealer you seldom get your plants before the last of April or some time in May. You see, from this, that the florists' plants have at least two months' start of those sent out for general use, in spring. If you are in the habit of carrying the roots of your old plants over the winter, in the cellar, bring some of them to the light and warmth of the living-room in January. Water them well, and in a very short time shoots will start all over the surface of the soil. Separate the strongest of these from the old plants with a bit of root attached, and pot them in rich soil. Put them in small pots at first, and re-pot to larger ones when their roots fill the soil. This is important, as a plant that becomes rootbound receives a severe check from which it will be a long time in recovering—so long, in fact, that plants started weeks later will be pretty sure to get the start of it in every way. What you must aim at is to give your plants an early start, and keep them going steadily ahead all the time. It will be necessary to use fertilizer liberally, to re-pot frequently, and to make sure that the plants never suffer from lack of water. In midsummer it may be necessary to apply water twice daily. I would advise keeping the plants in pots, because, if they are planted out, it will be necessary to lift and pot them early in September, and this will be about the time when most varieties are forming buds—the very time when they ought not to be interfered with if you want strong plants and fine flowers.

THE COMING POINTER

BY TODD RUSSELL

WHILE the field trial season is in full swing the discussion of dogs runs high during the long evenings around the hotel stove where spectators and owners and handlers gather after the day's work. One of the mooted questions which reappears each year is as to the value of the pointer as a field-trial dog and the defenders of this breed are constantly being called upon to plead his cause and to justify his existence. The field-trial followers are severe judges and their standard is made by what the best bird dogs can do. They are not bench-show enthusiasts as a rule and the beauty for which they look in a dog is not that made with a dandy-brush or measured with a tape, but that which comes from and expresses ability to do good work in the field. For this reason the majority of them are advocates of the English setter against all other breeds.

There is no class of sportsmen quicker to admit the virtues of a good dog of any breed, but a bitter and, if prolonged, expensive experience with Gordons, Irish setters and pointers has pretty thoroughly confirmed them in their advocacy of the English setter as the bird dog *par excellence.*

For this article and at this time the Gordons and Irishmen may be dismissed with the remark that in this country they have failed to ever show consistent winning class at the trials. The pointer deserves more consideration because he oftener gets his name in the records and his handler is more often successful in getting a share of the purses. None of the better handlers cares to waste time on either of the last-named breeds of setters, but they will handle pointers even if under some silent protest. And this protest is present in those very handlers who owe much of their reputation to their success with pointers at the trials.

It comes as a fair conclusion that there is something wrong with the breed. Either it is not as good as the setter for field work or it has been improperly bred or improperly developed. What is the trouble? Is it persistent or will it pass under the effects of intelligent breeding?

The first answer to these questions is that the pointer lacks class. To define class is a matter of some difficulty, but here it means the quality of being able to do work in competition better than a rival and every time. This is where the pointer fails most conspicuously and in his defense his admirers interpose more of excuse than of argument. The excuses take one predominant form which is of importance and several minor ones which are not. The great excuse is that the number of starters is much smaller among pointers than among setters and that the percentage of winners is equally large. This is quite true, but to draw the pointer man's inference it would be necessary to prove as well that there is a smaller number of pointers bred than of setters, and the stud books and practical experience fail to sustain this point, though it is quite possible that more field-trial men breed setters than pointers for the reasons pointed out.

The real reason for the small number of pointers starting in the trials lies with the professional handlers. The income of these men is mostly derived from the winnings of their dogs, which go, according to custom, to the trainer in whole or in part. A handler can only manage a certain number of dogs each season and for the sake of his reputation and his pocket they must all be good ones. So, long before the season commences, he is trying out and judging puppies of all breeds, sent from everywhere, with the one question predominant in his mind of whether or no the dog is good enough to win. In the case of the pointer puppy he frequently answers this question in the negative and so that dog is not seen at the trials the next season and his absence reduces the number of pointer starters just so much. The puppy has been judged and found wanting under a standard even more rigid than that of the trials. As practically all trial entries are made by the handler it will be seen that his influence is the potent one in controlling the number of starters, and the fact that the pointers that are started win their share is merely a compliment to him and a confirmation of his judgment.

It is not meant to contend that as many pointers are sent to the handlers as there are setters, for the field-trial game is confined to a comparatively few men and those of experience are pretty well able to judge their own dogs in advance according to the same standards as the handler. They also give consideration to the fact that it costs two or three hundred dollars to run a dog down the circuit and he must promise a proportionate increase in value or be a very bad investment.

Thus it comes about that a certain part of the pointer entries may be made by men of a limited experience. The balance come from the greater and more important class of lovers of the breed who feel that they can cheerfully endure present loss for ultimate success.

When we ask ourselves if the pointer will ultimately come into his own the answer is extremely hopeful. It may well be said that there is no doubt of it. He is a good shooting dog now but that does not qualify him for the standards of the trials nor assert that he has reached the pinnacle of dog ability. He is easier to train and develops earlier than the setter; also he is very wise on game and can stand the heat and drought of the early prairie shooting better than a long-haired dog. But that is not enough. At the trials we ask if he is a fighter in competition: if he will run himself to death to win a race should the need arise, and if he can be depended upon to show all the speed and ability he has in him when it is called for and every time. And to this we must answer no, not yet. In the parlance of a handler who has a knowledge of race tracks he is "too much of a morning glory." This means nothing except that in private performance against perhaps inferior or familiar dogs he will give brilliant promise and seem to justify the expenditure of entry fees and that later, under equal competition he will "shut up" and not do even as well as he knows how.

This is the most of the usual indictment of the dog. Its validity was long recognized and it resulted in separate stakes for pointers at the trials for many years and in the organization of a powerful specialty club where competition is for pointers only. This club has done the pointer good as the prospect of winning its stakes has encouraged handlers to take a little

longer chance down the circuit with the short-haired dogs, and the enthusiastic and persistent support of some of its members has done much in forcing a careful consideration of the breed.

After we admit that the pointers are good shooting dogs the remaining question is one of raising them to equal honors with the setters and of perpetuating the ability so produced. The able pointer man who brought Rip Rap to the trials did it, but with his death the ability or the desire seemed to die out for a while. Rip Rap was a bird dog and it is doubtful if one of his race has since lived fit to take equal rank with him.

Quite possibly the breeders of pointers, and certainly this is true of many of the prominent ones, have been a little too fond of the bench shows. The bench show is a good thing but some of its foot-rule standards for performing dogs are not.

The setter men have had no trouble with the bench idea. Success at the shows for their field-trial dogs has been simply impossible save in special classes, so they have had the successful breeders single eye to the perpetuation of one set of qualities only, where the pointer men have fallen between two stools. With one eye on the bench many a breeder must have sacrificed pointer puppies that might have made their way in the field, for good looks appear long before ability. Pointer bench type has changed somewhat, too, to conform to better field ability and that helps. We can find much shorter muzzles, much broader skulls and dogs of generally more compact shape doing the bench winning to-day than are seen in the prints of the old-time champions. If the standard has not changed in print it is a safe guess that it has in the eyes of the judges. The result is that even the dog bred and reared for the bench has a chance to also make a performer of merit at the trials. Then there is a small number of breeders of pointers for the field alone and these are beginning to show something like Rip Rap was, and with some consistency.

There was one pointer puppy of this sort at the trials last year, which was purchased after a series of brilliant and consistent performances by a man who runs many dogs of the other breed. And other men who were not fond of the pointer as a breed wanted and tried to buy this same dog. Yet Doc P. would stand little chance on the bench. He is an angular dog, wiry, a racer, with invincible determination and bird sense. Running with him last year was Manitoba Rap and one or two other good ones, but only one or two, and these of the younger generation, yet they were indicative of the new era of the pointer in a way. They have helped us see that wise breeding is having its effect. They will encourage the pointer breeders to keep right on trying and will convince the man who wants winners of any breed that he had better give them some of his attention.

If the pointer men will see that to win in field trials they must give their attention to field ability only and will select their stock, to this end we shall soon hear less of that "percentage" argument. It may be depended upon that no handler will be slow to give every opportunity to a dog that is, in the words of one of the best of them, "the real candy."

A pointer has never yet won the National Championship, nor has one ever greatly threatened to win it, for it is in the three-hour heats of this trial that the defects of the breed come forth if never elsewhere. But this thing may be changed this year or any time soon.

When it happens and some great pointer's name takes its place on the roll with those of Count Gladstone IV, Joe Cumming, Sioux and Pioneer, he will mark the final achievement of his breed which good judges see fast approaching.

REMEDIES FOR SNAKE BITES

BY RAYMOND L. DITMARS

WHEN we consider that a poisonous serpent is provided with a pair of hollow teeth or "fangs," each of which is exactly like a hypodermic needle, and that the fangs connect with glands containing a fluid that Nature has intended to be used for purposes of killing, we appreciate that mankind must study well to devise an antidote for snake bite. Primarily, the serpent's fangs were provided for killing the prey—they are incidentally employed in defense. The successful operation of these terrible weapons may be gauged by the fact that man often dies from snake bite—despite aid and antidote—though the reptile's fangs are normally intended to be used upon creatures of several hundred times lesser bulk. A considerable number of the larger poisonous snakes are capable of dealing a bite that may be inevitably fatal to man, no matter what may be done to save the victim's life. It

should be understood, however, that much depends upon the location of the bite, and life may be saved, even after an injury from one of the most dangerous species, unless the fangs have perforated some large blood-vessel; also, that there is no species of snake so poisonous that death is certain, no matter where the bite may be inflicted. Investigation of snake venom has led to the highly successful application of several remedies, which, together with certain treatment may be said to constitute an "antidote" for snake bite.

Nearly every portion of the United States is inhabited by one or more of the various species of rattlesnakes. In the East, we have as well the formidable copperhead snake, and in the Southeast the water moccasin. By far the most dangerous serpent of this country is the diamond-back rattlesnake of the Southeastern States. The greater number of fatalities occurring in this country are caused by the latter-named species which attains a length of eight feet, and is second to none of the deadly snakes of the world. While there is scant hope for a man bitten deeply by the big Southern rattlesnake, it is altogether wrong to believe that the bites of the other species of rattlesnakes, the copperhead snake and the moccasin, are generally fatal. If the proper measures are employed there should be every hope for the victim's life.

After years of experimentation the search for an antidote for snake poison brought about an attempt to manufacture an anti-toxin, as is done to combat the various diseases that attack man. It is the serum of an animal immunized against the action of snake venom, by repeated small injections of the virus, that constitutes the most up-to-date antidote. The original investigator was Dr. Albert Calmette, in the Pasteur Institute, at Lille, France. Doctor Calmette immunized horses with cobra poison, and produced what he called *antivenine*. This product has been used with good results in India, where the death rate from snake bites has averaged over 20,000 a year. While the anti-venomous serum obtained at the Pasteur Institute and sent to its branches all over the world, is efficacious for the bites of all snakes, a special anti-toxin intended for the bites of our American snakes is now being produced by Dr. Hideyo Noguchi, in the Rockefeller Institute, in New York. While the serum treatment for snake bite is the most modern, the use of an anti-toxin is only a part of the treatment to be followed after an injury.

Every sportsman or prospector venturing into regions known to be infested with dangerous snakes should carry certain articles with him to be used in case of accident. A list of these may be summed up as follows: a hypodermic syringe; a rubber ligature; several sharp scalpels, or a razor; a small jar of antiseptic gauze; material for outside bandage—which may be of ordinary cheesecloth rendered aseptic by boiling; a vial of permanganate of potassium (crystals); several tubes of anti-venomous serum; some strychnine tablets, and a flask of whiskey. The entire outfit can be carried in the capacious pockets of a khaki shooting jacket (the writer vouching for this from experience).

If a bite is received the injury is invariably upon some part of an arm or leg, and everything depends upon promptitude in performing the first two operations. First—Apply a ligature a short distance above the bite—that is, between the injury and the heart—to prevent circulation of the poisoned blood. Thus the ligature should be carried in a pocket that is immediately accessible, without a second's loss in a fumble. Second—Enlarge the fang punctures by cutting into them at least as deep as they are. Make two cuts over each, these incisions crossing one another. This cutting starts a flow of the poisoned blood, which should be accelerated as much as possible. It is not dangerous to suck the blood away providing there are no abrasions upon the lips or in the mouth. In this way much venom may be drawn from the wounds. If a stream is near-by, wash the wounds thoroughly, then bathe them repeatedly in a solution composed of permanganate of potash crystals in water to produce a deep wine color.

If no doctor is near-by, the anti-toxin should now be injected by means of the hypodermic syringe in some part of the body where it will soon gain the general circulation—preferably under the skin of the abdomen. If constitutional symptoms develop, indicated by weakness and dizziness, a hypodermic injection of strychnine must be administered. Whiskey is valuable as a stimulant, but must be taken in very moderate quantities. After the wounds have been thoroughly bled and washed with the permanganate, the ligature may be removed, but not until every measure has been employed to drain the venom from the bitten part; these measures including suction and massage. At this stage there is but one thing to do, if that is possible. Journey to the nearest doctor of repute: for grave symptoms, beyond the power of any but a professional man to combat, may possibly develop.

If a doctor is out of the question, the wounds should be kept absolutely clean, as tissue that has been weakened by snake poison is peculiarly susceptible to common blood poisoning. Small bits of gauze should be packed into the wounds to keep them open and draining, and over these there should be a gauze dressing saturated with a good antiseptic solution. The dressing should be kept wet and the wounds opened for at least a week, no matter how favorable may be the symptoms.

The writer has talked with many men of

good, practical reasoning powers, who have been bitten by snakes and fully recovered, while miles from civilization. They have employed measures similar to those described. Before the sportsman leaves town, however, he should consult a good doctor, learn how to use properly a hypodermic syringe and the amount of strychnine his system will endure. There is every reason why a healthy man should recover, and quickly, too, from a bite from any of the greater number of the venomous snakes of the United States. But the measures to save life should be executed promptly and systematically.

* * * * *

With the exception of the coral snakes the dangerous serpents of the United States are easily recognized. The coral snakes, genus *Elaps*, inhabit the southern part of this country. They are small and slender, brilliantly colored and look like harmless snakes. Described in detail their pattern may be given as broad, alternating rings of red and black, the latter bordered with narrow rings of yellow. And here we encounter a difficulty: for several harmless snakes mimic these species in displaying exactly the same colors arranged in ring-like fashion. Yet there is one unvarying difference that will always distinguish the dangerous reptiles from the inoffensive ones, as the yellow rings of the poisonous snakes always border the black ones, while among the non-venomous reptiles there are pairs of narrow black rings bordering a wider one of yellow.

The majority of our venomous snakes may be easily recognized if we remember a few, simple rules. There is no mistaking any of the species of rattlesnakes, owing to the presence of the characteristic caudal appendage. Hence we have but the copperhead snake and the water moccasin to contend with. These reptiles belong, as do the rattlesnakes, to the sub-family of Pit-Vipers—*Crotalinæ*. There is a deep pit on each side of the head, between the eye and the nostril. Here we have a character by which to immediately distinguish them. But there are other points. While our harmless snakes have two rows of plate on the under surface of the tail, these two poisonous species have a single row of plates for the greater length of the tail. Our harmless serpents have the pupil of the eye round; the water moccasin and the copperhead snake have an elliptical (cat-like) pupil. The copperhead snake is pale, hazel-brown, crossing which ground color are rich, reddish brown bands, narrow on the back and very wide on the sides and appearing, when examined from directly above, like the outlines of an hour-glass. The top of the head often shows a coppery tinge—hence the popular name. The water moccasin is dull olive or brownish, with rather obscure, blackish transverse bands. It is common in the swamps and sluggish water-ways of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Louisiana.

From the standpoint of classification the venomous serpents of this country fall into several groups, as follows:

ELAPINE SNAKES

Common Coral Snake	*Elaps fulvius*	The Southeast
Sonoran " "	" *euryxanthus*	The Southwest

CROTALINE SNAKES

1. THE MOCCASINS

Copperhead Snake	*Ancistrodon contortrix*	Eastern United States
Water Moccasin	" *piscivorus*	The Southeast

2. DWARF RATTLESNAKES

Massasauga	*Sistrurus catenatus*	Central Region
Pigmy Rattlesnake	" *miliarius*	The Southeast

3. TYPICAL RATTLESNAKES

Timber Rattlesnake	*Crotalus horridus*	Eastern States
Diamond-back Rattlesnake	" *adamanteus*	The Southeast
Prairie Rattlesnake	" *confluentus*	Prairie Region
Pacific Rattlesnake	" *oregonus*	Pacific Region
Texas Rattlesnake	" *atrox*	Texas to California
White Rattlesnake	" *mitchellii*	The Southwest
Tiger Rattlesnake	" *tigris*	" "
Black-tailed Rattlesnake	" *molossus*	" "
Price's Rattlesnake	" *pricei*	" "
Green Rattlesnake	" *lepidus*	" "
Horned Rattlesnake	" *cerastes*	" "

C. L. BULL 1904.

Drawing by H. T. Dunn.

THE PIONEER WOMAN

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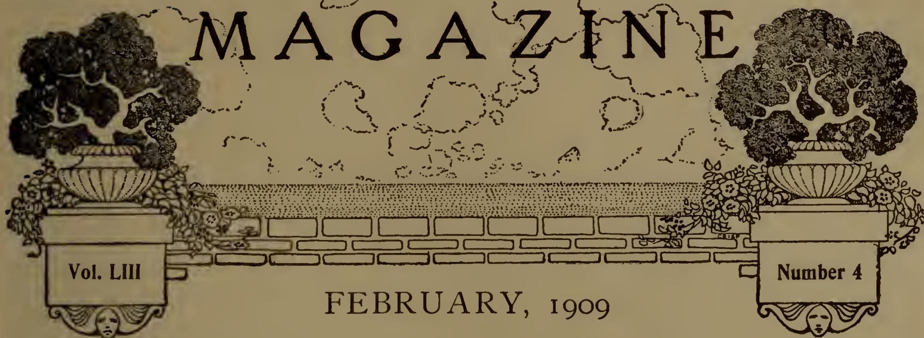

FEBRUARY, 1909

ALONG THE AMERICAN RIVIERA

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER

FOR over a quarter of a century, or since 1884 or 1885, there has been an extraordinary movement from all over the country to the southwestern portion of the United States, the sleepy region of the old Spanish dons who, for centuries, lived and owned principalities on the shores of the Pacific, literally between the desert and the deep sea, the great American desert reaching out to the East, a dominant terror alike to friends and enemies.

This movement has taken the shape of tourists' excursions, very similar to the throngs who yearly migrate to the south of France and Italy, but with this exception: in Europe they are tourists, pure and simple; they rarely remain, while the men and women, generally, rich or well-to-do, who have braved the terrors of the great "American desert," have in so many instances succumbed to the climatic, scenic and other charms of southern California that in a quarter of a century they have taken possession of the region, planted it with countless orange groves, built large towns and villages, and made of the pueblo of Los Angeles, an adobe town of a few thousand Mexicans and Americans, a city of nearly 300,000 souls.

What the magnet has been to attract this vast army three thousand miles, and hold them, can not fail to be of interest, as nowhere in the world has there been so interesting, so rapid and sensational a building up of communities as in California, especially in the south. There have been human migrations in various parts of the world, but the average pioneer moves to better his condition financially, and his evolution and that of the town or village he establishes is a slow and painful operation. But in the southwest, in that half of the state called southern California, the results seem to have been produced, to a large extent, for æsthetic reasons, and the region to-day is a vast colony, composed in the main of cultivated, well-to-do, often very wealthy Eastern men and women who have suddenly moved in, taken possession and set the stamp of their virility on the land, which finds expression in such cities

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Sentinel Peak and Camp Abwahnee, Yosemite.

Copyright Photograph, Southern Pacific Co.

Grizzly Giant, Mariposa Big Tree Grove.

Mirror Lake, Agassiz Column

The Burlingame Country Club, near San Francisco.

Skieing on ice, Yosemite.

The corridors of San Luis Rey mission.

Palm on foothills of Sierra Santa Ynez, near Santa Barbara.

as Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Riverside, Redlands, Pasadena, San José and Santa Rosa.

Thousands came to see the coast and its wonders as tourists, and went back only to return. The original lure held out was a newly discovered American Riviera; a region with the charm of southern France and Italy and few, if any, of their drawbacks. The original settlers of a quarter of a century ago had no devious reasons for attracting others. They merely loved the country, it was a climatic paradise compared to the places from which some of them came. The eternal summer, the cool nights, the impressive scenery, the novel fauna and flora, the succession of sunlit days, all strengthened their belief that they had discovered a region more than ordinarily blessed. The flowers of Santa Barbara, San José or Pasadena, the splendid mountains of the San Joaquin, Kern River and Sacramento regions, and the numerous ranches, the mild climate, all these captivated and held the tourist and made of him a citizen of California.

In this way the American Riviera has been populated, and to-day it is a vast and wealthy American colony living on the great principalities of the old Spaniards.

Mission San Luis Rey, near Oceanside.

To-day there is a greater concourse moving West than ever, and by January first, when the Tournament of Roses is given in Pasadena, there are over 200,000 in the State. Many of these have winter homes in Los Angeles, Pasadena, San Diego, Coronado, Riverside, Redlands, Santa Cruz, San José, Sausalito, and a hundred towns all the way to San Francisco and beyond. Many others are on a voyage of discovery, to try out the rumors and compare the country to Italy, while the greater number are there because, winter and summer, California is to them, a great and wonderful playground, a national park affording a remarkable variety of interesting recreations, due to the fact that winter in California in the lowlands, means the season of wild flowers.

The writer of these lines was lured to California nearly twenty-five years ago, and in this paper proposes to answer the question, why it is worth while to see the country from "Siskiyou to San Diego and from the Sierras to the sea." The average California real estate man has little idea of the modesty of his ancestors who were originally attracted by the beauty of things and the almost perfect climate. To-day the visible charms of the region

The Beach, at Santa Cruz.

have all been exploited or tested, and he has claims for California that create profound astonishment when heard; but perhaps the strangest feature is that in most cases they are susceptible of proof. In a word, the California "hustler" of to-day brazenly challenges you to mention something desirable that he cannot produce out of hand. His motto seems to be, "If you do not see what you want ask for it, and it will be forthcoming." It must be confessed that the chances are that he will succeed in satisfying the skeptic if he is in a fairly receptive frame of mind, and his claims are certainly extraordinary.

The Californian claims the greatest valley in the world, or the most beautiful in the Yosemite; the finest trout streams, the deepest and highest lakes, the most picturesque national parks, and last and by no means least, the finest climate, of all kinds and variety. If you say the climate is too "sun-shiny," that there is too much pleasant weather, he will quote the fog records for thirty years. If you sigh for sleighing he has the record of Quincy, Plumas county, at his tongue's end, where the snow has been forty feet on the level. Then the desert palm forests, the Muir woods of giant redwoods, the marine forests of kelp, the lake of tar one million years old, where you can fish for saber-tooth tigers with a pick, and get them, too; the glaciers, the missions—America's old ruins—the climates, suited to Ubanga or Eskimo; climates of all kinds, continually on hand and produced while you wait. Where can you bathe in the ocean in comfort, pick strawberries and oranges, and go sleighing and snowballing, all in one day? In California, of course. Where are the biggest fruits, the greatest stretches of flowers, the most stupendous gold-producing mines? In California, beyond question. And there is so much of this true that one may as well surrender at once.

With so many claims to the marvelous it would be strange if there were not some features to really attract one to California, and to the man or woman in search of a life in the open and all its joys and experiences the State, strung along so many degrees of latitude, will be found more than responsive if approached in the right way, and at the right time. Climate is essentially a factor in its out-of-door equation, as it is a long, narrow state extending eight hundred miles from latitude 30° to latitude 42°; a maze of mountains, in fact the entire State is practically given over to two ranges of mountains—the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range—the level land being the valleys between these ranges and their various spurs. There is comparatively little of it, the Sacramento, the San Joaquin, and the San Gabriel valleys being types of the large fertile valleys; and there are numerous small ones and tilted mesas where the people make their homes, often little artistic bungalows or splendid mission mansions on the sides of hills; indeed the home life of the Californians illustrated by its artistic homes, is one of the great attractions.

The ocean beats against long and seemingly interminable sandy beaches with innumerable towns and camps, as in summer when the great interior valleys become hot the rancher brings out his camping outfit and starts for the shore. So popular is this idea in the rainless summer that in various parts of the State are seen "tent cities," where for a modest sum one can rent a completely equipped camp with an accompanying guarantee of perfect, stormless weather, and in many places a guarantee of no thunderstorms.

Offshore flows the Japanese Gulf Stream, which, with the ocean, modifies the entire region, as the Gulf Stream affects England, though some students of weather deny this; the people, however, believe it because it *is* mild. The result is, the mountains of the State, from north to south, have a real winter, but the valleys live in a perennial spring or summer. It does not rain from May to November, so there is a wet and dry season, and when the East is frozen up, California of the lowlands is vivid with greens, and wildflowers of every hue and tone convert the land into a garden.

In a word, the climate of all California is much like that of Italy and the Riviera, with this exception: it is not so cold in winter nor so hot in summer, hence is really remarkable and particularly adapted to those who desire an outdoor life all the year round without ice and snow. In winter the country below three thousand feet looks like the East in June or July.

Mountain Scenery in Northern California. The Siskiyou mountains.

Wawano, Mariposa Big Tree Grove.

Court of a California home on the slope of the Sierra Madre, near Pasadena.

A California winter garden.

Landing a yellowtail, Santa Catalina Island.

A bit of old California. Mission of San Luis Obispo.

Fishing on Roaring River—Trail to Kern River Canon.

All the wild and garden flowers are in bloom, yet there is a decided crispness in the air, and people wear winter clothing and have fires to keep warm o' nights. Near Los Angeles, a tourist center and a city of nearly 300,000, in February the adjacent Sierra Madre may be capped with snow, yet the bathing is good at the beaches and the water not colder than in July in the East.

This prelude is necessary to illustrate why California, from one end of the State to the other, is so well adapted to the outdoor man, woman or child; those who wish to walk, drive or ride over the country under the most favorable conditions, or who wish to camp out or get in touch with nature, winter and summer, without interference by snow or any of the winter features of the East, though if they wish to alternate snow and flowers, in February after a rainstorm, one has but to take the Mt. Lowe railway from Pasadena and prove the seeming joke of "picking oranges and strawberries, snowballing, and ocean bathing in comfort all in a day," a climatic tale of such Munchausen-like proportions that the city trustees of Pasadena found it incumbent upon themselves to prove it and, with an official photographer they demonstrated the possibility. They picked oranges in Pasadena at 9 A.M., reached the snowbanks of the Sierra Madre by 10:30, where sleighs and snowshoes awaited them. They descended to Pasadena and the poppy fields by noon, and at 3 P.M. were bathing in the Pacific at Santa Monica with an ocean temperature not colder than that at Newport, Rhode Island, in July. By 6 P.M. the demonstrators of California's climate were back in Pasadena, and sitting beneath orange trees heavy with fruit, facing the snow-capped Sierras four miles distant, they posed for the last photograph and read the telegrams of congratulation from friends. This was taken up and carried out to some extent as a joke, but it did more to tell the true story of the variety of climates within an area of twenty-five or thirty miles, than endless books or pamphlets.

All California has a large and constantly increasing tourist contingent, an army of thousands fleeing from ice and snow in winter and hot Eastern weather in summer, as the California summers along shore are seldom hot. The throngs come because the land is a great national playground seemingly devised by nature for the purpose. So many automobiles are yearly brought into the State that every attempt is being made to give them a fitting welcome. The entire State has taken up the question of good roads. Many of the northern counties have voted good roads bonds, and this activity is very noticeable about Stockton. Los Angeles county has recently voted $3,000,000, and a system of modern highways to compare with the best roads in Europe is under way under the chairmanship of Chas. D. Daggett, an enthusiastic good roads advocate. Aside from the county roads, which will make perfect conditions for driving and riding over the country, the State is to build several highways north and south. There are already good roads all over the State. The writer found one of the best mountain roads he had ever seen from Sterling, Plumas county, to Prattville, a distance of fifty-seven miles, over two ranges of mountains. Motor cars are now racing from Los Angeles to the summit of Mount San Antonio, eleven thousand feet in air, this, San Jacinto, and San Bernardino being the great peaks of southern California. There is a good road over the entire Santa Cruz range, that is watered for its entire length in summer, leading to regions of great beauty much affected by walkers, campers and anglers.

Few countries present more allurements for the motor enthusiast than the lowlands of California in winter, as the land is covered with verdure, and from San Francisco to San Diego one can follow the old trail of the mission friars—El Camino Real—reaching a mission every few hours, as they form an ecclesiastical chain along the coast, a series of stations which emphasize the characteristics of a race of men who were types of heroic explorers. The missions are so situated that you come upon them at the end of a day's journey. In the old days the traveler was given lodging, a fresh horse in the morning, and money if he needed it. And so the wayfarer traveled from San Diego de Alcala to San Luis Rey de Francia, then to San Juan Capistrano, San Gabriel Arcangel, San Fernando Rey de Espagna, and so on, all now connected

by good roads, and soon to have better, designed particularly for the motor car lover.

All these missions, or nearly all, lie by the sea, and you have not made one hundred miles along El Camino Real before the suspicion enters your mind that some of the founders of these interesting, indeed fascinating piles, were anglers, as almost every mission stands hard by a trout stream of repute, or is near notable sea angling, for which, in a general way, up and down the coast, California is justly famous. San Luis Rey is near a charming little river—the San Luis—that once was a trout stream. San Juan is not far from another little river, and when you are fishing from the beach you can hear the chimes of the bells coming down the wind from the old mission.

San Gabriel is in the vicinity of the river of that name, and up the cañon the best rainbow trout fishing in southern California is to be had, while from the small missions of Pala and Rinçon you can reach the mountain region of San Bernardino and its fine trout streams and lake. Santa Barbara is near the Santa Inez; San Carlos Borromeo at the mouth of the Carmel—a little river that winds its way down through one of the beautiful valleys of California—well adapted for driving, riding and camping out, winter and summer.

One cannot be long in California without appreciating the fact that the magnet which attracts the throngs is the possibility of life in the open, winter and summer, its many pastimes and sports. It is accentuated in every part of the State, even on the islands of the coast which are famed for their sports, cool summers and warm winters. They are the Coronados off San Diego, the Santa Catalina islands, in the channel of that name, including San Clemente, twenty miles long, forty miles off shore; Santa Catalina, twenty-two miles long, eighteen from the mainland, and San Nicolas, ninety miles from the latter. Off the Santa Barbara channel there is another group of islands ranging from seven to twenty miles in length—Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, San Miguel and Anacapa. Nearly all these islands have marked individuality in climate. Santa Catalina is visited by 150,000 persons annually, and has a summer contingent of 7,000. The attractions are the out-door life, sea angling, camping, riding over a thirty-mile mountain road with grade of 5 and 10 per cent., ideal camps in scores of cañons, and wild goat hunting. At Santa Catalina and San Clemente, there is sea angling that for variety of game, and size, has attracted the anglers of the world. Here the leaping tuna is found in vast schools; here the long-finned tuna is so voracious that it has been hooked with a bait on a gaff, and at all of these islands there is a wealth of animal life exceeding that of the Mediterranean, that is a constant delight to the student or idler who may drift over the smooth waters far out to sea, or watch the fishes in the submarine forests of kelp through the glass bottom boats, a fleet of which is found here.

It is not the purpose of this paper to specify the individual sports, but to demonstrate that the land appeals to the out-door man who would look, listen, ride, drive or camp; but does the idler become enthused he will find himself in a most interesting, sporting country in California, and this is especially true of angling, a sport either in river or ocean which has developed a remarkable club life. At Avalon the Tuna Club has a sumptuous club house, with membership all over the world; a club not alone to encourage the capture of fish, but to establish a standard to the credit of State and nation. The Striped Bass Club of San Francisco; the Salmon Clubs of Monterey and Santa Cruz; the Three-Six Club and Light Tackle Club of Avalon; the Southern California Angling Club, the Bait Club, the Coronado Angling Club, and a half-hundred more, from Humboldt to San Diego, tell the development of club life in this land of continual summer. These are but a fraction of the outdoor clubs. At Burlingame is a fine club devoted to pastimes of the open. Nearly every large town has from one to two golf or tennis clubs, the open winter permitting this pastime. In Pasadena there are three or four clubs, the Annandale Golf Club, the Valley Hunt Club, the Pasadena Country Club, and all have large and attractive homes. Riverside is famous for its polo and golf, Coronado for its unequaled facilities for all sports, while the country clubs of San Francisco, Stanford, Berkeley, San Mateo, San Rafael and Los Angeles, all

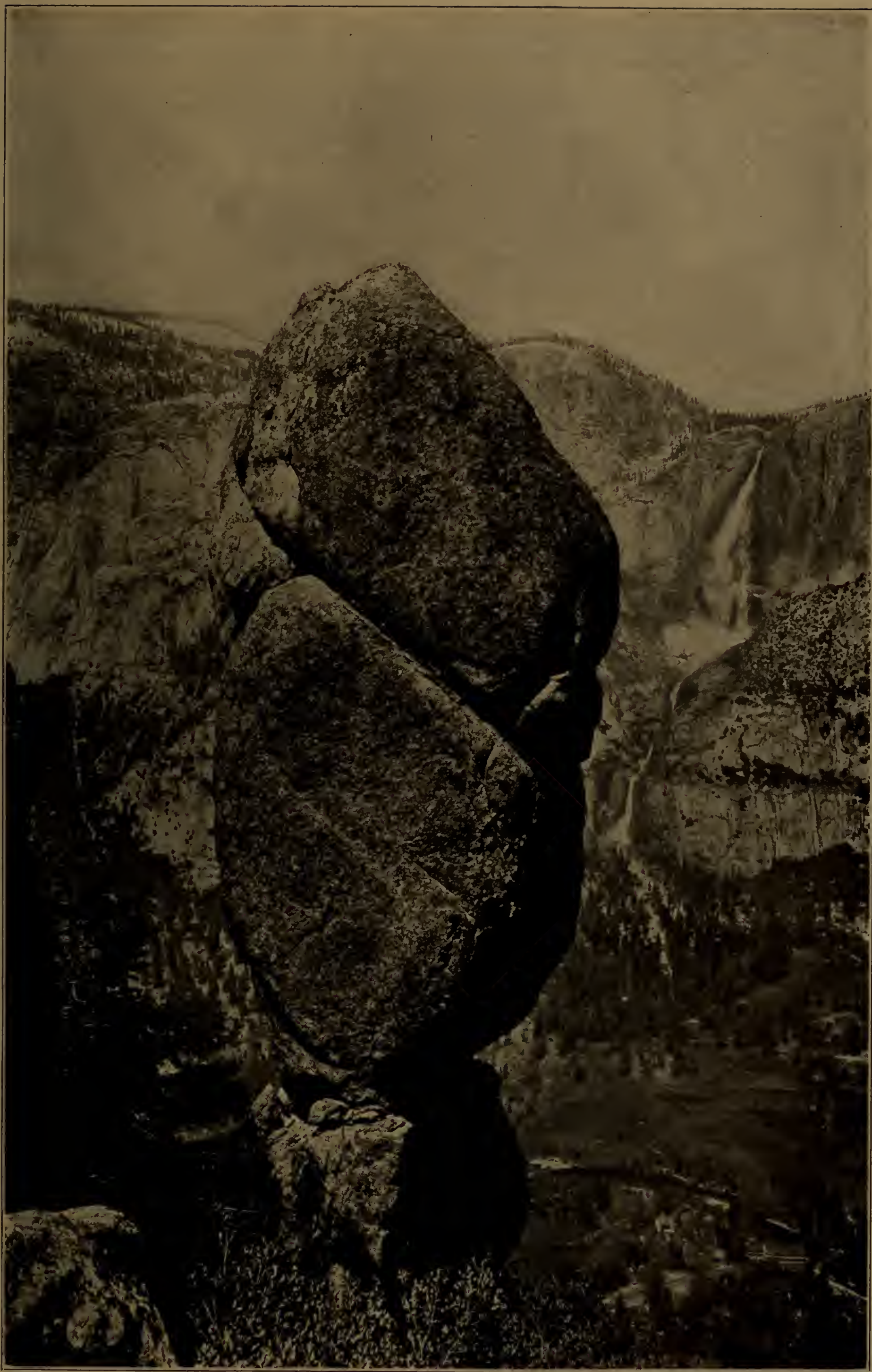
A street scene in Los Angeles, the city of the Angels.

Mount Shasta, in September. Most beautiful of all American mountains and easy to climb.

Pack Train, Coyote Pass, Trail to Kern River Canon.

Copyright Photograph, Southern Pacific Co.

The Sentinel, Mariposa Big Tree Grove.



Agassiz Column, Glacier Point Trail, Yosemite.

have large memberships, and followings of ardent believers in out-of-door life.

A feature of life here is the æsthetic side, the variety of conditions. At Santa Cruz, or near it, the fine forests and deep cañons are a constant invitation to climb or walk. Each cañon has its stream with rainbow trout, and all within sound of the sea which tell of salmon. The idler can solace himself with magnificent scenery, or he can indulge in almost any diversion under the banner of sport: good roads, fine sailing, hunting, fishing and some of the most beautiful camp sites in the country in the shadow of the redwood giants thousands of years old. In the old days the mountains were covered with these trees, and to-day a fine grove of giants still stands as a reminder of what trees will do with a chance for their lives. The town of Santa Cruz lies at the foot of the range, on the north side of Monterey bay, and hundreds of visitors find a trip to this region in July and August alone sufficient to repay the journey to California. The bay is fifty miles long, Santa Cruz at the north and the old capitol of California at the south. In the months mentioned there gather here bands of several varieties of salmon, of which the chinook is the principal attraction to anglers—a silvery fellow tipping the true scales at forty, fifty, or even sixty, pounds.

It is almost impossible for the visitor to understand the peculiar climatic conditions. In the fall he is constantly expecting winter, which never comes except in the calendar. Winter and summer are strangely jumbled together; in reality there are two summers and no winter for the stroller or he who is merely drifting along the great nereocystean forests and groves of the Kuro Shiwo. The real summer is from May until November, when it does not rain and there is rarely a storm of any kind. To illustrate, you can make an appointment with a friend to go camping any time from June until October, and you might put up a large forfeit to be given to charity, if the day proved stormy. The charity would, in all probability, never receive the money.

The climate of California affords life in the open nearly every day in the year. This explains the numbers of golf clubs all over the State. The annual rainfall of southern California is rarely over twenty inches, about half of that of New York, so even in the so-called rainy season life in the open is not interfered with. The rain is like a magic wand. In summer the live oak groves, the adenostoma and other evergreens give some color, but the open country is gray and brown. When the rain falls an inch or so in November or January a wonderful transformation occurs. It at once washes the dust from the trees and from the very air. As if by magic the lofty peaks of San Jacinto, San Bernardino, the long Sierra Nevada and others are caps of snow hanging in the air. In a few days something happens—the entire face of nature changes. You see delicate lines of green creeping along the road, feathery plants—alfilaria—which form a mat, joining, mingling, and presto! the land has changed from brown to green. Shortly, myriads of wildflowers are in bloom, and a fiery glow sweeps along the mesas. By these signs you may know that winter has come on a great American playground, a winter of a thousand flowers.

Californians have so imbued the traveling public with the idea that the State is a winter playground that they really lose the best part of the year in the State. In winter the main range of the Sierra Nevada is buried in snow and practically deserted, but in the summer it becomes a playground for thousands. The Yosemite and the Giant Trees, the great national parks, now have their camps and hotels; the Kern, Merced and other rivers are stocked with trout and afford sport unrivaled. The Sierras, which form the vertebral column of California are to a large extent, still virgin forests, due to the work of national park interests, and have been reserved to the people for all time; a stupendous forest with great alpine peaks; a region abounding in big game—deer, mountain lion, bear and wolf.

Near the center of this region is Lake Tahoe, a mile above the sea, famous for its game and neighboring trout streams and small lakes innumerable, stocked with every variety of trout, its trails and camping grounds. From the great depths of Tahoe fish have been taken which weighed thirty pounds. The Truckee drains the lake and affords fine trout fishing, and from here north to the State line, following

up the main divide, or the rushing Sacramento, one is in a region given over to Nature at her best; a summer land beyond compare, where everything is big and apparently built on a large plan. No more attractive stream for fly-fishing or for the idler stroller can be imagined than this river rushing down from the region of Shasta; melted snow changed to silver, bounding over rocks, now in deep cañons, again out into the open, everywhere a splendid virile thing, a true trout stream with all its phases and humors. If it so happens that you can linger into October, you see the autumnal colors, blazing over lofty cliffs, banks of azalea bushes, the umbrella-like saxifrage leaves, the terra cotta of the dogwood, and above all, higher yet, in the distance, the eternal forests of the range—pine, spruce and fir.

It is essentially the country of the rider, the man on horseback, or he may be at the wheel of a motor car and he need not remain in the valleys, but can go up into

A modern way of climbing the Sierra Madre range, Pasadena.

A midwinter scene at Alhambra.

One of the fleet of glass bottom boats at Avalon, Santa Catalina Island, in which the floating gardens and submarine forests are seen.

the mountains. He can take a little mountain railway at Chico, if he wishes, for Sterling on the slope of the Sierra Nevada. From here a mountain stage road leads up over the Sierra Nevada to the divide for fifty miles, and late in the afternoon, after an all-day ride through the black forest, over a perfect mountain road, the stage tips down into the land of deep snows in winter, a region almost shut out from the world, yet a land now of little meadows through which the river of Feathers flows, winds its way down to the distant sea.

It is said that in the old days the Indians came down from the region about Mount Lassen and fastened feathers in bunches which they tied to sticks, which were thrust into the ground on the river banks to attract the big rainbow trout, which to-day are just as eager for feathers, though the modern bunch may be a "Professor," a "Silver King," a "Coachman" or "Kamloops," or something peculiar to the country, for way up here you will find the best camp and the best company at the home of a fly maker whose inn is so near the river that you could cast from it into the swirling Feather.

If you find this little river as the writer found it one summer, when the rainbows ran from two to seven pounds, that alone would be an excuse for a trip to California. The Feather, it is said, is one of the famous gold rivers of California, but the average man doubtless would never think of gold dust or "color" in that region of delights unless it was seen in the glint of the living rainbow as it sprang high in air.

All along the Sierras in summer there is good hunting for bear or deer, good camping places, good trails, good inns, especially near the American River and up in the northwestern portion, where elk is occasionally seen.

There is a glamour of romance about the valleys and mountains of California that is omnipresent and always fascinating. It may be the stories of the old Franciscans, the wild tales of the Indians in their struggle against the whites, or about some ranch

Bells at Mission—San Juan Capistrano.

Coaching in the Cabrillo mountains, Santa Catalina Island.

of the old dons, or the love-making of Spanish gallants through barred windows. Everywhere it is apparent, adding to the fascination, not easily described, of life in California. The region is so diversified that there is constant variety to the stroller, the one who is simply a wanderer over the land to see it with no special object in view, and a feature is that it is all easily available. Some of the most interesting sections are near large cities. In a few hours, either from Los Angeles or San Francisco, one can reach the heart of two great mountain ranges and be literally lost to the world.

The average traveler fails to see some of the most interesting parts of the State. Few tourists enter the Coast Range, which can best be seen by taking a motor car from San Diego to Los Angeles, then to Santa Barbara, to Pasa Robles, and so on to Monterey. In this way the entire country can be enjoyed, though if desired, one can take the railroads, the Santa Fé, which skirts the shore between San Diego and Los Angeles, and the Southern Pacific from there to San Francisco. If the traveler seeks to know California intimately he can stop off at intervals along the eight hundred miles. In winter the roads all over the State are in use. There is an excellent road near San Diego leading to Point Loma, the theosophist headquarters. La Jolla is in the vicinity, a favorite resort for Eastern artists, famous for its caves and the incomparable colors on the cliffs which face the sea. The coast road leads one to perhaps the most interesting forest in California, that of the Torrey pine, fighting for its life to the number of four or five hundred trees on the slopes of cañons and the sides of mesas, tumbling into the sea. Nowhere else in the world except on Santa Rosa Island, one hundred or so miles to the north, can the Torrey pine be found, and why it is here, in so restricted an area, is a puzzle not yet solved.

On this part of the coast one is constantly coming upon little lagoons or lakes separated from the sea by sand dunes. Here are the duck clubs of the south, thirty or more, including the famous Balsa Chica. The Coast Range here is mainly low; Santiago, 3,300 feet, being its highest peak; but to the north it grows higher, and often the sea beats against it with splendid effect, as at Point Firmin, where the spume leaps high in air. All the range is rent and cut by cañon streams, as the Santa Ynez, the Big and Little Sur, the Carmel, which drain a wide territory.

From Monterey north, the country well deserves the attention of the lover of nature. The writer has taken it by rail, partly by coach, horseback, and motor car. One can leave the train at Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Pasa Robles, Monterey, and by carriage or motor, or even on foot in winter, find a country of wonderful possibilities. Near Pasa Robles, known for its beauty and its health-giving springs, the country abounds in great live oak groves, little valleys filled with them tucked away in the mountains near some old mission, as Soledad, near which are some of the most stupendous wholly rock mountains in the world, forming a striking feature in the landscape. Indeed, this section of the Coast Range adjacent to Pasa Robles, the little interior wild oak valleys, others filled with the gold of blooming mustard, as at Lompoc, near the mission Santa Ynez, are among the charming features of California, and all have rich historical and romantic associations dating back to the time of Junipero Sierra and his followers who blazed the mission trail from Mexico to San Francisco.

The walker or rider will find the roads excellent. About the old city of Monterey they approach perfection, while one of the best mountain roads in the country, watered daily, extends from Santa Cruz through and over the delectable redwood mountains of the Cross to San Francisco and beyond.

The charm of the country at the mouth of the Sacramento, where the great river, which rises far up by Shasta's slopes, is that one can tarry in San Francisco and in an hour cross the bay and enter a deep redwood forest about San Rafael, Sausalito and Bolinas, or Tamalpais. The stroller in this particular section of California within sight of the smoke of a great city, might be a thousand miles away, so dense are the forests, so silent the groves.

From here north one may follow the Coast Range, a region overgrown with the *Sequoia sempervirens*, eternally green, cut with myriads of cañons, lateral winding rivers of verdure, abounding in retreats,

Good Roads in Riverside.

trails and roads leading to countless regions of pure delight to the lover of nature, one of which, the headquarters of the Bohemian Club, is famed for its grandeur of position and weird surroundings. From the summit of this range one may look to the west over the broad Pacific, whose bracing winds are a tonic to the State, while to the east the eye rests upon beautiful valleys down through which extend notable streams and rivers on their way to the sea. From the summit of these mountains one looks down into a country of lakes strung like emeralds, telling the story of many pastimes, as they provide the biggest bass in California and the most notable fishing of this kind.

This is indeed the lake country of California, and around about are countless springs which vie with those of Europe and which would be equally famous had they the foreign trademark. On the various lakes are picturesque resorts similar to many on the Russian River. Following up the Coast Range, dipping into the valleys, the traveler finds an extraordinary variety of interests. Here is a vineyard where famous port and Burgundy are made; acres, miles of grapes in the fall, and seas of wine in great underground vats, as at Asti, big enough to give a ball in. Some extraordinary stories are told here of the wealth of wine, and how it has been used to put out fires when the water gave out, which was true at the mission of San José. Here are hundreds of acres of grain so tall that even on horseback it comes to the rider's head, like the golden mustard of Lompoc. Acres, miles of cherries and peaches, and one cool winter morning you find the men picking oranges not far from Glen County. You see the trees as park trees in Chico and make the discovery that northern California has an orange climate. Everywhere there is a wealth of verdure—strange opposites—orange, lime, lemon, alligator pear, banana, rubber, pepper and apple trees all in one garden. All the zones appear to meet here on common ground. The great range of the Sierra Nevada is nearly always in view, and as we approach the north it grows wilder and more distictly volcanic. Up at Marysville, famous in the days of '49, they are sifting the beds of rivers for gold, and almost everywhere there are mines, often high up in the mountains where the miners have a short summer and remarkable falls of snow.

All the sections can be reached by the walker or driver, and the entire State, especially the Yosemite, the Big Tree region and the Kern River country is a delight to the camper-out, the man who takes his burro or pack train, large or small, and walks or drives into the wilderness. Especially is this life to be commended in California, as there is every possible variety, and if one wearies of the lower regions it is an easy matter to reach the Sierras where the altitude is from 6,000 to 14,000 feet. From here numberless peaks extend away, embracing some of the finest camping country in the world.

In the northern part of the State there is one region that invariably delights the traveler be he afoot or on horseback. This is Mount Shasta and its adjacent country, a typical ancient volcano that has bombarded the land ages in the past. Its slopes are easily accessible, its beauties ever changing, and from its snow-cap or riven sides one may look off over the greater part of northern California. There is a fascination to this mountain. Whether it is the delicate gray tints that robe it in summer, the splendid cap of snow in winter, it never fails to lure the stroller and keep him within its sphere of peculiar influence, as radiating away from it, in its shadow, are lakes, streams, rivers and brooks, cascades, deep gulches and cañons, which make the perfect country for the greatest enjoyment of outdoor life and its accompanying pastimes. One could not give the traveler in California better advice than to urge him to tarry in this region and to fully explore the extreme northern portion of the State, its forests and mountains, as it will be a revelation to hunter, nature lover, rider or walker, a conclusive argument that it is well to know one's native country before exploring the strange and distant lands of the world.

Drawing by C. M. Russell.

MOUNTAIN MUTTON

ADVENTURING AMONG THE FIJIS

XIII—OLD SALEM SHIPS AND SAILORS

BY RALPH D. PAINE

FIFTY years ago two English missionaries in the Fijis wrote a book in which they said that the traffic in sandalwood, tortoise-shell and beche-de-mer among those islands "has been, and still is, chiefly in the hands of Americans from the port of Salem." No corner of the Seven Seas seems to have been too hostile or remote to be unsought by the shipmasters of old Salem in their quest for trade. The first vessels of the East India Company to touch at the Fijis made a beginning of that commerce a little more than a hundred years ago. No more than four years after their pioneer voyage, however, Captain William Richardson in the Salem bark *Active* was trading with the natives and continuing his voyage to Canton in 1811. During the next half century the untutored people of the Fijis pictured the map of America as consisting mostly of a place called Salem, whose ships and sailors were seldom absent from the palm-fringed beaches of the South Seas.

When Commodore Wilkes sailed on his exploring expedition of the South Seas in 1840, his pilot and interpreter was Captain Benjamin Vandeford of Salem. He died on the way home from this famous cruise, and Commodore Wilkes wrote of him: "He had formerly been in command of various vessels sailing from Salem, and had made many voyages to the Fiji Islands. During our stay there he was particularly useful in superintending all trade carried on to supply the ship." It was another Salem skipper of renown, Captain John H. Eagleston, who carried one of Commodore Wilkes' vessels safely into port among the Fijis in 1840, by reason of his intimate knowledge of those waters.

South Sea trading in that era was a romance of commerce, crowded with perilous adventure. The brig *Charles Doggett*, of Salem, commanded by Captain George Batchelder, was lying off Kandora, in the Fijis, in 1833, when her crew was attacked by natives. Five of the seamen and the mate were killed and most of the others wounded. On her way to Manila in the same voyage the brig touched at the Pelew Islands and was again attacked, in which affray a cabin boy was killed. The *Charles Doggett* had previously played a part in one of the most romantic chapters of ocean history, the mutiny of the *Bounty*. In 1831, Captain William Driver took the brig to Tahiti whither, a short time before, the *Bounty* colony had been transported by the British Government from its first home on Pitcairn Island. There were eighty-seven of these descendants of the original mutineers, and they had been taken to Tahiti at their own request to seek a more fertile and habitable island. They were an Utopian colony, virtuous, and intensely pious, and soon disgusted with the voluptuous immoralities of the Tahitians, they became homesick for the isolated peace of Pitcairn Island, and begged to be carried back.

When Captain Driver found them they besought him to take them away from Tahiti, and he embarked them for Pitcairn Island, fourteen hundred miles away. They had been gone only nine months but they rejoiced with touching eagerness and affection at seeing their old home again.

Captain Driver went on his way in the *Charles Doggett*, with the satisfaction of having done a kindly deed for one of the most singularly attractive and picturesque communities known in modern history.

Another kind of sea story was woven in the loss of the Salem ship, *Glide*, which was wrecked at Tackanova, in 1832, after her company had been set upon by natives with the loss of two seamen. The South Sea Islands were very primitive in those days, and the narrative of the *Glide*, as told by one of her crew, portrays customs, conditions and adventures which have long since vanished.

This ancient Hawaiian idol, carved from a single block of wood, is one of three in existence.

The *Glide* was owned by the famous Salem shipping merchant, Joseph Peabody, and commanded by Captain Henry Archer. She sailed for the South Pacific in 1829, with a crew of young men hailing from her home port. While at New Zealand, a journal kept on board records that "the presence of several English whale ships helped to relieve the most timid of us from any feeling of insecurity because of the treachery of the natives. Among the visitors on board was a chief supposed to have been concerned in the massacre of the ship *Boyd's* crew in the Bay of Islands. Some of the particulars of this tragedy were related to us by foreigners, resident at New Zealand. The chief was a man of very powerful frame, and of an exceedingly repulsive appearance. The cook said: 'There, that fellow looks as though he could devour any of us without salt.'"

A little later in the voyage the *Glide* hit a reef and her captain decided that she must be hove down and repaired. How small these old-time vessels were is shown in this process of heaving them down, or careening on some sandy beach when their hulls needed cleaning or repairs. In the Peabody Museum of Salem there is a painting, done by one of the crew of a Salem brig, the *Eunice*, which was hauled ashore on a South Sea Island. After stripping, emptying her and caulking her seams, the crew discovered that it was a task beyond their strength to launch her again. What did they do but assemble all spare timber, cut down trees and hew planks, and after incredible exertion *build a huge cask around the brig's dismantled hull.* It was more of a cylinder than a cask, however, from which the bow and stern of the craft extended.

Then with hawsers rigged around the great "cask," and windlasses manned, every possible purchase was obtained, and slowly the brig began to roll over and over toward the sea, exactly as a barrel is rolled down the skids into a warehouse. In this unique and amazing fashion the stout *Eunice* was trundled into deep water. As soon as she was afloat, the planking which encased her was stripped off and she was found to be uninjured. Then her masts were stepped and rigged, her ballast, stores and cargo put aboard, and she sailed away for Salem. The painting of this ingenious incident tells the story more convincingly than can the description.

The account of the heaving down of the *Glide* is not so unusual as this, but it throws an interesting light upon the problems of these resourceful mariners of other days. "To heave down the ship was an undertaking requiring great caution and ability," the journal relates. "A large ship to be entirely dismantled; a large part of her cargo to be conveyed ashore; a floating stage of spars and loose timbers constructed alongside; ourselves surrounded

by cannibals, scores of which were continually about the vessel and looking as if they meditated mischief. It was well for the *Glide* that her captain not only knew the ropes but had been a ship carpenter and could use an axe. He had not, like many masters of vessels nowadays, climbed up to the captain's berth through the cabin window. He was fully equal to this emergency."

The ship, having been hove down without mishap, she was made ready for opening a trade in beche-de-mer, a species of sea-slug, which was dried and carried to China and the Philippines as a delicacy in high repute among the people of those countries. A safe anchorage was found, and the king of the nearest tribe "made pliable" by numerous gifts, after which a contract was made with him for gathering the cargo. He assembled his people and set them at work erecting on the beach the row of buildings needed for storing and curing the sea-slugs.

When this was done the warriors of near-by friendly tribes began to appear in canoes, bringing their wives and children. They built huts along the beach until an uproarious village had sprung up. Its people bartered tortoise shell, hogs and vegetables for iron tools, and whales' teeth, and helped to gather beche-de-mer in the shallow water along the reefs. Two of the ship's officers and perhaps a dozen of the crew lived ashore for the purpose of curing the cargo. Their plant was rather imposing, consisting of a "Batter House" a hundred feet long by thirty wide, in which the beche-de-mer was spread and smoked; the "Trade House," in which were stored muskets, pistols, cutlasses, cloth, iron ware, beads, etc.; and the "Pot House," which contained the great kettles used for boiling the unsavory mess. In putting up these buildings the king would make a hundred of his islanders toil a week on end for a musket—and he kept the musket.

"The business aboard, the din of industry ashore, the coming and going of boats and the plying of hundreds of canoes to and from the sea reef, gave much animation to things," writes the chronicler of this voyage of the *Glide*. "Indeed I could not but regard the scene, among islands so little known to the world, as highly creditable to the commercial enterprise of the merchants engaged in the trade. Where next, thought I, will Salem vessels sail? North or south, around Good Hope or the Horn, we find them officered and manned by Salem men. The *Glide's* company were thirty men, most of whom were young, strong and active, a force sufficient with our muskets, pistols, cutlasses, etc., to resist any attack from the natives. Though without a profusion of ornamental work, the *Glide* was a beautiful model, as strong as oak and ship carpenters could make her. At anchor in the harbor of Miambooa, she had a war-like appearance. Heavy cannon loaded with cannister and grape-shot projected from the portholes on each side. In each top was a chest of arms and ammunition. On deck and below, weapons of defense were so arranged as to be available at short notice. Boarding nettings eight or ten feet high were triced up around the ship by tackles and whipping lines suspended from the ends of the lower yardarms."

Before the journal deals with the tragedy and loss of the *Glide*, the author jots down such bits of information as this:

"One of the most powerful chiefs on this island (Overlau) at the time of our visiting it was Mr. David Whepley, an American, and, I believe, a native of New Bedford, whence he had sailed some years before in a whale ship. For some cause, on the arrival of the vessel here, he took sudden leave and ultimately became distinguished among the natives. He was a young man apparently about thirty years of age."

The career of a trader in the South Seas three quarters of a century ago was enlivened by incidents like the following:

"When passing within a few miles of Pennrhyn's Island, we noticed some canoes filled with savages coming off to the ship. Wishing to procure some grass for our livestock, we hove to and awaited their approach. Their numbers and strength made it prudent to put ourselves in a defensive position; each man was armed and our cannon, loaded with grape-shot, were run out at the portholes.

"Presently there were along side fifty or sixty of the most repulsive monsters that I ever beheld; very tall, of complexion unmixed black, with coarse, stiff hair like hog's bristles, and their language, if such it was, more resembling dogs barking than

articulate speech. Their whole aspect was truly terrific. They were not permitted to come on board, but only to clamber up the sides of the vessel. The ship's channels fore and aft, on both sides, were filled with them. The *Glide's* company was armed, yet our situation was very perilous.

"Whilst Captain Archer was selecting some articles of trade, a spear was hurled at him by a savage standing in the larboard mizzen channels. I stood within four or five feet of the captain, and saw the savage, but his movement was so quick that I could not in season give the alarm. The captain was leaning over the larboard hen coop, his back was toward the savage, and but for a providential turning of his head, the spear would have pierced his neck. As it was, it grazed his neck and inflicted a slight wound.

"This seemed to be a signal for attack; the savages became exceedingly clamorous. The captain commanded 'Fire.' It was a fearful order and fearfully obeyed. Five or six savages, among them the one who had hurled the spear, were shot and fell back with a death shriek into the sea. Others were severely wounded by our boarding pikes, and cutlasses. Two or three of the crew were slightly injured in keeping the natives from the deck. Had the captain's orders been a moment delayed, the savages must have gained the better of us. As soon as the captain's order had been given I let go the weather main-brace. A six-knot breeze was blowing and the yards having been quickly rounded, the motion was soon sufficient to embarrass the savages, and we were enabled to drive them from the ship.

"As the *Glide* moved on, we left them astern in the utmost confusion. Their situation was truly pitiable. The sun had set; there was a heavy sea, and the wind was freshening. They were five miles from their island. Some were swimming about hither and thither to recover their canoes which had been upset by the ship's progress; some went soon to the bottom, and others who had gained their canoes, sat hideously bemoaning the desolation around them. Their eyes rolled wildly as they hurled their spears toward the ship, and they howled and gnashed their teeth like so many fiends of darkness. We passed within a mile of the island and observed numerous fires kindled along the shore, probably as beacons to guide back the natives who had attacked us."

Captain Archer's ship filled her hold with beche-de-mer and carried it to Manila, returning to the Fijis for a second cargo. Arriving once more at the island of Overlau, the first and third officers with part of the crew were sent in a boat to Lakamba, an island twenty-five miles distant, to conduct the traffic in beche-de-mer. Because of shoal water the ship could not follow them and she carried on a trade at her anchorage in tortoise shell and sandal wood. "Knowing that on the completion of our second cargo..." reads the journal, "we were to leave the Fijis finally, the men at Lakamba worked with zeal. The men aboard ship were no less industrious. The armorer and his mate manufactured knives, chisels, and other cutlery for exchange. The carpenter was busy at his bench. Abaft some were repairing the rigging; on deck others were mending sails and making matting bags to pack beche-de-mer. The sun shone not on a more faithful crew. The captain traded with the natives when they came alongside, and directed all matters aboard. Thus prosperously passed several weeks.

"We were frequently visited by David Whepley, the American chieftain at Overlau; sometimes accompanied by two or three of his warriors. He was usually dressed as a sailor and had with him a loaded rifle, whose good qualities were the main topic of his conversation. He also told us much concerning his singular life, and his adopted people, over whom he seemed to have great influence, owing to his superior wisdom, and the good terms existing between him and the powerful king of Bou.

"The king of Bou sometimes visited us. When this old chief, whose complexion was darkness visible, out of which peered two deep-set glaring eye-balls with a grizzly beard tapering to a point a foot below his chin, came alongside in his large double canoe, the spectacle was impressive. This canoe was of curious and imposing structure, able to hold a hundred or more persons, with a triangular matting sail as large as the *Glide's* main topsail. He was accompanied by forty or fifty vigorous black warriors, huge but symmetrical in

build, with elegant white turbans on their heads, and ornaments hanging from their ears. They were girt with some white tapas, and held massive clubs and spears, which they use with terrible effect.

"One morning about forty of the savages of Overlou brought some fruit off to the ship, ostensibly for trade. Only two or three of them were allowed to come on board at a time. Nine or ten of the crew were variously occupied in different parts of the ship. The armorer and myself were at work together on the forecastle. In a short time our suspicions were excited by seeing our visitors engaged in close conversation among themselves, and counting the men, '*Rua, Tolo, Va, Leema, Ono, Vetu,*' etc. (one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, etc.) The armorer was going aft to inform the captain of the circumstances when our second officer, on looking over the ship's side, saw some savages busily passing up weapons to others standing in the channels. The men aloft, having also perceived this maneuver, hurried down on deck and discharged a volley of musketry over the heads of the visitors which dispersed them. Some leaped into the sea, others into their canoes, and swam or paddled ashore in great consternation."

But the company of the *Glide* were not to escape scot-free from the hostility of the Fijians. A few days after the foregoing incident, the second officer, carpenter, and six of the foremast hands were sent ashore to cut an anchor-stalk of timber. As usual, the boat was well supplied with arms and ammunition. A boy of the party was left in charge of the boat on the beach, and the others went into the nearest woods. Presently a score of natives appeared and tried to trade, but the sailors were too busy to deal with them, whereupon they sauntered off to the beach and began to annoy the lad who had been left behind. Before long they were stealing articles from the boat and the young sentinel raised an alarm.

"The men hearing the cry were making for the boat," relates the diarist of the *Glide*, "when the savages in a body rushed toward them. Our sailors, leveling their loaded muskets, retreated backward to the beach, avoiding with great difficulty the clubs and spears hurled at them. Thus all but two reached the boat. One of these as he came down to the water's edge, imprudently discharged his musket, and was instantly attacked and overpowered. He succeeded in throwing himself into the water, and after swimming a few strokes was seen to lift his head streaming with blood, and with his hand beckon feebly for the boat, which, amidst the excitement, had been shoved off into deep water. He was followed by the savages, again attacked, dragged ashore and slain. The other unfortunate man rushed from the woods, hewing his way with the butt of his musket through the crowd of savages and fell dead on the beach.

"Whilst the crew on board was busily engaged in washing decks the fearful war-cry of the natives fell upon our ears. David Whepley, who was sitting with some members of his tribe upon the taffrail, cried out, 'There is trouble with your shipmates ashore.' Seeing the flash and hearing the report of the musket, I ran aft to give the alarm to Captain Archer, who hastened on deck and after scanning the beach with the glass, ordered a boat away, in which Whepley himself went.

"Our feeling may be imagined as we went over the ship's side and watched in silence the first boat making towards us, having on board only six of the eight men who had left the ship. Who had been left behind we knew not, until on a nearer approach one of the crew exclaimed, 'I do not see Derby or Knight.'*

"The lifeless bodies of the two men were found by the second boat's company lying on the beach stripped of their clothing and dreadfully mangled. They were wrapped in garments, brought on board and laid out upon the quarter deck. About eleven o'clock of the same day they were committed to the care of David Whepley, who carried them to his end of the island and buried them. Although no funeral services were formally held, yet in the hearts of all that looked upon the dead, and walked the deck in sadness, were solemn thoughts of death and earnest hopes that this severe and unexpected stroke might influence for good our after lives."

* Joshua Derby and Enoch Knight, both of Salem. By a most extraordinary coincidence, this Enoch Knight's brother, who was first officer of the ship *Friendship* of Salem, Captain Endicott, was killed in the same month of the same year by the natives of Quallah Battoo on the coast of Sumatra when the vessel was captured by Malay savages.

Not long after this tragedy the *Glide* sailed for the island of Miambooa, which was destined to be the scene of her loss. The story of the wreck and the experience of the survivors among a tribe of singularly friendly Fijis seems worthy a place in the history of Salem seafarers, whose adventures, taken together, make an epic of blue-water. I have allowed one of the crew of the *Glide*, for the most part, to tell his own story in the following pages instead of putting in into my own words:

"Every boat load of beche-de-mer that came off from the shore (at Miambooa)," runs the story, "was greeted with joy, for it added something to the cargo which was fast being completed. Friendly relations existed between the natives and ourselves, so that the trade was undisturbed. The ship was in good order and we were almost ready to leave the islands. At evening the officers walked the quarter deck with lighter step, and the crew, well and happy, assembled upon the forecastle, which resounded with their mirth and songs. One of these songs was 'Home Sweet Home,' and under a clear starlit sky, enjoying after hard work the grateful ocean breeze, the inspiring chorus of this song burst forth from our hearts and recalled to memory long past and distant scenes. Our shipmates ashore also caught our pealing chorus as it floated over the still water to their ears and they sent it back to the ship like an echo."

On March 31 (1831), the sky began to lower, and sudden gusts of wind blowing violently down the high land which eastward overhangs the town of Bonne Rarah, caused the ship to careen and presaged a coming storm.

"The signal guns at the usual hour announced 'all's well,' but in the gloomy light the wind increased to hurricane force, and after making a gallant fight of it the *Glide* dragged her anchors and was driven on a reef. The crew got ashore in daylight, but after being twenty-two months absent from port, was wrecked the *Glide*, one of the stateliest ships that ever sailed from Salem.

"Among those who left the ship in the same party with me," wrote our survivor, "was a young man who communicated to me some interesting particulars of his life. His name was William Carey. He had sailed, some years before, from Nantucket in the whale-ship *Oreno*, which was wrecked near Turtle Island, one of the Fijis. The officers and crew escaped from the wreck, but Carey, noticing a disturbance between his shipmates and the natives, concealed himself, fearing the issue. He remained in safe seclusion two or three days, not venturing to go out least he should suffer what he supposed to be, and *what was*, the fate of his companions, and he stealthily crept from his concealment in search of food. He was seen by a native and, conscious of being discovered, he seated himself on a rock, and turning his back toward the savage, awaited the result in powerless despair. The native approached him, bade him rise, and conducted him to the Boore.* The natives held an animated conference, at which it was decided to spare his life, and he was taken by the chief into his family, and ever afterwards well provided for and kindly treated.

"Several years after the loss of the *Oreno*, the Salem ship *Clay*, Captain Vanderford, of Salem, arrived at the same island. Carey's acquaintance with the language and customs of the natives enabled him to render important services in the way of trade. After the departure of the *Clay* from the islands, Carey shipped on board the brig *Quill*, Captain Kinsman, of Salem. With this vessel he remained until her cargo was completed, when he was induced to take a berth in the *Glide* Thus was he twice wrecked at the Fijis, and twice subjected to a residence among the savages without meanwhile visiting home.

"In the course of two or three days after the wreck of the *Glide*, the king permitted a part of the crew with several natives to go off to the ship to get the salt provisions and bread. Fifty or sixty savages were ransacking the wreck in every part, stripping the rigging from the spars, unhinging the cabin-doors, hacking timber to extract nails and spikes, beating in barrels and hogsheads, dragging up our chests from the forecastle, jabbering all the while like monkeys, yet working with the steady gravity of old caulkers. The sight was painful, yet their eagerness to outdo each other in securing booty was amusing.

"In my chest was a small package of

* The tribal council house and temple.

letters valuable to me alone, which I was now, in my misfortune, especially desirous to keep. As I went towards the chest to get them I was repulsed by a savage who raised his club over my head and bade me begone or he would slay me. '*Sah- lago, sah- senga, ne- lago, sah- moke.*' I desisted from my purpose, and in a few minutes saw my chest with every token of home in it, tumbled over the ship's side.

"Our beche-de-mer about half-filled the hold and by the bilging of the ship, had become a putrid mass. At the foot of the mainmast was a barrel of cast iron axes, whose position the natives had somehow learned. Their desire for this tempting prize overcame their reluctance to use the only means of securing it, and down they dove into the loathsome mass at the risk of suffocation, often plunging in vain several times and crawling back on deck covered with slime. One native in diving came in contact with some mortar formed by a cask of lime that was broken by the motion of the ship. Grasping a handful he returned dripping with beche-de-mer and asked what the strange substance was. 'The white man's bread,' answered one of the crew. The native took a large mouthful which well nigh strangled him and spat it out with many wry faces and ludicrous motions amid the loud laughter of his friends.

"Soon after the complete plundering of the ship, a council respecting us was held in the Boore by the king, priests and warriors. It was told me that on the arrival of the first boat's company at Bonne Rarah, the captain was thus questioned by the king: 'Should Fijians be cast ashore among your people, how would you treat them?' 'Kindly,' was the reply. 'Then,' rejoined the king, 'I will treat you kindly. Go with your men to the Boore, and I will protect you.' Nevertheless, the consultation caused us many misgivings. The king urged that our services would be very valuable in showing them the use of muskets and in repairing them, in making bullets, etc. One chief thought that we should eat too much, and hence prudently suggested our being dispatched at once.

"The high priest arose to give his judgment, which was awaited with great interest. This man was very black, of monstrous size, and most unpleasant to look at. He recommended that they make hogs of us, alluding to the practice of killing these animals by blows on the head, cooking and eating them. This advice was consistent with the reputation of this priest. It was said that on the morning before the wreck of the ship, he stood outside his hut yelling and writhing. The natives declared that he shouted the vessel ashore.

"After much discussion the better counsel of the king prevailed. The decision was made known to us all by natives who ran and embraced us, crying, '*Sambooloa booloa papalangi.*' (The white man will not be hurt).

"Soon after the breaking up of the council the king as a reassurance of his favor, returned to us a few of our belongings. His method of distribution showed either his supreme contempt for maritime rank or a great error in valuation, for whilst to the crew generally he gave garments or other things very needful and acceptable, upon Captain Archer he bestowed with the utmost dignity and condescension a wornout chart and a useless fragment of an old flannel shirt.

"The interest of the king in our welfare constantly showed itself during our three months' residence at Bonne Rarah. Almost daily he looked in upon us to learn our wants, and kept in his house for our sole use quantities of tea, coffee and tobacco which he distributed to us as need required. If we met him in our walks about the village the salutations '*sah-andra, touronga-lib,*' (welcome king) '*sah-andra papalangi,*' (welcome white man), were amicably exchanged. There was withal about him a dignity which well comported with his kingly character, and showed that any violations of loyalty on the part of the natives or of due respect on ours would not go unpunished.

"On the 28th of March, Captain Archer, Carey and two or three of our men sailed in our boat by the king's consent, to the island of Bou, the capital of the Fijis. This, our first separation, though on many accounts painful, was prudently planned, as a vessel was rumored to be in the vicinity of Bou. After exchanging farewells and cheers of mutual encouragement they started on their perilous adventure of sailing two hundred miles in a small boat, exposed to many dangers, and, not the least, attacks from savages.

"The singular use made of our clothing by the natives was often ludicrous. Some wore our jackets buttoned down behind others had on our trousers wrong side before; one little fellow strutted along in a ruffled shirt which had belonged to one of the officers, the ruffles flaring on his back. Amongst the booty from the ship were many casks of powder, of whose explosive nature the natives had little knowledge. In one dwelling which we visited were a large number of kegs of powder promiscuously placed on the floor, in the center of which a fire was kindled. The family was cooking their usual food, loose powder was scattered about, and the proprietor himself, dressed in a sailors' jacket and with a Scotch cap on his head, sat on a keg of powder before the fire, composedly smoking his pipe. We were somewhat amazed at the sight. Indeed, it may be doubted whether Damocles himself (whose famous sword has become much blunted by its frequent use in illustration) had more cause to be ill at ease at his feast than we had while paying to our native friend the civilities of the season. Our visit was not protracted, and we took leave before the dinner in preparation was ready to be eaten.

"Occasionally we invited the king to share our provisions with us. Whenever he was graciously pleased to accept the invitation he brought with him a chair, plate, knife and fork (which he had obtained from the ship), and after seating himself with becoming dignity, grasped the knife in his left hand at such an angle that as soon as one piece of food entered his mouth, two fell back upon his plate. He also used his fork as a tooth-pick, thus confirming the notion that this practice comports better with the manners of savage than of civilized life.

"An odd volume of Shakespeare saved from the wreck, moved us to get up a dramatic entertainment, the subject of which was the voyage of the *Glide*. The play began with the captain engaged in shipping a crew at a sailor's boarding house, and holding forth all those eloquent attractions usually set off by this class of men. Following this scene were various mishaps of the voyage. The king and a crowd of natives were seated before us on mats, and paid wondering attention, at a loss to understand most of our sayings and doings until in the course of the play, our arrival at the Fijis was pictured.

"The trafficking and haggling with the natives was mimicked by an officer, playing the part of a Fijian, and a common sailor as the trading master. Our drift was more clearly comprehended now, and the progress of the action more eagerly watched. And when the efforts of the natives to cheat us were baffled, the sense of the whole matter flashed upon the audience, and the Boore resounded with an uproar of savage delight. Through the remainder of the play, involving the wreck and our hospitable reception by the king, to whom and his people many compliments were paid by the actors, we were followed with intense interest, and at the close by expressions of royal satisfaction."

The life of these islanders, as enjoyed by the crew of the *Glide* was a kind of tropical idyls, for the white trader had not yet blighted them with rum and disease. Our sailor narrator wrote of this Eden into which he was cast by a kindly fate:

"One day, I was invited by a chief, whom I had frequently visited, to accompany him on an excursion to the interior of the island. We passed through a defile of the mountains, and then struck into a well-beaten path leading through a rather uneven region. The beautiful diversity of prospect from the higher portions of our course, the mild air of the delightful day, birds of brilliant plumage singing in the trees about us, the ripe and grateful fruit easily procured, patches of sugar-cane here and there pleasant to see and taste, agreeable conversation, and the kindly civilities of natives whom we met, made our walk the source of intense and various enjoyment.

"At sunset we reached our journey's end, a small village of about thirty rudely constructed huts, and were heartily welcomed by the chief of the tribe, who conducted us to his house, and soon set before us a repast of baked pig, fruit and vegetables. In the evening, about twenty natives, invited by our host, assembled, among whom were several that I had seen on board the ship, and who recognized me with apparent delight. A general conversation, relating, beside many other topics, to the lost ship, the white men and

their country, was held, throughout which, it was gratifying to observe, mutual kindness and courtesy prevailed. The social party was highly interesting, occasionally enlivened with good-humored mirth.

"In the morning we visited the Boore, which was similarly constructed, though in every respect inferior, to that at Bonne Rarah. In the center of the apartment, where we held the religious ceremonies, which were about to commence when we reached the building, was a very large bowl of *angona* or *avaroot*, of which, after being properly prepared, all the natives assembled repeatedly partook, the intervals between the potations being occupied by the priest pronouncing certain forms of speech, to which the audience, who were seated around the apartment, now and then responded. Near the door were arranged in open sight several small, round blocks of wood, singularly ornamented with sennit and carved work, to which the natives, as they came in and retired, made low obeisance.

