

CHILD-LIBRARY READERS

BOOK SEVEN



ELSON EXTENSION SERIES

Dorothy Gray

MARTIN ROWAN CHAFFIN
COLLECTION
OF
PUBLIC SCHOOL TEXT-BOOKS



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THE ELSON EXTENSION SERIES

CHILD-LIBRARY READERS

BOOK SEVEN

BY

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PREFACE

The *Child-Library Readers* are planned as an *extension series* for the school reading program. Modern courses of study recognize the need for *extensive* reading, both for enriching the pupil's experience and for insuring the power to interpret readily the printed page. Moreover, progress in silent reading depends upon the wide use of reading material suited to the social needs of pupils. The present series is offered as a means for carrying on this extended program. Obviously, the schools that are using *The Elson Readers* will appreciate the economy that comes from the absence of duplicate selections, for duplication means positive waste. The *Child-Library Readers*, because of their un-hackneyed literature, are also well suited to expand the reading course founded on any set of texts.

The *Child-Library* series includes a number of distinguishing features, most of which are exemplified in the present volume.

Aim of the Child-Library Series Like *The Elson Readers*, this series is rich in story content of high quality, but the emphasis is placed more on *contemporary literature* than on *the classic*. A glance at the Table of Contents of this volume shows units of considerable size adequately treated, including stories of adventure and stories developing such significant themes as transportation and communication, the citizen and helpful service, the romance of industry, the world of nature, outdoor sports, American humor—subjects that suggest the throbbing world vividly alive and full of interest for boys and girls. Moreover, the literature included recognizes the fact that ability to get the main thought from increasingly large units of subject-matter is one of the chief aims in the teaching of reading, and that the use of such material trains pupils to read with intelligence a newspaper, a magazine article, or a book. And this is precisely the ability most needed in later school life and in life outside the school. In addition, the authors, in selecting the body of literature for this series, gave special attention to its social and ethical values. It will be noted that the literature is rich in ideals of the good citizen, of home and country, loyalty

and service, thrift, conservation, and coöperation—ideals of which American children need a new conception. The book includes modern poems of the seasons, the literature of nature and outdoor life, and it stresses the humane treatment of animals. It emphasizes the value of humor and wholesome fun as important factors in the life and health of everyone. Throughout, grade by grade, the books are well within the ready control of pupils. Not only is the vocabulary simple, but the sentence structure is free from unnecessary difficulties. Experiments show that reading efficiency is best attained when the literature is not too difficult.

The literature of a school reader that would establish effective reading habits in pupils must be purposefully organized. Sound

Organization of Literature organization brings together into related units the selections that center about a common theme. Such an arrangement—called the unit or group plan—enables pupils to see the larger dominant ideas of the book as a whole instead of looking upon the text as a confused scrap-book of miscellaneous selections.

The *Child-Library Readers, Book Seven*, is based on the unit or group plan of reading. Look at the Table of Contents, pages 9-10. You will notice that there are seven Parts, each distinguished by unity of theme. Part I, for example, contains stories of nature. Next you will notice that the first three stories of each group have the same particular subject; for example, the first three stories of Part I are about wild geese migration. This group of stories about wild geese, together with the related library reading suggested on page 32, forms a common series or "type group" and aptly illustrates the unit plan of reading. This type group of stories about migration is intended to indicate the plan and to show how each of the selections listed under "Out of Doors" may, through the use of the library reading suggested at the end of each story, be given like treatment. For example, when "Marvels of Ant Life" has been read, other ant stories listed on page 47 may be read and reported on in class, thus making a group of ant stories like the type group of wild geese stories given in the text. A summary (see "General Questions and Suggested Readings," pages 31-33) ends each type group and shows the procedure. You will notice a wealth of questions, topics for discussion, theme topics, and suggested

problems—all relating to the type group as a whole and intended to *apply* the ideas that dominate the unit. Each Part ends with a summary, or review. (See "Summary of Part I," page 80.)

The other six Parts of the book have a similar arrangement. In case part or all of the suggested library reading is not available, the text, nevertheless, has the value of a rich content, effectively organized, and may be treated as any other like body of literature. Whenever a group of stories in a book of this series will enrich selections found in the corresponding volume of some other series that is being read, the teacher may well combine the two groups. For example, after the group of stories listed under "Citizenship and Service" in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven*, has been read, the teacher may well extend this subject by the use of Part V in *Book Seven* of the *Child-Library* series.

The value of the organization just described lies in its tendency to weld together the school and the library. The school text that would establish in pupils the right use of newspapers, magazines, and books must connect directly with the library, thus forming the *core* or *center* about which the pupil's general reading is organized. Much of his reading must of necessity be miscellaneous, like the magazine or newspaper, but some of it should be more purposeful, for he gains a fuller knowledge of a subject when he gathers ideas from a group of selections that center about a common theme. For example, if he reads successively a number of stories about wild geese migration, showing a variety of experiences and characteristics, his knowledge of wild geese migration is multiplied. Besides, his interest is intensified and he wishes to read more about the migration of birds. In this way his acquaintance with the literature of bird migration is enlarged and he comes to know the leading writers on that subject. Librarians agree that boys and girls who read a compelling story or book usually ask for another on the same subject. Thus an interesting story in the school text should lead to other stories or books on the same theme or a related theme.

The *Child-Library Readers, Book Seven*, as the title aptly suggests, is based on such a purposeful plan. This book aims not only to increase the pupil's knowledge of a subject, but also to intensify his interest in it and to direct him to related material—in short, to *cultivate the extensive reading habit and the*

library method of study. It seeks to direct and make purposeful the pupil's outside use of books, magazines, and newspapers, bringing to bear upon his school reading the experience and knowledge gained from these sources, thus welding together the school, the library, and the home in the development of right habits in reading.

Carefully selected lists of especially apt library reading, designed to broaden and deepen the pupil's knowledge and sympathy, are given at the end of each type group and after each of the other selections in the text. These lists, though not exhaustive, are chosen for their specific aptness, their abundant interest, and their excellent literary quality. They include the literature of both the past and the present. In addition, this library reading has been carefully graded and grouped into three classes: (1) stories suitable to be reported on in class by individual pupils or committees—a splendid basis for supervised study and the socialized recitation; (2) stories suitable for individual reading in leisure moments—selections somewhat less difficult, though not less appealing than those found in the first group; (3) stories to be presented by the teacher—in general, selections that bulk large and require interpretation. In the differentiated assignment, the text is the *minimum*, the addition of (1) forms the *average*, and the further addition of (2), the *maximum* assignment.

The literature of this volume is well suited to the purposes of silent reading. Not only has it the prime requisite of being vitally related to the pupil's everyday life and interest, but it is rich in story content, with a factual background, and is well within his power of comprehension. Moreover, the text is not encumbered with irrelevant and doubtful editorial matter, but is treated with reference to its dominant ideas and in a way to emphasize its larger units of expression. So varied is the content of the book that it provides for all the different purposes for which pupils read, chief of which are: (1) to get the main thought of the selection; (2) to read the selection rapidly for certain facts or opinions; (3) to master the selection in detail.

The text itself provides abundant directions for using the material offered for a silent reading program. For example, notice the informal tests of comprehension. (See page 22.) Similar tests for each selection suggest a wide variety of activi-

Silent Reading

ties, such as reading for the central idea or story plot; selective reading to find parallels or to answer specific questions; reading to form æsthetic judgments; summarizing paragraphs and larger units in brief statements; comparing selections and judging their relative value; pictorial representation of graphic units. Tests in speed may well be added to these from time to time, based on selected units of the text, or the entire story. Experience shows that reasonable speed is an aid to comprehension, for a slow pupil, by increasing his reading rate, improves his comprehension. Moreover, scientific tests show that the eye span has much to do with speed, and that ability to take in longer groups of words—phrasing ability—is an important factor in reading efficiency. The authors have kept steadily in mind that reading has for its purpose the gaining of thought from the printed page and that the test is how much of the content the pupil has gained from his reading. Testing devices are valuable in the degree in which they register the fullest content the pupil has gained. Obviously, tests are intended mainly as a stimulus to pupils in fixing the habit of always reading rapidly and always reading for thought. Because of this fact, they may be used more or less sparingly, depending upon the pupil's need for stimulus. A record of the progress of each pupil in silent reading ability should be kept as a basis for comparison. At least once during the school year one of the standard tests, such as the Thorndike, may be used to advantage. Such devices are valuable mainly as a check against the individual judgment of the teacher.

Reading aloud has a place in the treatment of every selection, not the dull, monotonous "read-the-next-paragraph" kind of oral reading, but the effective presentation of selected units notable for their dramatic quality or for their beauty of thought or expression. All poetry should be read aloud, for much of the beauty of poetry lies in its rhythm. By converting the pupils into an "audience" of real listeners the reading is given motive and purpose. In this book *class readings* are frequently suggested for oral expression; in other cases pupils are asked to select units of expression particularly suited to be read aloud; all citations of examples of vivid description, and of evidence to prove author's statement should be presented to the group through oral reading.

Oral Reading

A list of definite "aims" to guide the reading is provided at the beginning of each prose story. These suggestions are intended to give purpose to the pupil's reading, citing specific points for him to observe and fix in mind. The pupil should give careful attention to these aims before he begins to read the story, and hold them steadily in mind as objectives. In some cases the pupil is asked to suggest additional aims.

An effective text must score a high test on its *fitness as a tool for classroom use*. The following distinguishing features will indicate the effectiveness of this book as such a tool:

Definite Helps

(1) Reading Aims are listed at the beginning of each story to give definite purpose to the pupil's reading. (See page 13.)

(2) Silent Reading is thoroughly provided for, including informal tests of speed and comprehension. (See page 22.)

(3) A comprehensive Glossary contains words and phrases that offer valuable vocabulary training in both pronunciation and meaning. (See pages 497-512.)

(4) A complete program of study, "How to Gain the Full Benefit of Your Reading," explains the various helps found in the text. (See page 20.)

(5) "Notes and Questions" contain:

(a) Biographies of authors that supply data for interpreting the stories and poems;

(b) Historical settings whenever necessary to an intelligent understanding of the selection;

(c) General Questions and Topics for each selection, and frequently suggested problems as well as suggestions for theme topics (two-minute talks);

(d) General Questions and Suggested Readings, including general questions and topics for discussion in class, together with suggested library reading of related material not only for each type group but also for the other selections found in the book;

(e) A Summary for each Part, that provides review and comparison of the selections found in the group.

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PART I
THE WORLD OF NATURE

*Above in the light
Of the starlit night
Swift birds of passage wing their flight
Through the dewy atmosphere.*

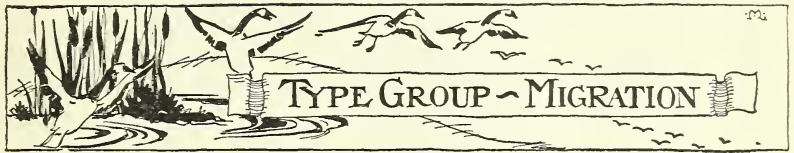
*I hear the beat
Of their pinions fleet,
As from the land of snow and sleet
They seek a southern lea.*

—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW



MIGRATING GEESE

F. W. Benson



THE WILD GEESE OF WYNDYGOUL

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Reading Aims—Find: (a) what the annual custom of the race of wild geese is; (b) how the family of wild geese observed the fifth commandment.

THE BUGLING ON THE LAKE

Who that knows the wild Northland of Canada can picture that blue and green wilderness without hearing in his heart the trumpet “honk” of the wild geese? Who that has ever known it there can fail to get again, each time he hears, the thrill it gave
5 when first for him it sounded on the blue lake in the frame of green? Older than ourselves is the thrill of the gander-clang. For without a doubt that trumpet note in springtime was the inspiring notice to our far-back forbears in the days that were, that the winter famine was at end—the wild geese come, the
10 snow will melt, and the game again be back on the browning hills. The ice of the wintertime is gone; the warm bright heaven of the green and perfect land is here. This is the tidings it tells, and when I hear the honker-clang from the flying wedge in the sky, that is the message it brings me with a sudden mist in the
15 eyes and a choking in the throat, so I turn away, if another be there, unless that other chance to be one like myself, a primitive, a “hark-back” who, too, remembers and who understands.

So when I built my home in the woods and glorified a marshy swamp into a deep blue, brimming lake, with muskrats in the water and intertwining boughs above, my memory, older than my brain, harked hungry for a sound that should have been. I
5 knew not what; I tried to find by subtle searching, but it was chance in a place far off that gave the clue. I wanted to hear the honkers call; I longed for the clang of the flying wedge, the trumpet note of the long-gone days.

So I brought a pair of the blacknecks from another lake,
10 pinioned to curb the wild roving that the seasons bring, and they nested on a little island, not hidden, but open to the world about. There in that exquisite bed of soft gray down were laid the six great ivory eggs. On them the patient mother sat four weeks unceasingly, except each afternoon she left them half an hour.
15 And round and round that island, night and day, the gander floated, cruised, and tacked about, like a warship on patrol. Never once did the gander cover the eggs; never once did the mother mount on guard. I tried to land and learn about the nest one day. The brooding goose it was that gave the danger call.
20 A short quack, a long, sharp hiss, and before my boat could touch the shore the gander splashed between and faced me. Only over his dead body might my foot defile their isle—so he was left in peace.

The young ones came at length. The six shells broke and the
25 six sweet golden downlings "peeped" inspiringly. Next day they quit the nest in orderly array: the mother first, the downlings closely bunched behind, and last the warrior sire. And this order they always kept, then and all other times that I have knowledge of. It gave me food for thought. The mother always leads, the
30 father, born a fighter, follows—yes, obeys. And what a valiant guard he was; the snapping turtle, the henhawk, the black-snake, the coon, and the vagrant dog might take their toll of duckling brood or chicken yard, but there is nothing alive the gander will not face for his little ones, and there are few things
35 near his bulk can face him.

So the flock grew big and strong. Before three months they were big almost as the old ones, and fairly fledged; at four their wings were grown; their voices still were small and thin—they had not got the trumpet note, but seemed the mother's counter-
5 parts in all things else. Then they began to feel their wings, and take short flights across the lake. As their wings grew strong their voices deepened, till the trumpet note was theirs, and the thing I had dreamed of came about: a wild-goose band that flew and bugled in the air, and yet came back to their home water
10 that was also mine. Stronger they grew, and long and high their flights. Then came the moon of falling leaves, and with its waning flocks of small birds flew, and in the higher sky the old loud clang was heard. Down from the north they came, the arrowheads of geese. All kinsmen these, and that ahead with-
15 out a doubt the mother of the rest.

THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT

The wild geese on my lake turned up their eyes and answered back, and lined up on the lake. Their mother led the way and they whispered all along the line. Their mother gave the word, swimming fast and faster, then quacked, then called, and then
20 their voices rose to give the "honk"; the broad wings spread a little, while they splattered on the glassy lake, then rose to the measured "Honk, honk"; soaring away in a flock, they drifted into line, to join those other honkers in the southern sky.

"Honk, honk, honk!" they shouted as they sped. "Come on!
25 Come on!" they inspired each other with the marching song; it set their wings aqiver. The wild blood rushed still faster in their excited breasts. It was like a glorious trumpet. But—what! Mother is not in the line. Still splashed she on the surface of the lake, and father, too—and now her strident trumpet
30 overbore their clamorous "On, on! Come on!" with a strong "Come back! Come back!" And father, too, was bugling there: "Come back! Come back!"

So the downlings wheeled, and circling high above the woods

came sailing, skirting, kiting, splashing down at the mother's call.

"What's up? What's up?" they called lowly all together, swimming nervously. "Why don't we go?" "What is it, mother?"

5 And mother could not tell. Only this she knew, that when she gave the bugle note for all to fly, she spattered with the rest, and flapped, but it seemed she could not get the needed send-off. Somehow she failed to get well under way; the youngsters rose, but the old ones, their strong leaders, had strangely failed.
10 Such things will come to all. Not quite run enough, no doubt. So mother led them to the northmost arm of the lake, an open stretch of water now, and long. They here lined up again, mother giving a low, short double "honk" ahead, the rest aside and yet in line, for the long array was angling.

15 Then mother passed the word "Now, now," and nodding just a little swam on, headed for the south; the young ones passed the word "Now, now," and nodding swam; and father at the rear gave his deep, strong, "Now, now," and swam. So swam they all, then spread their wings, and spattered with their feet, as they
20 put on speed, and as they went they rose, and rising bugled louder till the marching song was ringing in full chorus. Up, up, and away, above the tree tops. *But again*, for some strange reason, mother was not there, and father, too, was left behind on the pond, and once again the bugle of retreat was heard, "Come
25 back! Come back!"

And the brood, obedient, wheeled on swishing wings to sail and slide and settle on the pond, while mother and father both expressed in low, short notes their deep perplexity.

Again and again this scene took place. The autumn message
30 in the air, the flying wedges of their kin, or the impulse in themselves lined up that flock on the water. All the law of ceremony was complied with, and all went well but the climax.

When the mad moon came the mania was at its height; not once but twenty times a day I saw them line up and rise, but
35 ever come back to the mother's call, the bond of love and duty

stronger than the annual custom of the race. It was a conflict of their laws indeed, but the strongest was *obey*, made absolute by love.

After a while the impulse died and the flock settled down to winter on the pond. Many a long, far flight they took, but allegiance to the older folk was strong and brought them back. So the winter passed.

Again, when the springtime came, the blacknecks flying north stirred up the young, but in a less degree.

That summer came another brood of young. The older ones were warned away whenever near. Snapper, coon, and ranging cur were driven off, and September saw the young ones on the lake with their brothers of the older brood.

Then came October, with the southward rushing of the feathered kinds. Again and again that line upon the lake and the bugle sound to "fly," and the same old scene, though now there were a dozen flyers who rose and circled back when mother sounded the "retreat."

FATHER OR MOTHER

So through the moon it went. The leaves were fallen now, when a strange and unexpected thing occurred. Making unusual effort to meet this most unusual case, good Mother Nature had prolonged the feathers of the pinioned wing and held back those of the other side. It was slowly done, and the compensating balance not quite made till near October's end. Then on a day, the hundredth time at least that week, the bugle sang, and all the marchers arose. *Yes! mother*, too, and bugling louder till the chorus was complete, they soared above the trees, and mother marshaled all her brood in one great arrow flock, so they sailed, and clamoring, sailed away, to be lost in the southward blue—and all in vain on the limpid lake behind the gander trumpeted in agony of soul, "Come back! Come back!" His wings had failed him, and in the test, the young's allegiance bound them to their mother and the seeking of the southern home.

All that winter on the ice the gander sat alone. On days a snow-time hawk or some belated crow would pass above, and the ever-watchful eye of Blackneck was turned a little to take him in and then go on unheeding. Once or twice there were
5 sounds that stirred the lonely watcher to a bugle call, but short and soon suppressed. It was sad to see him then, and sadder still as we pondered, for this we knew: his family would never come back. Tamed, made trustful by life where men were kind, they had gone to the land of gunners, crafty, pitiless, and num-
10 berless; they would learn too late the perils of the march. Next, he never would take another mate, for the wild goose mates for life, and mates but once; the one surviving has no choice—he finishes his journey alone.

Poor old Blackneck, his very faithfulness it was that made
15 for endless loneliness.

The bright days came with melting snow. The floods cut through the ice, and again there were buglers in the sky, and the gander swam on the open part of the lake and answered back:

Honk, honk, come back,
Come back. Come back!

20

but the flying squads passed on with a passing "Honk!"

Brighter still the days, and the gander paddled with a little exultation in the opening pond. How we pitied him, self-deluded, faithful, doomed to a long, lone life.

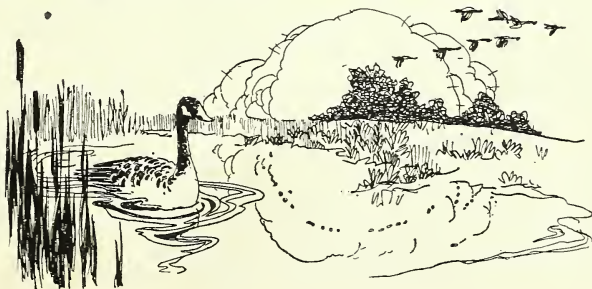
25 Then balmy April swished the woods with green; the lake was brimming clear. Old Blackneck never ceased to cruise and watch, and answer back such sounds as touched him. Oh, sad it seemed that one so stanch should find his burden in his very stanchness.

30 But on a day when the peeper and the woodwall sang, there came the great event! Old Blackneck, ever waiting, was astir, and more than wont. Who can tell us whence the tidings came? With head at gaze he cruised the open pond, and the short, strong honk seemed sad, till some new excitation raised the

feathers on his neck. He honked and honked with a brassy ring. Then long before we heard a sound, he was bugling the marching song, and as he bugled, answering sounds came—from the sky—and grew—then swooping, sailing from the blue, a glorious array
5 of thirteen wild geese, to sail and skate and settle on the pond; and their loud honks gave place to softer chatter as they crowded round and bowed in grave and loving salutation.

There was no doubt of it. The young were now mature and they seemed strange, of course, but this was surely the missing
10 mate; the mother had come back, and the faithful pair took up their life—and live it yet.

The autumn sends the ordered flock afar, the father stays on guard, but the bond that binds them all and takes them off and brings them back is stronger than the fear of death.
15 So I have learned to love and venerate the honker wild goose whom Mother Nature dowered with love unquenchable, constructed for her own good ends a monument of faithfulness unchanging, a creature heir of all the promises, so master of the hostile world around that he lives and spreads, defying plagues
20 and beasts, and I wonder if this secret is not partly that the wise and patient mother leads. The long, slow test of time has given a minor place to the valiant, fearless, fighting male; his place the last of all, his mode of open fight the latest thing they try. And by a law inexorable, the young obey the mother. Wisdom their
25 guide, not force. Their days are long on earth, and the homeland of their race grows wide while others pass away.



How to Gain the Full Benefit from Your Reading

The reading of "The Wild Geese of Wyndygoul," besides giving you pleasure, has awakened your interest in the migration of birds. But if you are to gain the full benefit from any story or poem in this book, you must pause long enough to notice certain things that will give you an understanding of it.

Parts. First, you should study the Table of Contents (pages 9-10) to gain a general idea of the book as a whole. Notice that there are seven main Parts, and that each story or poem belongs to a special group that treats of some one main subject—such as "The World of Nature." Each selection will have more meaning for you if you understand how it helps to bring out the central idea of the group. After you have read all the selections in a group, you will enjoy a pleasant class period discussing the summary—taking stock, as it were, of the joy and benefit gained from your reading. See "Summary of Part I," page 80.

Type Group. Next you should notice that the first three selections of each Part have the same theme, forming a group of a common subject, or "type" (see "Type Group—Bird Migration," Part I). This type group shows how each selection under "Out of Doors" may be worked out by you in a similar way, with the help of the "Library Reading" suggested at the end of the story. Notice that the type group ends with "General Questions and Suggested Readings" (see page 31).

Reading Aims. Before reading any story, you should look carefully at the "Reading Aims" found at the beginning of the selection (see page 13). Then, when you read, keep your mind centered upon these ideas.

Biography. You should learn something about the author. When you read on page 21 that Seton has kept many journals about birds and animals, you feel that he writes about the things he knows and likes.

Silent Reading Tests. You should read the story with such concentration that you can answer the questions under "Questions for Testing Silent Reading" (see page 22), and be prepared to tell the main thought of the story from the "Outline for Testing Silent Reading" (see page 22). You will find a definite testing plan on page 111.

Theme Topics. Prepare to take part in the discussion of the things listed in "General Questions and Topics" (see page 22), and to make a two-minute talk in class on one or more of the topics mentioned under "Suggestions for Theme Topics" (see page 22).

Glossary. Learning the pronunciation and meaning of words and the interpretation of words and phrases used in some special sense is one of the benefits of reading. When you cannot get the meaning of a word or phrase from the story, look it up in the Glossary.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Ernest Thompson Seton (1860-) was born in England, but came with his parents to Canada when he was a small child. To the boys and girls of his Woodcraft League he is known as Chief Black Wolf. He is "dark of hair, sure of foot and keen of eye, and master of the arts and crafts that delight the soul of a boy." He is skillful in imitating the songs of birds; he can give the moose's call; and he can howl like a wolf. It is said, "He is as husky as a farm hand, as experienced as a Canadian trapper, and as woodwise as an Indian." He himself says that even when he was ten years old he knew exactly what he wanted to do, and that he never wavered from his intention.

After attending school in England, he returned to Canada and "spent several years in knocking about Manitoba, tramping through the province with the smallest possible outfit, and working regularly in the fields during the summer in order to earn enough to live on." For a time he was a wolf-trapper, and on one occasion, when he was carelessly setting his wolf-traps, he himself was caught in a trap hand and foot. He was freed only by the intelligence of a faithful dog, who brought him the trap-wrench lying just beyond his reach. From this experience he learned "how a wolf feels when he is trapped."

At all times he studied nature and animal life, and when he was about twenty years old he began to keep a journal of his hunting expeditions and explorations. He now has over twenty of these leather-bound journals, all kept with the greatest care, illustrated with pencil sketches of animals, animal and bird tracks, bird songs, etc. He made the notes and sketches on the spot with the object before him and with a view to putting down the exact truth. He calls these notes "building material," and he uses them in building his stories.

Seton soon became famous as a naturalist, and was for several years official naturalist to the government of Manitoba. He is also an artist and draws the animal pictures that add so much to the charm of his stories.

He has always been interested in teaching boys and girls to know and love outdoor life, to be as skillful in the woods as Indians, and to understand animals. He has been head of the Boy Scouts organization in this country, and is now chief of the Woodcraft League. He says that all his work has been done with the idea of making people take an interest in the animal world; for he believes that "we and the beasts are kin."

The scene of the story "The Wild Geese of Wyndygoul" is laid in Seton's country estate called "Wyndygoul," in Connecticut. It was formerly an Indian reservation, and it still has the council rock used by the Indians in former times, as well as the tepee of old Chief Thunderbolt.

There are interesting accounts of Seton in "Let's Play Indian," by Sykes in *Everybody's Magazine*, October, 1910, and "Tests to Show How Alive You Are," by Crane in *The American Magazine*, February, 1921.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. In what part of North America is the "honk" of the wild geese most familiar? 2. What sound did Seton miss in his home in the woods? 3. How did he overcome this loneliness? 4. Seton "tried to land and learn about the nest one day"; why was he unsuccessful? 5. Describe the attempts of the family to follow their kin to the southland. 6. How were Seton's wild geese affected by the "mad moon"? 7. What was the strongest law of the family? 8. Account for the fact that the brood and the mother sailed south the second season. 9. Who remained behind, a lonely watcher on the island? 10. What great joy awaited Old Blackneck in the spring?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Use the following topics to guide you in telling the story to someone who has not read it: (a) What Seton missed at his home in the woods; (b) How he overcame his loneliness; (c) The home life of the wild geese; (d) The migration; (e) The strongest law of the family.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Why was the "gander-clang" in the spring a welcome sound to the early settlers of the North? 2. Explain why Seton refers to the wild geese as "the flying wedge." 3. Discuss briefly the home life of the pair of Blacknecks. 4. Why did not the family of geese fly south in the fall? 5. What is the significance of the author's reference to the Fifth Commandment? 6. Why was it particularly sad to see the gander left alone on the island? 7. What characteristics have the wild geese that have won for them the love of the author? 8. How does he account for the great love which exists within a family of wild geese? 9. Seton has many good descriptions; select the most vivid in this story. 10. Find out what the United States government has done toward the protection of migrating birds. (See the chapter called "Game Laws" in *The Importance of Bird Life*, Hartley, and the chapter "Bird Protection Laws" in *The Bird Study Book*, Pearson.) 11. You will find the migration of birds a very interesting subject to read about; much excellent reference material is given in "Library Reading," page 32. Helpful directions for keeping a bird calendar may be found in *Bird Lore*, March, 1920.

Class Reading. The description of "that blue and green" Northland of Canada, page 13, lines 1 to 17; the migration, page 17, lines 19 to 33; the law of the family, page 19, lines 15 to 26.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (a) The migration of birds. (b) Why birds should be protected. (c) Laws which have been made for the protection of migrating birds. (d) How to attract birds. (e) The value of providing bird houses.

THE GRAY SQUADRON

CLARENCE HAWKES

Reading Aims—Find: (a) how the Canadian wild geese organized the Gray Squadron for the autumn migration; (b) the route and time schedule of the journey.

Lake Lonely was what its name implies, a lonely lake up in Labrador, which is certainly a lonely country. It was the summer home of the Gray Squadron. It had been the summer quarters for the Canada wild goose for untold ages, but at the time of our story their numbers had somewhat diminished, so there were about a hundred geese upon the lake. It was beautifully situated, with woods upon one side and open country on the other. Food was always abundant, and it was far from the haunts of men. Of course there were the natural enemies such as the mink and the fox to combat, also the elements, but altogether it was an ideal place.

The Gray Squadron had come back to the lake the April before with its ranks badly depleted. On the way south, in the autumn, they had lost nearly a score of their numbers by running into a hunting party, when the flock was flying low. The pot-hunters along the Carolina coast where they had wintered had taken twice as many more, so that it was barely a score of these splendid birds that had come back in April.

If the hunters only appreciated the fact that when they bag one wild goose in the spring, out of season, they rob the flock of a full brood, they would think before they shoot. But it is the way of the prodigal American to waste much more than he uses.

The Gray Squadron had spent a profitable summer, and its number was now recruited to one hundred four members, made up of ten new broods and about a dozen old birds.

Hitherto the flock had been led on the southward flight by an old gray veteran, but his last autumn's experience had put him

in disfavor with the ganders who led each of the individual flocks. These birds were a sort of cabinet, or heads of departments, for the leader. So it had happened that on the day of which I write, the last day of November, there had been tumult and turmoil around the lake all day long. This had been over the leadership of the flock for the pending flight.

The old leader was certainly out of the question. This had been demonstrated when one of the under ganders had thrashed him so soundly that he was now nursing a broken wing and a bruised and bleeding head, in the reeds along one of the inlets of the lake. After the old leader had been disposed of, there had been other battles for the leadership, not so furious as the first, but still strenuous. In the wild it is the strongest that always dominates and leads, so a mammoth gander who had always bullied the old leader made himself commodore of the Gray Squadron, and his rivals assented. Now in the gathering twilight he was making ready to lead the flight southward. On a dozen sand spits along the lake, as many small flocks were assembled ready for the word to fall in.

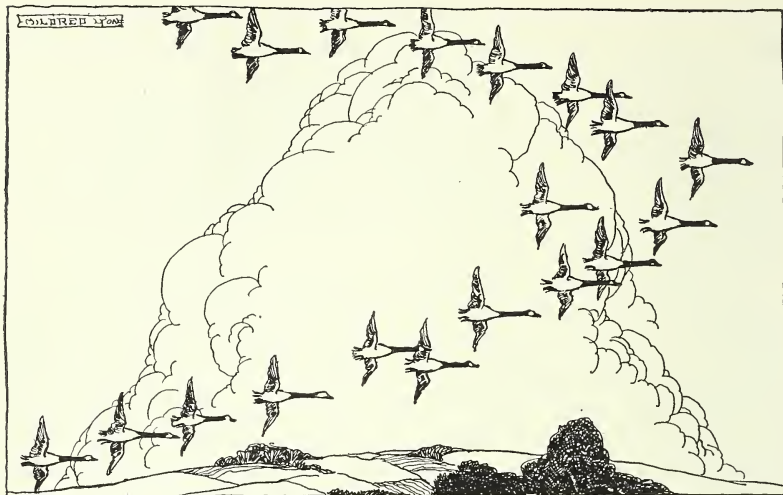
The start was preceded by a great squawking and calling of the leaders one to another, but only four or five old ganders had yet taken to the air. Finally even these descended and took their places, each at the head of his particular brood. For five minutes perfect silence reigned. Then the leader of the flock arose in air and circled away to the north. At the head of the lake it formed into the wedge shape with the old gander at the point and five geese on either leg. Slowly this apex flock circled down one side of the lake and up the other. There was no command or call, "Fall in, Company B," but at a certain point, another flock arose in air and joined itself to the right leg of the flock. The next flock joined upon the left side as quickly and as perfectly as trained soldiers. So on the flock went, circling the lake, until the entire one hundred four geese had been formed into one great squadron, as symmetrical and perfect a V as had been the first small flock. Then their leader turned the point

to the southward and they were off for the autumn migration to the winter quarters along the Carolina coast. They rose easily to an altitude of about three hundred feet. This was well up out of shotgun reach. True, occasional ambitious hunters would
5 take a shot at them at this altitude, but no harm was done. It was a magnificent sight, as the Gray Squadron swept away southward, flying with strong, even strokes, the most wonderful flying-machine in nature.

As long as the daylight lasted, they flew rather silently, but
10 when darkness settled down they talked to each other, or at least that was what it sounded like. One might have heard low, sleepy squawks all along the line. These came at regular intervals and were signal sounds to keep the flock together and flying at a uniform altitude. The great danger in flying at night was
15 that they might get to flying too low and collide with church steeples or other high and dangerous obstructions. But usually their sense of approaching obstacles would save them from a disaster of the kind; still, such things have happened.

My reader may wonder how, in perfect darkness, without a
20 compass or chart, the admiral could hold the Gray Squadron so perfectly to its course. I am not sure. It is probably done by several powers which man does not possess: a sort of homing instinct; a sense of direction which does not depend upon compass or map. The air currents probably also help, but I think it
25 is more instinct than anything else.

If one could have trained an opera glass upon the Flying Squadron as it cleft the Labrador sky on that November twilight, it would have disclosed a wonderful sight. One hundred
30 four of the largest American game birds, with the exception of the wild turkey, each holding his place perfectly in the wedge-shaped formation, flying about a rod apart, with strong, steady wing strokes, each with his long black neck stretched out in front of him like a race-horse, showing plainly the white crescent at the throat, and with the legs drawn up well under to escape
35 the rush of the wind. Such was this bird cyclone of the sky,



cleaving the twilight air at the rate of fifty-five or sixty miles an hour. Far beneath, the Labrador wilderness floated rapidly by, field, forests, lakes, and rivers all seeming to flow northward like a mighty moving picture. For the first hour, or until twilight

5 fell, there was very little civilization to be seen; then straggling fishing-villages and an occasional country road came into view. At last the town back of the only good harbor that the desolate country possessed was passed, and the flock was winging over Newfoundland. By midnight they were well into New Brunswick

10 and nearing the Maine state line. As the flying V crossed the international boundary between the United States and Canada a long streak of bright light was seen upon the earth beneath. It was a train upon the Maine Shore line. For a while the train and the flock went parallel; the Flying Squadron was much too fast

15 for the express, and it was soon left far behind. On down the Maine coast they sped. Here they ran into a strong south wind and a snow squall, but this wonderful flying-machine swept on, not quite so fast, but still going strong at forty miles an hour. By daylight, the flock crossed Casco Bay and Portland harbor.

Early risers on the islands heard the wild exultant slogan of the waterfowl, "Honk, honk, honk." They rubbed their sleepy eyes, and looked upward. For thirty seconds, or perhaps a minute, they could follow the flying V as it swept on toward the
5 New Hampshire line. By eight o'clock the Squadron turned inland and all alighted upon a small wood-screened lake. Here they fed and rested during the day. As good luck would have it, no hunter discovered them, so they recuperated, and by night were as fresh as they had been the night before. Once again the
10 leader of the flock rose in air and circled about the lake, picking up in turn each of the small flocks until the great formation had been again secured. Then he headed his splendid flying-machine back toward the sea and it came rushing on down the New Hampshire coast. By eight o'clock it had passed into
15 Massachusetts. On down the Massachusetts coast they flew, passing over Boston harbor by ten o'clock. They cut the cape just as the present canal does and headed straight for Narragansett Bay. Providence and Newport did not see them, but late pedestrians might have heard the faint wild cry far above if they
20 had been upon the street to listen.

Then they turned westward along the Connecticut coast. At the western end of Long Island they headed for the New Jersey coast. Three o'clock found them passing above Atlantic City, heading for Delaware Bay. In the early morning hours just at
25 sunrise, they stopped for an hour to feed and rest in the bay, then they took wing again and sped on. The home instinct was growing stronger and stronger each hour in the mind of the old leader. Ordinarily he might have rested for another night in southern Delaware, but this was the land of duck hunters, and
30 the flock sensed its danger. They now mounted to a greater height than they had thus far maintained, perhaps half a mile, where they were well out of danger.

Chesapeake Bay was crossed, and they glimpsed Washington without even knowing, for to the Flying Squadron all cities
35 looked alike.

On down the Virginia coast the flying wedge swept. By noon they again stopped for an hour near the Carolina boundary to rest and feed. But it was only a brief stop. The winter quarters had not been reached yet, so the commodore still led them
5 on. By the middle of the afternoon the flock wheeled at the mouth of one of the rivers that flows from North Carolina into the Atlantic Ocean and headed for a large island twenty miles to sea. Here, half an hour later, they came to their long journey's end.

10 The Flying Squadron was not spent, but tired. It could have taken to the air again and flown another thousand miles if necessary, but the geese had reached their winter quarters and so they rested, well content.

15 The Flying Squadron had covered something like two thousand miles in two and a half days, so why not rest?

20 There in the warm islands of the Atlantic we will leave them until the first of April, when we may again hear the stirring slogan of the Canadian wild goose as the flying wedge again cleaves the spring sky on its way northward. And when it does pass, I, for one, if I am fortunate enough to hear it, will take off my hat and wish them all good luck on the northward flight.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Clarence Hawkes (1869-) has been blind since he was fifteen years old, but one would never suspect this fact in reading his interesting stories of animal life. His own words give the reason he can describe animal life so vividly: "For the first fifteen years of my life I exposed hundreds of films in my brain-cells, which I have since developed and given to my readers." William T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park, says that we need not fear to accept the stories of this author as "true to life," in spite of his blindness.

Clarence Hawkes was born in the little village of Goshen, Massachusetts. As a farm boy he was out of doors a great deal all the year round, and his intense love of nature, fostered by his father and mother, led him to observe very closely the life of woods and fields. When he was nine years old, a serious trouble in an ankle caused the amputation of one leg below the knee. He was still very active, however, and could

hold his own with his playmates. When necessary, he could turn his crutch into a weapon of defense and use it as a club.

On August 12, 1883, while out hunting with his father, he was blinded by an accidental shot from his father's gun. After six months, he was sent to Perkins Institute, a school for the blind in Boston, where he learned that he could still live happily, though blind. In 1902 he published his first animal story, *Little Frisky*, and he has since written one or two books a year.