"As usual, no females were present. After the conclusion of the service, which held an hour, we rambled about the village, being kindly welcomed wherever we called; and, at length, returned to the house of the hospitable chief, whence, having partaken of another ample feast, and thanked our host for his kind attention, we departed for Bonne Rarah. My excursion surprised both me and my shipmates, to whom I gave an account of it, for we had previously heard much said of the ferocity of the inland savages.

"In the latter part of April a festival, which we were kindly invited to attend, was held at a village about forty miles from Bonne Rarah. As the place, though on the island of Tacanova, was easiest of access by sailing, my shipmates, it was determined, should accompany the king in his double canoe, and I went with the chief with whom I made the inland excursion, in his single canoe. My patron I found to be very loquacious, for, instead of our holding a pleasant conversation together, he took upon himself to give me a lecture of what was to be expected at the coming festival, diversifying his discourse with *solib* (grand feast), *leebo, leebo* (great, great), *benacka, benacka* (good, good), *mungety-leelo* (plenty of provisions), *pookah* (pigs), *ouvie* (yams), *aooto* (breadfruit), *boondy* (plantains), all of which expressions, of course, deeply impressed my imagination. Now and then he asked, whether I comprehended what he said. Whatever was my response, he was none the less talkative, for when he questioned me, *sah gala guego* (do you understand?), if I answered *sah senga* (no), he labored long and hard to make his meaning clear to my mind; and, if my reply was *sah gala quow* (I do understand), he took courage from the honest confession, and at once proceeded to give me more information.

"Soon after sunset, having landed at a small island midway between Bonne Rarah and the place to which we were bound, we were well received by the natives, who conducted us to their Boore, near the top of a high hill, and presently furnished us with a generous repast. Here, in less than an hour, the report of our arrival drew together many savages, from whose evident astonishment, as they gazed upon me, I conjectured that most of them had never seen a white man. Though we were kindly invited to spend the night here, yet the curiosity of the natives made them reluctant to retire from the Boore, and leave us to sleep. Our singular situation, exposure to attacks from savages, over whom kindness and ferocity hold rule by turns, and a consciousness of our almost complete helplessness in such a case, occasioned in me unquiet feelings, which, in truth, were not allayed by my dear friend, the cannibal-chief, who frequently started up from his mat in great excitement, and paced rapidly to and fro, with his war-club at his side. The chief, at length, explained his singular conduct by telling me that the savages designed to detain me on their island, and that he had been anxiously devising some way to defeat their purpose.

"At his suggestion, early in the morning, before the natives were stirring, we silently left the Boore. I placed myself on the chief's broad shoulders, and he held in one hand his war-club, and in the other his canoe-paddle. Thus we stole softly down the steep hill, and when we came to the beach, to our amazement, our canoe was nowhere to be seen. The chief in the height of his vexation, brandished his club toward the Boore, and poured forth a torrent of imprecation. Fearful that his

Unable to launch the brig, the crew built a cask around her and rolled her into the sea.

wild anger would soon arouse the natives, I looked about for the canoe, and after careful search, found it secreted in a thicket near the shore. We dragged it with difficulty to the water, hoisted our three-cornered sail, and unmolested sailed away from the island.

"The sun had just risen when we reached the landing-place, about a mile from the spot chosen for the festival. We were among the first comers. On the glittering waves at some distance we saw hundreds of canoes, some boldly advancing on the open sea, others more wary keeping nearer the shore, and others now and then emerging into sight from behind points of land and small islands, all bound, with their shouting crews, for the general feast. They soon drew nearer, and companies of natives from neighboring islands and remote villages of Tacanova landed in quick succession at the beach, and made the hills echo with their loud rejoicing.

"The plain selected for the feast was of many acres, covered with liveliest verdure, surrounded by groves in which were many fruit trees, and through it coursed brooks of pure water from adjacent highlands. In its center was a pyramid of yams, apparently eight feet square at the base, and tapering fifteen feet to a point, and near it was a smaller one, of *angona* root; hanging from gnarled branches of ironwood trees, in another part of the field, were large quantities of plantains, cocoanuts and bread-fruit. At one end were several pens, filled with swine, of which there were at least a hundred. While the men, profusely anointed with cocoanut oil, decorated with garlands of beads and flowers, having on their heads very large white turbans, and around their waists elegant *maros*, were proudly strutting about the place, displaying their fashionable attire, the women were meekly and laboriously cooking food.

"After the completed preparation, the different tribes of the numerous assemblage arranged themselves on the grass in semicircles, about ten paces in front of which were seated their respective kings, chiefs and priests, and between these dignitaries and the people was placed their appointed provision. The tribes all first drank *angona*, and then four or five natives, who attended each tribe as waiters, began dividing the food, and another taking on a plantain-leaf a parcel of it, advanced to the master of the feast for the division, and asked *quotha* (for whom?), when the name of some one was spoken aloud, the person thus designated clapped his hands to make known his whereabouts, and, being at once supplied with his portion,

began eating it with strips of bamboo, sharpened on one edge, and pointed.

"In the afternoon two or three hundred young females, wearing girdles of variegated grass and leaves, and necklaces of colored beads and flowers, danced with liveliest and modest mien across the plain, loudly singing and waving beautiful fans over their heads with easy uniformity and grace, and then, adroitly wheeling about, retraced their way, with fans flourishing in the air, echoing song and sprightly dance.

"Next came forward a party of men, with hair frizzled in the highest style of Fijian art, tapering beards, long *tapas* of snowy native cloth contrasting with their own swarthy color and trailing on the grass, their arms and faces shining with cocoanut oil, in their hands stout and polished war clubs. Having arranged themselves in two divisions, a pace apart, in open distance, they raised with united voices a piercing war-song, in time to which all made the same impressive gestures. Now they bent back their bodies, elevating their war clubs in the air, in seeming preparation for attack; then, with faces of determined courage, lifting higher their shrill, fierce chorus, all leaped as one man onward, as if about to meet a furious foe; and, at last, as if they had achieved a noble victory, changing to triumphal notes their yell of onset, they danced wildly about in a thousand intricate and changeful steps.

"Our company, being requested by several chiefs to amuse in our turn the assembled crowds, concluded to perform a few military manœuvres. We chose one of us as captain, recalled what we knew of soldiers' tactics, and keeping time by a whistled tune, advanced in open order, and charged bayonets; marched, with muskets shouldered, in lock-step and solid column; formed a hollow square, and, finally, wheeled into line. All our movements were watched with eager eyes by the natives, who expressed their pleasure by loud plaudits, to which, of course, like true soldiers, we gave slight heed, but, with faces unmoved, proceeded through the manual exercise. When the order came, 'make ready—aim—fire!' one of our muskets happening to be loaded, discharged its contents over the heads of scores of seated savages, whose dismay now equaled their previous approbation.

"Toward evening, the festival was concluded, and the company began to disperse. Those who had sailed to the ground, started to the places where the canoes were secured, and embarked in their little fleets in various directions. Our party sailed in pleasant company with others bound for Bonne Rarah. When we came within a few miles of this town, a burning object was discovered on the water, which, on a nearer approach, we found to be our beautiful ship, to which fire had been set by the savages who had remained behind for the sake of her iron-work. This was a sad conclusion to the enjoyment experienced at the festival. The satisfaction that we had felt in looking out from our lonely abode upon the hull of the *Glide* was now taken away, and we felt more than ever deprived of remembrances of home.

"A few weeks after the departure for Bou of Captain Archer, a large double canoe arrived at Bonne Rarah, from which we learned that the captain and his party were safe; that the brig *Niagara*, Capt. Brown, of Salem, had been wrecked on a reef midway between Overlou and Bou, and that her crew were now staying at this latter island. Thus, the two only vessels at the Fijis at this time were wrecked on the same day, and in the same storm; and, very remarkable, no member of either crew was afterwards slain by the natives.

"A part of the crew, with our second officer and Mr. Carey, left us on the return of this canoe to Bou, thus reducing our number to sixteen men. The separation seemed like bidding a mutual farewell for life. It narrowed the circle in which our spirits were chiefly sustained by common sympathies and hopes, and deepened that feeling of loneliness, which previously parting with others had occasioned. To miss a single face which we were wont to see was deeply felt. The officers and crew of the *Glide*, once held together by relative duties on shipboard, and afterwards by the still stronger community of suffering, were dispersing in various directions, whilst the lot of those who went away, and of those who staid behind, was enshrouded by the same cloud of dark uncertainty."

Strangely enough the journal of the wreck of the *Glide* ends in this abrupt

fashion, as if it were "to be continued in our next." Curious to learn in what manner the crew was rescued from its long exile in the Fijis, I began to search the logbooks of other Salem ships trading with those islands in the years 1831–35. It was like hunting a needle in a haystack, but the mystery was partly uncovered by the log of the bark *Peru*, of Salem, Captain John H. Eagleston. Under date of June 7th, 1831, he wrote while among the Fiji Islands:

"Visited by a double canoe with about 50 natives and a boat from a town called Lebouka. Got 9 turtle out of the canoe, 3 for a musket. Was informed by the chiefs in the canoe of Captain Archer, of ship *Glide*, being cast away at Mudwater and Captain Brown in the *Niagara* at Bou, and that they had lost everything belonging to them, which I had every reason to believe, as the canoe had several trunks and chests in it. Got up the boarding netting. At 3 A. M. sent the whale boat up to Bou, with the interpreter and 5 Lebouka man with a large present to the king and a letter to Captain Brown which was from his wife. People employed in putting arms in order.

"June 8—at 9 A. M. our boat returned from Bou with 2 boats in company which belonged to the Brig. Took on board Captain Brown, Captain Vandeford, officers and crew of the Brig (*Niagara*) and 2 officers and 2 men belonging to the *Glide*. Most of them belonging to Salem and in all 15. Many of them without shirts to their backs or shoes to their feet and some with a small part of a pair of trousers. On learning that Captain Archer had left Bou a few days before for Goro, he being in distress and suffering, I thought it my duty to send word to him that I was here.

"June 10th—Archer with 2 of his men came from Bou."

The whereabouts of the other men of the *Glide* being discovered in this way, we have every reason to conclude that they were later picked up and brought home and that their story ended happily, as it should, for they deserved fairer prospects after the ill-fortune which laid them by the heels in the Fijis in those far away years when the white man first knew those islands.

THE ORPHAN OF SOURDOUGH CITY

BY ROBERT DUNN

ILLUSTRATED BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

SOURDOUGH CITY nicked the great glaciers of the Alaskan Peninsula. Spring gazed upon its boom, broken; beheld gaping saloons, vacant dance-halls, empty cabins straggling among the lean cottonwoods of the sandbar. Lust of riches had turned to ash in the mouths of a thousand criminals and dreamers. Then to the camp had come—scurvy; yet the two hundred graves in the swamp back of town were pitifully mute of its winter tragedies. The survivors had fled. June saw but four human beings on the beach, each with a particular reason for lingering there. Three of them sat before Bill Silas' trading store. The other, a woman, was auctioning blue overalls to Siwashes at the far end of the spit.

Mrs. Fred Smith was believed to remain because her spell of scurvy had kept her from selling the stock of the clothing store which she had conducted in every stampede camp since the Klondike strike. Most springs she spent in the states, speaking from the lecture platform on the sufferings of the Alaskan aboriginee. Elderly ladies dowered her with cash and garments—and no Siwash was ever made warmer or less hungry by her charity.

Tom Yandaw, gambler, clung to Sourdough because property convertible into cash might have been buried with some scurvy corpses. But he was too "nifty" with his gun to be taxed with ghoulishness, and jealous of life as the North is, its empty shell is too common to be held sacred to a possible Hereafter.

Bill Silas hugged the camp for a more sentimental reason. Eighty years had not in the least marred his vitality, and he was now openly a candidate for partnership with Mrs. Fred—a profitable job just vacant.

Charles Amy's delay alone was not reasonable. Before the stampede, this Maine-born fisherman had dully followed the traditions of his youth as a salmon-stream prospector for the big canneries, and his seamed red neck and thin hair, the hue of rust, were familiar to the Chinamen at a dozen of the clanking hells of fish-guts and solder in the wilderness. Stranger that he was among the outcasts of Sourdough, his frail young wife, whom he had loved with the simple passion of less feverish lands and fortunes, had been yet more alien to the lost creatures of the camp. She was the child of a whaling captain who had put into Afgonak two winters before while Amy was there. She had died of scurvy this last December, falling ill the day after the theft from Bill Silas' store of the crate of citric acid, with which the dozen scurvy cases then in town were being treated. At first her death seemed to have unseated Amy's mind, and gave him a dazed listlessness, more than pitiful in this lank, Herculean being, always clad in the gray homespun made by the too-beloved little woman on their former lonely exiles. Christmas night Amy had burned her body over a pyre on the beach. The ragged circle of derelicts, who laughed or trembled as they watched in the snow-lit cold, saw his eyes flash from their whitish brows, and heard his oath to run down and kill the acid thieves, if it took all his life.

But he should have believed that re-

venge was now futile, unless the guilty were among his fellow-outcasts, for hardly a native or squawman remained on the hill behind Sourdough. The first spring steamship from Seattle, which brought potatoes and curbed the scurvy, carried also measles, which spread like wildfire through the native village, for measles among Esquimaux and Indians is as deadly as plague among whitemen. Half the Siwashes died of it, fate with customary discretion thus levying on the innocent aboriginee the curse of the whiteman's avarice. All the rest fled to the lakes behind the Iliamna volcano, which overshadows Sourdough. Two beings only remained on the hill: Larkin Weed, a whiteman, and his Siwash wife. He, having violated native no less than whitemen's laws by marrying an Indian, had ever been exiled, alike from Siwash hut and boom cabin. Having no money and no dogs, he could not carry his woman from the infection. Measles entered his shack, attacking him also, a week after his wife gave birth to a child, a boy.

"The squawman and his klootch is dead," said Amy to Silas and Yandaw on the beach. "Drawed in their nets about midnight, so I jedge."

"So you ben down to their shack, hev you?" demanded the gambler. "I wouldn't dirty myself so, and I don't fear no measles. Where a squawman lives is no place fer honest whitemen."

The fisherman's blue eyes avoided the little fellow's glance of disgust. "No," hesitated Amy, "I—I ain't been down to Weed's," but his hearers swore under their breath.

Thus the trio sat, discussing the dead squawman, the dead squaw, and the living orphan. Old Silas marveled that Weed could have, "took the rash." After the acid theft, Bill had nursed most of the camp, and was encouraged to pose as a Galen of the North. "But the body of a whiteman hitched to a squaw rots, too, I guess, like his nature," said he, stroking his snowy beard.

"Is the kid down with measles yet?" asked the old man at last.

Amy shook his head. "He's waiting for your healing hand," he sneered.

"He kin wait," snapped the savior of Sourdough. "I don't nurse *him*. Whitemen's measles is one thing, but when the pizen's passed through a Siwash *and* a squawman—" he paused, not shocked by his brutality toward the little being whose primordial innocence already was cursed by the sins or a father, but to kill a mosquito on his crinkled forehead. "Some squawmen you might chuck sour beans to if he's a-starvin'," he continued. "But this Weed was a thief. And he beat his woman."

Yandaw favored letting all squawmen and their off-spring starve. "They've cashed in all rights to be called white," said he. "Strong men hes got to civilize this country, and we can't afford to hev our pioneers git soft and lazy in a Siwash shack, eatin' fish-guts, breedin' mongrels. Ain't fair to our own blood, and the refinements we bring after."

To which final casting into outer darkness off all miscegenators, only Charles Amy failed to spit acquiescence. "I suppose you think this orphan kid ain't made of flesh and blood," said he simply, whittling a tiny spruce paddle. "He has no eyes and feet and hands like us. Jab a knife into him, and it don't hurt, I suppose."

"Do it," chuckled Silas. "Knife his heart out. We won't string you up for it. Means one less dirty breed in Alaska," at which Yandaw rubbed his unshaven square chin, laughing softly.

"If you don't, mebbe one of us will," said the gambler. "He'll never pay in my business, nor yours, up here."

Amy sprang to his feet, shaking a bony fist. "You lay one hand on that innocent kid," he cried, "and you answer for it with your lives. Is it his fault he come into this world lower nor a dog. God's give him no soul. Oh, no. We quacks and gamblers have the pre-emption claims to souls here in Alasky. Over yonder he lies pure and naked, but he must learn that all over the North he was born to git nothin' but a kick and oath from every crook in the country, and the dirtiest Siwash. Is it his fault? No! But life is goin' to pound it into his eyes, and mash it into his skull that it *is* his fault, till he believes it, and he'll be the crawlin' beast you hold him now."

Silas whistled and the gambler burst into a nervous laugh. They turned their eyes guiltily toward the sea. South, the

tremendous glaciers clothing Cape Douglas, dipped glittering, sepulchral folds into the satin ocean. The reddish cone of the Augustine volcano, rising from the strait without shore-line, buoyed its vague curl of steam in the pure summer sky. Never before had natural scenery so diverted any one at Sourdough.

"Can't you take a josh?" said Yandaw, winking at Silas. "You know we wouldn't murder the kid, even if the' is no hangin' quorum in town."

"Mebbe he's gettin' the measles now," soothed Silas. "Easiest way out from the hard luck Amy here mentions."

"I dare you to go to Weed's shack and see," flashed out the fisherman. "You're afraid, you are, you cowards."

"Afraid, hell!" swore the old man uneasily. "Who fears the rash? But we don't like squawmen's dirt the same as you."

A large figure moving up the beach averted hostilities by seizing the trio's gaze. "Here's Mrs. Fred," observed the gambler. "Doped again, I see. Where does she get her cocaine now? Pity, for she's fine set up with good action to her legs for a musher on the trail, and we need the strong ones to open up this country. I believe she was a good woman once. Bears marks of it yet. Ain't half as foul-mouthed as you'd think."

"Mebbe she was a mother once," said Amy, as if to himself.

"You bet, and ain't forgotten all the tricks," jeered Yandaw.

It was then that the idea came to them all together, whether from the fisherman's guess, Yandaw's slur, or simply the grotesque presence of Mrs. Fred. The gambler suggested it with a chuckle, and Silas seconded with guffaws. The plan was for Mrs. Fred to adopt the half-breed orphan of Sourdough. "I ken see her fittin' rubber tubes and condensed milk into pint flasks fer him. But it's understood," said Silas with mock severity, "if me and the woman draw up a partnership, he has no claim on me or mine."

"Poor little gaffer!" sighed Amy. "But worse is that he should die. Give him, and the woman, too, a chance to start again, I say."

"We'll get the little cuss and hand it to her. Hev a surprise party," laughed Yandaw. "We got to bury them corpses, anyhow, ain't we Silas? Health of our city demands it. Say,"—he winked—"but do you think it's fair, even to a rounder like Mrs. Fred, to cast in her lot with a squawman's bastard? Come on."

Amy dug his knife into the bit of spruce, his fingers into his palms, and followed.

Weed's shack crouched in dank grass and slippery clay at the end of the ruined string of huts beginning on the hillock top. The strange decay that follows plague and sudden flight in the wilderness marked each as the lair of a death unknown to peace. Sometimes a scarlet fish gnawed by ravens hung by a grisly fin from salmon-drying frames all askew. Wolfish dogs, too old to travel, or lamed by frost-bite, slinked among empty cans in the bleached refuse; or their eyes bright with the sadness of starvation, sparkled in the dark of little holes cut for them by the cabin doors.

The trio stooped, entering the squawman's home. Fish-oil reeked predominant in the all but tangible fester of death and filth. Side by side upon an oblong on the earth floor marked off by an angle of sawed boards placed on edge, the father and mother made angular, motionless lumps under a red blanket. Yandaw put out an arm to lift it, but old Silas almost reverently restrained him. Each log of the walls exhaled a poisonous, fetid cold. The rusted stove aimed a pipe badly at a ragged hole in the roof, under which a big, damp circle of earth was edged with mildew; water had washed apart the charred logs of a fire, heaping rusted cups and plates together.

"Was Weed converted to the Siwash Rooshian faith?" growled Yandaw gently, pointing where the gold of a tiny ikon gleamed on the wall.

"Whiteman's candles, by crotch!" breathed Silas, touching the two bits of tallow before the sacred painting. "You make no strike with the Siwash God burning *these*. Must hev the little pink ones you buy to Kenai church. . . . Who's ben here lately?" and he fingered the dust on the shelf.

"Only one man in camp hes candles with braided wicks like them," charged the gambler. "And that's you, Charles Amy. . . . When you said you ain't been down here, then you lied."

"What's it to you if I have, Jim Yandaw?" blazed out the fisherman. "So has others."

"Amy, he wanted them to go to heaven on his own mileage," Silas calmed. "You're a Cath'lic, ain't you, Charles? . . . Why shouldn't he, Tom?"

Yandaw stopped grinning. Under the image or crucifixion, framed with its gothic arch and muscovite traceries, a large baking-powder box lay open on the earth. Its pine boards were curiously fresh and new, but a square of old sacking hid the contents. This suddenly stirred, and from under it was thrust a small brown fist tightly clenched. The creature began to cry. Involuntarily, the three men caught their breaths, and each found a separate spot on the rafters of absorbing interest.

"Quit it, quit it," growled Yandaw, at last. "It ain't right. Can't you stop him yellin', Amy' What hurts him, anyhow?"

He wailed, like all infants, first awakening to the discomfort of existence, groping under its lash, maddened and baffled, to place responsibility for pain. The gambler bravely faced Silas, but turned quickly away. He saw moisture in the old man's eyes, whom he guiltily knew saw the flush that warmed under Yandaw's own stubby beard. Amy knelt, and raising the sacking revealed a bright blue quilt.

"Who'd they steal that from, I wonder?" blurted the gambler. "Or is it yours, Amy?"

"I tell you it ain't mine," said the fisherman doggedly, removing the silk. "But the kid had to be clean. Else he'd 'a' been dead—and so satisfied you."

"Hell, we never meant," began Yandaw, and stopped, seeing the russet sheen of the naked child's skin. It lay amid the wreckage like a precious carved image. The broad cheeks and slant eyes of the Siwash were welded with an alluring neatness to the high forehead and delicate chin of the whiteman. "Fat, ain't he?" said old Bill, glancing to the outline of the two corpses. "Believe they starved themselves to feed him."

Yandaw's voice came subdued from a corner. He had unearthed a square box from the rubbish, and was taking off the loose top boards. "Look here," he said, lifting from within one of two dozen condensed milk cans.

"That's mine, mine, by God!" exclaimed Silas. "They stole them from me, the sneakin' thieves!" and he ground his teeth at the corpses.

"Yes, the mother stole milk fer the little cuss," said Amy. "Meant to feed it to him, knowing she couldn't wean him."

"You ain't missed it till now, did you?" demanded Yandaw. "What you so hot over that for?"

"No, no," said the old man weakly. "But if they'd only asked me, I'd have given them milk. And Pansy brand, perhaps, which is better for kids."

For the first time, the eyes of Amy and the gambler met squarely. At the same moment the baby opened his eyes, gazing with wide, wonderless amusement from one rough face to the other. He caught up Amy's chuckle in a hearty child's crow. The gambler and Silas joined in.

"Laughing seems infectious, eh?" said Bill, "same as measles." The child relaxed his tiny puckered mouth, and opening and clutching his little hands waved them as if they should hold a rattle. Yandaw shyly held out a finger, and the kid grasped it with the uncertain, releasing touch, which explores the first sensations of living.

"I guess you ain't never touched one before, hev you?" said Silas.

"Never mongrels," smiled the gambler. . . . "Where does he get the nerve to be so familiar with white people. Darn the little cuss!"

"How do you read his hand?" asked the old man. "Is he goin' to be smarter with the faro-box, or twirlin' the marble?" And for once no laugh greeted this pleasantry.

Yandaw was again rummaging at the foot of the cradle, when his foot struck against a tin box. "I reckon the crap outfit I lost must be in here," said he. "No" —he turned it over, and read—"'Larkin Weed, Alaska-Pacific Express, Seattle.'"

"Come by this spring's boat," said Silas. "Wouldn't that beat you. Freight fer this squawman here, and not one newspaper fer us."

Yandaw put his hand into the tin, and drew forth—a horse; not a packed cayeuse, but a small painted and varnished toy, glued to a board and running on four gilt wheels. Then a pink celluloid rattle; a dozen

lead soldiers in a box with a glass cover; a small engine with a train of tiny cars.

"Toys fer the little monkey, eh?" said the gambler, balancing them on the side of his box. "Sent fer them all the way to the States before the little shaver arrived. There's the father for you, though he be a squawman. You wouldn't think they could love like other beings. But how'd he know it was goin' to be a boy, Silas?"

"What father doesn't always know that beforehand?" laughed the old man. "Ain't you never been one yourself? I hev. So hev you, or we wouldn't be foolin' about here, like three idiots."

A comfortless silence failed to disclaim this sweeping charge. "Well, if we ain't 'a' been fathers, we got to be now, ain't we?" asked the little gambler. "That's agreed, I guess. And damn Mrs. Fred. We can't trust him to a rounder like her."

All three found relief in laughter. Thus the resistless spur of instinct, so guiltily cherished, surrendered its sting. A mad warmth flooded their hearts, now revealed as all one. So adoption was tenderly to seal the orphan's fate, and Amy's tearful eyes, as he tore aside the faded piece of calico that hid the shelf let into the wall over the ikon, met the gambler's without wincing. But the next moment, fatherhood was remoter than murder from these three beings.

His whitish eye-lids half-closed, the fisherman pointed to a wide-necked glass druggist's jar upon that shelf. "Citric Acid," said its yellowed label.

Silas was the first to break out. "You—you—murderers of two hundred white-men, you devils from the Siwash hell!" he cried, gritting his teeth at the corpses. "Stole, and never used the stuff. My acid!"

He seized the jar, and held it at arm's length. The bitter hate peculiar to old age and the instincts of race burned in his eyes. Yandaw, stiffening, muttered with clenched fists. All the despair of the pitiful dark winter past, of friends and partners in pain and death, blotted charity and fatherhood from their rough minds, as it were a perversion. They felt only the eye-and-tooth justice, taught by the hard life of the North. It further goaded them that death prevented direct revenge in warm blood, since equity now lay in mutilation.

At length Amy lowered his yellow head, spoke the name of his dead wife three times quite clearly and stumbled to the box where the naked child lay. He kicked it. The infant burst into wailing crescendoes.

"We fools to come down here!" spoke out Yandaw. "And put ourselves so this d—d kid could cheat our hearts with his spulin' innocence. *Innocence! He* knew, too, *he* did."

"What 'll we do?" asked Silas simply, as the child stopped sobbing, and began to cough.

"Do?" jeered the gambler. "Leave the young devil here to starve. Hear that cough? He's got the measles now. Let him twist himself into knots while he dies of it. His flesh and blood hes murdered our flesh and blood, and it's only God's justice he should pay for it."

Amy gently laid an arm on the little man's shoulder. "No, no, no," he pleaded. "Ain't there an easier way, a *neater* way, Tom? Let's still be charitable, and save him all that pain. 'Taint his fault—not his fault—no. . . . Say, Tom, ain't you still got that knife? Out on the beach you were going to use it on his heart. Give it here, give it, give it. . . . He has a heart, I guess. He cries out of it. . . . You needn't. I'll do the trick." He felt behind the gambler's coat, and drew out his long dirk.

His lined cheeks were scarlet, his blue eyes dancing with light. Clumsily he was reaching toward the infant's box with the steel, when two violent blows sounded on the coop-like door of the cabin. "Hold a holt there," warned Silas, grasping Amy's hand. "Keep yer head. See who it is, Tom. Come in, there!" he shouted.

A couple of black ostrich plumes dipped under the low lintel, and Mrs. Fred Smith stumbled over the charred logs by the stove. In the dim squalor, with her straw-colored hair and powered red cheeks, she might herself have been a corpse just arisen. She held her black silk skirt hitched up by a sort of cable, as you see in dance-halls, and on her feet were high-heeled shoes which once had been white.

The gambler broke the tension. "We hev a job fer you, Mrs. Fred. Ever hired out as a wet nurse?"

"You lay one hand on that innocent kid"—he cried, "and you answer for it with your lives."

Drawing by E. L. Bl[illegible]schein.

The woman glared at the three a moment. Then she burst into long, loud laughter. "You'll be askin' me next if I was ever a mother, Jim," she cried in falsetto. "*I* a mother, *me* a mother. Oh. No, no, no!"

"Don't boys," warned Silas. "I don't like her laugh. You never can tell with these dope-fiends whether they take you serious or not. She's gettin' ironic now. Look out!"

Mrs. Fred fumbled in the pocket of her shiny skirt, and drew out a glass pint flask. Milk replaced whisky inside, and a rubber tube hung from the mouth. This the child reached for as she leaned over his box.

"Watch out it ain't your dope bottle, Mrs. Fred," suggested the gambler.

"Get out of here, you cradle-thieves, get out!" she challenged, squaring her shoulders at Amy, who stood with the knife still poised. "I know what you're up to. Give me that knife. I heard you from outside there, every word, you skunk-hearts. Kill the kid, would you, jest because his mother swiped that truck?" and she kicked the glass acid jar, so the white powder rose with the crash from the dirt where Silas had put it. . . . "Citric acid! Hell! It's no damned use in scurvy. Your chiney doll wife would 'a' died anyhow, Charley. . . . Kill the kid, would you, after his melting your coward hearts, so you're all to be his father, and he's too good fer a rounder like Mrs. Fred. . . . Mebbe you think I haven't been a mother in my time, and wasn't straight once. Mebbe you think that once being a mother, the lowest of us ain't a-goin' to fight dogs like *you*. Half-breed and squawman, I hate all, but this kid ain't either one yet. Plain infant he is in this brazen word of ourn, kicked out alone. . . . Did I stay on here at Sourdough to sell jumpers? Not on your wood license. Perhaps you think I ain't been down here regular, and he ain't got his bottle every day, that them blankets over the stiffs ain't mine. . . . Drop yer toad-sticker, *drop it I say*," and the woman struck Amy's arm which held the knife. Then, reaching again to her pocket, she drew out a clumsy .44 pistol, and pointed it at the fisherman's forehead.

He let his weapon fall. Instantly, Mrs. Fred burst into sobs, and fell forward over the infant's box. The men breathed long and heavily, like suffocating creatures reaching air.

"Let her lay, let her be," said Silas at last. "I told ye. She don't mean it. The dope was talking. Her fit 'll be over soon. But we'd better git away. They're likely to be worse when they come to." . . . And the three men wandered from the cabin quite as unsteadily as Mrs. Fred Smith had entered it.

When the *Excelsior* from Kodiak Island appeared off the Cape Douglas ice-foot, crawling like a black sunspot across its glare, the three men of Sourdough again sat before old Silas' store. Three weeks had passed. Still on the beach waited the cherry-wood piano. Still the blue jig-sawing of Mrs. Fred's cottage peeped from under the discouraged cottonwoods of the sandbar.

Glancing thither, Yandaw said, "Funny we ain't heard the kid tune up yet. Must be sleeping late." It was the custom of the three to wait here every morning until the orphan of Sourdough waked; then to proceed to his step-mother's with old Bill on his daily professional visit, and hear him speak authoritatively on the progress of the disease.

Not a word had been spoken for ten minutes when Amy announced his discovery of the vessel, which was to bear the companions another stage, in their old, barren dream of riches, on their endless journey through the desolate, uncertain North.

"The old tub might 'a' waited a week," growled Silas. "Measles leaves the eyes tender, and the kid's can't bear these glaciers. We'll hev to keep them covered."

"New fathers takes their duties very solemn, these days," smiled Amy. "Is it Kenai church, or the Salvation Army Barracks up to Valdez where you and Mrs. Fred get hitched?"

GATHERING SAP IN THE SUGAR BUSH.

Photograph by R. R. Sallows.

A SECOND-CLASS TRIP INTO SPAIN

BY E. C. ALLEN

WE were in Paris, with very little money, but possessed by a wild desire to see Spain. Jean vowed that she could never paint again if she did not see those masterpieces in Madrid. I said she should not go there alone to crow over me in future years. So, with eyes fixed on economy, we set ourselves to studying ways and means. The tourist agencies said that, in Spain, second-class travel was unknown for ladies; we must go first. People who had been there said that all Spanish trains were horrible. Others said that first was as bad as second, since neither had any toilet conveniences; we should go by train de luxe, paying a supplement in addition to first-class tickets. We tore our hair, figuratively, for a week; then ordered second-class tickets, Paris to Madrid and return.

Our first experience was that the clerk refunded twenty-five francs, because Spanish exchange was down, and added that ten francs more would be returned to us when we brought back the stub of our tickets. That pleased us, and we asked the hour of the trains: "Eleven in ze morning is ze best train, so long you vill go second-class."

"Is it a good train?"

"Yas. All ze French second-class is good; not ze Spanish."

"Does it go straight through to Irun (the Spanish frontier), or do we change at Bordeaux?"

"It go right along."

"But the time-table says that the train stops two hours at Bordeaux. I should think that means we ought to change?"

"Zen why you no change? You no wish to sit two hours in one train. Zat would be stupid."

We gave up asking for information, took our tickets, our time-table, our baggage—artistic as well as personal—and started, followed by the good wishes and the envy of the other students, who were longing to do likewise.

We had a compartment in a second-class corridor car, where our only companions were a middle-aged Frenchman and his daughter, who talked little, and slept much. We had thought of stopping at Tours, to see the picturesque old town, and we wondered that we did not arrive, as the time-table billed the train to reach there at three o'clock. After some hours of wondering, we discovered that St. Jean de Corps, which we had passed some ways back, was the junction for Tours. We decided that we never really had cared to see Tours, and we rode on, with doubts as to the reliability of the time-table, or our ability to work it out.

About six we came to Poictiers, and as the train slowly approached that quaint place, and we saw the cliffs rising above us, with the curious houses wandering over them, we had visions of Richard Yea and Nay with his princely retinue, and we grieved that we had not planned to stop there, and to look longer at the silver river as it took its way past the gray cliffs on one side, and the green meadows on the other.

A little later a man opened the door and thrust in a long tin affair, about two inches high and half the length of the compartment. We jumped, and I said, "What in the world is that?"

The Frenchman, in great surprise, explained courteously, that it was a foot warmer, and filled with hot water. Not until long after did we realize that he would

Corner of street market, one of the "Pottery Sections."

We reached Irun at six with fear and trembling. We had heard that they spoke nothing but Spanish there and were very rude and severe about the customs. But we fared well. A porter seized our bags and marching ahead of us into the station, deposited them on the usual long counter in front of the officials. These were an imposing-looking sight in their black uniforms set off with silver and white. They were most polite in gesture, but they made us open every single thing, except the paint boxes. They jabbered and gesticulated so much over the six-foot roll of canvas that we were prepared to have it confiscated altogether. We said we were "pintors," "pintores"—uncertain whether we were calling ourselves painters or pictures—and tried to insinuate that it was for our own use only. In vain! They made us sign our names to various stamped papers, passed us through the hands of different officials, including one old woman, and let us off for eight and a half pesetas—about a dollar and a half, according to the exchange.

Next, our friend the porter, put all our things into a second-class compartment, while we (who had been afraid to bring a trunk to Spain, lest the lock be picked and the contents stolen, such tales had we heard of Spanish thefts), we, I say, left all those bags, with not a soul to watch them, and went back into the station for breakfast. There we found a clean dressing room where we washed and felt much refreshed. In the dining room, a sleepy waiter brought us coffee, of a nondescript variety, and rolls. For some unknown reason, he de-

remember us as those two peculiar foreigners, who had been brought up in a country without even the comforts of foot warmers!

Just before we reached Bordeaux, after our companions had bowed themselves politely out, a Catholic sister appeared at the door of the compartment, and asked if we were going farther that night. We said yes, to Irun. She was on her way to Lourdes, and she hoped that we could all be together, as it was very trying for a *religieuse* to travel alone, especially at night. So we kindly agreed to take her under our wing. But, fancy two Protestants, unmarried, Americans, chaperoning a French Catholic nun.

We were agreeably surprised to find a large, well-lighted station at Bordeaux, with a fine restaurant, ready to serve anything even at the late hour of eleven. We invited the sister to dine with us, but she would take only bread and coffee, and spent most of the time writing a letter to her superior.

We received much more attention while we were with her than we should had we been alone. The guards, the waiters, even some of the passengers bowed low to Madame *ma soeur,* and tried to do everything they could to help her.

scended upon us just as we had begun to eat and bore the saucers away with him.

After breakfast we went to the car, which was unlike any I saw in France. It had a door at either end, an aisle through the middle, and eight compartments, with low-backed wooden seats facing each other. The car was also divided into two parts and had a door in the middle. So that, except that it had no dressing room, no state room, no upholstered seats, springs, nor comforts generally, it was rather like a Pullman in shape, allowing for many differences. There was also a platform, railed in, on one end. This is not a typical Spanish car. I have seen but this one: no one else has seen any. I think it must have escaped from some other country as a sample. But this is not a plausible theory, because Spanish tracks are narrower than those of other countries, to prevent, in case of war, a hostile power from rushing troops straight down into Spain. As the tracks are built at present, every person, and package, must change cars at the frontier.

The Spanish train averages possibly twenty miles an hour—to allow one to make time exposures of the scenery, perhaps. It makes frequent and long waits. At every station the guards run up and down, shouting the name of the town, and the number of minutes for each stop. At every station also the two military guards, who accompany each train, descend and walk around the cars, looking to see that no robbers are concealed. As there is at least one stop an hour these guards get some exercise, before the day is over. They say this custom was adopted to drive away any brigands, who might be concealed in or under the train, and that it has been successful. These military guards are very fine-looking men, and wear an impressive uniform. We saw more than one black-eyed señorita look approvingly after them, as they passed by.

The only other passengers were a French lady and her little girl. They spoke both French and Spanish, and had about as many packages as we had. In addition they had a huge wooden box which occupied the whole of one seat, and on which they had piled many clothes. They told us they had worn or carried all those garments to save the Spanish duties, which are very high on unworn or new goods. Evidently Americans are not the only people who have trouble with import taxes.

We had been told we would have to change trains several times before reaching Madrid, and we had planned to spend a day or a night in each place we changed cars. But the French lady said that would not be necessary, as our car went directly through. So we decided to go as far as Burgos, before stopping.

At first the car seemed comfortable, and we had room enough. We had not in-

People you meet in the streets.

Where some Spanish women wash their clothes.

tended to travel on Sunday, but because of our many changes of plans we found we were spending that day on the train. I suppose it was a just retribution on us—the crowds that began to pour in. All the population, it being Sunday, turned out in their best clothes to see the train. When any villager traveled, the rest of the town came into the car to say good-bye. They said it so many times, and at such length, that we were always afraid some one would be carried off. But no one was, although they sometimes returned to the car several times to say a last good-bye.

It was wonderful how polite the French lady was to all the newcomers, and yet how she managed to keep most of the space to herself, She was very indignant with us, by the way, because we had not the nerve to preëmpt as many seats as she did. It was amusing to see the Spaniards address each newcomer with protestations that the car was already crowded and that they really ought not to enter. Then the newcomers would reply, with no hurt feelings, that it was impossible to go elsewhere. Everyone would settle down in peace, only to all join forces against the next stranger.

None of the changing population of the car seemed as disagreeable as we had thought possible, and all tried to be polite to us. But every man smoked the eternal cigarette. Occasionally the air would get quite thick; then we would stand on the platform, or open a window, to which the Spaniards did not object, as the French often do. The guide books told us it was Spanish etiquette to offer a portion of any eatables to the other passengers. We decided, however, that the book was out of date as we offered one of the children candy; her parents thanked us, but refused. Moreover, no one offered us a share of his food. A fact which pleased us, for the lunches of our fellow travelers looked hearty, but not appetizing. What looked like cold omelet, seemed a favorite dish.

The day wore slowly by. The railway restaurants were delicious surprises At eleven we stopped for dinner. Before each place was a pile of plates. As each course was eaten that plate was removed and the next course served without delay. What we ate I do not know, but it was all very good. We began with soup, and ended with cheese and coffee. Between, there were delicious mixtures with chicken, rice, or macaroni for a basis. Nor were théy flavored with garlic.

The French lady had assured us that we would not be crowded through the night, as most of the passengers would get off at Burgos. So, again, we decided not to break the journey. During our wait at Burgos we walked up and down the platform, saw the glory of the sunset over the hills, admired, from a distance, the rich façade of the cathedral, whose towers, rising like fine needles against the sky, had been the first intimation that we were nearing the town. After a cup of coffee we returned to the car, and the number of people in that car was appalling! Even the French lady had had to succumb! Her box was down on the floor, there were two or three men, hunters, with their guns and bags, in her section. The car was billed to hold twenty people (if every one sat close together and the end ones let their feet hang out in the aisle). It actually had, when we returned to it, fourteen grown people, two babies, two bird-cages, three dogs, to say nothing of baggage, dead rabbits, and tobacco smoke. Our eyes nearly fell out of our heads, could such a thing be possible, when we saw the melee in which we were evidently destined to spend the night. But we were no worse off than the others, for the section which we had preëmpted held only ourselves, a girl, and a parrot. Our eight bags, bundles, paint boxes, shawl-straps, and roll of canvas did not count.

Fortunately, about nine o'clock, the hunters removed themselves and their impedimenta. Then the remaining Spaniards did nothing for some minutes but abuse the dogs, the hunters, and, above all, the railroads for allowing such overcrowding, gesticulating as violently as only foreigners can. They finally quieted down, and busied themselves arranging places for the children to sleep.

During the night the grown people slept little, for new travelers were constantly seeking places in the already crowded cars. About midnight a man came in, seated himself, changed his heavy boots for slippers, and wrapping his black cloak around him in such a way as to hide his

head, settled himself to sleep. Jean sat up with a start. She had wakened from a bad dream to find herself confronted by a shape that, to her sleepy imagination, looked like a representation of Death. For a moment she really thought her last hour had come. No other excitement, however, broke that weary night ride.

We were awake early, naturally, and we had a good chance to see the country. The guide books say that the approach to Madrid is barren and uninteresting, but we did not find it so. It is barren, but is not uninteresting. There are hardly any signs of cultivation; no fields, no gardens; low, bushy trees occasionally; plenty of rocks and mountains. The villages seem to be located either near the few streams in this part of Spain, or forced to depend on irrigation. They say the country looks very like California; stretches of desert and mountain ranges, with plain square adobe houses clustered around a church tower.

But unusual as the journey had been, we were not at all sorry to come slowly puffing into the large station at Madrid at seven in the morning, just forty-four hours after we had left Paris.

We soon found a porter who put us, with all our belongings, into a cab, which took us to the boarding house where we had engaged rooms. When we reached the apartment it was closed. In time, in much time, for there is no such thing as Spanish haste, we found that our particular landlady had departed to her country house, leaving word that we were expected to go to the home of her sister. There, after some wandering, we arrived, and were greeted like long-lost friends by the prettiest of Spanish señoritas, whose mother had the face of a Madonna, and who assured us in very slow, but distinct Spanish, that she was a mother to all the Americans.

Our apartment was said to be on the third floor, but as Spaniards count neither the ground floor nor the entresol, and we climbed four flights each time we ascended to our room, we thought that it ought to be called the fifth. Our room was on the street, and it was a never-ending amusement to stand on our tiny balcony and to watch the people, although our view-point was somewhat high.

Other people on that street, one of the chief business thoroughfares, running out from the Puerto del Sol, hung all their washings on their balconies. But our hostess was more advanced, for her laundry, which included those of the family and her guests, were hung in the court, or air shaft, between the kitchen and the laundry. So that it was not absolutely necessary to send a list; the garments could be counted while one ate.

The streets of Madrid were a constant surprise—perhaps I should say the appearance of the town as a whole. We had heard that it was a comparatively modern city, that it had no interesting nooks like those of Paris or London; that, outside of the glorious picture gallery, there was little to be seen. But to us it was all interesting. The buildings in the main streets were like those of Paris; row after row of apartment houses that seemed pervaded with a pinky, yellow tinge rather than the blue gray tone of Paris. The windows of the shops were fascinating, full of costly stuff, rich designs, and rare ornaments. The Spaniard evidently has an exquisite eye for color.

I speak of the shops as if they were unique, and yet they are but small reproductions of Paris or London, New York or Chicago. There were few goods distinctly Spanish for sale. It was only in the side streets that we found the gay cloths they use for saddle cloths; the nodding worsted ball that adorn the heads of the donkeys; the straw slippers that the peasants wear; the castanets; the tambourines, tied with bright red and yellow ribbons.

The streets vary greatly in width. Those that run out from the Puerto del Sol—the huge square in the middle of the city—are wide and fairly well paved, but in other parts of the city they are narrow, crooked and very steep. The wide boulevards near the park are beautiful, and the crowds that throng them are of every description. And always, night or day, the streets are full of people. Often did we take to the street in despair of ever getting through the crowd that was approaching us on the sidewalk.

Some one has well divided the inhabitants of Madrid into two classes: those who go to bed after three A.M. and those who get up before four. It is true that the streets are never quiet. The stone cut-

The old town of Mendon.

ters, who were mending the sidewalk, began chipping at daybreak. Next we heard the electric cars, with their loud gongs, and the mule-carts, clattering over the noisy cobblestones. By breakfast time the sound of the hurdy-gurdy echoed in our ears. Street fakirs shouted their wares, and singing beggars, with their weird yodel, roamed up and down all day. Just before dinner the women who cry lottery tickets and evening papers took their stand at the corner, and their stentorian voices never stopped until after midnight. Madrid carries no latchkey. The concierge holds it by day, the street watchman by night. Consequently the hours of sleep were constantly broken by the sound of handclapping, followed by the quick, heavy step of the watchman in response to this mediæval summons. Altogether, I unhesitatingly pronounce against Madrid as a rest cure. It is by far the noisest place I was ever in.

Most of the women walking wore the mantilla, which, as some one says, adds interest to the ugliest face, and makes a Madonna out of every pretty one. The poorest people go bareheaded, but of whatsoever class, the hair is beautifully dressed. A Spanish lady rarely goes into the street alone. Either her duenna or some relative is constantly with her, as she goes often to mass, rarely to shop or walk. Those who drive wear Parisian hats. But no one wears a hat to a bull fight, always the mantilla. And to the gala bull fights a white mantilla. Once a year, on Good Friday, every woman, even the queen, wears the mantilla as she walks to church. They told us that no carriage was driven on that day.

Horses and carriages are many, and handsomely equipped. To be sure, one occasionally sees a team of mules in front of a fine carriage, or a footman smoking a cigarette, as he waits in front of the shop door, but these are differences that prove Madrid to be not alone a modern city, but the descendant of that place which Philip II decreed should be the capitol of all Spain. Unlike Topsy, Madrid did not grow, but was created on a hill top, by a despot's fiat, to the dismay of his subjects.

The Spaniards are a handsome race. The men are tall, superbly proportioned, with faces full of character. They seemed so powerful in every way, that it was an endless wonder to us that the Cuban War had ended so quickly. We were told that it was a question of money, and of intrigues, not of personal bravery or endurance. We thought, when we heard some of the stories that were told us that the dense ignorance of the lower classes might have something to do with it. For instance, in a little village about two hours north of Madrid, where we went to spend the day with some Spanish friends, there was one stone house, especially strong. In this, because it could be most easily defended, all the women and children were to be placed when the Americans, after landing in the Bay of Biscay, should march southward to Madrid, dealing death and destruction as they went.

Again, we heard that in Seville the statue of Columbus was pelted by the mob, because they claimed that he was the cause of the war. For did not Columbus discover Cuba? And if Cuba had not been discovered there could have been no war with America. Consequently, Columbus was, very evidently, the true cause of all their misfortunes.

To us, the most interesting time to see Madrid streets was just after sunset, when the glow was still lingering in the West, with its reflection in the East, and the electric lights were slowly asserting themselves as great orbs of light, almost rivaling the moon herself. Then to stroll up and down those crowded streets, and to realize that out of all those people hardly one could speak a word of English, gave us a sense of eeriness hard to explain.

How we filled all our time I cannot remember, yet we were always busy. Jean worked in the picture gallery until it closed at four. While she painted I was supposed to study Spanish, and when I could talk a little with the servants I was proud indeed.

"Did you find out why Maria was so late this morning with the coffee?" Jean asked me one day.

"Certainly," said I with dignity. "But I am not quite sure whether it was because she had been married, or had a cold, or was too tired."

Jean stared. "Well, of all crazy fools!" she ejaculated. But whether she referred to me or to Maria I did not ask.

Besides studying Spanish I visited the

galleries, roamed about the city, hunted for old brass in the rag market, tried to exchange money when the rates were most profitable, and did some very mild shopping. My errands took a great deal of time, for I had to satisfy the courteous curiosity of each clerk as to why I was in Madrid, how I liked it, where my home was, surely not in the America of the North, was I quite well since I had last been in the shop, did I not find the climate trying. At four, Jean would return; we would have tea in our spacious but dingy sitting room, and perhaps a friend would drop in. Sometimes we would make up a party for one of the cafés, where we would enjoy having our chocolate in true Spanish style. Always the day was closed by an interminable table d'hôte which began after eight.

Street stand, where, in season, are sold ripe figs and roasted chestnuts.

Of the Prado Museum, that glorious picture gallery, the chief wonder of Spain, whose treasures we heard she had refused to sell even in her deepest financial reverses, I do not feel like attempting to describe in this frivolous essay. But of some points in its management you may like to hear. Until recently it had been closed on rainy days. Now, the public is admitted free, daily. We were in Madrid during the fall and early winter. As the city is between three and four thousand feet high, the winds began to grow cold, and the sun made little impression on the great stone buildings. Imagine, then, the joy of the artists who were copying in the galleries, to hear that a steam plant had been installed, and to feel the genial warmth that began to steal through the pipes. After a week of this the weather grew cold, likewise the steam pipes. On inquiry it was found that the Spaniards had collected enough money to put in the plant, and during the warmer October weather had tested it. In November they announced that it had cost so much that they would have to wait until the next winter for the fuel. So the artists were forced to take to overcoats and furs while they worked. Yet I feel discourteous in telling this story, for the restrictions on working in the Prado are very few, and the artists are allowed much more liberty than in many European collections.

It was about this time that we found our first boarding house very cold. Stone floors are picturesque but chilly. Braziers are futile, exasperating, and productive of bad language and vitiated air. Consequently, we looked for warmer quarters. One of our acquaintances said, "Do as I do. Buy a little stove, have your landlady take out a window pane, refill it with tin, put your pipe through that, and there you are." We saw several such arrangements, now that our attentions had been

called to them, and in high glee we proposed the scheme to our landlady. Alas! We had not reckoned on the law, which, on streets of certain widths or in houses with overhanging cornices, very properly, does not permit stovepipes to be poked through windows.

After further hunting we moved across the street to a place where we could have a southern exposure, and there, with an occasional brasier, we could be quite comfortable. Our second abiding place was a fair Spanish hotel. I think that we were the only Americans who had ever been there—North Americans that is. Certainly no one, proprietor, servant, or guest, spoke a word of English. The head waiter spoke to us in French, but otherwise Spanish was the language of the house. The guests wondered at us and scorned us. I think one or two mammas thought we ought not to be allowed to stay in the same house as their daughters—an opinion hardly to be wondered at, when one realizes that, unknowingly, we probably broke all Spanish rules for good manners and appropriate behavior.

Gradually, as I said, I learned a little Spanish. Not much, but enough to make the sensation of my life one night at dinner. I had heard one man say to another, "Do those Americans speak no Spanish?" To which the other replied, "I think they know a few phrases, but they do not understand much." I felt like calling out, "You are right, sir." For that was the difficulty with my Spanish; I could reel off a few sentences, but hardly a reply could I understand. They never agreed with my Spanish phrase-book.

But that night, of which I am speaking, an old gentleman next me said something. I thought he asked me for an orange, so I pushed the dish toward him. "No, no," he said, "they are too bitter."

Seeing that he was trying to talk to me, I said. in the best Spanish I could manage, "I do not speak Spanish, Señor, only French and English." Unfortunately he was deaf, so I had to repeat my sentence very loud. Immediately the eyes of twenty men and women were fixed upon me. In the sudden shock every knife, fork, or tooth-pick, was held suspended. For a moment everyone was motionless—some, I am sure, through a guilty consciousness of remarks made about us. But my friend would not stop.

"You are strangers here?"

"Yes, Señor."

"From France?"

"No, Señor, America."

"And what are you doing here?" Renewed interest on the part of the table; evidently all had wondered, had doubtless discussed it.

"I am here with my friend, Señor. She paints in the galleries."

"And you do nothing?"

"Nothing, Señor." The table seemed puzzled. I was not old enough for a duenna. There was still a mystery.

"Where is your friend working?"

"In the Prado, Señor. She is copying 'The Idiot.'"

"A friend told me that a young English girl was making a fine copy of 'The Idiot.' But your friend is not English, then?"

"No, Señor, American." I turned, since I was evidently expected to pass on the compliment. "Jean, this gentleman says that his friends tell him you are making a fine copy of 'The Idiot'."

"Now don't make an idiot of yourself," returned Jean, unexpectedly, "by believing all that old boy tells you."

"Señor," said I, praying in my inmost soul that no one there did know English, "my friend, the señorita, thanks you much for the compliment."

"It is no compliment, señorita, but the truth."

"I wish," broke in the irrepressible Jean, "that you would stop hobnobbing with that old boy. You are not telling him what I said anyway. I know you, if I don't know Spanish."

"How do you like Madrid?" persisted the "old boy."

"It is very beautiful," said I. "We like it much." The table was beginning to approve, but, "Do stop talking fairy tales," said Jean, not understanding in the least. Luckily I could stop, as dinner was just over. But, oh, how I wished I could know what was being said about us after we left the dining-room.

From what we saw, and from what happened to us, I made up a page of Spanish etiquette. It is probably not correct, but I offer it as the result of our experiences. Other people may have had dif-

ferent impressions. If you are of the female sex, never wear a short skirt, a sailor or English walking-hat, unless you are willing to have people stare at you, and sometimes call after you. If you have r d hair dye it, or be prepared to be saluted as "Rubia." Never bow to a man, unless he lifts his hat first. If you are a man, you may dress as an Englishman, an operatic tenor or a chorus singer from Carmen, without exciting remark. Never wear glasses; if you are blind, take to a dog on a string. When you sit down at the table, or arise, always bow and say, "Buenas," this is imperative. You may jostle people without apology, but never speak to any one without saying "your grace," be he noble, friend, or beggar. "Will your grace do me the favor to bring me my coffee at nine o'clock to-morrow," would strike an American bell-boy with dismay. But it is the literal translation of the Spanish request. Never tell a beggar to clear out, but say that you have left your purse at home, and that you will remember him to-morrow; or, gently murmur that God will reward him, whereat he will smile, thank you, and depart.

These same beggars, which spring up on every side, seem to have a code of etiquette we could not fathom. After two or three days, there were a few who begged only from me, two or three others who besought Jean. Evidently we were understood to be the patrons of certain beggars who, out of a crowd of mendicants, were the only ones to approach us, who would take their dole with thanks, or if we said "to-morrow," would, smilingly, back away at once.

Spanish milkman—always smoking.

A trip into Spain ought to mean more than sketches of life, as we saw it, in a single city. Yet it was our pleasure to linger on in Madrid—with the exception of three days spent in Toledo and the Escorial—for the whole of our two months' holiday, and to return direct to Paris without seeing any of the southern country so beloved by other tourists. So, can any one wonder that, to us, Spain means Madrid, the city of marvelous contrasts.

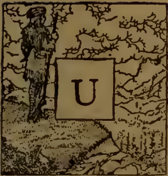
Photograph by T. E. Marr.

JUST ABLE TO SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE—Young herons three weeks old.

THE FIRST FAMILIES OF CHICAGO

VI—PIONEER WOMEN OF THE WEST

BY AGNES C. LAUT



UNTIL the coming of the railway, all roads led past Mackinac. Westbound travelers passed through the little white-washed post at the Straits on their way to Fort Snelling, or the fur country of Wisconsin, or St. Louis, or to that scattered conglomeration of barracks and cabins on the west shores of Lake Michigan on the little river called after the wild onion or the polecat—Chicago.

So swift has been the development of the American West, it is easier to realize the conditions of a London or a New York a hundred years ago than of cities in the West like Chicago and San Francisco. A century ago, New York was New York and London, London; but all that existed of Chicago was Fort Dearborn, with some three or four log cabins housing traders who had come across Lake Michigan from Detroit. Where the multitudinous roar of traffic rises from the lake front to-day, reigned then only the silence of the primeval, the lapping of a sluggish river winding its way through the alderberry bushes of the shifting sand hills! Frequently, the wolf packs became so rampant against the cattle of the fort, that the officers would unleash their wolf hounds to pursue full hue and cry; and it is said that any time in the summer along what are now the streets of Chicago you could pick off as many wildfowl—waterwitch and teal and duck—as you had charges of powder and shot. Soldiers were kept on guard against the crows and the blackbirds that warred on the crop of corn. Wild deer abounded in the snow-padded swamps during the winter; and hunters used to robe themselves in sheets and bag all the venison they could carry, in a few hours shooting.

"There were only a dozen families in Chicago in 1831," declaimed a proud inhabitant of the Windy City, addressing an anniversary audience in 1854. "That was the entire population of Chicago. Now" (one can mentally see the swelling orator expanding his chest), "now the city numbers more than 60,000 people! I have never spent much time reading fiction; but if there is anything in that dreamy literature more astonishing than these facts, I have never heard of it." What would the proud citizen think if he could come back to-day and find Chicago with a population of almost two millions?

Travelers bound for the Mississippi, usually struck from Mackinac up Green Bay and across Wisconsin; but families destined for the little frontier post stuck at the back of beyond in Chicago might go to the head of Lake Michigan by two ways. Changing boats at Mackinac, they could go south in some of the peltry schooners. This way was never popular until after the advent of steamers. The other way was up Green Bay and across the heavily forested lands of Wisconsin as far as Winnebago, then south by horseback along an Indian trail past the Four Lakes (Madison), easterly to Chicago.

From Mackinac to Green Bay, Astor's American Fur Company kept a fleet of from a dozen to a score of big Mackinaw boats under command of bluff Jo Rolette. The boats were from thirty to fifty feet long, with canvas awning amidships shading fur cargo and passengers and provision baskets

and such motley freightage as family silver from New England and four-poster pianos from New York, and old-fashioned lumbering, ponderous bedsteads built for the aggravation of the home-mover's soul. For the passengers, the Fur Company provided sumptuous fare—mess baskets packed with ham and wildfowl, and bread and butter, and cheese, and tea, and chocolate, and eggs and brandy. The voyageurs' allowance consisted of biscuit, pork and brandy. Tents, cot beds and camp stoves were carried along for the passengers. Robert Stuart, who was in charge of the American Fur Company at Mackinac, always sent his bourgeois out garbed point device as masters distinct from men—heavy frock coat, white pantaloons, buff leggings, satin waistcoat, what we would to-day call stove-pipe hat, and overcoat of heavy capes lined with red and blue silks. Equally picturesque was the costume of the voyageurs—colored cotton shirts, blue trousers, red sashes and red handkerchiefs binding back their hair. Sometimes when the season was inclement, the bourgeois would don voyageurs' garb and take potluck of all hardships with the men, leaping to mid-waist in spring flood to steady the boats up stream, leading the boatmen's songs, sharing the rough fare and taking part in the hilarious horseplay enacted at every night camp, partly to keep the spirits of the men up, partly because the washed air of the wilderness goes to the head like champagne. Forerunners went to pick night camp and have the fire blazing; and many of the place names round the Upper Lakes can be traced to the rousing escapades of those campings. Boat landing was the signal for such pitched battles as boys and girls have in the nursery with pillows. Hard tack flew like hail. Then eggs rained with yellow disaster to their targets, and cot beds would be sent swimming out on the waves of the Grand Traverse. Every aim that found a victim was greeted with shouts from the voyageurs; and Mrs. Baird, of Mackinac, tells how at one camping place a bourgeois had gone ahead on pretense of picking out good quarters. As the flotilla of boats swerved in to the landing, it was noticed that the gentleman's frock coat and white duck pantaloon pockets bulged suspiciously. It couldn't be stones, for that would not be fair play; and it would not be biscuit, for the provision baskets were still on the boats. Did some one whisper "Eggs?" With a rush, the newcomers seized their trickster, and squeezed him till all the fattened pockets flattened, sending streams of egg yellow down frock coat and white trousers. That camping place became known as Egg Harbor.

The Grand Traverse across the bay must be made in calm weather; but calm did not necessarily mean windless. At the slightest puff of air, up went sails; and the Mackinaws glided away westward over the blue lake like the fleet of a regatta. The strings of islands down the Michigan shore were literally gardens of wild roses all June and July; and spite of the peck of dirt incidental to camp meals and the sun-burning winds playing havoc with soft complexions, many a woman had never known what the breath of freedom meant and the joyousness of that freedom till she struck away from Mackinac for the plunge into the wilderness that led toward Chicago.

This way came the First Families of Chicago to their heritage—the Kinzies and the Hamiltons and the Hubbards, and Jo Bailley, whose daughter had married Biddle up at Mackinac, and Antoine Oulimette, of St. Lawrence lineage, and Captain Scott, who had come down from Fort Snelling, and the Beaubiens, whose lives for twenty years were almost the life of Chicago.

Later—in 1835—when a string of fifty canvas-top wagons a day pushed westward from Pennsylvania and New York and New England across Ohio and Indiana and Michigan—more people came to Chicago overland than by the Mackinac route; but that overland route was a deal too dangerous for family travel in early days. Pontiac's Wars and the War of 1812 and the Black Hawk War of 1831-2 set hostiles swarming on the settlers' trail like angry hornets. Says the Rev. Alfred Brunson, pioneer circuit preacher of Wisconsin, journeying overland in October, 1835: "This day, Sunday, we reached Apple River (Ill.), Here was a fort in the late Indian wars (1832) defended by the inhabitants. About two hundred

Indians under Black Hawk, attacked this fort, defended by about forty men and boys, besides a few women. A Mrs. Armstrong, now Mrs. Graham, assumed command on April 6, 1832. She had some women making cartridges, others loading guns for the men to fire, while she drove round the fort like a fury, cursing like a pirate. She had all the children put in one room and one woman with a club in her hand appointed to guard them, with strict orders to keep them from crying, lest the Indians should think they were frightened and be encouraged. The Indians heard her hallooing at the men, and knowing her voice said afterwards that she was very mad. The Indians were defeated, while but one was killed and one wounded at the fort. The bravery of this woman saved the fort; but 'tis a great drawback on her credit she was so profane."

Mrs. John Kinzie.

This little episode makes plain why the overland route to Illinois was perilous and the families, who could afford it, came by way of Mackinac. Fort Howard on Green Bay was the place leading over the edge to nowhere.

The big Mackinaws were now exchanged for smaller boats to ascend Fox River, and a pilot from the little Rapids came to conduct the fleet upstream. Kakalin the first day, twenty miles; Grand Chute or Appleton the second, another twenty miles; then Winnebago Lake, then Fort Winnebago or Portage City at the Portage—that was the usual itinerary. The voyageurs sang as they paddled, pausing only for "a pipe," and measuring the length of each portage by the number of "pipes" smoked on the run. The wilder the rapids, the louder the bronzed fellows shouted their acceptance of the river's challenge! The bourgeois dealt out a dram of brandy all round. The voyageurs gave a whoop, and it was either up the rapids working waist-deep to drag the boats along, or "*a terre! a terre!* to land! to land!" for passengers to disembark and lighten craft. Then, "*pousse au large!* push out! push out my men"; and all are on the water again singing light hearted as larks. When Mrs. Van Cleve's mother passed this way to Fort Snelling early in the century, there was no fort at Winnebago, but by 1831, besides the barracks, there had gathered here the clustered buildings of Indian agency and traders. Here dwelt for brief intervals many of the First Families of Chicago, among them John Kinzie and his bride.

To-day it is a matter of a few hours to travel from central Wisconsin to Chicago. Then it was a matter of life and death, and

weeks. John Kinzie and his bride set out from Winnebago on horseback for Chicago in March of 1831. They were accompanied by two French guides with an ox-cart conveying a canoe. Hunting knives and drinking cups were slung from saddles, but though the husband had warned his wife that Eastern fashion was not exactly always suitable for wilderness travel, Mrs. Kinzie began her journey in the conventional stiff riding gown of ample skirt and jacket too spare for warmth. Disaster came at once. At Duck Creek, the ice had broken. Kinzie placed his wife and her trunk in the canoe, and had stepped in himself to swim the horses along in tow, when a pair of greyhounds at one bound alighted on the edge of the canoe, overturned the frail craft, dumping trunk, lady and all amid the floating ice. Kinzie rescued his wife; the men, the trunk; and the future grand dame of Chicago was carried across the stream swathed in a waterlogged riding skirt that froze stiff as boards in the cold March wind. On the far shore, they paused only to change boots and then rode forward at furious pace, swoshing wet on their steaming horses. That night they camped in an oak grove on a little stream flowing into the first of the Four Lakes, a sheltered knoll set like an emerald jewel amid the shining azure of the lakes—a favorite camping ground for Indians, or what is now known as the city of Madison. Where the oaks and tepees stood but seventy years ago, to-day stands the dome of a state capitol, with a seat of learning whither throng four thousand students. Mrs. Kinzie sank exhausted to a bearskin rug. Husband and guides got a roaring fire going of grass and punk. Then the kettle was swung, the coffee brewed and ham broiled. Though the entire table utensils consisted of knife and cup, one can guess how that meal tasted. While Mrs. Kinzie dried her clothes by instalments before the fire, the guides washed dishes. That is, they rinsed kettles and cups with dry grass for a dishcloth. How did this tenderly nurtured Eastern woman not die of exposure? Because one does not die of fresh air and fresh water, however chatteringly cold. One dies of germs, and germs have their habitat in stuffy houses and unclean cities.

Next day was compensation for first mishap. The country was rolling prairie, interspersed by groves, aerial and unreal in glistening coat of frost that shone like diamonds in the sun. The atmosphere was calm; and the ice-glazed drifts rolled and shimmered in the March glare like the glistered waves of a ceaseless sea. It is a sensation which—if you have too much of it—means snow blindness; but in the purified air of a washed day-dawn gives you much the same intoxicated feeling as chasing over waves in a good sailboat. You don't realize the pace you are going till you notice how drunkenly the sky-line of trees is racing behind: Then you haven't time to think how tired you are or to take inventory of aches signalling to slow-up; for you have to watch every instant to dodge branches that would sweep you from the saddle. The second night, when they halted at Colonel Morrison's, Mrs. Kinzie almost dropped from the saddle with exhaustion, but a good night's sleep restored strength; and they set off the third day at the same hard pace. Snow began to fall. A bitter wind was blowing. The trail meandered off in swamps and woods. John Kinzie, who had often traveled this way when a boy, knew they should have crossed Rock River, but they hadn't. They were lost, though they had ridden more than fifty miles. The wind cut like whips, and the snowstorms wiped out every trace of trail. John Kinzie sent the guides on to hunt for signs of road or settlement, while he pitched camp, no easy task in a hurricane that flapped the canvas like a mast flag in a gale, blowing the tent every which way. Once under the canvas walls with the tent flaps laced tight and heavy stones placed on the tent skirt to strengthen pegs, Kinzie and wife thought to laugh at wind and weather as they heard the storm outside heaping the sleeted snow more and more heavily on the slant roof; but presto! Snap went the tepee poles under the weight, and down came roof and drifts on the inmates. While Mrs. Kinzie stood shivering in the sleet that cut like shot, about as miserable as a woman could be, her husband was cutting fresh tent poles. Damp and wretched, all were eager to break camp next morning, though the snow was falling heavily and there was

not a sign to guide the travelers. The snowfall grew gusty. Over the wind-swept knolls the wanderers could see the gaunt wolves following and watching. That day's jaunt was not cheerful, especially toward nightfall, when the storm became boisterous. Suddenly, one of the guides rushed back through the dusk with the shout, "*une cloture! une cloture!* a fence! a fence!" and the crowing of a barnyard rooster came through the night air with sound more musical than voice of nightingale. A moment later they were at a cluster of cabins. A man was splitting wood at the door. They greeted him and entered. A woman in calico dress was rocking a bread-trough extemporized into a cradle. She seemed paralyzed at sight of the newcomers, and did not urge them to take off their wraps, but explained she was not the mistress of the house, only the wife of one of the miners here working for "Billy" Hamilton—in other words, for Col. William Hamilton, of New York, son of Alexander Hamilton, the great statesman. By some trick of fate, Hamilton had drifted out to the wilderness and laid the foundation for more or less fortune, sending cattle from Illinois by way of Chicago to Green Bay and Mackinac and Fort Snelling. This is the Hamilton whose daughter is said to have had the honor of being the first white child born in Chicago. I do not vouch for the statement, but it is universally given by authorities. The blowing of a horn called the miners to supper. While the storm raged outside, the evening was passed reading aloud a biography of Hamilton's father. If a wonder passed through Mrs. Kinzie's mind where so many people would sleep in so small a bunk-house, the action of her hostess solved the puzzle. Cords were stretched across the room from log to log. On these, sheets and coats and mats were hung as partitions. Mattresses and bear-skins were then thrown on the floor. Good nights were said, and the crowded tenants disappeared between the partitions. To Mrs. Kinzie, fresh from the East, this was frontiering it with a vengeance.

Next morning, Hamilton accompanied them twenty-five miles back on the trail. He was a furious rider. It was a rough, broken country, with steep ravines and much brushwood. What with the big fashionable hat of the bride from the East and the long trailing riding skirt catching on branches and the tricks of the ponies bolting past one another, this must have been one of the hardest days of Mrs. Kinzie's apprenticeship to pioneering. That night and the next they again slept in cabins with curtain partitions, and as an index to the sleepers' comfort it may be added that in the last cabin all the water jugs froze solid. Two days' riding brought them at last to Rock River, and the ponies crowding away from the ice-float almost repeated the feat of the hounds with the canoe.

They had now been seven days on horseback, and the remainder of the trail lay due southeast, almost straight as the crow flies, but as the crow flies lay swamp lands, and the second day east from Rock River there wasn't any trail visible to the naked eye, only marsh and swamp and muskeg, with ice at the edges sharp as a knife, and the swimming waters became black with wildfowl.

Where were they? Is this a fairy tale of the Picts and Scots four hundred years before the Christian era? It *is* a fairy tale —a fairy tale that is true and stranger than fiction. They were within a few miles of what is now the city of Chicago.

A ridge of prairie jutted up through the sea of swamp, and for this the travelers steered with that uncomfortable sensation of never knowing when the plunge of their horses' forefeet would throw them headlong or whether when hind feet began to sink riders would not have to dismount in the water to save the horses. On the prairie were the remains of an Indian village, but not the sign of a trail, and snow was beginning to fall in big blinding flakes. The wayfarers halted for the night, though there was not food for another day and the dogs were whining with hunger. One of the guides turned the food bag upside down and shook it. Three crackers fell out. He passed them over to Mrs. Kinzie.

At nine next morning they found themselves on the banks of a broad river chortling with ice. On the far side were Indian huts, but the Kinzie's could get no answering signal to their shouts. Hour after hour till late in the day they followed down the bank of the Fox River. Sud-

Chicago in 1831—Drawn by Mrs. Kinzie.

denly their horses pricked forward ears and snorted, while the dogs set up a growling. Two squaws emerged from the brushwood. Kinzie made them understand that he wanted to get his wife across the river. They pointed to a wabbly, leaky canoe scarcely big enough for one person. This was an occasion when a town woman might be expected to put her spouse on tenter hooks by a bad attack of hysterics or raw-edged nervous perversity, but that is one of the things a pioneer woman had to learn not to do—not to bring her town nerve-edges with her to the wilderness, and Mrs. Kinzie stepped bravely into the canoe. The bulky squaws signaled her to lie down so she would be out of the way. They then took their places at the ends, squatting flat Indian style and punted the leaky craft through the snowstorm amid the ice float across to the other side.

Numb and heartsick, Mrs. Kinzie sat down on a log awaiting the others. The squaws gathered down from the camp. Spite of fortitude, the white woman's nerves dissolved in tears, which the Indians simply couldn't understand. What was the matter? Hadn't she crossed all right? What was she crying about, anyway? A man would probably have said things. The matter was her woman nerves had been tuned too tight. Snap! And something unexpectedly gave way! It's the price civilization pays for its music. It's also the penalty civilization pays when the music gets out of tune.

Kinzie and the guides came across with the horses swimming behind. Kinzie now got his bearings. He was just fifty miles from Chicago. They all followed an old squaw into her lodge. Fire burned in the center of the tepee, and two shy young squaws scant of garb peeped round the tent flap. The old woman explained she had no bread, but she gave Mrs. Kinzie a bowl of potatoes, and the Indian husband went off to shoot some ducks for the weary travelers. Mrs. Kinzie gave some ribbon to the little squaws, and took refuge from the peering eyes of the tepee flap in the pages of her prayer book.

That night the March wind seemed to take its last fling. The storm roared through the forest outside, snapping off trees and setting the woods groaning. If the Kinzies had not found the two squaws, that night would have been their last. The Indians sat round their tepee smoking their long pipes. The little squaws scurried about cleaning the pots and kettles with grass. Then the Kinzies went across to their own tents, which the guides had erected.

Next day the Indian guided them as far as a Quaker's, and the Quaker took them forward to DuPage's Fork, where it was necessary to cut the ice before they could cross with the canoe. Desplains River, too, was frozen, but shots brought a ferryman out, cutting his way with an axe. This night they slept in a *carpeted* house. They were nearing civilization. Twelve

First house built in Chicago—the Kinzie house. Drawn by Mrs. John Kinzie.

miles canter across open prairie, and behold a little tavern on the forks of a sluggish river, at a place called Wolf Point! Kinzie and his wife dismounted and went forward on foot. Then a bronzed woman came running from a long, low-latticed, rambling old log house, vociferously welcoming Messieu John and Missy John. John Kinzie had come home to his own, and his bride got her first glimpse of Chicago!

There was the house known as the Kinzie Mansion. It stood on the north bank of the river, hidden in Lombardy poplars with two big cottonwood trees to the rear. Gardens, bakehouses, lodgings for the colored servants and stables lay toward the lake, which was cut off from the house by sand hills and cedars. Mrs. Kinzie has been accused of drawing the long bow when describing the ancestral house of Chicago. but others who visited the Kinzies give a more elaborate account of the old manor house. It was a long one-story building of logs, with green shutters and whitewashed fences. Piazzas ran round the entire house. The front door was the middle, and the hall ran through to the rear quarters. On one side of the hall was a big living room with an enormous fireplace. On the other side were four big bedrooms. Above the living room upstairs was a storeroom. Opposite it were more bedrooms. The kitchen and dining room formed a rear extension. On the whip-sawed floors were canvas carpets. The white walls inside were wainscoted and covered with burlap. Heavy silver decorated an old-fashioned sideboard. Violin boxes lay round the room, for the Kinzies were very musical, and the table was the most sumptuous served west of New York.

As the Kinzie's house was the only one of any size in Chicago from the early twenties to the thirties, it was often mistaken for a tavern, and comical stories are told of an English gentleman who arrived one night, mud-spattered, shouted peremptory orders for "Boots" to come and take his horse, picked his room with an air of condescension, cursed the wines with the usual vim of a newcomer, criticised the food, at the same time disposing huge quantities of it, and uttered maledictions on the sheets. In the morning he demanded his bill. On being told it was private hospitality of which he had been partaking, Western hospitality which never charged and never turned a gentleman—with accent on the gentleman—away, he collapsed after a style one may guess. Curiously enough, this open-hearted hospitality gave occasion for enemies of the family to say that the Kinzies took pay from their numerous guests. The accusation would be too contemptible for notice if it were not that an antiquarian foolishly embodied it in a sketch.

The land on the south side of the river was low and swampy and "by gad, Sir,"

declared a visitor in the thirties, "the whole of it not worth sixpence." Capitalists, who own the real estate on that side of the river to-day, are entitled to a smile. On the south side lived one of the Beaubiens —Mark—in a blue-shuttered house. This Beaubien ran the ferry, a rickety dugout, that must have yielded handsome pin money as colonists came pouring westward. Facing westerly were the Wentworth Hotel and a school that did duty as church. The fort was near the mouth of the river on the south bank, picketed, of course, with bastions and large gates leading north and south. Jean Ba'tiste Beaubien's place lay between the fort and the lake, and yet nearer the lake, so near that foundations were water-rotted, was a rickety tenement built by John Dean, the sutler of the fort. Besides the families whose names have been mentioned were the fort people. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes held a private school in the Dean house, and a Rev. Mr. Lee was preacher. Antoine Oulimette lived near the lake, and the Kinzie homestead covered what later became the site of the McCormick factories.