"The Gray Squadron" is taken from *The Way of the Wild*, by Hawkes, which was published in 1923. The Introduction to this book was written by Ernest Thompson Seton, and in it he says of the author, "For the first fourteen years of his life not only was he possessed of a pair of very keen eyes, that took in everything about him in the fields and the woods, but also he had the gift of remembering and correlating the things he saw. So minute and faithful were these boyhood observations that they furnished material for his first eight nature books."

Hawkes himself says of his animal stories: "In this work my early training afield has stood me in good stead. There is no phase of nature and no habit of bird or squirrel, or of any of the little denizens of field and forest that I do not feel perfectly confident to describe from my boyhood acquaintance with them." He adds, "It is partly because of my impatience with those all about me who had eyes, yet saw not, ears, yet heard not, that I took up this work."

The following magazine articles by Hawkes give interesting accounts of his life: "Hitting the Dark Trail," *The Outlook*, July 31, 1909, and "How We Lived at Perkins Institute," *The Outlook*, June 6, 1908. This material is also contained in the autobiography *Hitting the Dark Trail*, which has recently been translated into French, and which proved a great inspiration to the blinded soldiers of the United States, England, and France.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Where was the summer home of the Gray Squadron? 2. What natural enemies did the wild geese have at Lake Lonely? 3. The ranks of the Gray Squadron were "badly depleted"; account for this fact. 4. What showed that the "old gray veteran" was in disfavor with the other ganders? 5. How was the leader chosen? 6. Tell just how the squadron prepared for flight. 7. What dangers do migrating geese encounter? 8. How does the admiral hold his squadron to its course? 9. The author calls this squadron a "bird cyclone"; explain his comparison. 10. Trace the line of flight of the Gray Squadron from Lake Lonely to their winter quarters in the Atlantic Ocean. 11. How many miles did the Flying Squadron cover in two and a half days?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Briefly describe the region where the Canada wild geese spend their summers. 2. What is the significance of the author's statement, "But it is the way of the prodigal American to

waste much more than he uses"? 3. Tell why the Gray Squadron is called "the most wonderful flying-machine in nature." 4. Compare the method of flight used in daytime with that used at night. When did they cover the greater distance? Why? 5. Describe clearly the "wonderful sight" an opera glass would have disclosed if it had been trained upon the Gray Squadron in its flight. 6. What is meant by "the homing instinct"? Show how this instinct hastens the birds on their southern flight. 7. How does the author show his great respect for the Gray Squadron in the last paragraph? 8. List all the comparisons found in this story. 9. You will enjoy reading "The Honk-honk Breed" (in *Boy Scouts' Book of Stories*).

A Suggested Problem. Upon an outline map drawn on the black-board indicate the route of the Gray Squadron in its autumn migration. Locate on this route all of the points of interest mentioned in the story, including stops for rest and food. (See "Our Greatest Travelers," Cooke, in *The National Geographic Magazine*, April, 1911.)

WILD GEESE

KENNETH ASHLEY

Gray sky;
 Gray weather;
 Sad sedges sighing;
 Summer is dead,
 Autumn is dying.
 Fast overhead
 Two great birds flying;
 One clanging cry,
 A whirry of winging,
 Two rigid necks,
 Four great wings swinging—
 And then, two specks
 Far south, together,
 Fade to the eye—
 Gray geese, gray sky,
 Gray weather.

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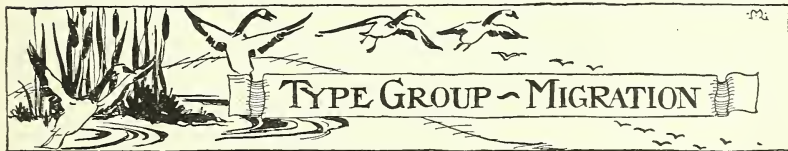
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NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Kenneth H. Ashley has been, since 1921, a frequent contributor of verse to London periodicals. The poem "Wild Geese" appeared in *The London Mercury*, June, 1921, and was reprinted in *The Living Age*, August 20, 1921. You will also enjoy reading Mr. Ashley's poem "To a Thrush in Winter," in *The Living Age*, May 5, 1923.

General Questions and Topics. 1. What month is described in the poem? 2. Compare this author's picture with the picture in "October's Bright Blue Weather," Jackson (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*) and with "The Death of the Flowers," Bryant (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*). 3. Which of these three pictures of autumn do you prefer? Why? 4. From this description did you recognize the two "great birds" before the author named them? 5. The wild geese in this poem fly in pairs; how does the author of "The Wild Geese of Wyndygoul" describe their flight? 6. What picture do you get from reading the last two lines of the poem? 7. Read "Wild Geese," Peterson (in *Home Book of Verse*, B. E. Stevenson), and tell the class which poem you like better and why.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (a) The bird refuges of Louisiana. (b) The bobolink route. (c) The golden plover route. (d) The only bird treaty in the world. (See "Library Reading.")



GENERAL QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTED READINGS

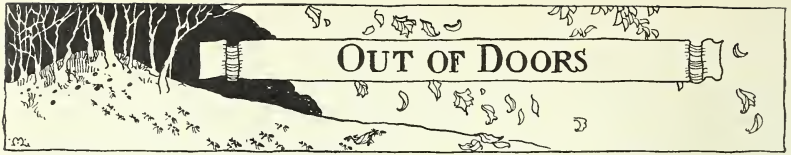
General Questions and Topics. 1. The flight of the wild geese is described in each selection in this type group; compare these descriptions. 2. Which story did you enjoy more, "The Wild Geese of Wyndygoul" or "The Gray Squadron"? Why? 3. Which author do you think gives the more interesting picture of the flight? 4. Compare the skill of the admiral as a leader with that of the leader in "The Wild Geese of Wyndygoul." 5. These three authors show conspicuous interest in the migration of wild geese; how do you account for this regard? 6. Discuss the value of hav-

ing game laws for the protection of birds and animals. 7. Compare the destruction that the Flying Squadron suffered from pot hunters to that caused by the hunters who observe game laws. 8. What are the purposes for which one is justified in hunting wild game? (See question 10, page 22.)

Library Reading. For Report in Class by Individuals or Committees: "Atalapha, a Winged Brownie," Seton (in *Wild Animal Ways*); "Geese: An Appreciation and a Memory," Hudson (in *Birds and Man*, Hudson); "My Neighbor's Bird Stories," Hudson (in *The Book of a Naturalist*); "Game Laws," "A Conservation Sketch," "Domestic Pigeons," and "Game Birds," Hartley (in *The Importance of Bird Life*); "March" and "The Migration of Birds," Mathews (in *The Book of Birds for Young People*); "The Migration of Birds," Chapman (in *Bird-Life*); "The Travels of the Bobolink" and "Some Famous Bird Travelers," Chapman (in *The Travels of Birds*); "Bob the Vagabond" and "The Last Dove," Patch (in *Bird Stories*); "The Bird As a Traveler," Wright and Coues (in *Citizen Bird*); "The Flight of Birds" and "The Procession Passes," Wright (in *Gray-Lady and the Birds*); "Bird-Banding Movement," Gladden, and "Where the Birds Have Been" (in *Review of Reviews*, May, 1923); "What Birds Signal with Their Tails," Seton (in *Bird Lore*, November, 1921); "The Canada Goose," Pearson (in *Bird Lore*, October 1, 1921); "*Bird As a Flying Machine*," Allen (in *Bird Lore*, January, 1921); "Uncle Sam's News-Letter about the Birds," (in *St. Nicholas*, May, 1915); "Bird Refuges of Louisiana," Roosevelt (in *Scribner's Magazine*, March, 1916); "Army of Observation," Bennett (in *St. Nicholas*, April, 1911); "Bird Rest-Perches on Lighthouses," (in *Bird Lore*, November, 1916); "Our Greatest Travelers," Cooke (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, April, 1911); "Where Do the Birds Go?" Fuertes (in *St. Nicholas*, November, 1911); "Saving the Ducks and Geese," Cooke (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, March, 1913); "Some Extinct American Birds," Sawyer (in *St. Nicholas*, November, 1914); "High Sky" and "The Path of the Air," Scoville (in *Wild Folk*); "The Faithful Canada Geese," "The Migration of Birds," "Bird Protection Laws," "Only Bird Treaty in the World," and "Bird Reservations," Pearson (in *The Bird Study Book*); "The Birds of Cobb's Island, Virginia" and "Levy, the Story of an Egret," Pearson (in *Stories of Bird Life*); "A Migration of Passenger Pigeons," Cooper (in *The Pioneers*, Chapter XXII); "Some Bird Adventures," Hudson (in *Far Away and Long Ago*, Chapter VI); "The Big Brown Bat," Klugh, and "Bird Banding," Baldwin (in *Nature Magazine*, May, 1923); "The Marshes of the Malheur," Finley (in *Nature Magazine*, April, 1923); "The Migration of Birds—Carrier Pigeons," Sections II and V, Mosso (in *Fatigue*); "A Famous Bird Club," Baynes (in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven*).

For Use in Leisure Moments—Recreation: *The Travels of Birds*, Chapman; "Masters of Flight" (photographs), Finley (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, July, 1919); "Spring" and "Glenyan," Seton (in *Two Little Savages*); "Mystery of Bird Migration" (in *Literary Digest*, May 19, 1923); "Flight of Birds," Burroughs (in *The Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1920); "Birds As Travelers," Chapman (in *St. Nicholas*, December, 1915, April, July, 1916); "Wild Ducks As Winter Guests in a City Park," Dixon (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, October, 1919); "Gray Wanderer," Cushing (in *Outing*, January, 1912); "On the Trail of the Wavies," Laing (in *Outing*, September, 1914); "Spying on the Tribe of Wawa," Laing (in *Outing*, April, 1914); "Fifty Common Birds of Farm and Orchard," Henshaw (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, May, 1913); "Twenty-five Bird Songs and the Way to Imitate Them by Whistling," Mathews (in *The Book of Birds for Young People*); "The Story of the Birds, Baskett; *How to Attract Birds*, Blanchan; *What Bird Is That?* Chapman; "A Gentleman in Feathers," Roberts (in *The Saturday Evening Post*, October 13, 1923); "The Adventures of a Loon," Hulbert (in *Forest Neighbors*); "The Marsh King's Daughter," Andersen (in *Fairy Tales*); "Jarro, the Wild Duck," Lagerlöf (in *The Wonderful Adventures of Nils*); "Carrier Pigeons in the War," Collins (in *St. Nicholas*, May, 1919); "A Bit of Gray in a Blue Sky," Lane (in *Ladies' Home Journal*, August, 1919); "Cher Ami, the Soldier Bird," Seitz (in *St. Nicholas*, June, 1919); "A Wild Goose Chase," Alexander (in *Field and Stream*, September, 1923).

For Presentation by the Teacher: "Birds of Passage," Longfellow; "To a Waterfowl," Bryant; "Great Tidal Waves of Bird Life," Lange (in *The Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1909); "The Extermination of Species, State by State" and "Former Abundance of Wild Life," Hornaday (in *Our Vanishing Wild Life*); "Private Game Preserves," Walcott; "Economic Value of Our Birds" and "Valuable Wild Life," Hornaday (in *Wild Game Conservation*); "The Flight of the Geese," Roberts (in *A Victorian Anthology*, Stedman); "The Lesser Children," Torrence (in *The Little Book of Modern Verse*, Rittenhouse).



MARVELS OF ANT LIFE

SAMUEL A. DERIEUX

Reading Aims—Find: (a) in what ways the life of the ant resembles that of man; (b) the leading characteristics of ants; (c) what lessons man may learn from the ant.

Of all the creatures on this planet the one whose life most closely resembles our own is the ant. It might almost be said that we have no form of activity which he has not, unless it is the recording of experiences and the invention of tools.

5 He builds cities, constructs highways, digs tunnels, wages wars. He domesticates other insects, using them for his own purposes. He keeps cows; he seems even to have pets. And most remarkable of all, perhaps, he makes slaves of his own race.

Apparently he has his virtues and his vices. He works for

10 the common good, to which end he sacrifices his life without a moment's hesitation; and at the same time he knows how to look out for himself.

He makes scientists marvel. Size considered, his brain, they say, is perhaps the most marvelously functioning organ in nature.

15 He furnishes illustrations for the moralist. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," writes Solomon. "Consider her ways and be wise." And then he adds: "Which, having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest."

20 In talking about the ant, I shall use the masculine pronoun throughout, although among ants it is the women who do most

of the work. It is easier, though, to think of their activities in terms of the masculine pronoun.

Everybody knows that the ant is a busy creature. We see him running about, almost madly, intent on some task. House-
5 wives know from experience that he is even a remarkable creature. For if you are a housewife, you have been surprised some morning to see a procession of ants invading your cupboard, or your sugar bowl which the cook has left open.

Probably there are two lines of them, one entering the place
10 of treasure, the other coming out. Those who come out are laden, each one, with a tiny crumb of bread or crystal of sugar. Literally, they are removing the contents of your cupboard or bowl.

Now if instead of running for a kettle of boiling water you
15 watch them for a while, you will, provided you have a sense of wonder, begin to ask yourself some questions: Who told them the cook left the cover off the sugar bowl last night? How did all these marching thousands get together so quickly? Where did they come from, and where are they so feverishly conveying
20 their burdens? Who is superintending this invasion?

The answer to the first question is that a scout found the treasure. After tasting it and seeing that it was good, he hustled around and told a fellow citizen, one from the same nest—never from another. If you had been watching, you would have seen
25 the two of them holding quite a conversation, rubbing together their antennæ or feelers, even standing erect as if excited.

Next, you would have seen the scout and the citizen hurry away to find their friends. You would have witnessed a number of conversations on the way, and at the nest considerable excite-
30 ment. Having collected a group, the original discoverer leads them to the cupboard. The excitement spreads, the news is broadcasted, the procession grows. By the time you get into the kitchen, the entire ant community knows about it, and the procession is under way.

35 Who is directing that enterprise? The answer is easy. There

is no leader present; nor, so far as anyone has ever been able to discover, even absent. In that procession each ant is doing his part. He needs no boss. You are looking upon the workings of an organization the like of which human beings may never
5 be able to perfect: the workings of a perfect democracy. "Which having no guide, overseer, or ruler," as Solomon said, "provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest."

But where did that host of tiny creatures come from? What
10 common bond holds them together? We shall not follow the particular species which invades your house except to say that somewhere, not far off, in a basement or an old stump, is a nest or settlement of them—perhaps a city. And this brings us to a phase of ant life that closely resembles our own. Ants build
15 cities, and the population of some of these cities is larger than that of New York or of London.

A few of the very largest are in the Pennsylvania mountains. They consist of mounds, or "apartment houses" which, compared with the size of their builders and tenants, leave our most
20 enormous structures far behind. These apartment houses are conical in shape, are built of sand and tiny pebbles, and are erected and held in shape on the principle by which the Pyramids were constructed.

Within them, both above and below ground, are intricate
25 mazes of halls, passageways, storerooms, galleries, nurseries, and granaries. Within them goes on a life whose activities are almost as varied as our own. Food is being stored, larvæ or eggs moved into nurseries, young ants attended to. There are even pets in here!

30 The city itself consists of a number of these houses. The largest city contains seventeen hundred of them, and covers thirty acres; and the estimated population is eight million.

And now we come to one of the strangest facts in ant life: Every citizen of that London of theirs knows every other citizen
35 —will know him even after the lapse of time—will know him

even if he meets him miles away from home in a foreign land! This experiment has been tried:

From the northern end of this vast city a shovelful of ants was taken and dumped near a large apartment house at the southern end. Immediately ants came rushing out ready for battle. Their weapons were erect; they were wildly excited as if at an invasion. But suddenly all signs of enmity ceased. They were touching and stroking one another with their feelers. They seemed to be shaking hands. Excitement died down.

The ants of the apartment house returned either to their indoor duties or to their tasks in the streets. The dwellers from the north side entered into these activities. Soon they were all blended together in that community of interest and work which for perfect functioning far surpasses anything we have evolved.

This recognition is all the more remarkable because these ants invariably attack strangers. Go to another city, bring another shovelful in, and the strangers will be driven out and many of them destroyed. You will see a little battle as fierce and relentless as anything in nature. Far more than human beings, ants of the same community or organization stick together.

How they recognize one another nobody knows. Surely this recognition is not individual, surely "John Smith" does not know "Frank Jones" personally. Some observers think they have a password or sign. Others believe they know who "belongs" by smell. Certainly, ants soaked in wintergreen are attacked by their fellow citizens; but that may prove only that ants do not like wintergreen. Sometimes, it is said, ants soaked in water are also attacked, but not always. The mode of recognition is one of the secrets nature has not as yet been forced to give up.

In all their group activities—their recognition of one another, their work in unison, their concert of action in time of calamity or war—there seems something mechanical, some community instinct we do not have and cannot comprehend. It is as if each insect is a cog in a machine rather than an individual.

If, for instance, an apartment house is cut in two with a spade—a calamity comparable to the San Francisco earthquake—the tenants for a while show great agitation and dismay, running about aimlessly. But only for a very short time. Then, as if
5 some voice we cannot hear has spoken to them, each one begins doing the thing nearest at hand. One picks up the young, who cannot bear the light of day, and runs into deeper caverns; another seizes a grain of sand and begins to fill the breach nearest him. Soon each is at his task. The excitement dies down;
10 the machine-like performance begins.

Yet they are individuals; they differ from one another. Some, like certain human beings, seem merciful and compassionate; others are hard-hearted, like other human beings.

It was Sir John Lubbock, an English authority on ants, who
15 chloroformed an ant and placed him inside the highway unconscious. Seven ants passed by. Three or four paid no attention to their helpless brother; two or three examined him, then passed by on the other side. Then came one who picked him up and carried him home.

20 Drama is an interplay of individuals. Over and over in ant life these tiny dramas show them to be individuals like ourselves. Wounded ants are passed by one and conveyed to a place of safety by another. Deformed ants—for they have their maimed and halt and blind—are taken off to die by a hard-hearted one,
25 only to be rescued and nursed by one with tender emotions.

In the course of battle, ants sometimes rush to the aid of one who is sore pressed; though the motive seems to be to kill the enemy rather than to rescue the friend. In time of war, calamity, and great enterprise, ants get together and work like a machine.
30 Like nations at war, they act by common impulse. But in the ordinary business of everyday life they act as we do, according to individual character.

Ants are not inclined to credit one another's testimony unless that testimony is supported by evidence. Sir John Lubbock saw
35 an ant dragging a dead spider to the nest. Immediately he

stuck a pin through the spider and into the ground. For fifteen minutes the discoverer tugged away trying to move the spider, then ran home for help.

He was gone in the nest a long time. He must have been
5 doing considerable arguing down there. Finally he came out with seven others; but in contrast to his own excitement these seven seemed indifferent, so much so that he ran ahead and had to come back to them and argue some more. Time and time again he ran back as if to convince them, but their skepticism
10 grew.

"Where are you taking us?" they seemed to ask. Finally, they grew disgusted and stopped. "I don't believe he's found a thing," was apparently their conclusion, for they turned about and went back home.