What kind of a life did the pioneers lead in this back of beyond? You can pick out the story of it from contemporary letters. Not a dull life by any manner of means, even before the coming of the steamers, when the occasional sailboats used to unload outside the bar and go back to Mackinac ballasted with sand for lack of cargo. Mail came from Detroit every ten days, and it was to finishing schools at Detroit that the youth of Chicago were sent for polishing and sandpapering off. Sometimes great excitement was caused by runaway slaves passing through Chicago covered over in wagons disguised as beef for Detroit, on their way to freedom in Canada. Horse races were held on the river in winter, and all the year round dances were given weekly, though the newcomers had to loan dresses round as copies for the stay-at-homes to cut by; and as for dancing shoes—once a year only the shoemaker came to outfit the whole family, going from house to house by the week with his bench and last. Yearly, treaty money was paid to the Indians, and those were occasions of terrible vice and peril. But religion was not ignored. Sunday was a stricter day in Chicago at that time than it is now. Once Jo. Bailley came down from Mackinac and tried on a Sunday afternoon to obtain what was served by the glass at the rear of the shops. When he was told there were no sales of either food or drink on that day, he became almost apoplectic, and, unless I am misinformed, opened a tavern himself, though he was aged seventy. Mrs. Kinzie complains that the Reverend Lee "slaughtered the King's English," and others averred he pounded the pulpit with the vehemence of his piety, but I have a suspicion that in those rough days men needed more of the hammer of Thor than the flowers of oratory, and from the testimony of Brother Brunson, circuit preacher, the hammer of Thor was wielded mightily by the good men of those days. "Held missionary anniversary," he records of his circuit from Galena to Winnebago. "Brother Theophilus and myself were the speakers, but such is the eccentricity of that remarkable genius that he ranged from the creation of the world to its end, and talked so much about everything and so little about anything that it was hard for me to get the attention of that people after he had done."

Between the excitement of the Great Massacre in the spring of 1812 and the inrush of colonists in 1835, the memorable episode of Chicago was the cholera scourge of 1832. General Scott, of Fort Snelling, was in command of the troops, and Fort Dearborn was heavily garrisoned at the time owing to the Black Hawk War up in Wisconsin. The soldiers died off by the score, and were nightly dumped uncoffined in a huge pit on what is now Wabash Avenue. By the uncertain light of the stars and a wind-blown candle, the orderlies would carry the stretchers out, dump the corpses into the ditch and hurriedly scrape over a covering of earth. One night the orderlies came out with several bodies on the stretcher. They had thrown the grewsome burden into the pit when—presto!—by the light of the moon—not a man of them waited! Legs and arms had begun to move in the pit. A corpse came to life and—sat up! Then the corpse leaped out, and the orderlies fled. Some poor fellow, faint from the stuffy air of the hospital, had been revived by the night

wind, and spite of the horror, I think the corpse must have laughed.

But the Chicago which Mrs. Kinzie viewed that day in March of 1831 was not the first Chicago. The first Chicago dated back to 1804 as a fort and to the seventies of the preceding century as a trading post, when a negro of San Domingo built the first settler's house, which he sold to a Frenchman, who sold in turn to John Kinzie's father. The life of John Kinzie's father had been crammed with as much adventure as one life could well contain. The mother of John Kinzie, Sr., had married three times. He was the son of the second marriage. The third marriage was to Forsyth, the great fur trader of Montreal and NewYork; but the boy, Kinzie, had no mind to live in New York, and ran away to Montreal, where he became apprentice to a silversmith, and worked his way to Detroit. A few years later he was engaged in the fur trade at the new fort called Dearborn. Presumably, it was at this period that he met and married a white girl—Margaret Mackenzie—who, with her sister, had been stolen by the Indians in Virginia, but when Margaret discovered that her parents still lived, she went back to Virginia. It was a descendant of this collateral branch of the Kinzie family, who recently perpetrated rather a pointed bit of repartee at a Chicago dinner. A gentleman was proving—proving, mind you—that he was a descendant of the *Mayflower's* ancestors. "Permit me to congratulate you," rejoined this true American, extending his hand across the table, "for my ancestors were on Plymouth Rock to welcome yours." Later, Kinzie married the widow of an English officer. The John Kinzie who brought his bride to Chicago in 1831 was the son of this second marriage.

To the Indians, Kinzie Sr. was always known as "Silversmith man," and their friendship stood him in good stead in the terrible massacre of Fort Dearborn in 1812. In all the border wars of North America, it is scarcely conceivable that white men ever deliberately set Indians to the fiendish work of murdering women and children. From the days of the old French wars, rival sides had hastened to enlist the aid of the Indians, but war with the savage meant the destruction of women and children, the total extinction root and branch of the enemy, even as the Israelites destroyed their foes of old.

For five years England and the United States had been on the verge of war. From Mackinac to Detroit these western Indians were in the pay of England. They had seen their lands slowly but surely passing into the hands of an alien race, and the Indian has no Ten Commandments in his code. His code of honor applies only to his own tribe, not to the enemy, and when the War of 1812 was declared, the Western tribes threw off all pretense of a hypocritical peace.

Fort Dearborn was not without warning. One night in spring, as the Kinzie children were dancing round the dining table to the music of their father's violin, some one burst into the room with shouts that the Indians were on the war path out at Lee's place, four miles from the mouth of the river, but as the fort was garrisoned with seventy-five men amply supplied with ammunition, two blockhouses flanking the rear wall of the courtyard, a subterranean passage leading to the river directly opposite the Kinzie Mansion, by which a beleaguered guard could either escape or obtain water—John Kinzie felt but small alarm. His seventeen-year-old daughter was the wife of Lieutenant Helm, of the fort. Another incident related by Mrs. Kinzie should have put Chicago on guard. Two chiefs had been visiting the fort one afternoon. Mrs. Heald and Mrs. Helm were playing a kind of battledoor or tennis on the lawn. The Indians looked at them contemptuously.

"The white wives amuse themselves," said one, "but it will not be long before they hoe our cornfields."

Hardscrabble, or Lee's Farm, was occupied by a family of whites. Twelve Indians with painted faces had unceremoniously entered and seated themselves. Painted faces meant evil.

"I don't like the looks of these," remarked the French hired man. "They are not 'Potties'."

"If that's the case," answered an old soldier, "we had better get away. Say nothing! Do as I do."

The two sauntered out with as great an air of nonchalance as they could assume,

Fort Winnebago in 1831—Portage City—where Mrs. Kinzie passed half of her life.

and when the Indians asked them where they were going, pointed to the cattle yard across the river and answered, "for fodder." They had not gone a quarter of a mile before they heard the guns of the hostiles.

Meanwhile, the fort cannon were fired to call all soldiers in, and extinguishing torches, a few officers ascended the river with muffled paddles to warn settlers.

The people either took refuge with traders, who were friendly with the Indians like the Kinzies, or stayed inside the fort, and all piazzas were planked up, sodded and sand bagged as for siege. There was ample supply of water, food, ammunition —what need for groundless alarm? A family more or less murdered by Indians was not such an unusual thing in frontier life as to put fear in the marrow of brave men and women. Things went on very much as usual, except that the guards took care not to fall asleep in the sentry boxes and officers got their backs against a tree and their audience focused front when they happened to be talking with a group of Indians. Then on August 7th came Catfish, or Winnemeg, the "Pottie" chief, a friend, with dispatches from General Hull at Detroit, announcing the fall of Mackinac and ordering Captain Heald instantly to evacuate Fort Dearborn.

The order fell like a sentence of doom. It was of a piece with the rest of Hull's military career in the War of 1812, the panicky act of a scared fool drawing what he dreads. Heald's duty as a soldier was to obey his superior officer, but the order caused a furious mutiny inside Fort Dearborn. Outside swarmed armed Indians painted for war and drunk with the zest of slaughter. So bold had they grown that when some of the chiefs came in the fort to confer with Heald, they had fired off their rifles in his presence. Confused were the days and sleepless the nights at Fort Dearborn. The subordinate officer refused pointblank to obey the order to retreat. Catfish, the friendly "Pottie," advised the whites to slip out by night and retreat quickly without baggage, but John Kinzie pointed out to Heald that was a very clever plan to hand over provisions and ammunition to the Indians. As for retreating quickly—how was that to be done with half a hundred women and children? Beware of an enemy's advice though he simulate friendship! Half-distracted, Heald tried the foolishest thing—a middle course. He called the friendly Indian to council on the afternoon of August 12th, and offered to withdraw the whites from the country and distribute the fort goods to the tribes, if they would provide him an escort to Fort Wayne. Of course, the Indians accepted the offer. If you first distrust, and then put yourself in the power of what you distrust, what are you to expect? Kinzie again warned Heald that temporizing with treachery only and always invites destruction. Then he withdrew to his

Entrance to Four Legs Village—Winnebago Lake. Drawn by Mrs. Kinzie.

own family in the mansion across the river.

All next day provisions were distributed and baggage wagons loaded. Though there was noise enough of things doing, few words were spoken. The soldiers were sullen and the settlers numb. After dark that night all ammunition that could not be carried away was thrown into a well. Extra muskets were broken and burnt. Whiskey barrels were staved in and the liquor poured in the river so that the river smelt like a grog shop; but if Heald flattered himself that the tawny spies lurking outside the stockades did not know what he was doing, he was mightily mistaken. If the Indians ever had any thought of keeping their promise to Heald, they dismissed it now, for he was destroying what they wanted most—powder and whiskey. August 14th all was in readiness for departure, but no departure was made. Dread seemed to paralyze effort. Then in the afternoon came couriers with welcome news—Captain Wells, of Fort Wayne, brother of Mrs. Heald and a great friend of the Indians, had come overland with thirty friendly Miamis to the rescue of Fort Dearborn, and presently the captain himself came riding through the gates; but the hysterical joy was short. Wells had come too late to prevent evacuation, for the goods had all been given out and the powder destroyed. Knowing the Indians from a boyhood life among them, Wells held a council; but his overtures met only angry looks. The Indians had heard the wanton destruction of the day before, and knew they had the whites in their power.

That night an old chief came to Heald, whom Mrs. Kinzie calls Black Partridge, but whom others present name Black Bird, and delivered up his American medal. "I have long worn this token of friendship," he said sadly, "but our young men are resolved on war. I cannot restrain them. I must act as your enemy!"

Kinzie knew that an unspeakable tragedy was pending. About 9 o'clock in the morning of the fifteenth he placed his family in a boat with the colored servant and clerk Beaubien, and intrusted them to friendly Indians to be taken across to St. Joseph's, and from St. Joseph's to Detroit, but the boat had barely dropped down to the lake when friendly Indians told the rowers to take the family back to the house—swiftly—there was evil doing!

Silently, the troops filed out of Fort Dearborn preceded by Captain Wells and his Miami scouts. Behind came the women and children in the baggage wagons. Flanking the lake side stood the Pottawattomie escort of five hundred warriors. There was deadly silence. The flag fluttered out to the breeze. The sun glinted on the braid and helmets of the uniforms. Mrs. Helm and Mrs. Heald and Mrs. Holt and the most of the officers' wives were mounted on the very finest horses of the regiment, and these stepped out in proud

pace curvetting sideways to the roll of the drum. The savage escorts smiled grimly. Even the Indians had to admit—they put a brave face on, these forlorn whites. Then Wells looked back significantly—the Indian warriors were deliberately keeping to the land side instead of the lake shore. The whites were hemmed in between the enemy and the water. As if in fool defiance of the worst fate could do, the regimental band struck up the Dead March. Then Wells came flying back, pointing his sword to the sand hills about a mile along the lake. "An ambush!" he shouted. "They are about to attack us! Form! Charge!"

Up the bank at a run charged the troops, the officers' wives in line at a gallop, only the wagon drivers halting irresolute! Instantly there was a crash of musketry. The Miamis had fled to the woods. A white trooper had thrown up his hands, and reeled back: Bullets were raining down, and the Pottie escort had scuttled to cover to aim the surer at the victims. Ensign Ronan was down but fighting. Doctor Voorhis' horse plunged and rolled, while the doctor writhed in death wounds. Two-thirds of the whites had fallen, and the boy warriors were scrambling for the provision wagons. Young Mrs. Helm, John Kinzie's daughter, seems to have jumped from her horse. An Indian aimed his tomahawk at her. She dodged. It hit her shoulder. She seized her assailant round the neck, but that very instant was dragged off by another Indian, who ran with her toward the lake and plunged her in the water to her chin, where his own stalwart body shielded her from the view of the frenzied warriors. She looked up in his face—it was a chief who was a friend of her father's. He had saved her life. As the fury of the fight swayed toward the Oak Woods, Mrs. Helm was conducted back to the Potties' camp, on the corner of what is now State and Market Streets. On the way she recognized Captain Wells' scalp dangling in the hands of a warrior. Crossing the prairie, she had met her father. He told her that her husband was wounded but alive. Scenes were enacted that may not be told, for the young warriors had brought captives back from the baggage wagons, and the old squaws, hag-like malformations as of a nether world, were dealing with the victims after their fiendish custom. Wau-bee-nee-mah, the Illinois chief, encircled a mat on posts round Mrs. Helm that she might not see.

Captain Wells had turned from the first charge just in time to see the young savages climbing into the baggage wagons. "Ho! So that's the game," he shouted, "butchering women and children! Then, I will kill, too," and craning flat over his horse's neck, he rode like the wind straight into the midst of the Indian camp, shooting with one hand, slashing his sword with the other. Catfish, the "Pottie," tried to save him, but a death stab in the back felled him from his horse. Many of the women preferred to be cut to pieces rather than surrender, and the Indians afterwards told Henry Schoolcraft, their friend, of a sergeant of the infantry who bayoneted an Indian through the heart at the very instant the Indian buried his tomahawk in the white man's head. The two bodies were found locked in that grewsome embrace. Sergeant Holt got a ball in his back. Handing his sword to his wife, he bade her ride for her life, and he, himself, ran for the lake. Mrs. Holt's mount was a powerful black beast of magnificent appearance. The Indians wanted to capture it uninjured, and encircled her, striking at the slim form with the butts of their guns. Hacking at them with the sword, she rode them down and galloped for the open prairie. "Brave woman!" shouted the warriors. "Do not harm her!" Three dashed in front of her. It is supposed her horse must have reared, for she was dragged off from behind and carried to Illinois River. But she was treated with the greatest respect and kindness, and traded to a white man, who restored her to her friends.

As the Kinzie's boat came back up the river, an Indian was seen leading Mrs. Heald's horse. Mrs. Heald, herself, was clinging to the saddle, wounded. A mule and ten bottles of whiskey were traded for the captive, but it was another matter to get her safely back to the Kinzie house. She was laid in the bottom of the boat and covered with a buffalo robe. Frenzied with victory, the savages were running along the lake shore. One young warrior with a pistol leaned insolently across the edge of the boat. Mrs. Heald suppressed her sobs. Then Jim, the black servant,

seized an axe and told the young miscreant to be off, or he would split his skull.

As soon as the wounded officers saw that the fight was hopeless, only twenty-eight whites surviving, they sent a half-breed boy to propose terms of surrender, a ransom to be given for all captives kept safe, but that did not prevent the orgies of a terrible night, when both women and children were tomahawked. The fort was, of course, plundered and burnt.

It was a night of fearful risk at the Kinzies. With a pen knife the bullets were taken from Mrs. Heald's body, and good chiefs rallied to the protection of Kinzie's family. Young Mrs. Helm had been taken to the house of the Frenchman, Ouilmette, when the Wabash tribes arrived hot-foot eager to plunder the houses on the north side of the river. They came toward Ouilmette's house hunting for Mrs. Helm. She would be worth at least a ransom. Quickly, Madame Bisson, a Frenchwoman, whisked young Mrs. Helm under the mattress of a feather bed, herself, spreading out the patches of a crazy quilt, which she was sewing. It was fearfully hot. Mrs. Helm gasped for breath: "I can die only once; let them put an end to my misery," but Madame Bisson, sitting on the edge of the bed, goes on sewing and says nothing. The warriors entered, searched the house, and went off across to John Kinzie's. The Frenchwoman's presence of mind had saved the day.

Over at Kinzie's, for an hour or two, things looked black. The warriors seated themselves round the floor of the big living room.

"Nothing can save our friends, now," said one of the good chiefs to another.

But Billy Caldwell, a half-breed Englishman, came in. It was for the English, these warriors pretended to be fighting.

"How! How, friends! Good day to you," saluted Caldwell. "I was told there were enemies here but am glad to find only friends. Why have you blackened your faces? Are you mourning friends lost in battle? Or are you fasting? If so, ask friend Kinzie for something to eat. He is the Indians' friend."

The Wabash looked at each other queerly. Then they rose and went out. Three days later Kinzie got his family off for Detroit, where all surrendered themselves as prisoners of war, and so were safe. Other captives among the Indians were ransomed and sent to General Sheaffe in Canada. After the war was over, Fort Dearborn was rebuilt about 1816, and occupied the ground where one of the city hospitals stands, till about 1837. It was to this second Chicago that John Kinzie, Jr., in 1831, brought his bride, Juliette Magill, whose recollection gives the best picture of that period.

In 1833 Chicago went almost mad over the facts that lots on what is now LaSalle Street, sold for $3,000 which had sold for only $80 but a year before. When Chicago's taxes totaled almost $400 in 1832, the town uttered a whoop of jubilation, and when, in 1834, settlers began to arrive at the rate of one hundred people in two weeks, bringing the total population up to four thousand before 1837, Chicago's hopes went mildly mad. She took out a city charter, did Chicago; and the pace she has kept since that, all the world knows. It is good to realize that the descendants of those early heroes and heroines are among the First Families of Chicago to-day.

UNDER THE DITCH IN TEXAS

THE EPIC OF AN IRRIGATION UTOPIA, IN WHICH MANY MISTAKES DELAYED HOGS AND ALFALFA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

WE WERE four and were friends. We still remain friends, which, under the circumstances, is somewhat remarkable. Two lived in Texas and two in the North. We bought three hundred acres of land on the San Antonio River, a dozen miles below the City of San Antonio, farther down than the last of the old Spanish missions. This is a locality where the natives still dig for Santa Anna's gold, it being much reputed that the latter gentleman buried his war chests somewhere below the old missions when he started East for San Jacinto. We did not purpose to dig for gold, but thought we would obtain it rapidly enough otherwise.

There was a certain warrant for confidence in our success, for although we were in a measure pioneers in irrigation farming in that district, we were not absolutely the first to attempt it. Indeed, the success of others was what first interested us. Especially in point was the record of the Collins tract, a body of land at the edge of San Antonio, irrigated by two large artesian wells. This land was leased out to truckers by the owner at a rental of $22.50 to $25.00 per acre. This seems like a high rent, and indeed it did come near to covering annually the original cost of the land, but the truckers were by no means to be pitied. A family of industrious habits and a half dozen children easily made an income of $500 to $600 per acre, the amount of land leased being usually twenty acres. These truckers, mostly thrifty foreigners, were soon wearing diamonds, and presently became so prosperous as to colonize, buy land of their own and put down wells for themselves. The vegetables raised here are as fine as any ever seen in the North, and are on the market by February. The most profitable crop seems to be the fragrant onion. There is a rumor that a Laredo man once made $1,200 from a single acre of onions.

In spite of these proofs of the validity of irrigation farming, there were few who had as yet attempted it. As to the business portion of San Antonio, it is rich and contented with the profits of ante-railroad days, and does not concern itself greatly about the development of the country. The farmers raise cotton, hit or miss, wet season or dry, with other crops in less proportion. The country never or rarely raises as much forage as it uses.

It was our purpose eventually to go in for hogs and alfalfa. In this our judgment was good and well supported. We had, for instance, the case of a young Englishman who had settled seventy-five miles west of San Antonio, six years earlier, with a cash capital of only $1,200. He leased three thousand acres of mesquite land along the Guadalupe River, and bought a few scores of razorbacks, which he had to rope and shoot when he came to harvest them, as three thousand acres is "some large" when it comes to soothing an active Texas *puerco*. The next year he knew more about hogs. He lessened his fields, put down artesian wells—which in the valley of the Guadalupe flow at a depth of three hundred feet—and began to raise patches of alfalfa along the overflow of these wells and of two or three little gasoline pumps which he put in along the river. From

that time his success began. He will be rich before many years shall have passed.

Our land was about one-half cleared, the rest remaining covered with the original growth of mesquite, pecan, live oaks and the like. The tract lay in the bent arm of the river, running just to the edge of the ridge which bounds the valley. A prettier piece of land could not be found in the Lone Star State, nor one more suitable for irigation. Lengthwise of the tract, which is to say, up and down the valley, and about midway of its width, there ran a low ridge or backbone, apparently devised by nature to carry water to every portion of the ranch. Directly on top of this backbone ran the old Spanish ditch which first interested us in the property.

We bought of a family who boasted that they held the land under the fourth transfer from the Spanish crown. We took over a two-story stone house more than seventy-five years old, picturesquely located on a site commanding one of the most beautiful views in that portion of the countryside. Our stone house was once a fortress in Comanche days. Back of it were still to be seen two or three caves cut into the hillside, to which the owner and his family were wont to retreat when the house became untenable. Time was when two or three hundred *peons* worked these acres, under the old regime, which dated back to the days of the Spanish Fathers and *los Indios reducidos*, who did most of the hard work under the peaceful guidance of these same Fathers.

We paid about $30.00 an acre for our land, with the house, ditch, traditions, possible treasure trove and all, and although the price appeared high enough to others, it seemed low to us. In the first place, we argued, we had our ditch ready made. It seemed possible simply to install a good pump, turn in water, and then take out dividends. Our ditch swept wide and high, having crawled in the strange Spanish fashion up from the river and out to the edge of the table lands. It carried once upon a time a strong stream taken out from the little river which has its main source in the great San Pedro springs in the city of San Antonio. It took out too much water. There was litigation, brought by the owners of the older Espada ditch, and the courts finally enjoined the owner of our ditch from robbing the river. At the time of our purchase, the ditch, for many miles, lay grass-grown, dry and full of armadillo holes.

It was clear to our minds that we were on the high road to fortune. None of us was a farmer. One was a lawyer, another a commercial printer, one a traveling man, and one a newspaper man. An impartial mind might have predicted trouble at the start, but no impartial mind happened to be along at the time.

Before the two Northern men departed to their homes, we held a meeting and elected the largest and strongest of the four as general manager. He had never farmed, but we had no fears. A non-resident never has any fears. No non-resident believes in three per cent. when there is something like ten or fifteen per cent., possibly twenty per cent., somewhere else. He is full of trust.

The large, strong man took charge and began to do things. With mad celerity he scooped out two great tanks, each over one hundred yards long, along the ridge before mentioned. Later, it was discovered that he had been reading a book on irrigation, and had learned that the water must go out with a rush through gates, and not dribbling a little at a time. But we never got so far along as the gates.

We bought, of a man who needed the money more than we did, a second-hand engine and pump, which latter was guaranteed to throw not less than twelve hundred gallons to the minute—which it never did. We located our pumping station, as above stated, at the head of the tract and directly at the foot of the old flume. We suspected from the look of things that our ready-made ditch might not hold water at first, but we never did suspect the smallest portion of the whole comprehensive truth. That hill must have held caverns! The large, strong manager, after he had his machinery installed, began to pump, and he pumped and pumped, but he could not get water around the hill, no matter how many Mexicans he hired to look on, and no matter how much mesquite wood he piled under the somewhat doubtful boiler. We had an engineer who was not a farmer and not a licensed engineer, but we liked him pretty well, and he was willing to learn, like the rest of us. It was hard on

the armadillos, but, between the armadillos and the recesses which must have existed in that hill, we could not get water around the corner to the waiting tanks.

Much of this went by telegraph to the Northern stockholders. Now, what should the large, strong manager do? He had a scheme to cement the entire ditch, making a continuous, air-tight aquarium about a mile long. This would have cost about a million dollars, and, although we had no river and harbor appropriation behind us, the large, strong manager was satisfied that anything was better than trying to fill up that hill. "It's plumb hollow," he wrote.

At this time, some one up North suggested sewer-pipe, cemented at the joints, to carry the water around the corner of the hill to the tanks. This seemed most excellent. The large, strong manager bought fifteen hundred feet or so of sewer-pipe at a bargain, and laid it carefully, cementing the ends nicely and building an aqueduct which would have made a Roman emperor weep with envy. But, when he turned the water into this, he discovered that he had laid a pipe smaller than the discharge pipe of the pump! Result, a general upheaval of the pipe-line at the curve where the thrust of the water was hardest. There were no casualties, but, incidentally, there was no water.

About this time the new engineer discovered that the discharge-pipe was set too high. If he lowered it, he could ease the pump and throw much more water. He did this. Then, exultant with his discovery, he lowered it some more. At length the discharge pipe was placed about where an experienced engineer would have put it in the first place. But that only made the pipe-line worse. We were obliged to tear out all our sewer piping, pile up the tile on the ground, and make a profit and loss entry.

Some one now suggested a galvanized iron flume or trough, to run around the arm of the hill on trestles. Excellent, most excellent! The manager and his men secured the iron sheets, riveted them into a continuous trough, fifteen hundred feet in length, supported on trestles, and once more the attempt was made to get the water around the hill. It was discovered, however, after the trough was built, that it would not, throughout all its length, carry all the water which the big pump now threw. We had to put sideboards on it on the curves. All of these things cost money. The stockholders now began to sit up and perspire freely.

At last—triumphantly announced by wire—the large, strong manager got the trough full and kept it full. He telegraphed that he had water in the tank. The pump ran all one afternoon, and when the shades of night fell the upper tank was half filled. The large, strong manager, and the engineer, and all the Mexicans went to bed that night happy. In the morning they went out to see where would be the best place to locate the gates in the tank. There was no need for gates. There was no water in the tank. It all had sunk!

That was about as far as the large, strong manager ever got along with his tanks. He found clay in the banks of the river, and we always told each other that we could haul in five hundred wagon-loads of clay and puddle the tank bottoms as the Mexicans do. That country is full of little tanks which do hold water. The Mexican custom is to let in the water, then drive sheep, goats or cattle about in the tank, stirring up the dirt which later, as sediment, is carried into the cracks and holes. We never quite got around to puddling our tanks. The Mexicans who aided us, numerous as our pay-rolls showed them to be, were of no service in these matters, although they were content to stand about looking grave and wise. Perhaps yes, perhaps no, the tanks could be made to hold water mabye, they thought. They were very large. Who knew?

Other things continued to happen. Our manager had never heard of Johnson grass when he first took up the question of purchasing this land. One of the Northern stockholders knew about Johnson grass, but that question did not come up until after the purchase was made and after it was discovered that something like seventy-five acres of the land was permanently seeded down to this prolific, pernicious herb. Texas and other States legislate against Johnson grass, not allowing its planting. It means ruin in a cotton country. It can hardly be eradicated, and it spreads and spreads. We had a lot of it, and it was quite possible that we would in time have more. We wondered

The ditch carrying water from main supply.

Artesian well with a water flow coming from 1,600 feet beneath the earth's surface.

Old Spanish Viaduct. San Antonio river valley above ranch. This ancient viaduct is two hundred years old. It carries the old Spanish ditch across a deep ravine and is a bit of masonry dating back to earliest mission days of Spanish occupancy.

if the grave Castilians who sold us our land ever smiled.

We concluded now to utilize the Johnson grass, also to put in alfalfa higher up the ditch, and buy some cows· but we did not get around to the alfalfa at once. Johnson grass is immensely prolific, and it makes as good hay, especially for horses, as can be found. It will stand three cuttings each season, and will turn out as much as six or, in rare years, ten tons to the acre per season.

A ton of such hay, tabooed as it is by the legislature, during the very winter when we bought our land brought in the streets of San Antonio $15.00 to $18.00. When we saw these figures we did not regret our Johnson grass. We simply began to figure what we would do with all our money. We plowed the entire Johnson grass tract—which only makes Johnson grass grow stronger, as it divides the long, jointed roots—and planted the land with cane. This, with a few acres of corn—carefully planted on a distant ridge where the water could not reach it from the ditch—made up our agricultural efforts for the first spring

Meanwhile, time was passing. Our pump was going to work perfectly after a while. Sometime our tanks were going to be made tight. A great many things were going to be done which never got done. The country is slow, and farming is not understood as it is in the North. No Northern farmer can appreciate the ignorance and sloth of the Mexican farm hand. Yet, for the first time in the history of the country, we met with labor troubles. Our Mexicans wanted one dollar a day, instead of six bits. They displayed a vast indifference for steady employment, and he who had a dollar was content to rest for a month. We discovered also that it was against the Castilian religion to cut wood for fuel or anything else in the summer time. In fact, it seemed to be against their religion to do any kind of work, either summer or winter. Lastly, we had to start a retail grocery to supply them with their *comida* (Anglicé, chuck, grub or food). If one of them got a dollar, and went to town for grub, he never came back.

At this time fortunately it rained. We did not need our pump any more than the Arkansaw traveler needed a roof on his house when it did not rain! In a rainy season in Texas everybody raises hay. We did not bother about irrigation, because we saw that we were going to be one of a great many who would have hay to sell the following fall.

There was a very high stage of the river on account of this rain, and this fact taught us some more things about engineering. Our pump was installed in a deep pit which ran down like a well twenty feet. At the bottom of this pit was the elbow of the intake pipe which, through a low tunnel, ran out of the face of the river bank, and thence to the water. It never occurred to our installation engineer that this big hole in the side of the bank might mean disaster. The rising waters ran into this cavern, tore away the bank and undermined our entire pumping station. After the subsidence of the waters our Mexicans would not go down into the excavation to shore up the boiler and pump, which threatened at any minute to drop into the river. The large, strong manager cursed them for a race of cowards, went down and did the work himself. After it was done, he was followed by our Mexican captain, Señor Cantu y Montero y-Something-or-Other, who agreed that his countrymen were indeed the greatest cowards he had ever known. After he got the Mexicans out of the pit the manager had a cold chill. Suppose the big boiler had dropped and killed a score of them! Think of the lawsuits. This was the only possible bad luck we did not have.

Nevertheless, the quail shooting continued very good, and the bass fishing might have been worse. Moreover, we could always assess when we got into trouble! We were only four, and were friends.

Our hay harvest matured in due time with many cigarette-adorned Mexicans in the field. Our Johnson grass stood high as a man's head as we rode through, and wealth once more seemed within our grasp. It was about this time that our large, strong manager fell upon the catalogue of a Northern mail order house. Result, many telegrams to Northern stockholders showing the imperious need of mowing machines, tedders, rakes, pulley forks, hoists and what not. Moreover, one of our wagons had broken down and we needed another. Incidentally, it was

A dry-country ranch, southwest Texas.

You are not entirely dependent on seasons in this great southwest. One crop may be growing in one field while you prepare for another in the lot adjoining.

learned that we needed more mules; and mules cost much fine gold in Texas. The manager also discovered that we must have a steel tank to furnish water supply at our barnyard. He figured that it cost fifty cents each day to lead our animals to water and back. It was his idea that by fitting a nozzle to the mouth of each mule at 12:05 daily and turning a simple screw or faucet, we could water our stock thoroughly, with a great saving of time. We agreed to all these things. We were determined to be scientific farmers.

put in our proposed alfalfa, we had not yet cleared any more of the land lower down the ditch. All of these things were going to be done sometime, but in Andalusia there is a word known as "mañana" (to-morrow). We had as yet not solved our problem proper, that of irrigation, but what could we say? Our manager, one of the resident partners, the best fellow in the world, had worked now for nearly a year like a common laborer—very unlike a Mexican laborer—without a cent of pay. That was magnificent, whether or not it

Texas irrigated farm. Second crop of corn in October.

was farming. He was given absolution step by step, for his honesty and his energy were above reproach.

By early fall the manager reported that we had at least a thousand tons of hay in the shack. It had required an army of Castilian laborers, but there had been a tremendous crop of mixed cane and Johnson grass. With hay at any sort of price the coming winter, we should need help to spend our money. There were still no tanks; our pumping station continued a trifle doubtful; we did not know what we would do with the leaky ditch below the idle and bottomless tanks; we had not yet

When we came to dispose of our hay we found that the $18-a-ton prices were not listed for that particular winter. Moreover, instead of a thousand tons of hay—according to the sober Castilian estimate of Cantu y Montero y-Something-or-Other, the head of our labor bureau—there was about the half of it. Nevertheless, we sold one bill of seventy-five tons, at $7.50

Hut of a Mexican farm laborer. One wife, eight children, six cats, three dogs, one room to hut. House made of tube and rushes—cost perhaps $1.25.

a ton, and said to ourselves that this was not bad, in view of all the circumstances.

It was at this time that we began to realize that a dozen miles was a considerable distance to haul seventy-five tons of hay, even over the hard, white-floored country road which had just been built by the city of San Antonio to the very edge of our ranch—solving permanently, by the way, our problem of good roads. Hauling hay even over this perfect road, would take teams from work on the ranch. In short, we were now beginning to learn something about farming, and learning it in the good old school of experience. We resolved again sternly to put in hogs and alfalfa. It took very little figuring to show us that we could drive in hogs to market very much easier than we could haul in hay. We were not making running expenses this year, but what was that among friends? We assessed again. The traveling man mortgaged his home. None of us was to be classified as rich, but it is submitted that we were game.

By this time our second winter was passing. In the spring some alfalfa was planted, but it did not do well, for alfalfa should be planted in September, and besides, our pump was not pumping just at that time! It had been noticed that the foundation of our boiler was cracked in one or two places so widely that the fire could be seen through the walls. It was the belief, or the brightly optimistic hope, of all who noticed these defects, that the thing never could take fire; but it did! The large, strong manager, who by this time must have had a certain amount of agony in his own soul, broke the news gently to the non-resident stockholders. After a first hasty report from the scene of the accident he wired that the shed had been burned, but the boiler and engine left absolutely intact. Then, by stages, came the news that the boiler was slightly, partially, somewhat and hopelessly damaged; which was to say, quite destroyed. The pump held out better. It was another week before we found that it, as well as the engine, was entirely ruined, and that we must install an entirely new pumping plant! All was lost but honor. And *this* year it did *not* rain!

We assessed once more, and this time did what we ought to have done at first—bought a brand new pump and engine, bricked in the boiler, put the pump under a corrugated iron cover, and had the plant properly installed by competent men. This fills our ditches, and has really solved the irrigation problem. We can now flood our lands, and we find that the big stream of water travels a great deal faster and further than the much smaller discharge of our first pump. We learned that it is a poor thing to try to save money by not putting in a good pump when one is practicing this kind of irrigation.

To cover this unexpected expense, really a double expense, we assessed, not with entire cheerfulness. A great many minor things had been going wrong. One of our mules, called Ginger, kicked the hind leg off a favorite saddle horse, known as Vesuvius; and Vesuvius was not. We had a milch cow and calf which luxuriated in the Johnson grass. The large, strong manager undertook to lead both cow and calf to water. They went in opposite directions, and, as he had the picket-rope of each fastened to a wrist, there existed some doubt as to what would be the result. He was, however, large and strong. The cow and himself easily dragged the calf off its feet. The manager admits this was a little hard on his arms, but said it was part of the day's work. He was, however, never really grief-smitten when this same cow later broke her neck on the picket rope.

It was about this time that we hired an Englishman, who was dead broke and needed something to eat. He had never cooked, but thought he could cook. Result, four hundred pounds of fresh pork spoiled through an ignorance of the virtue of salt in hot weather. Besides, one of our original stock of hogs—in which the large, strong manager took great pride, announcing that they would actually come to call and feed from the hand—got caught in a wire fence; and it also was not.

Perhaps it was the death of this hog which broke the heart of the large, strong manager. With reluctance he handed in his resignation, firmly insisting that it be accepted, as he found his business affairs in the city would go to pieces if he did not come back home. It was accepted with regret. His enthusiasm and cheerful optimism had covered a multitude of assessments.

Only a few years ago, save for here and there an occasional tree, this was as barren as a sand dune.

Now began the second and naturally easier stage of our enterprise; since almost everything had by this time happened to us which possibly could. The lawyer, the only remaining resident partner, next took hold as manager. He started in pretty well sobered by the experiences of his predecessor. Our land had now cost us nearly $60.00 an acre, instead of $30.00. The lawyer called in other counsel. He found somewhere a practical German farmer, with a practical German wife, and installed these two on the ranch, turning away most of our haughty descendants of Castile and Aragon. Things began to look better.

The new manager discarded the tank theory. We had already learned that we could irrigate direct from the ditch. We had built our ditch on top of the embankment of the original ditch, and in this way found that we could carry water clear to the foot of the tract, putting practically all of the land under reach of a substantial water flow. The practical German farmer cleared out twenty-five acres of new land in some mysterious fashion, and planted sixty acres of corn, which made a splendid crop. Presently we discovered that we had nearly a hundred head of hogs, which continued to multiply and thrive exceedingly upon the Johnson grass and on the natural hog pasture which lies under the shelf of the river bank proper, where there are many pecan and live oak trees furnishing abundant mast in the fall and winter. Probably two or three tons of fine pecans go to waste along that part of the river every fall. The practical German farmer was our greatest discovery. He assures us that we have a splendid hog range, and that when we get our alfalfa started we will have our problem mastered. As yet no attempt had been made to plant alfalfa in the early fall, which is the time that crop should be put in. There is so little doubt that the soil will carry alfalfa that we have never had it analyzed by a soil expert. Perhaps that is the next lesson! In all events, the alfalfa went in last September, forty acres of it; and may Providence temper the wind to shorn lambs.

We still sternly propose to raise hogs, and to feed them upon alfalfa, Johnson grass, the natural nut mast and some corn. We shall make a few hundred tons of hay each year, and some winter we shall catch

the hay market at the top, and find our hay crop very profitable. There is no doubt of the solid value of our land now that we can actually call it "under the ditch." A practical farmer would have made a prompt success with two-thirds of the money we put into our experiments. But there is not one of our stockholders who would call our ranch a failure. Our work has now finally been so well done that others above and below us in the valley are installing similar pumping stations.

In all likelihood a great portion of this valley will be put under irrigation, either by pumping stations or by gravitation irrigation. Southwestern Texas will follow California and Arizona in irrigation. For vegetables, cauliflower, lettuce, onions, radishes and the like, the district around San Antonio has demonstrated that it cannot be surpassed. In some part of Texas there may one day be discoveries in melons paralleling the Rocky Ford products, as has been the case in Arizona. Fruits will be produced under the ditch, which were hitherto most uncertain crops on these high, dry table lands. Occasional late frosts render this not so good a fruit country as it might be, although splendid peaches are raised without irrigation on several ranches near our own. There are tracts along the Rio Grande, the Nueces, and other great streams of Southwestern Texas, which are already proving bonanzas. It is difficult to determine just how great an acreage of these irrigated lands now exists in the drier portions of Texas, but it is something bound to increase. A few years ago farming on these arid plains was considered impossible, but the irrigation boom controverts the old notion. The result has been a steady increase in the price of lands in all that portion of the country. Texas has much to learn in irrigation, of course. A scientific farmer, with at least a reasonable amount of experience in practical ditch work, would make money for himself or his employers, and there is a field here for work of this kind. Especially ripe is this country for the skilled graduates of Northern agricultural colleges, with a modern and scientific knowledge of the value of soils and crops. Of course, ex-

Pretty good "porkers" for a "desert" country to raise.

perience and common sense will always be needful. An irrigated farm is not a gold mine, and cannot be handled as one.

For the benefit of others, it may be well to add a few figures, covered by our mistakes as well as our necessary operations, and to add a few further data regarding the average expense of irrigation farming in southwestern Texas.

It is safe to figure on $2,000 to $3,500 for a pumping plant, tanks and ditches sufficient to handle three hundred acres of land. As against a pumping plant, one may take the gamble of an artesian well. We might or might not get water with a fifteen hundred feet bore on our ranch. The Collins wells, near San Antonio, are thirteen hundred and fifty feet deep, and such a well costs $3,700, piped and running a ten-inch stream; which latter amounts to a great deal of water.

A ranch the size of ours can get along with three teams of mules, which will cost about $600. Our machinery and implements cost over $1,600. Outbuildings, barns, tanks for watering stock, piping, etc., cost about $650 to $700 more. The mild climate renders extensive shelter for stock unnecessary. We had our ditches built in part when we took the land. To build a main ditch and laterals for that tract would have cost at least $500.

In our district, an irrigated farm using a pumping plant sufficient to put water on three hundred acres, can figure on expense of $3.00 a day for pumping, or $1.50 for wages and $1.50 for fuel. A day's firing requires about two cords of mesquite wood, which makes most of the fuel in that part of the country. We have our own fuel. The cost would be more for a rancher obliged to buy fuel. It might be better for the latter to take the risk of an artesian well. With a good flowing well, the Southwestern rancher's expense and troubles are all over.

The cost of clearing an acre of this sparsely covered mesquite land runs from $5.00 to $9.00. A good stump-puller and a chain-pulley or two, worked by mule-power, would perhaps bring the cost of these operations a little lower, if there were a considerable body of land to be cleared. White labor is better than Mexican labor in this work; but all farm labor in this part of the country is difficult to obtain.

Within a year our ranch will be in very practical operation, well equipped and well stocked, and we figure that the investment will then represent a little over $20,000—a bagatelle for Wall Street, but something for a lawyer, a printer, a traveling salesman and a newspaper man.

Taking one man's mistakes with another's—and it is not likely that any irrigation farmer would put a raw tract under the ditch without making some mistakes for himself—the above figure is not far out of the way for a ranch of three hundred to four hundred acres near a good sized town, actually under the ditch, devoted to grass, alfalfa and corn, well equipped with machinery, stocked with a few head of cattle and at least a couple of hundred head of hogs. This is the way our enterprise looks at date, and not even one of our much-assessed stockholders knows just where he would find a better looking investment for his money. Lastly, our large, strong manager will never have a vote of censure passed against him. Under the creed of Texas, angels could do no more than he did.

A new railroad is coming down the valley, and there will probably be a station within three-quarters of a mile of our ranch house. These things do not elate us. Neither are we unduly enthusiastic over the probable profit of hog-raising. We are all much calmer now. What we want to do is to catch the hay market of San Antonio some dry season, when we have a few hundred tons of hay by reason of our pump, and when all the rest of the country is burnt up with drought. We shall then have our revenge. In that case, there will be a *fiesta* on our ranch for the large, strong manager, the practical German farmer and his wife, Señor Cantu y Montro y-Something-or-Other, his devout Castilian labor union, and everyone else concerned.

Drawing by Worth Brehm.

BED-TIME—"Durn it! my feet ain't dirty nohow!"

THE PRAYER OF LITTLE CHILDREN

BY FRANK HEPBURN CRAWFORD

"TASTES like dog."

Sven Nilsson glanced at the menu, printed in French, and then inquiringly at me. "What is it? Rabbit?"

I nodded in assent, and thinking of the Little Lieutenant, fresh from his latest dash toward the Pole, being feted up at the Metropolitan, and of the Arctic, his ship, ice-hammered by the north-most floes, way-worn after a desperate voyage, lying lonely at last in her East River slip near the Bridge, I leaned forward slightly toward Sven Nilsson, late engineer of the craft, and echoed across our table, "Like dog? Yes?"

Under their thatch of ashen fair hair, his blue eyes widened in disclaimer of any intended affront. "But it is good; very good," he rejoined, and continued to show a hungry man's appreciation of the food before him.

We were midway between the Metropolitan and the Bridge, at Couquin's old place, where the cuisine is beyond reproach and the wines are old. Many lamps flooded the room with soft lights, and the subdued roar of passing elevated trains had become at last a rhythmic sound that came and went unnoticed, like the ticking of a clock.

"They say the Lieutenant got within one hundred and seventy-four miles of the Pole, nearer than any one ever was before. It was a great thing, that, to do what no other man had ever been able to do. All the world is talking of it."

I watched the bull-throated Dane curiously.

"Yes," he assented.

Dishes disappeared, new ones came, an attentive hand filled our glasses and was withdrawn.

"You," I suggested, "were with the man—when he was farthest north?"

"Me? I was engineer. I was with the ship when the Lieutenant went on with the dogs. All but four dogs he took. Some of us had to stay with the ship."

"They say there was only one man lost during the whole expedition. That was a good record."

"Yes."

"How far north did *he* get—before he was—lost?"

"I think this is a good place for eating," commented the Dane.

"Were you with him when he was—lost?"

"Between the Cattegat and Skager Rack sticks out The Skaw. Often ships, trying to go around from the Cattegat go aground on The Skaw."

"Sometimes all the world gives credit to one man for what another one has done," I suggested, trying a new lead.

"I know. Columbus discovered the country, and they call it America," replied Sven Nilsson evenly, "and 'America' sounds all right now," he added.

"The old mother who waits for you at Viele Fiord; it would be hard for her to hear. I, myself, do not believe that the man with you was murdered."

"It's a damn lie! Who says I killed him?" blurted the Dane, and I saw his nostrils quiver as his face lowered.

We watched each other across the table for a space of minutes.

"Well, how much do you know?"

"Nothing," I answered, "except that stewed rabbit tastes like dog, and that up at the Metropolitan they are showing a man honor for having got farthest north, while you—and I—are here."

"I do not lie," began Sven Nilsson,

slowly, choosing his English with some care, "and yet, not many will think much now about the one part, and about the other part—no one will believe—so after all it does not matter if I tell you. They will say it is a lying story of your own.

"It was in the spring, almost a year ago. We couldn't get the Arctic any farther up. So then the Lieutenant went on with the dogs and sleds. Not all of us could go with him. I had to stay. Little Con Clancy had to stay. He was a fireman. We were only a few hundred miles from the Pole, even then. I hated having to stay behind. Each day that went by left me crazier than ever about having to stick on the ship. I talked to Clancy about it, and he was the same way. So at last we took as much grub as we could without it being noticed, and we took a sled and the four dogs left with the ship, and we said we were tired looking at the same place all the time and would go west a way and be back in ten hours.

"But when we were out of sight we turned north and traveled that way as fast as we could go.

"Once we found we were on the Lieutenant's trail, and then we turned west and got away from it. We didn't want to be stopped. And then Clancy and me went on north, and north, and Clancy says to me, 'Boy, for sure we'll get the Pole this time,' and we laughed as jolly as boys.

"At last we saw black spots away over to the right, and they were moving, moving on the back trail, and we kept out of sight. I guess that was about one hundred seventy-four miles from the Pole? You said that far?

"About that time Clancy began acting queer. He said we'd been eating more of his grub than of mine, and he hadn't hardly any left, and I must share mine with him. Well, we did that. Each day he'd eat a little of his and take a little of mine, until to keep any at all I had to do with less each day than the day before, and by this time the day before was damn little at that; and for three days the dogs hadn't had a bite, and we had to sleep on the hide harness to keep it from them.

"I guess we were both a little crazy about that time, up there, crawling along the top-end of the world. And then my grub gave out, and Clancy said his was all gone, and I told him he lied, and he was hiding it for himself, and we fought, with the dogs sitting around in a circle ready to jump the one that went down. And—I landed one on Clancy's jaw that sent him whirling around and down all limp, and one of the dogs began worrying at his neck till I kicked it dead.

"And then I turned to search Clancy, but he was alive and up again and backing around me with his knife out. We ate part of the dog and threw what was left to the other three.

"After that we didn't talk to each other. But we went on. The ghosts of other men who had died up there, crawling like us around the top end of everything, floated before us and around us. Sometimes when the wind eddied round they would start right up from the snow beside us and drift away. Sometimes they came in from the edge of the world. Down here you would say they were just drifting snow, but up there we knew, Clancy and me, they were dead men's ghosts.

"Then it began to snow, and we couldn't go any farther. It was more'n a week since we'd seen the black specks on the back trail. We had gone a hundred miles since then. We'd seen the white ghosts of all the other men that had got within a hundred miles of the Pole—and we were nearer than that. Did I say it snowed? Four days. One after the other I kicked the dogs dead, and we ate what we could and threw the rest to the other dogs. The last was the fattest of all. They taste like rabbits, only tougher.

"And when they were all gone we raked around for the bones and sucked them. And then there was nothing left of the team but the hide harness, and one day I grabbed that, and we lived on that. It was tough chewing and tasted salty, but it kept us from dying—a little longer. It is a big thing, to do what no other man ever did, and then die. But it is a good thing, just to live, any place. Sometimes I wondered which I would rather do. That was funny! I hadn't any choice.

"We got weaker and weaker, and the hide harness didn't do any more good, and we knew that death was coming sure. We hadn't talked since the fight, with the dogs waiting in a circle for one of us to fall, but

now Clancy motioned for me to come over to where he was lying. He was all in. He reached inside his clothes and from one place and another he pulled out grub. His own grub that he'd pretended to eat but had saved—mine that he had saved the same way, when I hadn't sense enough to do it. 'Boy,' he says, 'you didn't know, did you? But it's all been for you. I guess we got farthest north? Now, to hell with the Pole. You go back.'

"It ain't a big thing up that far, to kill a man for the grub he's got, when your own's all gone. But say—I guess there's some bigger things than finding the Pole. You think?

"I kneeled beside Clancy and held his hand—tight. Once, back on Viele Fiord, there was a girl. There might have been a baby. But once I came back to Viele Fiord—and—found the world all empty. I thought I'd never feel that way again. It was long ago. But I did, kneeling there beside—a man.

"'Write our names,' Clancy says, and I got down in the snow and wrote our names.

"Then Clancy says, 'Pray!' but I didn't know anything to write then, and Clancy made up a prayer and I started to write it in the snow. It rhymed; 'Now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep,' he said, very low, and I wrote it as he went along, 'I-pray-Thee-Lord-my-soul-to-keep. If—' There was some more to it that I can't remember but that's all I wrote.

"His right arm was straight out, and he was lying with his head resting on it. He was that way—afterward. I lifted him to his feet—I don't know how long after that was—and held him up in a little hole I gouged in the frozen snow, just a little farther on than either of us had ever stepped, and then I packed the snow up around him to his knees. Whoever reaches the top of the world will first find *him* standing there pointing to the place, if it's a hundred years. Nothing can—change—in that—cold.

"And then I started back. I can't ever remember much about that. I had enough to last a man a week—the way it has to last up there. It was all gone when they picked me up. I brought the ship back to Sydney, and when the old crew mutinied there I stayed by her and came on down with the new one.

"No, I don't think I'll ever go up there again. Wasn't it queer about that prayer? The last part rhymed, too, but I never can remember it."

I wrote a few words on the back of the menu and passed it across. What he read was, "If I should die before I wake, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take," and he stared over at me with awed fascination.

"Why, how the hell——?"

"It's the prayer of little children."

Photograph by W.G. Helwig.

FOUR MERRY COASTERS

TRUCK FARMING IN FLORIDA

BY E. P. POWELL

YOU do not see all of Florida from the tourist standpoint. These flitters constitute a wonderful tribe, steadily flowing in and out of the State, by three or four main lines of cars, and by three lines of ocean vessels. They begin about the first of December and the hotels are crowded by the middle of that month. Every train unloads a caravan, all furnished with guns, and with fishing tackle, although I have discovered that very few of them know either how to shoot or fish. They are of the Bowser sort largely, and are possessed of very queer notions about having fun. They know little or nothing of the State, even after they have been there for five or six years in succession, and I hear from some of them that they have spent nearer twenty winters in Florida. They go all around the Coast, spending money at the costly resorts, and congratulating themselves as if the joys of this world were measured by the amount of money that goes out of pocket.

Palm Beach is the paradise of this sort of people; it really is a marvel of tropical beauty, and Mr. Flagler is no more celebrated for his railroad activities than for what he has done to turn this place into a Garden of Eden. It is the Mecca of tourists, and no one thinks he has seen Florida till he has spent a few days at Palm Beach. It has the advantage of entire lack of conscience in hotel charges, and has the knack of sifting out the millionaires from common travelers; yet it is a wonderful place that everyone should see. When peripatetics have got through with about three months of winter, and money-spending, along these Coast counties, the mosquitoes set in upon them, and drive them pell-mell out of the State. I find that very few of them ever learn that there is a backbone to Florida, made up of high rolling land, where every hollow is a beautiful lake; a land where the mosquito is sometimes seen but has no control, and where the climate is equable all the year round—that is, the summers are fully as endurable as the winters—I think more so. Nor do these professional tourists know anything about the industries of the State, beyond the fact that oranges grow in Florida, and that grape fruit is served on their hotel menu twice a day. They possibly have acquired some slight knowledge of some of the semi-tropical fruits, like the avocado, and the loquat and the pineapple.

I have told the readers of THE OUTING MAGAZINE about my own winter garden and orange grove, but there remains a phase of agriculture in the State quite as remarkable as anything that can be discovered about the orange orchards; I mean the trucking business. This consists in the growing of early vegetables for the Northern market, and a succession of later vegetables, making three or four crops from a single plat of land. Florida has this unrivaled advantage, that whatever may be undertaken by any other State to the North, even Georgia, we can get our potatoes and vegetables and fruit into Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, or Chicago at least two weeks ahead of any rival. This peninsula, thrust by Nature down into the tropic seas, and watered by showers from both the Atlantic and the Gulf, can defy all the gardens in the world. It has no competition outside its own boundaries, and it is learning co-operation inside its limits. Northerners are finding out this, and are very rapidly taking up hundreds of new acres every year.

The trucking section consists of flat land and rather moist; there are large parts of it that must be drained before they can be put to use. The soil is sandy, but very rich in vegetable matter, much of it almost black. These parts of Florida characterized by the palm, have not been annually burned over, like the pine section, and so have gone on accumulating humus of a very fine quality and a great depth, while the soil below is in need of nothing but heaving up to the sunshine. With proper culture these lands need not be exhausted of fertility in a thousand years. It is a land of small farms, where five acres makes a good-sized homestead, and more likely the owner will be satisfied with what he can get out of one or two acres. Trucking means the intensest culture conceivable. I have heard this black land called Klondike, meaning that it is a mine of wealth. It is a garden in the highest sense of the word.

After you have entered the State and landed at Jacksonville, you can continue your way southward either by any one of three or four lines or cars, or you can take a boat up the St. John's River, which will land you at Sanford or Enterprise, as the end of navigation. It is one of the most thoroughly delightful trips afforded anywhere in the United States. The small steamer winds its way under the sharp eye of a thoroughly trained pilot, following the navigable channel that twists about through a vegetation of the most picturesque and wonderful sort conceivable. Not for two consecutive minutes is the outlook the same. You are in fact simply boating it through tropical forests. The mosses hang down from the trees almost to the smokestack in places, and again the river widens out into a lake, through which you cut your way in the morning sunshine, with ducks in the water and birds overhead, but nowhere a sign that a human being is on the globe apart from the boat. The wilderness is absolute. Then again the channel narrows until you are almost plunging into the wild flowers that literally cover the banks; in fact you are at times among the water hyacinths, that have clogged so many Southern streams with their beauty. Here and there lonesome cabins have been built out on rude piers of logs, and as it is morning you will see the Cracker with his fish pole catching his breakfast out of the river, while his wife kindles a blaze of free driftwood. Neighbors there are none; he looks like a possible Robinson Crusoe. Alligators occasionally lift their noses, and the wealth of wild flowers climbing the trees and tressing the groves together is something marvelous. This trip will be a part of your dream life forever. On and on you go through the laughing lagoons, rarely touching at towns or railroad landings, but occasionally hearing the railroad whistle through some gap in the forest, and once in a while, where the land lies rolling or high, catching a glimpse of orange orchards that indicate a town not far off. For clean, unbroken romance give me a trip up the St. John's.

On the morning of the second day you will reach Sanford, and this is the very heart of the trucking section. You land in a beautiful park, where the palms predominate, but there are orange trees and grape fruit and other semi-tropical fruits growing all about you. The hotel shows that the railroads have gone beyond this point, to exploit the more unique Coast sections, and are carrying the bulk of tourists farther on. The town also bears signs of having been under a deep depression, owing to the orange freeze of 1895. You see, however, some signs of a new impulse. The streets are abundantly supplied with great fountains that throw up waters strong with sulphur. Horses like this water fairly well and many people become fond of it. It is certainly wholesome. There is flatness everywhere. At the depot we see cars laden with lettuce and celery or with cabbage. There is no time when you will not see more or less of this freightage, but the bulk of the shipments are in January and April.

You will be invited to stroll or to ride out into the surrounding country. One mile, two miles, three miles, four miles, and yet you have seen nothing but celery and lettuce, and the negroes and Crackers who are cultivating the fields. As fast as the crop is pulled another is planted. The system of irrigation is simple, for water can be obtained in the form of flowing wells by boring or digging from twelve to twenty feet. The whole country seems to be a floating island. That large sums of

money are being made is evident, although one must not believe the advertisements which reach the North. Celery land is not worth thousands of dollars per acre, certainly not as a rule, and no one should invest in this trucking section until he has seen the land and studied the conditions. It is attractive business, mainly because it is quick money. It takes an orange grove ten years to become exceedingly profitable, but a lettuce crop brings in money inside of six months. There are many people who are better adapted to this sort of gardening than to fruit growing, for the problems are less, and less intricate. The insect enemies are fewer, and there remains just this one great danger, a freeze. You may be sure that there will be a touch of frost once or twice every winter, and there is pretty sure to be a bad freeze once in four or five years. Occasionally a whole crop is swept out; thousands of dollars by a single breath of a Northern blizzard. The next day the sun comes out warm and the winds blow in from the ocean, but the mischief is done—lots of work put to naught in a night. The truckers can afford this once in awhile, but not too often. I do not know of any other place either in Florida or elsewhere where gardening literally covers the face of the earth; but here in Sanford the dooryard is a celery bed, and the back yard is another. In one place I found the street side cultivated down to the ditch, but wild phlox Drummond's was smiling up through the paths as a sort of apology for such close domestic economy. It was an admirable way of getting rid of street weeds.

I was invited by a doctor from Pennsylvania, who had gone South for his health, to go out a couple of miles and visit his cucumber houses. I did this the more cheerfully because I wished to know about growing other crops under cover. I had heard a good deal about pineapple culture of this sort, but so far as I had been able to observe, this sort of pineapple growing had been given up through central Florida. I found that my friend had erected very substantial sheds, covering I think something over an acre and a half. Instead of roofs he had arranged rolls of canvas, and a handy mechanical contrivance to unroll these and draw them over the sheds in case of danger. He was planning to grow the new American Wonder Lemon, a remarkable affair that bears lemons weighing from one to two pounds each, on bushy trees of not more than ten feet in height. This lemon was originated in Baltimore a few years ago, and up to the present time is grown mostly in pots in Northern homes. It has not been experimented with much, as yet, as a market fruit. Its quality is superb, and a tree hanging full is a sight to go far to look at. Its very size may, however, debar it from special value in the market. The cucumber sheds were supplied with brick heaters, in which a fire could be quickly started, made of pine knots, and heat generated sufficiently to keep the atmosphere considerably above the freezing point.

Florida is nearly as large as all New England, and of course there is a great diversity of employment. In the northern counties corn, wheat, oats, peaches, pears and apples dominate; in the center we find most of these products growing side by side with oranges, lemons, loquats, sweet potatoes and cassava; and in the southern counties we are among pineapples avocados and other strictly tropical fruits and vegetables. The trucking region is therefore closely associated with orange growing and other citrus products. You cannot drive anywhere about Sanford without coming upon yards that are filled with these golden fruits. Grape fruit hanging six inches in diameter and in huge clusters bends its trees over sometimes to the very soil. Peaches are as common as oranges, and when you get a little nearer the hilly or sloping lands to the west, large peach orchards stand in January and February bursting into bloom. In March you will find a few ripe fruits, but the marketable crop comes not earlier than April and May. The mulberry fills up March, and is the first one of the Southern fruits to ripen. You will find it everywhere; varieties that do not seem to have found any place in our Northern gardens as yet. The fruit is from one to two inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Nearly every bird in the heavens and every animal on the earth likes the mulberry, and for my part a mulberry pie is the only rival I have ever yet found for a blackberry pie. My whole being turns into a poem when I think of it. You should have

just pulp enough not to let the juice run away, and the pie show no sign of stinginess.

This is the way with Florida, that while one industry predominates there is enough else going on to widen out life and make a complete home. With all the rest, of course the St. John's River furnishes a magnificent fishing ground. With the celery and the lettuce are shipped carloads of eggplant and more or less Irish potatoes. One lot on Celery Avenue reports one acre in eggplants, shipping 403 crates, and netting $1.25 per crate; one acre in cauliflower, shipping 300 crates, and netting $1.75 per crate; one acre in cucumbers, shipping 500 crates and netting $1.00 per crate. But, mark you, these three acres were all one acre, and the crops were raised in succession. The owner writes: "I have now a fine crop of corn on the same land." The rule is the same with celery and lettuce, that after shipping three crops, crab grass comes up spontaneously, making splendid autumn fodder, after which the grass is plowed under to add humus to the soil. Another grower reports that he had four acres of celery, from which he shipped 2,000 crates, that netted $1.25 per crate. The same grower had ten acres in tomatoes, from which he shipped 2,000 crates, and netted $1.40 per crate.

From the central counties of the State one may gather reports nearly or quite as attractive, but the products shipped are mainly tomatoes, potatoes, cabbages and melons from the garden, and oranges with grape fruit and peaches from the orchard. The loquat would constitute a splendid article of commerce if it were not too tender for shipment. It is a delicious fruit, ripening all winter; combining the shape of a small pear with the general flavor of a cherry. It is blossoming and ripening during three or four months. The tree is very handsome and the blossoms are highly perfumed. The fruit hangs in large clusters. My impression is that tomato growing and sweet potato growing have by no means reached their maximum, and that the future will develop trucking in this direction enormously. There is a fascination about the growing of celery that leads to an over-stocked market. The prices of one year are not by any means a certain gauge for all years.

Who is doing the work, and is help always obtainable? The negro is a fairly good grade of citizen in every respect. He is not an Anglo-Saxon, and most of the grumbling about him comes from a grade of citizen himself off somewhat from the highest standard. Take the black man as an African, allow somewhat for his instincts, and something more for his superstitions, and you will find him generally industrious, possessed of a little property, and a gentleman. I have not yet met a colored man in Florida who was not courteous. Is it instinct; or is it due to lack of provocation? To me he is a man, and he knows very quickly when he is treated as such. It is a very small sample of humanity that is compelled to prove his superiority to a negro. More than this the black man is a Southern necessity. The South cannot exist without him. The American problem is labor, more help; and this is the same North and South. The negro is needed by the orange grower and by the truck grower, and he is needed also by the migratory farmer who spends only his winters in the South.

The best farmer that I have seen in Florida is a Cracker. With all the peculiarities of his class, he is a careful observer, and quick to apply what lessons he learns. This man runs a milk route, manages several large orange groves, and does a good deal of truck gardening in the bargain. His judgment is inquisitive, but quick and decisive, and his speech is something of the same sort. Roused from their apathy the Crackers make a sort of Southern Yankee. With this exception the most enterprising native that I have discovered is a coal-black African. Caesar is highly respected by all classes, for his forceful and prompt, and every way executive tact. Our lakes constitute sounding boards, and you can hear this fellow half a mile away talking to his mules as he plows, alternately singing a negro melody. Just at this moment I hear him shout, "You old fool mule! Can't you see youse all wrong there? I sure is ashamed of any mule that can't run a straight furrow!" Then another melody rises over the water, followed and interlarded with more objurgations. They tell me that at adolesence this fellow broke out as, and for a year or two remained, all

nigger. I think I understand the whites of the South, and am confident that the negro problem is safe in their hands. My plowman is a negro preacher; and his sermons are more nearly up to the times than those preached in the churches for white people, by white ministers. He is a good observer, has keen sympathy with nature, and I should say that for level common sense—a sort of everyday washable religion, Reverend Cole is above the average of white preachers. He does not shout at his horse, for he tells me his religion is practical, a thing for every day life, "Jes to make a man better, Sah! that's all. I reckon nobody knows so very much about another world, Sah! and they might as well not bother themselves too much beyond their knowledge."

Yet the black man has had every conceivable disadvantage. He cannot take advantage of a common church or a common school. There is something in the atmosphere that informs him that he is an inferior. Yet every day I see negroes going by my house, who walk at least two miles with their axes and dinner pails to work, and these fellows are always on time in the morning, nor do they return to their homes before six o'clock at night. They are distinguished for orderly behavior and straightforwardness. That a negro likes steady employment such as is afforded by factories I do not affirm, but he makes a good field hand and a good truck gardener. He is instinctively less fond than the Anglo-Saxon of laying up a large amount of property for the future. Just enough satisfies him, and this he will cheerfully share with his neighbors. One peculiarity is that he will never go to work on the day that he is sent for, but always "to-morrow." The Cracker is a good ways from being the worthless character that he has been represented to be, and the black man is talked about a great deal too much. Let him alone until he can work out some of his instincts, and he will make a fairly good partner in the industries that the South is rapidly developing. The Cracker has bitter prejudices and slouchy ways, but he is capable of progress quite as certainly as the New Englander type. Folk who have been drilled in Massachusetts or New York, or after the Chicago method, must learn that they do not constitute the only type of industry. I have at no time been put out for lack of help in my fields nor do I observe that the truck gardeners lack for laborers.

Around Sanford I noticed that the fields are supplied about equally with blacks and whites as laborers. A good many Germans are found there at work, and they invariably make a good thing of it. An Italian is a novelty, but he is gradually working his way Southward. The speculative interest in Florida has very largely left the orange-growing sections and concentrated about truck growing. Yet for the most part these lands are owned and run by residents. It must, however, be borne in mind that the land is entirely level, and that in wet seasons they are liable to be overflowed —for several days at a time. The climate is not always healthy, and by no means compares with the central part of the State for equability of temperature, while there is no such freedom from insect pests. At the famous resorts the mosquito becomes master of the situation during all the warmer months. It is impossible to remain there after the first of April without protecting your face, and using other precautions not entirely unknown in some sections of the North.

My own partiality for the hilly section is so strong that I would not own a whole county of flat land or Coast land if it were given to me—with the provision that I must occupy it through the whole year. In the center of the State we have no more mosquitoes than we have in central New York, and not so many as in Michigan and Indiana. I quite agree with Mr. Laughlin, of Pittsburg, whose ninety-thousand-dollar establishment is on another of the small lakes not far from my own, that probably the world does not hold a more wholesome section for homes than the lake and hilly region of central Florida. No one need to leave during the hotter months, for at this season there are cool breezes every day from either the Atlantic or the Gulf, and there are daily showers. April is counted the least agreeable of all the months, because the temperature rises a good deal of the time to eighty-five, ninety or even ninety-five, while a shower is a rare thing. We are still eating oranges, however, and we do not find gardening at all oppressive before eleven o'clock in the morning and

after three in the afternoon. We soon form the habit of taking long noonings in our hammocks.

I prefer the less speculative and quiet ventures here among the lakes. We can grow all the celery and lettuce that we want for home use, in the bottom lands that border the lakes; and there is considerable shipment of these products. But on the slopes and high lands we grow to better advantage melons and fruit. The demand for these is always good either in Cincinnati or in Jacksonville. A Northern farmer can begin at once with hens, turkeys and ducks, if he likes this sort of employment, and his broilers and eggs will find a good demand in the larger cities. One of my neighbors has been very successful with bees, taking up two thousand pounds in the winter; returning them to his Ohio home where he takes up another two thousand pounds during the summer. This incomparable advantage we have, that we are not only making money, but are establishing homes and securing health. The timber is almost exclusively pine, and you are working all day in or near pine groves. There is no swamp or anything like it, unless it be where a sluggish branch of the Suwanee or Ocala winds its way westward.

However, the migratory farmer is not to be guided by my tastes, nor will his movements be altogether controlled by climatic conditions. In many cases what he wants is money, and this need must control his movements. Trucking is quick work and results are immediate. He can always buy land that is already broken and ready for cropping. Prices will be much higher and profits will accrue in like proportion. In the hilly section good homesteads can be secured for from ten to forty dollars per acre; around Sanford good celery land runs up into the hundreds, and I am told even thousands per acre. In neither case should a Northerner believe the advertiser and make an investment of any size before he has seen the property involved.

LITTLE STORIES

HIS DOG, "ORNERY"

BY LOUIS DODGE

I THINK my brother Edward and my three sisters have all set their minds at rest on the subject of Robin's death, just as I have done. Yet there are times when I think about the poor boy's dog, and the way it rebuked us, and I own that my conscience troubles me.

Robin was the youngest one of the family—a great deal the youngest. Edward was nearly of age, and I only two years behind him, when the last child—that was Robin—was born. The three girls were old enough, at least, to know what their mother's love meant. And then, when the baby boy was just big enough to creep across the floor, wavering on his laborious course, and pausing at intervals to survey the shaft of sunlight across the carpet far ahead—a yard or so beyond the reach of his fingers—then the mother died. This is not the story of Robin's life, but rather of his death—and his dog. But I wanted to make it plain that he did not have a mother's hand to guide him as he grew up; for it is not fair to tell how he went down into the far country, among the revelers, without telling also how there was no one to restrain him.

As we all settled down to the business of raising families or mastering professions, or both, we gave little enough thought to Robin, and had no premonitions of how we would have to think of him after awhile, with shame and sorrow. He was away at school for a time, in one of those little towns where, I think, boys are placed in much greater danger of coming to harm than in the cities.

He wrote boyish letters to us—letters in which we might have seen that his heart was thirsting for love and sympathy. Sometimes he boasted greatly of things accomplished; sometimes he explained, with an effect of tremulous doubt, errors into which he had fallen. And I am afraid we did not answer his letters faithfully; sometimes perhaps not at all.

And then there were long periods when we did not hear from him, followed finally by a penitent admission that he had had trouble at school and had gone to work. I think some of us took the trouble to remonstrate with him about this, only to be informed, in his next communication, that he was getting along splendidly at his work and looked for promotion in a very short time. Poor Robin! He was always up on the heights or in the depths.

And so several years passed, and then, during the midst of a forenoon when my eldest sister, Georgiana, was immersed in her household duties, Robin walked in upon her. He was strangely reticent and subdued—not at all the joyous, communicative boy she had known. He had come home to stay awhile, he said. It should be explained that he had been with Georgiana more than with any of the rest of us, and that she had taken, after a fashion, the place of his mother.

But something was plainly wrong, and Georgiana was not long in guessing the boy's secret. There came an evening, soon after he had become a member of her household, when she sat, white and shocked, and listened to the unwonted noises in his room as he tried to undress himself. She saw, long after he had groped his way through the house toward his door, the trance-like empty expression in his eyes—and she wished, suddenly, that she had tried harder to be a mother to him during the years that were gone.

It was after we had all discovered what evil days had come to the lad—though Georgiana tried faithfully to keep us all in ignorance of the truth—that "Ornery" appeared on the scene.

I doubt if the little dog ever had a real name. Robin brought him in one day, shivering and softly whining.

"Goodness! Robin, what is that you's got?" inquired Georgiana. In her domestic administration Georgiana was a circumspect, begrudging soul, and there had never been a dog on her premises, so far as she knew.

"A cripple," responded Robin, with tentative *bonhomie* toward the world at large, and gentle solicitude toward the little dumb beast that needed a friend.

"What's the matter?" inquired Georgiana. She was learning much in those days, and she was moved to friendly speech just now, seeing that Robin was in a promising mood.

"His leg is broken," said Robin. "I guess some son-of-a-gun hit him with a rock—or maybe he was run over. I found him out on the road, whipping the weeds with his tail, and looking at me with his head turned way over on one side—that was for suspicion. I said, 'that's an ornery dog,' and he set his head straight just as soon as he heard me speak. And when I saw he wasn't suspicious any more, I had to take up with him."

Robin made this statement of the facts nervously, as if his fate, rather than the dog's, hung upon Georgiana's decision. But he finished with such warmth that his case, and the dog's, was won.

"Well, do be careful he don't bite you," said Georgiana, and she withdrew, conscious that there was something in Robin's character which placed him in a class apart from the rest of the family. She was sufficiently interested to desert her own work after awhile, and steal forth to take a glance at the boy and his charge.

Robin, seated on the back porch, had encased one of the dog's legs in little bits of wood, and was laboriously applying wrappings of white linen. Georgiana observed with dismay that he had torn into strips the fresh handkerchief she had put in his pocket that morning, but she checked her impulse to scold. It was too late now for a rebuke to do any good, in any case.

And as she looked, she realized that here was a sight which would have touched a susceptible person. Robin's wayward hair fell in one dark wing over his forehead, and in his eyes there was the soft look of one who pities and serves.

"Dear child," reflected Georgiana, "he's a man in years now, but who could realize it, seeing how irresponsible he is. He's still just a boy, as he seems likely always to be. If he were only not such a poor, unhappy boy!"

It was a custom among the various members of our family to meet at Georgiana's on Sundays. Her home was centrally located and comparatively commodious, and by a peculiar masterfulness in her character she had made us all feel that her house was headquarters. So it happened that on the Sunday following Robin's adoption of his lame dog we all had an opportunity to view him in a new guise.

I think we all affected a kind of jocular tone when we made our comments on the subject, and Robin, who seemed to be always on his guard, in a manner, when in our presence, was not to be taken at a disadvantage.

"What do you call him?" inquired Edward, with an indulgent smile, when we had all gone out to have a look. Edward knew it was a ridiculous thing for any one to waste his time over a worthless dog, but he did not wish to be severe with Robin.

"Oh, I call him 'Ornery'," answered Robin, flushing a little. "You can see he *is* ornery, all right, and he seems to recognize the name."

At the sound of the word the dog wagged his tail briefly. His bandaged leg gave him no embarrassment, though he glanced at one and then another strange face about him with meekness and distaste. Here was none of the chagrin of a thoroughbred, but rather the uneasiness of a dependent in unfortunate circumstances, surrounded by unsympathetic observers.

"He'll put up a little better front in a few days," said Robin. "Give him time."

But as a matter of fact, the humble little beast never did "put up a better front." I saw him often after that, and I doubt if I would have paid any attention

to him at all if his conduct had not been so strange—so undoglike, I might say. He must have discovered very soon that his master had irregular habits and was not to be relied upon for regular companionship. And always when I saw him he presented the odd appearance of one ruminating—and waiting.

To one of a playful, or even of a cheerful disposition, Georgiana's home must have seemed a dreary place. There were no children there, and rarely was there a man about the house—Georgiana's husband having an occupation which kept him out of town much of the time. The ladies who called were of Georgiana's own type: an admirable type, but inclined to be formal, and intellectual, and severe. Certainly not the sort to whom one would look for that motherliness and good-heartedness which sometimes takes account even of forlorn dogs.

So Ornery spent his days on the front porch, looking with a kind of heartbroken disinterestedness at any who chanced to pass by. Surely so quiet a dog never was known before. For him there were no joyous excursions to the fence, to bark at everything and nothing. None of the imaginary perils, fiercely met from the safe side of the fence, as one notes in the experiences of normal dogs. He was as quiet, physically, as he was vocally. When he trotted, which he seldom did, he lifted his feet with a kind of indecision, as if, really, there were no place worth going to.

After the fashion of those who wait long hours for the beloved footfall that should sound but does not, he slept illy as he lay on the porch. Perhaps he might fall into a doze, during which he would emit little whining sounds, as if troubled dreams assailed him. But oftener he would lie wide-awake, with a hopeless eye turned toward the empty street.

After a time the abject demeanor of the little beast affected me. I have a real fondness for dogs, though I may never have shared Robin's fancy for those of the mendicant class. At first I was content to pass Ornery without giving him a second thought, when he showed no sign at all of wishing to get acquainted with me. But when I came to the house regularly, Sunday after Sunday, with an occasional visit during the week, I felt that I was entitled to some mild form of recognition, even from a very forlorn dog. But I got no recognition at all.

It was then that I made up my mind to show that I, too, was charitably disposed. And so one day I approached the peculiar little animal, bent on making friends. I think I understand the nature of a dog very well. One must be direct and honest, and neither backward nor too confident. There must be no condescension nor too much formality, but a kind of sincere *camaraderie*, as if one were saying, "We know each other already, so far as essentials are concerned. We have only to observe certain conventions and we shall be fully acquainted."

But while this course of reason may do very well with the ordinary dog, it failed utterly in the case of Ornery. Through him I learned that one may not safely say, "I understand dogs," since there are different kinds of dogs. Here was a special type. When I approached I was met with a look that was shy and puzzled. I leaned over with a sincere wish to be kind, but I received no response at all. The ears continued to droop, the tail remained inert, and the eyes looked at me pleadingly and with discomfort. There was no fear or distrust, but something which I recognized as a far more serious matter; a confident recognition of incompatibility—a sad acknowledgment of the fact that worlds lay between us. Words could not have said more plainly, "I pray you go your way and leave me alone."

The thought occurred to me that perhaps this timid being had long been subjected to harsh treatment, and that probably he viewed me with undue suspicion. I thought to reassure him and make his the generous prerogative of approaching me. So I retired to the other end of the porch, and turned, and patted my leg and called persuasively. But Ornery only inclined his head a little and looked at me sadly. Again the eyes spoke more plainly than words: "I am sorry I cannot be friendly with you, but, you see, we have nothing in common. You are strong and well trained, while I have never had any advantages at all." I turned away, almost disconcerted. Who before had ever heard of a dog that insisted in flaunting his humility in one's face—as if his low

estate were an arraignment of all one's race?

Nor were relationships any more amicable in the case of my brother and this uncomfortable cur. Edward brought the matter to my attention on one occasion and I was surprised to learn how nearly his experiences corresponded to my own.

"That's a queer, ungrateful beast Robin has taken under his wing," said my brother. "I've offered to be friendly with him, but it did no good. He didn't seem to be afraid of me exactly, but he looked at me as if I were a kind of a hypocrite. I've seen human beings before now just the same way, among the dependent classes."

I have often regarded Edward as being rather narrow, and when he spoke of the "dependent classes" I felt a kind of discomfort. Still I was gratified by the discovery that Ornery had treated him with no more favor than he had bestowed upon me.

Georgiana had listened to Edward's comment. "He's not really ungrateful," she said. "I think he only saves all his demonstrations for Robin. You ought to see him when Robin comes home. He doesn't permit himself to become cheerful. It is as if he were taking part in some kind of a rite. You may think it's an extravagance, but sometimes it seems to me as if he were taking a minor part in a tragedy. When the boy reaches the gate, Ornery trots down in a kind of careening fashion and takes his position at Robin's heels. He trots as far as the door and then goes around behind the house and flops down on the doorstep outside Robin's room. One long sigh and he's fast asleep. I believe he doesn't stir during the rest of the night."

It would be only in accordance with one's conception of poetic justice if I could say that Robin returned this faithful devotion. But I cannot quite believe that he did. He was never harsh or positively unkind, but certainly he paid little enough heed to the meek wayfarer who was so faithful to him. Here again I find that I am beyond the depths of my philosophy—or of Robin's philosophy. As near as I could fathom the matter there was, between them, a recognition of a common condition of hard luck. And unlucky individuals, I suppose, cannot be expected to be more affectionate toward each other than more favored beings are. They simply have to be more mindful, in a matter-of-fact way, of each other's needs.

Robin never failed to salute his comrade simply when he came home, and he always inquired of Georgiana if Ornery had been fed. And sometimes he put his hand on the dog's rough head and let it remain a little time, while his own eyes were saddened by a far-away glance, in which a grave question seemed to be brooding. But certainly there was nothing hysterical or spectacular in this friendship, which seemed always understood rather than expressed.

Having done my best to describe the curious ways of Ornery, it is perhaps time that I should say something about Robin.

The different kinds and degrees of enslavement which fix themselves upon those who drink have always been puzzling to me. I have often entertained the theory that those who come into forlorn or tragic prominence by reason of this habit do so through causes which often do not reveal themselves, and not because the habit itself is so strong. But Robin's case taught me that one may not safely theorize. He had been of a nature so joyous, so exuberant, and now such evil days had fallen upon him. He had been frank and confiding. so far as we could tell, with the rare gift of hearty laughter and a keen enjoyment of the simple things of life. And now this much of a birthright had been lost, and we saw his ceasing to be what he had been, and we could discover no agency that had brought the sad result about.

Matters had reached a point where none of us greeted him quite cordially when he came near us. I think we made a show of being glad to see him, but Robin must have known, as we did, that it was almost wholly a pretense. Georgiana alone was really good to him, her kindness taking the form of an unfailing patience. She came and went for him when he appeared at the house; prepared meals for him at unseasonable hours; kept the light burning late (though often he never came at all), and saw that his room was always inviting.

I think she also gave him money now and then, and that was wherein she surpassed us all. For I am afraid it was Robin's habit of asking for money that put

a gulf between him and the rest of us. We had plenty of arguments with which to justify ourselves. We had often aided him in this way on his humble promise to straighten up and repay us. Then we made use of the argument, in our minds, that we were doing him an injury to yield to his requests in this way. For myself, I often assured myself that I would be willing to give him the last dollar I possessed, if by so doing I could have been sure that he would be really helped.

Now that it is over I cannot help believing that this was mainly insincere. Unfailing kindness might have helped him, and certainly the course we pursued did not. It has come to be my conviction that when we withhold money from any one, even the most wayward, it is chiefly because of our selfishness, no matter what we may say to ourselves.

Certain it is that theories fail in the presence of many of the facts of life; and when I recall all that transpired, and see again the dumb, wretched look in his eyes when he met me on the street, I wish above everything else that I had been generous and unquestioning.

At length, the fact having been established that the boy was a kind of outcast; that we all expected nothing of him, there came one day a climax in his affairs.

He was sitting on the back steps, pondering—half of his mind yearning for better conditions, I have no doubt, while the other half speculated upon the chance and means of finding some kind of excitement.

Ornery, on his haunches in front of his master, had one ear up, as if he felt sure there must be something to hear if he could only hear it. Georgiana went out to them with the hope of putting something cheerful and hopeful into Robin's thoughts, and her attention was for an instant attracted by the behavior of the dog, who went apart and viewed her almost morosely.

"It's strange, isn't it?" she commented.

"What?" asked Robin.

"The way Ornery keeps a distance between himself and all of us but you."

"Oh, I wouldn't mind that. I guess he just don't approve of you all."

"But why?" asked Georgiana, with the mildest protest in her tone.

"Well, I suppose it's just his disposition. You see, he's fond of me, and he can't see why others are not."

"But we are fond of you, Robin dear," responded Georgiana earnestly.

"Yes, yes, I know. But not in any way that a dog would understand."

Georgiana's face flushed slowly and her expression changed from a look of wounded reproach to one of profound pity. She could think of nothing to say, but Robin, looking up presently, caught the look of sadness in her face and spoke hurriedly:

"Oh, I don't mean you, Georgy. You've been good to me—too good. Nobody has been to blame for anything, but me. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

With a sudden impulse Georgiana sat down on the step beside him.

"What is it, Robin dear, that is taking you so far away from us?" she questioned. "You're growing less and less like your old self every day. I wish you could recall, as I do, the child you used to be. There was nothing but love and joy in your heart when you were little. Why, the whole neighborhood used to notice it. When the man came with the coal or the groceries, you always wanted to get up on the seat beside him and be the driver. I can see you still, shouting for joy, your face shining. You always wanted to help—to be out among the men and the horses. And there was nobody so gruff or so hurried but he was willing to humor you. That's the way your life began, dear. And now—Oh, I know how unhappy you are, how hard you try to do better. I know you lie awake at night often and grieve because you're not the boy you used to be—the boy that everybody used to love."

"I do! I do!" cried Robin, staggering to his feet and sobbing. He had been slowly turning his face farther and farther away, and now the storm of his emotions broke. For a moment he could say nothing more; and then: "I'm glad you put it into words like that, Georgy," he said. "I couldn't say it myself, but it's true."

He went into the house without looking back, and Georgiana, happening to glance toward Ornery, was surprised to see in the dog's eyes a soft look that seemed to express gratitude and hope.

But Robin did not improve any. The summer waned, and with the setting in of

dreary days the devils which possessed him carried him to greater and greater lengths. Only once more did Georgiana find an opportunity to remonstrate with him. It was during a day when he remained more than usual about the house, seeming actually to be putting his shoulder against a difficulty which bore down upon him. It was then that she tried to make it plain to him that he was really dear to us all—that he had only to take his right place in the world, and we would all be proud of him, and eager to catch step with him along his way.

"I know," he replied. "Living is just like making bargains. You can't expect anybody to do more than his share. And that's right. Only, there are some who just can't make an even trade. There's so little they are able to do or give."

There came for Robin one final drifting away from all moorings, a period of storm and darkness.

Then there was a day when he did not go out of the house at all. Georgiana has told me how she was specially busy that day—how, too, she feared to distress him by seeming to observe his movements.

Even Ornery's need of him was forgot during the gloomy afternoon. The boy remained in his room, hour after hour, engaged, as it afterward developed, in writing letters. At intervals Georgiana heard him knock the ashes out of his pipe and then strike a match. When the early darkness came she observed that he had made a light.

Only when the evening meal was ready to serve did she disturb him by tapping cautiously at his door.

His response was disappointing to Georgiana, who had taken pains to prepare something inviting for him.

"I don't care for anything to-night, Georgy," he said, and she stood before his door marveling a little, because he had spoken so cheerfully.

She went away and sat down to the table by herself, her heart filled with hope as well as sadness. Afterward she sat by a window and looked out into the desolate night. The wind was moaning in the trees; the leaves were falling, and presently there was the patter of rain.

She did not know how long she sat and brooded. She only remembered that after a time she sought a book and read page after page until a strange drowsiness assailed her.

She roused herself and went to Robin's door, where she remained an instant, listening, but she did not enter.

She thought of the day's final duties and worked about the house for an hour. And suddenly she became conscious of a faint noise that must have been falling upon her ears for a long time.

Ornery, out in the advancing night, was forlornly whining.

She felt a sudden resentment that this creature should force his troubles upon her at a time when her own heart was oppressed. But she went to the door and spoke reassuringly to the dog, and tried to discover the cause of his complaint.

It was nearly midnight when she locked the doors and turned to extinguish the lights. Then her heart faltered, for she felt that the house was silent in some strange, unwonted way. She became unaccountably frightened, and realized that she could not have gone to one of the doors or even to the window, without being quite terrified.

There was conflict within her as she nervously crossed the room and entered the hallway without. Her steps became more hurried as she went, and she felt that if she had dared to turn around she must certainly have found some terrible thing following her.

The light still burned in Robin's room—she could see this by means of the narrow crevice beneath his door. She knocked softly and whispered his name, and then in a very passion of fear she opened the door without waiting for his response.

She knew at the first glance that Robin was dead. He had put away his writing materials, leaving a little heap of sealed letters on the table. He lay on his bed, fully dressed, one arm stretched out, as if imploring help or comradeship; the other lying across his eyes, after the manner of a child who admits defeat.

His mother was buried in a little town not far away, and we took Robin there, that he might lie by her side.

The time came, after months had passed, when Georgiana said to me softly, "After all, since he could not be happy with us,

perhaps it is best that he should be with her."

Only another word remains to be said. After the funeral, Georgiana's first thought was of the dead boy's dog. She looked about the house and yard and called eagerly, but there was no response. She made many inquiries and looked out the door expectantly every morning for many days. But Ornery was never seen again.

As I said in the beginning, I think we have all comforted ourselves with the thought that we did everything for Robin that was possible. But sometimes I think of him, and of his dog, and of how the faithful animal went away when Robin was no longer there. And then it is that what the boy said of Ornery comes back to me: "I guess he don't approve of the family."

I doubt if I have changed any in my conduct or in my character during the years that have followed. I know that life presents many problems that cannot be solved. But I have at least come to the conclusion that high thinking and equitable conduct are not sufficient to meet some of the world's griefs; and I have a conviction that if I had a chance to live the years over again I would find it in my heart to be kinder to the boy who is gone—kinder, even in ways that a dog would understand.

BILL'S GOOSE HUNT

BY NORMAN H. CROWELL

UNCLE Ezra Boggs, who had been snoring like an Aeolian harp in a summer zephyr, suddenly sat up and preened his Gladstones with his fingers. The storekeeper was bending over him with a hatchet in his hand.

"Hey! What ye doin', Si?" demanded Boggs, in alarm.

The proprietor started guiltily.

"Hush, Ez," whispered he, "I'm nailin' this codfish to th' bottom of th' box. I've begun to notice it ain't safe unless its spiked down."

"That's a fact, Si. Th' fellers have been makin' 'hemselves too free with that fish entirely," remarked Boggs, as he carelessly selected a gingersnap and inserted half of it in his mouth.

"Seen a string o' geese headin' south an hour ago," remarked Cal Martin, as he rubbed his hands together briskly, "It's gettin' winter all right."

"Yep—it's purty tollable cold to-day," assented the store-keeper.

Boggs stirred uneasily and cleared his throat.

"It's jest about as cold as it was th' day Bill Fikes went goose huntin' an' lost his best gal. That was forty-seven years ago day before yesterday an' a powerful sharp day, too. It was a hard blow to my old pard an' he never did really git over it."

The speaker relapsed into his whiskers and appeared to be on the point of falling into deep sleep. The anxiety of his hearers, however, was of a calibre that would not submit tamely and Hen Briggs voiced his mates' sentiments by inquiring:

"How'd Bill come to lose th' gal, Uncle Ez?"

Boggs looked up quickly and coughed.

"I was comin' to that, Hen—it was like this: Bill an' me was sort o' young an' meller in them days, me bein' fifteen an' Bill skassly a year older. Bill had got so fur along he'd fell in love. Had a bad attack, Bill did, an' I never see a man off 'is cud like he was. Th' gal was one o' these candy doll critters with a big braid o' hair hangin' down behind like a yaller lariat.

"Bill had hung around Pa Smith's place so pesky persistent that th' old gent kind o' got curdled on 'im an' after givin' Bill several stiff hints he finally up an' kicked my old pard over th' front fence one evenin'. But seein' as Bill had been serenadin' on a guitar for upwards o' two hours an' was tired anyway, it didn't dampen 'im much.

"All summer an' fall things went along jest to suit Bill. Then it got colder an' th' geese begun goin' south. Bill had a gun—one o' them makes that falls all to pieces when you pull th' lever under th' barrel—an' he called me over one day.

"After he'd loaded me down with th' powder an' shot we started off for th' big pond in Pa Smith's back pasture. We crawled about a mile along th' fence an' counted over two hundred big geese on th' pond. Jest then a drove o' Smith's

black heifers walked into sight from behind a bunch o' willers an' Bill set right down an' groaned.

" 'Confound it,' says he, 'ain't that tough luck for ye?'

" 'Tough—I GUESS!' says I, for I always agreed with Bill them days.

"But Bill got took with an idea. He'd read in 'Wild Bill' how th' Indians hunted game by sneakin' up alongside o' cows an' he said he'd try it. A big heifer was right in front of us an' Bill crawled through th' fence an' stole up beside her. She shied a trifle at first an' licked Bill's face with her tongue sort o' inquisitive, but he patted her ribs an' called her some real touchin' names till he got her confidence.

"It was about all he could do, though, to get that critter aimed for th' pond. I was jest tellin' Bill to twist her tail a little when she gave in an' started. Bill worked her along in fine style for fifty yards or so. Then th' cow stopped. She run her head around an' looked Bill square in th' eye for about a minute jest as if she was wonderin' what on earth he meant by steerin' her toward th' pond. It made Bill so nervous he jabbed th' gun in th' mud an' it took him five minutes to clean th' barrel out again.

"After he'd edged her a little closer I see he was goin' to shoot. First, he got down an' sighted through underneath th' cow, but I guess he couldn't see th' geese for he got up an' laid th' gun right across th' cow's forehead, jest in front of her little four-inch horns. Then he humped his back, drew a bead and blazed away. I nearly fell dead when I see him do it but I'm glad I didn't, for I'd a-missed what followed.

"When th' gun went off it must have surprised th' cow considerable, for when th' smoke cleared away she was goin' up across th' pasture at th' rate o' thirty mile an hour—an' Bill was with her. I thought he was doin' purty fair until I see what had happened. Ye see, one of th' cow's horns had caught in th' sleeve o' Bill's coat an' she was jest naturally elopin' with 'im.

"By th' time I'd picked up th' gun Bill an' th' heifer was jumpin' th' pasture fence. Th' cow jest cleared it but my old pard showed a margin of about four foot. Then I see Bill's heels an' th' heifer's tail goin' over th' yard fence an' I begun prayin' they'd go by Pa Smith's without bein' seen.

"They did—the first time—but th' cow changed her mind an' come back. Her aim was bad in goin' over th' front fence an' she grazed Bill on th' gate-post. Th' staple caught in his hip-pocket an' Bill left th' hind half of one pant's leg hangin' to th' post.

"Then th' cow made her one great mistake. She tried to jump th' woodpile. She might have done it alone but with Bill it was too much to ask of any cow. They got only half way an' it took Pa Smith and his man an hour to tear down that woodpile an' get 'em out.

"While they was workin' Bill's gal woke up from a beauty sleep an' come onto th' scene. Bill wa'n't cuttin' no great shakes for looks hangin' across that woodpile with one pant's leg shy an' a coolness sprung up betwixt 'em right there. It kept gettin' worse until ye could have frozen ice cream within twenty feet of either one of 'em.

"An' to make things worse, Pa Smith made Bill an' me pile all that wood up again—it took us three hours."

Uncle Ezra stopped and yawned widely.

"Did Bill hit any geese?" asked some one.

"Did he? You bet! He must have hit nigh all of 'em for when we went down there next day th' pond was jest covered with feathers. It made us thirsty jest looking' at 'em an'—hey? Why, sure, Lem, I'm with ye, every time!"

OUT OF "HELL'S CEMETERY"

BY RAYMOND S. SPEARS

THE water of the West Canada creek was roaring down the valley on a flood tide. The surface was flecked with cakes of ice, black logs and lines of wind-whipped foam. Above the roar of the rifts one could hear the leap and pound of bowlders driven down the stream bed by the mighty torrent. The booming of logs as they drove end-on into jams hung up on rocks in mid-stream resounded far into the forest depths along either bank.

Big Tom Carnahan and his crew of drivers were hanging to the tail of the

drive, pig-yoking from the alderbeds, log-rolling from the banks and jam breaking in mid-stream, a strong, rough, gang of luggers, rollers and white-water men, garbed in mackinaw suits of many colors.

They had come down the Upper Rifts, driven the Upper Stillwater, made the plunge at Wanson's Dam, passed the mouth of Indian River and were herding their plunging flock down Burnt Knoll rapids when suddenly a wild, terror-stricken scream went up from the throat of a big-yoker.

Instantly, the three-score men caught their balance, and looked to see whose voice had cut through the roar of water, wood and tumbling stones. First of all they caught sight of big Tom Carnahan, dashing down the stream side, leaping from bowlder top to bowlder top, his scarlet jacket flaming red against the gray stone background above the black flood.

Half a dozen pig-yokers, three on a side, had carried a log out of a little alder brook bottom into which the ice had thrust it. The log was dropped on the steep bank side, where it started to roll toward Sculp, who, fool pig-yoker that he was, jumped backward and landed on a log lodged against the bank. Unable there to get a foothold, Sculp for instinctive fear of wetting his feet, sprang far to a log driving by in the current, and somehow caught his balance. Now he was going down scared and helpless, into the weltering white-water called "Hell's Cemetery," by the loggers. Big Tom had seen the mishap, and even before Sculp had screamed, he started to the rescue.

With his pevee for a paddle and an eight-inch stick of pulp for canoe, Big Tom shoved into the main current, where it was swiftest, in grand pursuit of the least of his men who was riding into the foaming maw of death. Big Tom drove down outside of Sculp's log, and shoved the "hog back" toward the bank, his own light stick thrusting toward mid-stream. Then he paddled back to Sculp and sent him toward the bank again. Five times he did this, and had Sculp been bold, he could have leaped to safety across two logs inshore.

Big Tom knew what was at hand—he could have jumped from his own log to Sculp's, and on the others to reaching distance of a Canuck's pike, but he deliberately refused the chance. Instead, he set his pevee pike to Sculp's log and drove the fellow clear to safety, while his own log rolled over and over and carried him again to the middle of the torrent.

It was too late then to get out. The big, cat-hipped boss turned face down stream, clutched the pulp stick between the steel-clawed soles of his shoes, balanced himself with the pevee in front of his crouched form and rode into Hell's Cemetery, showing every yellow tooth in a grin.

"Them as was in front seen 'im laugh!" a logger said afterwards, "I wisht I could of seen it!"

The first plunge of the cascade raised a triangular wave three feet high and Big Tom rode through the white apex. The next was a leap in which the loggers saw under the full length of Big Tom's log. Then down went the log till the man was shoulder deep in froth and water. Up he came with the water falling away from his flanks. Then down again, and then—up—*up*—UP!

Every onlooker stopped short. The end of the log had hit a rock, bow on. The stern up-ended till it flung over. The man was flung high into the air, far down stream, and, with his pevee at arm's length before his head, he plunged head-first into the water out of sight.

Every man in sight felt his own strength fall away from his frame. Some managed to keep their feet, trembling; some unable to stand, dropped to their knees. Sculp stood grinning and driveling, sick with excitement and horror.

The whole crew was paralyzed. They had seen a man die—they thought. Five minutes later, Big Tom Carnahan came up the bank, dripping pink water from his scarlet mackinaw at every jump, his pevee in his right fist. At sight of his weeping, vomiting, wild-eyed crew, he paused for breath.

"You leaping sons of Moses!" he yelled, "what in demnation ye wastin' time fur? git teh work, thar! This water won't last forever—shove them logs off!"

This last to Sculp. As Sculp turned, Big Tom kicked, at which the crew yelped with new-found glee and went to work.

"Lord!" Sculp said that night, "that kick sure done me good!"

"Me too," Big Tom remarked, drily.

DAGGETT'S COAST

DID I ever tell you about the satisfying slide that P. R. Daggett, Ph.D., took right here in Tachaug? Well, then listen to your Uncle Toby unfold a few remarks.

Our center school house was new just then, and Hiram Backus was committee. He sent to the college for a teacher and they recommended a city feller whose great grandfather had presided over that institution when it wa'n't much more than a boarding school, century before last. He knew how to wear clothes and had the dignity of bearin' that made the boys call him "Pomposo Raimento" Daggett amongst themselves.

'Twixt the city man in the country, the owner of an entail among "the plebeian rabble of country boors," though we ain't short on grandsires either, a Phi Beta Kappa key, a tenor voice, a young and thrivin' mustache (about which more anon), and a takin' way with the girls, P. R. D. thought he'd about hypnotized Tachaug society to the grand Kotow. Hence the satisfaction I was telling about.

Gil Smith built a sled that would hold all the little Smiths—then. Six grown people could be crowded on it, and Royal, Gilbert's second boy, used to lie on a pig-sticker and guide the kindergarten down the two-mile hill from the deacon's to the West Holler. The flattest part on it is just in front of the Inn out here. If the extempore double-ripper only rips over this shaller, it goes the whole two-mile, but it halves the slide to stop here.

One day at the height of the coastin', along come Pomposo Raimento to see a girl, who lived up near where the sled started, but she wa'n't to home. So Royal, seein' his longin' eyes, invited his honored instructor to take the front seat on the Ark, and wedge Roy's feet on the rung with his own pedals. In a moment of gracious unbendin' he consented, and the Rubicon got crossed just as soon as he settled himself, but only four small boys could get on, that trip. Over the glistenin' road they whirled, their coat tails like a flag unfurled, the crunchin' snow behind them swirled, the tendrils of that mustache curled, in glory of this boyish world—when they came to the flat.

A four-horse double-bobbed 'bus was lined up by the Inn, Dennis Connor was deliverin' goods from his grocery's sleigh on the other side of the road, and Mike Fogarty was crossin' the narrow spot between. Mike was a dyspeptic Irishman with all the fight and none of the humor of his race. His legs were bowed, and in his hand—well, let us on with our narrertive (so called because it always has a place hard to pass).

That sled didn't wait all this time, in fact it didn't hesitate, for Royal is fit to be a General, fertile of expedients in emergencies. His only hope was those bow legs. He saw his duty and he done it. Underdone it. For a belly-bunter on a pig-sticker doesn't need much altitude, and he went under clean as a whistle, but—*he* wasn't all. Fogarty arose wildly in the air and landed, his pail—of swill—reversed, on Daggett's new derby.

Talk about ancestry! "One touch of nater makes the whole world kin," and one touch of swill made this whole town grin. Here was Brian Boru's descendant, and Naphtali Daggett's, gazin' at each other through a mist that obscured all sight but feelin' (or may be smellin'). They had all stopped but Royal, who deemed it unnecessary to take the "big sled" farther, and was on his second mile before now.

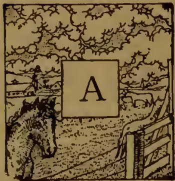
Let us draw a veil of silence over the scene, for the language of Ireland is unknown to many, me amongst them, while Greek is also supposed to be dead. It is said that Mike spoke uninterrupted Irish, and Daggett pure Greek of Aristophanes, which was a specialty with him. They parted—after some help—with regret; and if legal counsel had been present, two bids would have been made for further action. But it was not to be. There were a nice lot of witnesses, though. That straw-load of aliens hadn't all debarked, and the young lady, "who had not been at home," suffered hysterics on the walk by the drug store. They would have been glad to testify. Daggett walked home. The pigs fasted..

TOBH GENUG,
Clerk of Tachaug.

HOW THE ARAB CONQUERED

A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND—THE STORY OF THE INTRODUCTION OF DESERT BLOOD INTO ENGLISH HORSE FLESH

BY DAVID BUFFUM



AS AN old horseman who has bred and handled horses of many types, I have frequently been surprised at the answers given by the majority of people when asked the question: "What constitutes the most striking and essential difference between the thoroughbred and the common horse?" Nineteen out of twenty will name the beauty or the speed of the thoroughbred. But, important as are both of these qualities, neither answer is correct. It is simply that the thoroughbred, when he is tired, will keep on, with an undiminished courage and ambition; while a common horse, under the same circumstances, will quit.

Where did this most kingly of equine qualities originate? We trace its source to the stock of a region where the science of horse-breeding was old when, in other parts of the world, it was still in its infancy; namely, Arabia, Turkey and Barbary. But although horses from these countries were carried to Europe at an early date, the value of Oriental blood was, for a long time, neither understood nor appreciated. In England, as long ago as the latter part of the seventeenth century, the Byerly Turk and the Curwen Barb made a strong impress upon the racing stock and the Darley Arabian, some twenty years later, a still greater one; but the lesson was still unlearned. The period may be truly called the Dark Age of horse-breeding. Still, English horsemen, albeit often on the wrong road, were seeking earnestly for light; and to those who thus seek, it must ultimately come, however the dim eyes and the groping hands may blunder and err.

It was in this Dark Age—to be more explicit, somewhere about the year 1735—that there lived in the city of Tunis a Moor, named Agba. Agba was a slave, the property of the Bey of Tunis. But he was much more than a slave; he was learned in the history and science of horse-breeding, and recognized as a horseman in a country where such recognition was not easily won; and when a certain mare of the royal stud gave birth to a foal, to Agba was given the sole charge of the little youngster, to attend to his diet, care and education and to see that no harm came to him by night or day.

The colt was called Scham, and as he grew and developed, so did Agba's pride and affection. For was not little Scham an equine prince, a lineal descendant of the stallion Zad-el-Rakeb, that Solomon gave to the tribe of Ishmael? Of a surety; and in every generation since that remote time the mating of the parents and the birth of the foal had been personally witnessed and sworn to by sheiks of unimpeachable integrity, and the record of it all was double-locked in the treasure chamber of the Bey. When Agba led out his charge he walked, not after the manner of a slave, but like a man who has knowledge and to whom knowledge is power; and when the colt was strong enough to bear a rider, and caparisoned in embroidered housing and bridle set with turquoise, he rode him up and down the streets of Tunis, it is no

wonder that he was proud. He was a slave, indeed, but there were few monarchs who were so well mounted.

It happened that for some diplomatic reason the Bey wished to send a handsome present to the King of France, and it naturally occurred to him that he could send no more princely gift than a few choice horses. Five beautiful stallions, all of the blood royal and each with a slave in attendance, were selected, though they were not of the class that the Bey called "the best of the best." They were, in point of fact, vastly superior to anything the French king had ever owned or ever seen; but the Bey did not know this. So to give a high character to his gift and make it worthy of a king, it seemed to him that he must add to it at least one of "the best of the best." Of the five-year-olds in this class there were two that no gold in the world could buy; these were reserved for the Bey's own use. There remained four, so nearly equal in value that it was decided to make the selection by drawing lots. This was done and the lot fell upon Scham.

As to Agba's feelings in the matter the transaction made no great impression on him, for he was to accompany the horse, and he would still be in the service of a king; it was, at the most, only a change of masters. Perhaps he even felt a little elation, for Scham was the recognized crown jewel of the lot and he himself was to be head groom en route, entrusted with the safe conduct and delivery of the gift.

In due time the horses arrived at Paris, and they were as pearls cast before swine. The French king little realized the priceless offering that was laid at his feet. He compared the nervous, delicately formed animals with the lumbering mountains of horse flesh that were reared in France—and found them wanting! He at once gave the slaves their freedom and ordered his Master of the Stables to sell the horses for what they would bring, or even give them away, if necessary. Five of them were thus lost sight of. Scham was acquired by a gentleman of alcoholic tendencies who drove a garbage cart, and was put to work in his new owner's business.

Agba was stunned, bewildered, overwhelmed by the turn affairs had taken. At first he was wholly unable to comprehend; but, as by degrees it dawned upon him that the king actually did not know a high-bred horse when he saw one, his contempt knew no bounds. Not to recognize and appreciate the beautiful creature that Allah, in his goodness, formed of the wind and bestowed upon man as his most precious gift, and yet to be called a king—pah! It could never be so in the realms of the Prophet. As for himself, freedom, with the position of an outcast, distrusted and feared by all he met, did not seem a brilliant exchange for slavery, accompanied by comfortable perquisites and what he considered a position of high honor. He wandered about the streets of Paris—not in search of work, though he was hungry and footsore, but in search of Scham.

To recount his privations and difficulties in his painstaking search would require too much time; suffice it to say that, late one evening, after weeks of wandering, he found the horse—miserably housed and fed, emaciated and covered with harness galls and sores. There were other marks of cruelty, too, upon him, for, being wholly unfit for such work, he had often been unable to pull his heavy load and had been punished accordingly. The Moor threw his arms around the horse's neck with many expressions of endearment and then, overcome by the shocking change in the animal, he "lifted up his voice and wept."

Roused by the sound of his sobs, the carter now appeared. In very broken French Agba explained his position and having, as he said, no money, offered to purchase the horse by five years of service. The carter, albeit he cared but little for the horse, refused the offer and, in doing so, roughly tweaked the Moor's long beard. He would, perhaps, have proceeded to further indignities had not the Moor, with his black eyes flashing, informed him that he would kill him then and there and believe that in the act he would be doing God's service, if he ventured to again molest his person. Even a Moor and a Mohammedan may have some idea of the fitness of things.

Agba now proceeded to pick up such sums as he could by odd jobs about the city and, with the meager pittance thus obtained, he purchased grain and medicine and, surreptitiously visiting the horse at

night, fed him, bathed his wounds and otherwise afforded him what comfort he could. It never occurred to him that his own wants were of any account as compared with those of the horse, and there is little doubt that the poor animal would have died during this period had it not been for his care and attention.

But a change was about to take place in the lives of both horse and man. One day a wealthy English Quaker who happened to be in Paris, saw Scham's master vigorously applying a heavy club, while Scham pitifully struggled with a load too heavy for even two of his size. The Quaker loved horses and his keen eye took in certain "points" that the French king had wholly failed to see. His first thought was that the carter had stolen the horse, but, learning upon investigation, that the animal was honestly come by, he offered to purchase him and named a sum that was immediately convincing. Agba, who was rarely far from his pet, now appeared and told his story, with the result that the Quaker hired him as groom for Scham and sent them both to his country seat in England.

Here, under good feed and kind treatment, Scham soon regained his original beautiful form. But he was "too much horse" for the Friend's family. They were accustomed to colder-blooded horses and they could not understand the exuberient vitality that was always in evidence —the nervous energy which made him, at the end of a long journey, more mettlesome, determined and ambitious than at its start. So, for the very qualities which made him invaluable it was decided to put him away. Agba pleaded that the horse be kept at least a while longer, and tried to explain to his master the radical difference between a true desert-born Arab, and the plebeian animals that then formed the bulk of the English racing stock; but it was all in vain. Oh, why could not these good English people understand? Why could they not perceive what he, a poor black man, saw so clearly? Scham was sold to a livery stable keeper named Rogers and Agba, with many apologies, gave up his situation. The Quaker was surely a great sheik, most good and most gracious, but was not his first duty to the horse? He offered his services to Rogers, but they were declined, notwithstanding the Friend's high recommendation, and Scham, being unfit to let to customers, stood in the stable eating the bread of idleness. This is bad food for horse or man and Scham, with his high-strung, nervous temperament, was a specially bad subject for it. He became irritable and vicious and Rogers could do nothing with him.

Agba persistently haunted the neighborhood of the stable, though Rogers sternly forbade him to enter the premises. Finally one dark night, he was caught scaling the wall of the stable yard with some carrots in his pocket, which he had brought as a choice morsel for his pet, and Rogers had him arrested on a charge of attempted burglary. He was lodged in the county jail and, to quote the language of Rogers, "It looked now as if the crazy nigger would keep away from the horse for a while, at any rate."

But that while proved a short one. In the near neighborhood lived Lord Godolphin and he, being a friend of the Quaker's, had previously learned from him something of Scham's history and was much impressed by the remarkable devotion of the Moor. Accordingly, as soon as he heard of the latter's arrest, he procured his discharge, took him into his own employ, and bought the horse of Rogers, who was exceedingly glad to get rid of him. With Agba in sole charge as groom, Scham was now sent to the Godolphin breeding stables.

Agba for a while was in a transport of happiness, for it seemed to him that this second purchase of the horse by a great sheik was proof that his value was at last recognized. But he soon learned that he was mistaken; that Godolphin only regarded Scham as an interesting specimen of the Oriental stock, in no wise comparable to the English-bred horses that formed his stud and that he had no intention of using him for stock purposes. The horse who held the place of honor in the stables—the "head of the stud," as we term it—was a stallion called Hobgoblin, large, handsome and powerful, but a cold-blooded and coarse animal as compared with Scham. This fresh disappointment was almost too much for Agba. He became sullen and morose and in his talk with the other grooms, constantly drew invidious comparisons between the two stallions, con-

trasting the kingly blood of Scham with what he called "the mongrel compound which crept in the veins of the base-born and over-estimated Hobgoblin." Disliked in the first place on account of his color, creed and nationality, this talk made him doubly obnoxious, and he and his horse became the butt and standing joke of the stable.

The box-stalls in which the horses were kept opened into a courtyard, in which was a watering-trough and where the horses, one at a time, were often let loose for a little recreation and exercise. There was a beautiful mare in the lot named Roxana; she was a daughter of Flying Childers and, consequently, a descendant, on one side, of the Darley Arabian. To say nothing of her individual merits, the Eastern strain in her breeding endeared her to Agba, and in his opinion she was the one mare of all in those great stables who was worthy to mate with Scham. Would Godalphin permit this union? There seemed to be no hope of it whatever, but Agba, meek in other respects, was bold in the cause of his charge. Accordingly, one day when Godolphin was visiting the stables, he made the request, promising, in the name of the Prophet, that, if this were granted, the result of the cross would prove the fastest and best horse ever raised in England. Godolphin listened, amazed at his audacity; then he replied, kindly and indulgently, much as one might to a foolish child, that Roxana was a valuable and expensive mare and that he could not think for a moment of breeding her to anything inferior to Hobgoblin; but, as Agba seemed anxious for Scham to be tried in the stud, he had a nice filly, of no particular breeding, at one of his farms and she should be sent up for the purpose if he wished. Tears sprang to the Moor's eyes and he clenched his fists hard in the effort to conceal his indignation. No, his master was most gracious and most magnificent, but he need not send up the filly; it would not be meet for Scham to mix his royal blood with that of a plebeian. Was not his most gracious master, who knew many things, aware that in Tunis even Roxana would not be held a fitting mate for a horse of Scham's breeding? And he concluded by saying that, if Scham's qualities were doubted, let his speed and endurance be measured against that of Hobgoblin for any distance, long or short; then would the matter be established.

Godolphin laughed; it was too absurd. "Scham is a nice little horse, Agba," said he, "but I couldn't cheapen a famous horse like Hobgoblin by such a foolish race. But even if Scham were faster—which is not supposeable—there would still be no certainty of his transmitting his qualities to his offspring; for, in spite of the old proverb, 'Like begets like,' like does not always beget like, by any means."

"Listen, my master," said the Moor, "I have long been familiar with the wise saying you refer to and with pure-bred horses, like doth aways beget like. It is only among mongrels that the saying becometh untenable." It was a great truth that Agba was now uttering, but his master did not know it.

Godolphin lightly dismissed the subject, but, later, he went and looked Scham over very critically. It was true, the Arab did have wonderfully good points. "But there can be no horses in the world equal to our British stock," said milord. No wonder thât Agba shed tears.

Was there, then, no way by which the Moor could accomplish his heart's desire? He pondered the question long and in bitterness of spirit, but concerning these reflections he kept his counsel. It was noticed shortly afterwards that he began to make a special study of Hobgoblin, noting, with the greatest care, his condition, his points and his measurements. The grooms were puzzled, for, to them, the Moor was always an unknown quantity: but, whatever his object in the examination, he seemed to be satisfied. He abandoned his sneering remarks about Hobgoblin, submitted patiently to the insults which were heaped upon him and Scham, and became cheerfully quiet, like a man who bides his time.

The courtyard I have already mentioned was the place where the great Hobgoblin courted the ladies of his harem, and at last came a day for which the Moor had long waited. Near the watering-trough stood one of the grooms with Roxana, while, at the other end of the yard, entered the head groom, leading the King of the Stables. Other grooms were lounging about the yard and one of them, peeping through

Scham's window, saw Agba whispering something in the horse's ear. He could not hear it, but this is what it was: "I have done my best for thee, Oh my Beloved, my Peerless among horses; what now remains must be done by thyself. Thy rival is far larger and stronger than thou, but thou art of the royal breed that endureth to the end. Go forth now, and in the name of the great Prophet, fight the base giaour and establish thy rightful supremacy!" Then he suddenly threw the door wide open and Scham, with a shrill neigh, rushed out. The grooms, against all of whom he had a well-merited grudge, fled for their lives. And now, with the arena cleared, Scham stood face to face with the giant Hobgoblin.

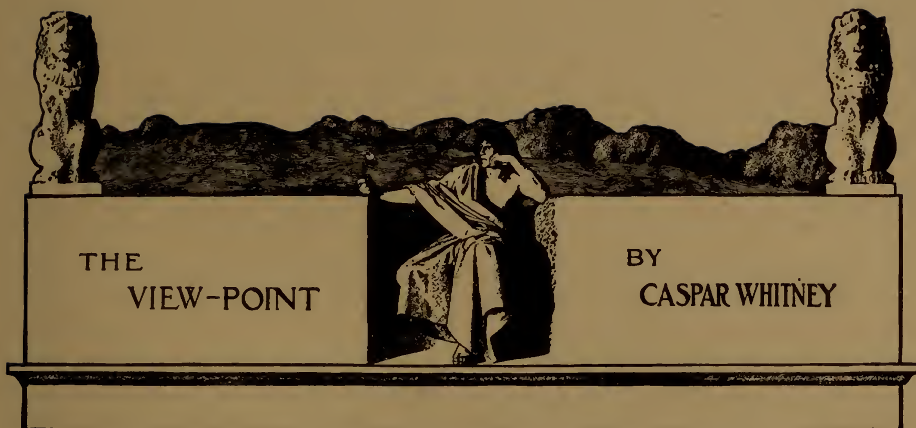
In the long annals of famous horses there are many things to stir the blood, but none more so than the combat that now took place. It was a historic event, too, marking the advent of a new era in the science of horse breeding—for know, reader, that this is a true story and Scham was no myth, but real flesh and blood. Biting and striking, the great horse forced the Arab back from corner to corner. In a while the English horse, notwithstanding his advantage in size and strength, became weary, but in the Arab was the spirit that knows not weariness and that never says die. And now it was Hobgoblin that was going backwards and the grooms, from their reserved seats in the second story windows, looked on with bated breath. And now—there was no question about it —he was yielding and losing heart; and presently, amazed and terrified by the unremitting intrepedity of his assailant, he turned, ignominiously defeated, and fled to his stall, leaving Roxana to Scham. The Arab was bruised and bleeding, but his eyes were flashing, his delicate nostrils distended and his head carried proudly aloft. And why not? He had triumphed both in love and war.

Fully expecting the severest punishment, Agba bathed the Arabs' wounds and overwhelmed him with caresses. It was expected that milord would come at once to the stables and settle off-hand the case of Agba and the Arab, but, after hearing the story, he deferred his visit and judgment; he wanted time to think it over.

That will power—the unyielding determination to "get there"—is an even greater requisite than speed in a race-horse Godolphin already knew; Scham taught him where it could be found. He also taught him the vast difference that there is in quality, as well as quantity, of bone and muscle. Hobgoblin was deposed from his place of honor and Scham installed as head of the stud, for Scham, as some of my readers may already have guessed, was no other than that famous and wonderful horse known in equine history as the Godolphin Arabian. I have said that the event I have described was a historic one. It marked the inception of one of the most important elements in horse-breeding—the recognition and use of Oriental blood as the foundation of equine excellence.

Three years later a beautiful colt named Lath, the son of Scham and Roxana, was entered in a race in which were the very best youngsters in England, including several sons and daughters of Hobgoblin. He easily beat them all and came in, several lengths ahead, at an easy gallop.

Aroused now to a full sense of its value, English horsemen eagerly sought the Arabian strain and bred back to it again and again, until, in the blood of their racing stock, there was practically no other element. Time, the skill of man, and a climate generous of oats and grass have since modified the original type, and the thoroughbred of to-day is larger and faster than his Arabian progenitors; he has also, in this gain, lost somewhat in symmetry of form and a little—a very little—in endurance. Thoroughbred is not Arabian. But make no mistake in the meaning of the term, for otherwise my story would be told to little purpose. "Thoroughbred" means BRED THOROUGHLY *to the parent, or original stock;* and, albeit the blood of a thoroughbred horse must come through a certain prescribed channel, it must trace clear back, free from admixture or contamination, to the pure Arabian stock in which it originated. And if you are so fortunate as to own such a horse, let your thoughts sometimes go back, through the many generations that intervene, to Scham and Roxana, to Lord Godolphin, and to the devoted Moor who first brought to English horsemen the light of a clearer knowledge and a better day.



With this issue Mr. Whitney retires from THE OUTING MAGAZINE, whose editorial sponsor he has been during the last eight years.

He takes this occasion of expressing gratitude for the flattering response to his efforts, and of bespeaking the good will of OUTING readers for his successors.

Still Talking

Again the Olympic Games squabble! What a pity! Are we not to hear the end of it before we entirely forget there were indeed, championship contests and a notable company of American athletes who performed brilliantly?

But as in fairness I published parts of the official American complaint, so in common fairness I close the matter, as far as I am concerned, by printing herewith some pertinent excerpts, with personalities eliminated, from the official reply of the British Olympic Council.

EXCERPTS FROM OFFICIAL REPLY OF BRITISH OLYMPIC COUNCIL TO "CERTAIN CRITICISMS"

"The American papers have been flooded with reports from those who accompanied the American team in an official capacity as to the unfairness, discourtesy, and dishonesty with which the Americans had in every respect been treated. After reading the statements one might imagine that the American team, instead of being the finest body of athletes who ever visited this country, instead of having carried off the majority of the prizes in the events in which they specialized, were, as a matter of fact, a second-rate lot, who could only win by "tactics," and could only secure justice by continuous uproar. They were, as a matter of fact, a splendid team, and quite good enough to stand on their own merits; yet they will go down to history as the team on whose behalf more complaints were made than was the case with any other in the whole series of these Games, and as the only team which went away without a single acknowledgment of the hospitality which the British Olympic Council did its best to show them in this country."

We are not used either to making all our evidence public in cases of athletic disputes, or to interviewing our competitors and officials as to the facts of competitions with which they were personally concerned. That is one reason why no detailed answer appeared, before now. But when American officials, who insisted that they represented President Roosevelt and the American nation at these games, repeatedly make inaccurate statements in public concerning the conduct of the sports, it

is time to take notice of them in a way that has never been necessary before. . . . Though the programme suggested for London was of course based on those programmes which had been carried out at the previous Olympic Games in St. Louis (1904), Paris (1900), and Athens (1896) the main principle laid down for 1908 was that no competition should be sanctioned which was not practised by several different nations. . . . With these principles before us, it was our first care to draw up as quickly as possible a complete code of Olympic rules for every Olympic competition. That code was printed and published in three languages, and sent to all the competing nations in the year before the Games began. It contains full details, and in several cases elaborate diagrams, of all the sports concerned. . . . It will be seen, therefore, that the British Olympic Council were working under the direct sanction of the International Olympic Committee, which laid down the principles on which we should arrange the international meeting in London, and left us to carry out the details. . . . It must be clear that the details of so complicated a programme could never have been carried out unless the executive power had been entrusted to these great governing Associations, which had already proved, at many previous International meetings, their competence to control such details. This principle of control was heartily approved of by Mr. James Sullivan himself, before the English Games began; and we are given to understand that it is the principle on which similar meetings are managed in the United States. The arrangement of the programme was very largely determined by the fact that we were continually reminded by European committees that their men could not remain during the whole period of the Games. This made it necessary that the sprints should he put in one week and the long-distance races in another.

Drawing For Heats

The American members of the Comité d'Honneur twice wrote to ask the method of drawing the preliminary heats, and were fully informed. They were drawn in the usual manner. Except for preliminary heats, all heats were drawn in the presence of and with the assistance of Mr. B. S. Weeks, an American member of the Comité d'Honneur, with the exception of the draw for the Team Race and the Marathon Race, which were drawn by Mr. C. O. Lowenadler, a Swedish member of the Comité d'Honneur, whose signed statement is in the possession of the A. A. A.

Mr. Sullivan appeared to desire that his athletes should be divided up into various classes, according to their merit or published form, so that the best of them should not be drawn in preliminary heats together. . . . Our own view of all the athletes sent in to these Games from every nation was that each was a picked Olympic representative; and we saw no reason to give either to the American team or to any other team a preferential treatment over the rest of the competitors by any such preliminary classification.

Only when the total of competitors from any single nation was greater than the total of preliminary heats did two competitors from the same nation appear in the same preliminary heat. This double appearance happened as often with English athletes as with American.

American Representatives On The Field

The original regulation laid down by the British Olympic Council was that none but officials actually engaged in conducting the various events or members of the British Olympic Council who were responsible for the whole conduct of the Games should be allowed to enter the arena. This is a regulation which we have been very severely blamed for not maintaining.

It was because of demands on the part of foreign, and especially American, Representatives to be admitted into the arena that on the second day of the meeting the Council relaxed the rule, so as to admit representatives of foreign countries where necessary. From that time there was not a single instance in which an American Representative, were he a member of the Comité d'Honneur, trainer, or official applying for permission to go on the track was refused permission to do so.

As To Longboat's Elegibility

Enquiries as to the eligibility of Longboat began as soon as it was realized that his previous performances entitled him to representation in the Canadian team; and these enquiries did not come from American sources alone. At the meeting of the Canadian Central Olympic Committee, held at Ottawa on April 21, 1908, the following resolution was adopted:

"That the Board of Governors of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union be requested to formally certify to this Committee the amateur status of Thomas Longboat and his complete eligibility to compete in the Olympic Races in England under all the regulations and qualifications governing that contest, copies of same to be forwarded."

In reply to this resolution a letter was received by Mr. F. L. C. Pereira, Hon. Secretary of the Canadian Central Olympic Committee, signed by Mr. William Stark, President; and Mr. H. H. Crow, Secretary-Treasurer of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union, as follows:

"I beg to inform you that Longboat is registered as an amateur with the C. A. A. U. (No. 1488), and that he is an athlete of good standing, not only according to the amateur definition of the C. A. A. U., but under the regulations and qualifications laid down by the British Olympic Committee to govern entries of amateur athletes. Trusting that this assurance will be satisfactory to you, on behalf of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union, we beg to remain, etc. . . . "

After this correspondence it was evidently impossible for the British Olympic Council to refuse Longboat as a Canadian entry without the most careful consideration of any new evidence that might be subsequently produced.

The Four Hundred Metres

Inquiry into the allegations of unfair competition by which Mr. W. Halswelle was said to be wilfully obstructed.

Doctor Bulger, a member of the British Olympic Council and an umpire, said:

I took up a position on the back stretch 100 yards from the start. . . . About 50 yards from the start I saw No. 3, W. C. Robins, go right across Halswelle and take Halswelle's position as No. 2. Halswelle then seemed to drop back. and came more on the outside of Robins, and in that position he rounded the first bend. That is as far as I know of the matter.

Mr. Harry Goble's evidence:

I am a member of the Manchester A. C., and on this occasion I acted as starter in the final heat of the Four Hundred Metres Flat Race at the Olympic Games. I was instructed by the referee, Mr. Abraham, and other officials to caution the competitors against wilful jostling, and did so while they were on their marks. I said in case of any wilful jostling the race will be declared void, and when the race is re-run the offender will not be allowed to take part. I told them that officials were posted every few yards to notice any such jostling.

Harry Goble.

July 23, 1908.

Doctor Badger, a vice-president of the A. A. A., said:

I acted as an umpire, and took up a position on the bend just before entering the straight. The position of Robins at that point was that he was leading and about a yard in front of Carpenter. Robins and Carpenter were in such a position as to compel Halswelle to run very wide all round the bend, and as they swung into the straight Halswelle made a big effort and was gaining hard; but running up the straight the further they went the wider Carpenter went out from the verge, keeping his right shoulder sufficiently in front of Mr. Halswelle to prevent his passing. When they had run 30 yards up the straight Carpenter was about 18 inches off the outside edge of the track. I at once ran up the track, waving my hands to the judges to break the worsted.

Mr. David Basan:

I am a member of the A. A. A. and the London Athletic Club, and I acted as an umpire in the Four Hundred Metres Flat Race final heat. I was standing beside Doctor Badger at the bend entering the straight. I corroborate the telegraph board and announced by megaphone.

David Scott Duncan.

July 23, 1908.

For the tactics Mr. Carpenter employed in the Four Hundred Metre Race his disqualification would have taken place on any American racing track, and in some parts of America would have met with more serious treatment than disqualification.

Mr. David Scott Duncan wrote on this point, to the *Field* on August 29, as follows:

That Halswelle was badly bored and obstructed is, of course, beyond question, and the American rules as to such tactics are even more explicit than those obtaining in Britain. Here they are:

"Rule III—The Referee.—When in a final heat a claim of foul or interference is made, he (the referee) shall have power to disqualify the competitor who was at fault if he considers the foul intentional or due to culpable carelessness, and he shall also have the power to order a new race between such competitors as he thinks entitled to such a privilege.'

"Rule XVIII.—The Course.—Each competitor shall keep in his respective position from start to finish in all races on straightaway tracks, and in all races on tracks with one or more turns he shall not cross to the inner edge of the track except when he is at least six feet in advance of his nearest competitor. *After turning the last corner into the straight in any race each competitor must keep a straight course to the finish line, and not cross, either to the outside or the inside, in front of any of his opponents.*"

In the face of the above rules of the Union of which Mr. Sullivan is president, he is surely left "without a leg to stand upon." I may add that I was referee of the Four Hundred Metres.

David Scott Duncan.

In reply to a request from the Editor of the *Sporting Life*, Lieutenant Halswelle authorized the publication of the following letter in that paper:

As regards the Four Hundred Metres Race, Carpenter did not strike me any vigorous blows with his elbows, nor were there any marks on my chest, nor did I say that Carpenter struck me or show the marks to any Press representative. I did not attempt to pass the Americans until the last corner, reserving my effort for the finishing straight. Here I attempted to pass Carpenter on the outside, since he was not far enough from the curb to do so on the side, and I was too close up to have crossed behind him. Carpenter's elbow undoubtedly touched my chest, for as I moved outwards to pass him he did likewise, keeping his right arm in front of me.

In this manner he bored me across quite two-thirds of the track, and entirely stopped my running. As I was well up to his shoulder and endeavoring to pass him, it is absurd to say that I could have come up on the inside. I was too close after half way round the bend to have done this; indeed, to have done so would have necessitated chopping my stride, and thereby losing anything from two to four yards.

When about thirty to forty yards from the tape I saw the officials holding up their hands, so slowed up, not attempting to finish all out."

The English teams (tug of war) had in some instances heel-tips, but these were sunk level with the leather, and are clearly permissible, as will be seen from the following extract from the competition rule: "No competitor shall wear prepared boots or shoes, or boots or shoes with any *projecting* nails, tips, sprigs, points, hollows, or projections of any kind." There were no prongs at the toes, and the boots worn absolutely complied with the conditions of the contest.

In view of the large entries sections had to compete morning and afternoon, but they only did so from one take-off. In the first section of the High Jump objection was raised to the take-off, and the contestants were allowed to jump again from a fresh take-off.

This is contrary to our rule and also to that of other nations competing.

It is usual in this county to land on the turf, but in deference to the wishes of the American officials it was arranged that the competitors should alight into the sandpit.

The badges of the International Committee admitted to the center of the ground. The badges of the Comité d'Honneur admitted after the second day of the Games. No distinction whatever was made, in this respect, between the American Representatives and those of any other nation. The invitation mentioned was sent because the A. A. A. understood that difficulty had been experienced in passing through the barrier.

The Americans were treated in every respect exactly as every other nation, and as our own athletes were treated. Every invitation extended to other nations was extended to them.

ALL ABOUT THE COUNTRY HOME

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

THE WINTER PROTECTION OF FRUIT TREES

FRUIT trees are often injured severely—sometimes killed outright—by mice and rabbits in winter. In localities where these animals are found in large numbers, some means of protection against their ravages should be resorted to. Several methods are advised by ochardists. One is, to wrap the trunk of the tree with wire netting having a fine mesh, like that used in making window and door screens. This is easily put in place, and will last a good many seasons, if properly cared for in spring. Another is, to wrap the tree with tarred paper. Be sure that whatever is used as a wrapper reaches to the ground. It is a good plan to bank up against it, after putting it in place, with earth or snow, taking care, if the latter is used, to tramp it solidly into place. Some make use of a wash prepared as follows: 1 gallon sweet milk, 2 pounds flour of sulphur, 2 pounds yellow ochre, 1 dram tincture of assafœtida, 1 dram gum arabic, and 4 eggs. The solid ingredients of this preparation msut be dissolved, and then mixed. Allow the mixture to stand twenty-four hours, then apply with a stiff brush. A simpler wash is made of soft soap, 1 gallon; water, 1 gallon; and 2 ounces crude carbolic acid. This will have to be applied two or three times during the winter. It does not take much time to make and apply a wash of this kind, and the expense is slight, but a precaution of this sort often prevents the loss of many valuable trees. Better take the precaution and make sure against possible loss.

LEAVE THE TREES ALONG THE ROAD

In most localities the old fences along the road are being removed. Trees have sprung up by many of them, and I notice that a good many persons are sensible enough to leave the best of them. Nothing adds more to the attractiveness of our country roads than trees. A strip of road that would be monotonous and really cheerless without them becomes pleasant when their shade and the ever-changing beauty of their foliage lends variety to the landscape. Of course the trees that have planted themselves along the fences will not be in straight rows, or an even distance apart, but their irregularity is in their favor, for it destroys the unpleasant formality of a row of trees set out by line and measure. By all means clean up along the road this winter, but don't fail to save every young tree that gives promise of developing into something desirable. Don't do as one man I came across did. He saved only oaks. Save any kind of a tree that is worth saving. Oaks are grand trees, but a variety adds to the general effect along the road precisely as it does in the forest, or on the grounds of the country home.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE BOYS

Shoveling off the paths after a snow-storm is fun for the boys, but sometimes they do not have time to do the job well before they have to start for school. They can expedite matters considerably by fitting up a wooden scraper after the plan of the ordinary road-scraper, to be drawn by a rope fastened to each front corner. Make the scraper the width of the walks to be cleaned, or a little wider, and have handles fitted to the rear of it by which it can be held at any angle desirable, also for convenience in dumping if the snow is too deep to be thrown aside as the span of boy-horses drags it forward. Such a scraper does better work than can be done with a shovel, and does it a great deal faster, and the boys who furnish the power for operating it will take delight in making use of it. It's one of the things that makes play out of work.

SOME POULTRY HINTS

Last month the use of green bone as a food for hens was advised. It should be understood, however, that this bone does not take the place of grit. It is true that it *helps* to grind the food, but it is too soluble to do the work fully, alone. Keep crushed shell and coarse sand, or gravel, where the hens can make use of it whenever so inclined.

Hens will greatly appreciate an occasional treat in the form of sour milk. Save every scrap of vegetables for them. In very cold weather give them a warm mash in the morning.

If you propose to enjoy the luxury of early-spring broilers, get the incubator out and look it over thoroughly before beginning operations for the season. Make sure that every part of it is in perfect working

order, or your first attempt at chicken-hatching may prove an utter failure.

ABOUT THE BARN

Give your young stock a warm shelter and plenty of food if you want it to keep on growing. Young animals should have quite as much attention as the older ones, but too often they are left to get along the best way they can. Care at this period is important, because it lays the foundation for future development. Stunt an animal while young and it will never develop into what it might have been if it had had the right kind of treatment at the right time.

The well-ordered country home furnishes a good training-school for the boys. What their father does that they will be likely to do. If he keeps everything about the barn neat and clean, and in good repair, they will take it for granted that that is what is expected of every person having anything to do with this phase of work, and they will soon form habits of neatness and thoroughness. Of course the barn cannot be made as neat as the parlor, in one sense, but in another sense it can, and that is the sense that means orderliness, cleanliness. and everything in its place. This means attention daily. The man who neglects to go over the barn regularly makes himself a great deal more work than is necessary. Get—and keep—the start of your work rather than let it get the start of you. That's one of the great secrets of saving work, as the systematic housekeeper will tell you if you ask her opinion.

If your barn is not arranged with water in the stalls, by all means provide ample watering facilities in the yard. When the cattle are dry they will all crowd to the watering-trough in a mass, and in the rough-and-tumble efforts they make to get at the water some of them may be severely injured. This will not be so likely to happen if there are several troughs about the yard.

But don't depend on out-door watering if it is possible to arrange for distributing water through the barn. This can be done with small expense if you have a wind-mill to do the pumping for you. The cow that can take a swallow of water along with her hay, or whenever she feels like doing it, during the day, will do a good deal better than the cow that gets water only twice a day, and then has to take it in large quantiites to satisfy the thirst that has been growing for several hours. In these days of cement, it is an easy matter to fit up the cow-stable with watering conveniences, and not an expensive one.

MISCELLANEOUS SUGGESTIONS

Every country home ought to be well supplied with ladders, and these should be kept in a place where they can be easily and speedily got at in time of need. Two fires recently occurred in this vicinity. At one place there were no ladders, and before any could be procured from the neighbors the fire had got beyond control. At the other place the ladders belonging to it could not be found for some time, and considerable damage had been done before they were discovered. Had they have been immediately available the fire could have been put out with but little trouble. Make it a rule to have every ladder that is taken from the place where it belongs returned to that place as soon as the work for which it is used is completed. If this is done, there need be no time lost in case of fire. If you are without a supply, procure some at once, for there's no knowing when you may have need of them. Let them be made of the very best material, and see that they are well made, in every respect. The use to which a ladder is to be put, in case of fire, makes it important that it should be an article which can be depended on in every particular. A cheap, light ladder will soon fail, and it may give out when it is needed most. You can not afford to take any chances of that kind.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Mats and Frames for Water Color Pictures. Mrs. E. R. T. writes: "Should mats be used for water colors? If so, what kind and color? What would you advise as to frame?"

Mats improve the appearance of water colors because they seem to isolate the picture itself from its surroundings, thereby concentrating attention upon it. The mat should be at least two inches wide for a small picture, increasing in width as the pictures you mount increase in size. Cream-white or a soft gray will be found more satisfactory than clear white, as a general thing. The latter color is likely to have too much glare about it to be pleasant to the eye. Mats with a pebbled surface suit some pictures better than smooth ones. Frames ought not to be wide, or heavy, and should have very little ornamentation. A dull gold, or a light oak with a narrow gilt lining, will be found to harmonize well with most water colors. If the wall against which they are to be hung is rather dark, in tone, frames enameled in ivory are very pleasing.

Worms in Pots. "My house plants are not doing well. I find that there are a great many little white worms in the soil. How can I get rid of them?—C. N. N."

Slake a piece of perfectly fresh lime as large as an ordinary coffee-cup in about ten quarts of water. When it is dissolved, pour off the clear water and apply it to your plants. Use enough to saturate the soil in the pot all through. A smaller quantity would be of no benefit. It may be necessary to make a second, and even a

third, application. Care must be taken to have the lime *fresh*. *Slaked* lime is worthless. Injury to your plants need not be feared, as water can hold only a certain amount of the active properties of lime in suspension—never enough to injure any plant except it belongs to the class which will not tolerate lime in any form. Fortunately we have no such plants among those adapted to window-culture, with the single exception of the azalea.

Color-Scheme Wanted. "We are building us a little home in the country, and we want to make it as delightful as possible. We want the rooms to have a light, cheerful effect. What colors would you advise for walls and woodwork in sitting-room, dining-room, and parlor? The dining-room faces the north.—Mrs. D. D. F."

Why not tint the walls of the dining room a soft cream color, and paint the woodwork a flat white. The wall color will be suggestive of sunshine, and will light up charmingly by daylight or lamp-light. Run a white and gold picture molding around the room, and, if possible, have a rug containing considerable yellow or orange. Choose pictures with enough color in them to make the room bright and cheerful. For the parlor, I would suggest flat white for the woodwork with rose-colored paper with a little tracery of gold in it for the walls, or you might tint the walls in old rose of a delicate shade, and use a picture molding of dull gold and white. A French gray finish for the woodwork would be very effective with the rose-colored walls. You can make the sitting room very charming by tinting the walls a soft sage green, and painting the woodwork cream color. You will find that all these color-combinations "wear" well—that is, you will not soon tire of them. There will be harmony through the entire color-scheme, with sufficient contrast to make the general effect extremely pleasing. Do not use any paints that will give a glossy surface, and let the wall colors be very delicate in tone. Strong colors would spoil the effect aimed at.

A Windbreak for the Garden. "Next spring I intend to set out evergreens on the north and east sides of my garden, to serve as a windbreak. What kind would you advise? And how would you plant them—in straight rows, or alternately, in zig-zag fashion? I have also thought of setting out some evergreens to serve as a screen between the house and barn. What would you advise for this purpose? —M. H. S."

If your garden is large enough to warrant it I would advise making use of some of the very hardy, compact-growing spruces. Set these about six feet apart, in single rows. See that all the lower limbs are preserved from the time of planting. In three or four years every other tree can be cut out, to give room for those you leave to fully develop in. These trees will require a good deal of room—more, perhaps, than you can afford to give them unless your garden is a large one. In that case, try our native arbor vitae, setting the plants in alternate rows, "zig-zag fashion," as you phrase it. Let the plants be about a foot apart in the row, and the rows about two feet apart. Never prune the plants at the bottom. Shear their tops annually, to make them thicken up. This will give you a very substantial hedge, but it will not provide the protection against wind that the spruces will, for it will not grow to a sufficient height to do that.

Your idea of a screen between house and barn is a good one. It is an idea that can be worked out effectively about nearly every country home. Of course it isn't necessary to have such a screen if the barns and outbuildings are not unsightly, but it will generally be more attractive than any of these buildings are, therefore I would advise it. I would make use of some of the tall-growing spruces, of which we have several very excellent kinds well adapted to use anywhere at the north. These trees will make rapid development, and are always attractive, therefore your screen will be a pleasing feature of the place from the start.

THE BEAGLE: GOOD SPORTING DOG

BY TODD RUSSELL

THE humble rabbit has long been regarded as poor game: "nigger-meat," say the quail shooters in the South. It is a libel on the cottontail, and he has distinct merits of his own for furnishing sport when the proper means are taken to bring them out. Bob White himself would be but an unattractive thing if the net or the snare were the only means of effecting his capture or if he never took flight and so denied opportunity to the expert wing shot or disappointment to the less skilled. For it is the method of getting game that makes the sport, and according as that method fur-

nishes difficulties which may be overcome by art and skill its use in the pursuit of any game must take high place with the sportsman.

The rabbit sticks to the ground and, so far as the shot gun is concerned, is toc easy a mark to entitle him to much consideration. But suppose you leave the shotgun at home and pursue him on foot with hounds, follow his doublings, work out his trail, hole him or catch him. Then you have a sport that needs knowledge in its practice and calls in the highest degree for good wind, limb, and endurance; that leads to hard exercise in the open air, furnishes in the highest degree the excitement of the chase, and that, in addition, calls for one of the things that makes quail shooting the great sport it is, the development and control of dogs.

The beagle is the rabbit dog. He is best adapted by size, pace, nose and tongue for this work. Large hounds, or even those of the harrier type, cannot do the work so well and are more at a loss on quick turns and doublings, to say nothing of their seeming something radically wrong in pursuing bunny with dogs adapted to larger and stronger game. The beagle and the rabbit were made one for the other, and, properly done, there is no better day to be had afield than one with a good pack of these little dogs.

It is a pack you must have. One dog or two or three are not the same thing at all. Take seven or eight of the little fellows, well matched, and go afield on foot and get your game. Then Molly Cottontail will take on a new value in your eyes. To see a pack once, running swiftly, tonguing merrily, picking up the turns, at a loss for a moment, scattering, catching the trail, packing again on the re-discovered scent and finally running their game to the death in the open, will convert you, first into a beagle lover, and second, into an advocate of hard condition in the field.

While it is an athlete's game to stay even comparatively close with the pack, it is fairly easy to head them and see much of the work and hear all of the music. The rabbit does not go far and runs in circles, and a slight knowledge of the immediate country and some of the habits of the game when pursued will put the sportsman in a favorable place to see what is going on. Then if he wants to shoot, let him do so, but not with the shotgun. Here is the place for the 22-caliber rifle of the repeating variety. See what you can do with it at a jumping target flying down the corn rows or through the sedge. It is a vastly different matter than knocking bottles off a fence with the same weapon. Before your beagles you will have chances enough and plenty of shooting, which is as much sport as killing if you kill now and then, and sometime you will stop your first rabbit with the little gun and after that, more. To him who in the field is not the absolutely dead shot that one meets at the camp fire there is a vast satisfaction in the first rabbit killed in this way. Really, once you get the hang of the thing it is not so difficult, but it is very new and different at the start. It is to be remembered in this connection, however, that the 22 carries further than the shotgun and care in its use is to be exercised accordingly.

The pack of beagles should be evenly matched as to size, speed and nose and, if you like, as to color. They present a more attractive appearance when the markings are alike, but color has no effect upon field ability. No dog must be too fast for the pack, none too slow. All must move evenly and together, and those that struggle in front or behind must be sacrificed to pack excellence, for it is team work wanted here, not individual brilliancy. It is no easy matter to develop a pack in all these qualities, but neither is it an easy matter to breed, raise and train a pair of good bird dogs. That is part of the pleasure of doing it. Once established the pack can be interbred and will keep pretty true to its type under proper selection.

In conformation try to have good types. Expression, ear, brush and coat are what are to be looked for here. But let the bench standards go, with these as with other field dogs, in favor of performing ability. A generally similar appearance without too close insistence upon "points" is what is wanted. As to size, fifteen inches at the shoulder is the limit and for general attractiveness the eleven-inch beagle has the advantage over his larger brother.

The individual beagle requires less training than the bird dog, but the training of the pack is another matter and too long a one to take up here. In general the methods followed with fox hounds serve equally well with the smaller dog, and satisfactory pack work comes more from experience and selection of proper individuals of similar performance than from any prescribed training methods. As to numbers, six is enough and twelve more than is needed. It is the custom at beagle trials, now rapidly gaining in popularity in the middle and western states, to run but two dogs at a time, and while this gives a line on individual excellence as to nose, speed and general intelligence, it nevertheless interferes with the development of the packing principal which is really the most pleasing feature of the work of this dog. Even in pack trials only four dogs are run as a pack, and this too makes toward selection of individuals instead of averages, though it may, in the long run, raise pack standards by pointing out the better breeding stock.

When we come to consider the item of cost, a pack of beagles is cheap to raise and maintain. Puppies can be had for from ten to fifteen dollars. The feeding expense is small, and no great amount oı room is required for kenneling. Six of the little

fellows may be raised and kept for about the same amount as can be spent on a pair of good bird dogs.

The great advantage to the sportsman who owns a beagle pack is the abundance and wide distribution of his game. Rabbits may be found in greater or less abundance anywhere and everywhere. An hour's run from any large city will serve to take the dogs to game, and unless the district be very densely settled much less time will serve. When game birds are scarce or when the limit has been reached in the day's shooting, the beagles will afford plenty of sport of a different kind, and you can go back to bird shooting with that sense of variety which so much enhances good sport.

Many men own and use one or two of these dogs and pursue rabbits with them. usually with the aid of the shotgun. A single dog or a pair can seldom catch a rabbit unaided, for the time consumed in working out the checks is too long. This is where the pack shows its working efficiency and where it is far superior to the pair in results accomplished. There are not a great many packs in the country, but some of the few are very old.

As the sport becomes better known the number of packs will undoubtedly grow and, to the hunter who loves all out of doors, will unfailingly appeal. It offers the proper difficulties and affords the proper jest of pursuit, the always interesting problems of breeding, training and conditioning are present, and it furnishes the opportunity of being out of doors and doing hard work as play that makes for what is best in all sports afield.

AUTOMOBILE OPPORTUNITIES

BY AUGUSTUS POST

THE three hardest and last things to learn in automobiling are:

1. To keep clean.
2. To go slow.
3. Not to overload the car.

In the early days of the sport how necessary and how often it was required to adjust and to make repairs! A pair of overalls was part of the road equipment of every well appointed car. The road work has now become a minimum, and it is the exception and not the rule; even shop work is necessary only at long intervals, and the never ending tinkering of the past is condensed into a general overhauling periodically, the looking for trouble rather than having it find you.

The dust nuisance will doubtless also be conquered as the oil and grease have already been. The formation of the bodies has much to do with this problem.

It is natural for the novice to wish to know how fast his machine can go, and he soon finds out. Then the desire arises to know how fast other machines, that he may meet on the road, can go as compared with his machine, this stage sometimes becomes chronic, but as a rule his own natural and comfortable touring gait prevails and the final degree in self-control is attained.

The third rule is perhaps as much a matter of development as the first two—not to overload the car—that is to know what things to take off. Simplicity is always the crucial test and the final refinement of anything truly perfected. Everything must have a reason and a good reason for being used and be vital to the dominant idea. A prominent manufacturer told me once that a young man had offered him a wonderful invention to add to his car, an apparatus that would make it more nearly perfect than it was. The manufacturer said: "My dear sir, if you will only tell me of something I can dispense with I will do it at once." How often do you see a small car with large baskets, almost as large as the car itself. I have also seen some cars, and large cars too, with a separate horn for each member of the party. I would almost be willing to say that if the automobile horn had not been misused many of the legal regulations would never have been thought of, and even the speed-limit might have been much greater than it is at present, if really needed at all.

If the same amount of effort expended on the horn to get people to move out of your way were used to move the steering wheel slightly so as not to seem to bear directly upon the person in front, and if you should steer around wagons in the road, as nine times out of ten you must do in the end, rather than blow and blow the horn in vain effort to get them to move, much less friction would be caused and the speed increased. I think it is much better to pass carefully and as quietly as possible. Often you are noticed hardly at all, and you can generally tell if warning is necessary.

It is probably the manner of saying, "clear the road," which arouses antagonism in people, and when there are so many who as yet have little if any interest in the motor car, you can readily see how

legislation is obtained to curb the minority.

It is marvelous how the sentiment changes. In Paris, speeding seems to be less offensive than the vile smoke caused by poor carburation, and although the car may pass through the Champs Elysee, seemingly at a speed of forty miles an hour, and escape the attention of the police, if it leaves a trail of smoke the inevitable summons duly arrives. This is what we are coming to in this country. As the misuse of the horn has caused annoyance, so also will the misuse of the powerful gas lamps, and ear-splitting sirens, appointments, which, necessary in country districts, if used to any great extent in the city, will surely lead to further laws to enforce reason on those who do not possess this most necessary quality.

In the city the road pavement is capable of a mile in 28 1-5 seconds, the smooth asphalt being almost the equal of the wonderful sands of Ormond beach in Florida, God's pavement washed and ironed twice a day by the tides, while the city pavement has the tide of humanity passing over it almost continuously. Think of going from the Flatiron Building to the Waldorf in less than one-half of a minute; from New York to Boston in less than two hours, and to Chicago in less than ten. Our lives and the borders of our personal world have been doubled by the achievements of the past and it seems that they will be yet doubled again. As the idea was transported over the telegraph wire and the voice by the telephone, so the actual body will not be far behind in the automobile and may almost catch up with the flying-machine.

I hear the discordant note of fear of a breakdown or anxiety lest the road be impassable. Thanks to the American maker, these are not now serious matters and, thanks to the pioneers, many sections of the country are now already explored, where a welcome is offered to the hunted motorist, and that most rare feeling of interest and sympathy is present. I refer to the Island of Cuba, and the province of Quebec, where I was last autumn, and the woods of Maine, whose old stage roads supplemented the waterways and are calling the motor as the small streams call the canoe.

With an outfit containing silk tents, aluminum cooking utensils, sleeping bags and usual rations, great comfort can be had and most charming camp sites can be selected. The fresh milk, eggs, butter and vegetables that can always be obtained within moderate distances, and the fishing, small game and deer that usually abound on the edge of civilization, make it possible that better accommodation can be enjoyed than is offered by many summer hotels.

The Far West has yet to be explored for new paths and suitable country for automobiling, and instead of the desert of Sahara and the Mountains of Switzerland, the great plains and Rocky Mountains of the United States may become the mecca for great achievements, as Ormond Beach, Florida, has proved in the province of speed. I know of many places where the grandest scenery and splendid roads exist. Take the Yellowstone National Park, for instance, a motor tour there would be unequaled. Let us hope that some day this may be possible and the restrictions will be raised.

WHAT THE Y. M. C. A. IS DOING

THE TREND OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

BY GEORGE J. FISHER

TO a fairly close observer it is very apparent that physical training is undergoing a most remarkable transition. A most radical change is in process both in method and in the enlargement of its scope.

In the early period of its development physical training embraced chiefly a system of muscle movements. The chief emphasis was upon muscle building. Exercises were graded, if at all, with reference to producing progressive muscular strength rather than in their relation to the production of organic vigor. In fact, in the light of modern scientific research, we discover that much of the work then done was in violation of normal physiologic function. The men were not graded, nor their physical condition known. This unscientific period continued until the time of Dio Lewis, and in Association history until Robert J. Roberts. The chief qualities of a physical director up to this period were those involved in the making of a good performer and a strict disciplinarian. Even to this day, though more and more remotely, happily, Association physical training is influenced by this type of work.

Under the leadership of Dio Lewis, and later Robert J. Roberts, a change resulted in which the emphasis was shifted from the heavy muscular work to the lighter and quicker movements, with particular empha-

sis upon the fundamental muscles, thus emphasizing the stimulation of physiologic function. The grading of men also received consideration. Heavy apparatus work was minimized which heretofore had received maximum attention, and coincidently the calisthenic drill was popularized.

The next period was characterized by advance in the *science* of physical training. Dr. Luther Gulick was pre-eminently the leader in our own movement of this trend. The philosophical aspects of physical exercise were carefully analyzed and principles based upon them developed. Statistical methods were inaugurated, charts of physical examinations made and plotted, and the work increasingly standardized. A notable contribution was made to the study of physical training for boys. Dr. J. H. McCurdy made original contributions to our movement in his studies in blood pressure and the physiology of exercise. This era, too, was significant for the emphasis upon technically trained physical directors and the development of the Association training schools.

And what shall we say of the present trend in physical training in the Association movement? It is eminently sociologic in its emphasis. Association leaders have received an enlarged and Napoleonic vision of the field of the Association movement. It includes nothing less than every boy and every young man in North America who has a physical need to which no other agency is adequately ministering. The present effort is to meet that need. Such a propaganda is stupendous in its undertaking and statesmanlike in its scope. The prosecution of this ideal will greatly modify the form of expression of physical training and make multiform its method. The work will be as varied as are the needs of men and boys.

This ministration is not limited to the providing of physical *exercise* alone, for the physical need of many men is not exercise, frequently, in fact, they may receive muscular exercise in superabundance, but it will include the alteration of physical habits in reference to sleep, bathing, diet, the changing of the physical environment with reference to housing, ventilation and sanitation, the providence of recreation through playgrounds and recreation centers, education with reference to disease, the making of sentiment for scientific public sanitation, the feeding of the undernourished, and even an educational and legislative effort against quackery and charlatanism.

Physical training, therefore, as interpreted by the Young Men's Christian Association to-day, means physical welfare, and physical welfare in its concept includes all work that shall have for its aim the conservation of physical power, the development of euphoria, the prevention of disease.

This trend in physical training foreshadows the type of the new physical director who shall administer the work. It calls for an individual trained not only in physical education, but in social science, and who shall be pre-eminently an executive, a man who knows how to enlist not only the sympathy of strong and representative men in his work, but who is competent to organize and marshal them in public betterment schemes and also masterful enough to co-operate with and coordinate other welfare organizations in mutual endeavor for the public good as far as it bears upon his own special work.