15 But meanwhile another ant had discovered the impaled spider, and by hard tugging had managed to pull off a leg. Home he ran with his evidence, and came out immediately with fifteen others who followed him willingly and swiftly. The second ant had not relied on his word alone; he had taken home the documentary evidence.
20

I have myself seen an ant, on discovering a piece of cake, bite off a large chunk of it and then go for help. Not only the first, but the second and third fellow citizen he met he allowed to taste the cake. His method was so convincing that in a short
25 time the whole community was going after that cake.

Ants not only build larger cities than we do, but they are far better citizens. No observer has ever seen an ant loaf on the job nor hold up or assault a fellow citizen. There are literally no slackers. There are no lawbreakers, and no policemen or
30 courts, for there is no need of them. Solomon sent the sluggard to the ant—he might also have sent the lawbreaker.

Occasionally, though, an individual stays out too late at night. Some of the apartment houses are closed at dusk by pulling a small pebble or a leaf over the opening. This pebble or
35 leaf, or sometimes a chip of wood, remains during the activities

of the day outside the door. When night approaches, the butler, or janitor—who seems always to be the same ant—pulls it in place.

For an hour, according to the observer who tells the story, a stream of citizens had poured in; and at dusk the porter had closed the door by picking up the pebble, backing in, and depositing it behind him. Then, it is to be presumed, he returned to his seat in the rear of the hall.

Half an hour later arrived in a hurry the belated citizen. Finding the door closed on him, he proceeded to open it. No sooner had he begun to do so than from the inside appeared the weapons of the porter, who was trying to hold it in place. Then began a tug of war. But the citizen was a husky fellow and at last succeeded in dragging the door open, porter and all, and running in. Whereupon the porter once more closed it, and retired, grumbling, no doubt, as porters do.

Ants are not inventors as we are. They carry no tools except what nature provides. But they do not need to be inventors, so perfect are these tools. Likewise, ants are many times stronger than we, and their works many times more extensive. One of man's most colossal achievements is the Pyramids. But ant mounds have been found, which, in proportion to the size of the builders, surpass our Pyramids nearly two hundred times. From the top of a mound through the halls and ramifications to the cellars and sub-cellars a single shaft eight feet deep has been unearthed. To equal that we would have to erect a shaft one thousand four hundred eight feet in length. The Woolworth Building has no such shaft.

An ant was observed carrying a pebble from the bottom to the top of a mound. The pebble and the ant were weighed. To equal in strength such a feat a baggage porter would have to carry a trunk weighing half a ton up a flight of steps a tenth of a mile high.

Like men, ants are engineers. They build roads leading to their settlements; and, in some species at least, these roads are

not accidental, but are laid out straight like streets, and are carved through forests of grass. In order to cut down the blades two or three ants climb to the top while another saws at the base. The weight of those above topples the obstacle over and
5 thus saves the labor of sawing all the way through the base.

They construct tunnels like our subways, or tubes. In one instance ants injured the garden of an army post in Texas so that they had to be driven out and methods taken to prevent their return. On one side of the garden ran a creek. Using the
10 water of this creek, a moat was constructed on the other three sides—a moat filled with water, and some four feet wide. Nevertheless, the ants reappeared in the garden! Thereupon, the moat was drained; and underneath the mud a tunnel was found with ants passing to and fro.

15 Man is not daunted by obstacles. He peoples the wilderness; he tunnels the mountains; he drains the jungles. Nor are ants daunted, either collectively or individually. If one of them is forcibly detained from his task for hours, or even for days, he goes back when turned loose and begins work exactly where he
20 left off. The individual ant does not repine.

They get around difficulties in remarkable ways. A man whose word is not to be questioned has a habit of putting sugar in his window and watching the column of ants come and bear it off. Finally, he placed the sugar in a plate and suspended
25 the plate from the top of the window. The ants climbed the window casing, came down the string, and continued to bear off the sugar.

But one morning he arose to find the old order established on his window sill. From the bottom a procession of ants was
30 bearing off sugar. He looked into the plate. Half a dozen fellows were dumping it out to those below! They were taking advantage of the force of gravitation to make it do part of their work for them.

There are a number of cases where ants working in trees,
35 and cut off by a ring of tar while they were so doing, seem con-

sciously to have built a bridge of bark across the sticky place. Certainly the bridge of bark was there, and they were all ascending and descending the tree by means of it.

I have said that ants domesticate other insects and keep
5 creatures known as "cows." These "cows" are small plant lice,
which, when stroked by ants, give off a drop of sweet fluid. Not
only do ants keep these creatures, but they build sheds for them
of leaves and grass. They protect their "cattle" from marauding
ants and other insects, attend to their eggs, and even raise the
10 little fellows themselves and build covered ways for them, like
cattle-runs, leading to the plants they like to eat.

As for the pets, no one knows just why they are kept. It
really does strain the imagination to think of them as such.
Yet everything about the ant strains the imagination, if you
15 come to that. It is certain that a variety of small beetles live
with them in their houses and seem to be of no material use;
they do not contribute anything to the actual life of the ant so
far as can be definitely ascertained. Yet the ants not only
tolerate them, but caress them.

20 Some observers think these beetles may be servants, scavengers,
scullery maids, as it were. If the latter, they perform good
service, for ant houses are clean. And not only the houses, but
the ants themselves. Observers, in order to watch the wanderings
of one certain ant, sometimes touch him with a drop of
25 paint. They have to hurry up their observations, for other ants
will clean this paint off their fellow citizen.

Like us, ants have enemies and perils. Life is not to them,
any more than to us, one grand sweet song. The anteater devours
them by the millions, and even in countries where he does
30 not roam, there is a foe known as the ant lion. This is a small
beetle-like bug with powerful jaws who bores into the sand backward,
leaving a pit like an inverted cone behind. Into this pit the
ant, busy in search of food, sometimes tumbles. When he does
he knows his life is in danger. He will try frantically to climb
35 the slipping and treacherous walls. Sometimes he succeeds in

scrambling out. Sometimes he falls back into the bottom. Whereupon the powerful jaws reach out, and that night there is one ant less in the apartment house where he has hitherto lived and worked.

5 But, as with us, the ant's principal enemy is his own species. Lions and beasts, tempests and storms, slay their thousands of ants and men; but ants and men slay their millions of each other. Like nations, these small insects wage wars; and, like nations, they wage these wars for spoils.

10 Some afternoon if you are watching—most ant wars begin in the afternoon—you may see a city in excitement. A warlike expedition is about to set forth. Out of the mounds streams of warriors are issuing in shining armor, and a line like that of a marching army is setting out for a neighboring nest or city.

15 How well organized is this democratic army which has no marshals, or generals, or captains! How swiftly it moves. Off to the side, gliding through the grass, run single ants, now and then rising and waving their antennæ as if to listen. These are the scouts.

20 What excitement prevails in the neighboring city about to be attacked! For already, alarmed scouts have brought the warning. At the entrance to the mounds sentinels are always posted. These have passed the alarm down the corridors. Out of the doors rush warriors to meet those approaching.

25 On the mounds themselves and round about, the desperate battle is waged. They fight as men fought in the Middle Ages, groups here and there, biting and hacking at one another. No creature battles more fiercely nor with more self-sacrificing devotion. Personal danger is forgotten in the common good.

30 When I was a boy in the sandhills of the South, I used sometimes to catch a big red ant, whose species I do not know, a solitary, powerful fellow with deadly weapons and jaws, and place him near a mound of small black ants. At the first alarm the little fellows would rush out at him. Not one held back,
35 though the first dozen or more were rushing to inevitable death.

Between his weapons this giant would crush them and toss them aside.

Still they came on thicker and thicker, until down in the white sand was a confused and squirming group of them with the dead comrades scattered about. At last the big red body moved no more. The mighty was conquered—dead. The first little fellow who rushed at him, and the second and the third, were heroes; not because they were different from the thousands of others, but because they got there first.

This courage strikes everybody who witnesses one of their combats. It makes the blood tingle with admiration. Without counting the cost, little ants rush at big ones. Some smaller species know how to combine when attacking a big ant. A half-dozen fasten to his legs and tug, while another clambers to his back and saws his head off.

If you listen closely when a big battle is on, you may hear little sounds proceeding from the field of carnage—not shouts, but the blows and grindings of weapons, the impact of swords and battle-ax on armor.

If ants fight like human beings, their motives also are our motives. They fight for spoils. That expedition I described just now was a slave raid. For ants capture and enslave weaker members of their race.

The most aggressive warriors are red and are known as the Shining Slave Makers. Their slaves are black. They do not capture mature ants, but the eggs, which they carry home and put in warm chambers till they hatch; then they rear the little black fellows to maturity—after which the slaves do the work.

Perhaps because they are reared in captivity and know no other life, these slaves do not wish to be free. Though a settlement of their own kind is near, and though in their search for food they must know this fact, they never try to escape. They are well treated. No one has ever seen a Shining Slave Maker attack a slave, nor vice versa. There are no overseers or slave drivers. The slaves become a part of the community and are

satisfied. They even seem to be loyal. When their masters start out on a raid they follow them part of the way, then return to their tasks, and when the masters come back, seem to meet them with joy.

5 As for the species that is attacked, its members fight fiercely for their eggs. On the approach of the enemy some of them try to bear these eggs to a place of safety; while others, forming a rear guard, try to hold back the onslaught. But the Shining Slave Maker is a foe they cannot withstand; he crushes through
10 the rear guard, pursues those that flee, and captures the eggs. He does not kill for the sake of killing. Having secured the spoils he returns home.

But though the slaves themselves be satisfied, slavery enervates and eventually destroys, not only human races, but races
15 of ants. Slave-making ants become small, weak, dependent. Their bodies soften until they cannot even handle their weapons.

They become so dependent that they will not even feed themselves. The slaves must feed them; all they can do is to fight. A number of individuals from a species long engaged in slave
20 making was separated from their slaves. Though food was set before them they refused to eat. Most of them starved. When slaves were introduced to the few survivors, then and only then, would they consent to eat.

So these slave-making species, their bodily vigor declining
25 through indolence, become eventually victims to larger and stronger ants. Weakened by indulgence, when attacked they fight fiercely, but in vain. Such, no doubt, will be the ultimate fate even of the intrepid Shining Slave Makers.

How like human history is the history of races of ants!
30 For, like nations, these races pass through stages. First they are hunters, live in small communities, and forage actively and continuously for food. Then, as they increase in number and vigor, as they become more skillful in the arts, they have more time to spare and become slave makers.

35 Probably in comparatively recent times the Shining Slave

Maker has reached his present stage. He still has the vigor of his pioneer days. But he will go down as a result of his vicious practice, his self-indulgence, his effete civilization. So Solomon might have sent to the ant not only individual men but nations, and have told us to learn not only from his virtues but from his vices as well.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Samuel A. Derieux (1881-1922) is the author of a series of excellent animal stories, which have recently been published in book form under the title of *Animal Personalities*. The story of Mr. Derieux's life is an inspiring one. He was born in Richmond, Virginia, and had a strong, healthy boyhood, which was always closely associated with a dog and a gun. He was a great sportsman, both as a boy and as a man, and hunted all through the Carolinas and Virginia.

When he was sixteen years old, a severe attack of typhoid fever left him with a poison in his system, against the effects of which he struggled desperately for years, and which, in the end, just after success had come to him, caused his death at the age of forty-one. This illness made work very difficult, but in spite of it he went through Richmond College and took his master's degree at the University of Chicago. He then taught English for several years, and finally went to New York to study short-story writing at Columbia.

The first year in New York was a year of great hardship. Mr. Derieux's illness made him almost helpless at times, and often money was lacking. *The American Magazine* was the first to recognize his ability, and in this magazine the dog stories first appeared which now compose the volume *Frank of Freedom Hill*. From 1917 to the time of his death, Mr. Derieux was a member of the editorial staff of *The American Magazine*. His work attracted much attention, and twice the O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Committee chose stories of his to reprint in their annual volume.

A characteristic animal story by Derieux is *Frank of Freedom Hill* (from which the story "The Bolter," in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*, is taken) for it shows not only a great interest in dogs, but also a great interest in human beings. In one of his first stories, he was told, his dogs were better than his children; so, in order to learn about children, he took a bag of marbles and went out and played with boys on the sidewalk, and afterwards rewrote his story. His critics then told him that his boys were better than his dogs. There is an interesting article about Mr. Derieux in

The American Magazine for August, 1922, "A Great Writer of Dog Stories," by Mary B. Mullett; and the Preface in *Animal Personalities* contains an interesting interpretation of his life and work, written by his wife.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Describe just what takes place when the scout ant discovers the sugar bowl. 2. Ants live in a "perfect democracy"; give instances from this story to prove this statement. 3. Describe briefly an ant city. 4. Why are we sure that ants know one another in their cities? 5. How do ants act in the face of disaster? 6. How do ants behave toward their deformed or maimed companions? 7. Give evidences of "team work" among ants. 8. Show how ants are better citizens than we are. 9. Give examples to prove the author's statement, "Like men, ants are engineers." 10. Describe briefly an ant war.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Make a list of the ways in which the author tells us that the ant resembles man. 2. Give some examples which prove that the ant has a well-developed brain and uses it. 3. Read aloud the quotation from Solomon; explain the meaning of the passage. 4. The ant apartment houses are built on the same principle as the Pyramids were built; report to the class how, where, and by whom the Pyramids were built. 5. Compare the buildings constructed by ants with those constructed by man. 6. What characteristics have ants which make it possible for them to accomplish such wonderful things? 7. Tell how ants have overcome obstacles put in their way. 8. Tell how ants "domesticate other insects." 9. What perils and enemies do ants have to overcome? 10. What lessons may man learn from the ant? 11. In what way is human history similar to the "history of races of ants"? 12. Derieux has written some excellent stories about dogs; you will enjoy reading "The Bolter" (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*). 13. This story about ants is taken from *Animal Personalities*, in which you will find many other interesting stories showing the author's close observation and sympathetic interpretation of animal life.

Library Reading. "With Army Ants 'Somewhere' in the Jungle," Beebe (in *Jungle Peace*); "The Army Ants' Home Town" and "Hammock Nights," pages 222-228, Beebe (in *Edge of the Jungle*); "The Battle of the Ants" in "Brute Neighbors," Thoreau (in *Walden*); "The Most Intelligent Animals," Derieux (in *Animal Personalities*); "The Parasol Ants of South America," Howes (in *Nature Magazine*, June, 1923); "Photographing Insect Life," Howes, and "A Study in Ant Power," DuBois (in *Nature Magazine*, May, 1923); "Beneficial Insects," Champlain (in *Nature Magazine*, September, 1923); *The Children's Life of the Bee*, Maeterlinck; *The Life of the Scorpion*, Fabre; "Bees, Cats, and Red Ants" and "The Boy Who Loved Insects," Fabre (in *Insect Adventures*); *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, Lubbock; "Ants and Plants" and "Communities of Animals," Lubbock (in *The*

Beauties of Nature); "Stories about Ants," Lang (in *Animal Story Book*); "Ants" (Description of artificial nest for the school room), Comstock (in *Insect Life*); "The Pastoral Bees," Burroughs (in *Locusts and Wild Honey*); "A Sharp Lookout," Burroughs (in *Signs and Seasons*); "The Green Grasshopper," Fabre (in *The Wonders of Instinct*); "How Ants Cross Rivers" and "Living Nests," Selous (in *The Romance of Industrial Life*); "How Ants Communicate" and "How Ants Carry On War," McCook (in *Ant Communities*); "Termites, or White Ants," Kellogg (in *American Insects*); "The Little People," Duncan (in *Bees, Wasps, and Ants*); "Ants," Fabre (in *Field, Forest, and Farm*).

A Suggested Problem. Make a list of ten questions based upon this story which would serve as a written test for silent reading. Discuss these questions, choosing ten of the best from the entire class, which you will then change into topics. If you have done your work thoughtfully, you have a list of important topics which you may use to guide you in telling the story to someone at home who has not had the pleasure of reading it.

THE OTTER PLAYS ON

ENOS A. MILLS

Reading Aims—Find: (a) how the otter expresses his love for play; (b) what gives the otter an advantage in protecting himself against other animals.

A long-bodied, yellow-brown animal walked out of the woods and paused for a moment by the rapids of a mountain stream. Its body architecture was that of a dachshund, with the stout neck and small upraised head of a sea lion. Leaping into
5 rushing water, it shot the rapids in a spectacular manner. At the bottom of the rapids it climbed out of the water on the bank opposite me and stopped to watch its mate. This one stood at the top of the rapids. It also leaped in and joyfully came down with the torn and speeding water. It joined the other on
10 the bank.



Together they climbed to the top of the rapids. Again these dare-devils gave a thrilling exhibition of running the rushing water. They were American otter, and this was a part of their fun and play. A single false move, and the swift water would
5 have hurled and broken them against projecting rocks. In the third run one clung to the top of a bowlder that peeped above the mad, swirling water. The other shot over its back a moment later and endeavored in passing to kick it off.

Though I had frequented the woods for years and had seen
10 numerous otter slides, this was the beginning of my acquaintance with this audacious and capable animal whose play habit and individuality so enliven the wilderness.

Play probably is the distinguishing trait of this peculiar animal. He plays regularly—in pairs, in families, or with numbers who appear to meet for this special purpose. Evidently
15 he plays when this is not connected with food getting. He plays in Florida, in the Rocky Mountains, and in Alaska; in every month of the year; in the sunlight, the moonlight, or darkness. The slippery, ever freshly used appearance of bank
20 slides indicates constant play.

The best otter play that I ever watched was staged one still winter night by a stream in the Medicine Bow Mountains. The snowy slide lay in the moonlight, with the shadow of a solitary fir tree across it. It extended about forty feet down a steep slope to the river. The slide had not been in use for two nights, but coasters began to appear about nine o'clock. A pair opened the coasting. They climbed up the slope together and came down singly. No others were as yet in sight. But in a few minutes fourteen or more were in the play.

Most of the coasters emerged from an open place in the ice over the rapids, but others came down the river over the snow. As the otter population of this region was sparse, the attendance probably included the otter representatives of an extensive area. Tracks in the snow showed that four—possibly a family—had come from another stream, traveling over a high intervening ridge four or five miles across. Many may have come twenty miles or farther.

The winter had been dry and cold. The few otters recently seen by daylight were hunting over the snow for grouse and rabbits, far from the stream. Otter food was scarce. Probably many, possibly all, of these merrymakers were hungry, but little would you have guessed it from their play.

It was a merry-go-round of coasters climbing up single file by the slide while coaster after coaster shot singly down. Each appeared to start with a head-foremost vault or dive and to dart downward over the slides with all legs flattened and pointing backward. Each coaster, as a rule, shot straight to the bottom, though a few times one went off at an angle and finished with a roll. A successful slide carried the coaster far out on the smooth ice and occasionally to the farther bank of the river.

After half an hour of coasting all collected at the top of the slide for wrestling contests. A number dodged about, touching, tagging, rearing to clinch and then to roll over. Several exhibitions were occurring at one time. A few times one chased another several yards from the crowd. Once a number stood up in pairs

with forepaws on each other's shoulders and appeared to be waltzing. Finally there was a free-for-all mix-up, a grand rush. One appeared to have an object, perhaps a cone, which all the others were after. Then, as if by common consent, all plunged
5 down the slide together. At the bottom they rolled about for a few seconds in merry satisfaction, but only for a few seconds, for soon several climbed up again and came coasting down in pairs. Thus for an hour the play in the frosty moonlight went on, and without cry or uttered sound. They were coasting singly
10 when I slipped away to my camp fire.

The otter is one of the greatest of travelers. He swims the streams for miles or makes long journeys into the hills. On land he usually selects the smoothest, easiest way, but once I saw him descend a rocky precipice with speed and skill excelled
15 only by the bighorn sheep. He has a permanent home range and generally this is large. From his den beneath the roots of a tree, near a stream bank or lake shore, he may go twenty miles up or down stream; or he may traverse the woods to a far-off lake or cross the watershed to the next stream, miles away. He
20 appears to emigrate sometimes—goes to live in other scenes.

These long journeys for food or adventure, sometimes covering weeks, must fill the otter's life with color and excitement. Swimming miles down a deep watercourse may require only an hour or two. But a journey upstream often to its very source,
25 through cascades and scant water, would often force the travelers out of the channel and offer endless opportunities for slow progress and unexpected happenings. What an experience for the youngsters!

They may travel in pairs, in families, or in numbers. The
30 dangers are hardly to be considered. The grizzly bear could kill with a single bite or stroke of paw; but the agility of the otter would discourage such an attack. A pack of wolves, could they corner the caravan, would likely after severe loss feast on the travelers. The only successful attack that I know of was
35 by a mountain lion on a single otter. Yet so efficient is this

long-bodied, deep-biting fellow that I can imagine the mountain lion usually avoiding the otter's trail.

The long land journeys from water to water appear to call for the greatest resourcefulness and to offer all the events that
5 lie in the realm of the unexplored. Between near-by streams and lakes there are regular and well-worn ways. By easy grades these follow mostly open ways across rough country. It is likely that even the long, seldom-used, and unmarked ways across miles of watersheds are otter trails that have been used for ages.

10 Fortunate folks, these otters, to have so much time, and such wild, romantic regions for travel and exploration! After each exciting time that I have watched them I have searched for hours and days trying to see another outfit of otter explorers. But only a few brief glimpses have I had of these wild, pic-
15 turesque, adventurous bands.

In all kinds of places, in action for fun or food, frolic or
fight, the otter ever gives a good account of himself. He appears to fear only man. Though he may be attacked by larger animals, this matter is not heavily on his mind, for when he wants to
20 travel he travels; and he does this, too, both in water and on land, and by either day or night. To a remarkable degree he can take care of himself. Though I have not seen him do so, I can readily believe the stories that accredit this twenty-pound, weasel-like fellow with killing young bears and deer, and drown-
25 ing wolves and dogs.

The otter is a fighter. One day I came upon records in the snow far from the water that showed one had walked into a wild-cat ambush. The extensively trampled snow told that the desperate contest had been a long one. The cat was left dead,
30 and the otter had left two pressed and bloody spaces in the snow where he had stopped to dress his wounds on the way to the river. On another occasion the fierceness of the otter was attested by two coyotes that nearly ran over me in their flight after an assault on the rear guard of a band of overland otter
35 emigrants.

Probably the only animal which enters a beaver pond that gives the beaver any concern is the otter. One morning I had glimpses of a battle in a beaver pond between a large invading otter and numerous home-defense beavers. Most of the fighting
5 was under water, but the pond was roiled and agitated over a long stretch, beginning where the attack commenced and extending to the incoming brook, where the badly wounded otter made his escape.

Both beaver and otter can remain under water for minutes,
10 and during this time put forth their utmost and most effective efforts. Several times during this struggle the contestants came up where they could breathe. Twice when the otter appeared he was at it with one large beaver; another time he was surrounded by several, one or more of which had their teeth in him.
15 When he broke away he was being vigorously mauled by a single beaver, which appeared content to let him go, since the otter was bent on escape. It was an achievement for the otter to have held his own against such odds. The beaver is at home in the water, and, moreover, has terrible teeth and is a master in using
20 them.

Though originally a land animal, the otter is now also master of the water. He has webbed feet and a long, sea-lion-like neck, which give him the appearance of an animal especially fitted for water travel. He outswims fish, successfully fights the wolf, and
25 rivals the beaver in the water. He still has, however, extraordinary ability on land, where he goes long journeys and defends himself against formidable enemies. There are straggling otters which invade the realm of the squirrel by climbing trees.

The otter is a mighty hunter and by stealth and strength kills
30 animals larger than himself. He is also a most successful fisherman and is rated A-1 in water. Here his keen eyes, his speed and quickness, enable him to outswim and capture the lightning-like trout. Fish is his main article of diet, but this must be fresh—just caught. He also eats crawfish, eels, mice, rabbits,
35 and birds. However, he is an epicure and wants only the choicer

cuts. He never stores food or returns to finish a partly eaten kill. The more abundant the food supply, the less of each catch or kill will he eat.

Food saving is not one of his habits, and conservation has never been one of his practices. Though he hunts and travels mostly at night and alone, he is variable in his habits.

Like all keen-witted animals, the otter is ever curious concerning the new or the unusual. He has a good, working combination of the cautious and the courageous. One day an otter in passing hurriedly rattled gravel against a discarded sardine can. He gave three or four frightened leaps, then turned to look back. He wondered what it was. With circling, cautious advances he slowly approached and touched the can. It was harmless—and useful. He cuffed it and chased it; he played with it as a kitten plays with a ball. Presently he was joined in the play by another. For several minutes they battered it about, fell upon it, raced for it, and strove to be the first to reach it.

The otter is distributed over North America, but only in Alaska and northern Canada does the population appear to have been crowded. In most areas it might be called sparse. In reduced numbers he still clings to his original territory. That he has extraordinary ability to take care of himself is shown in his avoiding extermination, though he wears a valuable coat of fur. In England he has survived and is still regularly hunted and trapped. Like the fox he is followed with horse and hounds.

Relentless in chase for food and fierce in defense of self or young, yet he is affectionate at home and playful with his fellows. If an old one is trapped or shot, the mate seeks the absent one, wandering and occasionally wailing for days.

The young, one to four at a birth, are born about the first of May. They are blind for perhaps six weeks. Both parents carry food for the young and both appear devoted to them. As soon as they are allowed to romp or sleep in the sunshine,

they are under the ever-watchful eye of one of the parents. Woe to the accidental intruder who comes too close. A hawk or owl is warned off with far-reaching snarls and hisses. If high water, landslides, or the near presence of man threatens the youngsters, they are carried one at a time to a far-off den.

The hide-and-seek play appears to be the favorite one of the cubs, kits, or pups, as they are variously called. They may hide behind mother, behind a log, or beneath the water.

The otter has a powerful, crushing bite and jaws that hang on like a vise. A tug-of-war between two youngsters, each with teeth set in the opposite ends of a stick, probably is a good kind of preparation for the future. They may singly or, sometimes two at a time ride on mother's back as she swims about low in the water. When they are a little older, mother slips from under them, much to their fright and excitement. She thus forces them to learn to swim. Though most habits are likely instinctive, they are trained in swimming.

The otter's two or two-and-a-half foot body is carried on four short legs, which have webbed and clawed feet. It weighs from fifteen to twenty-five pounds. Clad in a coat of fur and a sheet of fat he enjoys the icy streams in winter. He also enjoys life in the summer. Though with habits of his own, he has ways of the weasel and of the sea otter.

He sends forth a variety of sounds and calls. He whistles a signal or chirps with contentment; he hisses and he bristles up and snarls; he sniffs and gives forth growls of many kinds.

His active brain, eternal alertness, keen senses, and agile body give him a rare equipment in the struggle for existence. He is in this struggle commonly a conqueror. "Yes," said a lazy but observing trapper one evening by my camp fire, "the otter has more peculiarities than any other animal of the wilderness. Concealed under his skin are three or four kinds of animals." And this I found him. Doubtless there are many interesting unrecorded and unseen customs concerning this half-mysterious animal.

Possibly the otter heads the list in highly developed play habit. Sometimes numbers gather in advance to prepare a place on which to play. The otter slide rivals the beaver dam when wild folks' ways are discussed. It is interesting that this capable
5 animal with a wide range of efficient versatility should be the one that appears to give the most regular attention to play.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Enos A. Mills (1870-1922) has been called "the friend of the Rocky Mountains" and a "knight-errant for the out-of-doors." When he was fourteen his health was poor, and a physician told him that the Colorado air, might cure him. His parents were unable to help him, and so, all alone, the boy found his way from his birthplace in Kansas to Colorado and built for himself a log cabin at the foot of Long's Peak, fifty miles from a railroad. Here, for a part of each year he worked at guiding, and in the mines of Montana, but most of the time he wandered about the West "having adventures with snowslides and avalanches and making friends with everything in fur and feathers."

He soon regained his health, and, some years later, he went to a San Francisco business college. Again, however, his health broke down, and he was in despair. One day when he was wandering outside San Francisco, he met the great explorer and naturalist John Muir, who talked with the boy and, recognizing his ability as a student of nature, advised him to go back to his mountains and write about them. This Mills did; and he also fought, with his time and money and ability, for the establishing of national parks in different parts of the country.

Until his death in 1922, he had a summer resort, Long's Peak Inn, at Long's Peak, Colorado, where, as a nature guide, he conducted a "Trail School." On the road to his house motorists might see the sign "What do you want with an armful of wild flowers?" This illustrates his belief that "A live flower, a live bird, or a live tree will give much more general and lasting returns than a flower plucked, or a tree cut down, or a bird that has been slain."

Mr. Mills was an athletic man with a great deal of endurance. Some of his most difficult exploring was done as "official snow observer" for Colorado. He camped alone without a gun in every state in the Union. Interesting accounts of his adventures are given in his book *The Adventures of a Nature Guide*. After reading this book, we are sure that all the facts told in "The Otter Plays On" (from *Watched by Wild Animals*) are gained from personal observation and experience.

Since Mr. Mills's sudden death in September, 1922, there have been many expressions of appreciation for his work. One of the most interesting is Judge Ben Lindsey's proposal to establish in the schools an "Enos Mills Day," on which stories by him shall be read and his work for the conservation of natural beauties discussed. The following are interesting articles about Mr. Mills: "Knight-Errant for the Out-of-doors," Sissons, in *The Sunset Magazine*, April, 1917, and "Enos A. Mills, Nature Guide," Chapman, in *Country Life*, May, 1920.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Describe briefly the appearance of an otter. 2. What is the distinguishing trait of the otter? 3. When and where does this animal play? 4. Describe the otter coasting-party in the Medicine Bow Mountains. 5. What kind of food do otters eat? 6. What method of travel is used by the otter? 7. What saves the otter when attacked by larger animals? 8. Discuss the otter's ability as hunter and fisher. 9. Give an example of the curiosity of the otter.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Compare the playful habits of the otters in this story with those of the otter in "Shaggycoat and the Nimble Otter," by Clarence Hawkes (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*). 2. Make a list of the interesting characteristics of the otter that are brought out by Enos Mills in this story. Add to this list any others that you know about. 3. Cite instances from the story to prove that the otter can take care of himself. 4. Why are the beaver and the otter apparently enemies? 5. In what countries do most of the otters live? 6. How are the young otters protected and cared for? 7. Why does the author regard the otter as one of the most peculiar animals? 8. You will enjoy reading other stories from *Watched by Wild Animals*.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (a) An incident from your own observation in which an animal showed playfulness. (b) "The Clown of the Prairies," Mills (in *Watched by Wild Animals*). (c) Coöperation among animals.

Library Reading. "Human Traits in the Farmyard," Derieux (in *Animal Personalities*); "A Fight with an Otter," Fleuron (in *Grim: The Story of a Pike*); "The Otter and the Seal," Ward (in *Animal Life under Water*); "Human Traits in Animals," Burroughs (in *Leaf and Tendril*); "Animal Communication" and "Do Animals Think and Reflect?" Burroughs (in *Ways of Nature*); "Plays and Pastimes of Animals," Hornaday (in *The Minds and Manners of Wild Animals*); "Fox Comedy" and "When Beaver Meets Otter," Long (in *Wood-Folk Comedies*); "Negeet of the Blue Underworld, A Story of British Otters," Batten (in *Many Trails*); "Animals at Play," Dixon (in *The Human Side of Animals*); "The Otter Slide," Fraser (in *Mooswa and Others of the Boundaries*); "Black Bear, Comedian," Mills (in *Watched by Wild Animals*); "The Otter and His Slide," Seton (in *Wild Animals at Home*).

HOACTZINS AT HOME

WILLIAM BEEBE

Reading Aims—Find: (a) the characteristics and habits of the hoactzins; (b) what the scientist learned of the young hoactzin's ability to protect himself.

The midday life about this haunt of hoactzins was full of interest. Tody-flycatchers of two species, yellow-breasted and streaked, were the commonest birds, and their little homes, like bits of tide-hung drift, swayed from the tips of the pimpler branches. They dashed to and fro regardless of the heat, and whenever we stopped they came within a foot or two, curiously watching our every motion. Kiskadees hopped along the water's edge in the shade, snatching insects and occasionally splashing into the water after small fish. Awkward Guinea green herons, not long out of the nest, crept, like shadow silhouettes of birds, close to the dark water. High overhead, like flecks of jet against the blue sky, the vultures soared. Green dragon flies whirled here and there, and the great blue-black bees fumbled in and out of the hibiscus, yellowed with pollen and too busy to stop a second in their day-long labor.

This little area held strange creatures as well, some of which we saw even in our few hours' search. Four-eyed fish skittered over the water, pale as the ghosts of fish, and when quiet, showing only as a pair of bubbly eyes. Still more weird hairy caterpillars wriggled their way through the muddy, brackish current.

The only sound at this time of day was a drowsy but penetrating *tr-r-r-r-r-p!* made by a green-bodied, green-legged grasshopper of good size, whose joy in life seemed to be to lie lengthwise upon a pimpler branch, and screech violently at frequent intervals, giving his wings a frantic flutter at each utterance, and slowly encircling the stem.

In such environment the hoactzin lives and thrives, and,

thanks to its strong body-odor, has existed from time immemorial in the face of terrific handicaps. The odor is a strong musky one, not particularly disagreeable. I searched my memory at every whiff for something of which it vividly reminded me, and
5 at last the recollection came to me—the smell, delectable and fearfully exciting in former years—of elephants at a circus, and not altogether elephants either, but a compound of one-sixth sawdust, another part peanuts, another of strange animals, and three-sixths swaying elephant. That, to my mind, exactly de-
10 scribes the odor of hoactzins as I sensed it among these alien surroundings.

As I have mentioned, the nest of the hoactzin was invariably built over the water, and we shall later discover the reason for this. The nests were sometimes only four feet above high water,
15 or equally rarely, at a height of forty or fifty feet. From six to fifteen feet included the zone of four-fifths of the nests of these birds. They varied much in solidity, some being frail and loosely put together, the dry, dead sticks which composed them dropping apart almost at a touch. Usually they were as well
20 knitted as a heron's, and in about half the cases consisted of a recent nest built upon the foundations of an old one. There was hardly any cavity at the top, and the coarse network of sticks looked like a precarious resting-place for eggs and an exceedingly uncomfortable one for young birds.

When we approached a nest, the occupant paid no attention until we actually came close to a branch, or shook it. She then rose, protesting hoarsely, and lifting wings and tail as she croaked. At the last moment, often when only a yard away,
she flew off and away to a distance of fifty feet or more. Watch-
30 ing closely, when she realized that we really had intentions on her nest, she returned and perched fifteen or twenty feet away, croaking continually, her mate a little farther off, and all the hoactzins within sight or hearing joining in sympathetic disharmony, all with synchronous lifting of tail and wings at each
35 utterance.

The voice of the female is deeper than that of the male, having more of a gurgling character. The usual note of both sexes is an unwritable, hoarse, creaking sound, quite frog-like.

15 Their tameness was astounding, and they would often sit unmoved while we were walking noisily about, or focusing the camera within two yards. If several were sitting on a branch and one was shot, the others would often show no symptoms of concern or alarm, either at the noise of the gun or the fall of their companion. A hoactzin which may have been crouched
20 close to the slain bird would continue to preen its plumage without a glance downward. When the young had attained their first full plumage, it was almost impossible to distinguish them from the older members of the flock except by their generally smaller size.

15 But the heart of our interest in the hoactzins centered in the nestlings. Some kind providence directed the time of our visit, which I chose against the advice of some of the very inhabitants of New Amsterdam. It turned out that we were on the scene exactly at the right time. A week either way would have yielded
20 much poorer results. The nestlings, in seven occupied nests, observed as we drifted along shore, or landed and climbed among the thorns, were in an almost identical stage of development. In fact, the greatest difference in size occurred between two nestlings of the same brood. Their down was a thin, scanty, fuzzy
25 covering, and the flight feathers were less than a half-inch in length. No age would have showed to better advantage every movement of wings or head.

When a mother hoactzin took reluctant flight from her nest, the young bird at once stood upright and looked curiously in
30 every direction. No slacker he, crouching flat or awaiting his mother's directing cries. From the moment he was left alone he began to depend upon the warnings and signs which his great beady eyes and skinny ears conveyed to him. Hawks and vultures had swept low over his nest and mother unheeded. Coolies
35 in their boats had paddled underneath with no more than a

glance upward. Throughout his week of life, as through his parents' and their parents' lives, no danger had disturbed their peaceful existence. Only for a sudden windstorm such as that which the week before had upset nests and blown out eggs, it might be said that for the little hoactzin chicks life held nothing but munchings of pimpler leaves.

But one little hoactzin, if he had any thoughts such as these, failed to count on the invariable exceptions to every rule, for this day the totally unexpected happened. Fate, in the shape of enthusiastic scientists, descended upon him. He was not for a second nonplused. If we had concentrated upon him a thousand strong, by boats and by land, he would have fought the good fight for freedom and life as calmly as he waged it against us. And we found him no mean antagonist.

His mother, who a moment before had been packing his capacious little crop with pimpler leaves, had now flown off to an adjoining group of mangroves, where she and his father croaked to him hoarse encouragement. His flight feathers hardly reached beyond his finger-tips, and his body was covered with a sparse coating of sooty black down. So there could be no resort to flight. He must defend himself, bound to earth like his assailants.

Hardly had his mother left when his comical head, with thick, blunt beak and large, intelligent eyes, appeared over the rim of the nest. His alert expression was increased by the suspicion of a crest on his crown where the down was slightly longer. Higher and higher rose his head, supported on a neck of extraordinary length and thinness. No more than this was needed to mark his absurd resemblance to some strange, extinct reptile.

Sam, my black tree-climber, kicked off his shoes and began creeping along the horizontal limbs of the pimplers. At every step he felt carefully with calloused sole in order to avoid the longer of the cruel thorns, and punctuated every yard with some gasp of pain or muttered personal prayer, "Pleas' doan' stick me, Thorns!"

At last his hand touched the branch, and it shook slightly. The young bird stretched his mittened hands high above his head and waved them a moment. With similar intent a boxer or wrestler flexes his muscles and bends his body. One or two
5 uncertain, forward steps brought the bird to the edge of the nest at the base of a small branch. There he stood, and raising one wing, leaned heavily against the stem, bracing himself. My man climbed higher and the nest swayed violently.

Now the brave little hoactzin reached up to some tiny side
10 twigs and aided by the projecting ends of dead sticks from the nest, he climbed with facility, his thumbs and forefingers apparently being of more aid than his feet. It was fascinating to see him ascend, stopping now and then to crane his head and neck far out, turtle-wise. He met every difficulty with some new
15 contortion of body or limbs, often with so quick or so subtle a shifting as to escape my scrutiny. The branch ended in a tiny crotch and here ended his attempt at escaping by climbing. He stood on the swaying twig, one wing clutched tight, and braced himself with both feet.