By constantly keeping in mind the needs of men and boys primarily, and not primarily the advantage of the Association, we will be led into the largest possible service. Unless we do this we shall miss the great mission which to-day is ours.

The extensive propaganda just previewed means also a trend in Association method which shall have for its object the placing of the responsibility for its conduct upon the laymen. The physical work in its conduct has been too largely autocratic. It has been planned and chiefly promoted by the physical director. The future success and the only method by which success can be attained in such an extensive campaign, is by the enlistment of many strong and capable laymen, and because there are more than 6,000 technically trained men serving on the leaders' corps and more than 200,000 men and boys in the constituency of the physical department. This proposed entrée into the larger field of service is not an etherial dream, but a very possible achievement, with promise of large returns.

Let us examine next the trend more closely in some of the specific phases of physical training.

The trend in the *science* of physical training. There surely is an indication that less emphasis will be placed upon anatomy and more upon physiology, that is, less emphasis upon structure and more upon function, less upon mere muscle making and more upon creating organic vigor, less upon physical achievement through muscular prowess and more upon the science of right living. We will teach men not so much the science of muscle movements as the science of living.

To this latter end courses of study in hygiene will accompany courses in gymnastics. Informal talks on physical themes will increasingly be given preceding the regular class work.

The trend in physical examinations. Less emphasis is and will be placed upon muscle mensuration and more upon tests of function. Tests of the special senses will be made—notably of seeing and hearing in view of the deterioration of these functions as evidenced by the dire results in the examination of school children, and the very unfavorable reflex effects of these abnormalities upon the general health and efficiency of the individual. Careful inspection of nose and throat will be made in view of the prevalence of adenoids and

enlarged tonsils and their depressing effect upon vitality. Urinalyses will also be made, particularly because of the great increase in urinary diseases—notably in Bright's disease among men of sedentary habits.

Greater emphasis will be placed upon diagnosis and more careful counsel given in reference to the modification of personal physical habits.

The trend in heavy gymnastics. Here will be seen considerable readjustment. The Association now is making an original contribution in revising its graded apparatus work for the elementary grade in keeping with modern needs and knowledge. In this the chief dosage is upon the legs and not upon the arms, and in which the stimulus is consequently given to respiration and circulation rather than to the development of muscular strength. Elemental exercises, phyletically considered, will increasingly be selected and the exercises chosen with reference to natural function rather than upon a purely pedagogical plan void of physiologic value. Coincidently this rearrangement will contribute the element of interest which has been greatly lacking in heavy apparatus work.

The trend in the day's order. There will be increased emphasis upon play. Play is the most interesting and most valuable form of physical training. The play literature will be greatly enriched and games will be classified with reference to their physiologic and moral value so that they will prove of scientific value. This increased use of play will make physical training none the less efficient and all the more interesting and increasingly permanent as a practice by men far beyond middle life, which is not and necessarily cannot be true of the present character of much of our physical work. This propaganda of play will serve to enlist many more individuals in the practice of physical training.

A form of play which will be extensively used, and is now intensely popular, is gymnastic dancing. There should be worked out quickly a complete series of dances for men and boys, for use in our associations, to hasten its more extended use. This is begun in "Physical Training," and will be continued until a varied and suggestive series is forthcoming.

The trend in athletics. In athletics we discover a most remarkable transition. Perhaps no phase of physical training has met with more publicity and more reproach than athletics. The athletic clubs, and particularly the colleges, have been the chief exponents of competition sports. The propensity for winning, the emphasis upon prizes, the elaborate expense accounts, the special athletic membership in the athletic clubs on the one hand and the lack of strict eligibility rules in the colleges upon the other hand, as well as the paid coach in each, are responsible for many evils which have crept into and prostituted sport.

The present trend shows a most constructive reform in the colleges and perhaps some raising of ideals in the clubs. In the colleges the faculties have become interested, radical reforms have been instituted in football, the eligibility rules have been made strict, freshmen are denied participation on representative teams, the term of participation on representative teams has been limited to three years, the number of intercollegiate games has been limited, and summer baseball is being regulated. The most hopeful tendency, however, is the effort to make athletics possible to the majority of the students rather than the few, and in the universities of Pennsylvania and of Missouri, notably, and at Amherst, hundreds of students now—where formerly but scores were enlisted—are participating in informal athletic exercises.

This is following the trend long since established by the Young Men's Christian Association, among whose members 40,000 participate in informal competition to 3,000 in the more extreme athletic competition. Here is the opportunity of the Association to socialize play, to have for its goal a place for everyone in North America to play and everyone a player. Great progress is being made in this respect and under the auspices of the associations throughout the length and breadth of North America, grammar school leagues, Sunday school leagues, twilight leagues among industrial workers, play picnics in rural districts and public playgrounds in cities, are being promoted, hastening the millenium period when play shall be unanimously participated in. This increased participation in play under Association incentive and control is what impresses one who visits and observes closely and generally all Association physical work. (Trenton.)

The trend of course in this work is to promote out-of-door exercise. To facilitate this the Association is inadequately equipped. There must needs be a unanimous policy to increase the equipment of each local association by an athletic field adequately fitted and expertly supervised to make it minister to large numbers. Frequently, too, the roof and contiguous property can be utilized for transferring the indoor work in the mid-season from indoors to the open.

The most significant trend in Association physical training is to be found in its scope to include the community. If the aim of the Association is to meet the needs of every boy and young man in its community, then it must engage in large public enterprises. Fully a score of associations are now promoting public playgrounds in their respective cities. The Association in every unorganized city should immediately make this a part of its policy, for it is a need in every city. The method of approach to the problem may differ in each city, but

WINNING THE WAGER

We made a bet—such betting is no sin—
In jocose vein we made a harmless bet.
A box of gloves I wagered on the set,
Against . . . .
She, nodding, smiled—our friends were standing by—
But in her smile, and in her roguish eye
I saw what others missed; and strove to win.

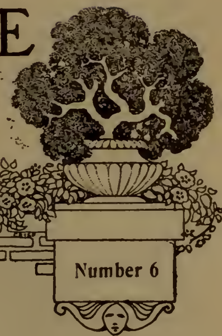
I won the set. Back from the net I stood,
And looked, for payment, where my lady sat
With sunshade resting gently on her hat.
She raised her eyes; then slowly crossed the court.
She stepped so close . . . .
For lesser favors Knights have fought.
I played again; but played in absent mood.

—EDWIN W. IVINS

Drawn by Ernest C. Peixotto to illustrate "Around Messina and Reggio."

STILL CARRY WATER IN GREEK AMPHORÆ ON THEIR HEADS

THE
OUTING
MAGAZINE



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AROUND MESSINA AND REGGIO THE EARTHQUAKE COUNTRY

BY ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

EVEN now, after centuries of ill usage, the Two Sicilies are certainly a terrestrial paradise. But the people who dwell in them know that they do so at their risk and peril. Yet, who that has lived in this magic land and felt the glamour of its romance, breathed the scent of its lemon groves and the odor of its wild flowers, and watched the lights and shadows pass over the Ionian Sea, now pale as an opal or an amethyst, now misty and gray in the *scirocco,* now indigo flecked with white in the *tramontana,* can wonder that peasant and townsman alike love their little plot of ground with an enduring love and cling to their ruined homes with a tenacious ardor born of desperation?

Their lessons have been many, however. Only a decade has passed since all Calabria was laid waste by earthquake, and across the straits Messina was badly damaged. About a century ago Messina was so completely destroyed that there was question, then as now, whether the city would ever rise again. Catania, built in the extreme roots of Etna, and living under the constant menace of its fires, has been overwhelmed again and again by lava-streams, but each time has risen, phenix-like, from its ashes and on its lava terraces has replanted the sources of its wealth—its orange and lemon groves and its prolific vineyards. To-day the city is largely built of lava, and its most conspicuous monument, the antique Elephant, standing in front of the Cathedral, is made of the same molten rock.

The devastation attending these cataclysms of nature has nearly always been completed by the hand of man.

War and misgovernment have been the

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A town on the north coast of Sicily.

Scylla.

lot of later day Trinacria, so long pillaged and until so recently by its iniquitous Spanish Bourbon rulers. As a natural consequence, the people have remained most primitive. The peasants plow the fields as in the time of Abraham, with crude wooden plows that merely scratch the poor surface of the earth, while a few feet below lies virgin soil. Fertilizers are unknown. Until a few years ago only eight per cent. of the people could read or write, and even now, when attendance at school is compulsory, only one in three is able to scrawl his name. There is no way of collecting fines from the indigent peasants, who would rather put their sons out at ten cents a day to tend goats than send them to school.

SOME SUPERSTITIONS

Superstition naturally goes hand in hand with this dense ignorance and is manifested in various ways. Over almost every door you will find a stuffed glove with two fingers extended to keep away the evil eye. When a child is born, the mother hangs a string about its neck to which she ties a number of little articles: a twisted horn of coral to keep away the jettatura, of which the Sicilian has a mortal dread; a tiny cockleshell, the old Crusader's emblem, for safe-keeping and goodness; a little key with which to enter paradise and a bag of salt for wisdom. When a baby is baptized, mothers implore that it be given much salt and often the tiny thing is all but strangled.

The women, too, do everything to keep from having a child born in March. A friend told us of a servant that he had had, who fell in love with the coachman, a fine, sober fellow. All went very well until one day the maid, whose position would have been distinctly bettered by the match, declared that she would never dream of marrying the coachman.

"And why not?" she was asked.

"Why, I've just found out that he was born in March," was her answer, "and I should be miserable all my life." No amount of persuasion could make her change her mind.

Their superstitions are mingled with the profoundest religious belief. Various great catastrophies are believed to have been averted by miracle. A notable case was the deflection of the lava streams that threatened to overwhelm Catania by ex-

One felt the glamour of its romance.

tending St. Agatha's veil toward them. One of the most precious objects in Messina has always been a letter written by the Virgin and preserved in the High Altar of the Cathedral. On the day on which it was dated, the third of June, the Madonna della Lettera, Protettrica della Città, was carried through the streets in a procession that formed one of the most extraordinary sights imaginable. Nowhere have I ever seen a more profoundly reverent spectacle than the Sicilian Easter processions, gripping in their realism.

A few years ago we spent the winter and the Easter period in Taormina, overlooking the Straits of Messina at one of its most beautiful points. The shores here in sight have always been the worst sufferers from earthquake—lying, as they do, on the line of contact of the primary and secondary formation. The ancients always believed these Straits of Messina to be fraught with special danger to mariners, and here placed Scylla and Charybdis.

Messina lies in one of the loveliest curves of the coast, vying with Palermo in the beauty of its surroundings, and the Italians have surnamed it "La Nobile." Sheltered between a curve of the shore and a line of lofty hills, it throws out the sickle of its

These shores have always been the worst sufferers from earthquakes.

Mt. Etna from the Greek Theater, Taormina.

Overlooking the Strait of Messina.

Messina, its harbor, the Strait of Messina with

harbor to shelter passing craft, for it has long been an important seaport on the main maritime route between the Occident and Orient.

Like a true daughter of the sea, it turned its best face toward the water. Its harbor was its principal feature—its *raison d'être* —with that of Genoa, perhaps the most important in modern Italy. And these two cities resembled each other in more ways than one, as two Latin cities should, both of which were dedicated to the Gods of Commerce. The main idea of their builders seems to have been to provide them with a magnificent screen of palaces fronting the quays, in whose lofty upper apartments the merchants could live, while their wares could be stored, convenient to the shipping, in the broad arcades below.

This great row of now empty façades fronting the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele, still remains, I believe, dominated toward its southern end by the City Hall, with Montorsoli's Fountain of Neptune opposite. This handsome monument was also spared. In it we find another link between Genoa and Messina. After working for the Dorias in the former city, Montorsoli, perhaps the most gifted of Michael Angelo's pupils (though possessing his master's faults rather than his greater qualities), came to Sicily and, in Palermo, executed important commissions, and in Messina erected the two great fountains of the city —the one in front of the Cathedral, overladen with bas-reliefs and statues of notable rivers, and this one in front of the Municipio dedicated to Neptune, Lord of the Seas. They, and a good picture by Caravaggio, were the only great works of art the city possessed.

Though not repaying an extended visit, by yielding up rare treasures of the past to a patient search, like most Italian cities, Messina's very real attraction to the tourist lay in its natural beauties and in the lovely view that it commanded. The Straits here flow like a river of indigo, dotted with shipping, and hemmed in between the city's quays and the lofty Calabrian mountains, visible for many a mile both north and south, from Palmi to Reggio and beyond. These were especially beautiful toward evening, when lighted by the flush of sunset, so that, while their bases married with the blues and violet of the water, their summits shone like burnished brass and copper in a broad gamut of russet and gold.

SOME TYPES OF MESSINA

Messina's streets were a great attraction, for, though of a rather squalid type, they housed a most interesting population. The Marina teemed with life—with fishermen in stocking caps and knitted smockfrocks; with stevedores loading and unloading the motley craft that filled the harbor. Back from the port, the city's streets were filled to overflowing with curious figures, venders of all kinds: fruitsellers and peddlers of pottery; ironmongers and *acquajuoli* carrying their water-stands from house to house. Then there were the barber shops, rendezvous for the lower classes, as the drug store was for those of higher stations. In the *salone*, men would talk before, during and after their hair was being brushed, and with eyes and hands even more than with words, arrange all sorts of little *combinazioni*.

And as was to be expected in an illiterate

the Calabrian mountains in the background.

country, every now and then a public scribe would be encountered, sitting in the angle of a doorway. I never remember seeing so many of them as I saw in Messina. They were a queer relic of a bygone age, with their old-fashioned dingy top-hats, their faded frock coats, their goose-quills, their green umbrellas and rickety tables often decorated with the inscription: *"Si traduce il francese."* By them you would see young peasant girls dictating letters to faraway sweethearts doing their military service, or women greeting absent sons, or sailormen sending word to distant homes.

The hills back of the town were gay with orchards and vineyards and charming villas set in pretty gardens, any one of which would make a poet's dream or lover's paradise, twined over as they were with oleanders or bougainvillea and walled with hedges of *fichidindia.* The nightingales sang by the hundreds in the aloes. Under foot the marigold and asphodel, the pale immortelle and the cyclamen, with its scarlet petals, carpeted the hill slopes with varied colors.

In the country beyond and to the southward you would find the same primitive life. The women still carry water in Greek amphorae balanced upon their head. At house doors you would see peasants spinning in the fashion immemorially antique; thus spun the daughters of the Kings of Greece, thus the Fates and thus the Sicilians of to-day. On a hillside you would find Pasqualuccio playing his reeds (the real pipes of Pan) while he tended his flock of goats. And great ox carts would go patiently by, drawn by true oxen of the sun, tawny and robust as Homer depicts them, with great broad foreheads and long curved horns.

A COUNTRY FULL OF ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY

It is the country of Theocritus. Every nook suggests the tales of Greek mythology. Scylla and Charybdis haunt the Straits. Acireale takes its name from

A town built on an old crater.

Acis, who here wooed his Galatea, and just out at sea lie I Faraglioni or Scogli di Ciclopi that Polyphemus hurled at the retreating Ulysses. Farther on down the coast lies the site of wealthy Naxos, mother of Catania, and under Etna's eternal fires Enceladus lies buried, its wreath of smoke his breath.

There can be no finer point from which to survey this wondrous land than from the hills surrounding Taormina. I know no spot on Mediterranean shores that equals them in beauty. Over the Saracenic towns the eye plunges to the plain of Naxos, witness of the first triumphs of Timoleon, and to the beach skirting the Ionian Sea losing itself in a broad curve toward Syracuse. From this plain Etna rears its mighty mass of blackened slopes, topped with eternal snow, cloaked as with a mantle of ermine. Beyond the Straits the mountains of the Gulf of Taranto and the chain of the Apennines die in the point of Calabria and warm and glow in the rich southern sunlight.

Calabria seems very near in this limpid air. But the boats take almost an hour to cross from Messina to Reggio.

Only a month or two ago Reggio presented the appearance of a modern city, having been entirely rebuilt since the great earthquake of 1783. Like Messina it is pleasantly situated on a sloping hillside between the mountains and the sea.

And from the hills the views are superb. To the westward the north coast of Sicily stretches far off to Milazzo; out at sea lie the Lipari Islands and Stromboli wreathed in its veil of smoke; while majestic Etna towers up darkly in the background to the southward.

This, too, is the country of the tarantella, which I have seen danced more times than one. Not the tarantella as it is given for the tourist by chambermaids and lackeys in Capri and Syracuse, but the real peasant dance swung to the tune of a primitive bagpipe and drum, with the women writhing and eluding the men, who follow ever and seek to catch but never touch their partner.

WASHINGTON TUBBS' AIR CURE

BY NORMAN H. CROWELL

WASHINGTON TUBBS leaned back in his chair and drew a tremulous breath as he gently tested the resiliency of his trousers' waistband. Then he glanced across the table at his wife, who was patiently initiating the youngest Tubbs into the fundamental principles of gravity as applied to pancake eating.

"Wife—er—Maria," said Tubbs, in a throaty whisper, "it has struck me—at last!"

Mrs. Tubbs paused a brief instant in her work and shoved the platter of cakes toward her husband. She then seized the youngest and ran her right forefinger into its mouth with motherly skill and confidence. The youngest responded by instantly regaining its breath and vocal powers.

"My stars! What a child!" said Mrs. Tubbs, proudly, yet with reproof in her tone.

Tubbs, after waiting a decent interval, coughed gently behind his open hand and resumed.

"Maria, it's struck me down—at last!"

"What has?" was his wife's brisk answer.

"Can't you see?" said Tubbs, hoarsely. "Look at me!"

His wife scanned him briefly.

"Well, you don't look as if anything very bad had struck you, Washington," said Mrs. Tubbs. "I've kept track and I know you have eaten twelve pancakes, so it isn't your appetite anyway. Are you sick?"

"Sick?" groaned Tubbs, "of course I am! I can't work."

Mrs. Tubbs put a napkin to her face and snickered. The last time her husband had done any work to her personal knowledge was in the spring of '83.

"I'd be real sorry to have you get sick, Washington, but you look healthy enough. Where does it seem to take you the worst?"

Tubbs glanced nervously at the children before replying.

"In the lungs, Maria. It's consumption—just struck me a minute ago!"

He coughed once.

He coughed once, but too loudly for good effect, and repeated with considerably better success. His wife was regarding him with scornful eye.

"Con-sump-tion!"

She drew the word out a yard and a half and shook it full of cayenne pepper as she flung it at him.

"The idea of *you* having consumption! How in the world do you suppose you ever got it—tell me that!"

"It's in the family, Maria. I've been looking for it all along. It's the worst kind—gallopin', they call it. Don't suppose I'll last the year out—catching it sudden this way."

Mrs. Tubbs stifled a smile by the simple process of grabbing it with both hands. Having brought her face thoroughly under control, she surveyed the ample form of her husband coldly and dispassionately. He had not changed in height, weight or general redness of color. She knew him to be six feet in height, to weigh two hundred and eight pounds on the butcher's scales, and that he wore a number seventeen collar, lay-down. She also was aware that up to date Washington Tubbs had been the sole proprietor of an appetite like a corn-shredder. Naturally, she presumed him to be in middling fair health. There was a twinkle in her eye, therefore, when she ceased her inventory and spoke.

"Well, Washington, now that you're sure you've got it, the question is, are you going to give up to it? Are you going to fold your hands calmly and——"

He had convinced the boys, and also had convinced himself.

Mr. Tubbs raised a hairy fist in expostulation.

"Never you fear about a Tubbs giving up, Maria! It isn't in 'em! It'll be a fight to a finish from now on. There's only one cure for it—just one."

"What's that?"

"Air! Pure air! Got to have it and lots of it to lick the gallopin' consumption," said Tubbs, hopelessly.

"Well, I'd try it right off, Washington. It is so handy and inexpensive. I'd go right out now—I think I saw some fresh air outside just a moment ago."

Mrs. Tubbs turned to the youngest Tubbs with solicitude, and removed three-quarters of a pancake from its infant maw. Her husband grew a ruby red and glared at her with deep suspicion. At length, observing no further evidence of double-dealing, he arose gingerly and made his way to the veranda.

He knew he was a double-dyed hypocrite and he half suspected that Mrs. Tubbs had read him through and through. He had bowled nine or ten games of ten-pins the evening before just to show the boys he was as good as he was twenty years before. He had convinced the boys and had also convinced himself. My! But he was lame! He felt as if somebody had pounded him with a croquet mallet up both sides of his spine, and to attempt to draw a full breath was torture. His only hope had been the plea of hereditary consumption, and he had been prepared to back it up by proving that his grandfather's brother-in-law had been a victim of the disease. He had expected a wifely solicitude to minister to his comfort by hot bandages that might have alleviated the muscular suffering he endured, but Mrs. Tubbs did not appear to be deeply concerned. He glanced up as he heard steps and saw Jones going by on the way to the store.

"Morning, Tubbs!" said Jones, cheerily. "You up already, eh? Thought you'd be in bed to-day after bowlin' the way you did last night! Greatest eye you got—er—eh?"

Tubbs was scowling wickedly and emitting warning hisses at the speaker.

"I'm not deaf, old man," said Tubbs. "A little lower will do for me and beside—my wife isn't feeling well to-day."

Jones shrugged his shoulders and winked.

"Say, Tubbs," he began, in a guarded tone, "that string of three strikes you got was a beauty! Made the boys set up and sniff, I tell you! Never thought you had it in you, Tubbs!"

"Oh! That's nothing. I was in a match game once where I got seven straight strikes and the pinboy rung in a pin that had a big brad in the lower end. He jammed that down into the alley

He realized that flight was out of the question.

and it stuck there through two whole games!"

"Ha! That's a good one, Tubbs! Well, so long!"

Ten minutes later, when Tubbs re-entered the house, he found his wife poring over the family doctor book. Tubbs shivered, but kept heroically on to his favorite chair and picked up the morning paper. The rustling of the paper evidently aroused Mrs. Tubbs from her search, for a little scream of fright suddenly came from her direction. Tubbs looked up in alarm.

"Washington Tubbs! How dare you come in here and sit down, knowing you've got the most catching disease in the entire book? You take that chair out onto the porch if you want to read! I won't be exposed to contagious diseases any more than I have to. Don't you say a word, Washington, or I'll call the health officer and have you quarantined in the barn! The idea —and you with the galloping consumption, too!"

Mr. Tubbs turned a pasty white, but he knew from her manner that Mrs. Tubbs meant business, and, like a wise enemy, suffering a reverse, he beat a retreat to the veranda. It was not so comfortable out there and the late October flies were numerous and desperately hungry. He fought them valiantly for an hour. Then he dropped off the veranda and strolled around the house. The kitchen door stood invitingly open and the unctuous smell of stewing prunes greeted his nostrils. Tubbs was a patron saint of stewed prunes and he sniffed eagerly. He longed to go in and "spear" one with a toothpick and eat it hot.

He started up the steps and peered in. The girl was scouring viciously at the sink and did not hear him. Not wishing to startle her, he called, softly:

"Hilda!"

"Vat?"

"Get me a toothpick, will you?"

Hilda ceased scouring and stared at him. Then she began slowly backing away—until she faded from view in the dining-room beyond.

"Confound women, anyhow!" snarled the aggrieved Tubbs. Then he whittled a match to a point and delicately harpooned a simmering prune. Tiptoeing quietly out, he sat on the back steps and ate the prune. It was good. He wanted more, but, being a hopeless consumptive, he felt the impassable gulf that lay between himself and prunes *ad lib.*

In the middle of the forenoon a tapping at the rear window drew his attention. He went up and found a placard leaning against the glass. It read as follows:

"I'll call the health officer and have you quarantined in the barn."

"Glass of hot ginger tea on back step. Drink it all at once.—Maria Tubbs."

Washington Tubbs ground his teeth. If there was any one thing in the entire materia medica that he detested it was this same hot ginger tea. It invariably gagged him, and he took it seldom, and then only on compulsion. This time it was on compulsion.

He went doggedly to the indicated spot and saw that the placard had not betrayed him—the tea was there, smoking luxuriously. He seized it in one hand—then transferred it to the other. It was very hot. He stepped out into the open air with the idea of cooling it. Then an idea struck him—he would chuck it under the steps! He was about to pursue this plan when he became aware that he was being watched. Mrs. Tubbs was regarding him sadly from the sewing room window, while Mrs. Simmons and her two elderly daughters were half way out of their sitting room bay-window in an endeavor to secure an interrupted view of the scene.

Tubbs' eyes flashed as he realized this fresh pressure brought to bear upon him, but he was game—he gulped the tea. It burned his throat and sent tears to his eyes, but it seemed to help. Tubbs looked up toward the sewing-room window.

"Maria!" he called, "I'm better! I'm getting the best of this attack! I guess I'll go into the house now."

"Do you?" came the chilly tones of Mrs. Tubbs. "You just wait until I ring up the health officer, Washington Tubbs!"

"But I'm not a bit sick, Maria!" protested Tubbs.

The ringing of the telephone bell answered him, and he glanced wrathfully into the faces of the Simmons family adjacent. Then he strained his ears to catch the Tubbs' end of the telephone conversation.

"Is this you, Doctor?" came his wife's voice.

". . . ."

"This is Mrs. Tubbs. My husband is suffering—what? I said my husband—HUS-BUND—he is afflicted with galloping consumption in its worst form. He is acting strangely, doctor. Perhaps his mind is affected. Yes—his brains, I mean."

". . . ."

"Oh, you'll be right up, will you? Thanks, doctor!"

She rang off with a flourish and looked out to see Tubbs sitting on the chopping block with his chin in his hands. He was sizing up the axe and wondering if the edge or the flat side would kill the quicker. Presently he realized that something was taking place in the house. Looking up, he met the round, red face of Doc Briggs. Briggs was scanning him critically, like a poultry fancier would examine a prize pullet.

Tubbs arose and clinched his fists.

"You old pill-mixer!" he shouted, "come out here and I'll wipe the lawn with you!"

Briggs heard the challenge and nodded meaningly to Mrs. Tubbs.

"Raving," he said, in tones audible to the patient.

Tubbs saw him extract sundry panaceas from his satchel and hand them to Mrs. Tubbs. He groaned as he thought of taking a private course of medicine via the coffee route.

After a time the front door slammed and Doc Briggs strode briskly away. Then the kitchen door opened and his wife appeared.

"Vat?"

"Washington!" she called, or rather commanded.

"Maria," he returned sulkily.

"Doctor says you can come in for the rest of the day, but you will have to sleep in the open air to-night. That's his ultimatum!"

"Confound his ultimatum! I don't give a cent for old Briggs and his ultimatums!" snorted the indignant Tubbs.

"It's partly mine, Washington," said his wife, quietly.

"Oh!" remarked Mr. Tubbs.

"Here is a plan of a bed that sticks right out of the bedroom window. It can have an awning over it if you want it. It is the same thing as sleeping outdoors—only your feet are in the house."

"I won't sleep in it," said Tubbs, firmly.

"Then where will you sleep?" demanded his wife, in surprise.

"Where I always do, of course!"

"Not till you are cured, Washington. Wives have some rights left, I think. You get your tools and a plank or two at once. We must fix that bed."

It took Tubbs nearly all the afternoon to complete the bed. It consisted of two planks cleated together and spiked to the window sill, so that they protruded three or four feet into the open air.

A yard below the protruding planks was the slanting roof of the pantry, and beyond that was the roof of the coal shed. Tubbs had a sneaking idea that he could make a neat escape via that route and get a comfortable night's rest at a hotel. He felt distinctly elated as the prospect seemed to admit of success. This wore off, however, as he discovered the preposterous ideas his wife entertained concerning proper sleeping costume for patients afflicted with his brand of consumption. He objected, but when at length he saw himself in the mirror arrayed in a pink and white skating cap and a rainbow design sweater he realized that flight was out of the question. No self-respecting hotel-keeper would admit him in such a disguise.

"This is awful, Maria," groaned Tubbs. "Suppose some of the neighbors should see me sticking out there and take a shot at me?"

"That would be easier than a lingering death, and besides this is no time to be considering risks," said his wife.

He sat on the back steps and ate the prune.

Tubbs weakened and peered cautiously out of the window. The coast appeared to be clear and he sighed deeply. He fitted the bed snugly. It was as wide as the window would permit, but Tubbs was wide also. When he had finally stretched out he was afflicted by a sudden fear that it would give way with him, and he held his breath nearly a minute waiting for the shock.

"Maria," he whispered, "I'm much better. I—I'm——"

"You're a sick man, Washington, and I'm treating you—so keep quiet," was the reply.

"Oo-oo! It's cold!" remarked Tubbs, shivering.

"I don't think it will snow, though," said Mrs. Tubbs, as she came to the window and took a look at the sky.

Tubbs drew up his knees, and they hit the window casing with a thump. Then he rolled over on his back and looked up at the milky way. Something was moving above him—it resembled a cat on the ridgepole of the house. If it was a cat he knew he would have bad dreams. On second thought he realized it would not, as he probably wouldn't sleep a wink. He eyed the cat boldly and saw that it was only a branch of a tree waving in the breeze.

Ten minutes of portentous silence

drifted by. His wife seemed to be peacefully sleeping. Tubbs lifted his head and surveyed the roofs below him. They looked cold and uninviting in the starlight, and he comforted himself by a muffled remark.

"Ug-ug-juk!"

Tubbs knew instinctively that his wife had awakened.

"Washington!" she called, softly.

A dull, grating snore was her sole response.

"Washington!"

This was a little louder.

"G-r-r-r-r-rrrr!"

That was Washington Tubbs' most magnificent brand of snore—a trifle jarring, but undeniably businesslike. He meant to show that woman that he was enjoying the air cure to the limit.

A creaking of bedsprings told him that his better half was getting out of bed. He almost neglected to snore as he listened to her silent approach. A hand was laid on his feet and another on his knee. A vigorous shake made him cut a particularly promising snore in two pieces.

"Are you awake, Washington?"

"Um—ah—ugh! Where's the fire?" ejaculated Tubbs, sitting up.

"There isn't any fire," said Mrs. Tubbs. "I just wanted to ask you if you felt good and comfortable."

If it had not been quite so dark the look on Tubbs' face would have made a painter's fortune.

"Did I say anything in my sleep about *not* being comfortable?" inquired Tubbs, earnestly.

"There, there, Washington! Don't get excited. Folks with your diseases must keep calm. Excitement is bad for 'em. I'm so glad you are resting easy."

Tubbs said something, but it could not be gathered. He threw himself backward with a resigned air and struck the bed with a thump. The planks quivered—squeaked—a nail loosened, and then Tubbs felt his aërial perch slowly tilt downward.

"Maria, grab me!" he yelled, as he clutched wildly at the vanishing window sill.

But too late! The bed tilted downward remorselessly, and in another instant the patient slid easily off in a cloud of drapery. Mrs. Tubbs reached the window in time to witness her husband ricochet from the pantry roof to the coal shed below, from which point

For a time, Tubbs merely studied the route.

he hurdled the woodpile neatly and brought up in the middle of the rear yard.

She waited in breathless anxiety nearly a minute before the tangled heap of bedclothes evinced any sign of life. Then the bald spot on her liege lord's pate appeared and scintillated in the moonlight. For a time Tubbs merely studied the route he had just executed—apparently lost in admiration and wonder. Then he laboriously gathered his remains together and limped toward the kitchen door.

Strangely enough, it was invitingly open. Tubbs entered and slammed it behind him with all the vim at his disposal. Then he went upstairs.

His wife was asleep—soundly. He gave her one piercing look and smiled sardonically. Then Washington Tubbs crept stealthily in at the far side of the bed and drew a shuddery sigh of relief. In a moment more he had fallen in peaceful slumber—lame, and bruised but—CURED!

WHO BY SEARCHING

BY ELLEN BURNS SHERMAN

For aye it whispers to the soul of man,
A silent challenge from the Soul of all—
Now spelled in daisied constellations white—
Or keyed in spangled mystery of stars.

The fragrant woodland whispers, "Here am I,
The Sovereign Spirit whom the world doth seek";
And, "Here am I," the meadowy voices call
From petaled lips of myriad blossoms sweet.

"Lo, here am I," the sceptered peaks refrain,
To every vale and lowland dweller suing,
"Lift up to me thine eyes, where glory dwells
And heaven blends her tints in mountain-blue."

"In me, in me, the deep sea's tidal chant,
I beat the mighty rhythm of space and time,
The while I crumble rock and continent
And worlds remold unto my Maker's will."

And clearer still than all the outward calls
By Nature runed in beauty's numbers rare,
We hear within our hearts a rushing tide—
And know ourselves at last a time-marged strand,
Where waves roll in from deep celestial seas.

A quartette of cheerful blue jackets on the *Alabama* assigned to painting duties.

Jack, the mascot of the *Alabama*.

WITH THE BLUE JACKETS OF THE ALABAMA AND THE MAINE

THE STORY OF THE TRIP OF THE SCOUT SHIPS AROUND THE WORLD, AS TOLD BY THE SAILORS THEMSELVES

BY B. CLIFFORD HOOMES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHIEF YEOMAN BACKERS OF THE U. S. S. MAINE

THE battleships *Alabama* and *Maine*, the Special Service Squadron which preceded the fleet around the world and arrived in New York harbor ahead of the regular fleet, were the first battleships of any navy to circumnavigate the globe, and the crews are justly proud of the achievement.

I boarded the *Maine* when she was lying in North River off Eighty-sixth Street, and approaching the officer of the deck, asked permission to visit the fo'c'sle to learn from the blue jackets themselves the story of their trip. The officer called a messenger and ordered him to take me "fo'ard" to await the termination of general quarters.

The men swarmed everywhere. Gun-crews were at their stations operating the guns—the six-inch guns on the gun deck, the thirteen-inch guns in the turrets, fore and aft, and the machine guns on the spar deck and in the fighting tops. Murderous looking canisters of powder and projectiles were being hoisted up by the electric chain lift and carried to the guns. The fire hose was being coupled to the stand pipes and laid along the deck. Every man in sight was preparing for action as if a battle impended. We stumbled past various obstructions, dodged in and out of the throng of fighting men, and reached a quiet spot near the paymaster's quarters, where I ventured to ask if they intended to do any firing.

"No, sir! This is an everyday job aboard a battleship. It's training for the real business. Quarters will soon be over, sir; there's the 'retreat' now."

A bugle blast dissolved the formations. The released men scurried away, leaving only a few of their number to care for the guns, send the ammunition down to the magazines, and clear the decks. Then several blue jackets approached and saluted, saying, "The officer of the deck has ordered us to report to you, sir."

"I came aboard to hear about your trip around the world," said I.

I had been told that the *Alabama*, after leaving Hampton Roads with the fleet, had developed a defect in her cylinder head, and that the strain of trying to keep up with the fleet, it was thought at that time, might cause an accident; also that the *Maine's* coal-carrying capacity was too limited to take her over the long course at the speed she would have to maintain, and it was then feared she might retard the fleet.

"These boats were the 'lame ducks' of the squadron," I remarked indiscreetly.

"Lame ducks!" resentfully retorted one of the men. "I don't call a record of ten knots for a trip around the world the work of 'lame ducks.' The *Alabama* had a cracked cylinder and the *Maine* can't carry enough coal, so when we got to 'Frisco they made that an excuse to sub-

The Argentine squadron passing and greeting the United States battleships off the coast of Argentina.

"Yankee Doodle," the sailor's bull, in the bullfight at Lima, Peru, attacking and killing the matador.

stitute the new battleships, *Nebraska* and *Wisconsin,* and send us on ahead as scouts and pathfinders, while the fleet lingered in San Francisco harbor. We made as fine a run as any of them."

As a matter of fact the fleet has made in its quick runs from port to port, as far as Ceylon, a record that averages thirteen knots; but the *Alabama* and *Maine* have certainly made a remarkable showing in their long voyage around the world, considering their deficiencies.

"The whole country is interested in the cruise," I began again, taking a fresh start to draw out the story of their adventures. "The papers have had almost daily accounts of the progress of the fleet, but you are the first men to return home, and your story will be the first from the men themselves. We have heard how the sovereigns and courts of the far East have been entertaining the fleet—as told by the newspaper correspondents—but little from the viewpoint of the blue jackets."

Every "man-jack" of them visibly withdrew into his shell with an embarrassed apology for his inability to "spin yarns." One man waggishly observed, "I can't tell a story; my top-s'ls are twisted." He volunteered, however, to hunt up the members of the crew who were better equipped for the task.

An incident of Neptune's visit aboard the *Maine* crossing the "Line"

My volunteer recruiter was as good as his word, and returned with half a score of possible story-tellers, whom he introduced one by one.

"This is 'Limey,' sir." Limey gave no outward and visible indication of the origin of his name, nor was the next one, 'Ikey,' a Jew. Bones hadn't a bone in evidence; he was as fat as a Christmas turkey, but he had a mark of distinction in a close-chipped, bristling mustache, which brought forth the remark from one of his shipmates:

"In all his troubles, 'Bones-ey' manages to keep a 'stiff upper lip.'"

"Oh, well," replied "Bones," "a feller's got to have something to strike his matches on."

There was "Nemo, the Yellow Kid," "Spud" and "Dusty." Fancy "Dusty" for a seaman's nickname; yet, strange to say, I was told they sweep up plenty of dust on shipboard. "Chips" and "Blacky" are self-explanatory—"Chips" was the carpenter and "Blacky" the blacksmith. Still another was a braw, lanky Scot, who of course was "Sandy." It may have been his name, it may have been his nature.

"Sandy" observed: "I am no' much at yarn-spinning, sir; I have just come to keep the others in countenance-like, and lend a hand now and then. We had a man paid off the other day who would have suited you fine. He had a tongue that was swung in the middle and both ends in perpetual motion, a regular sea-lawyer, sir, and he certainly had a rare stock o' yarns."

"Say, 'Chips,' tell him about Hankow," suggested "Dusty." "Everybody keep quiet now."

"No, let him tell about the trip of the *Glacier* and the Dewey dry-dock," amended "Spud." This provoked a burst of laughter, the jibes evidently concealing some "tall yarns."

"Stow that!" he exclaimed, turning on "Spud." "You're only jealous because you can't tell yarns. You'll get your chance at the 'stick' to-day. 'Jimmy-legs' will tell your story for you." The laugh was on "Spud." The "Yellow Kid" obligingly explained that "Jimmy-

Captain of the *Maine* receiving King Neptune.

Teddy, the mascot of the *Maine*, "having one with me."

Target practice, Magdalena Bay.

Reception aboard the *Alabama* of the governor of Hawaiian Islands, by Mr. Garfield, Secretary of Navy.

Blue jackets of the *Maine* surf-riding off Honolulu.

A petty officer of the *Maine* taking a rickshaw ride at Singapore.

The blue jackets of the *Alabama* and the *Maine* at the Pyramids.

legs" was the deep-sea term for the master-at-arms who had reported "Spud" for bringing a "dog" (a bottle of liquor) aboard, for which infraction of discipline he would be "masted," and would probably "go down," by which he meant that the complaint would be heard at the mast by the captain or other officer, and if he were ordered to "go down" he would be reduced from a first-class to a fourth-class seaman.

"As I understand," volunteered "Dusty," "you want to know how we enjoyed the trip." "Dusty" was evidently a man to be listened to with respect, for the men took down ditty-boxes from the racks and disposed themselves comfortably about the deck to hear what he had to say, while I was given a camp stool, with one of the six-inch guns to lean my back against.

"Well, sir, you know we started with the fleet from Hampton Roads. We thought we were to stay with them till the end of the cruise, although at that time no one was certain where it was to end or whether it was to be a globe circling one or not. There were plenty of rumors to that effect. We had our Christmas celebration at Trinidad, where a boat race was pulled off by the officers of the fleet before breakfast, the *Alabama's* boat winning the prize and the *Maine's* crew coming in last. Christmas dinner, which we had on board, was a dandy—turkey, roast beef, plum pudding, mince pie, all the fruits of the season, and then some.

"New Year's we passed at sea almost unnoticed. Our minds were too much occupied with our approaching invasion of the realm of old Father Neptune, and how best to keep a whole skin; for tales were rife of how the old gent and his retinue would come aboard during the still hours of the night as we crossed the Line, and we would wake to find him sitting in court, and that, before we knew it something would happen; we would be tried and found guilty of a lot of misdemeanors and put to torture. The men had been working themselves to the limit in preparing themselves for this great event since leaving Hampton Roads. 'Maintop,' who was the official representative of Neptune Rex on board the *Maine*, was in constant wireless communication with His Majesty, and had received orders to forthwith organize the members of the Royal Domain (those who had crossed the Line before and held certificates to that effect) and to prepare for the initiation ceremonies. He kept things sizzling with 'royal proclamations' and 'general orders,' telling all the land-lubbers, sea-lawyers and pollywogs about the terrible things that were going to happen to them when we entered His Majesty's dominions. These proclamations were posted on the scuttle-butt (drinking tank), daily, and drew a crowd of worried rookies (the uninitiated), of which we had about seven hundred on board.

"First came His Majesty's revised statutes providing the punishments to fit various crimes, with extra penalties for those who tried to hide or in any other way avoid their fate. The 'Royal Barbers' were ordered to mix their lather according to the prescribed regulations, with the proper proportions of coal-tar, oil, molasses, shellac and India-ink, and to procure a plentiful supply of extra-sized brushes and razors. The special chairs were to be high enough to enable the victim to turn a double flip-flap before hitting the water thirty-six feet below. In serious cases they were to be towed in the sea from the hawse-pipes. New surgical knives and rip-saws, meat axes and handcuffs were to be requisitioned for, and an ample number of policeman's clubs, stuffed with rapid-fire ammunition 'for lambasting the recalcitrant.' The Royal Electrician was instructed to prepare his most powerful batteries and the tank bears were to be deprived of food for thirty days and to have their teeth and claws sharpened. Every proclamation ended ominously with, 'May the Lord have mercy on your souls.'"

The way "Dusty" reeled off these high-sounding periods showed such perfect acquaintance with the language of the proclamations that I suspected he himself had been the redoubtable "Maintops."

"Every rookie was trembling with apprehension on the evening of January the fifth, when we expected the Messenger of Neptune, King of the Raging Main, to come aboard. About seven o'clock, a hail was heard coming from the direction of the bow.

"'Ship ahoy!'

"The officer of the deck answered 'Hello!'; and next we heard, 'What ship

A Chinese woman of Ceylon trading with the sailors on the *Maine*.

is that?' and the officer answered, 'The U. S. S. *Maine*.' After asking permission to board us, we were startled to see a strange creature coming across the fo'c'sle, dressed in a long robe covered with various kinds of fish and other things out of the sea, and wearing a long white beard reaching to his ankles. He was met on the bridge by the first Luff (lieutenant). The Captain was notified that he was aboard and came from his cabin to meet him. The Messenger had an enormous mail bag full of notices to be served on the rooks. He said His Majesty would be aboard at eight o'clock the next morning.

"Promptly on time His Majesty, Neptune Rex, made his appearance on the fo'c'sle with his wife, Amphitrite, his son, doctors, scribes, sea-lions, bears and other curious critters. After the grand march the fun began. A platform was erected on the starboard side of the fo'c'sle upon which assembled the Scribes, Pharisees, Dr. Pill, the barbers and the judge. Every man of the crew who hadn't had the exquisite pleasure of eating soap pills and being shaved with lather composed of terrifying ingredients, was brought up before this learned body. After the dear Doc had examined every man and diagnosed his case, and had tried to knock out a few of his back teeth with a pair of pliers, and an assistant had rammed one of those pills down his throat and chased it home with a siphon of soothing syrup in which red pepper and Jamaica ginger could be distinguished, the culprit was turned over to the judge, who was not in the least way kind and considerate—such as some I have seen in New York and other cities. Then came the barber, who was equipped with a whitewash brush, a strap about ten foot long and six inches wide, and a wooden razor, whose dimensions were very little less than the strap. His chair was an instrument of torture, through the bottom of which the victim was precipitated, when the shaving operation was over, into a big pool of water. Here he was met by the bears, gentle little things—I don't think—generally fellows who had played on the foot ball team—so nice! Well, if one of them got out of this alive, he was a full-fledged salt; and according to my opinion,

he certainly ought to be, for it is fifteen minutes of torture."

"You ought to have heard the Doctor when he examined me," interposed "Blacky," dolefully. "'Ingrowing brains' was my trouble, and they didn't do a thing to me!" The others laughed at the recollection.

"At Rio de Janeiro," resumed "Dusty," "the time was taken up visiting places of interest around the city and in enjoying the splendid entertainments provided for us. You have read all that in the newspapers. Evolutions and drills occupied most of the time until we reached Callao, Peru. It was a season of hard work broken by such incidents as the greeting extended to us off Montevideo by the Argentine cruisers; the passage through the Straits of Magellan with its wonderful scenery and the parade of the battleships before the city of Valparaiso.

"The Peruvians fairly took us in arms and placed themselves and their possessions at our disposal. There was a glorious round of festivities culminating in the characteristic bullfight. Seven bulls were sacrificed on the altar of Spanish 'sport' (?). Four of these had been named by Peru in honor of the four admirals of the fleet. 'The Gallant Alfred' (for Rear-Admiral Evans), 'The Heroic Ranger' (for Admiral Thomas), 'The Brave Teddy' (for Admiral Emory), and 'Shoo Fly' (for Admiral Sperry). The bull named 'Banjo' was in honor of the officers and 'Yankee Doodle' of the sailors. Each bull in his turn was driven into the ring, and spent more or less of his time dancing around trying to evade the darts of his enemy on foot and the spears of his enemy on horseback, until, completely tired out, he had the pleasure and honor of having a sword run through his heart by a noted matador. I was just beginning to think that no one was going to get hurt when they turned 'Yankee Doodle' loose. I guess he must have seen his four brothers being hauled back into the outer inclosure by the horses, for he acted kinder riled—must have 'got his goat.' Anyway, he did not tarry very long, but got right down to business. His first attempt was to take a leg off one of the horses, which he accomplished with

Coaling ship at Port Said.

"Bumboatmen" swarming about the *Maine.*

The *Alabama* and *Maine* in the Harbor of Naples.

some success, and then proceeded to put all the rest of them to flight in a more or less dilapidated condition, including the 'brave' matador. In the end he even had the satisfaction of killing this same gentleman instead of himself being the victim. About this time I had enough of bullfighting and left the place."

"Yes, that matador got the hook all right," affirmed "Sandy."

"The next stopping place was Magdalena Bay, Mexico," continued "Dusty." "There we had boat races, boxing and minstrel shows, and plenty of hard work at the targets. The men of the *Maine* have special occasion to remember the boat races. The *Alabama's* boat had beaten the *Rhode Island's* so badly, they thought they were the only pebble on the beach; but you know how it is—the *Maine* happened to have a better crew, pulling one of the fastest races on record over a three-mile course in a regulation cutter. Quite a few thousand dollars changed hands.

"At Los Angeles we were entertained in royal style—free automobiles, free street cars, theater parties, balls, open air shows at the Agricultural and Chutes Parks, and I don't know what all. The people can only be described in the one word—glorious! Our money was counterfeit; I was beginning to think that I wasn't going to be able to spend mine at all, and in fact that is about the way it did turn out.

"There was a boxing tournament at Chutes Park, and in that the *Alabama* loomed large. They had the two champions, Frank Rafferty, the featherweight; and Dennis Tighe, middleweight; and one of their proudest possessions are the cups presented to these two men by the people of Los Angeles. The fights were all refereed by Jim Jeffries. Oh, yes, I might say that we developed some fighters at a little burg called Santa Barbara, where a 'gent' had the 'noive' to charge a couple of our fellows something like six dollars for steak and eggs. He will charge somebody else that—I don't think. At 'Frisco we had a repetition of the balls, receptions, automobile rides and boxing bouts that made our stay in Los Angeles so pleasant, and received the same hearty welcome from the people, and some of our boys had the pleasure of seeing Stanley Ketchell put Mr. Sullivan away.

"On the 8th of June, 1908, the U. S. Ships *Maine* and *Alabama* sailed from San Francisco, leaving behind one of the most beautiful spots and some of the best people on earth; and I am sure that every one in the two ships will join with me in saying that there is still a big tender place in our hearts for the people of the West Coast, who did so much to make the boys feel like they were at home and among old friends.

"Sports on our way home were at a premium. At Honolulu, Tighe, the champion middleweight of the *Alabama*, came to front again by putting a husky soldier to the mat, and their featherweight got a decision over a native. We were splendidly entertained, of course, and visited all of the natural wonders of the island. One of the most fascinating sights was the performance of the surf-riders, a sport that is dying out, and one we were especially glad to see.

"The next place we struck was Guam. There isn't anything especially interesting to tell about it, except that there, for the first time, I learned that copra, of which I had heard so much, was nothing in the world but cocoanut cut in small pieces and dried, in the process of which it develops a disgusting smell that permeates everywhere and even pursues you out to sea. One would hardly believe that from the same thing comes that nice, soft, grated fluffy stuff that mother used to put on cakes when I was a kid 'to hum.'

"The run from Guam to Manila took us six days, and nothing developed along the route except considerable heat. Most of the fellows broke out their caulking mats on the spar deck and made that their sleeping quarters until we reached cool weather again between Port Said and Naples.

"They call Manila the 'Pearl of the Orient,' and maybe it is. I can't say for sure, for I am not much of a judge, but the native girls are not exactly ugly. We anchored off Cavite on the ground, or rather the water, made famous by Dewey on that memorable day in May, 1898. (I won't be positive that it is exactly the same water, but I guess that some of it is left.) From a distance, the city is quite pretty, especially the coloring of the houses, including every color of the rainbow and then some more. But landing

tells another story. I didn't see a man who had been out there any length of time but wanted to get back home. The Philippines are very rich in natural resources, and there is no doubt that the United States will some day have to fight to keep her hold or else make things so hot around there that other nations will look sick when they think of the Philippines. The population is a conglomeration of every nation under the sun which is another reason why the United States is good enough for me.

"We had a rough passage from Manila to Singapore—an English settlement on an island lying off the coast of Siam. Here and at Colombo, Ceylon, the conditions are pretty much the same as those at Manila. Chinese, Japanese and East Indians comprise the largest part of the population, and the heat is of the same penetrating quality. A novelty in the mode of travel we encountered here furnished us considerable enjoyment. They call it a rickshaw, or something to that effect. It is like a road cart with the hind end built up high and is propelled by a Jap or other specie getting between the shafts and pulling. If he happens to be going at a good gait and takes a sudden notion to stop—well, there is nothing to stop you, you just keep on going."

"Oh, that was the place," observed "Spud," biting off a fresh cud from a plug of "Navy," "where me and my mate got so fond of our rickshaw-runners, and drank to their good health so often, that before the day was out, they were as drunk as lords and we had to get in the shafts and trundle them home."

"And the place where I had my first elephant ride," added "Dusty." "I felt like a fly on a shaking mold of jelly."

"The people of Singapore," he continued, "are very poor, but not in the sense understood by the word at home. Why, a man out there would support a family of about ten thousand children, himself and wife, like princes on the salary I make. Coaling ship at all of these ports was done by natives, and they receive the liberal remuneration of one shilling, or twenty-four cents, for a hard day's work, and there is very little shirking. There is a never-ending store of wonders to be seen in all of these Oriental cities, from the marvelous temples to the exhibitions of street fakirs. Our greatest difficulty was to see even a part of them and to provide room in our ditty-boxes and bags for the ever-increasing burden of curios collected in the many ports we visited.

"Colombo followed Singapore, and Aden (Arabia) followed close on the heels of Colombo. Here is where I got handed a particularly large lemon, and I am not likely to forget it soon. It is a little town at which all the ships coal who come and go through the straits of Bab el Mondad, and as we were anchored some distance from the shore and were not granted shore leave, we occupied the time chaffing with the natives who came aboard with the usual curios to sell. I bought about fifteen dollars' worth of ostrich feathers, or what they said were ostrich feathers, and they certainly looked that way to me. As to what they were I am not going to commit myself. All I know is that I put them in an air-tight tin, and when I looked at them about a month later there wasn't even a stem left. The funny thing about it is that this was the general experience, and we've all worked at the solution of the mystery so continuously that we've almost knocked the sparks out of our running lights. If ever I go to that place again I am going to get back, even if I have to sell them Mr. Roosevelt's book on 'How Taft Should Govern the United States.'

"If there is any place hotter than Suez it ain't on this earth. We were so impressed with this distinction that we took all the others for granted. We got right down to the simple life, discarded the usual conventions of civilization, turned on the hose and the shower bath and to divert our minds thought of the compensations we would have when we got to New York.

"Of course we visited the Pyramids and had our pictures taken in the lap of the Sphinx. It is only hearsay that Napoleon shot her nose off, but it is a fact that 'Limey' there," pointing to a grinning shipmate, "clipped a souvenir off her ear.

"Naples was our next port of call, and one that furnished us many interesting experiments, but nothing out of the ordinary worth recalling. All of its wonders have been told so many times and so much better than I could tell them, that I would

be afraid to attempt the task. Vesuvius was something of a disappointment. We expected to see continuous streams of lava and explosions of fire; but no such things. The houses were built almost up to the rim of the crater. Neither were Ætna and Stromboli particularly impressive.

"We were all anxious to get to Gibraltar, our last port of call in Europe. The first thing I did when we got there was to look and see if a certain advertised legend was painted on the side of the rock, but it wasn't there. Gibraltar was not what I expected in a great many ways. Of course it is grand and all of that, yet there seemed to be something lacking. Maybe it was the sign. It is said to be the strongest fort in the world, and that they have a gun on that mountain side for every year since Moses crossed the Red Sea. How many is that? I have figured until I am tired. This is the big wine and lace center, but Moses wasn't a millionaire at that time.

"All aboard for Punta del Gado, then change cars for New York and all points south! Whew, it has been a long time since we've seen civilization. As far as Punta del Gado is concerned, which is a little town in the Azores, one-third of the way between Europe and America, if it wasn't for the fact that they needed to coal ship, you might as well strike it off the map. It is just the same as the rest of those old Spanish and Portuguese towns, dead, dead. Here is where we broke out our *Homeward Bound* streamer three hundred feet long, bearing the words, 'In God We Trust: New York or Bust.' It snapped in the breeze and the crew gave it a tremendous cheer.

"We are all mighty glad to get home, some of us to stay permanently and others for a little while, until the old wanderlust seizes us again and we come back to re-enlist."

Two blue jackets posing as statues before an old church in Manila.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT

THE MONTE CRISTO OF MODERN JOURNALISM

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

JAMES GORDON BENNETT, owner of the New York *Herald,* is the most remarkable figure in the history of journalism. In his management of his great metropolitan newspaper, in the exploitation of many of his individualistic ideas, in his peculiar mode of life and in his accomplishments, he stands alone—the most unusual personality of Pressdom.

He has been referred to by his friends as the kingliest character of America, and his career warrants the tribute. He has been referred to by his enemies as an unbending tyrant and his methods have demonstrated that *this* tribute is not entirely unwarranted. He has ruled, not by the Machiavelian alternative of love or fear, but by fear and melodrama, and today the newspaper that he inherited from his father is classed as one of the greatest.

James Gordon Bennett was born in New York. He is now sixty-seven years old. In appearance he is tall and slender and gives the impression of a vast amount of nervous energy. He carries himself with military erectness, and his steel-gray hair and mustache add to his general soldierly look. For many years he has made his home in Paris, and visits this country only about once every two years. He literally edits the New York *Herald* by cable. And the story of the way in which he does this is almost as unbelievable as it is curious.

It is the general public opinion that Mr. Bennett lets the *Herald* run itself, and that, particularly of late years, he has not kept in close touch with its affairs and progress. Nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, it may be said that he is devoting more time to the interests of his paper at present than ever before.

About two years ago, after Mr. William C. Reick, then president of the Herald Company, left to take an interest in the *Times,* Mr. Bennett placed the on-the-spot control of his paper in the hands of six or seven committees, composed of the various editors, heads of departments, and so forth. These committees were vested with scant power, however, and their status is always kept in doubt. It is not even within their power to discharge a reporter. It is their mission merely to carry out Mr. Bennett's orders and to convey to him the various developments that may come up in connection with the operation of the newspaper. At the head of the table about which these committees gather is Mr. Bennett's chair, always kept in position. At his place all the metropolitan papers are laid each day. Thus, even though he may not be present more than once every two years, he imbues his men with the idea that he is present in spirit and that he is "the boss"—not they. In his private office in the front of the Herald building, in Herald Square, his desk is ever kept in readiness for him, and even such details as filled inkwells and a handy ash-tray are looked after by attendants who have been impressed that they are to act just as if he came into his office every day. It is related, along this line, that even years ago, when the *Herald* was printed downtown, Mr. Bennett ordered that the light in his office be kept burning every night. The windows of his office looked out on the street, and he wanted passersby, as well as the office force, to know that he was, paradoxically, in his office every evening even if he happened to be abroad.

The spirit presence of the proprietor is further impressed upon his general staff by frequently bulletined cablegrams detailing this or that order.

It must not be imagined, however, that Mr. Bennett is content to rest his work upon devices such as these. Although he is a man of millions and although he is getting along in years, it may be said of him that he works harder for the *Herald* than does any man in his employ. During the last year he has frequently been in the habit of arising at five o'clock in the morning, partaking of black coffee and working an hour and a half getting up his plans so that he might cable them in proper time to his workers in Herald Square for their immediate guidance. When he wishes to get into personal touch with the heads of his departments, he orders them to come to him in Paris, thus sparing himself the tedium of frequent ocean voyages.

Every day, there is sent to Mr. Bennett a copy of the *Herald*, every article in which is marked with the name of the man who wrote it. By this means, he keeps in touch with the daily work and progress of every man on his staff. The slightest error will be quickly ferreted out by his eagle eye and a warning bulletin is speedily posted by him following his detection in a "story" of, for instance, the word "gentleman" instead of "man," the use of some such phrase as "J. Pierpont Morgan, the financier," instead of "J. Pierpont Morgan, a financier," or similar violations of a huge, freakish "don't list," the vigorous adherence to which he insists upon.

In addition to keeping in the closest touch with the New York *Herald*, this wonderfully odd man of journalism keeps in personal touch with the Paris edition of the *Herald*, makes intermittent trips to the London office and looks after, by cable, the New York *Evening Telegram*, in which he takes much pride because he started it himself after he had inherited the *Herald*.

In the management of his newspapers almost everything with Mr. Bennett seems to be a matter of mood. An editor one day may be assigned to "cover" the Harlem police court the following day. The foreman of the press-room may be summoned to fill an important editorial chair. A comparatively obscure member of the reportorial staff may be elevated to a "desk job." Such changes are naturally attributed by outsiders to the ever-changing moods of the Man In Paris, and yet, as has been stated, where the sudden changes may seem to be only the results of moods, subsequent developments may show the peculiar workings of the Bennett brain in the alterations. A man may be removed from a high position because he is making a name for himself through the efficiency of his work. There must be no individual "hits" made by *Herald* men. They are allowed to sign their names to no articles, and even an editor is known, not by his name, but by his office in the *Herald* realm. Thus it is not "John Jones, the City Editor," in communications, but merely "The City Editor." James Gordon Bennett is the only name known in the Herald office. The "box" printed on the editorial page with the names of the editors and printers is only one of the contradictory Bennett angles.

As soon as a man in Mr. Bennett's employ becomes well known he is discharged. "Workers, not celebrities," is the rule. If he is not discharged, he is reduced in position. When Henry M. Stanley returned to Herald Square after having penetrated the African jungles in the search for Livingston and had won world-fame, Mr. Bennett ordered him to "cover" the Tenderloin police station, one of the most meager of reportorial posts. When a certain dramatic writer on the *Telegram* several years ago was beginning to be praised for his work, Mr. Bennett ordered his discharge, and commanded that henceforth the critic's work be done by different reporters—a new one for each play. One of the results was a "criticism" of "Sappho and Phaon," by the reporter whose most regular assignment at the time happened to be the "covering" of fires.

Other whims of Mr. Bennett find illustration in his dismissal years ago of a music critic simply because "he was such a funny looking man" and of his making a financial editor about fifteen years ago out of a man whose forte was dramatic criticism. Mr. Bennett has always been a "stickler" in the matter of the personal appearance of the men in his employ, and he demands neatness above all things. They used to tell a story in this regard

that shows the unexpected turns that Mr. Bennett makes every once in a while.

Anticipating a visit from the proprietor, word was sent quivering through the office that every man was to spruce up and look his best. There was a hurry, a clatter, a dash to get into trim, and when Mr. Bennett appeared the general survey was a pleasing one. That is, forgetting one man who had not heard the advance news of The Coming and who, consequently, had not "cleaned up." When Mr. Bennett entered the big room of the city department the trim members of the staff clustered around the untidy one in an effort to hide him from view. Mr. Bennett spied him, however, and asked him to step out.

With visions of dismissal in his mind's eye, the unkempt reporter faced his employer, who said lightly: "You are the only man in here who looks as if he'd been working. You can add fifteen dollars a week to your salary."

Mr. Bennett does not like his men to have their visiting cards inscribed with the name of the *Herald*. It is related that when one of his men called upon him one day and presented his card, "John Smith," with "The New York *Herald*" engraved beneath, Mr. Bennett glanced at him and sarcastically remarked: "Um, so you are the New York *Herald* "

Illustrative of the peculiar campaigns which Mr. Bennett starts with his newspapers are the comparatively recent instances of his efforts to effect an American alliance with China, his efforts to stir up trouble with Japan and his efforts to introduce the metric system into usage in this country. He spends thousands of dollars exploiting every one of these schemes and pays many men to gather interviews praising the ideas and to evolve further ideas for the popularization of the fundamental ideas. For James Gordon Bennett is a fighter, and once he sets out to do a thing he either does it or does everything in his power to prove to himself that it is impossible cf execution.

The introduction of the metric system into this country has been one of his greatest desires for many years, and, although two different campaigns that he has undertaken have not yet brought about the fulfillment of his purpose, he still maintains his fight for the American adoption of the French mathematical standards.

One of the best known foreign illustrations of Mr. Bennett's stick-to-it-iveness is his printing every day in the Paris edition of the *Herald* the now famous letter of "An Old Philadelphia Lady." One day, years ago, the other Paris journals ridiculed the *Herald* for entering into an explanatory discussion of the question: "What is the difference between Fahrenheit and centigrade?" propounded by a woman who signed herself as indicated above. Mr. Bennett, disliking the pooh-poohing attitude of the other papers, ordered that the letter be printed every day thereafter, and it has been and still is.

Sensational and talk-creating methods for the gathering and dispensing of news are among Mr. Bennett's hobbies. The carrier pigeon service that he installed on the roof of the New York Herald building, the steam yacht *Owlet* that now meets the incoming liners, the wireless service imparting Wall Street market news to the New York Yacht Club fleet on its annual cruises, the placing of an American dramatic critic in London, and other equally novel features show the resourcefulness of this stop-at-nothing journalistic Monte Cristo. Although one of his rules is the prohibition of the use of superlatives in the columns of the *Herald*, Mr. Bennett indulges in all sorts of superlativeness to promote the interests of his newspapers. On election nights, the *Herald's* signal searchlight must be placed on the highest tower in all New York. In the hurrying of the early editions to the trains, the *Herald* must be carted by the fastest of the newspaper delivery automobiles. In its reports of opera premieres, of summer resort news and of foreign happenings, the *Herald* must have more pictures and devote more space than any other paper. If another newspaper has six men on the Vanderbilt Cup race, the *Herald* must have seven. Everything must center on the securing (this word is also a *Herald* "don't") of a "beat," *i.e.*, something exclusive. It is related that the entire staff of one of the *Herald's* departments was discharged at one time because another metropolitan paper had printed a "beat" in its line.

James Gordon Bennett's actions have always been modeled after the Monte Cristo

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James Gordon Bennett, who rules his great newspapers with a rod of iron.

principle: "The journalistic world is mine!" And his great fortune he is always ready to use to back up his cry. His personal life, too, has been laid in the lane of royalty, in a romantic Monte Cristoan atmosphere that is almost unequaled in modern day American prosaicism. His friends have been culled from the royal houses of Europe; kings, queens, lords, dukes, earls have been his companions. He has "put up" in the Imperial Palace with the Czar (which he spells Tsar) and he has wagered on the Derby's outcome with the then Prince of Wales and the now King of England. His breast has been decorated with multi-colored ribbons and variously made medals. His yacht *Lysistrata*, ornamented with the same sort of owls that blink from the cornices of the Herald Building in New York, has entertained on board many of the world's rulers, artists, men of affairs and other brilliant personages.

At Monte Carlo, in the Riviera, as in the capitals, James Gordon Bennett has been a notable figure. His advent has always been preceded by that expectant hush and semi-repressed sense of preparation that is reserved for "Them of the Crown." With his small accompanying party he has ever been the center of the thousand glances of surrounding tables. His departure has always been characterized with a similar dignity, solemnity and half-mystery that is as inexplicable as it is unusual in the instance of an American, of any other American.

There has always been something of swashbuckling, soldier-of-fortune, daredevil regality in this man Bennett's romantic make-up. Years ago, while seated in front of the blazing grate in the Union Club with Pierre Lorillard and several other friends, one of the latter, glancing out at the snow that swirled against the huge windows, remarked that it was a bad night on which to venture out.

"You call this bad?" laughed Bennett, "why, I wouldn't mind sailing my yacht across the ocean in just such weather."

"Ten thousand dollars you would not do any such thing," cried out his friend.

"I'll take the bet," replied Bennett quietly, "and I'll double it and race you to England."

The story of Mr. Bennett's yacht race across the winter seas created the sensation of the day.

Several years later, Mr. Bennett, back in America again at the holiday season, dropped into one of his clubs and, in an absent-minded moment, handed the waiter, who was serving him, his purse containing several hundred dollars. The waiter, dumbfounded, took the purse and went back to the service room. Recovering from his surprise half an hour later, he approached the table where Mr. Bennett was seated. Several of the latter's friends had joined him by this time.

"I beg your pardon, sir," the waiter addressed Mr. Bennett, "but you gave me two hundred and ninety dollars a while ago. You didn't mean to, did you, sir?"

Sensitive about his even rarely occurring absent-mindedness and rather than let his friends know about it, Mr. Bennett, looking over his shoulder, said to the waiter: "Certainly I did, James, just as a little Christmas gift. Only I thought I had given you an even three hundred. Here is the other ten."

On another occasion, while at the Herald office on one of his periodic visits to this country, a small fire broke out in West Thirty-sixth Street, near the Herald building, and the dignified Mr. Bennett, in truly democratic spirit, headed a score of men of his staff in a "fire brigade" to extinguish the blaze. The strings of office hose were jerked from their rests and, dragged to the north windows, were trained on the fire, which was quickly put out. No one in the office enjoyed the fun more than did the owner of the *Herald*.

It is related that on the occasion of another of his visits, while walking through the west corridor of the Herald building, he came into collision with a "copy boy," who was rushing headlong down the hallway, and that, appreciating the lad's vim in getting around, despite the discomfort that the boy's head had caused his stomach when it came into quick contact with it, he handed the "copy boy" a two dollar bill.

About twelve years ago (Mr. Bennett rules that starting a paragraph with an expression of time is bad journalism), the *Herald* proprietor decided that he wanted a new head for his Paris edition. He had two men in mind for the position and he

asked both to call on him a certain evening at his hotel. One of the men had been so busy in the office all day that he had no time to change his clothes before going to meet Mr. Bennett. The other man, however, appeared in immaculate evening attire. Mr. Bennett's decision was immediate. He pointed to the carefully groomed man and said: "The position is yours." That man is still in his employ and holds one of the best posts in the Bennett command.

Now, although it is perfectly natural that an act like this on the part of a man looking for an able journalist to fill an important post is to be regarded in the light of a freakish, unthinking whim, it is nevertheless paradoxically true that the final results obtained by Mr. Bennett from such "whims" have almost always seemed to justify his instantaneous, peculiarly angled decisions. The intricate journalistic psychology whereby he reads men, the bold theory that a man's mind is frequently to be judged by the degree of his well-groomedness and an inborn reliance in his lucky star have made this man what he is—the plutocrat of the press.

Mr. Bennett is a journalistic fatalist. With his "damn-the-torpedoes-go-ahead" policy, it is not entirely to be doubted that, even had be been born to comparative poverty, he would have gained for himself a place of prominence in the press world. He is a man who does not believe in second thoughts. He is action, all action and quick action. His character is best summed up in a remark he made to a friend of his many years ago at Newport: "I admire a fighter, yes," he said, "but only when he gets in the first blow."

Reference has been made to Newport. It has probably been forgotten by this time that much of that resort's claim to the name of The American Society Capital rests in what Mr. Bennett did for it in years gone by. With his intimate knowledge of European purpledom, his own red-white-and-blue social standing and his command over the powers of gold and black-and-white, he devoted a great deal of his attention toward the development of the Rhode Island colony of ultra-New Yorkers. The Newport Casino was an inaugurative gift of his. The great affairs at which he was host, his magnificent villa that encouraged the erection of others, his urging of the elaboration of yachting interests, his showing of prancing turn-outs that did much toward bringing out society's equine displays and his activity in working for the general improvement of the resort were all big factors in the evolution of the Newport of former days to the glorious Newport of Here and Now.

Even though Mr. Bennett is rarely seen at Newport these years, his interest in its welfare is shown in many different ways. The news of the resort is featured in his newspapers and particularly detailed attention is devoted to the doings of its leading social lights. In the last few summers Mr. Bennett has worked out a launch service so that the resort may be supplied with his newspaper at an earlier hour than would be possible if the old-time train service were relied upon.

In his dealings with the men who have served him, James Gordon Bennett's way is spectacularly contradictory. Some men who have served well on his newspapers for many years have been suddenly removed from their positions with no word of explanation. Others who have labored faithfully in his employ have been relieved from work, and have been given a handsome pension for the rest of their days. Men who have been employed by him as personal servants have been given easy tasks in their old age, and a sufficient remuneration on which to live well. An old valet, who had been with Mr. Bennett in his younger days, is at present in charge of the visitors' corridor in Herald Square. And the same old negro who washed the Herald windows long, long years ago, is still washing them at a yearly increased salary.

Two of Mr. Bennett's idiosyncracies are his lack of belief in the value of a college education and his aversion toward smoking the last half of his cigars. In relation to the first, it is not uninteresting to note that most of the men who have been given high positions by him have been non-university men. Mr. Bennett himself is not a college graduate and he holds that collegiate training is not necessary in the making of newspaper men. Those few college men who have won the higher positions in his employ have not held them long.

As to cigars, and he is an inveterate smoker, the *Herald* proprietor never con-

sumes more than half of one of the heavy Havanas he has manufactured especially for his use. When he has smoked half a cigar, he throws it away and lights a fresh one.

No better further illustration of the Bennett oddness is to be had than the Herald building in Herald Square. Modeled after one of the famous Venetian palaces, its interior arrangement is like that of a yacht. The city room is the rear deck, the reception room and offices make up a forward deck, and the departments—dramatic financial, correspondents, etc.,—are à la cabins. "Below" is the machinery that makes the *Herald* go. When the building was erected Mr. Bennett said he meant it to be an argument against the sky-scraper class of architecture that he detests.

Journalism, travel and society, however, is not the sole trinity of James Gordon Bennett's interests. He is a lover of sport of every kind, and the many "Gordon Bennett cups" that he has offered to further competition in various lines of sport, both at home and abroad, demonstrate his personal attention to the outdoor world of skill and muscle.

Children do not interest Mr. Bennett. Animals do. He is a great lover of dogs and it is a well-known Herald office tradition that he would almost rather see a good "dog story" on his first page than the narrative of a fatal tunnel explosion. Just as Mr. Pulitzer, of the *World*, likes front-page stories dealing with peculiar optical operations, and just as Mr. Hearst, of the *American*, prefers stories of political scandal, so does Mr. Bennett cherish a good "human interest" dog story.

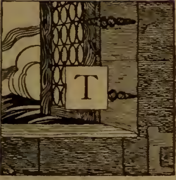
Such a man, all in all, is James Gordon Bennett, friend of copy-boys and monarchs and enemy of both. Such a man is the Bennett who one moment discharges a reporter because of a slip of the pen and the next moment startles the world with a cable campaign against an empire. Such a man is he who, with millions at his command, feels the pulse of the earth's beating hearts and prescribes frowning or smiling linotype according to the dictates of a passing mood.

Patron of sport, man of whim and mystery, respecter of all governments and none—James Gordon Bennett, the Monte Cristo of modern journalism.

JERRY BROWN

BY CLARENCE E. MULFORD

I



HE patrons of the "Oasis" liked their tobacco strong. The pungent smoke drifted in sluggish clouds along the low, black ceiling, following its upward slant toward the east wall and away from the high bar at the other end. This bar, rough and strong, ran from the north wall to within a scant two feet of the south wall, the opening bridged by a hinged board forming part of the counter. Behind the bar was a rear door, low and double, the upper part of which was barred, for the lower half was used most. In front of and near the bar was a large, round table, upon which four men played cards silently, while two smaller tables were located along the north wall. Besides dilapidated chairs there were half a dozen low, wooden boxes partly filled with sand, and attention was directed to the existence and purpose of these by a roughly lettered sign on the wall, reading: "Gents will look for a box first," which the "Gents" sometimes did.

On the wall behind the bar was a neater, smaller request: "Leave your guns with the bartender.—Edwards." This, although a month old, still called forth caustic and profane remarks from the regular frequenters of the saloon, for hitherto restraint in the carrying of weapons was unknown; and they evaded the order in a manner consistent with their characteristics by carrying smaller guns where they could not be seen.

Edwards, the new marshal, had a reputation as a fighter, which had preceded him, and when he took up his first day's work he was kept busy proving that he was the rightful owner of it. With the exception of one instance the proof had been bloodless, for he reasoned that gunplay should give way, whenever possible, to a crushing "right" or "left" to the point of the jaw or pit of the stomach. The last doubting Thomas to be convinced "came to" five minutes after his diaphragm had been rudely raised several inches by a right upper-cut, and as he groped for his bearings he asked, feebly, where "Kansas" was, and the name stuck.

When Harlan heard the nickname for the first time he remarked casually: "I allus reckoned Kansas was purty close to hell." Harlan was the proprietor and bartender of the "Oasis" and catered to the excessive and uncritical thirsts of the ruck of range society, and had objected to the placing of the second sign in his place of business; but at the close of an incisive if inelegant reply from the marshal, the sign went up.

Edwards did not like the "Oasis," for it was a thorn in his side, and he was only waiting for a good excuse to wipe it off the local map. He was the Law, and behind him were the range-riders, who would be only too glad to have Harlan's nest of rustlers wiped out and its gang of ne'er-do-wells scattered to the four winds. Indeed, he understood that if this was not done lawfully they would essay it themselves, and this would not do in a law-abiding community, as he called it.

One bleak and blustering night of late spring, when the air had an unusual, penetrating chill for that latitude, most of the regular habitués had assembled at Harlan's, where, besides the card players already mentioned, eight men lounged against the bar. There was some laughter, much loud talking and a little whispering. More whispering went on under that roof than in all the other places in town;

for here rustling was planned, wayfaring strangers were "trimmed" in "frame-ups" at cards, and a hunted man was certain to find assistance. Harlan had once boasted that no fugitive had ever been taken from his saloon, and he was behind the bar and standing on the trap door which led to the six-by-six cellar when he said it.

Talking ceased and card playing was suspended while all looked up as the front door crashed open and two punchers entered and looked the crowd over. "Stay here, Johnny," Hopalong Cassidy told his friend and companion, and then walked forward, scrutinizing each scowling face in turn, while Johnny Nelson stood with his back to the front wall, keenly alert, his hand resting lightly on his belt.

Harlan's thick neck grew crimson and his eyes hard: "Looking for somethin'?" he asked with bitter sarcasm, his hands under the bar. Johnny grinned.

"Yes," replied Hopalong coolly, "but it ain't here. Johnny, get out," he ordered, backing after his companion and, safely outside, the two walked to Jackson's store, where they met the marshal.

"He ain't in there yet," Hopalong reported.

"Did you look all over? Behind th' bar?" Kansas asked. "He can't get out of town through that cordon you've placed, an' he ain't no place else."

"Come on back!" excitedly exclaimed Johnny, "you didn't look behind th' bar!"

In the saloon there was strong language, and Jack Quinn, expert skinner of other men's cows, looked inquiringly at the proprietor: "What's up, anyhow?"

Harlan laughed harshly but said nothing, as was his custom: "Cigars?" he asked, pushing out a box to a customer.

But the man at the far end of the line was unlike the proprietor and he prefaced his remarks with a curse: "*I* know what's up! They want Jerry Brown, *that's* what!"

"He was shore careless, blotting that brand so near th' ranch house," remarked Boston, adept at sleight-of-hand with cards and very much in demand when a "frame-up" was to be "rung in" on some stranger.

"Them big ranches make me mad," announced the first speaker. "Ten years ago there was a lot of little ranchers, an' each had his herd, an' free grass an' water for it. Where are th' little herds now? Where are th' herds that *we* used to own?" he cried. "What happens to a maverick hunter nowadays? By God, if a man helps hisself to a dogie he's hunted down an' shot!"

Cries of approbation arose, for his auditors ignored the fact that their kind, by avarice and thievery, had forever killed the occupation of maverick hunting.

Slivers Lowe leaped up from his chair: "Yore right, Harper! Dead right! *I* was a little cattle owner onct, so was you, an' Jerry, an' most of us!" Slivers found it convenient to forget that fully half of his few hundred head had perished in the bitter winter of five years before, and that the remainder had either flowed down his parched throat or had been lost across the big, round table near the bar. Not a few of his cows were banked in the East under Harlan's name.

The rear door opened slightly and one of the loungers looked up and nodded: "It's all right, Jerry. But lively!"

"Here, *you!*" called Harlan, bending over the trap door. "*Lively!*"

Jerry was half way to the proprietor when the front door swung open and Hopalong, closely followed by the marshal, leaped into the room, and immediately afterward the back door banged open and Johnny entered. Jerry's right hand was in his side coat pocket and Johnny, young and self-confident, and with a lot to learn, was certain that he could beat the fugitive on the draw.

"I reckon you won't blot no more brands!" he cried, triumphantly.

The card players had leaped to their feet and at a signal from Harlan surged forward to the bar and formed a barrier between Johnny and his friends, and as they did so, that puncher jerked at his gun, half facing the crowd. Then it was that fire and smoke spurted from Jerry's coat pocket and the odor of burning cloth arose. As the puncher turned half around and fell the rustler ducked low and sprang for the door; a gun roared twice in the front of the room and he swore as he gained the darkness outside and threw himself into the saddle.

When the crowd massed Hopalong

leaped at it and strove to tear his way to the opening at the end of the bar, while the marshal covered Harlan and the others. Finding that he could not get through, Hopalong sprang on the shoulder of the nearest man and succeeded in winging the fugitive at the first shot, the other going wild. Then, frantic with rage and anxiety, he beat his way through the line, hammering mercilessly at heads with the butt of his heavy Colt, and knelt at his friend's side.

Edwards, angered almost to killing, ordered the crowd against the wall, and laughed viciously when he saw two men senseless on the floor. "Hope he killed you!" he gritted, savagely. "Harlan, put yore paws up in sight or I'll get you! Now climb over an' get in line—Quick!"

Johnny moaned and opened his eyes: "Did, did I get him?"

"No, but he gimleted *you*, all right," Hopalong replied. "You'll come 'round if you keep quiet." He arose, his face hard. "I'm coming back for *you*, Harlan, after I get yore friend! An' all th' rest of you pups, too!"

"Get me outen here," whispered Johnny.

"Shore enough, but keep quiet," replied Hopalong, picking him up in his arms and going toward the door. "We'll get him, Johnny; an' all th' rest, too, when—" the voice died out in the direction of Jackson's and the marshal, backing to the front door, slipped out and to one side, running backwards, his eyes on the saloon. "Yore day's about over, Harlan," he muttered. "There's going to be some funerals around here."

When he reached the store he found the owner and two Double-Arrow punchers taking care of Johnny. "Where's Hopalong?" he asked.

"Gone to tell his foreman," replied Jackson. "Hey, youngster, you let them bandages alone!"

"Hullo, Kansas," remarked John Bartlett, foreman of the Double Arrow. "I near got yore man; somebody rode past me like a streak in th' dark, so I just let drive for luck, an' so did he. I heard him cuss, an' then I emptied my gun after him."

"Th' rest was a passing th' word along to ride in when I left," remarked one of the other punchers. "How you feeling now, Johnny?"

II

The rain slanted down in sheets and the broken plain, thoroughly saturated, held the water in pools or sent it down the steep sides of the arroyo, to feed the turbulent flood which swept along the bottom, foam-flecked and covered with swiftly moving driftwood. Around a bend in the arroyo, where the water flung itself against the ragged bulwark of rock and flashed away in a gleaming line of foam, a horseman appeared, bending low in the saddle for protection against the storm. He rode along the edge of the stream on the side opposite the steep bluff, forcing his wounded and jaded horse to keep fetlock deep in the water which swirled and sucked about its legs. He was trying to hide his trail. Lower down the hard, rocky ground extended to the water's edge, and if he could delay his pursuers for an hour or so he felt that, even with his tired horse, he would have a chance.

But they had gained more than he knew. Suddenly above him on the top of the steep bluff across the torrent a man loomed against the clouds, peered intently into the arroyo and then waved his sombrero to an unseen companion. A puff of smoke flashed from his shoulder and streaked away, the report of the shot lost in the gale. The fugitive's horse reared and plunged into the deep water and with its rider was swept rapidly toward the bend.

"That's th' fourth time I missed him!" angrily exclaimed Hopalong, as Red Connors joined him.

The other quickly raised his rifle and fired; and the horse, spilling its rider out of the saddle, floated toward the bend tail first. The fugitive, gripping his rifle, bobbed and whirled at the whim of the greedy water as shots struck near him and, making a desperate effort, staggered up the bank and fell exhausted behind a bowlder.

"Well, th' coyote's afoot, anyhow," said Red, with satisfaction.

"Yes, but how are we going to get him?" Hopalong asked. "We can't get th' cayuses down here, an' we can't swim it without 'em. An' if we could, he'd pot us."

"There's a way, somehow," Red replied, disappearing over the edge of the bluff.

A puff of smoke sailed from behind a bowlder on the other bank and Hopalong, hazarding a shot, followed his friend. Red was down stream casting at a rock across the torrent, but the wind toyed with the heavy riata as though it were a string. As Hopalong reached his side a piece of driftwood ducked under the water and an angry humming sound died away down stream.

"He's some shaky," Hopalong remarked, looking back. "I must a hit him harder than I thought in Harlan's."

"I was trying to rope that rock over there," Red replied, coiling the rope. "If I could anchor to that th' current would push me over. But it's too far."

"We can't do nothing here 'cept get plugged," Hopalong replied. And then, suddenly, "Say! Remember that meadow back a piece? We can make it there."

"That's what we got to do. He's sending 'em nearer every shot. Gee, it's stopped raining!"

They clambered up the slippery, muddy bank to where they had left their horses, and cantered back over the trail. Minute after minute passed before the cautious skulker among the rocks could believe in his good fortune. When he at last decided that he was alone he left his shelter and started away, with slowly weakening stride over a blind trail.

Sometime later the two irate punchers appeared upon the scene, and their comments, as they hunted slowly over the hard ground, were numerous and bitter. Deciding that it was hopeless in that vicinity, they began casting in great circles on the chance of crossing the trail further back from the river. But they had little faith in their success. As Red remarked, snorting like a horse in his disgust: "I bet fo' bits he's swum down th' stream clear to h—l just to have th' laugh on us." Red had long since given it up as a bad job, though continuing to search, when a shout from the distant Hopalong sent him forward on a run.

"Hey, Red!" cried Hopalong, pointing ahead of them. "Look there! Ain't that a house?"

"Naw, course not—it's a ship!" Red snorted sarcastically.

"G'wan!" retorted his companion. "It's a mission."

"Ah! What's a mission doing up here?" Red snapped.

"What do they do anywhere?" rejoined Hopalong, hotly, thinking about Johnny. "There! See the cross?"

"Shore enough!"

"An' here's tracks at last—mighty wobbly, but tracks just th' same—Red, I bet you he's cashed in."

"Cashed nothing! Them fellers don't."

"Well, if he's in that joint we won't get him, anyhow," declared Hopalong.

"You wait an' see!" replied Red, pugnaciously.

"Reckon you never run up agin a mission real hard," Hopalong responded.

"Think I'm a fool kid?" Red snapped, aggressively.

"Well, you ain't no *kid*."

"You let *me* do th' talking. *I'll* get him."

"Here's where I laugh," snickered Hopalong as they arrived at the door. "Sic 'em, Red!"

The other boldly stepped into a small vestibule, Hopalong at his heels. Red hitched his holster and walked heavily into a room at his left. With the exception of a bench, a table and a small altar, the room was devoid of furnishings, and the effect of these was lost in the dim light from the narrow windows. The peculiar, not unpleasant odor of burning incense and the dim light awakened a latent reverence and awe in Hopalong, and he removed his sombrero, an inexplicable feeling of guilt stealing over him.

Red was peering into the dark corners, his hand on the butt of his heavy Colt. "This joint must a looked plumb good to that coyote, all right. He had a h—l of a lot of luck, but he won't keep it long," he remarked.

"Quit cussing!" ordered Hopalong, "an' for God's sake put out that d—d cigarette! Ain't you got no sense?"

Red listened intently and then grinned: "Hear that?—they're playing dominoes—come on!"

"Ah, you chump! Dominee means father!"

"I'll bet it's a frame-up so that coyote can get away. *I'm* going inside an' ask questions."

Before he could put this plan into execution the silent figure of a monk stepped

into the room and stood gravely regarding them. "Look here, stranger," said Red with quiet emphasis, "we're after that cow-lifter, an' we mean to get him."

The monk did not appear to hear him, so he tried another tack. "*Habla Espanola?*" he asked, experimentally.

"You have ridden far?" replied the monk in perfect English.

"All th' way from th' Bend," Red replied. "We're after Jerry Brown, who tried to kill Johnny. An' I reckon he's treed, judgin' from the tracks."

"And if you capture him?"

"He won't have no more use for a pocket gun."

"I see; you will kill him."

"Shore's it's wet outside."

"I'm afraid you are doomed to disappointment."

"Ya-as?" asked Red with a rising inflection.

"You will not want him now."

Red laughed sarcastically. "There ain't agoing to be no argument about it. Trot him out!"

The monk turned to Hopalong: "Do you, too, want him?"

Hopalong nodded.

"My friends, he is safe from your punishment."

Red turned and ran outside, returning in a few minutes, smiling triumphantly: "There are some tracks coming in, but there ain't none going away. If you don't lead us we'll have to poke him out for ourselves; which is it?"

"You are right—he is here, and he is not here."

"We're waiting," Red replied, grinning.

"When I tell you that you will not want him, do you still insist on seeing him?"

"We'll see him, an' we'll want him, too."

As the rain poured down again the sound of approaching horses was heard, and Hopalong ran to the door in time to see Buck Peters swing off his mount and step forward to enter the building. Hopalong stopped him and briefly outlined the situation, begging him to keep the men outside. The monk met his return with a grateful smile and, stepping forward, opened the chapel door, saying, "Follow me."

The unpretentious chapel was small and nearly dark, for the usual dimness was increased by the lowering clouds outside. The deep, narrow window openings, fitted with stained glass, ran almost to the rough-hewn rafters supporting the steep-pitched roof, upon which the heavy rain beat with a sound like that of distant drums. Gusts of rain and the water from the roof beat against the south windows, while the wailing wind played its mournful cadences about the eaves, and the staunch timbers added their creaking notes to swell the dirge-like chorus.

At the further end of the room two figures knelt and moved before the white altar, the soft light of flickering candles playing fitfully upon them and glinting from the altar ornaments, while before a rough coffin, which rested upon two pedestals, stood a third, whose rich, sonorous Latin filled the chapel with impressive sadness: "Give eternal rest to them, Oh, Lord—" the words seemed to become a part of the room, the ineffably sad, haunting melody of the mass whispered back from the roof between the assaults of the enraged wind; while from the altar came the responses in a low, Gregorian chant, and through it all the clinking of the censer chains added intermittent notes. Aloft streamed the vapor of the incense, wavering with the air currents, now lost in the deep twilight of the sanctuary, and now faintly revealed by the glow of the candles, perfuming the air with its aromatic odor.

As the last deep-toned words died away the celebrant moved slowly around the body, swinging the censer over it and then, sprinkling it and making the sign of the cross above its head, solemnly withdrew. From the shadows along the base of the side walls other figures silently emerged and formed around the coffin. Raising it from the pedestals they turned it slowly around and carried it down the dim aisle in measured tread, moving silently as ghosts.

"He is with God, Who will punish according to his sins," said a low voice, and Hopalong started, for he had forgotten the presence of the guide. "God be with you, and may you die as he died—repentant, and in peace."

Buck chafed impatiently before the chapel door leading to a small, well-kept graveyard, wondering what it was that

kept quiet for so long a time his two most assertive men, when he had momentarily expected to hear more or less turmoil and confusion.

C-r-e-a-k! He glanced up, gun in hand and raised as the door swung slowly open. His hand dropped suddenly and he took a short step forward; six black-robed figures shouldering a long box stepped slowly past him, and his nostrils were assailed by the pungent odor of the incense. Behind them came his fighting punchers, humble, awed, reverent, their sombreros in their hands and their heads bowed.

"What in h—l!" exclaimed Buck, wonder and surprise struggling for the mastery as the others cantered up.

"He's cashed," Red replied, putting on his sombrero and nodding at the procession.

Buck turned: "Skinny! Lanky! Follow that glory-outfit an' see what's in that box."

Billy Williams grinned at Red: "Yo're shore pious."

"Shut up!" snapped Red, anger glinting in his eyes, and Billy subsided.

Lanky and Skinny soon returned and the former reported: "I had to look twict to be shore it was him. His face was plumb happy, like a baby. But he's gone, all right."

"Deader 'n h—l," remarked Skinny.

"All right—he knowed how he'd finish when he began. Now for Mr. Harlan," Buck replied, vaulting into the saddle. He turned and looked at Hopalong, and his wonder grew. "Hey, *you!* Yes, *you!* Come out of that an' put on yore lid! Straddle leather—we can't stay here all night!"

Hopalong started, looked at his sombrero and silently obeyed.

Billy, grinning, turned and playfully punched him in the ribs: "Getting glory, Hoppy?"

Hopalong looked him steadily in the eyes and Billy, losing his curiosity and the grin at the same instant, looked ahead, whistling softly.

NIGHT IN THE WINTER WOODS

BY J. B. CARRINGTON

Rank after rank the patient trees
  Rise up against the sky,
Strange voices whisper in the breeze
  That sways their heads on high.

Beneath lies silence, robed in white
  Broad billows like the sea,
Her garments all with gems alight,
  That gleam mysteriously—

The world of men, and all it holds
  Of care, is far away;
Here's naught but peace, the night enfolds
  To hide the scars of day.

KING TARPON, THE HIGH LEAPER OF THE SEA

BY A. W. DIMOCK

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY JULIAN A. DIMOCK

IN VIRTUE of royal qualities, majestic mien, coruscating courage and the knightly abandon of his battling, the tarpon is not merely the "Silver King," but *the King*. He accepts the sportsman's challenge by leaping into the arena in full, flashing armor, and so joyously meeting his challenger in his own element as to place tarpon fishing forever in a class by itself.

The game is great. It thrills the most stolid of human participants to the tips of his toes, and to compare with it any kindred sport is a tiresome travesty. The tarpon is the most beautiful of big fish, the most spectacular of finny fighters, a swift swimmer of dauntless courage, the one all around game fish at every age and without a streak of yellow in his makeup.

I have wasted photograph plates and time on bass, trout, lady-fish, ravallia and other fish that pretend to jump, and, compared with exposures on the King of Fish, the result has been about as interesting as so many flyspecks on the film. The average leap of the hooked salmon could be beaten by a sick tarpon in his sleep.

The photographs herewith fairly present this royal fish as he appears when playing the game with his human adversary. They were taken by the camera-man during two summer months spent by him and the scribe on the Gulf coast of Florida, two months that gave daily evidence that of sports that thrill there are few on earth like fishing for tarpon.

We followed and fished for them with fly-rods, with heavy tarpon rods and with hand lines. We were fast to three hundred and thirty-four, of which sixty-three were on an eight-ounce fly-rod. Excepting a two-pound specimen, taken for the table, we killed none, although a few were eaten by sharks while being played.

In fishing for pleasure, the average sportsman spends from thirty to ninety minutes over each fish, keeping within twenty to one hundred yards of the tarpon as he plays him. As we were fishing for the camera, a long range contest was useless, and we fought the fish fiercely from the time they struck, regardless of the risk of their breaking loose. We smashed five heavy tarpon rods, broke several lines that would each sustain over sixty pounds and broke or straightened at least a dozen tarpon hooks. We held the canoe from which we fished as near the tarpon as possible, and as soon as he seemed tired pulled it beside him and took the hook from his mouth. Frequently we found this exciting.

From Charlotte Harbor to Cape Sable we exploited the tarpon fishing ground with thoroughness. The avoirdupois of the fish caught varied from one and one-half pounds each to more than one hundred times that weight, while their length ranged from eighteen inches to over six and one-half feet. We captured them in the Gulf of Mexico, while white-capped waves spilled water over us, and we were towed by them through narrow overgrown creeks, where sometimes our quarry escaped by leaping into the bushes above our heads. We caught as many as twenty-five in a single day, and then, as on many other

"Frequently we found this exciting."

days, stopped fishing because the plates of the camera-man had given out.

The tarpon can be played gently and easily, with a light strain from a smooth running reel, with an effort that wouldn't tire a robust child, for one, two, or three hours, until he rolls over on his back, exhausted and ready for the hook to be taken from his mouth. Or he can be fought furiously from the start, the boat dragged near him and little line yielded, while the fish leaps wildly and frequently, around, beside, over and even into the boat of the fisherman. This method calls for strength of muscle, tackle and nerves, but there is little in the line of sport that returns bigger dividends in excitement. I was never harmed in the game, but tarpon landed on my head, caromed on my shoulder, swamped my canoe and one even dropped his big, slippery form squarely in my arms. The camera-man smiled at my coating of slime, but when a tarpon jumped in, and Joe jumped out of the motor boat, he forgot to laugh—until later. Often a leaping tarpon struck his boat, sometimes landing on the gunwale and nearly falling inside, and many times he had to wheel quickly around to save his camera from the deluge of water thrown by a leaping, frantic fish.

To catch tarpon one must go to the right place at the right time. Small specimens, of from two to fifteen pounds, are usually found in fresh water, in creeks and pools near the head of rivers. Larger fish, of from twenty to sixty pounds, seem to prefer the brackish water of streams nearer the Gulf, while the really big fish, weighing from eighty to two hundred pounds, are more frequently caught in the big passes or near the mouths of large rivers like the Caloosahatchee. The small fish near the heads of the rivers can be found at any season, but in general it is hardly worth while to fish for tarpon before April, and it is much better to wait until July and thus escape heat and mosquitoes. In May, South Florida weather becomes warm in the shade and hot in the sun, while mosquitoes on the shore are sometimes almost unendurable to folks who have never fished in a salmon stream. The rains of June cool the air and seem to drive away the mosquitoes, for the temperature of July and August is not unpleasant, breezes are

almost constant and mosquitoes are so few that we often slept on deck beside the shore without a mosquito bar. Then, too, such luscious fruits as sugar apples, pine apples, mangoes and guavas are in their prime, while there is always food for sentiment in gorgeous masses of clouds, wind-driven and sun-painted, and such feathered flocks and other wild creatures as the women and tourists of Vanity Fair have permitted to live.

We began our work in Captiva Pass, beside which we anchored the *Irene*. A little motor boat with a reversing propeller, and Joe, our young skipper, to run it, held the camera-man and his tools. I sat with Frank, my boatman, in a canoe which he paddled while I trolled for tarpon. The motor boat backed, filled and hovered on the sunward side of us, while the camera-man kept his seventeen pound weapon trained upon us and his hand on the focussing screw. Sometimes both boatman and camera-man got tired. Then the motor boat towed the canoe, from which both Frank and I fished, and the camera rested on a seat. When one of us had a strike the other took in his line and seized a paddle, the painter of the canoe was cast off, the motor boat maneuvered for position, the paddler labored to keep the canoe on a plane with and near the fish, while the fisherman coddled or worried the tarpon, to keep him quiet or make him perform, as camera conditions called for.

There are deep holes in Captiva Pass, above which the water swirls when the tide is swift. From these holes tarpon rise continually, but it is quite useless to fish for them. They will even knock a bait aside as they come to the surface to blow. It is better to troll just inside the Pass, near the channels which lead to it, or wherever the tarpon can be seen rising. The fish bite best on a falling tide. We had no fresh bait on our first day and used spoons and trolling lines. Our only returns were in cavalli, Spanish mackerel, and sharks. I was hopeful for a moment, when after a strong pull on my line a fish shot into the air. But it was with the twisting, low leap of the mackerel shark, the only one of his

"A tarpon dashed under the canoe, and before I could dip the rod enough to clear the craft it was smashed."

species that jumps. It is unwise to pull a shark against the side of a light canoe, so we landed and dragged the brute up on the beach and pounded his head with a club, to punish him for being a shark. That night Joe went out with his cast net and we had plenty of fresh mullet for bait in the morning, when the fish proved greedy and we collected seven.

The outgoing tide was so strong that the first tarpon struck carried us out into the Gulf a mile and squandered two hours of time. Sometimes he swam smoothly, with occasional graceful leaps, then in furious mood threw his supple body, convulsed with passion, above the surface of the water. We fought the others so hard that we broke two lines and straightened three hooks. As the tide and a tarpon were carrying us swiftly along the beach out of the pass, I sheered the canoe to the shore and Frank sprang out, carrying his trolling line. A sudden dash of the fish tore the line from his hand, and as its tangled mass struck the water he sprang after it. For a moment I feared he was going out to sea, but he tamely surrendered the line and scrambled back to shore. We then anchored the canoe and the first tarpon struck brought up the anchor line as he jumped beside us. Day by day the tarpon in the Pass became fewer and more finical. Often a wave rolling behind my trailing slice of mullet showed that a tarpon was following it. I wiggled the bait seductively, settled it back confidingly and withdrew it coyly. Sometimes I succeeded, more often I failed. Finally, out of twenty rises in one day I only struck three fish. Something was needed to make the lure more tempting. We tried various small fish with indifferent success. At last I chanced to put a needle-fish on the hook, and it was seized as it touched the water, then another and another were taken. Thereafter, when the tide was high, Frank patrolled the beach with a fowling piece and shot needle-fish as they wandered along the water's edge. Few tarpon could resist the new bait. If ever they did resist its supple attractive-

"Of sports that thrill there are few on earth like tarpon fishing."

ness, it was quite useless to fish any more on that tide with any lure whatever. When the bubbles of a tarpon rose to the surface, or he came up to blow, we paddled within fifty feet, threw the bait at the disturbed water and often captured the fish.

Captiva is a little pass and the fish needed a rest, so we moved six miles up the coast to Boca Grande, the big pass, a mile wide with a ten fathom channel, the home of great sea-creatures, from dolphins to turtles, from sharks to devil-fish. The pass was wind-swept when we arrived and its turbulent water alive with fish of many kinds. Flocks of gulls, terns and pelicans above, and splashings of jackfish and tarpon below, marked the presence of great schools of minnows. Nothing was easier than to strike a tarpon, but then the trouble began. Tide and the tarpon were carrying us out to the near-by, foam-crested rollers, while the motor boat vainly struggled against them. We were rushing through the water away from the breakers, yet minute by minute, as in an uncanny dream, they drifted nearer. Soon the spray was flying over the canoe, while from the crest of the waves solid water spilled into the low-sided motor boat, which was quickly cut loose from the canoe, since it barely had power to carry itself out of the turmoil. A canoe is at home among big waves and the hour we spent in that tossing water was delightful, even though the work of the camera was not advanced. When the tired tarpon had received his freedom we paddled to the beach, and, keeping near the shore, made our way back into the harbor, which we reached at dark, with nothing but pleasant memories to show for the work of a strenuous day.

"We fought the fish fiercely from the time they struck."

Thereafter, when the wind was high and the tide strong, we either fished from an anchorage, or cast anchor from the canoe whenever a tarpon was struck. Sometimes, but seldom, the line on the reel got low, the fish having carried off five hundred feet and we had to take in the anchor and follow him. It is rarely that a fish weighing less than two hundred pounds

"In virtue of royal qualities and the knightly abandon of his battling the tarpon is not merely the 'Silver King,' but THE KING."

"As we were fishing for the camera a long range contest was useless."

will swim a hundred yards against a forty-pound pull, and after the first few strenuous minutes it was usually possible to reel in the line until the excited tarpon was leaping beside the canoe. Often he struck it, sometimes half capsized it, and more than once leaped over it. Funny things happened, as when a big tarpon, which I was playing with shortened line, rose beside and against the canoe, shaking his great open mouth so near my face that I put up my hand to push him away and an instant later was struck in the back by the hook which the tarpon succeeded in ejecting as he leaped high and again on the other side of the canoe; or as when Frank was taking the hook from the mouth of an exhausted tarpon which he was holding, the fish broke away, dove under the canoe and rising on the other side threw body and tail against the back and head of his antagonist in a resounding spank that nearly knocked the breath out of his tormentor's body.

In all our rough play with the tarpon alone, there was never a thought of danger, but of a certain occasion I think seriously even to-day. A tarpon which had just jumped near the canoe was rising beside it for another leap when he was struck by a great shark and bitten in two. A blow from the tail of the monster nearly swamped the canoe and the water that fell over it was mingled with the blood of the tarpon. Although I believe that, contrary to public opinion, no shark in this country ever attacked a living human being in the water, yet I don't know the consideration that would have sent me overboard voluntarily in the vicinity of that tragedy. It was the day of the shark, and I lost a second tarpon similarly a few hours later. Some days afterward I had played a tarpon until, from his feeble leaps, I fancied him ripe for the removal of the hook, when he suddenly darted away with renewed vigor. I was quite unable to restrain him, and as we neared the end of the two hundred yard line the anchor was taken in and I turned the rod over to Frank. He suggested that a shark had swallowed our tarpon, a surmise which proved to be correct. I paddled the canoe to the beach where, after much toil, we succeeded in stranding the brute, and the camera-man who had photographed the earlier leaps of the tarpon now pictured him at rest in the stomach of his slayer.

When fishing in the big pass we often found it well to fasten to the line a sinker of from one to four ounces in weight, with a bit of twine that was not too strong. If fastened too firmly it would have torn loose the hook or snapped the strongest line, when the fish shook his head in real earnest. Fishing with a sinker added to our trouble with sharks but gave us plenty of grouper for chowder, as surface trolling filled our larder with king fish and Spanish mackerel, as by-products. The leap of the tarpon is usually an effort to get rid of the hook, which he often succeeds in sending, with the bait, hurtling through the air, as shown in many of the photographs. It is to be regretted that no picture was obtained of a needlefish which was thus thrown high by a tarpon and caught before it could reach the water by a man-o'-war hawk, which was wisely soaring above us.

There were days and tides when the tarpon seemed crazy and would rise to salted bait as freely as to fresh. One day we took twelve tarpon which rose to salted baits almost the instant they were cast, and we then stopped fishing because the plateholders of the camera-man were empty. That night he complained that he was tired of the camera and proposed to try some moonlight fishing with a rod. He caught two tarpon with two baits, and thereafter, using a handkerchief as a lure, captured three more. These were taken in Boca Grande Pass, about two hundred yards from the railroad wharf, a point which I look upon as mighty near the center of the tarpon industry of the country.

For several weeks we vibrated between Boca Grande and Captiva Passes, as conditions of wind and tide indicated. Then, when twenty-nine days had given us one hundred and fifty tarpon, we remembered the rest of our programme and sailed for the Caloosahatchee River. At the favorite pools a few miles above Fort Myers we chanced to draw blanks, while five days at Nigger Head, eight miles below the town, gave us thirty-five tarpon, all of goodly size.

Marco lies on the Florida coast forty miles below Punta Rassa and the Caloosahatchee River. I had enjoyed for years a personal acquaintance with most of the

tarpon in that country and felt humiliated that only fourteen responded to my advances during three days.

A strong wind from the north carried us down the coast, and on the day we lifted our anchor at Marco we dropped it in the Shark River bight, a few miles north of Cape Sable. There are tarpon in the many mouths of Shark River at all seasons, but two hours cruising in the motor boat disclosed so few that we sailed north four miles and entered Harney River, where I had arranged to donate two eight-ounce fly rods, with sundry extra tips and second joints to the baby tarpon that I knew lived in a nursery near its head.

The head of Harney River lies among the lilies of the 'Glades and is the only open path from the coast to that mysterious region, but not every pilot can follow the labyrinthic ways of that beautiful river. From the tangle of oyster bars at its mouth we sailed seven miles to its junction with a branch of Shark River at Tussock Bay. Two miles of an E.N.E. course brought to light an old Indian camp on a tiny palmetto key. From this key six miles of a crooked course averaging N.E. led through twisting, grass-grown channels, narrow straits, broad sluggish rivers and swift, winding creeks, until the bowsprit of the *Irene* rested above the grass of the 'Glades. The possessor of craft of the woods may find near here an old, well-hidden Indian camp, where he can gather lemons and limes by the bushel, to the tuneful jarring of rattles.

From the head of Harney River to Tussock Bay the pools and creeks are filled with tarpon weighing, each, from twenty ounces to twenty pounds. In five days I captured twenty-five on an eight-ounce fly rod. The lure was a tiny strip of mullet, sometimes cast, but commonly trolled, since it was necessary to strike nearly straight from the reel to fasten the hook in the hard mouth of the quarry, the weak spring of the rod being insufficient. There is no fish more gamy than a young tarpon, and one of about five pounds weight led my canoe a mile through a crooked creek, jumping at short intervals and finally

"We caught as many as twenty-five in a single day and then stopped fishing because the plates of the camera-man had given out."

escaping by leaping over my head into a clump of bushes where the line caught and held the fish suspended until broken by his struggles. Other small tarpon tangled the line in the bushes after a much shorter chase, and one five-foot tarpon which had strayed into a wider portion of the stream showed his contempt for our snares by making his first—and last—leap high up in the branches of a tree that overhung the river's bank. Photographing in these narrow creeks got on the nerves of the camera-man. There was seldom a chance to get the motor boat in position, and the few negatives exposed in the twilight of the overhung streams developed into something like flashlights in Africa.

Three miles north of the mouth of Harney River, Broad and Rodgers Rivers enter the Gulf by a common outlet. In the latter stream not a tarpon was to be seen, while Broad River was full of them. They were all big fellows, and the fiy rod was laid on the shelf. The anchor was dropped near a bunch of the fish, and as Frank and I were launching the canoe, Joe picked up my rod and was quickly fast to a tarpon which promptly broke both rod and reel. I rigged up a rod from a stick of bamboo, while Frank used one of heavy, orthodox make and both of us fished from the canoe. My first strike was before the bait was three feet from the canoe, and for some hours one of us was always fighting a tarpon, while the other paddled and the camera-man circled about in the motor boat, either stuffing slides in his camera or holding the seventeen-pound weapon aimed at us. We were in full swing, and had already captured ten of the creatures, when a tarpon which I was playing with a short line dashed under the canoe, and before I could dip the rod enough to clear the craft it was smashed. The fish was so tired that we managed to secure him and lift the hook from his mouth. This is accomplished by placing the thumb in the corner of the tarpon's mouth, clamping the fingers around a bone that projects from the side of the jaw, and holding firmly while the free hand removes the hook. The thumb in the tarpon's mouth is quite safe, as he always

"From the head of Harney River to Tussock Bay the pools and creeks are filled with tarpon weighing, each, from twenty ounces to twenty pounds."

"We smashed five heavy tarpon rods and broke several lines that could each lift over sixty pounds."

"Then in furious mood threw his supple body, contorted with passion, above the water."

"The first tarpon we struck carried us out into the Gulf."

"The first tarpon struck brought up the anchor line as he jumped beside us."

"Several times the tarpon leaped in the air and swam around with renewed vigor."

throws open his jaws when he struggles. The next fish employed the same ruse of dodging beneath the canoe, and as Frank tried to hold him by main strength our last rod was smashed. Not to let such fishing get away, we sailed that night to Everglade and improvised rods, one of which, made from a hickory hoe handle, seemed unbreakable—but wasn't. We returned to Broad River at once, only to find it barren of tarpon.

Six miles up the coast we picked our way through the labyrinth of oyster-bars at the mouth of Lossmans River, and explored that stream for a day, quite in vain.

Next above Lossmans and ten miles north of it lies Hueston River, in Chatham Bend, where in three days we caught thirty tarpon, after which we sailed to Chokoloskee Bay and exploited Turners River which empties into the southern end of the bay.

The fish caught in Turners River ran generally from fifteen to thirty pounds, although I took one on the fly-rod measuring over five and another about six and one-half feet, the latter requiring about three hours to bring to terms. This fish was struck half a mile from the mouth of the river, and his first rush nearly emptied my little reel, that held less than a hundred yards of line. Frank thought I was excited when I was only cross because he didn't paddle faster when the fish was running away and slower when the line was coming in faster than I could get it on the reel. As the fish leaped above the surface or darted away my fingers were burned by the friction of the line, which must never be slack nor ever allowed to overrun. Often the tarpon shot high in the air, snapping his head, while I shivered lest the hook tear loose. Sometimes the canoe was beside him and once he darted under it. With a quick turn of the wrist I slapped the rod down on the water, parallel with the canoe, and thrust it elbow-deep under the surface. The fish drew it crosswise of the canoe and I held it, with a finger pressing the reel until Frank could turn the craft around. I have often had to resort to this dodge, but have not always been as lucky as on this occasion. The tarpon carried us down the river, out into the bay, and back and forth until my arms were aching, my fingers numb and I was glad to change places with the camera-man for a full hour. When the fish seemed weak I led the line to where Frank could reach it and gently draw the creature near enough to seize his jaw. Several times the tarpon leaped in the air and swam away with renewed vigor, but finally he was seized, held, dragged over the gunwale of the canoe and—his liberty restored. Our big rod was broken in this stream by the first rush of a tarpon, which we think was the largest we saw during the trip. In three days we caught in this river fifty-six tarpon, thirty-two of which were on an eight-ounce rod.

We finished our fishing at Allen's River, where the tarpon, with a few exceptions, weighed from three to ten pounds each, and where in two days we caught eleven, six of which were taken on the fly-rod.

To summarize, our catch was as follows:

15	days	Boca Grande Pass	84 tarpon
14	"	Captiva Pass	66 "
5	"	Caloosahatchee River	35 "
3	"	Marco	14 "
5	"	Harney River (fly-rod)	25 "
2	"	Broad River	13 "
3	"	Hueston River	30 "
3	"	Turners River (32 fly-rod)	56 "
2	"	Allens River (6 fly-rod)	11 "
52			334

Never twice, perhaps, would the relative abundance of tarpon in the places named be similar, but in gross, in the same season, they would doubtless tot up about the same. Excepting in Boca Grande, continuous fishing would quickly reduce the daily average, from diminished supply of fish and their increased sophistication.

Between these passes and streams are others in which tarpon, at times, abound. They can be found scattered through the broad, shallow waters and deeper channels of the whole, great Ten Thousand Islands. I have found them far out in the Everglades, in lagoons in the Big Cypress Swamp and even in a deep little lake, a hundred yards in diameter and ten miles from any other body of water.

I am principled against elaborate equipments, but, if you fish with a tarpon rod, you've got to pay three or four dollars for a line that you would dare show to a cultivated tarpon, and you really must have an automatic brake in the handle of your reel. Even then your knuckles will be knocked off if you don't fit to it some sort of stop—a simple loop of string will do. I hate to

advise it, but if you can spare the twenty, thirty or forty dollar tax for a powerful reel of fine workmanship, containing the automatic handle brake with stop, you will find it for your soul's welfare. Then, unless your reel seat locks securely, lash the reel to the rod all you know how, and in any event lash the rear pillar of your reel to the rod, that a sixty-pound pull on the line may not fall with multiplied leverage on the weakest part of the reel. Most fishermen don't do this, but all fishermen will wish they had—if they fish for tarpon long enough. A light trout rod feels mushy and looks out of focus whenever the smallest tarpon is at the other end of it. Tarpon will rise to a fly, but the fly-rod must be very stiff or the fish, will seldom be hooked. A good bass rod, and trolling, are more appropriate for this fish which rises readily to a spoon. The hook should be short in the shank, for the mouth of the tarpon is hard and the leverage of a long shank breaks the imbedded hook with reasonable certainty. With the light rod, three or four inches of piano wire should be interposed between the hook and the swivel, and with the tarpon rod as many feet. No. 13 piano wire can be bought for seventy cents a pound in New York, or seven dollars a pound paid for it in Fort Myers.

Don't carry that criminal weapon, the gaff hook. Don't murder your game. To object to taking a tarpon for mounting, or other rational purpose, would seem fanatical, but to wantonly sacrifice these beautiful and harmless creatures, after they have added so greatly to your pleasure, is causeless cruelty. They can be measured without harming them and the cube of their length in feet, divided by two, gives their weight in pounds as nearly as needful. You can even take them aboard, as proof of your prowess. Of course a gaff hook would simplify this, as shooting them at first would make it easier to play them, and landing a tired tarpon by hand is almost as exciting as playing a fresh one.

"The game is great—it thrills the most stolid of human participants to the tips of his toes."

No trust controls tarpon fishing. No sport on earth offers greater legitimate excitement. And half the glory of the game is in its humanity.

When "the tumult and the shouting dies."

EXIT—ROOSEVELT, THE DOMINANT

BY IRVING C. NORWOOD

HEALTH to the Lions," is the toast that has been drunk in Washington most frequently this past winter. Never is it found on the banquet card among the other set pieces. Sometimes the toast is oral; oftener it is silent. But always the lions are toasted by somebody.

Very soon Theodore Roosevelt—a president no longer, but a power while he lives—will set out for Africa at the head of his personally conducted expedition under the financial auspices of the Smithsonian Institution He goes to hunt wild things and to collect specimens that, having been shot or stabbed or strangled or trapped by himself, thereby acquire a peculiar scientific value all their own. And having held an ante-mortem auction of his prospective writings and secured, by contract, a rate per word never heretofore paid to any one for any variety of literature, including fiction, he expects to be busy for some time after he gets back.

There is probably no one in Washington who will say, with intent of being believed, that he hopes Mr. Roosevelt will never return from his trip. They just grin and drink "health to the lions," and let it go at that, expressing a sentiment rather than a desire. It is perhaps reminiscent, in a highly refined degree, of the cry of the pestered pagan, 'way back in the young days of the world, when raw Christian was a daily item on the bill of fare of every royal menagerie.

HOW REGARDED AT WASHINGTON

In Washington, where Mr. Roosevelt has been at home, officially, a greater part of the time for many years, he is at once the best understood and the worst misunderstood of men. He is praised and damned, lauded and cursed, almost at the same minute and in the same breath. His friends find in him things to detest; his enemies discover qualities they must admire. But all agree on one thing. He is in a class by himself.

The man who denies that Theodore Roosevelt is the original big noise and dominant note, must be deaf. Even so, the vibration of his eardrum should be convincing proof. But he is more. He is the national powder magazine, the political view halloo, the press agent of reform, the inspiration of the uplift and the last word in the last chapter of the book.

But it is as a big noise, a dominant note, that Mr. Roosevelt is unique. Just a month or two ago a husky citizen was arrested in the country outside of Pittsburg. He was demented to the last degree, and he mussed up the pastoral vicinity with a flock of policemen before they managed to straight-jacket him and stow him away in the nearest retreat for the iridescent. His trouble was diagnosed by a distinguished and interested gathering of brain carpenters, as "clamormania." He had been a watchman in an iron foundry, with blast furnace and rolling mill attachments, for seven or eight years, eating in the place when on duty and sleeping there when off. Then, in a thoughtless moment, he had decided to pay a visit to Aunt Jane, who lived among the lillies. About two miles out of town he suddenly missed the horrible racket that was his accustomed mental and physical stimulus, and went crazy between breaths. This incident, as insignificant and unrelated as it may seem, both points the moral and adorns the tale. It is as significant of abnormal conditions as a snowstorm in July. It is as much of a warning of trouble ahead as the spots on the breastbone of a goose. It should prove of unlimited interest to those of the faithful who have been thrilling in the racket from Roosevelt for the last seven years or so and who are liable to fly into flinders when it stops.

There would seem to be every difference in the world between a violently strenuous, full-blooded person with a longshoreman's appetite and a genius for keeping the national scenery rocking, and a peaceful, mastodonic person who gracefully weighs three hundred pounds and whose distinguishing physical characteristic is a genial, all-embracing smile. It is the possibilities that may result from this difference that are liable, without any real reason at all, to set our nerves to jangling after Roosevelt, the Dominant, has sailed away, with his trunks full of artillery and typewriters, to exterminate the kindred of the wild at a dollar a word, plus.

Just now, all the anti-Roosevelt people, who have been suffering from insomnia for years, are pounding their business pillows into shape for a nice, long rest. They are satisfied that Judge Taft is a large, sane person who will rule with reason, who will hang the inherited big stick over the fireplace after the fashion of grandfather's gun—an interesting and historic but obsolete weapon—and who will use the iron-clad limited membership rule of the Academy of Immortals to prevent further additions to the roster of the Ananias Club.

It is the Roosevelt devotees, the radicals, the fanatics who, having fed on assorted din until nowadays, they could

Hushing the dominant note.

slumber in the 12-inch turret of a *Dreadnaught* in action, are liable to shake with nerves when denied the regular sounding of the dominant note. The first time that any one differs in opinion with President Taft, and Mr. Taft does not fell the dissenter to the earth and orate over the remains, these clamor-maniacs will begin to develop their symptoms. They will sigh for the steel-ribbed spine, the steam-siren tones and the pugilistic statesmanship which they have worshiped as virtues in their idol, and they will refuse to be comforted by the calm of repressed strength and the dignity of judicial demeanor. But this is arguing from cause to effect, whereas, logically, it should be the other way about.

WHEN ROOSEVELT WAS SIDETRACKED

When Theodore Roosevelt, through the machinations of that then most skilful of political switchmen, Thomas C. Platt, the erstwhile Easy Boss, was sidetracked into the Vice Presidency, the East—for at that time the West had not yet begun to dance to the thumping of the Theodorian tom-tom—bound iced towels around its brow and took bromides to induce sleep. For in the East Mr. Roosevelt already was a loud outcry. As Civil Service Commissioner in Washington he had pawed the shrinking earth and kicked up clouds of dust. He had clutched the classified service to his bosom and pinched it until it howled. And he had written the first letter

At Washington the politicians just grin and drink, "Health to the lions," and let it go at that.

in the series of assault and battery correspondence which, in these later, opportunity-crowded years, has added so much to his fame.

Then he went to New York as Police Commissioner, and besides shaking up the force as it never has been shaken, either before or since, he did so much private inspection prowling on his own account that in time it became a saying that the sight of a set of false teeth was enough and to spare to scare a New York patrolman into a fit.

As Assistant Secretary of the Navy and most comprehensively at odds with his chief—a conservative elder of unexceptionable New England accent and refrigeration—he welcomed war with open arms and placed bent pins in the chair of national pride. While his chief remained in lonesome desolation, holding, with effort, to his standards of the way a navy department of a great government should be administered, the Assistant Secretary's office was the headquarters for news and noise. And by his congenital aggressiveness and his habit of thinking quickly and acting quicker, there's no doubt but that Roosevelt had more than a little to do with the hurry-up orders to the Asiatic fleet and the extermination orders under which it sailed.

Roosevelt making a "retort courteous."

But it was inevitable that no mere thinking part could content Theodore Roosevelt when there was a chance for action of the spectacular sort that appealed most to him. No man has ever accused him, with justice, of being physically, mentally or morally timid. He bows to the dictates of expediency—sometimes he sweeps so low that his white plume trails in the dust—his morality is not logical or consistent; he plays politics like a sure-thing gambler, and he uniformly keeps more cards up his sleeve and scattered around his person than the best sleight-of-hand man that ever lived. But it is with the club that he excels. He likes the mêlée, the scrimmage, the mix-up. The roughest sort of in-fighting is more to his taste than the assault by correspondence or the attack by official order. He always wants to do some of the real swatting himself, and does it.

HE GOES TO WAR

So Roosevelt volunteered and in due course of time went with his Rough Riders to the front.

There are several versions of his personally conducted portion of the Cuban campaign—one of the versions being his own—and a noted painter has transferred to canvas an entirely animated if questionably veracious scene, in which Colonel Roosevelt is depicted chasing up a death-strewn hill, clad in khaki and a blue bandana, waving his sword and cheering on his men. Some say he never went up any hill at all, and others claim he didn't go up this particular hill but another.

But what difference does it make? No one will deny that he got into the center of all the fights in Cuba that happened when he was around, and that he has never ceased to grieve there weren't more. And he did some damage, too. He says himself, in one of his books, that he shot a scared and fleeing Spaniard in the back. I don't doubt it. He is so sincere about everything he undertakes that when he can't get them coming he gets them going. It is all one and the same to him.

Also, Mr. Roosevelt regrets intensely that he came back from Cuba safe and sound, without scratch or mark or scar to show where he had been and what he had been doing. This statement sounds rather ridiculous, I'll admit, but it is simple truth

He says himself, in one of his books, that he shot a scared and fleeing Spaniard in the back.

just the same. I have Mr. Roosevelt's own word for it.

Five or six years ago President Roosevelt visited the Gettysburg battlefield to make a Decoration Day speech, and I was one of three press association men to go along on his special train. Coming back to Washington the President joined Gen. O. O. Howard, Gen. Daniel Sickles, the then Commissioner of Pensions, Ware, and the newspaper men, in the smoking compartment, and naturally enough the talk turned to war and carnage, battle, murder and sudden death. Mr. Roosevelt did most of the talking, it is true, but the others got a chance to say something every now and then. Finally it came to Commissioner Ware's turn.

ROOSEVELT SORRY HE BEARS NO WOUNDS

"Mr. President," said he, "I had a most interesting visitor the other day, and never have I regretted so much the inelasticity of the pension laws." (This was before Mr. Roosevelt began to dally with them.)

"In what way?" the President asked.

"Why," said the Commissioner, "this visitor was the most disfigured human being I have ever seen. He had no nose at all, one ear had been shot or cut away, a musket ball had gone through both his cheeks, and he had other marks and scars too numerous to mention. He had been a Union cavalryman, and his record was of the best. But he was strong and healthy and the examiners had reported that he was not entitled to a pension. I thought it pretty rough."

The President leaned forward until his face was about three inches from the Commissioner's. He lifted his arm and brought his closed fist down on Mr. Ware's knee with a good, sound thump.

"Mr. Commissioner," he cried, "you take a wrong view of this matter! That man should have been proud of those wounds, those honorable disfigurements; positively happy over them. He should have been willing, if able, to pay the government a bounty for them, instead of begging a pension from the government!

"Let me tell you something, Mr. Ware. I have always been unhappy, most unhappy, that I was not severely wounded in Cuba; that I did not lose a leg or an arm or both; or that I was not wounded in some other striking and disfiguring way. The nearest I came to it was when a spent ball struck the back of my hand. It merely raised a lump, and even that disappeared in a day or two. Oh, how I wish, how I have never ceased to wish, that it had gone clear through. That would have left some kind of a scar at least."

"I have always been most unhappy that I did not lose a leg or an arm in Cuba."

"Unquestionably it was the attractive halo of heroism that landed him in the Governor's chair."

We all sat there in silence; in wonder too deep for words. If any one else in the world except the President of the United States, or the occupant of some other office of equal dignity, had tried to get away with any similar statement, he would have been told to run along and sell his papers and not bother grown folks with such nonsense. As it was, General Howard looked dazed, General Sickles gave something approximating a grunt—both being "honorably disfigured" civil war veterans—and the rest of us smoked away and said nothing.

This little incident had rather an amusing finish when, after the President had gone back into his own car, William Loeb, Jr., his secretary, who had been standing at the door listening to the chat, asked that nothing be said at that time of the President's pleasant desire to be an honorable cripple for life.

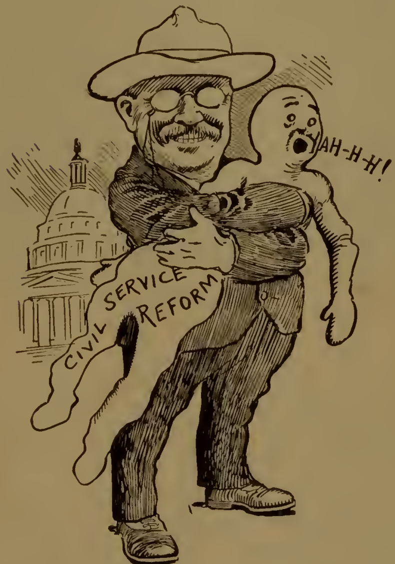
"You know," said he, "most people wouldn't understand; and it would sound so foolish in print."

THE WAR HERO BECOMES GOVERNOR

There are other stories of the same sort related of Theodore Roosevelt, and they all tend to demonstrate the remarkable, aye, the wonderful quality of his ego, and explain, in some measure, the official and personal excesses into which it has led him.

But, however regretful Mr. Roosevelt might have been at coming unscathed through the campaign in Cuba, he did not neglect to take every advantage of the advertising possibilities latent in a returned hero of his type. Unquestionably, it was the attractive halo of heroism that landed him in the Governor's chair of the State of New York, following a campaign after his own heart, in which he covered the state, wearing his rough rider regalia and attended by a squad of members of his regiment, making speeches here, there and everywhere in his unlovely, almost grotesque, but forcible and convincing manner. And it was his term as Governor, with his well-timed, studied and spectacular occasional disregard of boss rule and his consequent growing, picturesque appeal to the masses of the people, that led the Easy Boss and those who were his allies to decide to still this particular dominant note, to bind and gag Theodore Roosevelt and lock him away in the padded cell of the Vice-Presidency.

Everyone knows what happened. How they did curse, those too astute, self-destroying gentlemen, who for morally oblique reasons had wanted Theodore Roosevelt—a force for good most of the time



He loved this infant—once.

but a force all of the time—out of the way. What thoughts were theirs when the news came that President McKinley had been shot, and later, when in the middle of the night the telegraph systems of the country, linked endlessly from Buffalo into web-like threads, reaching every state and section, carried the quick-flashed whisper of his death.

A DRAMATIC ENTRY INTO PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE

But Roosevelt, the Vice-President, where was he? Hunting in the Adirondacks and, after the fashion that was his, further into the woods than any one else, away, for the moment, from civilization and the telephone and telegraph. But word was carried to him, part of the way by courier and guide; and then, from the heart of the forest, through the night, by springless buckboard to North Creek, and by record-breaking specials over the Delaware & Hudson, and the New York Central to Buffalo, he made that wild dash of a journey that constituted the most dramatic entry into the Presidential office that man ever made and that, under less tragic circumstances, would have been the sort of an entry that appealed to him the most. It is not of particular importance that at the bedside of the dead McKinley Roosevelt swore fealty to his uncompleted policies. He could swear fealty to any set of plans and policies under the sun, and then, interpreting their spirit as he saw it, make them seem, in execution, like nothing ever dreamt of.

There is no question but that during his seven years in the Presidential chair, Theodore Roosevelt attained a popularity which probably never before was reached by any other American. And this means popularity in its broadest sense. It was not merely the homage of a people to a President—not even to a President who had accomplished much and who had set himself to do more. It was a tribute not so much to the office as to the man who filled it; a mark of the confidence of the masses; another proof of that unique personal domination about which so much has been written and said, and which is so little understood; a personal domination that in like degree has been possessed by very few men indeed of whom there is record in history.

NOT AFRAID OF COCKTAILS

It is this possession, this development of the ego, this quality, whatever it may be, that has enabled him to accomplish much that is good and that will live as well as to get away, unharmed, with blunders and mistakes, errors of judgment and of taste, absurdities of language and of behavior, and enough assorted stunts and performances of various kinds to have laid away any other dozen men under the greening sod of private life. He has no real dignity, either innate or acquired, personal or official, although he uses the royal "we" and speaks of "my policies" and "my people." Before crowds gathered to see him or to hear him speak he hops up on tables, jumps over chairs and skips around with all the grace of that fat-paunched Cæsar who had an ambition to shine in the ballet. He dismisses subjects of gravity and importance with a last word in the slang of the streets. He is "delighted" to see people, he has "corking" good times, and his enemies and opponents he "beats to a frazzle," "pounds to a pulp" or "wipes off the map." An untasted cocktail killed Fairbanks, politically, as the mere hint of indulgence has put out of business many other and better men, but Roosevelt drinks when he pleases, in public and in private, and, at the reception in honor of Speaker Cannon's seventieth birthday, he mixed Scotch whiskey and champagne in half and half portions and declared the combination to be an unequaled drink.

King Edward lives and breathes, privately and officially, within four stone walls of custom; Emperor William has recently been publicly spanked for saying things that are as a minor note compared to Roosevelt's average utterance, and very nearly every other occupant of a throne is in the same position. But Theodore Roosevelt has been a law unto himself, wielding more power and influence than any titled ruler, besides thinking and saying and doing precisely what he pleased at any and all times, and, what is more wonderful still, getting away with it in great shape.

THE ROOSEVELT THE NEWSPAPER MEN KNOW

It is difficult to write an appraisement of Roosevelt from Washington which shall at the same time be an appraisement of the Roosevelt that is known "on the outside," as the newspaper correspondents say. These correspondents, and there are about a hundred and fifty of them who serve their papers, big and little, throughout the country, as members of the Capitol press galleries, have no illusions concerning Roosevelt. They think and say, many of them, that he is the most successful four-flusher that ever drew the breath of life, that he is careless in his handling of the truth, that he knows not the name of justice, that he distributes favors by fancy and not fairness, that he is as vain as a peacock, as confident as a god, as sensitive of criticism as a woman, as tenacious as a bulldog and as vindictive as a Malay. He is a good liker and a good hater and his blood is red and thick. And yet there are no same number of men in the United States who will admit more readily that Theodore Roosevelt is entitled, in all respects, to be called Roosevelt, the Dominant. Some of them have been laid across his knee and slippered, and from many of them he has withdrawn the light of his countenance for varying periods, usually for the most trivial of reasons.

Photograph by Clinedinst.

"Roosevelt, the Dominant," a study in physiognomy.

Censuring the press.

One newspaper man told the President he was going to Panama for his paper, and Mr. Roosevelt gave him some advice and suggestions as to what he should write. He didn't follow the advice and the President hasn't spoken to him since. Another newspaper man, stationed at the White House for a newspaper which editorially has said harsh things about the President, has to get the news from his colleagues. Under instructions from Mr. Roosevelt everything possible in the way of news is kept from him. The removal of other men from that assignment has been demanded, and there are many other instances which might be enumerated to show that the President has gone out of his way, sometimes very far out of his way indeed, to gratify the pettiest kind of personal spite.

Many say that the newspapers made Roosevelt. Certain it is that his assaults on corporate wealth, his roasts of the predatory rich, his labors for the uplift and his tree chopping, horseback riding, cross-country walking, tennis playing and other stunts have made not only good reading but live news. So far as his athletic performances go, it is not that he does them well, but enthusiastically.

But whether or not the newspaper made Roosevelt—which is at least debatable—at any rate it didn't take him long after he became President to reach his present eminence as a big noise and a dominant note. But having created, or at least having helped to set up, an idol, there was nothing for the newspapers to do but protect its feet. Which, with but few exceptions, they have done consistently and well.

In Congress—both branches, but particularly the House—they say things about Roosevelt. Hardly a member but has felt the spur and bears marks of the whip. They hate him, hate him hard and hot, but they are as afraid of him as they are of sudden death. They have done his bidding, coaxed into compliance or battered into submission, as suited their individual dispositions and Roosevelt's mood, and they have learned to obey. But they curse him viciously behind his back, and when in pack and afar from him they howl like jackals at the memory of the things he has done. Then, when he calls or whistles or snaps his fingers—and he is not always particular about his method of summons—they come to heel like beaten curs and fawn and whine and lick their little sweetened lumps of patronage from his hand. In Congress, as elsewhere, Theodore Roosevelt is Roosevelt, the Dominant.

Roosevelt's term in the White House had nearly ended when he sent in that now famous comment, contained in his annual

A "rebuke" from the House.

message of 1908, upon the action of Congress in limiting the activities of the Secret Service. He did not mince words. He told Congress that, in enacting that provision into law, it had done everything in its power to aid the criminal classes. He said the reason Congress did it was that members were afraid of being investigated themselves.

ENJOYING A RUMPUS WITH CONGRESS

What a rumpus there was! How the members talked when among themselves and how differently they behaved when in the open. One Republican member of the House, who cannot utter Roosevelt's name without cursing and who was particularly active in securing the passage of the secret service limitation, told me—and said he could prove it—that the President had pursued him to his district with Secret Service men during the campaign last fall and had aided materially in reducing his former majority by eight thousand. Yet this same member shivered when I suggested that his story be printed. And there are others of the same sort too numerous to mention.

But the slur in the President's message was too much for either branch to stand, without complete loss of self-respect. So the Senate decided to "investigate" the Secret Service and the House to "rebuke" the President. A special committee was appointed to do the trick.

One dollar a word.

He placed bent pins in the chair of national pride as Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

And such a rebuke as it was. The House asked Mr. Roosevelt please to produce any information in his possession bearing on his charges. And then the members sat and quaked and wept and hoped the President wouldn't be cross with them and think they had gone too far. They hoped he wouldn't send in a reply which dealt with their personal characters and they let that hope be known at the White House.

After years of this sort of thing in Washington and elsewhere, is it any wonder that Theodore Roosevelt has come to consider himself as only a little lower than the angels, to realize that he wields a power more potent than that of any old world ruler; to be contemptuous of suggestion, fretful under restraint, intolerant of opposition? Is it remarkable that he has come to feel that in him lies the right of the high justice, the middle and the low; that it is his to pardon or to punish, be the offender individual or community, municipality or state?

THE MINOR MORRIS INCIDENT

The Minor Morris incident is a case in point. Mrs. Minor Morris, a musician, a sensitive, high-strung woman, who all her life had been more or less eccentric, called at the White House to see the President. Representative Hull, of Iowa, her brother, about whom she wished to complain—and the cause of the complaint is not of importance—had thoughtfully tipped off the White House in advance.

When Mrs. Morris called everything was ready for her. The President declined to see her, and when she pressed her cause, she was told to take her choice between going quietly or being thrown out. Then came hysterics and a disgraceful scene, the woman being dragged a block over a wet asphalt pavement and her clothing torn and disarranged. Finally, she was thrown, neck and heels, into a waiting cab.

With the details of this affair the President, of course, had nothing to do. But he took it as a personal affront that public opinion in Washington should demand some redress, some indication that he disapproved the action of his subordinates, and, to show his contempt for that same opinion and to punish the people of Washington for daring to have one, he appointed one B. F. Barnes, an assistant secretary in his office and the man who had superintended the ejectment of Mrs. Morris, to be postmaster at Washington. As usual, the President knew what he was doing. The punishment is still going on

Thumbs down.

and is considered excessive. While still excited over this case the President wrote an important letter to the late Crosby Noyes, editor of the Washington *Evening Star*, taking the latter to task for the attitude of his paper. In this particular case Mr. Roosevelt was told to go and crack his plantation whip over some other head. was riding one day with a captain of cavalry, when, to show off, as he had often done before, he began to gallop his horse, pushing the animal to the limit. After a reasonable amount of this sort of thing, the cavalryman dropped behind.

"What's the matter?" called Roosevelt, over his shoulder, "can't you keep up?"

'Twill be different when Roosevelt becomes an editor.

'Twould have been helpful if the same advice had been given to him oftener.

Theodore Roosevelt never lies awake nights thinking of opportunities to be himself. He merely adapts opportunities to his use, as he finds them, and if there is a mischievous or malicious element in the adaption, then so much the better. He

"Yes," yelled the Captain in reply, "but I don't want to kill my horse."

Later Mr. Roosevelt told with glee how he had outridden a captain of cavalry, and not very long afterward was issued the first installment of the order providing "test rides" for army officers. His informal "test walk" of four months ago,

when he led a party of officers in uniform on a cross country stunt that included the wading of an almost frozen creek and a hand and foot journey along the edge of a cliff, is still well remembered—by the officers in question.

One of the few things that Mr. Roosevelt never was able to get away with was his spelling reform pronunciamento, which had been largely repudiated by authorities. But government documents are still printed according to his ideas and 'tis a safe bet that when he returns from his trip and begins to write, 'twill be found that he went "thru" the jungle, "kilt" a lion, "drest" its skin and "shipt" it home. He never was one to admit his mistakes, and under his present so-much-a-word contract, he'll get just as much for "thru" as "through." And the same applies just as well to other immodest abbreviations.

ROOSEVELT AND THE CONSTITUTION

Mr. Roosevelt, as President, was as careless with the constitution as with the language, and the constitution, up to the time he began to finger it, was considered something of a comprehensive document and is still looked upon by most people as the last word in the fundamentals of government by the people. But Roosevelt often found that document, supplemented by the provisions of statutory law, very much in his way, and when this happened he made interlineations of his own and on that basis went ahead. As some of the things he did were along the line of his personally conducted labors for the uplift—with farmers' commissions and other attachments—there will be many to defend. But his performances that were without a shadow of authority in law, including the razing of a railroad station in Washington that offended his eye and the construction of two government buildings out of an appropriation for one, are in truth too numerous to set down.

But Mr. Roosevelt is to leave us for awhile, and certainly the manner of his going is appropriate. He departs from the United States, the scene of his years of volcanic official and personal activities, and goes to another land to sound his dominant note. Shots will sound and blood will flow and his knife will find its living hilt. The scalps and skins of the kings of the jungle will dry upon his tent pegs. He will work and sweat and kill and be happy.

And then he will return, satisfied with the slaughter, fingering his crowded note books, posing amid his trophies. It will be quiet here, but he will not let it remain so. I venture the prediction that it will not be long after he gets back before he strikes the war post in the *Outlook* office and begins to pound the war drum and to chant. And there will be many to hear, and, if he writes over his signature in the *Outlook* some of the things that he has indicated to his friends he will, there will also be many to squirm and to suffer. For Theodore Roosevelt, aside from what other plans he may have for the future, intends to be to private life what he has been to official existence—the Dominant Note and the Big Noise.

"Health to the Lions."

TREED BY WOLVES

BY O. S. WHITMORE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

IT WAS years ago when the northern half of the lower peninsula of Michigan was covered with dense forests, largely of the noble white pine, which was already beginning to be cut down very rapidly.

It was my lot in those days to be engaged in some department of the lumber business all the year round, spending my winters usually in the pine woods, well up toward the north end of the peninsula, in a logging camp.

At the time when the incidents in this story occurred, I was running a camp of log cutters and haulers near the headwaters of the Manistee River, in what was the last camp on the river and the farthest away from civilization.

A new railroad had just been opened through that northern section, but trains only ran by daylight, as the road was built so hastily in order to accommodate the lumbermen in their various camps, and to obtain a land grant, that only a narrow road had been cut through the big timber, and it often happened that a heavy wind storm blew the closely growing trees down across the track, and every train was equipped with a full outfit of cross-cut saws, axes, jack screws and cant hooks so that the train crew, in an emergency, could cut the fallen trees in two, and roll them off the track.

In those days, as now, in all logging operations, we were obliged to get our camp established with an outfit of men and teams and tools early in November, in order to be ready for the first snows that should fall, on which to commence hauling logs. Consequently, I was obliged to leave my home in the city early in the month, not waiting for Thanksgiving and not expecting to spend any of the holidays with my family.

The new railroad passed within one-half mile of our camp, and to it we had built a good sleigh road, but there was no regular station within a good many miles up or down the road. There was a little post-office somewhere to the north, but where our road crossed the railroad tracks we nailed up a box on a pine tree, and the mail trains used to stop and the mail clerk would get off and leave all mail addressed to the name of our camp, while the engineer would whistle to let us know there was something for us. All our freight and any chance express packages were also left at the foot of the tree, and the whistle blown to notify us. If it was only mail, one long whistle was sounded; if an express package, two short and sharp ones; if coarse freight, like hay or barrels of salt pork, three short toots of the whistle were given, and we knew whether to send the chore boy horseback for the mail or in a light sleigh for express packages, or one of the teamsters in a heavy sled for freight.

Our camp consisted of two log cabins, each twenty-four feet wide by forty feet long, five rather large logs high on the sides, the gables logged up part way, and boarded the rest, with steep roofs of two thicknesses of pine boards, which we had hauled ninety miles up the river by team. One cabin was for the men, and contained a large lounging room with bunks like a ship's berth strung along the sides and one end, and a double tier one side of the middle, with an alley between it and the wall tier on that side. In the middle of

the largest open space was a square about eight feet wide, made of a frame of four logs filled with sand. In the middle of this our fire was built, and overhead was a large, sheet-iron umbrella with a flue about twenty inches square rising from the middle for a chimney, which passed up through the roof far enough to avoid danger from sparks and to make a good draft.

The two cabins were connected by a wide passage covered over with rough boards, and underneath this we had a big pile of dry wood cut from dead and dry Norway trees. Just outside of the entrance to the men's sleeping cabin, we dug a well early in the season, into which we put a long wooden pump and from which we obtained most excellent water.

My own room in the camp was partitioned off from one end of the men's cabin by rough boards and logs, and this room I used both for an office and sleeping room, and in it I kept a stock of smoking and chewing tobacco, some cheap cigars and pipes, and a fair assortment of heavy underclothing, with some outside clothing, and among the most important articles a line of highly colored sashes, which the men wore about their waists in place of suspenders. My bed was made of rough boards with a box on top about four feet wide, which was filled with hay, over which was spread a heavy double blanket. I had a pillow, also stuffed with hay, covered with an unbleached cotton slip, which I think the cook washed three or four times during the winter. For covering I had plenty of heavy brown blankets and usually slept as sound as a top, with scarcely ever any dreams except occasionally of my wife and little girls at home. My bunk was close up under the roof in one corner, and after my lantern was out, and I curled down for my nap, many a time I could look up through the cracks in the boards overhead and see the stars twinkling, while many a morning I woke up with quite a heavy snow bank across my feet. My room was warmed with a small box cast-iron stove with a pipe through the roof.

I spent my Thanksgiving in the woods, the most of the day in this little scaler's cabin, it being very stormy. We had managed to send out to civilization and get enough turkeys and chickens to make a pretty fair dinner for all hands, and I had also bought a box of raisins with which the cook managed to make some very fair plum pudding. We also had an abundance of apple sauce and some roast venison. But, as I have said, the day was stormy, and I spent the greater part of it in the scaler's cabin, at the rollway, that is, the place where we rolled the logs into the river after they were scaled. The snow fell in great sheets, like a vast fleece of wool, all day, and at night it was hard work tramping to the cabin after dark. But we had a good dinner at six o'clock, and I made the boys a little talk and cheered them up, and then we went to the men's cabin where a violin was brought out and tuned up, and the men cleared the main room of benches and chose their partners, and had a jolly stag dance, and at ten o'clock every one was sound asleep in his berth. No liquor of any kind was allowed in camp. Anyone found smuggling any in had it forcibly taken from him and emptied on the ground, and he was given his pay ticket and sent to the railroad crossing to find a job somewhere else. So the men all got up clear headed the next morning and were at their work as usual.

After this, work went on briskly, snow fell often, and we became more shut in than ever as time passed, no one coming near us from the outside, we seeing no one unless we went to the railroad crossing and saw the passengers and train men through the windows or on the steps. As Christmas drew nigh we all began to feel a little more lonely, and began to think more of home and loved ones, for a good many of my men were fine, sturdy fellows of good habits, who had good homes down in the southern part of the state or elsewhere, and we often wondered how Christmas time would be at home.

But the day before Christmas the locomotive on the passenger train in the morning whistled for an express package, and sending the boy down with a light sleigh he very soon came back with a large box for me, on opening which I found all sorts of Christmas presents and two small penciled letters from my two little girls. There were mince pies and apple pies, and pumpkin pies, and boned turkey, and a bowl well filled with plum pudding, with hard sauce, and there was even cranberry jelly to go with the turkey, and plenty of

the stuffing, and a lot of buttered biscuits.

I was almost sorry to receive the box, because there was really more than I could eat, and so little to go around with forty men. But I determined to give each one of them a little taste of home cooking if possible. And this I did. After eating a hearty meal myself the next day, which was Christmas, the men were given a half holiday, although we were not able to get the material for so good a dinner as on Thanksgiving. But the men had their dance at night, and went to bed seemingly quite contented. In the meantime during the day I had some work to do in the woods, and in the afternoon took some of the Christmas box down to the scaler's cabin by the rollway, nearly three-quarters of a mile, by a somewhat roundabout road from the cabin. Some of the teams came down late in the afternoon to do a little necessary work, and one of the teamsters urged me to ride home with him on his logging sleigh, telling me he had seen some timber wolves prowling about that afternoon, and we had heard them during the day running deer through the forest, which indicated that they were getting hungry, as the snow was so deep as to cut them off from finding any small game. I sent the scaler home early, and as I had a rifle and a revolver and a small axe with me in the little cabin, I told the teamster he need not wait but that I would come along soon.

He hesitated, but finally drove off slowly toward the cabin. After he had gone, I opened my box, and found some of the things were getting dry and somewhat stale from standing in the little hot cabin all day, and at my room at the camp the day and night before, and I threw them out onto the snow near the rollway, and went on with my work at the little desk.

Presently I heard a snuffing at the cabin door, and thinking it was possibly a big old hound dog belonging to the cook, who sometimes followed me all day, I opened the door to let him in. But when I did so, instead of the old dog I saw that it was some other animal nearly as large, and indeed two of them, who scurried out of sight over the river bank down the rollway. Even then the thought did not occur to me that they were wolves, old woodsman as I was, and well as I was acquainted with their habits, so I turned back in and soon finishing my work, prepared to take up my lonely walk to the camp.

I did not notice the rifle or revolver, the latter lying on the desk, and the former standing in the corner, but putting my papers in my pocket, and shoving the box of presents under the desk, I took a light axe, which I carried with me through the woods nearly all the time, and which I wanted in the morning before I came down to the cabin at all, stepped outside, closed and locked the door against any possible tramp woodsman who might be wandering around, and started up the road toward the camp with my lantern in one hand and my axe hooked over my other arm with the handle sticking out behind. I must be particular just now in order that the affair as it happened can be fully understood. I did not wear the conventional "boot pack" or "shoe pack," but a pair of high legged boots, over which I wore a pair of high Alaska overshoes, which were the proper thing to wear in those days in town, and which satisfied me in the woods as well.

My lantern was the ordinary one of those days, with a glass globe with wires about it, and burned whale oil in a lamp which fitted in at the bottom with two springs. This lamp was well filled with oil and was burning brightly, I having trimmed it well just before dark. I trudged along up the road, which was simply two deep trenches in the snow, which was nearly three feet deep on a level, and between these trenches a high ridge. Each one of the tracks was wide enough for comfortable walking, and was smooth and hard. I knew it was supper time, and that although we had our principal Christmas dinner at noon, I also knew that the cook had got up some extra delicacies for supper, and that the men would like to have me preside at the table. But looking at my watch, I found that I was quite too late for that, but still hurried rapidly.

My rubber soles made no sound on the smooth, hard snow, and there was scarcely a sound of any kind in the vast forest, the stillness being almost uncanny.

After walking perhaps one-fourth of a mile, all at once a sound struck my ear like a sort of soft "pit-pat," "pit-pat," which attracted my attention to such an extent that I at last stopped and looked behind

me to see if some one was coming. As soon as I stopped, the sound ceased, and listening for a moment, and hearing and seeing nothing, I turned about, and trudged on. But I soon noticed that as soon as I commenced walking, the pit-pat also commenced. And after a little while I stopped and turned around again, and again the sound ceased. Again I went forward, and again the sound commenced. It was weird. At first I did not think of wolves.

Presently I noticed the sound was not all behind me, but some of it was on either side of the road. And here I may say that the snow was nearly three feet deep on either hand, and as there had been a few soft days lately, followed by a heavy freeze, the snow was covered with a crust sufficient to bear the weight of a light man like myself. At last the tension became so great that the chills began to run up and down my backbone, and I must confess to feeling a little nervous.

But never being disposed to run away from any possible danger, I at last stopped and determined to find out what made the noise, and I took the back track for a few rods, and holding up my lantern so that it would shine down a straight stretch of road, I saw the reflection of light in two spots close together in one of the sleigh tracks, and looking closely, I discovered the same in the other track, and raising my lantern a little higher I saw several more pairs of what looked like eyes shining behind the first ones.

Quick as a flash, the consciousness came over me that I was being followed by a pack of big, gray timber wolves. I swung the lantern so as to let it shine over the crust of snow, first on one side of the road and then on the other, and soon discovered that there were a number of wolves stalking me on either side as well as behind. My first idea was to frighten them back, and making a rush backward down the road for a few rods, I shouted and swung my lantern and had the satisfaction of seeing the shining eyeballs all disappear in the distance.

Turning about, I started on a swift walk up the road toward the camp, shouting occasionally as I came nearer to it, hoping that some of the men might step outside for something, though knowing they were probably all at their Christmas supper.

Time after time, as I hurried on, I heard the soft footsteps of the wolves behind me, and alongside, and whenever I thought they were getting too near, I stopped, and turned about, and made a short rush toward them, and swung my lantern, and they fell back. But every time I did so I found they were nearer than before.

At last, I approached the last turn in the road, and across the bend I could see the lights in the camp, and I shouted again lustily for help, and thought to myself what a foolish thing I did in leaving my rifle and revolver at the scaler's camp. Just at this juncture, I stopped again, and turning about, swung my lantern vigorously, and shouted loudly, and as I turned I saw about ten feet to the right of the road a small, soft maple tree with the top broken off perhaps a dozen feet or more from the ground. The trunk of the tree was not much larger than an ordinary stovepipe, with some stubs of branches down quite near the ground. I was getting tired, and knew that the wolves would close on me if possible before I could reach the camp, which was still an eighth of a mile away. I well knew if my lantern went out or I dropped it they would jump upon me in an instant. And as I was thinking this, what should happen but this very thing. The rapid whirling of the lantern caused the springs of the lamp to collapse and the lamp fell, of course bottom side up, and went out. With only the stars left shining over me, I knew that a hand-to-hand battle with the wolves must follow. So as my lantern could do me no further good, I dropped it in the road, and seizing my light axe by the handle, I had just time as the foremost wolf, a huge brute with tremendous fangs, made a spring for my throat, to swing the axe and the sharp blade hitting him on the side of his head laid his brain open and he fell on the road with a piercing howl.

Quick as a flash it came to me that my only hope was climbing a tree, and there on my right in the dim light stood the broken-top soft maple, the only thing approaching a tree within my reach. As the wolf went down in the road the rest jumped upon him, as is their habit, and I sprang upon the snow crust, and started to climb the little maple. I can assure my readers that I did not lose any time, and that I

shinned up that almost bare trunk as I would not have believed it possible for me to do at any other time. But the wolves saw me escaping them, and those that were on the crust at the side of the road made a dash for me, and, just as I drew myself up almost out of reach, the foremost one made a spring and caught the heel of my right rubber overshoe between his fangs, and made a desperate effort to pull me down; but I had a firm hold on some small branches of the maple, and, giving a heavy jerk, I pulled my heel out of his mouth, and in a second was beyond their reach.

I climbed as near the top of the tree as possible, having a good hold. There I

waited for the onslaught of the entire pack, which I knew would not be long delayed.

It came almost instantly, and it seemed to me that the woods were full of big, gray wolves, all howling and gnashing their teeth in the hope of picking my bones. And there I was with no weapon, not even my axe, which I had dropped before I started to climb, and still fully an eighth of a mile from camp.

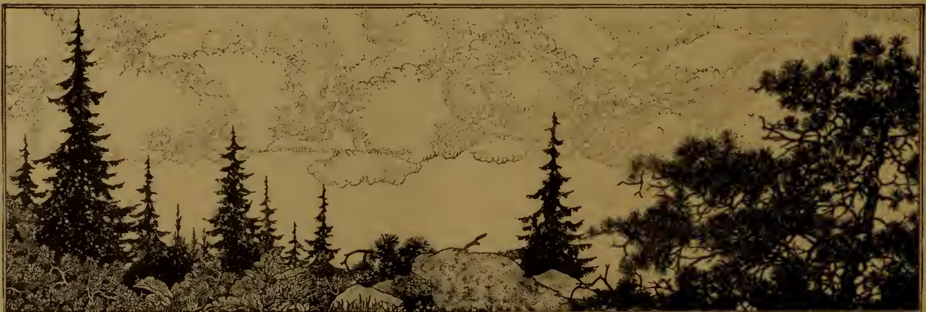
Feeling safe for a time, although the wolves fell to gnawing the tree, and fighting, and apparently climbing over one another in their efforts to reach me, I got my second wind, and having a pretty robust voice, I let it out in a loud call for help. I could plainly see the lights of the camp shining through the uncurtained windows, and I could even hear the oxen and horses in the log barn across the road, and I thought if I could hold out until the men were through supper, and the teamsters came out to attend to the horses and oxen, I could make them hear me.