Nearer and nearer crept Sam. Not a quiver on the part of
20 the little hoactzin. We did not know it, but inside that ridiculous head there was definite decision as to a deadline. He watched the approach of this great, strange creature—this Danger, this thing so wholly new and foreign to his experience,
25 and doubtless to all the generations of his forbears. A black hand grasped the thorny branch six feet from his perch, and like a flash he played his next trick—the only remaining one he knew, one that set him apart from all modern land birds, as the frog is set apart from the swallow.

The young hoactzin stood erect for an instant, and then both
30 wings of the little bird were stretched straight back, not folded, bird-wise, but dangling loosely and reaching well beyond the body. For a considerable fraction of time he leaned forward. Then without effort, without apparent leap or jump, he dived straight
35 downward, as beautifully as a seal, direct as a plummet, and

very swiftly. There was a scarcely-noticeable splash, and as I gazed with real awe, I watched the widening ripples which undulated over the muddy water—the only trace of the whereabouts of the young bird.

5 It seemed as if no one could fail to be profoundly impressed at the sight we had seen. Here I was in a very real, a very modern boat, with the honk of motor horns sounding from the river road a few yards away through the bushes, in the shade of this tropical vegetation in the year nineteen hundred sixteen; and yet the curtain of the past had been lifted and I had been
10 permitted a glimpse of what must have been common in the millions of years ago. It was a tremendous thing, a wonderful thing to have seen, and it seemed to dwarf all the strange sights which had come to me in all other parts of the earth's wilderness. I had read of these habits and had expected them, but like
15 one's first sight of a volcano in eruption, no reading or description prepares one for the actual phenomenon.

I sat silently watching for the reappearance of the young bird. We tallied five pairs of eyes and yet many minutes passed
20 before I saw the same little head and neck sticking out of the water alongside a bit of drift rubbish. The only visible thing was the protruding spikes of the bedraggled tail feathers. I worked the boat in toward the bird, half-heartedly, for I had made up my mind that this particular brave little hoactzin
25 deserved his freedom, so splendidly had he fought for it among the pimply. Soon he ducked forward, dived out of sight, and came up twenty feet away among a tangle of vines. I sent a little cheer of well-wishing after him and we rescued Sam.

Then we shoved out the boat and watched from a distance.
30 Five or six minutes passed, and a skinny, crooked, two-fingered mitten of an arm reared upward out of the muddy flood and the nestling, black and glistening, hauled itself out of water.

Thus must the first amphibian have climbed into the thin air. But the young hoactzin neither gasped nor shivered, and
35 seemed as self-possessed as if this was a common occurrence in

its life. There was not the slightest doubt, however, that this was its first introduction to water. Yet it had dived from a height of fifteen feet, about fifty times its own length, as cleanly as a seal leaps from a berg. It was as if a human child should
5 dive *two hundred feet!*

In fifteen minutes more it had climbed high above the water, and with unerring accuracy directly toward its natal bundle of sticks overhead. The mother now came close, and with hoarse, rasping notes and frantic heaves of tail and wings lent encouragement. Just before we paddled from sight, when the little
10 fellow had reached his last rung, he partly opened his beak and gave a little falsetto cry—a clear, high tone, trailing off into a guttural rasp. His splendid courage had broken at last; he had nearly reached the nest and he was aching to put aside all this
15 terrible responsibility, this pitting of his tiny might against such fearful odds. He wanted to be a helpless nestling again, to crouch on the springy bed of twigs with a feather comforter over him and be stuffed at will with delectable pimpler pap. Such is the normal right destiny of a hoactzin chick, and the *whee-og!*
20 wrung from him by the reaction of safety seemed to voice all this.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. William Beebe (1877-) is the director of an interesting Tropical Research Station in British Guiana, established by the New York Zoölogical Society for the study of animal life. Theodore Roosevelt visited this station in February, 1916, and wrote of Beebe, that he was "not only a first-rate observer, but a writer able to record his observation. What he writes is not only readable and interesting; it also possesses both charm and distinction. Moreover, he is a man of such broad interest and cultivation that he sees his own particular facts in relation to all their surroundings."

Beebe's method of studying animal life in the tropics is different from that hitherto employed by naturalists. It is "restricted, intensive observation." For instance, he once spent an entire week in studying a particular cinnamon tree bearing ripe fruit. During that time he identified ninety-seven species of birds. Then he dug up two square yards of jungle soil under the same tree and thoroughly examined all the insect life in this

limited space. Roosevelt believed that the results of this method of study would be of the utmost value in increasing our knowledge of tropical life.

"Hoactzins at Home" is taken from the book *Jungle Peace*, which has been called "a positive addition to the sum total of genuine literature." One reason for this high praise is that Beebe has a remarkable power to make us see and feel the experiences that he describes to us. Any of his stories listed in "Library Reading" below, as well as those mentioned in "Library Reading" on page 47, will show this picture-making power.

The hoactzins described in this story are biologically important because they are, so far as is known, the only remaining example of a form of life once very common on the earth, that of the stage between reptiles and birds; and the part of Guiana in which Beebe found them is the only place where they are now known to exist.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. In what kind of environment does the hoactzin "live and thrive"? 2. What protection have these birds against their "terrific handicaps"? 3. In what country do the hoactzins live? 4. Why did the author consider that he chose a particularly fortunate season for his visit? 5. How did the little hoactzin defend himself from the scientists? 6. Account for the fact that the brave little bird was allowed to escape.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Make a list of tropical birds and insects mentioned in this story. 2. Tell how and where the nests of the hoactzins are built. 3. Compare the characteristics of the male with those of the female hoactzin. 4. Give an example from this story to show that the hoactzins do not assist and care for one another as the ants do. 5. Why was the scientist so affected by the means of self-preservation used by the little hoactzin? 6. Make a brief report on the characteristics of the pimpler tree. 7. Account for the change in the manner of the little bird after the danger was over. 8. How do hoactzins differ from other birds? 9. What advantages do the hoactzins have over fish? What advantage over other birds? 10. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: hibiscus; pimpler; synchronous; mangrove; amphibian; phenomenon.

Library Reading. "A Hunt for Hoactzins," Beebe (in *Jungle Peace*); *Bird Life*, page 17, Chapman; "How Birds Care for Their Young," Brownell (in *Nature Magazine*, April, 1923); "Babes in the Woods," Middleton (in *Nature Magazine*, June, 1923); "Instinct and Intelligence in Nature," Snyder (in *Nature Magazine*, August, 1923); "City of Birds," Beebe (in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, July, 1919); *Edge of the Jungle*, Beebe; *The Human Side of Birds*, Dixon; "My Friends of the Jungle," Beebe (in *Good Housekeeping*, May, 1922); *Baby Animals*, McNally.

WINTER ANIMALS

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

Reading Aims—Find: (a) what winter companions Thoreau had at Walden; (b) what their habits and characteristics were.

When the ponds were firmly frozen, they afforded not only new and shorter routes to many points, but new views from their surfaces of the familiar landscape around them. When I crossed Flint's Pond, after it was covered with snow, though I had often paddled about and skated over it, it was so unexpectedly wide and so strange that I could think of nothing but Baffin's Bay. The Lincoln hills rose up around me at the extremity of a snowy plain, in which I did not remember to have stood before; and the fishermen, at an indeterminable distance over the ice, moving slowly about with their wolfish dogs, passed for sealers or Eskimos, or in misty weather loomed like fabulous creatures, and I did not know whether they were giants or pygmies. I took this course when I went to lecture in Lincoln in the evening, traveling in no road and passing no house between my own hut and the lecture room. In Goose Pond, which lay in my way, a colony of muskrats dwelt, and raised their cabins high above the ice, though none could be seen abroad when I crossed it. Walden, being like the rest, usually bare of snow, or with only shallow and interrupted drifts on it, was my yard, where I could walk freely when the snow was nearly two feet deep on a level elsewhere and the villagers were confined to their streets. There, far from the village street, and, except at very long intervals, from the jingle of sleigh-bells, I slid and skated, as in a vast moose-yard well trodden, overhung by oak woods and solemn pines bent down with snow or bristling with icicles.

For sounds in winter nights, and often in winter days, I heard the forlorn but melodious note of a hooting owl indefinitely far. I seldom opened my door in a winter evening without hearing it; *hoo hoo hoo, hooer hoo*, sounded sonorously, and the first three

syllables accented somewhat like *how der do*; or sometimes *hoo hoo* only. One night in the beginning of winter, before the pond froze over, about nine o'clock, I was startled by the loud honking of a goose, and, stepping to the door, heard the sound of their wings like a tempest in the woods as they flew low over my house. They passed over the pond toward Fairhaven, seemingly deterred from settling by my light, their commodore honking all the while with a regular beat. Suddenly an unmistakable cat-owl from very near me, with the most harsh and tremendous voice I ever heard from any inhabitant of the woods, responded at regular intervals to the goose, as if determined to expose and disgrace this intruder from Hudson's Bay by exhibiting a greater compass and volume of voice in a native, and *boo-hoo* him out of Concord horizon. What do you mean by alarming the citadel at this time of night consecrated to me? Do you think I am ever caught napping at such an hour, and that I have not lungs and a larynx as well as yourself? *Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!* It was one of the most thrilling discords I ever heard. And yet, if you had a discriminating ear, there were in it the elements of a concord such as these plains never saw nor heard.

I also heard the whooping of the ice in the pond, my great bedfellow in that part of Concord, as if it were restless in its bed and would fain turn over, were troubled with bad dreams; or I was waked by the cracking of the ground by the frost, as if someone had driven a team against my door, and in the morning would find a crack in the earth a quarter of a mile long and a third of an inch wide.

Sometimes I heard the foxes as they ranged over the snow crust, in moonlight nights, in search of a partridge or other game, barking raggedly like forest dogs, as if laboring with some anxiety, or seeking expression, struggling for light and to be dogs outright and run freely in the streets; for if we take the ages into our account, may there not be a civilization going on among brutes as well as men? Sometimes one came near to my window, attracted by my light, barked at me, and then retreated.

Meanwhile also came the chickadees in flocks, which, picking up the crumbs the squirrels had dropped, flew to the nearest twig, and, placing them under their claws, hammered away at them with their little bills, as if it were an insect in the bark, till they were sufficiently reduced for their slender throats. A little flock of these titmice came daily to pick a dinner out of my woodpile, or the crumbs at my door, with faint flitting, lisp-
5 ing notes, like the tinkling of icicles in the grass, or else with sprightly *day day day*, or more rarely, in spring-like days, a wiry, summery *phe-be* from the woodside. They were so familiar that at length one alighted on an armful of wood which I was carrying in, and pecked at the sticks without fear. I once had a sparrow alight upon my shoulder for a moment while I was hoeing in a village garden, and I felt that I was more dis-
15 tinguished by that circumstance than I should have been by any epaulet I could have worn. The squirrels also grew at last to be quite familiar, and occasionally stepped upon my shoe, when that was the nearest way.

When the ground was not yet quite covered, and again near
20 the end of winter, when the snow was melted on my south hillside and about my woodpile, the partridges came out of the woods morning and evening to feed there. Whichever side you walk in the woods the partridge bursts away on whirring wings, jarring the snow from the dry leaves and twigs on high, which
25 comes sifting down in the sunbeams like golden dust; for this brave bird is not to be scared by winter. It is frequently covered up by drifts, and, it is said, "sometimes plunges from on wing into the soft snow, where it remains concealed for a day or two." I used to start them in the open land also, where they
30 had come out of the woods at sunset to "bud" the wild apple trees. They will come regularly every evening to particular trees, where the cunning sportsman lies in wait for them, and the distant orchards next the woods suffer thus not a little. I am glad that the partridge gets fed, at any rate. It is nature's
35 own bird, which lives on buds and diet-drink.

In dark winter mornings, or in short winter afternoons, I sometimes heard a pack of hounds threading all the woods with hounding cry and yelp, unable to resist the instinct of the chase, and the note of the hunting horn at intervals, proving that man
5 was in the rear. The woods ring again, and yet no fox bursts forth on to the open level of the pond, nor following pack pursuing their Actæon. And perhaps at evening I see the hunters returning with a single brush trailing from their sleigh for a trophy, seeking their inn. They tell me that if the fox would
10 remain in the bosom of the frozen earth he would be safe, or if he would run in a straight line away, no foxhound could overtake him; but, having left his pursuers far behind, he stops to rest and listen till they come up, and when he runs he circles round to his old haunts, where the hunters await him. Sometimes, how-
15 ever, he will run upon a wall many rods, and then leap off far to one side, and he appears to know that water will not retain his scent. A hunter told me that he once saw a fox pursued by hounds burst out on to Walden when the ice was covered with shallow puddles, run part way across, and then return to the
20 same shore. Erelong the hounds arrived, but here they lost the scent. Sometimes a pack hunting by themselves would pass my door, and circle round my house, and yelp and hound without regarding me.

Squirrels and wild mice disputed for my store of nuts. There
25 were scores of pitch pines around my house, from one to four inches in diameter, which had been gnawed by mice the previous winter—a Norwegian winter for them, for the snow lay long and deep, and they were obliged to mix a large proportion of pine bark with their other diet. These trees were alive and apparently
30 flourishing at midsummer, and many of them had grown a foot, though completely girdled; but after another winter such were without exception dead. It is remarkable that a single mouse should thus be allowed a whole pine tree for its dinner, gnawing round instead of up and down it; but perhaps it is necessary in
35 order to thin these trees, which are wont to grow up densely.

The hares were very familiar. One had her form under my house all winter, separated from me only by the flooring, and she startled me each morning by her hasty departure when I began to stir—thump, thump, thump, striking her head against the floor timbers in her hurry. They used to come round my door at dusk to nibble the potato parings which I had thrown out, and were so nearly the color of the ground that they could hardly be distinguished when still. Sometimes in the twilight I alternately lost and recovered sight of one sitting motionless under my window. When I opened my door in the evening, off they would go with a squeak and a bounce. Near at hand they only excited my pity. One evening one sat by my door two paces from me, at first trembling with fear, yet unwilling to move; a poor wee thing, lean and bony, with ragged ears and sharp nose, scant tail and slender paws. It looked as if nature no longer contained the breed of nobler bloods, but stood on her last toes. Its large eyes appeared young and unhealthy, almost dropsical. I took a step, and lo, away it scudded with an elastic spring over the snow crust, straightening its body and its limbs into graceful length, and soon put the forest between me and itself—the wild, free venison, asserting its vigor and the dignity of nature. Not without reason was its slenderness. Such then was its nature.

What is a country without rabbits and partridges? They are among the most simple and indigenous animal products; ancient and venerable families known to antiquity as to modern times; of the very hue and substance of nature, nearest allied to leaves and to the ground—and to one another; it is either winged or it is legged. It is hardly as if you had seen a wild creature when a rabbit or a partridge bursts away, only a natural one, as much to be expected as rustling leaves. The partridge and the rabbit are still sure to thrive, like true natives of the soil, whatever revolutions occur. If the forest is cut off, the sprouts and bushes which spring up afford them concealment, and they become more numerous than ever. That must be a poor country indeed that does not support a hare.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862) was born in Concord, Massachusetts. He was educated at Harvard, where he began his practice of keeping a journal. All his writings, covering thirty volumes, were in manuscript form. Most of his books appeared after his death, and were made up of passages selected from these journals. As a whole, they show the great amount of interesting material that may be gathered by one who keeps his eyes open to things that surround him every day. Most of Thoreau's life was devoted to "endless walks and miscellaneous studies." In 1845 he built for himself a hut on the shore of Walden Pond, a small lake near Concord, where he lived for two years a life of meditation, study, and simple work. He says his total expense for the two years was seventy dollars. He kept a record of his observations "on man, on nature, and on human life," that was published under the title of *Walden*, in 1854. This is his most widely known book. It is filled with minute observations on insects, birds, the waters of the pond, the weather, and many similar subjects. It is marked by the simplicity and sincerity that characterized the man. "Winter Animals" shows admirably Thoreau's attitude toward nature as seen in *Walden*, from which this selection is taken.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. What comparison came to Thoreau's mind as he crossed Flint's Pond in winter? 2. How does the author describe the note of the hooting owl? 3. How does this note compare with that of the cat-owl mentioned later in the story? 4. Why does the author refer to the partridge as "nature's own bird"? 5. What do you learn from Thoreau about the habits of the fox? 6. What destruction is wrought in the forest by wild mice? 7. What reason does the author give for the slenderness of the hare? 8. What would happen to the partridge and the rabbit if the forests were cut off?

General Questions and Topics. 1. In which direction do you think the geese Thoreau describes were flying? 2. Make a list of all the animals mentioned by Thoreau in this story. 3. Recall as many as possible of the sounds Thoreau heard in the forest at night; how many of these sounds have you heard? 4. Do you think there is a "civilization going on among brutes as well as men"? Give reasons for your answer. 5. Make a list of the animals that were tame enough to come near the cabin for food. 6. Explain Thoreau's reference to this particular winter as a "Norwegian winter" to the squirrels and wild mice. 7. Find instances in this story that go to prove that Thoreau was a close observer of nature. 8. Read aloud the best description of an animal found in this story.

Library Reading. "The Little People," "Little Death," "Blackcross," and "The Cleanlys," Scoville (in *Wild Folk*); *Wild Bird Guests*, Baynes; "The Wit of a Duck," Burroughs (in *Ways of Nature*); "Winter Neighbors," Burroughs (in *Times and Seasons*); "The Pond in Winter," Thoreau (in *Walden*); "A Fox As a House Guest," Baynes (in *Nature Magazine*, April, 1923); *On the Edge of the Wilderness*, Eaton; "Red Ben, the Fox of Oak Ridge," Lippincott; "Rabbit Roads," Sharp (in *A Watcher in the Woods*); *Birds in Town and Village*, Hudson; "Some Bird Adventures" and "Aspects of the Plain," Hudson (in *Far Away and Long Ago*); "One's Own Backdoor Yard," Hawkes (in *Trails to Woods and Waters*); "Puck of the Pines," Scoville (in *St. Nicholas*, May, 1923); "A Winter Walk," Thoreau (in *Excursions*); "November," Burgess (in *Nature Magazine*, November, 1923); "Birds and Trees in Winter," Allen (in *American Forestry*, January, 1920).

INDIAN SUMMER*

SARA TEASDALE

Lyric night of the lingering Indian summer,
 Shadowy fields that are scentless but full of singing,
 Never a bird, but the passionless chant of insects,
 Ceaseless, insistent.

5 The grasshopper's horn, and far off, high in the maples,
 The wheel of a locust leisurely grinding the silence,
 Under the moon waning and worn and broken,
 Tired with summer.

10 Let me remember you, voices of little insects,
 Weeds in the moonlight, fields that are tangled with asters,
 Let me remember you, soon will the winter be on us,
 Snow-hushed and heartless.

*From *Rivers to the Sea*, Sara Teasdale. Used by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, Publishers.

Over my soul murmur your mute benediction,
While I gaze, oh, fields that rest after harvest,
As those who part look long in the eyes they lean to,
Lest they forget them.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Sara Teasdale (Mrs. Ernst B. Filsinger) was born in St. Louis in 1884 and educated in private schools of that city. She has published several volumes of poems, and in 1918 received the prize awarded by the Columbia University Poetry Society of America.