While thinking thus, I saw the cabin door open by the glare of the lamps, and one of the men stepped out with a lantern in his hand. I again raised my voice in a most robust call for help, and I saw him stop suddenly, listen for a second, and then heard an answering shout, as he turned and rushed back into the cabin. In a moment nearly the entire forty men were out in the road. I heard him say something to the men which I afterwards learned was, "Come on, boys, for God's sake, the wolves have got the boss," and a dozen lanterns flashed in the night air, and shout on shout answered my call, and presently several rifle and pistol shots rang out, and I knew they were coming down the road as fast as their legs could carry them. It seemed scarcely two minutes before the whole body of men came rushing around the corner of the bend in the road, and some of them across the bend on the crust. I called to them to shoot low, as I was up a small tree, and safe so far. And they at once began to shoot, and I was saved from the wolves, who immediately began to run away with disappointed howls. As soon as they left the foot of the tree, I slid down onto the snow and the men crowded about me. They shot nearly a dozen wolves, killing half that number at least, and wounding as many more who got away in the darkness, leaving bloody trails on the snow.

As I stepped out into the road, I looked about for my lantern, but found the wolves had practically chewed it all to pieces, crushing the tin lamp, and sucking the whale oil, and licking it up from the frozen snow where it had fallen They had managed to break the glass. and had also gnawed the handle of my little axe so that it was almost worthless. But I was safe and sound, with no scratches except some on my hands that I had received in climbing the tree, and the marks of the wolf's fangs on the rubber heel of my overshoe. I always felt that it was that rubber heel, which yielded to the pressure of the wolf's jaws, that saved me from being pulled from my perch in the little soft maple tree.

With most of the men, I tramped on to the cabin, while the rest remained and skinned the dead wolves, bringing their pelts to the cabin an hour later.

Thus ended my Christmas day in a lumber camp in the big pine woods of northern Michigan.



THE BIOGRAPHY OF A FISHING REEL

BY EUGÉNIE JEFFERSON

"I bequeath to my friend, Honorable Grover Cleveland, my best Kentucky reel."
—*Signed, sealed, published and declared by the testator, Joseph Jefferson.*

THE history of this now famous reel has never been given to the public, although the above clause in the codicil of Mr. Jefferson's will attracted general attention, and was widely published in the press at the time the will was filed. It was said that Joseph Jefferson could not have demonstrated his affection for Grover Cleveland more clearly than he did by this clause in his will, as the reel is known to have been one of the actor's most treasured possessions.

This German silver reel was first the property of Dr. Preston Scott of Louisville, a man well known and well beloved in the whole community, who bought the reel direct from the maker, Ben Meek, of Kentucky, who was also the inventor, and of whom it was said at the time of his death that no other man had contributed so much to the enjoyment of those who find their greatest pleasure in angling.

Doctor Scott was descended from old Virginia and Kentucky families, and was one of the most prominent physicians in the South, and an ardent admirer of both Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Cleveland. At his death he bequeathed his reel to his son, Rumsey Wing Scott, of Washington, who married the granddaughter of Joseph Jefferson—eldest daughter of Thomas Jefferson. In Mr. Scott's home at Cleveland Park hangs, under glass, a fine tarpon weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, which was landed by this famous Meek reel (especially designed for this gamy fish) by Doctor Scott, in Florida.

The strangest part of the story of the life of the man who by his invention of this remarkable reel brought about a new era in the pursuit of game fish, is that he himself was no fisherman. His first reel was manufactured sixty-six years ago, just after the fish in the Kentucky streams had begun to bite freely. A friend, Judge Mason Brown, walked into the little watch making shop of the Meek Brothers in Frankfort. He was an enthusiastic angler, and the conversation naturally turned to the subject of fishing, of which the Judge said that the only drawback was the lack of a satisfactory reel.

"I will make you a reel, Judge, which shall leave nothing to be desired by the most exacting fisherman," Ben Meek remarked.

The reel was made and proved a revelation to fishermen, for it was the first time the quadruple multiplying gear and other improvements were used. It proved such a success that Ben Meek soon turned over his watch making business to his brother and devoted himself to the manufacture of reels exclusively. He moved in 1882 to the city of Louisville.

Ben Meek was an autocratic old man and apparently cared nothing for money. He refused to take out a patent on his reel.

"If any man can make a reel as well as I can, he is welcome to all the money he can make from it," he would say with a quiet smile. He sold his reels cheaply,

NOTE: This is a chapter from a book by Mrs. Jefferson, entitled "Recollections, Old and New, of Joseph Jefferson," soon to be published.

providing the purchaser did not ask the price when giving the order. To have the price asked first always angered him. "When a man gets one of my reels," he would say, "and finds out the kind of a reel he has, he is willing to pay all I ask for it. If he receives it by express and he has not sent me his check for it, the first time he goes out on the river, the voice in that reel will speak to his conscience. He will wind up his line and go home, and send me the money." The inventor was proud of his workmanship, and boasted that he never lost a cent from a bad customer, and his faith in his reel as a conscience awakener never failed.

Mr. Cleveland, who inherited the famous Joe Jefferson fishing reel.

The revolution which Ben Meek and his brother introduced into reel making was that of spiral gearing, by which an angler can handle a fish of great weight with as much ease as he could a four-pound fish with a spur gearing reel, and the care used by the inventor in making his reels will be appreciated when it is known that it took Mr. Meek, with the assistance of his two sons, one whole month to complete just seven reels.

When Joseph Jefferson played his last engagement in Washington Mr. Scott went to the actor-fisherman's dressing room between the acts of "Rip Van Winkle," and presented him with the fishing reel he had inherited from his father.

When Mr. Jefferson saw the reel he took it from Mr. Scott's hand saying: "Young man, what right have you to such a magnificent fishing reel? Where did you get this?"

When its possession and its history were explained, and after he had examined it carefully and listened to its singing click, which caused his face to beam, he humorously said:

"I'll send you the first whale I catch 'mit de North Pole.' Thank you, Rumsey, there is nothing in the world I would rather have, and I shall always prize it most highly."

Similarity of tastes and congeniality in many ways led to a warm friendship between the ex-President Grover Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson. The great statesman was a frequent visitor at the actor's various homes, both in Louisiana and Buzzard's Bay. He was also a visitor at the home of Charles Jefferson at Hobe Sound, Florida, and at his fishing camp at Meddy Bemps, Maine.

One room in Mr. Jefferson's house—"Crow's Nest"—was known as the Cleveland Room. It overlooked the waters of Buttermilk Bay, upon the shores of which body of water Mr. Jefferson had built his home. In this room Mr. Cleveland, during one of his visits to his friend, was confined by illness for two weeks, and it required the combined ingenuity and artifice of Mr. Jefferson's son, Thomas, to keep this fact from the numerous reporters who always increased the population of the little town of Buzzard's Bay whenever the great man was known to be in the vicinity. So clever was Tom in displaying large strings of fish (freshly purchased from the fishman at the rear of the house) as the day's catch, that it was not known to the press or the public how seriously ill the ex-President was. When the patient was convalescent, Tom took the Doctor's place in the sick room (Doctor Bryan being called to New York) as companion. The first day the illustrious patient was allowed out of his room the writer encountered him in the hall of the "big house" (so named by the members of the Jefferson family). Taking her by the hand in his fatherly way, Mr. Cleveland said:

"Thank you, my dear, for the loan of your husband for so long a time, and," he added, smilingly, "when I am re-elected, I shall make him Secretary of State—he plays such a good game of cribbage."

A neighbor of the noted angler's, one day driving from Sandwich, Massachusetts, to the little town of Bourne, near. Mr. Cleveland's home, saw two disconsolate fishermen standing in the dusty road outside of a stone wall. One of the men, the smaller of the two, seemed to be quite angry. His companion, however, appeared only to be quietly amused.

The neighbor was hailed by the angry man: "I say there, Benedict, who owns this land?"

He was told the name of the owner, and asked what the matter was.

"Matter," roared the irate fisherman, "we've been put off! That's what the matter is."

The shoulders of the large man shook with laughter as he disjointed his fishing rod and replaced it in its case.

"Did you catch anything?" inquired the man in the wagon.

"Catch anything," repeated the smaller of the would-be anglers, looking at his companion, "no! they wouldn't give us a chance; why, it's worth a premium to get through that underbrush. Who owns the damn land, anyhow?"

Again he was told the name of the owner. "I'll fish that stream yet, if I have to buy every acre of land it runs through."

And he did. The stream was stocked with trout and black bass. A pond was formed by building a dam, and many a good day's sport was enjoyed there by Joseph Jefferson and his friend, the Honorable Grover Cleveland.

Charles Burke Jefferson.

When the new owner came into possession of the large farm, a good portion was fenced off for the garden of the old caretaker, who had so conscientiously guarded the fishing privileges. His house was given him rent free and he stayed in it as long as he lived, to guard the property of his new landlord.

At the time of his last nomination, ex-President Cleveland had invited Mr. Joseph Jefferson and his sons, ex-Governor Russell of Massachusetts, with others, to his house, Gray Gables, to hear the returns read over a private wire from the Convention in Chicago. Just after midnight when the excitement was at its height, the ex-President suddenly arose from his chair, exclaiming, "I do believe I forgot to dry my fishing line," and left the room.

Toward morning when there was no longer any doubt as to the re-election of Grover Cleveland for the next four years, and after he had received the congratulation of all present excepting one, Mr. Cleveland turned to look for his friend. He saw Mr. Jefferson standing before the great landscape window, which was a feature of the new dining-room at Gray Gables, his hands folded behind his back, looking out intently upon the reflection of the rising sun, mirrored in the sparkling waters of Buzzard's Bay.

Mr. Cleveland approached him and touched his arm, "Joe, aren't you going to congratulate me?"

Mr. Jefferson turned immediately to his friend and grasped his hand.

"Ah, I do! Believe me I do congratulate you, but"—turning again to the beautiful picture, his face reflecting its glow—"Good God, if I could paint like *that*," his outstretched arm sweeping water and

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON
Nov 28 1894

Dear Charley
On the 15th day of December at 3. o'c in the afternoon, Captain Robley D. Evans commanding the U. S. Cruiser New York, and I will start from here for five or six days shooting in the marshes off South Carolina.

I.

You are not only invited but commanded to accompany us. There will be ~~fun~~ fun and you must allow nothing to prevent your going.

I forgot to say that duck shooting will be the order of the day with cheer and yarns and drinks thrown in.

need not write more fully for the arrangements in that you

II.

are to go as soon as
possible after receiving
this to the Brooklyn
Navy Yard and find
the U. S. Cruiser New
York (she is in the
dry dock) and inquire
for Captain Evans
Commanding her (he is
a splendid man) and he
will tell you all the
plans and many things
"to your advantage." He
will be expecting you.
He will come here on

III.

Dec 19th and you would
come with him and
stay with us one night.
Let me hear from you
Yours sincerely
Grover Cleveland

C. B. Jefferson Esq
30 [illegible] W. 30th St
New York

IV.

When former President Cleveland wished to go fishing for a royal good time, he wrote Mr. C. B. Jefferson.

Hobe Sound, Florida—Home of Mr. C. B. Jefferson, where Mr. Cleveland spent many happy days on fishing trips.

sky—"you could be President of a dozen United States and I wouldn't change places with you!"

One summer the ex-President with Joseph Jefferson, his son Thomas, and Karl Kettler, Mr. Jefferson's valet, left Buzzard's Bay for Boston on their way to visit Charlie Jefferson's camp in Maine. They dined at the Touraine Hotel, dinner being served in the private suite of rooms which had been engaged for them. Their train was to leave the North Station at nine forty-five, and about nine P.M. the reporters who had got wind of the illustrious party and who were waiting in the office below in hopes of news as to their destination, saw the younger Mr. Jefferson pass through the hotel office and heard him give the order for the carriage which was to take them to the railroad station. Mr. Jefferson was asked for information for the press, but declined courteously. Just then the ex-President himself appeared, and while he was waiting for his friend to join him, the reporters had an opportunity to question him.

"Oh, you mustn't bother me to-night," said Mr. Cleveland good naturedly, "I'm going into the woods—fishing."

On the following morning the papers in large headlines stated the fact that the party had passed through the city, but that no definite destination could be given. It was supposed, however, that they were on the way to Maine, and that from Bar Harbor Mr. Cleveland and the Messrs. Jefferson would proceed to "the woods"—wherever these might be.

They were on their way to Meddy Bemps, Maine, after black bass and land-locked salmon in the lake on the borders of the town of Meddy Bemps, in Washington County, where Charlie Jefferson had built a rough log house which he called his camp. It was twenty-two miles from Eastport and six miles from Ayers Junction. A more secluded spot would be difficult to find. The inhabitants had never seen an ex-President, and two of its most ambitious women, fearing they might never get a chance to see one again, had walked a long distance and rowed their own boat to the camp in the hope of having a side-view at least of the great man. When Grover Cleveland heard they were "without the camp" he graciously volunteered to receive them, whereupon one of them, overwhelmed by the unexpected encounter, stammered:

"H—how de dew—*Mrs.* Cleveland."

The visit of ex-President Cleveland to Meddy Bemps has not ceased to be discussed in that vicinity to this day.

The island upon which the camp was built was named Moss Island. It was nearly in the center of the lake and about

a mile and a half from the shore, and thickly wooded. The lake is seven miles long and four miles wide and contains about fifty small islands.

The face of the ex-President would wear a broad grin when he returned from a day upon the lake. He almost always had good luck, and generally carried a fine string of fish to prove it. Thomas Jefferson, who generally occupied the same boat with the ex-President, says it was the first time he had ever heard Mr. Cleveland say he had had enough. His face was well tanned in spite of his broad-brimmed hat. His interest in the sport was so keen that he would frequently have to be reminded by a companion that it was time to eat lunch. The day before leaving the camp the fisherman was fortunate enough to land an eight and a half pound salmon, which he carried with him when he rattled away over the rough roads.

Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Joseph Jefferson trout fishing in Sandwich, Mass.

The Boston Globe of August 23, 1903, published the following from THE OUTING MAGAZINE:

"To Grover Cleveland fishing is a science. It is not a pastime. He takes it seriously. He would not be more earnest addressing a public meeting, where his words would be flashed over the country to be read by millions, than when he sits in a small boat, and with infinite patience waits for a bite.

"The thing that impresses one most about the ex-President when he gets so close to nature is his simplicity. He wears an old brown suit, with a soft hat pulled down over his face. . . . In these old clothes he may appear to lack polish, but he certainly does not lack strength. . . . He is very methodical in his habits on his fishing trips."

Mr. Cleveland would breakfast at eight o'clock promptly, then down to the dock and into the boat, and as he settled himself

Photograph by T. E. Marr.

Joseph Jefferson at Crow's Nest, Buzzard's Bay.

Princeton June 15. 1905

Dear Charley:

I received a day or two ago the Kentucky reel, which under the will of your father you sent to me.

I hope I need not say how much I value this possession, made sacred by delightful comradeship and tender memories. Nothing could have been given me from your father's estate that would have been so near to the association in which I most love to recall him.

What you say of the closeness of the relations between your father and you I have abundant reason for knowing; and it must be a delight to you to be able to remember nothing ~~relating~~ but pleasant things in those relations.

Please give my love to Mrs Jefferson, in which Mrs Cleveland joins, and believe me.

Yours faithfully

Grover Cleveland

C. B. Jefferson Esq
Buzzards Bay Mass

Mr. Cleveland's letter acknowledging receipt of the famous fishing reel.

in the stern and began to get his lines, pole and reel ready for action he "looked the part," as Thomas Jefferson told him, "of a satisfied man."

After a simple dinner, eaten upon the return of the fishermen in the dusk of the evening, the party would talk over the events of the day, enjoying a quiet smoke, a game or two of cribbage, and at an early hour the three men would bid each other good night. Soon the lights would disappear and a stillness reign, which to one unfamiliar with it seemed almost appalling.

The friendship and the desire for the companionship of Charlie Jefferson, which Grover Cleveland felt, will be recognized in the many letters which he wrote to him arranging for fishing and hunting trips which they so often enjoyed together.

After the death of Mr. Joseph Jefferson, his son Charles sent Mr. Cleveland the reel his father had bequeathed to him, and received the letter reproduced on page 744 in facsimile, in acknowledgment of the last gift of his old friend and comrade.

When, three years later, it became evident that Mr. Charles Jefferson had but a few hours to live, a letter was written by his brother, Tom, to the wife of the ex-President informing her of the fact, and asking her to prepare Mr. Cleveland, that the sudden news of the death of his friend might not be a shock to his own enfeebled condition. Mrs. Cleveland in thanking the family for their thoughtfulness—after the death of her husband, which followed that of Mr. Charles Jefferson by twenty-four hours—stated that a mutual friend, in

Collection Chas. A. Nalker.

"A Comedy"—acted in Camp, "Meddy Bemps," by Joseph Jefferson and Thomas Jefferson.

speaking of the coincidence, said, "Just as it was in the old fishing days," implying that Charlie always went just ahead.

It was always one of Charlie Jefferson's pet boasts that before he died he intended to help make both of the Cleveland boys just half as good fishermen as their father.

"To one who knew Buzzard's Bay and the summer colonies," says Acton-Davies, "as they were ten years ago, the fact that these two stanch old friends and enthusiastic fishermen, Grover Cleveland and Charlie Jefferson, should have died within twenty-four hours of each other could not fail to seem what it is, a tragic coincidence. The great friendship which existed between the dead ex-President and the late Joseph Jefferson was a matter of national knowledge, but as a literal fact during the fishing season at Buzzard's Bay, Charlie Jefferson and Mr. Cleveland were much more together than Mr. Cleveland and the elder Jefferson. The reason was simple enough. Mr. Cleveland and Charlie were fishermen pure and simple. Nine o'clock in the morning found them at the boat ready to start, rain or shine.

"The elder Jefferson was a loyal fisherman, but he worshiped other gods, too. His paintings, of which at his death he left a studio full, absorbed a great deal of his time, and those days were not infrequent when he forsook temporarily fly, reel or hook, line and sinker, for the more soothing charms of the palette and brush.

"The sympathy and complete lack of ostentation which distinguished the home life of the great statesman were equally as strong a feature in the home life of the great actor and his eldest son."

The Kentucky reel is now in the possession of the widow of the ex-President, who holds it in trust for her own sons. She says in a letter upon the subject to the writer:

"I feel sure Mr. Jefferson expected they would have it. . . . Mr. Cleveland's agreement to you was that it should go back to your family if it ever left ours."

But it never will!

CLIMATE AND HEALTH

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, A.M., M.D.

AN was born in the open. No matter how thickly his primal instincts may have been coated with the veneer of civilization, the call of the sunlight, of the open sky, of the wind on the heath, ever rouse an echo in his bosom. It was no mere illusion which led him in all ages to push far westward beyond the frontier, in search of the Fountain of Perpetual Youth. Thousands upon thousands have actually found it in the shape of a new lease of life.

Wherever man can see earth and sky meet, with neither rubble heaps of brick and mortar, or prisons of stone to mar the perfect beauty of their union, there health, there happiness and new life are to be found. The strength that is born and bred upon the open plains, the mountains and the salt seashore is poured into our cities to become the motor power of our civilization. To maintain the balance, yes, to preserve our national life, a reverse current must be established, flowing in the opposite direction. The increasing width and depth of this stream is one of the most hopeful features of our modern civilization. Men are growing weary with the clang and grime of the city life, and have the intelligence to take a respite while they can, and to see the value of a breathing spell in the fight. Men who feel that the strain of the struggle, keenly as they enjoy it, is proving too much for them, men who are clear-eyed enough to see the wisdom of giving their children the priceless dower of a life in the free air, such as they had in their boyhood, are turning to the open spaces, the prairie, the mountain and the desert as never before.

The world lies open before us. Where shall we go? Air out of doors is always good air. Physicians and climatologists are practically agreed that that climate is best which will tempt one to spend most hours of most days of the year in the open air. And, other things being equal, any climate in which a man or woman can enjoy active life in the open air will prove of benefit to them. While this point of view pours before us a positive *embarras des richesse* in the matter of choice of climate, it enables us in another way to limit our problem. Any quarter of the globe which embraces a reasonable range of degrees of latitude from north temperate to sub-tropic, and of altitudes from sea level to 5,000 feet, will present at least one, and generally from five to ten climates which will be perfectly suited to any individual case. We are, in fact, almost in the position of Mr. Kipling's Ung, the Bard of the Cave Men, who, after several combats to the death with his lyric rivals over the question of the proper meter for war songs, was informed by his totem in a vision of the night:

"There are nine-and-sixty ways
Of constructing tribal lays,
And ev'ry - single - one - of - them is *right*."

From an experience of over a decade of *Wanderjahren* in the climates most affected by health seekers, I have little hesitation in saying that, where the choice is made with any reasonable degree of intelligence, out of six localities to which the health seeker might have gone, he would have obtained benefit in at least four. The choice of a climate is not a perilous and nerve-racking decision, the entire success of which depends upon hitting upon the one ideal climate in the whole world, but simply the selecting of one out of six or seven localities, any one of which will do all that climate can do to restore health.

It certainly is not necessary to extend our view beyond our own continent, or even beyond our own country, for every conceivable variety of sunshine, of cloudiness, of moisture or dryness, of temperature, of altitude, of mountain and river, of desert and sea coast, of smiling beauty and rugged sternness that can be found in the world can be matched within the confines of the United States. The only advantages possessed by the European resorts are those which depend upon their traditions and reputation, their fashionableness, upon the completer change of scene that in some cases they may give, not merely climatic, but social. Until within the last two decades, they had the further advantage of being more thoroughly organized and prepared for the care of the health seeker in the way of both hotels and sanatoria, and a corps of experienced physicians who were thoroughly familiar with the climate. But this advantage has almost completely disappeared, and there is now scarcely a climate or a region in the United States which does not possess from one to a dozen resorts, colonies, hotels or sanatoria, the larger and better known of which are equipped with an admirable corps of intelligent and well qualified physicians, many of whom have won back their own health in the climate.

For the Riviera, with its Alps in the background, its blue sea and its warm soft wind from the desert, we have southern California, with its snow-tipped Sierra Madres, its orange groves and its sapphire sea. For the cold, clear air, green valleys and snowy summits of the Engadine, we have a score of mountain eyries, ranging from the Adirondacks in winter to the half-continent that stretches from the Rocky Mountains in Colorado on the east to the eastern slopes of the Cascades in Oregon and Washington on the west, covering the whole breadth of an inter-mountain plateau, and limited only by the international boundary lines to the north and south. We have twenty Nile valleys in this great desert plateau region, a hundred Hartz Mountains scattered all over the continent, half a dozen of them in the Carolinas alone, while the waters of almost every European spring and "Bad" can be duplicated in from two to five places on this side of the Atlantic.

Suppose, then, that we have selected, with the aid of competent advice, three to five different climates which will be suitable for our particular needs. We are then at liberty to make our selection among these, according to more practical considerations, such as accessibility, expense of living in the locality, the presence of friends or relatives, the facilities for some occupation, habit or sport in which the health seeker happens to be especially interested. The man or woman who has an outdoor hobby, a field sport, a game, or an interest in birds, flowers or rocks, has in this an invaluable asset for health purposes. A climate where they can have their garden, or their saddle horse, or find their favorite trout stream, or follow their favorite game bird, or ride to the hounds, or hammer fossils out of the rocks, or skate, or row, or swim, with greatest enjoyment at the particular time of the year concerned, is the one, other things being equal, which is likely to do them the most good.

It must be frankly recognized by the health seeker that there is no such thing as an ideal climate. Every climate has its advantages for some particular purpose, and usually attached to this a corresponding disadvantage. There is no particular value in warmth, as such. On the contrary, many diseases, including some cases of consumption, do much better in cold climates. There is no special advantage in altitude, as such. It is positively injurious to certain conditions of the heart, lungs and nerves. There is no overwhelming advantage in dryness of climate as such. Catarrhs of all sorts are almost as common in the excessively dry air of the mountain and of the desert as they are in the moist air of the sea coast. We have not got over our marine or amphibian ancestry yet, by a good deal, and require an abundance of moisture at some time of the year in order to thrive. It has been no mere accident which has led the white race to spread and flourish along those levels of latitude which we term the temperate zone or green rain-belt.

Physicians and physiologists are coming to the somewhat unexpected conclusion, that, taking it the year around, for the majority of individuals, except those who are ill with some definite disease, the most healthful climate is not the warmest or the

driest or the most equable, but the one which has considerable extremes of annual variation of temperature, and moderate daily ones, with a fair amount of cold, and at least twenty-five to forty inches of rain per annum. This latter is beneficial and necessary, not only for the grass and grains and fruits upon which man and his cattle live, but for the air that enters into his lungs and bathes his skin. Our best results and highest percentage of cures in consumption, for instance, are now obtained in northern sanatoria, or on high, cold mountain tops.

Not only is there no such thing as an ideal climate, except at certain times of the year for a particular disease, but the health seeker will find that climates the world over, within certain ranges, are a good deal more alike than they are unlike. It rains and snows occasionally even in southern California. Mountain altitudes and deserts, as an offset to their clear, dry air, usually have a most abominable amount of wind with sand- or dust-storms at some time of the year, no matter how the guidebooks may lie about it.

If you go to the North, or to the mountain tops, you must be prepared to face cheerfully snow and blizzards and sleet in the winter time, and wind, rain, or fog at any season. If you go to the South or to the desert, you have to figure on a season of even greater discomfort during the five to seven months of summer. Don't expect miracles any more in the realm of climate than anywhere else. Go prepared to take advantage of the best weather, and to bravely defy all but the most intolerable parts of the worst weather, and your change of climate will do you good in eight cases out of ten wherever you go.

In the past, most of the health resorts have been in the South, because as a matter of fact, most so-called health seekers are really warmth-seekers, running away from the cold and the sleet of our hyperborean winters to bask in the warmth and sunshine of the South. Unintelligently and indiscriminately employed in this fashion, change of climate does only a very moderate amount of good.

In the days when we sent our European consumptives to the Mediterranean and the Canary Islands, and our American ones to the West Indies and Florida, the majority of them did not recover. They simply died more comfortably, and often more rapidly than if they had remained at home. If any one goes South to avoid the trouble of ventilating his bedroom properly, or taking sufficiently vigorous exercise in the open air to get up a glow and defy the frost, he is doing himself harm rather than good.

Practically, however, the majority of health resorts will continue to be in southerly latitudes, for two reasons: One, that a healthy, agreeable open-air life can be led almost anywhere within the temperate zone in summer time. Hence the great majority of invalids scarcely think of formally "going away for their health" except in the winter time. And secondly, that when this seasonal limitation, viz., that they must be available in the winter time, has been imposed, those that present the greatest number of inducements to live and sleep in the open air, are those which will give the best results. We are, however, rapidly widening our range in this particular, as we are finding that, except for the most delicate and sensitive constitutions, a visit to the woods, to the mountains, to the sea coast in winter time, will, for those who have the courage to take it and to expose themselves bravely to the weather, be as beneficial as a trip to the blue skies and languorous airs of the South. In fact, in the majority of cases, more benefit will be obtained in a shorter time in one of these Northern resorts than in many Southern ones. Physicians are coming more and more to recommend their health-seeking patients to the Adirondacks in the winter time, the Canadian Highlands, the Maine woods and lakes, such bracing coast climates as Atlantic City and Lakewood, and such moderately stimulating climates as the mountains of Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia, where "the chill is off" the air, but it is still bracing and keen.

This explains why the frontier has always had a reputation as a health resort. Most of us can remember how in our younger days health seekers of all sorts, asthmatics, lithemics, and above all, consumptives, were sent out to the banks of the St. Lawrence, to the virgin forests of Michigan, or to the prairies of Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota,

to the Canadian Northwest, to the plains of Nebraska, Wyoming and Kansas, and while accurate data are of course lacking, it would be safe to say that at least 50 per cent. more of these recovered than of those who simply drifted south like wildfowl before the winter storms. The reason, in a nutshell, was that life in the open *was the only life which was possible* on the frontier, and is practically yet. The consumptive's greatest enemy, the house, was conspicuous by its absence; such imperfect substitutes for it as existed, were really so loosely built as to be self-ventilating and to allow the winds of heaven free access at all hours and seasons, or so uncomfortable and unattractive, that the sufferer could not "den up" in them with any sort of comfort, and was obliged to turn for enjoyment to the open air in self-defense.

To this day, in the sub-tropical health resorts like Arizona, New Mexico and southern California, one of their chief practical advantages is that patients have to go out and sit in the sun to get warm. The high price of fuel in Southern California and other Southwestern resorts is really a blessing in disguise, though you wouldn't think so to listen to the language of the average tourist and hear his teeth chatter.

This brings us to another practical advantage of going out upon the frontier and to the majority of not too highly civilized and pampered health resorts, and that is, that the whole scheme of life of the entire community is based upon a life in the open, and free from the strains and confinements of ordinary business and social life. At home, the health seeker, by even intelligent life-in-the-open methods, finds himself in a minority and apt to be looked upon as a freak, one who excites curiosity, if not derision. As the children say, he "has no one to play with." Out on the frontier he finds scores of other men and women who are living with the same object in view. Many of them, having recovered their health and become prominent and influential members in the commercial and social life of the community, the whole life of the village, of the settlement, of the colony, is laid out upon healthier, broader, less strenuous and more reasonable lines than that of the Eastern community from which he has come. While preserving plenty of snap and interest in life, a little of the golden haze and sunlit calm of the lotus eater has tinged the mind of the people. It is easier to live simply, naturally and healthfully than in the whirl and rush of the city or even Northern country life.

Here is another great advantage of the American over the European health resort. You need not cut yourself off from the currents of human interest and contact with human progress by becoming a health exile. Problems of the greatest interest, experiments of the highest value to the race are continually in the air and in process of experimentation and solution on the frontier, and upon the borders of the desert. It is easy to become interested in some of them, to develop a hobby, and still live a free, active open-air life. In the European health resort you are at best only one of a group of wealthy idlers, or valetudinarian loafers, altogether isolated from and out of touch with the problems and interests of the people and the country.

As a wealthy German business man of southern California once put it to me:

"Dese tourist beeples, dey comes out here so seek, dey don't care for nuttin'. Preddy soon, dey begins to get better, und den dey begins to look around and take notice. By und by dey see some dings dat looks goot to dem, und dey send back home for a chunk of money, und begins to butt in in business. Und den you got to look out for dem!"

Some of the most successful men in business, in the professions, in politics, in the great Southwest, who are living happy, active, useful lives, are men who have gone out broken in health and despondent, hoping little more than to be able to spend the remainder of their days in comfort.

Not merely are we coming to the conclusion that a climate is valuable for health in proportion to the extent to which it invites to life in the open air, in a broad and general sense, but also with respect to particular diseases, in those which are the immediate or after result of specific infections. We know now that the house and the room are the home and the breeding place of infections and of germs of all sorts, and the open air and sunlight their greatest

enemies. Whether a patient be suffering from tuberculosis or recovering from pneumonia or typhoid, or from scarlet fever, or diphtheria, or rheumatic fever, or appendicitis, life in the sunlight and in the open is the course which will both most diminish his risks of further infection and build up his resisting powers to throw off the enfeebling after-effects of disease.

Another great group of disturbances of health, are due probably to the slow formation or accumulation of waste or other poisonous products in the blood, such as gout, rheumatism, Bright's disease, asthma. Again it is the stimulating effect of exercise and life in the open, with the sting of the wind and the kiss of the sunlight, which will do most to oxidize and burn up these poisons and enable the body to eliminate them. Change of climate, as such, is beneficial, also in the later stages of heart disease, Bright's disease, diabetes, paresis and paralysis of various sorts and chronic diseases of the nervous system, in which patients are unable to stand the shocks and strains of temperature, of wind, of storm and of fog, which would not be merely harmless, but stimulating to individuals in perfect vigor. The chief requirement is a sunny and equable climate at that particular time of the year, free from storms and from violent alterations of temperature, moisture, or of electrical tension. In our expressive vernacular phrase, they have got "under the weather," instead of superior to it, and must avoid strains and stress if possible.

In fact, disappointing as it may sound in some respects, the vast majority of health seekers, whether they are suffering from actual disease and its after-effects or from depressed conditions which are likely to invite the attack of serious disease, need demand of a climate only that it shall be (at the time of year they resort to it) sufficiently mild to make walking, riding, working or sitting in the open air agreeable and attractive, and sufficiently bracing either from temperature or altitude to stimulate both the appetite and the desire for active muscular exercise. And not least, sufficiently far away, or sufficiently different, to give them a complete change of scene, air and habits of life so as to get them out of the deadly rut of real or imaginary duties, responsibilities, or so-called pleasures, which have in eight cases out of ten created their disease.

This leaves a wide and cheerful range of choice open to us. Following the advice of Goethe, and turning first toward that which "lies nearest to us," we have the pine-clad slopes of Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, an air laden with the balsam of the pines perpetually, but charged with the ozone of the open sea. Their lovely valleys and winding streams, their well-drained and porous soils invite to and provoke every kind of riding, driving, climbing, hunting and fishing. They have the warmth of the tropics, to rob the wind of its savagery, and yet sufficient elevation and enough of the tang of the sea to keep the joy of life up to the highest pitch.

Next, turning westward, we come to the gigantic upward heave of the backbone of the continent, in Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, with its high, dry, level, shoulder-plateaux which slope gradually down from it for half an empire on either side. Here we have a clear, brilliant, intoxicating air, a flood of sunshine the year around, and an absence of violent extremes either of winter's cold or summer's heat. Probably no climate in the world has ever excelled this for consumption and for asthma. Its only drawbacks are its extreme dryness, which, after a time, becomes irritating to some mucous membranes, its equinoctial wind and dust storms and, as the French say, "the faults of the virtues," its altitude. This latter, which in the different resorts varies from 4,000 to 8,000 feet, throws an undesirable and in some cases unbearable strain upon diseased or weakened hearts. It also has a peculiar overstimulating and exciting effect upon some nervous systems, especially in those who are the victims of neuralgia, neurasthenia and other nervous troubles. They become restless, irritable, are unable to sleep, lose their appetites, and if the symptoms are not heeded and removal made to a lower altitude, a breakdown may result. Some of this increase of nervous tension, which has to be watched out for in certain classes of patients, is unquestionably due to the incessant glow and dazzle of the sunshine, which for other cases is one of the chief advantages of the climate. Cloud is as essential to health as sunshine.

Cases of tuberculosis, or asthma, of over-

work and nervous depression, and even of the early stages of heart and kidney troubles do very well here. But cases of marked defect of either heart or kidneys, or of strong neurotic tendency, should select preferably a lower altitude. Similar conditions prevail across the whole of the inter-mountain area from the Rockies to the Cascades and Sierras, and the choice of either a temporary or a permanent residence within this belt can be determined largely by individual preferences and local conditions, such as accessibility, scenery, congenial company, food-supply, etc.

When once we cross the summit of the Cascades, we enter a totally different climate, an air which is mild, gentle and moist, but never depressing. A country of green mountains, of dazzling snow-tipped peaks, of grass, of moss, of fern, which knows neither the bareness of winter nor the brownness of summer; a land which has all the best and most invigorating qualities of the cradle of our Teutonic race, with none of its savagery or extremes. This new cradle of the blond Aryan race centers in Oregon, extending northward to British Columbia and southward to northern California, the home of the giant redwoods. From one end to the other it is the home of tall trees and tall men, of the apple, the peach, the prune and the pine, the land of the green valley and the rushing river. The rosy pink of its orchards every spring is equaled only by the sunset glow upon its peaks of eternal snow. It is the charmed land of the American continent, where a tempered sun, a mild climate and a fertile soil give man the stimulus of the green and rain-swept North, with the luxurious returns for moderate effort of the teeming tropics. The most restful and soothing climate in the world, the land where "it is always afternoon," the ideal home for the blond races upon this American Continent, and not half appreciated yet at its full value.

If you have never seen Oregon, Washington or British Columbia in the summer, or California in the winter, you lack important qualifications for imagining what the climate of heaven may be like. And what is no small matter to the invalid, who needs abundant nutrition as well as rest and exercise, is that all this region from the Canadian line to the Santa Clara Mountains fairly teems with everything that is nutritious and attractive in the way of fruits and vegetables, fish and game, wheat, oil, nuts, and the cattle upon a thousand hills.

Oregon apples and salmon have already an international reputation, and the only reason that the cherries or strawberries and plums, pears, apricots, peaches, oysters, shad and crawfish have not a similar eminence, is because their perishableness limits their shipping.

The southern half of the Pacific Coastal belt is occupied by California, and the name by itself arouses visions of delight. The very name of California carries with it a puff of warmth and sunshine. It raises a picture of green valleys and hillside vineyards basking in the sunlight, of blue mountains tipped with frosty white, looking down upon dark green billows of fragrant orange groves. The bane of the tropics, steaming days and sweltering nights, she escapes entirely by virtue of her snow-tipped mountains on the one hand and the cool blue sweep of the great Kuro-Siwo, or Japan Current, on the other; pouring down from Bering Sea, melting the frosts of Alaska, cooling the nights of California, making the climate of the Pacific Coast unique in the Western Hemisphere. It has the sun electricity of the tropics, with the cool nights of the green rain belt, the fire of the South with the stamina of the North. The blue sea, bright sunshine and white mountains that made "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome," are hers also. She will one day become the Greece of the New World.

She has the climate of the Riviera, of the Mediterranean Basin, tempered by from 500 to 5,000 feet of altitude. A climate where the air is always pure and exhilarating, no matter what the temperature of the season. Sweep the wind currents in from the west or the south, it is the air of mid-ocean dried and scented by filtering through fifty miles of pine-clad coast range. Pours the air stream in from the east or north, it is the clear, bright air of the desert, cooled by crossing the mile-high rampart of the snowy Sierras.

Crossing the Sierras we enter the fourth great health region of the United States, the great Southwest, embracing Arizona, southern Nevada, New Mexico, southern

Utah and Colorado. This has much the same qualities as the great northern plateau of which Denver and the surrounding region is typical, but with the addition of a throb and glow of the tropics in its blood.

In spite of its wide, level stretches, it lies surprisingly near the sky, and the air intoxicates like champagne. The desert has a wonderful beauty of its own, fascinating, and with a spice of danger in it. When you can once rid yourself of the obsession that life and fertility consist exclusively of pulpy green meadows, with waving corn and woolly sheep and pudgy little dickey birds, the desert, instead of waste and desolate and bare, becomes what it really is, full of color and life and beauty. The splendid amethyst tints of the distant mountains, the fiery colors of red and ocher and green of the faces of the cliffs and buttes, the fresh clean scent of the sagebrush in the clear, bright, spicy air, which seems to have just blown up from the very beginnings of the world and of life—soon come to have a charm for one, like the memories of his childhood. Every sense is alert and quickened, every appetite at its keenest. Depression and discouragement disappear, as if by magic. Man begins to feel as if were he one with the wind and the mountains and the sunshine. No tonic has ever yet been invented which is fit to be mentioned in the same calendar year with the air of the desert.

Upon one point, however, we wish to raise a note of warning, and that is, to put it briefly, that climate is only one-half the cure. The second pillar upon which all our modern sanatorium treatment, not merely of tuberculosis, but of neurasthenia, of anæmia, of dyspepsia, is based, is rich and abundant food. Our standard, for instance, in some of the camp sanatoria for tuberculosis, is three square meals a day, besides from a dozen to a dozen and a half raw eggs and two quarts of milk. Patients are trained as systematically to take large amounts of nourishing foods, as they are to lie in the open air. In the very nature of things, deserts and mountain tops are places where crops do not grow, except at great labor and expense, consequently the supply of food is either poor and inadequate, or has to be shipped in from long distances and is correspondingly expensive.

To allow a poor consumptive to spend his last fifty dollars on his railroad ticket, and land himself in a country where expenses of all sorts are nearly double what he has been accustomed to in his Eastern home, in the fond hope that climate alone will cure him, is often to condemn him to a swift and distressing death under conditions of much hardship and suffering. The same money, burned up in two short months by his traveling expenses and the high price of food, would have paid his expenses for six months at some home sanatorium and been much more likely to have effected a cure.

I can speak from repeated personal experiences when I say, that for a patient to go West or South without plenty of money to supply himself with the best of food and care, for at least three to six months, and to build his own shack, or rent his own cottage, is simply one way of committing suicide by a very disagreeable route.

The cheap and abundant food supply of our Northern regions is, in consumption, pretty near an offset to the climatic advantages of the South and Southwest. Moreover, from a practical point of view, it is a great advantage to the consumptive to be cured in the climate in which he expects to live and work in future. How many times have I heard it said by physicians in Arizona and California, "Oh, yes, So-and-so came out here, did splendidly, stayed six months and then went back home, sure he was cured. When the cold weather came, he began shutting his windows again, and within three months I heard he was dead."

Our greatest and most precious health heritage, the open air, lies all about us. All we have to do to take possession of it is to step out of doors, wherever we are. Sleep with our windows open the year around—let nothing rob us of our inalienable right to from two to four hours of every day in the open air and the sunlight, and we can defy most of the pestilences that walk in darkness and lurk in the foul, stuffy air of crowded rooms.

Neither tuberculosis nor pneumonia are ever caught in the open air. Houses are what they need to breed in. If you find that you cannot stand the confinement of the city life, give ear at once to the Call of the Wild and go to the woods.

LITTLE STORIES

JUDGMENT REVERSED

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

OR the third time since he had entered the narrow ravine, Judge Ackerson, forgetting his trout-line, scowled over his shoulder with a puzzled expression on his handsome old face. For the third time he saw nothing but the steep and sylvan hills, and the brook between them, here plunging under green arches of foliage and there halting solemnly in shining pools, which, like heliographs, flashed mysterious signals at the descending sun.

Still frowning uneasily, the Judge turned again upstream. His uneasiness was not due to lack of acquaintance with the country. He had often thought during the past winter, while he was at his stern work on the bench, of the wild solitude of this glen among the New England mountains. Sarcastic lawyers alleged that the Judge liked to fish because he was fond, outside the courtroom as well as in it, of seeing his victims squirm. The lawyers were mistaken. It was the loneliness and silence of the sport which appealed to him. Ackerson was a lonely man, soothed by lonely places.

He traversed many yards of the brook before he paused for the fourth time. Now, however, he laid down his rod, frankly mounted a high, shelving rock, and scrutinized each thickly wooded bank with the same piercing suspicion with which he was accustomed to scrutinize a tender-hearted jury. His trained instinct of the woods whispered to him of something wrong.

The Judge glanced at his watch, and was oddly relieved to find a reasonable pretext for unrigging his line. His fingers were big, in keeping with his big, well-nurtured frame; but he handled the tackle with the deft solicitude of a veteran sportsman, and the task absorbed his attention. When he raised his eyes from the fly-book, they were confronted by the grave eyes of another man who crouched behind a stump, not a score of feet away.

"Well, my friend," chuckled Ackerson, "I thought I wasn't alone. Trouting? Any luck?"

The stranger rose slowly and drew a queer, broken breath before he spoke. He wore a heavy cap, and had turned the collar of an incredibly ragged coat close around his neck; a stubble of beard covered his thin cheeks. He held one of his hands out of sight.

"Yes, some luck," he sighed painfully. "I've got what I'm after."

Partly because the man was sheepishly concealing something behind him, and partly, perhaps, from mental habit, the Judge was convinced that he had detected a law-breaker, who fished with nets or lime. He was vaguely sorry that he had left his pistol at the village hotel.

"Yes," reiterated the vagabond, "I've got what I'm after, Judge Ackerson."

"What's that you're hiding?" demanded the Judge sharply. "I don't know you. I don't remember——"

"Oh, but you will!" snapped in the man, and leaned over the stump, his eyes suddenly afire. "You will know me, Judge Ackerson. I'm Carler—Jim Carler. Now do you know? You gave me nine years—me, innocent—and I cursed you in the dock, and took an oath, and kissed a steel chain, there being no Bible handy. Now do you know? I've served my sentence, and surer than God's in heaven—which I disbelieve, thanks to you—surer than God's in heaven, I'm going to shoot you dead."

The blue venomous glint of a revolver caught the sunlight.

II

Around the silent and staring men the busy life of the woodland teemed peacefully. A fish splashed in the deep pool beneath the rocky shelf; a bird sang; a yellow butterfly drifted between the revolver and the Judge's breast.

"I can't remember you yet, Carler," said the Judge quietly.

A shade of disappointment passed over Carler's gaunt face, and the Judge perceived at once that he had blundered upon a point of vantage. Carler evidently would be unsatisfied until terror had tortured and degraded the Judge to the utmost; and Ackerson rallied every force of his powerful mind in a fight for time.

"Tell me more about yourself," pursued Ackerson, neither raising his voice nor stirring. "Maybe I can help you. If wrong has been done you, it was done by the law, not by me. I am only a cog in a machine. I am sworn to do my part, my duty."

"So am I sworn to do mine," retorted the outcast grimly.

"I am defenseless and unarmed," said the Judge.

"So was I," said Carler. "I didn't have money to buy a lawyer. The young blood who was tried just before me bought five lawyers. You let him off. Put up your hands!"

He clambered cautiously along the rock and hunted in all of Ackerson's pockets.

"You've got no gun—that's true," he concluded. "Sit down yonder—flat on the rock. There! Now you can pray, or listen, as you choose."

Old Ackerson did not pray. From his seat he could look down the ravine toward the valley. The nearest farm was several miles distant. There was inconsiderable hope of a stray wanderer at sunset. Shifting his eyes to Carler, he determined upon a spring and a grapple whenever the poise of the revolver should waver.

"I choose to listen," said the Judge, "if, in turn, you'll listen to me."

"Talking isn't going to help you," Carler said. "It didn't help me, and it won't you. Did you listen that day when I was in the dock, nine years ago? Oh, yes! You listened, and wrinkled up your damn mouth, and sent an innocent man to prison. I wouldn't lie, now. I told you I was innocent."

"The jury and the witnesses couldn't have told me so, Carler."

"The jury was under your thumb," retaliated the other doggedly. "Do you want to hear your charge to 'em? I know it, every word. And the witnesses—the police—you let 'em testify so crooked that even the district attorney snickered. Well, you'll never put the screws on any poor devil again, Judge Ackerson, your honor."

"I never took a man's life," said the Judge.

"You took my daughter's," said Carler.

Ackerson moistened his lips; he began to feel, encircling his heart, the clutch of a remorseless fear.

"Your daughter?" he murmured. "Your daughter?"

"My little girl," said Carler bitterly. "She loved me. She sickened and died, and me, innocent, in jail. She's an angel, and loves me yet. Oh, I told you about her, too, that day! You allowed that there were asylum folks to look out for her. They looked out for her. A sissy chaplain comes to me pretty soon with a lock of her hair and a paper showing where she's buried. I can see her grave when I want to. And first I'll have a squint at yours."

"From where—the gallows?" cried the Judge. "You'll swing at the end of a rope for this—a cowardly, hellish murderer. What—a gallows-bird lay claim to the love of the white soul of a little girl? Keep your own soul white for her sake, Jim Carler!"

"The gallows!" sneered Carler. "Not for mine."

"Yes—the gallows!" exclaimed Ackerson triumphantly. "Because you'll be taken. You're taken now!"

He pointed down the stream at a shaking thicket, from which a curly head was emerging. With an oath, Carler leaped beyond the Judge's reach.

"Hullo!" rang a clear, childish voice. "I'm all lost!"

III

The child was six or seven years old. Her brown linen dress and the stockings on her chubby legs were torn and wet, and an absurd rag doll dangled indecently over

her bare arm. She had been crying, but now she smiled cheerfully at the tense figures on the broad, sloping rock.

"Hullo!" she repeated.

"Hullo!" said the Judge.

Carler cleared his throat. "Hullo!" he growled.

"This is Mrs. Flannelty," said the girl, politely, indicating the doll. "All lost."

"You go away," said Carler. "Turn right 'round and go away. You'll get hurt here."

The girl had toiled up so close to the bowlder that she laid a timid hand against it.

"Go 'way?" she faltered.

"Yes," commanded Carler sullenly. "Where do you live? What's your name?"

"Babs," said she; and tears glistened in her eyelashes.

"Don't cry," urged Ackerson gently. "Climb up here."

Carler had lowered the pistol and the Judge was secretly bracing one knee for a rush. If he could complicate matters by means of the girl, so much the better. It was hardly conceivable that Carler would risk the shooting of a child. But the fellow divined Ackerson's intention, and glared at him savagely.

"You'd better not think this 'll stop me," he said. "I haven't trailed you just to be stopped by any Little Eva business. I'm no fool."

"You're a father," replied the Judge. "You won't abandon—turn loose a kid to the dangers of a night in this wilderness."

"Who's going to?" choked Carler. "But I can't—with her here—I can't——"

"I'm climbing," laughed Babs.

She crawled to a cushion of moss, midway between the men, and settled herself upon it in a comical, housewifely fashion, spreading her dress and contentedly making a place in her lap for the doll. But when she looked at Carler, her face clouded.

"Don't like bad persons," she announced.

"I'm not bad," said Carler quickly. "He's bad—not me."

The girl shook her head. "You are bad," she insisted.

Ackerson watched the ex-convict narrowly. Carler was fingering his face as if he had been stung there.

"What do you think of that?" he said, under his breath. "I haven't talked with a kid for nine years, not since Amy, and now this one—I don't know. It doesn't seem right."

"She's right, and you know it well, Carler," ventured the Judge. "Your heart is bent on foul wickedness. She can feel it. Somewhere your own daughter feels it, and shrinks from you. What did I say? 'The white soul of a little girl'?"

Carler's elbows came back with a sharp twitch that betrayed his overloaded nerves.

"Do you take me for a hymn-singing old woman?" he burst out. "What's all this palaver for? Look here, kid, you run away." He clenched his fist, plainly trying to lash himself to fury. "Run away," he snarled, between his teeth.

Babs gave a frightened sob and started in the direction of Judge Ackerson.

"Not to him!" cried Carler, with hysterical shrillness. "He's killed a girl like you already. He'll be your death, if you stay alongside of him. Come to me! Keep away from him!"

The child, glancing in horror at Carler, as if he were a beast, crept on to Ackerson. Carler's left arm swooped toward her. She missed her hold on the slimy stone, screamed once, and sank in the swirling depths of the pool below.

Carler turned upon Ackerson, with a mirthless, defeated laugh. He dropped his revolver on the moss.

"We mustn't kill a second one between us!" he muttered, and jumped into the stream.

The Judge's hand closed around the surrendered pistol. He saw Carler splashing out of the pool with Babs on his shoulder. And, through the dusky woods far down the gorge, he saw the dancing gleams of lanterns, as if men were in search of a lost child.

IV

Soon the searchers, with a shout, descried the girl, standing near a pair of shadowy figures on the bank of the brook; and before long Babs was caught in the arms of her father.

"You little rascal!" said he. "Why, Judge Ackerson—that you?"

"Good evening, Mr. Bennet," responded the Judge composedly. "No, you needn't

thank me on account of the youngster. Thank my friend here. He saved her life by risking—by risking a great deal."

Bennet, a slow-witted farmer, blinked at the vagabond's sad, weary face.

"Well, well!" he said. "Much obliged, Mr. ——"

"An old acquaintance of mine," interposed the Judge, "who's had hard luck. I ran across him to-day, out fishing. I want to find work for him, Bennet. Perhaps you can do something for him, after what he's done for you."

"Sure," agreed Bennet heartily. "I've got a job for him. There comes mother, Babs. She couldn't stay home."

The rescuing party grinned sympathetically at the family reunion, and Carler beckoned Ackerson to one side.

"Aren't you going to give me away?" he whispered.

"No," said Ackerson. "You gave yourself away to a child. I believe in the good in you. I think you can believe in it."

"I didn't believe there was good in anybody, 'till now," groaned Carler. "Lord forgive me! I saw things twisted."

"I guess we all do that sometimes, Jim," said the Judge, soberly. "I guess even the law does that sometimes."

OUT OF THE GAME

BY MARTHA WHEELER

LONG before "bridge" penetrated to the academic shades of Woodbridge, a quartette of women, over sixty years of age, met weekly to play whist. They called themselves "The Old Crows," and the whist they played was go-as-you-please-and-please-your-partner-if-you-can. Mrs. Hannah Claggett, whose boarding house was known throughout the state as deserving the consideration of careful parents with sons to send up to the University, suggested the name. Mrs. Ephraim Bard, the occupant of Mrs. Claggett's lake view suite, organized the club; between them with honors about even, they dictated its policy. The other members, Miss Hepsibah Lines and Mrs. Worthington Jires, may perhaps best be described as filling acceptably the rôle of silent partners.

From time beyond the memory of the oldest college widow, Thursday afternoon in Woodbridge had been sacred to the sewing circle; Thursday evening to prayer meeting. When, therefore, "The Old Crows" decided upon Thursday afternoon *and* evening for the meeting of their club, the choice was deemed significant, and no woman of their acquaintance, albeit prevented from attending the sewing circle or the other means of grace, would have dared run in on Thursday to borrow a sleeve pattern any later than noon. The students discreetly absented themselves that day or at least refrained from slamming doors and whistling on the stairs. The first session opened at two o'clock and the atmosphere was highly charged with electricity till six, when the players adjourned to the dining-room and conducted the final hand's post mortem while giving a secondary attention to fried chicken, tea biscuit and preserves; these minor matters being disposed of with a haste that jeopardized digestion, the club again repaired to the card table and continued hostilities until the time arrived that was vaguely referred to in the neighborhood as "all hours."

Such at least had been the programme in happier days when the circle was complete. At present the club was passing through a period of distress. Mrs. Worthington Jires, a lady who had never been known to ignore her partner's unique signal for trumps, was absent in California, having been summoned to her youngest daughter by an interesting family event; say rather, by two interesting family events noted briefly in the telegraphic message, "Twins." The club was somewhat unresponsive to this call of long distance sympathy, being disposed to resent the double advent that delayed the Thursday game, and opportunity was lacking to cultivate altruistic sentiments while they were occupied with their own nerve-racking search for some fitting person to serve the club as substitute in the absence of the twins' grandmother. After several painful experiences with candidates who displayed their absolute unfitness in the way they shuffled cards, the distinction of substituting was conferred upon Col. Lemuel Sager, a partially blind but wholly blameless bachelor, who enjoyed the confidence of the entire community.

In honor of Colonel Sagar's début at Mrs. Claggett's boarding house, Miss Hepsibah Lines, between whom and the débutant, there had been tender passages—sidetracked by the Civil War—tucked a sprig of rosemary in her belt. Miss Hepsibah Lines always had an air of viewing life through the luminous mist of fancy, and now she seemed the very personification of a carefully labeled jar of preserved sentiment, as she drew up to the rosewood table and bent forward to cut the cards for her partner, Mrs. Claggett, who still lingered in her own sitting room. The lingering continued long after the cards were cut and finally Mrs. Bard, who belonged to the army militant, threw down her hand with a gesture full of meaning, advanced to the enemy's country and opened fire at once.

"Ain't you picked dead leaves enough off 'n them geranium plants so't you calc'late they'll last through the day? We've been waitin' ten minutes by the clock."

"Sakes alive, M's. Bard, it's easy to tell you've got a good hand. Dealt 'em yourself I'll be bound! Well, I'll be there soon's ever I find out where that Maude Manchester's a-goin' an' who she's a-goin' with. It does beat all how she keeps a-kitin' round with college boys an' her thirty years old if she's a day. I declare to goodness it's young Pratt again an' they're a-goin' skatin' big as life. He's got a gait like a pair of bars an' a cap like an undersize flapjack on his head, an' she's rigged up to kill. Well," as she appeared in the doorway of Mrs. Bard's front room, "I've had my troubles both before Tom Claggett died an' since, but I thank my stars I never had no daughters to bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave." Taking up Mrs. Bard's ear trumpet, the landlady inquired in tones away below the freezing point, "Did my partner cut these cards?" Mrs. Bard nodded resentfully, shuffled her hand hastily and prepared to play, but Mrs. Claggett again used the ear trumpet with deliberate complacency. "Well, you needn't be in such a hurry, f'r we're a-goin' to have a new deal! There ain't ace, face nor trump in my hand, an' that's one of the rules we all agree on. Now, Colonel Sagar," she went on, putting down the ear trumpet, "we're very careful about observin' rules in this club. We don't all observe the same rules; that couldn't be expected, but we all observe some an' there's a few rules that's approved of by us all."

The cards were dealt again and the trump had just been turned when the door bell jangled ominously. Mrs. Claggett and Miss Lines exchanged uneasy glances which Mrs. Bard, whose deafness was beyond the reach even of freshman warwhoop or fire engine screech, intercepted and misinterpreted as with a confident chuckle she played an ace. The chuckle was short-lived. The door opened and the new maid, who had not yet learned that no one was at home on Thursday, advanced unhesitatingly—as only a new maid could—with the card of Mrs. Bard's pastor. The clergyman's visitations were limited to an annual call that fell on the just and the unjust alike, without regard to the manifold activities of a parishioner's "busy day." The new maid smiled amiably and screamed "I told him you was in." Mrs. Bard was of apoplectic build, but, reckless of consequences, she exploded in the one word, "Fool," and started for the sitting room in a state of mind that boded ill for the higher criticism.

Mrs. Claggett saw her opportunity: "Yes, we're awful partic'lar about this matter of the deal. I write it down now every hand whose turn it is. We used to trust to memory but that trust was busted long ago. M's. Jires is terrible forgetful of late years an' M's. Bard, she never knows anything except what the students like best to eat between meals, an' my partner, Hepsie there, was no better 'n a dummy anyway when it come to rememberin' what was f'r her own good, so't I had to fight 'em single handed. That was powerful hard on me an' one day I brought in a heavy table knife. I noticed M's. Bard looked up suspicious, but I never let on till we'd cut f'r deal an' then I laid that knife down on the table good an' hard an' explained that it was meant to serve some as a compass, only not *bein'* a compass, it would have to be assisted by bein' h'isted every hand so to keep it *always* pointed to the dealer an' I thought that would put an end to the disputes, but it didn't, not a mite. M's. Jires would always forget to h'ist it, an' of course a heavy table knife

couldn't by rights be expected to h'ist itself, an' if I so much as made a move to do the h'istin' they forgot to do, why I only got insulted f'r my pains, an' my h'istin' was done fair an' square, an' that's more 'n can be said f'r some folks, though I mention no names. There is a limit to bein' insulted, so I stopped h'istin' an' set with folded arms an' the next thing I knew, what did that knife start in to do but sidle! An' the queer part was that it always sidled so to point to M's. Jires when it wasn't sidlin' so to point to M's. Bard. Now, knives don't sidle of themselves, Colonel Sagar," she declared with settled melancholy, "but no matter if my partner never got a deal in a month of Sundays, she'd sit there like a graven image sortin' out her cards an' stickin' her trumps—when she had any—next to her thumb as usual, but my blood boiled, an' one day I read the riot act an' carried that knife back to the kitchen an' since then I've kep' a pad an' pencil in my lap. M's. Bard now, she always leads from a sneak an' she can't rest easy till she gets the trumps out. Between ourselves, she ain't any great shakes of a whist player but she's lucky, an' gathers in the tricks so vicious like an' says: 'Out an' gone to the races,' in such an irritatin' way that I know it ain't good f'r her character to beat's often she does. Now I always make a point of leadin' my fourth best. I ain't got any call to tell you this, but I feel sorry f'r you. Ycu little know what's in store f'r you before you sleep this night, unless the minister cheats us out of our game. Poor man, I guess he thinks his work's cut out f'r him when he begins to sound M's. Bard on the subject of salvation. Not bein' able to hear's well as some, she gets suspicious at times at the card table an' what with that an' your not bein' strong on sight, you may have some trouble in playin' the game to suit. But you mustn't mind her. She'd criticize the angel Gabriel himself a-playin' his last trump. Most of her partners does have their feelin's hurt, exceptin' M's. Jires, of course. She's so used to bein' called everything from a hump-backed caterpillar to a boiled owl that she's goin' to miss it out in California, f'r no beautiful climate an' no acres of roses is goin' to make up f'r the lack of home comforts, though new-born twins a-yellin' may divert her some. Them twins was a terrible affliction to the club. Of course, we done our duty as 'twas give to us to see it an' sent 'em silver cups all lined with gold, each of 'em marked, 'For a Good Twin.' Their names would have looked handsome on the cups but we couldn't be explicit, f'r at the time, we was all in the dark on several points, among which was names. Speakin' of callin' names, there's one thing I will say f'r M's. Bard. No matter how she insults you in the game, she forgets all about it soon's ever she gets up from the table, an' what's more, she expects you to do the same. We used to make a practice of shakin' han's at the close of every meetin' of the club, just to convince ourselves that our feelin's wasn't hurt, but one day I was her partner, f'r my sins," she added feelingly, unconscious of the unhappy look in Colonel Sagar's eye, "an' she told me I hadn't the intelligence of a young flea, because I didn't return her lead of trumps—when I hadn't one in my hand—an' I couldn't see my way clear to do the han'-shakin' act that day but picked up my duds an' marched into my own sittin' room dignified like an' took up the *Free Press*, though goodness knows I was in no state to read about the new toboggan slide down to the lake. I had slid too far an' landed too hard that day myself, but all the same I pretended to read; pretty soon she come a-trottin' over with a dish of popcorn, f'r all the world jus' if I was one of the boys."

Here the front door slammed behind the reverend intruder and Mrs. Bard, eyes fixed on the clock, swept in and with a wide flourish of skirts planted herself at the card table.

"It's my deal," she announced, and never were fifty-two cards whirled through the air with greater speed. "Hurry up an' lead, M's. Claggett. We've wasted time enough to-day."

"Yes, Mom, all in good order." The landlady's manner implied the large leisure of the Orient, "I'm a-tryin' to decide what to play that won't deceive my partner. I suspect," she glanced around benevolently, "it 'll have to be a heart, but I should hate to mislead anybody with the queen. Might's well shut my eyes an' draw," she screamed.

"If you'll shut your mouth an' play, I'll

be satisfied." Mrs. Bard showed plainly the effect of the strain through which she had just passed.

"Yes, Mom, anything to please you! Now the queen of hearts," droned the landlady as, holding the card aloft, she paused, "the queen of hearts, she made some tarts all on a summer's day," laying the card deliberately on the table, "but—but—she didn't expect to have her head took off f'r it *this* sudden," as Colonel Sagar played the ace.

"You stole my trick," his partner thundered.

Colonel Sagar, sitting on the edge of his chair, blinked at her through steel-rimmed spectacles and said mildly, "I couldn't help it, Mom."

"Bein' sorry takes no tricks," replied the injured one. The unfortunate man was now more mystified than ever till Mrs. Claggett explained: "M's. Jires, she always says she's sorry—on general principles you understand—an' M's. Bard, she takes f'r granted that you're apologizin' too."

"What are you a-sayin'?" queried Mrs. Bard.

"Only tellin' your partner how we play the game."

Mrs. Bard sniffed contemptuously. "It don't need as long as that to tell all you know about the game of whist." Colonel Sagar coughed and looked thoughtful.

"You see just how it is," Mrs. Claggett laughed. "You see just how it is! It makes her awful mad to have a word said that she can't hear, but I don't believe in humorin' of her *all* the endurin' time." At this Mrs. Bard's fist came down on the table with a slam that imperiled the ceiling. "Is this whist or is this bumble-puppy? That's what I want to know! What with the minister talkin' foreign missions to me on Thursday an' your tongue runnin' wiggle waggle like a dead lamb's tail an' my havin' to play with a partner that can't see the difference between a spade an' a diamond, I might as well give up first as last."

Half blind though he was, there were some things Col. Lemuel Sagar could see distinctly and he perceived this was no place for him. He had fought through the Civil War but was hopelessly outclassed in a conflict of this kind. He explained to the club that one of his splitting headaches was coming on and that he must go home at once and try to stave it off. As means to that end, he went two miles out of his way on a stormy afternoon to inquire at Mrs. Jires' residence how long she would be absent in California; being informed that she was not expected home till spring, he engaged passage for Italy that very day and sailed on Saturday. It was hard at his age to turn his back on the comforts cf home in winter, but as he paced the deck, shivering and fumbling with trembling fingers at his quite inadequate coat collar, he sometimes suddenly remembered "The Old Crows," far away in Woodbridge and smiled a smile of ineffable content. Mrs. Claggett's students always maintained that despite his military record, Col. Lemuel Sagar was a timid man.

JACK'S INJUN DEVIL

BY R. B. NASON

WE were coming out of the woods from a fishing trip, and Jack had been beguiling us with a yarn about the trout in Chairback pond, which, he said, had four legs and no fins or gills. We had set him down as another of the tall story tellers of the Maine woods, when one of our party, who was something of a naturalist, identified Jack's four-legged trout as a Spotted Newt or Salamander, and so established the truth of the main points of the story.

We were in this somewhat reconciled and chastened frame of mind when the talk turned upon "Injun Devils."

"You can't tell me nuthin' about Injun Devils," said Jack shaking his head with an air of profound conviction.

"Did you ever see one?" we chorused.

"You bet yer life I hev, and it warn't more 'n ten miles from here, neither."

"This isn't another four-legged trout, is it, Jack?" we asked.

"Well, you needn't believe it unless ye want to, but 'twan't no four-legged trout nor nuthin' er the kind. 'Twas an Injun Devil, I tell ye, and them's straight facts. Bill Cobb was with me and he'll tell ye the same thing."

"What did it look like?" I asked.

"Didn't look like nuthin' I ever saw before nor sence, an' I've seen everything chat

travels these woods. 'Twas big 's a man, an' covered all over with hair jus' like a darn dog."

The naturalist suggested a bear.

"Bear nuthin'," snorted Jack. "Don't ye suppose I know what a bear looks like? I've hunted bears ever since I was knee high to a spavined to'd, an' seen more of 'um than you could shake a stick at."

"Well, tell us about it, anyway," all of us urged.

Jack slowly "loaded up" his pipe, and commenced:

"Well, me an' Bill was fishin' Orson, an' 'long toward night we come to a camp where Babcock had been gittin' out knees an' spool-bars the winter before. We went in an' built up a fire an' made some tea an' cooked some fish for supper. By that time it'd got pretty dark, but pretty soon the moon come up full an' made the clearin' 'round the camp 's light as day. You could see 's far as you'd a-mine to any-wheres in the clearin' on both sides of the brook, so ye needn't say I couldn't see it jus' as I am tellin' ye.

"Well, long after supper Bill he found a kag with some mullarsis in it, an' I went to work an' made some candy."

"You didn't have any canned goods with you, did you?" I asked.

"Well, I can't say we hadn't been drinkin' *some*, but nuthin' to 'mount to nuthin'," he continued. "We didn't start with only a pint anyway between the both of us, an' that warn't enough to keep the flies off. No, sir, we warn't drunk, neither of us. I can handle a long-necker myself alone, an' then I ain't what ye'd call drunk neither. I never was what ye could call real loaded more 'n two 'r three times, an' there was more 'n a pint to two of us, I want ye to know."

"Well, go on, anyway," we put in, heading him off. "You had only a pint for fly 'medicine' and couldn't have been very much affected, that is true; and you had made some molasses candy."

"Yessir, an' when I got it cooked enough I went down to the brook to cool it off. There was a big hemlock slantin' across the brook just above where I was, lodged pretty low down on the other side in some old fir tops, an' while I squat there on a rock coolin' the candy off, I heard them bushes crack, an' I looked up quick, an' I want ye to know there he was! He had his for-rard legs up on the log an' was lookin' me straight in the face. His face looked jus' like a cussed monkey grinnin' at ye, an' he had teeth as long as my finger, an' eyes shinin' like two coals o' fire. I want ye to know I was that scairt I couldn't wiggle for more 'n a minute, an' he a-lookin' right at me, an' then I dropped the fryin'-pan jus' as he come up on to that log like a cat an' stood up on his hind legs as straight 's a man. I could see him as plain as I can see you this minute. I want ye to know I never was that scairt in my born days before nor sence. I let a yell out o' me an' started for the camp an' he after me. I hadn't gone more 'n twenty feet 'fore I stubbed my toe over a root an' went flatter 'n a pancake. You better b'lieve I did some tall scratchin' an' yellin', but I hadn't more 'n time to wink twice 'fore he lit on top o' me. Jus' that minute Bill come runnin' out o' the camp, an' that must o' scared him off."

Jack stopped and pulled at his pipe, his face set and stern. After a moment he continued:

"Well, sir, I got up out o' that an' I was so weak I couldn't scarcely stand. We didn't wait for him to come back, neither. We struck a bee-line out over the tote-road for home, an' we didn't stop 'till we got out o' the woods out to the main road. We went an' wok' up Doll Crandlemire an' went in there. My shirt was ripped clean off my back, an' there was tracks on my shoulders where he lit on top o' me as big over as the palm of your two hands. Doll Crandlemire 'll tell ye the same thing, too, for he saw um that night. An' I've got the marks right there with me to this day." . . .

"No, I haven't been in there sence an' I don't never callate to. You needn't b'lieve there ain't no Injun Devils unless ye want to, but, by Judas, I *know* there is!"

. . . . .

Some time after Jack told us this story I learned that a man had escaped that summer from a camp in the neighborhood during a terrible attack of delirium tremens, and was never seen again—alive, at any rate. But the body of a naked man was found in the woods in the early winter half buried in the mold and leaves.

THE HOME FLOWER GARDEN

BY E. P. POWELL

THE home flower garden is not a matter of taste only, but of economy. The most beautiful place will sell the quickest. But it is not likely to be sold, for it holds the young folks' hearts. You cannot induce them to leave permanently a rightly constructed home. But too many of these homes have been gotten up for temporary use, as if one had camped out for a season. As soon as the children are well grown they are expected to move on, and somewhere else strike root. Our American homes are very seldom used by the same family for more than two generations. The boy is held to be a failure who does not get above his father in some way, and above his father's craft. So it is our colleges have become means for opening an escape for farm boys. The whole country has a temporary aspect. There are very few real orchards, and very few real gardens, only there are a good many fruit trees planted to take care of themselves, and flowers dragged after the pioneers, and thrust into holes—just chucked in for a while. There are exceptions to this rule, and enough of them to make us sure that the American Home is sure to come; the family homestead.

I propose to tell you how to make a flower garden an integral part of a complete country home—in a natural way, and at a low cost. Then I wish to suggest to you what plants are most easily grown, with the least hard work, and something about their characters—for every flower has its likes and dislikes, its tastes and even its whims. Some sorts will not grow near each other, and others are such friends that the seeds mix their qualities, that is, cross fertilize or marry, and spoil the stock. When you get a splendid pansy or aster you must isolate it, just as surely as I do with my beans in the vegetable garden.

I think that when you first go into the country your work is so heavy, and possibly your knowledge of growth so slight, that the very best thing is to let your flower garden and your vegetable garden grow together, and then both of them can be worked by the horse instead of by hand. In the old fashioned flower garden our mothers and grandmothers were bent over double to keep the quack out of their pink beds, and they wore out quite too quickly. The plan I suggest will generally exclude fancy beds, and they ought to be excluded; they are a deal of fuss, and have not heart of love in them. They are often made to carry an aristocratic air, and that is the worst thing possible around a country home. Flowers are naturally sweet, simple, gentle, modest and homeful; if your garden is costly and stately it is a display and not a joy.

Flowers, as I would plant them, should divide themselves into shrubs, roses, bulbs, biennials, and annuals. I think that were I young again, and just going to create my country home, I would begin with the shrubbery; and then follow with the others named, until I wound up with a few of the very indispensable annuals. Make all of your lists short at the first, and let them grow as the years develop. Do not be persuaded to undertake a whole lot of troublesome little seeds at the outset. I once had eighty flower beds in my western garden, and cultivated everything I could find. I had the champion flower garden of Michigan, and now, forty years after the flowers have been swept away, that spot is known as "Powell's Garden." I cannot tell you what a lot of labor and time it took from me. I had shrubs and beds all mixed, and walks everywhere. I think now that shrubs should be set by themselves, and if

you will set your thought upon it, you will find you have just the spot for it. Rather retired, and certainly not in front of the house—a place where you can walk alone, or sit down in a rustic chair, to pen your thoughts or take an afternoon nap.

Any farmer can have a shrubbery, and a fine one, at very little cost. There can be found in any section of the country, native plants to nearly supply his needs. It will do him good to hunt these out, for in this way he will get a knowledge of Nature of which he was entirely ignorant. I can collect from my adjacent wood and pastures and glens at least a dozen fine things, among them wych-hazel, three or four kinds of bush maples, creeping juniper, bush honeysuckle, sumach, elder; and it is equally true of the Western States, and also of Florida. The superb Judas tree, or bush, I find as far north as Ohio, and then again a variety of it in central Florida. Pennsylvania has its rhododendrons, kalmias, laurels, and wild honeysuckles in profusion. Beside all these, we are gradually getting acclimated and naturalized a lot of foreign shrubs, bird sown from gardens and lawns. I have found in adjacent glens and lots English and Siberian barberries, Tartarian honeysuckles, double and single thorns, superb with their scarlet and crimson colors. Nor does this at all outline what one may easily gather if he forms a habit of opening his eyes to the tidy things of Nature. It is amazing to wander about the lanes and byroads of Maine or Connecticut, and discover the glorious diversity of the roadside shrubbery. In some parts of the country the roadside is vastly more beautiful than a cultivated garden.

After one has done his best with what Nature offers freely, one can easily add without much cost some very fine things by exchange with his neighbors; and some of the nurserymen have formed a habit of offering small plants at such a reduced rate that almost any one can afford to buy. I will suggest the following as a list of the most important to form a succession of blooming. For April you may start with a little bush called daphne, that is not a bit afraid of snow and frost. The branches may be cut as early as March, and they will blossom finely in vases of water. This little shrub can be set about almost anywhere, and never grows more than about two feet high. It is inconspicuous when out of bloom. Forsythia follows about the first of May, and is a mass of golden flowers, lining every limb from the ground up, ten or twelve feet high. It is a ıather tender shrub, and liable to lose its blossom buds north of New York; but as the limbs are very flexible you may lay them down and cover with evergreen boughs or leaves. The Japan quince is a gorgeous affair, in white, in pink, and in scarlet; but this, too, is liable to lose some of its blossom buds unless slightly protected. Right along with these comes the Judas bush or Judas tree, which can be kept a few feet high, or grown with a single stalk to twelve feet. It blossoms before any leaves are formed, and these blossoms last for full three weeks. It certainly is one of the most superb bushes one can find in America. It is a native of a very large range of States. In some of the swampy sections it can be found by the acre. The variety that I found in Florida is much less floriferous. The spireas blossom all the way from May until August, and among the best for early blooming are prunifolia and VanHoutti. These are getting to be quite common, because they multiply themselves so rapidly with suckers. Tartarian honeysuckle comes into bloom about the last of May, and multiplies itself so freely by the bird-sown seeds, that I can often find plants in the woods and pastures. There is not a better plant in existence for an ornamental hedge. It can be sheared as much as you please, and after it has blossomed profusely, it covers itself just as freely with berries that the birds like. There are three or four colors, but the strongest growing is the pink-flowered. All the last half of May and into June is conspicuous for lilacs. You will be well supplied if you only secure the old-fashioned white and lilac colored. The white sort should be planted near a brook if possible, where it becomes a small tree, fifteen feet high. The new French lilacs number not less than one hundred sorts, of which you may select a half dozen, double and semi-double, that will delight your senses. For your first planting select Princess Alexandra, Lemoine, President Carnot, Belle de Nancy, Jules Finger, and Alphonse Laval. You can purchase a half dozen varieties of these,

in very small plants, at an insignificant price. I see that one nurseryman offers a half dollar collection.

Crossing over from May into June we find the peonies multiplying into hundreds of varieties. You can content yourself with the old-fashioned sorts, or you can with a couple of dollars secure a mixed collection of the newer sorts, possibly ten or twenty small plants in the collection. It is wonderful what art is doing with some of these plants, especially the lilacs and peonies. In June you must have the deutzias and more of the spireas. Deutzia gracilis is a bit of a bush, one to two feet high, made up of racemes of exquisite white flowers; but deutzia crenata is a tall bush, and rather coarse in the stalk, but very beautiful with its double flowers. The bush is rather tender for cold sections. I should plant weigelas very freely, although the bushes are not long lived, and need replanting every three or four years. The rosea is best of the group and hardiest. The variegated-leaved variety is exceedingly fine, I think the best variegated plant we have in our shrubberies. The syringas or mock oranges are among my favorites. Growing them from seed, I have secured a large number of very choice new things. The wild elder is overlooked by people quite too much. Horatio Seymour used to say it was the handsomest shrub in America. It certainly is beautiful, both in flower and in fruit. The viburnums, including the old fashioned snowball, are so common that they may be set down as costless. The snowball must stand very open to the wind and the sun or it becomes so infested with plant lice as to be a nuisance. The viburnum, that is sometimes called high-bush cranberry, is one of the finest things we have, not only for its flowers but for its fruit, which in July turns yellow, and gradually becomes a brilliant crimson; and, hanging on all winter, feeds the cedar birds and the pine grossbeaks. These lovely birds come in midwinter, and against the snow their fine colors are very conspicuous. Later in the year the altheas and hydrangeas are nearly all that we have, except wych-hazel, which blossoms just in the edge of winter. You can secure a lot of fine altheas, by growing seed; and, in fact, you can very greatly enlarge your shrubbery by this method of raising from seed some of the more rare as well as the common bushes. The hydrangeas most common at present is the grandiflora, but a new sort has recently been distributed, or rather an old sort has been discovered over again. It is a pure white, and begins to blossom early in June, continuing its flowers until freezing weather. It is a splendid acquisition.

For climbing shrubs make particular use of honeysuckles and clematis. The wild clematis, with its great bunches of white flowers, is best of all. It will climb thirty or forty feet, and I have it over a third story balcony. The honeysuckles one can never get too much of, and grapevines surpass everything else for their delightful odor in flower, their fine foliage, and their abundance of fruit. Other shrubs that give us useful fruit are the barberries, good for jellies and for the birds: high bush cranberry, not only good for the birds, but making splendid sauce and pies; elders, furnishing a fruit that is not appreciated as it should be; ribes, generally loaded with a currant, black and valuable. You can easily see that I am partial to shrubs, as indeed I am. They make little trouble, and for many years give us a gorgeous array of flowers. The bushes are frequently as charming as the blossoms. Some varieties, like the barberries, and the deutzias and the rhododendrons, like the shade; quite a number grow well in damp spots, especially the red-barked dogwood, which I have not named. This is a marvel among shrubs, because it changes its green bark to a brilliant crimson at the approach of cold weather. If you want to brighten up winter have a patch of these dogwoods in sight of your window. Barberries also are very fine for contrast with the snow.

I must leave the shrubs, although I have omitted many a fine thing. These you will find out as you go on with your planting. We come next to the roses. Here we want, in the first place, to look out that our soil is as rich as possible, for the rose is a rank feeder, and it must be a good, workable soil, not easily growing hard. Much better will it be if you have a thirty to fifty per cent. of sand. I must not follow my instincts at this point and select too freely. Let us begin with the hybrid teas, a group that is invaluable for those who want continuous bloom, but do not under-

stand rose culture thoroughly. A half dozen from this group should include La France, a silvery pink rose, large, double and deliciously sweet. It blossoms all the time. Next to this place President Carnot, with its long buds and large flowers, lifted on strong stems; color, rosy flesh, and sweet. Triumph de Pernet Pere is a bright red, with splendid buds, and very double flowers. You can hardly beat it for bedding. Mrs. Robert Garrett is a shell pink, with vigorous growing and handsome foliage, and is one of the best roses for all purposes. Augusta Victoria is another strong growing and constant-blooming rose, with creamy white and very fragrant flowers. One of my favorites is Balduin, with very dark crimson flowers, showing in great profusion of bloom, and capital for bedding. The white La France and the Abel Chatenay are two more splendid roses, the latter being rosy carmine in color. I am already overrunning my half dozen, but I must add Gen. MacArthur, the best red hybrid tea in existence. Its fragrance is wonderful.

The hybrid perpetuals are supposed to be entirely hardy, but they are not, and most of them are by no means perpetual. Still, this is a remarkable class of roses. I would select for half a dozen Gen. Jack, which for brilliant crimson has held its place at the head of roses for a whole generation. Jubilee is a dark crimson, with splendid long flower buds, and deserves high favor. Ulrich Brunner is a cherry red, and one of the most abundant bloomers in any list. The biggest of all roses is Paul Neyron, deep, clear, rose color, while the plant is a remarkably stout grower. Add Clio, a delicate satin blush rose, with a touch of pink at the center—one of the best. Eugene Furst is a shade of velvety crimson, and Prince Camille is a very dark velvety crimson, almost black; and both of these roses deserves a place in a small collection. This, of course, does not include all of even the best hybrid perpetuals.

Among the newer roses you will do well to select Richmond, a dark scarlet crimson; Frau Karl Druschki, a new white hybrid perpetual of splendid qualities; the Soupert roses and the Cochet roses, all of which blossom all the time; Etoile de Lyon, a very hardy tea rose, of rich golden yellow color; Hermosa, always covered with flowers and almost hardy; Queen's Scarlet, as near hardy as any one of the ever bloomers; Killarney, a grand affair of recent introduction, and for climbing roses add Climbing Meteor, Climbing Soupert, and James Sprunt. Marechel Neill outranks anything and everything, with its deep golden yellow and deliciously sweet flowers, climbing and blossoming continuously, but it cannot be recommended for the Northern States. In Florida it goes over our walls and trellises hand over hand, throwing its golden kisses to us at every joint.

You must learn how to trim roses by the exercise of common sense. Cut back the old wood only on the perpetual bloomers. The soil must be strengthened by a rich compost at least once a year. The hand cultivator should be run up and down the beds quite frequently, and in a dry time some suds on your washing day will be useful—only not too soapy. When planting roses, in fact when planting anything, be sure that the roots do not get open to the air and sunshine. When well in the ground, spread the soil down tight about the bush, and then mulch with a pail of coal ashes. If there is a mixture of wood ashes it will do no harm. In Florida, the Cherokee rose runs all over our houses with a single white bloom, and is one of the most reckless affairs in the way of blossoming that I ever saw. The old-fashioned Cabbage, and Damask, and Scotch roses are altogether too good to be thrown aside in these days of new things. Set them in around your barn; make a row of them in or around your vegetable garden; give them a chance somewhere, and they will pay you liberally. The Crimson Rambler and the other ramblers need extra high feed, and must be covered through the winter. All your roses should be bent over, pegged down and covered with leaves or compost before the snow comes.

Bulbs come next in our list, and I have told the readers of The Outing Magazine how I grow my tulips; that is, I thrust them in my strawberry beds up and down the rows, where they blossom before the strawberries, and are out of the way before the picking season. In this way I have rods square scattered about my place with tens of thousands of tulips. You can do the same thing with your lilies, at least

with the tiger lilies, the candidum lilies, and the Japan lilies. Auratum and some others must be planted in a corner by themselves, ten inches deep, in very friable soil. Only not one of these lilies will tolerate raw barnyard manure. Day lilies do best growing under the lea of shrubs. They like considerable sun, but will endure partial shade. The yellow day lily or lemon lily is one of the sweetest things we have, and you can dig it for winter forcing about the best of any plant I know. I have had eighty flowers from a single large pot of it in midwinter. As for hyacinths, I grow them sometimes with the tulips, but generally as a border for my lilies. Snowdrops and scilla and crocus you had better have in a little bed near your windows, for very early spring brightness. If you have a pool try some water lilies; especially if you have a pond, or live by the side of a lake.

Among the perennials and biennials we have a few that you must have at the very outset. The tall phlox stands foremost. It is indispensable because of its prolific blooming during August and September, just at a time when we most need flowers; and then its seedlings produce new sorts, so that any one may improve his stock very greatly. It is unfortunately a poor flower for house use, because the blossoms begin to shoot off as soon as they are placed in water. You can multiply them at any season by digging out the roots, and then allowing the rootlets to form new plants, as they will very readily, blossoming very late in the season. The Drummond phlox is only an annual, but it sows itself so freely that we can have it about the roots of the taller sorts or almost anywhere else without resowing. In Florida I found acres of it in the orange groves and everywhere else.

The peonies I have classed among the shrubs, and we have, among the essentials, to add the larkspurs, perennial poppy, the hardy pink, and the salvias. The larkspurs can be placed at a distance, only giving them plenty of sunshine and good soil, and the splendid blue will beckon to you from a corner of the vegetable garden or wherever you have a bit of room. The perennial poppy is one of the most brilliant flowers in existence, having a scarlet circumference of fifteen inches. It blossoms very early in the spring, after which it has a habit of drying up and disappearing for the year. Among the pinks I recommend to start with only the old-fashioned clove pink. The fragrance is delicious, and it is wholesome. I do not care for many flowers that are not sweet, and here you get something that you never get tired of. They are just as good as the carnations and picotees. If you can find the old grass pink, which was the choicest thing in your mother's garden, get it. I do not know where to find it.

The indispensable annuals are only three or four, that is, to begin with. I would take in to a certainty sweet peas, nasturtiums, asters, and then add as a class that can take care of itself, coreopsis, Drummond phlox, forget-me-not, mignonette; and then possibly add one or two private favorites. There is not one other flower for everybody equal to the nasturtium, or, as our mothers called it, the sturtium. It was grown in the old pioneer gardens for pickles, and my associations with picking the green seeds to stuff mangoes are with the hottest hours of the hottest days. This flower has been greatly improved, and there is nothing to equal it for fragrance and prolific flowering. The plant likes the most barren spot in your garden, and there it sets to work to cover the gravel with the oddest of all oriental leaves—much like a Japanese umbrella. Then from May till November there is a profusion of most deliciously scented flowers, that you can carry off by handfuls and apronfuls. The odor does not disturb the sick, and a bunch is welcome in every room of the house.

The first rule for success with sweet peas is to plant the seed very early, and in very rich soil, but with not a bit of manure. The best plan is to have a trench five inches deep, and fill this as the plants grow with rich soil. Water they must have, and lots of it. There are two flowers that will safely take a lot of warm suds: sweet peas and dahlias. Both of these flowers can be grown near the kitchen door, the sweet peas as a trellis over door or window, while the dahlia may occupy a corner of the kitchen garden. Be careful always to grow the taller plants in the center of the bed. The asters, which I included as an essential annual, have their chief value in

September and October. They want clean beds, and plenty of food, then they will give you the most perfect of all the autumn flowers except dahlias, and both of them without a bit of fragrance. Sweet peas deserve the most care, and they demand it. An important matter is to pick the flowers as fast as they open. Give them away by the armful, and they give away some more. If the plants are attacked by white flies spray with kerosene emulsion.

I have purposely omitted classifying gladiolus with the bulbs, because I wish to call special attention to it as an everybody's flower. I planted the very first varieties of improved Gandavensis, and now there are thousands of varieties to be had for two or three dollars a hundred. You can thrust them into beds with other flowers, for they occupy very little space. If you grow them in rows, run a wire along about six inches from the ground, and tie the stalks to the wire, to prevent their lopping over when in flower. The canna ranks next for easy culture and splendid results. Get the newest sorts, and give them deep, loose soil, with plenty of water. If you have a wet spot fill it with the big leaved calladium esculentum, and cannas in the center.

I do not think much of bedding plants, for they lead to formalities; however, there are three or four things that we can make grand use of in this way. The geranium stands first; after these the salvias give almost unrivaled brilliance. These two are enough to begin on. The lantanas would be all right for a novice, only the roots are so brittle that you can hardly take them up for winter storage. Tuberoses are often needed in the later months, and if you will buy the dwarf sort you can have them in profusion without much trouble. By and by you will begin to bed out begonias, and probably gloxinias; and as likely as not you have a soft spot for fuchsias.

But you see that my enthusiasm is likely to run me quite beyond the true limitations of this article. I want you to begin with the simpler flowers, and not get lost trying to do too much. Have a hobby each year, and do your very best with it. My present hobby is growing seedlings of the tall phloxes. I have not said much about plant protection because I have not laid stress upon tender sorts. I do less and less each year of hard work along this line. It will pay, however, to cover a few of your more tender roses when you are covering your strawberry bed. Use compost for the smaller ones. Whatever you do or do not do, do not let somebody else conceive and create what you are going to call your flower garden. It will then not be yours, but his. I have taken special care not to interfere with your individuality. Finally, remember that your flower garden is not a mere place for work, but for pleasure. I advise you to get up with the sun, at least from April to September; go out in the dew, smell and see and handle, until the birds find you out, and open a conversation. They will then greet you every morning, and know you as well as your collies.

WHAT THE BIRD PROTECTION SOCIETIES ARE DOING

BY HERBERT K. JOB

ANYONE who could have been with me last June in the warden's patrol boat inspecting the protected bird reservations on the east coast of Louisiana would have received a very vivid impression that things are *being done*, results are being achieved, by the Audubon Society movement for the protection of birds. Five years ago, thanks to the millinery trade, the sea birds had been all but exterminated on the southern coast. Five years of the vigorous, effective work of the Louisiana Audubon Society, headed by that fearless protagonist for bird protection, Frank M. Miller, and backed up by the National Association of Audubon Societies, has now populated those marshy and sandy islands with swarming tens of thousands of gulls, terns, skimmers, pelicans, man-o'-war birds, and others, which thence are spreading all over the coast.

The Audubon Society thus represents no impracticable group of sentimentalists; it is a resourceful, practical, businesslike getting together of people of brains and standing all over the country, who have broad outdoor interests, are fond of birds and wild game, and are determined that they shall not be wiped out of existence and the face of Nature vandalized by ignorance and greed. They are organized under the most resourceful management, and have become a power to be reckoned with in all the legislative assemblies of the nation. It is a mistake to imagine that the movement is only for women and school children, for it enlists many of the leading sportsmen of the country, and such men as Theodore Roosevelt and the late Grover Cleveland have been its stalwart supporters.

The prime reason for the growing successes and victories of the movement is that its appeals and demands are all based upon incontrovertible truth. Without the birds, for instance, it is asserted by scientists, human life could not long exist on the earth. As it is, the present yearly loss to agriculture in the United States from insect and rodent pests is estimated at eight hundred millions of dollars. The fecundity of insect pests is amazing and appalling. Mr. E. H. Forbush, the Massachusetts State Ornithologist, makes the following calculation. The hop plant aphis, which preys upon the vine, is known to go through thirteen generations every season, each female being thought to deposit at least one hundred eggs at each laying. If this multiplication were unchecked, the twelfth generation alone of that season would number *ten* sextillions. Place these in line, ten to an inch, and estimate the length of the line on the basis of the velocity with which light travels, taking eight seconds to pass from the sun to the earth. The procession would reach beyond the sun, beyond the nearest fixed star—a journey of six years for a ray of light—thence beyond the most distant star visible to our largest telescopes, to a point so remote that light therefrom would not reach us for 2,500 years.

Birds are one of the principal checks provided by Nature for the maintenance of the proper balance of insect forms, and thus it is of more importance to the national interests that birds should not be destroyed than that femininity should be allowed to cultivate a childish whim for "pretty" bird-feathers on hats. But women, as a class, are no more fools than are men, and when they realize these things they become important factors in the Audubon Society

movement. And men who shoot birds wantonly, or for no proper purpose, are just as much in need of instruction.

URGENT NECESSITY FOR THE MOVEMENT

The necessity for some such work as that of the Audubon Societies became notably evident when, from about the year 1890 and on, there arose widespread efforts to commercialize bird life. A notable illustration of this was in the case of the wild or passenger pigeon, which was slaughtered by millions. About the years 1882–3 I used to see immense quantities of them in the markets of Boston. Within about three years from that time the species had disappeared, apparently wiped out of existence by modern organized methods of slaughter. In that same period the milliner's agents were busy "shooting up" the sea-bird colonies all along our coasts. Improved guns of all sorts were turned out in immense quantities, and there seemed to be a general scramble on the part of each gunner to get what he could before it was all gone.

Meanwhile, thoughtful people were waking up to stop this vandalism, before it should be too late. Various organizations sprang up, among which was the Audubon Society movement. State Audubon societies were formed, and then a National Association of Audubon Societies, to unify the existing local societies and to organize others in all the states, and make the work generally effective. The effectiveness of this movement will be evident from a brief account of its present activities and plans. This work may be summarized under the heads of Legislation, Education, and Reservations and Wardens.

When the Society began its operations it found itself terribly hampered by the lack of proper laws through which it could make effective its crusade against vandalism. But to secure proper laws it was necessary to arouse public sentiment through education. Thus these two branches of the work had to go hand in hand. As fast as sentiment was aroused in a locality, and a good law was enacted to protect some bird or class of birds, more educational effort was made for a still further advance of public opinion and a still better law. This is going on all over the United States, in co-operation with various other organizations. An increasing corps of writers and lecturers are educating the public on bird and game protection, which has now assumed the proportions of a great national movement. The Society is sending out broadcast all over the country a flood of excellent illustrated literature on the value and interest of bird and animal life. The children and youth of the nation are thus being instructed and enlisted. Authorized agents are writing books and magazine and associated press articles for the same end. Resourceful men under its direction are kept at the State Capitol during the sessions of the legislatures, to keep in touch with all that transpires in reference to legislation along this line, blocking bad bills, assisting the passage of good ones, introducing and pushing others along the lines of needed reform. It holds absolutely aloof from partisan politics, but is adept in practical political methods in fighting for humanitarian purposes.

CONGRESS CAUGHT IN A SLY TRICK

A good illustration in point is the story of the attempt, a couple of years ago, to slily drop out the appropriation in Congress for the Bureau of Biological Survey. This Bureau consists of a corps of scientific experts sustained by the National government, which conducts all sorts of investigations relative to bird or animal life, especially as connected with practical agricultural problems, being a division of the Department of Agriculture. Its numerous government publications are of immense interest and value, among the very greatest factors for good, and it works in most intimate relations with the National Association of Audubon Societies. Late one night the New England agent of the Audubon Societies, Mr. E. H. Forbush, had just returned to his home after a hard legislative battle, when a telegram came from the National Association apprising him of the attack on the Biological Survey, to cut the nerve of bird protection. In a few moments he was again on board a train. Early the next morning telephone, telegraph, printing presses and typewriters were being worked to their limit. Every organization or person in a position to do anything was asked to communicate with

the committee in charge of the obnoxious bill, and with the local congressman and senator. The Grange organizations of the nation were appealed to. In a few days the committee and the legislators were fairly snowed under by a flood of insistent or indignant protest from one end of the land to the other.

Result, the Biological Survey continues its splendid work. It would be a member strangely indifferent to his popularity and tenure of office who would now dare to renew this attack. All sorts of tricks and bluffs are put up by aggressive, selfish, financial interests which have to be detected and fought by the keen minds directing the National Association. But there is a great resource behind them, an increasingly educated public opinion which is becoming more potent every year. In many cases all that is necessary is to turn on the light, and the enemy will break for cover.

The Association keeps familiar with the game laws of all the states, and at each legislative session tries to supplement and strengthen where there is the most evident weakness. For example, it regards the abolition of spring shooting during the northward migration of our game, shore and water birds, as absolutely essential to their continuance or even survival. So it has selected those states which still linger behind the procession of progress in this important matter to be made the scene of determined legislative effort throughout the campaign of 1909. Thus campaigns are to be pushed in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Michigan, North Dakota, and southern New Jersey.

Similar work is being done in reference to the sale of game birds during the close seasons (to allow which would defeat the enforcement of the game laws), the stopping of the sale of the plumage of wild birds, big game protection, and the passage of hunter's license laws. The need of this latter class of laws is being especially emphasized at present by the National Association because of its far-reaching results and evident fairness. The wild game belongs to the state, and that which migrates over the various states properly to the Federal Government. At this time a bill is pending in Congress to declare this latter to be the case, which would wonderfully simplify the protection of migratory game. But as all game is thus public property, the comparative few who take it for their own ought to be willing to pay a reasonable fee for the privilege, except that owners of land may hunt, in season, freely on their own property. But the main point is that the money so raised is used to protect and conserve the game, making possible game commissions and warden service. There is a larger fee for non-resident hunters, and still a larger one for aliens. The latter is prohibitive to most of the ignorant foreigners who disregard all law, kill every living bird or animal at sight, song birds as well, and prove a menace to farmers and owners of real estate. Thus, under such laws, there are more birds and better shooting for all legitimate sportsmen, and it is better for all concerned.

STRIKING RESULTS IN LOUISIANA

Here is a practical illustration. Louisiana recently passed a hunters' license law. The first year reveals the fact that it brings in a total annual income of $100,000. From the proceeds of this a "Board of Commissioners for the Protection of Birds, Game and Fish" has been established, with Frank M. Miller, President of the Louisiana Audubon Society, before mentioned, at its head, a man of executive ability and of forceful public address, whose lifelong passion has been bird and game protection. Under him he has a force of sixty game wardens, paid from this fund. He estimates that after paying all expenses of this splendid work, they will be able to turn over to the state about $25,000—clear profit! Quite recently a company of men high in political influence undertook to defy the law and the Game Commission, and go hunting on the coast of Louisiana without a license. Immediately Miller was after them. The local boatmen refused boats to the officers. Not to be balked, they hunted up a boat somewhere, pursued and arrested the transgressors, brought them to trial, and made it cost them hundreds of dollars. They will not be likely to repeat the experiment, and it will be a moral support for game protection throughout the state. Without the hunters' license fees, and with only a small appropriation at best from the State Treas-

ury, such splendid work with this big warden force would be impossible. What Louisiana is doing, other states can do. Little Connecticut raised $22,000 in the first year of her experiment in this line; Massachusetts imitates this, beginning January 1, 1909, and various other states are beginning or attempting to secure such laws.

CREATING SENTIMENT FOR THE BIRDS

To build up public sentiment in these directions, educational leaflets and circulating lecture equipments are being employed. The Association also finds the use of a staff of lecturers very effective. Wherever they go they secure the interest of the public through fine colored lantern slides of wild birds and accompanying verbal information, and it is found to be then comparatively easy to pass desirable laws. Ten lecturers are now employed for at least part of their time, and the National Association would gladly extend this work many fold if it had the money to put into it. Warning notices, containing abstracts of state bird and game laws, are sent out widely, and permission has been secured from the government to display them in all post offices.

Another splendid line of work, which was first devised by the American Ornithologists' Union, was to create protected reservations for bird life in places where large numbers of birds were accustomed to rear their young, or otherwise to resort for rest or food. The breeding colonies of water-birds, most spectacular of all exhibitions of wild bird life, were the first strategic points to be seized upon, sometimes by purchase or lease, but more especially through government action, as these lands were usually barren islands, unfit for human habitation, and owned by the government. President Roosevelt has been the founder of this new line of action. By Executive order he has set off many such places as Federal Reservations for the propagation of wild native birds. Nine new National Reservations were thus created during the past year, making twenty-three in all. Most of these new Reservations are on the coasts of Florida, two in Oregon and California, one in the Dakotas, those previously established being scattered over the Atlantic and Pacific coasts and the Great Lakes. Where it is possible, keepers of lighthouses or life-saving stations are employed as wardens, otherwise some resident of the vicinity, but where there are no human inhabitants, some one is especially hired to watch throughout the nesting season, or, in some cases, for the entire year.

THE CALIBER OF THE WARDENS

These wardens are splendid fellows, men of courage, determination, and physical prowess. I have been thrown in with a number of them and know their worth. For a month I cruised among the Keys and camped in the great mangrove swamp of Florida with Guy M. Bradley, who was afterwards deliberately murdered by a gang who were shooting up a rookery, and whom he tried to arrest, meeting the fate which he often had told me he expected in discharge of his dangerous duties. Another fine warden is Capt. William H. Sprinkle, of Louisiana, with whom I made the recent cruise. With his gasoline-schooner he is able to cover the five hundred square miles of the great reservations nearly every week, and by his courage and energy has offered to the multitudes of birds under his care practically entire protection. These men are kind and friendly with everyone, not wishing to make enemies, but at the same time are not to be deterred from doing their duty. Forty-nine of them are employed at present.

A similar work is that of officers and agents of the National Association and of the Biological Survey, in watching markets, hotels, millinery stocks, etc., for birds or feathers kept in violation of the law. Numerous and important seizures have been made and convictions secured. Nothing stops more effectively the illegal traffic than to shut off the market.

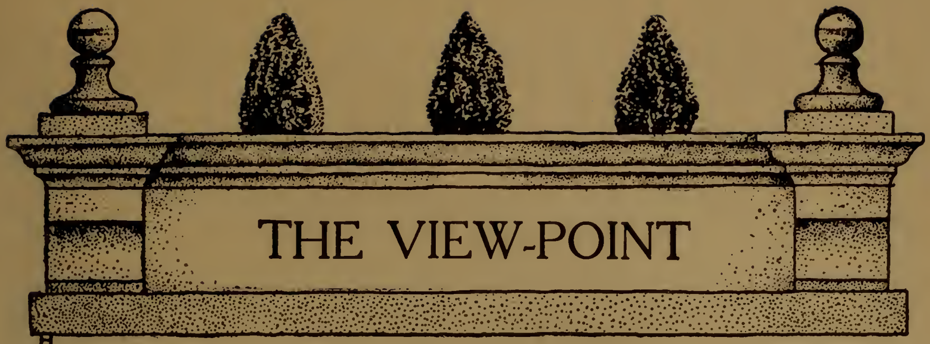
The President of the National Association is Mr. William Dutcher, of New York, an active and successful business man, who, from the beginning, has been practically the heart and soul of the movement, giving his time and broad abilities to the work without financial reward, a real statesman in his vision. The officers of the Association are at 141 Broadway, New York City. Associated with Mr. Dutcher ac-

tively in the directorate are such people as Frank M. Chapman and Dr. J. A. Allen, of the American Museum, New York; Dr. George Bird Grinnell and Witmer Stone, of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, Philadelphia; William Brewster, the ornithologist; Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright, the author; Dr. T. S. Palmer, of the Biological Survey, whose raids on lawbreakers have become historic, and others. The New England agent, Mr. E. H. Forbush, is the prince of legislative workers and in the front rank of writers on economic ornithology. T. Gilbert Pearson, the secretary, and B. S. Bowdish, chief clerk, both lecturers, are efficient and resourceful practical workers. And there are many more to whom splendid results are largely due, notably the Presidents and officers of the various State Audubon Societies.

THE FINANCIAL SUPPORT OF THE SOCIETY

The one great need is for the sinews of war. It is a slander to call the National Association rich. Owing largely to the princely legacy of the late Albert Wilcox, it has, to be sure, an income at present of $24,000. But when it comes to spreading this income over the entire nation in warden service, educational work, agents, and lecturers, it finds itself miserably poor, handicapped in every direction. Last year, owing to the financial stringency, it was compelled almost to stop the customary distribution of educational literature. It wants to employ many more wardens for places where the slaughter is practically unchecked; it wants to have agents at every legislature, and lecturers and organizers in every State of the Union.

Most of the work now done has been made possible by its benefactor, Mr. Wilcox, who one day happened to read a statement such as the above in some newspaper, became interested, and when he died left to the Association a third of a million dollars. If wealthy and liberal people here and there would see the great good possible through a generous donation, wonderful results would follow. But the work also calls for a multitude of members everywhere for the National Association, who will not only pay the five dollars annual fee, but give the work the backing of their word and personal influence.



A FIGHT FOR OUR NATIONAL HERITAGE

AMERICANS last summer were visited with the most severe drought within the memory of this generation. No one who in August or September looked upon the woods turning prematurely brown, upon streams once big that were dwindling to mere rivulets, could deny that the question of the conservation of American natural resources had ceased to be an academic question, and had become a serious condition—a condition that threatens our personal comfort and prosperity and our business welfare.

As a matter of fact, the wholesale cutting of trees on our hills and mountains has brought this country face to face with its most sinister problem. It makes any good American heartsick to calculate how much good productive soil has been swept away by swollen streams pouring unchecked from the hills where often only stumps are left to act the part of the erstwhile forest in regulating the flow of water. And still the devastators are merrily wielding their axes and asking why we should have a care for to-morrow.

A change of national spirit is imperative, and that we believe is about to come. Ten years ago the protests of far-sighted men, who pointed out the inevitable train of trouble that must follow the waste of our natural resources, were like voices crying in a wilderness; but, to-day, the thinking public is beginning to wonder if, after all, there isn't something in the argument that the waste of American forests, of its streams, and of the animals and fishes that abounded therein is making the cost of living higher. Certainly building materials, and leather, and food are scheduled at very high prices that add a heavy burden to the living expense of every man and woman; and no intelligent man who has been enlightened by the campaign of education carried on by the leading men of the Roosevelt administration, can longer be in doubt in accounting for what is wrong with our national economy.

The foregoing recital is familiar to the majority of our readers, and we intend that the whole story will become still more so, for THE OUTING MAGAZINE *has completed plans for devoting a part of its space to a department which will make itself a positive factor in the fight between the plus and minus forces of this country. We are going to appeal to the American public, and we are going to ask every man and woman and child to help in this fight.* We are going to make it possible for every person in the United States to know the facts and what these facts mean. We are going to enlist the best talent in this country to help in bettering our condition. Our outdoor heritage has been and is now being recklessly rifled. Every man who hopes to build a house and make a home, every corporation which is looking for an assured continuance of material supplies, every sportsman who is going farther and farther afield for game, every lover of outdoors who appreciates the value of our song birds, of our parks, of our woods, can, in the cause of protecting this outdoor heritage, join forces and fight the good fight with typical American grit.

The Effects of Wastefulness

There is not a person in America to-day who does not feel the outrageous discrepancy between the enormously increased cost of living and the very moderate increase of the average income. Increases in the average incomes of wage earners in the past thirty years do not exceed 10 and 20 and 30 per cent. for professional and commercial callings. Increases in the cost of foods, of building materials—consequently of rent—of fuel—average 100 and 200 and 300 and 400 per cent.

Do you know *why* that is? Did you ever stop to think *why* it is our grandfathers could save and accumulate fortunes to bequeath to their children from incomes of $1,000 and $2,000 a year, while people to-day with families cannot make ends meet on those incomes; *why* people to-day in the big expensive cities are afraid to have families; *why* men and women on incomes of $4,000 and $5,000 to-day with utmost effort save less than their grandfathers on incomes a fourth and a fifth as large?

What is the matter? Are the times out of joint? Is somebody grabbing the difference? The question affects every man and every woman who sits down at the end of the week to pay the household bills. You get an income—suppose of $150 a month. Thirty years ago, you could have lived frugally but comfortably on the $50 a month, and saved the $100. *Why* can't you to-day? Or your income is $75 a month—which is above the average of the city office worker. Your grandfather did not receive as much; but he saved without stinting himself. *Why* can't you? *Why* can't you save even when you *do* stint yourself?

Ask yourself that. Sit down and take an accounting of the times and the trouble. Find out what thief puts his hand in your pocket and steals away your savings every week for his hidden hoard.

Don't swear! Don't rant against the times! The times are just what you make them. Don't stew and fuss and talk in vague generalities! It isn't socialism and it isn't extravagance for you to want good nourishing blood-making food, and a good decent house of your own, and warm, smart clothes. Life owes you that! Your labors earn that! Life owes, and your labors earn, you more! Unless America is to come to that poverty-swamped condition when the State must provide pensions for the old, life and your labors owe it to you that after you have paid for the cost of living, there should be a surplus left to accumulate for your old age—savings to put into vested rights as a rock of defense and fortress for you and yours against that hungry-eyed Specter, Fear of Want, the Phantom Fright of half the unstrung nerves in America to-day.

If life and your labors owe you that, *why* aren't you getting it? Don't stir the waters muddy to make them look deep, and lose yourself in a midst of "ism's" and "ologies" and "archies," that won't arrive till Kindgom Come and will not add to your savings one cent! Take your pencil! Sit down with your "pal" or your wife or your husband, and figure out in terms of the concrete, in dollars and cents, in pork and potatoes, just what the increased cost of living is! Answer these questions to yourself:

1—If you want to build a house, why does it cost you $27 and $30 and $40 and $45 a thousand feet for lumber, which your grandfather could buy at $8 and $10 and $15 and $25 a thousand for the very top notch quality?

2—Do you think that increase in the cost of material has anything to do with the increase in the rate of rents?

3—Do you think that increase in the cost of material has anything to do with the fact that people of moderate means can no longer afford to build and own their own homes?

4—Why have you to pay from 20 to 28 cents a pound for meat which your grandfather could buy at from 8 to 14 cents?

5—When you go into a city café, as people whose vocation takes them from home, must, why do you pay from 60 cents to $1 for steak which your grandfather could get in the same city for from 18 to 25 cents?

6—Why do the farmers who raise the stock sold for meat—say in New England—buy the feed instead of growing it on their own land?

7—Why do the farmers in New England, who get such good prices for their produce, pay out with one hand what they take in with the other, and remain, like you, struggling to make ends meet?

8—Why do the farmers in the West, who get lower prices for the same produce, grow rich, while the farmers in the East don't?

9—Why do you pay all the way from 6 to 10 cents a quart for milk, which your mother could buy at from 4 to 5 cents a quart?

10—Why do you pay 40 cents for a little bundle of asparagus, which used to sell at 10 cents?

11—When you buy firewood in the East, why

do you pay from $6 to $8 a cord (city prices), when the same quantity twenty years ago cost only from $2 to $4.

12—When you buy coal in the West, why do you pay from $10 to $12 a ton (the price on the prairie) when the same coal used to cost from $5 to $7?

13—Why are potatoes in the East from 75 cents to $1 a bushel, when you used to be able to get them for 25 cents?

14—Why is it the average New England farmer raises only from 100 to 150 bushels of potatoes to the acre, when the farmers of South Dakota and Wisconsin and Manitoba raise from 300 to 600?

15—When you order a lobster salad in town, why do you pay from 40 cents to $1 for it, when you used to pay only 25 cents?

16—Why do the little cotton growers of the South, earn only 9 and 11 cents a day, compared to the old earnings of $1 and $1.50? Has that anything to do with the increased cost of dress fabrics?

17—Why can the poor man no longer afford game on his table? In the region where I traveled last summer, you could buy six ducks for a quarter. Why can't you get ducks and partridge in the East any more? They increase fast enough, these birds, some bringing out broods of twenty a year. Why is game food scarce?

18—Why are the railroads everywhere talking of increased freight rates? Will that affect the prices you pay for food? Has the increased cost of equipment anything to do with this? Take ties, for instance: a tie's life is good for three years. The roads are paying from 55 to 70 cents for ties they formerly got at 35 and 40 cents.

Take your pencil, and think, and answer these questions; and send in your answers! The increased cost of living affects every man, woman and child in the United States. What is the reason for it? What do you say? Don't be vague!

For some months to come, The Outing Magazine will devote a department to a searching discussion of this question, and all that lies back of it. Inasmuch as it affects the man of small means as well as the man with fat bank account, as it levies toll on every wage-earner's pocket, from the girl earning $6 a week behind a counter to Billie Burke's and Madam Sembrich's drawing their thousands—The Outing Magazine wants the opinion of everyone, and from month to month will present a symposium of views from the highest authorities. Generalities are not wanted; only facts! The Outing Magazine does not purpose issuing a monthly howl up-in-air. The Outing Magazine is going to do some national bookkeeping, is going to find out why things are scarce and prices high, how things can be made plentiful, within reach of all. Send in your Think! It affects you!

Yet more, The Outing Magazine will issue from month to month, searching articles on the great staples, on the natural resources of the Great National Heritage, what has become of them, how they can be preserved and increased and put within the reach of all, how you must help in doing this work. That affects you! Send in your Think about it! These articles will cover, not only the nation, but each state; not only each state, but each part of each state. There is something to be done. What is it? Who is to do it? It is always easier to tell the story of Minus than of Plus; to see mistakes instead of to rectify them. What is to be done? And who is to do it?

The Lure Of the Pole

It will interest the readers of The Outing Magazine to know that Mr. Dillon Wallace is planning soon to go in search of Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the Arctic explorer who is lost somewhere in the regions north of the Arctic Circle. And it will interest our readers still more to know that Mr. Wallace, the man who was with Leonidas Hubbard on his Labrador expedition, and who subsequently wrote, "The Long Labrador Trail," and "The Lure of the Labrador Wild," will contribute to this magazine upon his return the story of the rescuing expedition.

It may be well to recall that the Cook expedition was begun in May, 1907. The last news from Mr. Cook was dated March 17th, 1908, at a point forty miles north of Cape Thomas Hubbard, in the Polar Sea. At that time he reported himself well and that everything looked bright.

Mr. Wallace is peculiarly fitted by temperament and experience to head the expedition that is going to Mr. Cook's rescue. He is "level-headed," he knows how to guard against the attacks of the Arctic cold, and he knows how to provide for living in the Arctic regions.

Mr. Cook and Mr. Wallace are only two of the men who have yielded to the call of the north. The man philosophically inclined has doubtless asked himself why the north pole exerts the fascination it does upon explorers. Why should not the interior of Asia, or for that matter,

the south pole, be as interesting? Exploration interest took a western direction in the old days when there was a frontier and an unknown land beyond it. But now that the western frontier has disappeared, the restless portion of humanity have naturally turned to the South and to the North. The South soon ceased to exert great attraction when it became evident that there was no life in the Antarctic regions and that this absence of life, moreover, left no food supplies available for the adventurer who might be cut away from his base. The Arctic then began to draw like a powerful magnet. First the Northwest Passage drew the attention of voyagers to that part of the world, and as the distance to the Arctic was much shorter from the Anglo-Saxon countries, the first explorers naturally sailed north and tried to find the North Pole. Many have perished in the frozen Arctic regions and their deaths have enshrouded that part of the world in the fascination of romance and the mystery of unsolved riddles.

Exit

Mr. Roosevelt has been the most dominant President we have ever had. Some enthusiastic supporters maintain that he will loom with Lincoln and Washington in the perspective of our history. His opponents, on the other hand, are bitter in their asservations that he is the most disturbing factor ever injected into the American political and social scheme.

A man may be judged by his friends and by his enemies. Mr. Roosevelt has gathered about him several men devoted to his principles who are sane, far-sighted and efficient. Take for instance Elihu Root, Gifford Pinchot, or William H. Taft. It is hard to believe that a political schemer, a man given up to personal aggrandizement, could bind to him men like these. Indeed it is rather noteworthy that Mr. Roosevelt's friends, aides, or disciples—whatever one may choose to call them—are men whose motives are unquestioned and whose intelligence and energy are matters of record. An examination of his roster of enemies is equally interesting. Among the number of those who have sworn eternal vengeance upon Mr. Roosevelt are men whose motives *may* be questioned, are men who it is easy to believe are acting for their own selfish interests. The names of such men will readily occur to anyone familiar with recent history.

Furthermore, it is obvious that the problems which have engaged Mr. Roosevelt's attention—or rather which Mr. Roosevelt has attacked with the Big Stick—have been of over-shadowing importance.

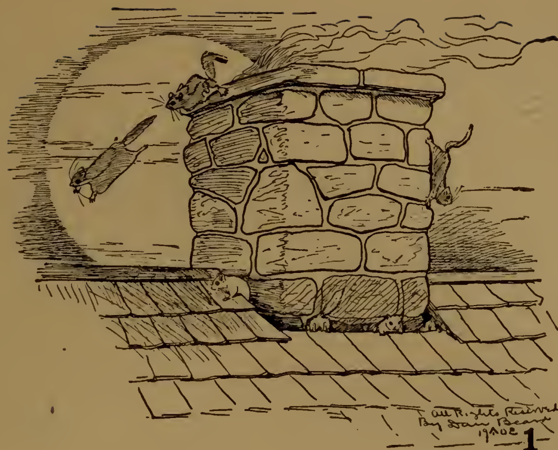
As has been remarked times without number, Mr. Roosevelt has his faults; but these faults have been incident to his overwhelming energy. The chief consideration is that it has been given to Mr. Roosevelt to perceive the things which most needed doing—and has done them. He has been an executive in the full meaning of the term.

In remembering such accomplishments as the Portsmouth Treaty, as his anti-trust legislation, as his work of calling the attention of the man in the street to the vital necessity of preserving our natural resources, we can overlook with a good conscience unimportant incidents like the Minor Morris episode or his arbitrary treatment of certain newspaper men.

When Mr. Roosevelt took up the broken threads of the McKinley administration, there was a scattered and ineffectual sentiment that believed our resources were being rifled, that our freight rates were too high. Mr. Roosevelt became the Voice of this movement and with the help of the people whom that Voice stirred to interest, he pushed and dragged and hammered through reluctant Congresses beneficient legislation which a less energetic president, which a Voice keyed to lower tones, which a man bothered by peccadillos, could never have done.

Therefore this magazine has a certain regret that Roosevelt is passing from the scene. Our regret would be keener were not Mr. Taft, experienced in administration and public service, and schooled in Mr. Roosevelt's very important policies, following him. In preaching the gospel of saving outdoor America and our outdoor heritage, of the sound mind in the sound body, Mr. Roosevelt has been touching upon subjects which are nearly as important to the present day as the moral question of slavery was to the day of Lincoln.

He has occupied the President's chair when a Big Noise had its use, and when courage and energy and a love of battle, such as he has, were vital to the nation's welfare.



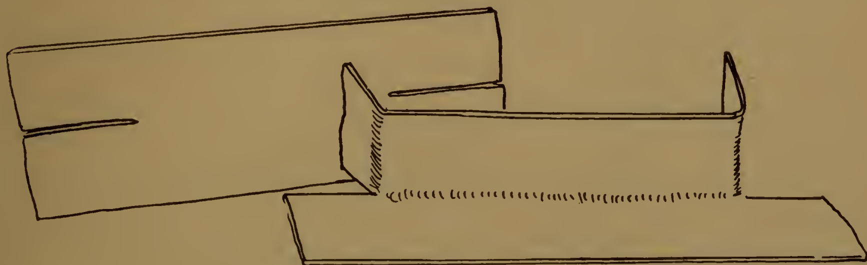
HOW TO PATCH A SHINGLE ROOF

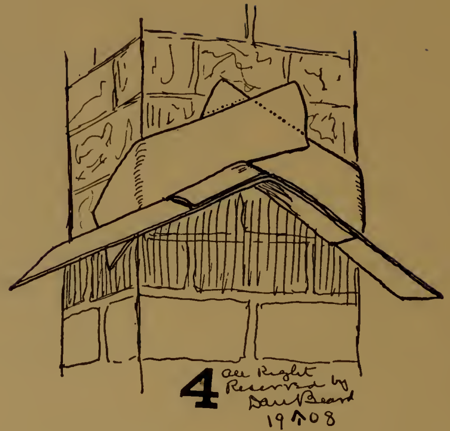
BY DAN BEARD

A HANDY MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE—SERIES NO. I

THE reader must not suppose that the roof of my camp was made of flannel, because it shrank, for the whole house, which was made of logs, diminished in size as the wood became seasoned. So that now each log averages a quarter of an inch less in width than it did when the house was built twenty-one years ago. There are just one hundred logs in the house, which makes the house twenty-five inches smaller than it was when it was built, but I can not say just where the two feet and an inch are missing. Neither do I know that this had anything to do with the opening in the roof about the chimney, but I do know that it gradually became wider and wider until it not only admitted the entrance of numerous flying squirrels and other varmints, but it also let in the rain and snow, and, consequently, it had to be remedied. Now neither the flying squirrels nor the elements can enter at that point.

The Connecticut Yankees stop the leak around the big chimneys of the old farmhouses with cement, but at permanent camps cement is not always handy, and even if one is living in the farmhouse it





will probably necessitate quite a drive to procure the cement. If, however, there happens to be some strips of the various tar roofing compounds, some old tin, or even a good piece of oilcloth, by which I mean a piece that may be so worn as to have been cast aside, and yet not be perforated with holes that will admit the rain, this may be used to stop the leak.

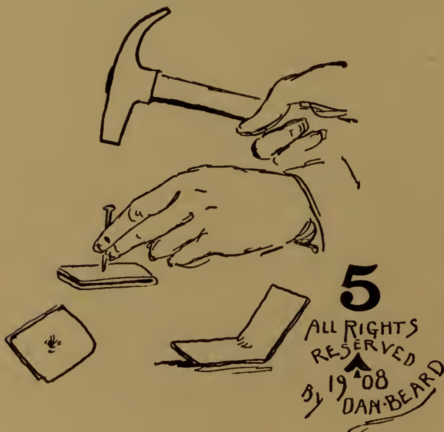
Fig. 1 shows a chimney from which the roof of the house is parted, leaving a good sized opening around the smokestack. To cover this, take a piece of roofing compound, tin, oilcloth, or tar-paper, and cut it as shown in the upper figure of the diagram marked 2. Make the slits in the two ends of the material of such a length that when the upper ends are bent back, as in the second diagram of Fig. 2, they will fit snugly around the chimney. You will need one piece like this for each side of the chimney. Where the ends of the roof abut against the ridge of the chimney you will require pieces slit in the same manner as the first, but bent differently. The upper lobe in this case is bent on the bias, to fit the chimney, while the lower one is bent over the ridge of the roof.

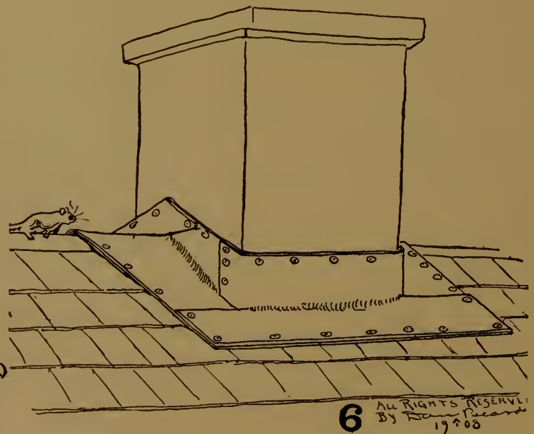
To better illustrate how this is done, Fig. 3 is supposed to show the end of the chimney with the roof removed. Fig. 4 is the same view of the chimney with the two pieces in place. You will need four pieces, two at each end of the chimney, to cover the ridge of the roof.

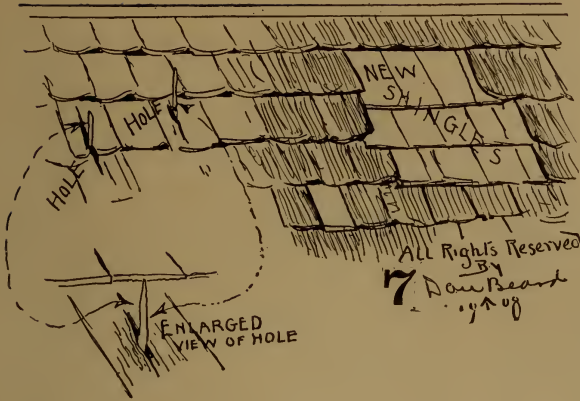
With all the many varieties of tar paper and composition roofing, there come tacks or wire nails supplied with round tin discs, perforated in the center, which are used as washers and prevent the nail from going through the roofing.

Fig. 6 shows the chimney with the patches around it tacked in place and the protruding ends of the parts trimmed off, according to the dotted lines in Fig. 4.

Do not think that it is being taken for granted that every camp and farmhouse has a supply of these tin washers, but we







know that every camp and farmhouse has a supply of tin cans, and the washers may be made from these, as shown in Fig. 5.

Knock the cans apart at their seams and cut the tin up into pieces like the rectangular one shown under the hand in Fig. 5. Bend these pieces in the center so as to make a square, place them on a piece of soft wood and punch holes in them by driving a wire nail through them, and you will have better washers than those you can buy, although they may not be so handsome.

Any decent shingled roof should last fifteen years without repairing it, and many of them last nearly twice that time. But there comes a time when the roof begins to leak and needs mending. When this time comes cut out with your jackknife a number of little wooden pegs or splints, each about six inches long and a little thicker than a pipe stem; go up in the attic and wherever you see daylight through the roof push through a wooden peg to mark the spot. Then when you have finished, take off your shoes, put on a pair of woolen socks and there will be little danger of your slipping on the roof. India rubbers with corrugated soles are also good to wear when climbing on the roof.

In Fig. 7 you will see two of the pegs sticking through the roof marking holes, and below is a larger view of one of these pegs, connected with the upper ones by dotted lines. To mend simple cracks or holes like these it is only necessary to drive a new shingle up under the damaged one. Where there is a bad place in the roof, it may be necessary to make a patch of a number of shingles, like the one shown in the right-hand corner of Fig. 7. But even then, unless the hole is very large, it is not necessary to remove the old shingles.

These patches of new shingles do not look handsome on an old roof, but they serve their purpose in keeping out the rain and snow, and prevent moisture from rottening the timbers. The weather will soon tone down the color of the new shingles so that they will not be noticeable and you will have the satisfaction of having a dry roof over your head. There is only one thing more satisfactory than a dry roof, and that is a dry boat.

THE COUNTRY HOME

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

PLANNING THE GARDEN

SPRING is close at hand—actual spring, when the country home owner can begin the varied work about the place that will be found waiting on every hand. Probably attention will be given, first of all, to the garden. Of course nothing of consequence can be done *in* it at this time, but a good deal can be done in preparation for it. By that, I mean that it can be thought out and planned out in advance in such a manner that when the time comes for actual work in it there will be a definite idea—or plan—upon which to work. This will greatly simplify matters, it will be found, for the garden that is based on no system will nearly always be a disappointment.

Why should so simple a thing as a vegetable garden need a plan? some one may ask. Isn't it just as well to put in seed without a plan, since about all we expect to do is to grow a crop of vegetables for summer use? That is the main object, it is true, but the fact remains that the man who would raise the best crops in the garden must give some thought to the loca-

tion of them. If he plants his sweet corn, or his pole beans, or his Champion of England peas where they will shade his tomatoes, the latter will suffer in consequence. If he puts his lettuce or his radishes into the ground without making sure that he has selected the quickest soil in his garden for them, he can hardly expect the best results from them. Not only must he plan to give each vegetable all the sunshine possible, but he must aim to give each one a place where the soil seems best adapted to its needs. For it will often be found that there are different qualities of soil within the limits of even a small garden, and he must do his best to so arrange his plants that they can be cultivated to the best possible advantage. Rows should be planned, instead of beds, to facilitate the use of the garden cultivator—the most useful of all garden tools. With the garden so arranged that the cultivator can be run the whole length of it without turning, more can be done in an hour than could be done in all day with the hoe. This cultivator has made gardening easy, and the man who has a garden but no cultivator to use in it should lose no time in providing himself with one.

I would suggest making a diagram on paper of the garden as you intend to have it, to work from when the time for garden making comes. If this is done, few mistakes will be made in locating your vegetables properly, provided, of course, you give the necessary amount of forethought to the arrangement or location of them after familiarizing yourself with their habits.

Let the rows run east and west, if possible, giving those on the north to the taller growing kinds of plants.

The vegetable garden should be well manured, as nearly everything grown in it makes heavy demands upon the soil. Quick development must be encouraged. A vegetable grown in a slow, poor soil will be as inferior in flavor as in size or quantity. See that the manure is thoroughly worked into the soil before anything is planted. You cannot put too much work into the preparation of the garden for the reception of seed.

Nor can you be too careful in your selection of seed. The best is the cheapest, in the long run, always.

You will find it more satisfactory to grow a few of the best varieties—standard kinds that have become such because of great merit—than it is to try a "little of everything."

Get the hot-bed and cold-frame material out of its winter quarters, and make sure that it is in shape to go together snugly when the time comes to make use of it. If any repairs are needed, make them now. See that the hot-bed sash has no broken panes. Get mats ready for covering the glass on cold nights. In short, do everything *now* that can be done, and thus possibly prevent a congestion of work later on.

MISCELLANEOUS SUGGESTIONS

A correspondent recently asked my opinion regarding low and high pruning of fruit trees. Not having had sufficient experience with either method to feel justified in giving an opinion, the query was referred to one of our most practical orchardists. Here is his reply:

"I consider that low pruning has the following advantages over high pruning. First—There is no danger of the trunk and large limbs becoming sun-scalded and infested with borers, which will, in time, destroy the usefulness of the tree, if not kill it. Second—The fruit is nearer the ground, thus doing away with much of the labor of gathering it. I estimate that fifty per cent. of the cost of harvesting the crop can be saved by low pruning. Third—The lower branches, being the oldest, produce fruit first. If we cut them away in our attempts to raise the head of the tree, we sacrifice a good deal of fruit by it. Fourth—A low-branched tree will furnish the largest bearing surface in a given time. Fifth—It is less subject to injury from winds. Its branches are seldom broken, and it never blows over. Sixth—When the lower limbs are trimmed off, at their extremities, as they should be, the plow and cultivator can be used as close to the body of the tree as is advisable under any conditions. The argument that low-pruning prevents one from keeping the ground clean close to the tree is all nonsense. Where there is a dense spread of branches close to the ground not enough weeds will grow to do any harm."

A correspondent sends the following very practical advice about setting posts: "Lately, in digging for the foundation of a building, I had to remove a post set in water-lime several years ago, and this gave me an opportunity to see what condition it was in. It was apparently as sound as when put into the ground, and was held as firmly in the cement as if the two were one. In setting the posts, I dug the holes three feet deep, and about ten inches square. The posts were set in the holes and blocked in place with bits of stone. Then the hole was filled two-thirds full with a mixture of cement and sand, one part of the former to five parts the latter, mixed to the consistency of mud. Coarse gravel was then poured in, filling the hole until the mortar came even with the surface. The result was that the posts never rotted, never sagged, and seem good for a long time to come."

It is to be hoped that the owner of every country home where a few fruit trees are grown has given some attention, during the past winter, to the importance of spraying. The time has come when every intelligent fruit-grower recognizes the absolute necessity of the spray if he would produce good fruit. Two important facts have been emphasized by experiments conducted at

the various Experimental Stations during the last year. First—that for most fungous diseases the spray should be applied before the flowers appear, and, second, that it pays to spray in a wet season. Heretofore spraying in a wet season has been thought hardly necessary, but the fact has developed that it is in a wet season that fungi spreads most rapidly.

Another important effect of spraying must not be lost sight of. Immediate effect concerns the fruit of the season only, and this we have thought was about all we had to consider in the case. But careful study has proved that spraying has an effect that is often more marked in succeeding years than it is in the year in which it is done. It rids the tree and its foliage of fungi, and so long as your tree is clean there is little danger for the fruit. The most careful observation of the results of spraying emphasizes the value of the arsenical, copper and sulphur sprays *for the tree*. In other words, instead of spraying for the fruit-crop of the season, spray the tree to free it from fungi, and as soon as you get it into a clean, healthy condition its fruit will take care of itself. Therefore, spray—spray thoroughly, and be governed by the instructions contained in the bulletins sent out from the Experimental Stations, free, to every applicant.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

What Kind of Strawberries to Plant. (M. M. T.)—This correspondent writes that he proposes to set out some strawberries this spring and he asks advice as to what kinds to select.

Now the fact is, so much depends upon the soil that it is hardly safe for a person unacquainted with it to advise any particular kind for any particular locality. A kind that gives excellent satisfaction in one kind of soil may be a perfect failure in a soil of different quality. The proper thing to do is to find out from one's neighbors about the kinds they grow, and have the best luck with, and be governed by their experience.

Grape Growing for Profit. (C. B. K.)—This correspondent asks for information regarding the growing of the grape for market. Is it a profitable business? Is it one that is easily learned?

There is a reasonably good profit in grape growing, provided one has the right kind of soil, is convenient to a market, or has good shipping facilities, and has a thorough knowledge of the culture which is necessary to make the vine a generous cropper every year. This knowledge any one who sets about it can secure by working for a season or two with a practical vineyardist, but it cannot be obtained from books alone. No one ought to expect success without fully understanding all that the plant requires in the way of soil, pruning, and care throughout the season. He who attempts to grow grapes for profit without this knowledge may be sure of failure. Get standard books on the culture of the grape, read them carefully, but be sure to supplement the information thus obtained by personal experience under some one who has mastered the science before starting out independently.

Hedge Plants. (W. K.)—This correspondent plans to plant a hedge this season, and asks how he should set the plants. I would advise three rows, after this fashion:

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     X       X       X       X
X        X       X       X       X
     X       X       X       X
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Set the plants about a foot apart in the row, and let the rows be about the same distance apart. A three-row hedge will be found much more satisfactory, in the long run, than a two-row one, because, if a plant dies here and there, as it is likely to, there will be no thin place noticeable in the hedge, after a little.

Pruning the Orchard. (S. F. D.)—This correspondent asks if it is safe to prune a neglected orchard at this season. "Better late than never" is an old saying that applies here. Do the work before the sap begins to circulate. Use sharp, clean-cutting tools in the removal of branches, and go over each cut with a wash of thin oil paint, to close the pores of the wood.

Transplanting Large Trees.—P. G. writes: "Some time ago I saw a reference in your department in OUTING to the removal of large trees, but I am unable to find it, now that I want to make use of it. Can you tell me in what number, and what year, to look for it, or can you repeat the advice in your answers to correspondents? I presume others beside myself would be benefited if you were to do so."

I remember saying something on this subject in this magazine some time ago, but search for the particular number containing it has been unsuccessful. I will therefore answer the query here. Trees fifteen and twenty feet tall can be safely removed if one goes at it in the right way. If a man who has had experience in work of this kind may easily be found, I would advise turning the job over to him, but if there is no such party at hand, do not be afraid to attempt it yourself. You may feel reasonably sure of success if you are willing to give the proper amount of care to the task. It is by no means an easy undertaking, however, as you will find. Cut down in the frozen ground about the trees, leaving a block of soil at least four feet square about the roots. Go down as far as the frost goes, and when you have got below it, dig under the tree until it is possible to loosen the mass of earth in which it stands. This can be done most effectively by putting chains about the block, and operating them by a steady-pulling team. Do not attempt to do more, at this time, than to get the

tree loose from the earth in which it has been growing. When the mass of frozen soil containing it *is* loose, block it up in such a manner that it will be an easy matter to get under it with chains when the time comes for its removal. This part of the work should be done before the frost leaves the ground, to avoid undue exposure of the roots. Of course it will be necessary to cut off a good many roots in digging about the tree. A corresponding amount of branches should be cut away. Remove the tree as soon as possible in spring. A "stone-boat" is best.

Plants in Cold Storage. (Mrs. D. D. E.)—Bring out the hydrangeas, the fuchsias, and other deciduous plants that have been stored in the cellar over winter. Give them the benefit of good light, and water them well, and they will very soon begin to grow. Do not do anything in the way of pruning until they have begun to make growth. When you know where their branches are to be you can prune with some intelligence, but work of this kind done before the plants have started is always guesswork. As a rule, cut fuchsias back at least two thirds. Hydrangeas bloom on wood of last season's growth; therefore they should not be pruned until after their blossoms are out. Pruning before that time will result in the loss of a large portion of the season's crop of bloom, unless one understands the plant so thoroughly that he can distinguish between bloom and leaf-buds—not an easy thing for the amateur to do.

PRACTICAL WAYS OF COOKING FISH

BY MILES BRADFORD

IF you want to know how much fun there actually is in a trip to the woods—if you want to know how much genuine enjoyment you can derive from a week's fishing—you must make up your mind to master the art of outdoor cookery. To be the mere desultory sportsman, the dilettante who goes out to rough it with a retinue of cooks and other servants at his heels, or to depend upon the hospitality of inns and fishing clubs for the material comforts of civilization, is to miss more than half the pleasure of an outing. Even when you know that there is a more or less complaisant cook waiting to serve the day's catch in the most approved fashion, you do not sit down to the eating of the fish you have caught with anything like the same keenness of appetite that you display when you have prepared your own repast in accordance with the primitive culinary methods that all true woodsmen know.

To fully realize just what this means it is only necessary to try the experiment and compare the results of the two methods. Even though it may be prepared by a thoroughly good cook, and by the best of recipes, your freshly caught fish will bear but slight resemblance in flavor to the one that you have cooked with your own hands, and with practically none of the facilities that are so requisite to the successful operation of a modern kitchen. In fact, it is because foods taste so much better when cooked by the simplest methods, that all lovers of nice eating still swear by the "plank," or the hot stones that form the foundation upon which that wonderful piece of culinary architecture, the clam bake, is constructed.

The idea of "planking" fish, like that of cooking upon hot stones, and most other methods of out-door cookery, may be traced back to the days of the American Indian, for, in almost every instance, it was in much such a way that the native redskin prepared his simple fare. As Clem Johnson, the planked-shad chef of Marshall Hall, on the Potomac, used to say, "Being short of dishes, Mr. Indian hit upon the idea of pinning his fish to a board, so that he could set it up before the fire to roast, and when the white man came along and saw the trick, it didn't take him long to get to practicing it himself." And, as the venerable Clem might have added, the only improvement that the white man has been able to devise is the invention of the savory sauces with which he now bastes the fish during the process of cooking.

HOW TO PLANK FISH

From a gustatory point of view, planking is the ideal method of preparing rather large fish, not shad alone, but many of the more sizeable fish that may be caught in American waters. Thus, blue fish, weak-

fish (squeteague), fresh mackerel, sheepshead, etc., may all be planked delectably, and are far more tasty when cooked in this manner than they ever can be when stuffed and roasted, or baked in a modern oven.

As Mr. Johnson, of Marshall Hall, would tell you, the secret of planking lies in driving the oil from the fish and replacing it with some tasty condiment. Accordingly, after the fish have been cleaned, and split through the center, as though for broiling, it is nailed securely to a thick cypress, birch, or oak plank, which is set on edge before a rousing wood fire. You must be careful at first, not to let the fish stand too near the fire, for that will tend to make the flesh dry and tasteless. Instead, let the first heat be gradual; then, little by little, at regular intervals, move the plank nearer the fire, and, every few minutes, baste it with some appropriate sauce.

While the ingredients of these sauces are largely a matter of personal choice, and must depend, to some degree, upon the nature of the fish that is to be planked, a mixture of melted butter, bacon fat, Worcestershire, lemon juice, mustard, pepper, and salt, can scarcely fail to give satisfaction to the majority of palates.

BAKING BY USE OF HOT STONES

Hard and soft clams, crabs, lobsters, etc., are always tasty when baked on the hot stones, and, in this case, nearly everything else that goes to constitute the repast may be cooked in the same "bake." To prepare this distinctively primitive "oven," it is first necessary to arrange a foundation of large stones. Upon this bed of rock, build your wood fire, and keep it burning until the stones have become thoroughly heated. At this point, clean the stones well with a long-handled brush; then, cover them with wet rock weed to the depth of about twelve inches. Place the clams, or other shell fish, on the weed, with the potatoes, corn, chicken, and other ingredients of the "bake," being careful to wrap each variety of food except shell fish in pieces of wet cheesecloth. Cover all with more weed; arrange a thick square of carpeting, or sailcloth over the "bake," secure the corners with heavy stone, and wait as patiently as you can for the results. It will not take more than an hour and a half to two hours.

While the clambake is an ideal method of preparing large quantities of food, in the case of a comparatively small camping party it would be impractical to resort to it. At such times, clams, lobsters, etc., should be boiled in a huge pot that has been suspended over the fire, while the fish, when small, should be fried, or, when large enough, encased in a mold of wet clay and cooked in the hot embers. This, in fact, is about the only way in which trout, pickerel, and the daintiest of fresh-water fish should be cooked.

If you are too weary to take much trouble about culinary affairs, the easiest way to solve the problem of cooking is to roll the previously cleaned and dressed fish in a mold of clay, which is then buried in the glowing coals in the very center of the fire; but, if your love of nice flavors is sufficiently strong to tempt you to pay more attention to details of cooking, there is a way in which your fish may be made to seem far more palatable.

If this is your purpose, clean and dress the fish as usual; then stuff it with a mixture of fresh mint, wild celery, and salt pork, that have already been well minced and fried lightly together. When this has been done, wrap some thinly cut slices of pork around the fish; cover the pork with a layer of poplar leaves, and encase in a mold of clay. Bake as directed.

A QUICK METHOD OF COOKING

If the demands of hunger forbid you waiting so long for dinner—it takes from an hour and a half to three hours to cook a fish in a mold—very nearly the same results may be obtained far more easily. To meet this difficulty, take a sheet of old-fashioned brown paper and spread it thickly with butter, or, if butter is not any too plentiful, a mixture of butter and pork fat may be used. Wrap the fish in this; around the outside tie a goodly quantity of sprigs of sweet-fern, and cover this again with three or four sheets of the brown paper. Bury this brown-paper bundle in the ashes of the fire, taking care to see that all the live coals, or embers, are removed, and cook for about thirty minutes.

Many amateur cooks—and some who are not strictly amateurs—seem to have the idea that fish, to be properly fried, must first be covered with a coating of egg and crumbs, or egg and meal. This, however, is a most erroneous theory. Trout, for example, can be spoiled more easily by this sort of treatment than in any other way.

To fry trout, the only facilities that are necessary are a good fire, a frying pan, and plenty of fat salt pork. When the pan has become heated, several slices of the pork should be fried in it until practically all the grease has been extracted, after which the meat scraps are removed, and the fish are dropped directly into the hot fat. It is only necessary to turn them once or twice, and, when done, the only seasoning they require is a sprinkling of salt.

Most fresh water fish may be cooked in this fashion, although some of the less dainty varieties will stand the egg-and-meal, or egg-and-breadcrumb treatment. The majority of salt water fish should be coated with the beaten egg and crumbs, or with dry meal, before being fried. When it is tautog (blackfish) that are to be cooked, they should invariably be skinned, as it is extremely difficult to scale them,

and before they are fried they should be scored across each side, about an inch apart. Fry some slices of fat salt pork as before; and when it is crisp, remove the scraps, roll the fish in corn meal, and fry them in the sparkling hot fat until they have browned deliciously.

If there is a gridiron in camp—and there certainly ought to be when there are so many fish that may be broiled so nicely—it will be found quite as useful as the frying-pan. Fish, to be broiled on the gridiron, should first be salted, and, if it has been caught in fresh waters, it may well be left in a salted water bath for an hour or more before it is cooked. When ready to cook it, score it evenly to prevent it from bursting open when it swells under the action of the heat; then place it upon the greased gridiron and brown carefully. Just before serving, baste the fish lightly with butter and season to taste with pepper and salt.

PREPARING SMALL FISH

Should the fish be too small for ordinary broiling, and yet it should be necessary to utilize the gridiron in cooking them, this difficulty may be overcome and a pleasing note of variety given to the menu by combining them with potatoes. To do this, boil and mash the potatoes as usual, and season to taste with butter, salt and pepper. When thoroughly mixed into a paste, envelop each of the little fish in a coating of the potato, and broil for several minutes, or until the potato has browned.

If, as sometimes happens, even such commonplace culinary utensils as the frying pan and the gridiron are out of reach, there is little reason why the ingenious fisherman should go hungry if he has plied the hook and line at all successfully, for—should the fish be in evidence—it is possible to prepare a very dainty repast practically without the use of anything like a pot or a pan. To meet this emergency, first start your fire, and, while it is getting under way, select some of the small fish on your string, and clean and scale them thoroughly. If you have a broiling fork, or wire, you may string the fish upon it, or, in the absence of such a utensil, a stout greenwood twig will answer the same purpose, but, in either instance, be sure that you do not neglect to place a thin strip of salt pork, or bacon, between the fish, that the melting fat may baste each of them constantly as it drips into the fire. As fish prepared in this way need to be cooked very slowly, the twig should not be suspended too near the fire at first. Later, when more than half cooked, they may be brought closer to the heat, that they may brown more attractively.

While most sportsmen prefer to broil, or fry, their fish, or, at the most, to bake them in the embers, it is so much easier to boil the larger varieties that it is rather surprising that they are not cooked in that fashion more frequently.

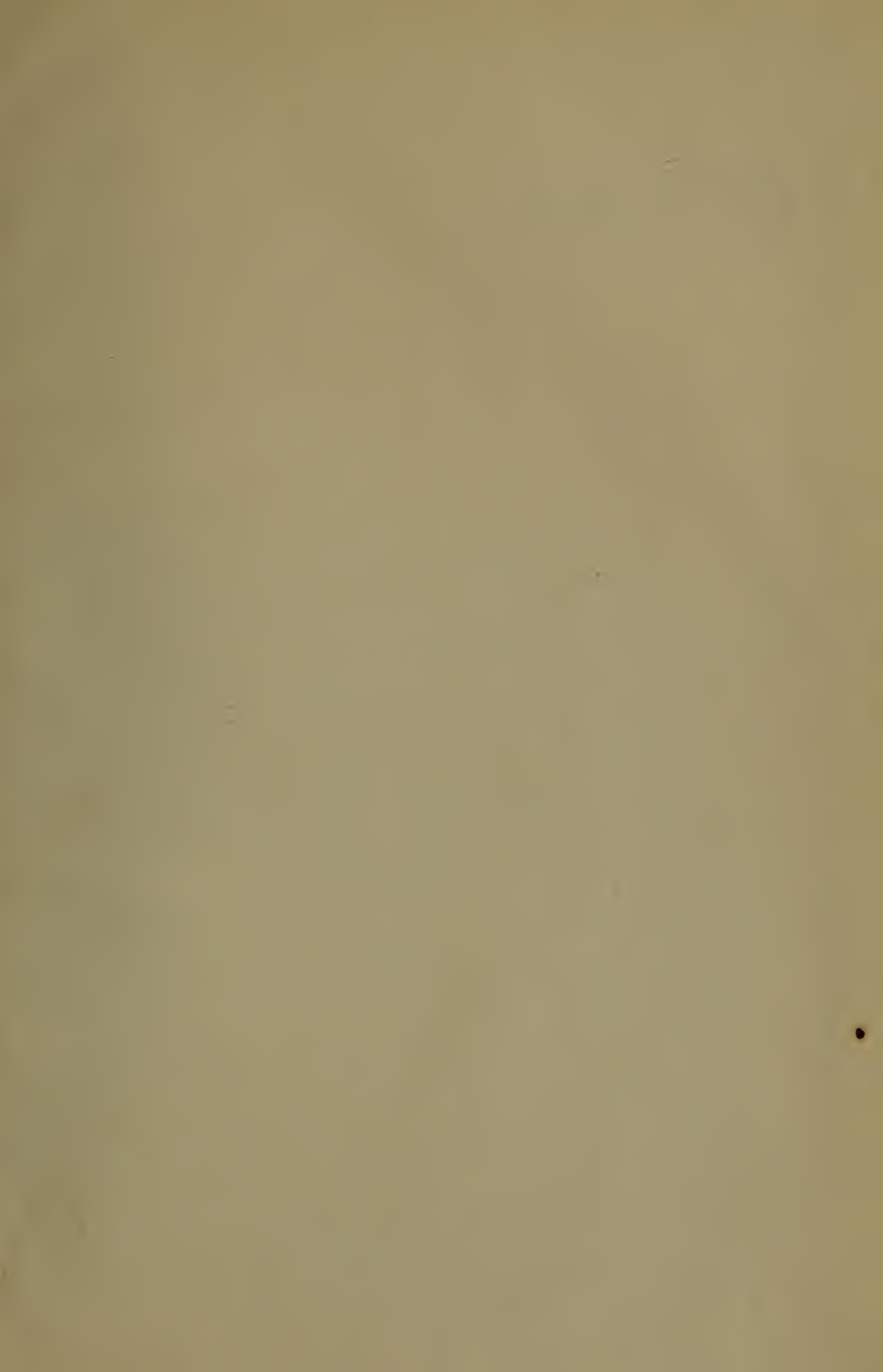
To boil fish properly, it is necessary that the cook should have a clean piece of cloth at hand, and, after cleaning the fish, and salting it with discretion, it should be wrapped closely in this towel, or cloth, the end of which should be tied, or pinned securely. Before putting the fish into the pot, you must be certain that the water is actually boiling, and be sure to add a handful of salt. Cover the pot closely, and keep it simmering, but do not let it boil. This is particularly important in the case of freshly caught salt-water fish, which are very apt to become hard if the water in which they are cooked is permitted to boil. In estimating the time required to boil fish, it is pretty safe to allow ten minutes to each pound, although especially large, or thick, pieces may take a few minutes longer. When done, serve with the simplest kind of a white sauce. This may be made by mixing a lump of butter and a tablespoonful of flour with the necessary quantity of warm water. Let this simmer slowly for a few minutes; then add a little minced parsley—if you can get it—or, if more convenient, a hard boiled egg that has been cut into small pieces. Season to taste and pour over the fish.

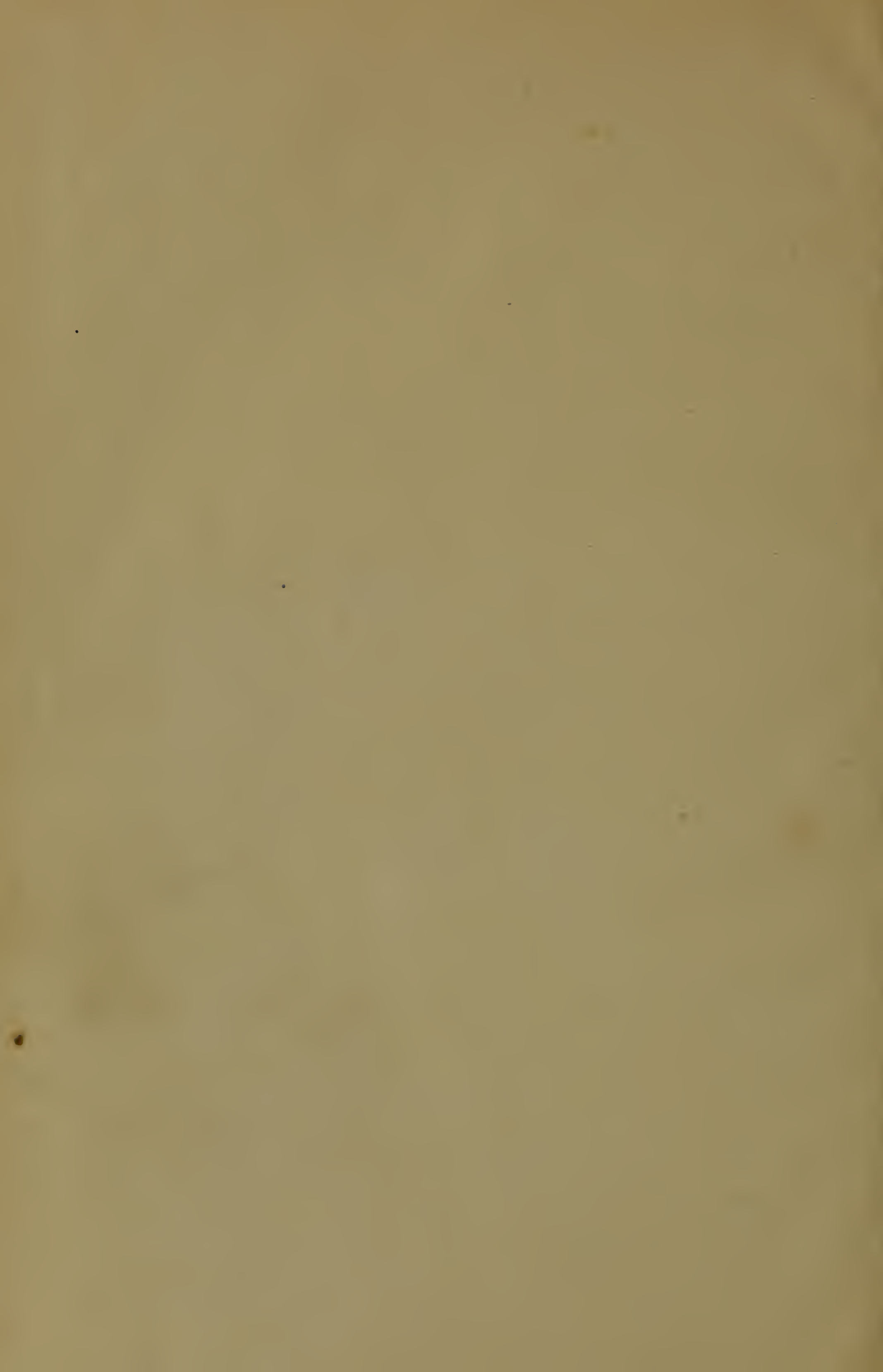
CHOWDER EASILY MADE

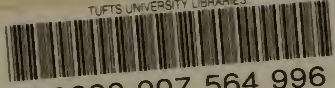
To the man who is "roughing it," no dish can be more appetizing and filling than a good chowder, and, fortunately for the fisherman who is near the ocean, a good chowder may be made with either clams or fish, If clams are within the reach of the digger, this, of course, obviates all difficulties.

To make any chowder—either fish or clam—begin by frying diced salt pork in the bottom of the pot. When the pork has become crisp, remove the scraps, and, in the fat remaining, fry some sliced onions until they are nicely browned. At this point, add some diced potatoes, with the clam juice—if a clam chowder is to be made—or some water, if the chowder is to be of fish. Boil the mixture slowly until the potatoes are practically done; then add the fish or clams, and continue cooking about ten minutes longer.

From time to time, while the chowder is cooking, the scum that rises to the top should be carefully removed, and if the mixture threatens to become too dry, a little more hot water should be added. At the last moment a quart of milk may be introduced, if milk is obtainable, or, if you have such an article among your supplies, a can of tomatoes will add an agreeable flavor to a chowder made from clams. Just before serving, add the pilot-bread, or hard-tack, crackers, and season to taste with salt and pepper. The result cannot fail to prove amply satisfying to the hungriest member of your party.



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