The most striking quality of Sara Teasdale's poetry is its sincerity. She believes that a poet should never express emotions that he has not genuinely felt. Hence her poems are entirely fresh and individual, and the reader feels that they ring true. Perhaps this is the reason they have already been translated into other languages. Her method of writing poetry is interesting: the poem takes complete form in her mind before she writes it down, and thereafter it is changed very little. Her beautiful rhythms and exquisite workmanship are thus very remarkable.

General Questions and Topics. 1. What insects are chanting in the "shadowy fields" during the season of Indian summer? 2. Why are there no birds? 3. The poet speaks of the fields as "scentless"; can you give a reason for this? 4. How does she describe the moon? 5. What is "tired with summer"? 6. Why does the author wish the sights and sounds to linger in her memory? 7. What does she wish to remember? 8. Which season do you think the poet likes best? Why? 9. "Lyric" means musical; what does the poet say makes night musical? 10. Have you ever heard the "grasshopper's horn" and the grinding sound of the locust? 11. What comparison is made in the fourth stanza? 12. You will enjoy reading the poetry on "Spring and Summer" (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*), the interesting collection of winter poetry (in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven*), and "Autumn Fires," by Robert Louis Stevenson, and "Autumn," by Emily Dickinson (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*). Which of these poems on seasons do you prefer? Why?

Library Reading. "Robin Redbreast," Allingham (in *The Elson Readers, Book Three*); "A Late Walk," Frost, and "The End of Summer," Millay (in *Melody of Earth, Richards*); "A Song of Early Autumn," Gilder (in *Home Book of Verse, B. E. Stevenson*); "October's Bright Blue Weather," Jackson (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*); "Ode to Autumn," Keats; "Indian Summer," Whittier; "The Death of the Flowers," Bryant; "Autumn," Dickinson (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*).

OCTOBER

JOHN B. TABB

Behold, the fleeting swallow
 Forsakes the frosty air;
 And leaves, alert to follow,
 Are falling everywhere,
 5 Like wounded birds, too weak
 A distant clime to seek.

And soon with silent pinions
 The fledglings of the North
 From winter's wild dominions
 10 Shall drift, affrighted, forth,
 And, phantom-like, anon,
 Pursue the phantoms gone.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Reverend John B. Tabb (1845-1909), a Southern poet, was born near Richmond, Virginia. All his life he was interested in birds, flowers, and outdoor life. When the Civil War began, he joined the Southern army, although he was a mere lad of sixteen. After the war he became a clergyman and a teacher. He has written many short lyrics of high musical and imaginative quality.

General Questions and Topics. 1. To what "distant clime" did the swallow fly? 2. What is compared with "wounded birds" in the first stanza? 3. Who are the "fledglings of the North"? 4. What phantoms are gone? 5. In what other Part of this book might "October" have been placed? 6. Suggest another title for this poem.

Library Reading. "Indian Summer," Tabb (in *Poems*); "Trees" and "In October," Carman (in *Later Poems*); "Autumn Fashions," Thomas, and "A Song of Early Autumn," Gilder (in *Days and Deeds*, B. E. Stevenson); "Autumn Fires," Stevenson (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*).

A BAND OF BLUEBIRDS IN AUTUMN

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

Oh, happy band of bluebirds,
Brave prophets of the spring,
Amid the tall and tufted cane,
How blithesomely you sing!
5 What message haunts your music
'Mid autumn's dusky reign?
You tell us Nature stores her seeds
To give them back in grain!

10 Your throats are gleeful fountains,
Through which a song-tide flows;
Your voices greet me in the woods,
On every wind that blows!
I dream that heaven invites you
To bid the earth "good-by";
15 For in your wings you seem to hold
A portion of the sky!

20 Oh, happy band of bluebirds,
You could not long remain
To flit across the fading fields
And glorify the grain. . . .
You leave melodious memories,
Whose sweetness thrills me through;
Ah, if my songs were such as yours,
They'd almost touch the Blue!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. William Hamilton Hayne (1856-) was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in the stately home of his father, Paul Hamilton Hayne, the Southern poet. He spent his boyhood, however, at Copse Hill, a farm in the pine woods of Georgia, to which his father moved after the loss of health and property in the Civil War. Here, in a rude cabin, which his father called "the shanty," he spent a happy boyhood. Owing to delicate health he was educated chiefly at home. As a boy his love of nature was very strong, and this love was strengthened by his woodland surroundings and by the many walks he took with his father, who described these walks in the following lines:

"We roam the hills together,
In the golden summer weather,
Will and I;
* * * * *
Will and I
Have heard the mock-bird singing
And the field-lark seen upspringing;
Amid cool forest closes
We have plucked the wild wood roses,
Will and I."

William Hamilton Hayne began to write in boyhood, and his first poems were published in various magazines when he was about twenty-three years old. In the *Library of Southern Literature*, Willis H. Bocoek says that Mr. Hayne is very attractive and magnetic personally, and a good conversationalist, with a remarkable memory for poetry.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Read "The Bluebird," by Maurice Thompson (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*) and compare it with this poem; which do you prefer? Why? 2. In what season of the year are the bluebirds seen "amid the tall and tufted cane"? 3. What message does the bluebird give us in his song? 4. Explain the significance of lines 13-16, page 75. 5. What effect upon the poet has the bluebird's song?

Library Reading. "The Maryland Yellow-Throat," van Dyke, and "The Thristle," Tennyson (in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven*); "The Cardinal Bird," Guiterman, "The Humming Bird," Audubon, and "The Bluebird," Thompson (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*); "The Birds' Letter," Hoar, and "The Humming Bird," Monroe (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*); "Sir Robin," Larcom, and "The Blue Jay," Swett (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*); "In a Southern Swamp," "In the Autumn Woods," and "The Emigrants—A Robin's Song," Hayne (in *Sylvan Lyrics*); "Autumn Storm" and "The Tempest," Cawein (in *The Poet, the Fool, and the Fairies*).

ODE TO THE NORTHER

WILLIAM LAWRENCE CHITTENDEN

Thrice welcome to the Norther,
The Norther rolling free,
Across the rolling prairies
Straight from the Arctic Sea!
5 Avaunt, ye western breezes
And southern zephyrs warm!
Here's to the cold, blue Norther,
The stern, relentless storm!

10 I am tired of love and laughter,
Tonight I long for war;
For the bugle blasts are sounding
From the heights of Labrador.
"Whoo-hoo!" the winds are wailing
Their muffled reveilles,
15 And round my chimney fortress
Roar angry, shoreless seas.

20 Wild storms and wants and dangers
Will thrill a poet's heart,
And free his viking spirit
Far more than feeble art.
So welcome to the storm wind!
The Northers I invoke.
Here's to the strong, gray weather
That makes the heart of oak!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. William Lawrence Chittenden (1862-), a native of New Jersey, was educated in Montclair, New Jersey, and New York City. He began work as a reporter on a New York newspaper and in 1883 went to Texas as a journalist and traveling salesman. In 1887 he became owner

of the Chittenden cattle ranch at Anson, Texas, which now includes a farm and ranch of over ten thousand acres. As the "poet ranchman" he contributes both verse and prose to periodicals under the pen-name of "Larry Chittenden." "Ode to the Norther" is taken from the volume *Ranch Verses*.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Give reasons why the author welcomes gladly the Norther. 2. From where to where does the Norther blow? 3. What is meant by the lines

"For the bugle blasts are sounding
From the heights of Labrador?"

4. Locate Labrador on your map. 5. How could a sea be "shoreless"? 6. How may a Norther help a poet? 7. What kind of weather makes a "heart of oak"? 8. In "Winter," by Tennyson (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*) does the author think winter is bad for us? 9. Compare the scene in "Ode to the Norther" with that of "The Light'ood Fire," by John Henry Boner (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*).

Library Reading. "The West Wind," Masfield (in *Salt Water Ballads*); "Neptune's Steeds," "The Ranchman's Ride," and "Galveston," Chittenden (in *Ranch Verses*); "Storm Song," Taylor, and "Do You Fear the Wind?" Garland (in *Home Book of Verse, B. E. Stevenson*); "The Snow Storm," Emerson, and "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," Shakespeare (in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven*); "Ode to the Northeast Wind," Kingsley (in *Golden Numbers, Wiggin and Smith*); "The Wind," Amy Lowell (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*); "The Sound of the Trees," Frost (in *New Voices, Wilkinson*); "The Winds," Cawein (in *Poems*).

THE DUSK OF THE SOUTH

JOHN P. SJOLANDER

The dusk of the South is tender
As the touch of a soft, soft hand;
It comes between splendor and splendor,
The sweetest of service to render,
And gathers the cares of the land.

Above it the soft sky blushes
 And pales like an April rose;
 Within it the south wind hushes,
 And the jessamine's heart outgushes,
 And earth like an emerald glows.

The dusk of the South comes fleetly,
 And fleetly it takes its flight;
 But it comes like a song so sweetly,
 And gathers our cares completely,
 For God to keep through the night.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. John Peter Sjolander (1851-) was born in Hudiksvall, Sweden. He received his education in public and private schools of his native land. Since coming to America, where he settled on a farm near Bayou, Texas, in 1871, he has contributed verse, stories, and papers on agricultural subjects to various publications in the United States and in Europe. "The Dusk of the South" is taken from *The Library of Southern Literature*.

General Questions and Topics. 1. To what does the author compare "the dusk of the South" in the first stanza? 2. Between what splendors does the dusk come? 3. What service does the dusk render? 4. What two references are made to color in the second stanza? 5. What flower does the author tell us is affected by the dusk? 6. To what is the coming of the dusk compared? 7. Explain how the dusk

"Gathers our cares completely,
 For God to keep through the night."

Library Reading. "Song of the Corn," "A Sparrow," "The Rain Frog," "In August Woods," and "After Care in Autumn," Sjolander (in *Library of Southern Literature*, Volume XI); "The Heart of the Night," Carman (in *Later Poems*); "Hymn to the Night," Longfellow; "Tonight," Shelley, and "Night," Blake (in *Home Book of Verse*, B. E. Stevenson); "Auld Daddy Darkness," Ferguson (in *Rainbow Gold*, Teasdale); "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," Bourdillon (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*); "Dusk," A. E., and "In the Cool of the Evening," Noyes (in *High Tide*, Richards); "The Old Bayou" and "Dusk and the Whippoorwills," Cawein (in *The Poet, the Fool, and the Fairies*).

SUMMARY OF PART I

Men in all ages have felt the influence of nature; which selections in this group impressed you most deeply with nature's wonders? Which selections did you enjoy most? How has your acquaintance with the wild geese of Wyndygoul and the gray squadron enriched your experience? The authors of these stories have given such interesting pictures of wild-geese migration that you will wish to read of the migration of other birds; explain the feeling you have for the gray squadron or the wild geese of Wyndygoul. What facts have you learned from these two stories? What other stories or works on the migration of birds have you read? Look at the pictures on pages 12, 13, 19, and 26; point out any facts you have learned concerning wild-geese migration. What impressed you most in the story about the marvels of ant life? What do you know of the author? Have you read Thoreau's "Battle of the Ants"? What did you learn about the play-habits of the otter from "The Otter Plays On"? Compare these habits with those of a playful domestic animal you have noticed. What tells you that the author writes from personal experience? What are some of the habits of the otter? Compare the author's description of the otter with the picture on page 49.

Beebe throughout his writings has shown us that he is a very close observer of insect and animal life; which of his listed library readings on page 65 did you choose? What facts did you learn about his life and work that were not given in the biography on page 64? What interested you most in the story about the hoactzins? What interesting information about the life of Thoreau is given in his biography, page 71? How did his manner of living show itself in his writing?

Most poets are close observers of nature and some of our best expressions of the beauties and wonders of nature are brought to us in poetry; which of the poems in this group show closest observation? Which poem do you like best? Why? Point out an observation made by the poet in "Indian Summer" which you have yourself noted. Read aloud the verses on page 11; tell why they are an apt introduction to this group.

PART II

TRANSPORTATION AND COMMUNICATION

Of all inventions, the alphabet and printing press alone excepted, those that have shortened distance have done the most for humanity.

—THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

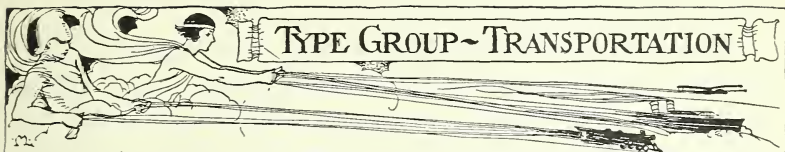
*Steam-power, the great Express lines, gas, petroleum,
These are triumphs of our time, the Atlantic's delicate cable,
The Pacific Railroad, the Suez Canal, the Mont Cenis Tunnel; . . .
The world all spanned with iron rails—with lines of steamships threading
every sea.*

—WALT WHITMAN



THE SPIRIT OF TRANSPORTATION

Maxfield Parrish



THE SPIRIT OF TRANSPORTATION

ALICE THOMPSON PAINE

Reading Aims—Find: (a) what the Spirit of Transportation is; (b) what the stages in the development of transportation are; (c) how man has used the forces of nature to assist in developing transportation.

There were once two brother giants, sons of Mother Earth, who lived deep in the heart of the Himalaya Mountains. They were monstrous fellows, whose heads reached above the clouds and whose great strides carried them around the equator in a few moments. Sometimes they looked like dark mountains against the sky and sometimes like gray cloud masses on a distant horizon. At other times they became invisible, and only by the rushing of mighty winds could one know that they were passing. From the beginning of time the world had been their playground; they had tossed the stars at each other in Titanic sport; they had climbed the rainbow, teased the sun dogs, and shaken the spears of the northern lights. They were indeed mighty giants, fearless and powerful, and their names were Help and Hinder.

One day, out of the mouth of a vast volcano, the rumbling voice of Mother Earth spoke to them. "Sons," she said, "it is time for you to go forth in the service of man. Look abroad over the land and tell me what you see." Each giant mounted

a lofty peak and looked forth. For a long time they gazed in silence. At last Giant Help spoke.

"I see men with bent backs," he said, "laboring slowly and patiently, carrying burdens too heavy for them. They live in constant danger from man and beast. They snatch their joy between moments of fear. When they have food, they gorge it greedily; when they have none, they fast for many days and sometimes starve. All about them the great forces of nature are waiting to serve them, but they have not learned to use these forces. They need me, Mother Earth, they need Giant Help!"

Then Giant Hinder spoke. "I see the same men," he said, "but I see them differently. To me they look dangerously restless. They are always wandering off to explore new places. It would be better if they stayed near their caves and took care of their families. I see one man sitting on the bank of a stream looking at the shining water as it slips by, and I fear that he is *thinking*. Now, thinking is very dangerous! When a man really *thinks*, he usually discovers something, and the less man discovers, the better. In another place I see a cave boy playing with a wolf cub that his father brought home after killing the wolf mother. That cave boy also is dangerous! He is likely to make friends with the wolf cub, and when they both grow up, the wolf will be his friend, instead of an enemy waiting to leap at his throat in the dark. Then he will get the idea that other animals may be friends and helpers of man. No, Mother Earth, man needs *me*, not soft-hearted old Help! Since man was so made that he can *think*—which was a great mistake in my opinion—he needs hindering!"

You can readily see from these speeches how different the two giants were. Both sincerely desired the welfare of men, but Giant Hinder believed that they were better off if they stayed in one spot and remained as they were at the very beginning of things, while Giant Help believed that they should travel over the face of the whole earth, discovering new things and conquering the forces of nature. Thus they saw the earth

in opposite ways, and their reports contradicted each other at every point.

But Mother Earth, who was extremely wise, took their two exactly opposite views and put them together, and in this way she learned the truth. So she said, "Well, my sons, go forth and do your best, each in your own way, but first, reach down into this crater and see what you find." Then each giant reached down a mighty arm and pulled forth a wonderful tool. At first it gleamed like a fiery sword; then, as each waved his new staff in the air, a stream of water gushed from the point and fell in a silver shower. The two giants examined their marvelous implements with delight. They rested them on the ground, and found huge spades in their hands. They touched the neighboring mountain tops, and flames of fire burst forth.

"Take care!" cried Mother Earth. "Those staffs are very powerful and must be handled with discretion. Farewell, O sons! When a million years have passed away, return and tell me what you have accomplished."

Now, a million years, to giants, is a short period of time, and in the childhood of the race, long ages drifted by with almost imperceptible progress. So the first million years passed like a dream, and men were aware of new forces in the air and of strange new things. Sometimes they seemed to see cloud-like giant forms striding along the horizon, and sometimes they heard whispers that suggested marvelous things to come. And always, slowly, laboriously, with infinite courage and patience, amid terrible disasters and heart-breaking obstacles, they climbed upward. The lonely thinker, whom Giant Hinder had seen watching the ever-journeying waters, hollowed out the floating log and made the first canoe. The little cave boy who had played with the captive wolf cub took the first great step in the long story of the domestication of animals—a story so important that as we now look back upon man's history we cannot separate it from the lives of the "friendly beasts" who carried him and his burdens, who shared with him the glory of conflict and the

long labors of commerce. Bitterly did Giant Hinder oppose the domestication of the horse, that strong, fleet friend of man; but, aided by the inspiring whispers of Giant Help, man slowly learned to transfer the burden from the back of the horse to the rude sled which could be dragged behind—the beginning of a means of transportation that has lasted to the present day.

Yes, even in those dim and far-away times men were thinkers and inventors, and just as the shadows of primitive forests are sometimes pierced by a brilliant ray of sunlight, so into the twilight mind of primitive man there sometimes flashed a bright ray of pure inspiration. How else can we account for that forgotten genius—the greatest, perhaps, of all times—who fashioned the first clumsy wheel? Modern inventors have the scientific wealth of ages to aid them; the inventor of the wheel had nothing but a rolling log. From that rolling log he sliced the first rude wheels, and mightily did he aid the cause of transportation.

Thus, in the dream-like period before history, were accomplished the three great beginnings of transportation—the beast as burden bearer, the canoe, and the wheel.

When at the end of the first million years Giant Help and Giant Hinder met to compare notes, they were both so angry that the air crackled with lightning, thunder rumbled continuously, and Mother Earth was obliged to send a drenching rain to cool them down.

“What is the use?” cried Hinder. “Whatever I do to hinder men, Brother Help turns and twists until it helps them!”

“No!” roared Giant Help. “They help themselves in spite of your malicious attempts to thwart them! But you cannot forever keep men from progressing. They have at least perfected the wheel, and I expect great developments from it.”

Hinder turned upon him savagely. “No, Brother Help!” he answered. “Men can float their logs and their hollow logs, their birch canoes and their skin canoes; they can ride upon their horses, their camels, and their elephants. They can change the

beasts of the forests into beasts of burden to carry the loads they are too lazy to carry themselves. They can make wheels within wheels until their brains turn to wheels, but they can never cross my mighty oceans, for I have whispered to their ignorant minds that the earth is flat, and that even if their logs could float on the ocean, they would soon reach the edge and fall off into outer darkness. So the men of the East shall stay in the East and the men of the West shall stay in the West, and that is as it should be!"

10 "Don't be too sure of that, Brother Hinder," said Help. "With Giant Help to aid them, they may circle the globe. Once in every age there is a man whose ears are open to the mighty whispers of Giant Help. You, Hinder, work through the cowardly hearts of the many; I, Help, work through the brave souls
15 of the few. Let us see which shall win!"

"Sons," interrupted Mother Earth, "you have both done well. Shake hands in brotherly fashion and start forth again on your mission." But instead, both brothers shook their giant heads in anger and strode away.

20 Another million years passed like a dream, and men were aware of a changing world. Great cities rose and fell; vast armies went forth to conquer or to be conquered. The Romans, makers of mighty roads and aqueducts, had pushed northward to Britain and had built there Roman roads, traces of which
25 remain to this day. A cross and a tomb arose in Palestine, and from Western Europe to the Holy Land went countless pilgrims and crusaders. In the long passage of the centuries, the hollow log had become the raft, the sailboat, the galley, the viking ship; the wheeled cart had become the chariot and the coach. Men
30 were now knights—men on horseback—and chivalry, named from the horse—that ancient friend and helper of man—flourished in splendid vigor.

When, in the remote depths of the Himalaya Mountains, Giant Help and Giant Hinder again met to report their progress,
35 their faces were set and anxious and they preserved a gloomy

silence. Then from the depths of a volcanic crater came the rumbling voice of Mother Earth.

"Sons," she said, "look abroad and tell me what you see."

Giant Help spoke first. "I see," he said sadly, "men traveling
5 in many directions. They go on foot, on horseback, and in clumsy carts and coaches, but the roads are unspeakably poor, and Hinder is ever at hand to keep men from progressing. Poverty, ignorance, indifference, laziness—he fosters them all. He destroys bridges and digs deep mudholes. He encourages
10 robbers and footpads, until whoever goes on a journey today takes his life in his hands. If it were not for transportation by water, civilization would be impossible. The people of the world need Help, but it is hard indeed to aid them!"

Giant Hinder was not elated by his brother's acknowledgment of defeat. Instead, his face was anxious, and his eyes were
15 fixed on the distant waters of the Atlantic.

"What do you see, O Hinder?" asked Mother Earth.

"I see," said Hinder in tragic tones, "three tiny sails, so small that they are almost lost on the vast surface of the ocean; they
20 are going west—straight west. When night comes, they will surely lose their way and perish!"

"No, Brother Hinder," said Help. "Have you not heard of the mariner's compass? I have at least brought that aid to men, and the tiny magnetic needle always pointing north guides
25 them safely over pathless waters."

"Who is the daring man that sails so bravely into the Sea of Darkness?" asked Mother Earth.

"Christopher Columbus," groaned Hinder. "He has been worrying me for some time; in fact, a man so ambitious, so
30 daring, so frightfully persistent I have never known. He is another of those trouble-makers who sit and think, and he has finally come to the conclusion that the earth is round, not flat. Now he is searching for a passage to India, in order that the long overland caravan route may be avoided and transportation
35 may be swifter and safer. I have done everything to prevent

him. I have caused men to laugh at him and little children to jeer at him; I have deprived him of all his means until he has gone clothed in rags; I have whispered to many minds the danger, the blasphemy, the foolhardiness of his undertaking, but
5 all in vain. King Ferdinand was on my side, but I entirely neglected Queen Isabella, and old Help induced her to aid that madman Columbus. He *must* be stopped!" Without waiting to say farewell, Giant Hinder gave a mighty leap and landed with a terrific splash just in front of the little ships of Columbus.
10 Then, with his magic staff, he produced a tempest which raged until it seemed as if the frail vessels could not survive.

"Follow him quickly, Help," said Mother Earth, "and meet here in a hundred and fifty years. Things will move faster now."

Then Giant Help, a vast and cloudlike shape, strode after
15 Giant Hinder, and he breathed such courage and determination into the stout heart of Columbus and he balanced the little ships so carefully that Hinder in despair at last allowed the tempest to die away. Thus Columbus, inspired by the mighty spirit of transportation, which is the spirit of Help overcoming the obstacles
20 of Hinder, discovered, not the passage to India, but a new land—a land of challenging distances and boundless resources, a land in which the spirit of transportation and the spirit of the pioneer were one, a land in which that spirit was to reach a splendid manifestation of national scope and power.

25 The next period of time passed like a splendid pageant. Queen Elizabeth lived and died, and her great navigators and merchant-adventurers scoured the seas in all the romance of patriotic piracy. Transportation by sea grew and flourished, and the Orient and the Occident exchanged commodities freely.
30 The New World discovered by Columbus was a constant lure to adventurous spirits. Captain John Smith established his colony in Virginia; the little *Mayflower* bore her mighty cargo to the shores of New England; and Henry Hudson was the fore-runner of the Dutch settlement at the mouth of the river bearing
35 the great English explorer's name.

When, after the allotted time had passed, the brother giants met to tell what they had accomplished, they were tremendously excited.

5 "I can't stay long," cried Hinder. "Those American colonists are causing me no end of trouble. I must throw fresh hindrances in their way."

10 "You heartless scoundrel!" cried Help. "Have you no consideration for these pitiful handfuls of people, no admiration for their colossal courage and fortitude? Why can't you leave them alone?"

"Leave them alone!" shouted Hinder. Why, if I did, they would get into all kinds of mischief. Besides, their present situation is the logical result of that floating log you pushed into the water ages and ages ago."

15 "Don't quarrel, children," said Mother Earth. "Tell me what you have been doing."

20 "Thousands and thousands of years ago," began Hinder, "when I realized the restless spirit of man, I took my magic spade and threw up the Appalachian Mountains as a barrier to any daring people who might reach the shores of the western continent. And a mighty barrier it is—three hundred miles wide and consisting of parallel ranges with valleys between, so that if man surmounts one, he is confronted by another. This, I thought, would make westward transportation impossible."

25 "But I," cried Help, "with my magic spear, cut great gaps and valleys through these ranges, and threaded the country beyond with silver streams, so that, by estuaries, bays, and rivers, men could transport themselves and their belongings to the broad, fertile plains of the interior."

30 "Never!" exclaimed Hinder, "for I have clothed the mountains with impenetrable forests of mighty trees and dense underbrush and deadly morasses through which men cannot walk upright, but must cut their way, step by step, with infinite labor and weariness, and through which no horse can go at all."

35 "But," added Help, "for thousands of years the Indians, with

my help, have worn with their moccasined feet a network of forest trails. These wonderful paths of inland travel are invariably the shortest and best way between the points they connect; along them the fleet Indian runner can cover almost a hundred miles between sunrise and sunset. Already the heavy boot of the colonist is following the moccasin on these indelible forest trails and in years to come they will be the basis of a great system of transportation uniting a mighty continent in the service of human needs and desires."

"But those very Indians," interrupted Hinder, "are only another obstacle in the way of the pioneer, and they will contest every step of westward encroachment. A few of the colonists may get through, but most of them will remain behind, where they belong. Let them travel north and south on the seaboard if they will, connecting by wretched roads their little towns and villages, and transporting their commodities up and down the coast in the little ships which they are so clever in making. So long as they do not go beyond the mountain barrier, I have hope for them."

At this Giant Help said nothing, but his face glowed with such determination that Giant Hinder glanced at him uneasily. "Mother Earth," he said finally, "Why don't you send Help to Asia for the next thousand years and let me look after America?"

"No," said Mother Earth. "America is young and needs Help. Away with you both for another hundred and fifty years."

At once both giants seemed to merge into the ether, and the mighty spirits of Help and Hinder again brooded over America.

The next period of time passed like a bugle call. The colonists in America, with their backs to the mountains and their faces to the sea, fought a grim battle and won their freedom. Then they turned westward to the subjugation of a continent. Already Daniel Boone, the great pathfinder, followed by his hardy axmen, had cut his way through the Cumberland Gap, and turning, first north on the Indian trail long known as "The Warriors' Path," then west on an ancient buffalo street, then northward again

through unbroken forest, had blazed a westward trail into the heart of Kentucky, known as the Wilderness Road, for all pioneers to follow. And "Westward, Ho!" they went, by families, by whole communities—the men stalwart, bronzed, keen-eyed, and firm-jawed, dressed in fringed deerskin, with tomahawk, hunting-knife, and bullet pouch at belt and rifle couched in arm, alert to every danger, ready for any emergency; the women self-reliant and fearless, true daughters of pioneers, the young children in wicker baskets across the backs of pack horses; cows, small droves of pigs following—in such guise they went to conquer the wilderness.

Meanwhile, down the Ohio River floated by tens of thousands the flatboats carrying other pilgrims, a million of them, with their pots and pans and live stock. And often, as the travelers sat upon the broad roofs of their floating houses, the jolly sound of the fiddle broke the appalling silence of the wilderness, and too often the war whoop and the shrieks of the massacred marked the desperate attempts of the Indians to prevent the westward march of the settlers—so much more dangerous than the hunters to the original owners of the soil.

Thus, by river and by trail, beset by all the dangers of the "most howling wilderness," went the pioneers, to clear away the forests and to set up their log cabins, their log churches, their blockhouses, and their stockades. And back and forth between the outlying settlements of the pioneers and the older towns of the seacoast went long trains of pack horses carrying eastward furs and skins, and westward salt, lead, gunpowder, and iron.

Before this irresistible tide of westward transportation, what hope could Giant Hinder have? The very spirit of Help seemed to dwell in the hardy frames of the pioneers. They traveled in large groups for mutual protection; they helped each other in the building of their log houses. Later, when a new settler came from the East, he found a cabin ready for him, built by the willing hands of neighbors.

Yet, when the brother giants met again, Hinder was not discouraged.

"It is true," he said, in answer to Mother Earth's question, "the new nation now extends westward to the Mississippi; the colonists have conquered the mountains and pierced the forests, but see how primitive are their ways of transporting themselves and their belongings. They still go on foot, for the most part, over rude trails, or float with the current down inland rivers. Besides, their settlements are pitifully small, with hundreds of miles of wilderness between each other and between the towns of the East. Some disaster will wipe out these handfuls of people, and their futile little clearings will return to the wilderness again."

"But see!" answered Help. "The trails are widening into roads; yonder are roads made of logs, or even of planks, laid in the mud, over which heavy wagons and oxcarts can go without sinking in the mire. And see that splendid cavalcade of brilliantly colored, white-topped Conestoga wagons, with bright blue underbody, and bright red woodwork above. Notice the ponderous wheels, so broad that they will not easily cut into the road, and the huge body curving upward at each end like a boat to prevent freight from sliding out on mountain roads. Notice the powerful horses—a new breed developed in a new land to meet new needs. With their robes of bearskin, gleaming harnesses, and chimes of bells, they are as gaily caparisoned as the horses of the knights of old. Tens of thousands of these covered wagons are rumbling over the highways of the new nation in a tremendous system of freight transportation. If you listen, Hinder, you can hear the bells! Moreover, new roads or turnpikes paved with stone are being made to meet the needs of this new transportation, roads along which the giant footsteps of Help shall tread unhindered!"

"That is all very fine," said Hinder contemptuously. "It makes a showy picture, I admit, but wagons no longer worry me. Men have too long played their little games of fetch and carry with them."

"Suppose," said Giant Help with a gentle hissing sound, "sup-

pos-s-s-e, that it should ever occur to man to put s-s-s-steam into his wagons, what then?"

"At last!" sighed Mother Earth, and a long, delicate streamer of white vapor issued from a volcanic crater.

5 For a long moment there was dead silence.

"Steam!" cried Giant Hinder. "Steam!"

Then he turned upon Help savagely: "Have you been whispering that to anybody?"

10 "Of course I have," said Help. "Several men have heard me, and at last one has come who has actually made a practical steam engine."

15 "You need not tell me who he is," said Hinder gloomily. "It is that Scotchman, James Watt. I have noticed him sitting and looking for hours at the steam from a boiling teakettle, and thinking—*thinking!* But men are using the engine only to pump water out of mines, and that seems harmless enough. It will not aid them in transportation."

20 "You are wrong, foolish and backward-looking Hinder. Steam is the greatest servant yet discovered, and already man has begun to argue, 'If it will help me pump water, will it not help me draw loads?' Even now John Fitch, that inspired American, is inventing the steamboat, and soon the rivers and lakes of America, supplemented by great canals, will furnish a wonderful system of inland transportation by water."

25 Then Giant Hinder's face became terrible to look upon. "It shall not be!" he said. "I will so stir up the incredulity and greed of man that John Fitch shall perish under the wreckage of all his hopes. Men shall think him a madman, and he shall go from state to state begging help, and receiving none. At last, in 30 a lonely wilderness cabin he shall take his own life. I have had too much of the meddlesome presumption of man!"

"You may delay the age of steam," said Giant Help, "but you cannot prevent it. John Fitch will perish, if he must, but his work shall not perish!"

35 "Sons," said Mother Earth, "it is clear from what you say

that man stands on the threshold of a new age—the Age of Steam. It has taken him millions of years to discover this great natural helper, but now that it is found, it will revolutionize the world. Go forth, therefore, to serve men in the new conditions
5 that shall arise, and return to me at the beginning of the twentieth century, as men count time.”

At the word of command, Giant Help vanished in a puff of white steam, while Giant Hinder followed in a pall of black smoke. And during the next hundred years there was a battle
10 of giants.

Boldly across the continent, with his eyes on the Golden Gate, went Giant Help, trailing behind him, from the mighty fingers of his right hand, the shining rails that, more than wars or conquests, were to help in uniting the new land into a strong and
15 great nation. And at every step Giant Hinder fought him bitterly, relentlessly, desperately. Into the terrible struggle he threw all his resources; he called to his aid the destructive powers of nature—mountains, floods, storms, deserts. He aided the Indians in their last desperate stand against the encroaching
20 white man, until in those epic days Indian fighting was a regular part of railroad building. Worst of all, he stirred up war between brothers in a tragic attempt to halt the glorious progress of the new nation by dividing it. But ever onward strode Giant Help, and far ahead of him, flung like a human leaf on a huge gale of
25 spiritual forces, went the Pony Express, bearing the messages that in a crucial time held the child West to the mother East by a slender thread of transportation.

Yes, Giant Hinder fought desperately, but he could not prevent the driving of the golden spike that marked the completion
30 of the first great transcontinental railway binding together the East and the West. Nor could he prevent, in the swift passage of the next fifteen years, the building of four other great transcontinental railroads, triumphs of engineering, miracles of endeavor. For, after millions of years, men had laid their hands on
35 the throttle of steam, and a mighty force did their bidding. Now,

instead of the rumbling of wagons and the flying hoof beats of the Pony Express, was heard the roaring, transcontinental march of great engines; and instead of the slender figure of the pony rider, was seen the steadfast face of the locomotive engineer, with eyes fixed on the track ahead and firm hand on the throttle, as he guided the iron monster of the rail in its great work of transportation.

But still man was not satisfied. Led by the mighty spirit of Help and hotly opposed by Hinder, he cut a great gash in the western continent and made a passage for ships between the Atlantic and the Pacific—the passage to India at last, after many centuries—and thus transportation by sea was relieved of the terrible necessity of rounding Cape Horn. He learned the beginning lessons in the production and control of electricity—that great rival of steam—and compelled Niagara to produce electric power for traction in distant cities. Of more immediate importance, he perfected the gasoline engine, which provides great power with small weight. This step brought to the service of man the automobile and the truck, furnishing a means of transportation in his daily affairs which still further set him free from the limitations of time and space.

With steamships man had conquered the sea; with railroads and motor vehicles he had conquered the land; but the air still challenged him, and as he looked upward he longed for wings! The twentieth century, as men count time, was more than two decades on its way when the two giants at last strode into the solemn depths of the Himalaya Mountains. Quietly they came, and heavily, and their faces were grave and perplexed. The tool of Giant Hinder had become a flashing, terrible sword; while Giant Help bore on his shoulder a vast golden cornucopia from which flowed streams of yellow grain.

“You are late, sons,” said the deep voice of Mother Earth. “Make haste and tell me what you have accomplished.”

“The spirit of transportation,” said Giant Help slowly, “has conquered land and sea and air. As I look out over the continent

of America, where for over three centuries that mighty spirit has been working, I see interwoven on its vast surface, in patterns full of beauty and meaning, a network of shining steel rails and gleaming highways. Like an enormous system of veins and arteries they pulsate throughout the land, carrying the lifeblood of the nation. Great cities are fed by this vital stream of transportation, and enormous activities of world-wide scope and power are nourished by it. Above, along invisible aërial paths, go men, like birds, flying, and the sun strikes white upon their glancing wings. I see, too, the land of America as an enormous center from which run lines of transportation to all parts of the habitable globe, and along these lines the tramping engines of steamboats drive their purposeful way."

"Your picture is wonderful indeed," said Mother Earth. "Why, then, do you not exult in this triumph of transportation?" Giant Help said nothing, but he turned his sad, reproachful eyes upon his brother, and Giant Hinder took up the tale.

"Far from being a benefit to mankind," he said, "all this transportation, together with all the other industrial phenomena of this Age of Machinery, is a positive injury. As I look out upon the world I do not see the poetic imaginings of Brother Help. I see a world of strife. Men are crowded shamefully in huddled cities; they are divided into classes, whose interests are hopelessly at variance. The great forces of steam, gas, oil, electricity, which in the childhood of the race lay sleeping harmlessly, now that they have been summoned forth are like evil genii grinding puny man to pieces in the machinery he has himself created. Already countless lives have been sacrificed to what Brother Help is pleased to call 'the great march of human progress'! And therefore," he cried, waving his terrible sword in great circles over his head, "I have decreed war!—war between nations and between classes; war that shall devastate the earth and destroy these presumptuous peoples utterly; war in which the human race shall perish in the fire of its own consuming pride and greed! And when this speed-maddened race shall have worn

itself away, then in some remote region of the earth shall rise a new race of primitive men who will dwell in the stately leisure of an eternal Golden Age."

"You may not have noticed," said Help quietly, "that war
5 itself often furnishes a tremendous impetus to transportation. Recently whole armies, together with an enormous equipment, were carried across three thousand miles of ocean. That, in itself, was a signal triumph of transportation. Moreover," and he lifted high his great golden cornucopia, "during that war, through those
10 same marvels of modern transportation, the golden grain of the West fed many of the starving children of the East. No, Brother Hinder, the human race does not perish so easily as you seem to think, and this is true because it is becoming more and more closely interrelated. In these days a cry of distress in one quarter
15 brings help from halfway across the globe!"

Then Giant Hinder exploded in a mighty rage, and the mountains shook as he roared his terrible anger at Giant Help. "What is the use?" he demanded, as he had demanded millions of years before. "If even war and pestilence and famine can be turned
20 and twisted by the spirit of Help until they actually encourage man to continue his pernicious attempts to discover the secrets of nature, I can do no more!"

"You have already done too much!" said Giant Help. "And why every step of human progress should demand so terrible a
25 price in sacrifice, in bloodshed, in anguish of spirit, I, for one, cannot understand!"

A deep silence rested over the mountains as Giant Help ceased speaking—a silence full of bewilderment and wonder. Then before the startled eyes of the two great giants rose the
30 vast, gray form of Mother Earth, mystically shrouded, heavily veiled. With one mighty hand, she put aside the mists from before her face, and her deep, strange eyes swept the farthest bounds of the earth. As she spoke, her giant sons bowed their haughty heads in awe.

35 "Sons," she said, "I cannot answer the questions that are

troubling your minds. I know only the law whereby struggle is the very condition of man's growth and progress. If men had no difficulties, no hindrances, they would live forever in a lotus land of ease, and their splendid spirit of endeavor would slumber throughout the ages. But give a man a mountain and he wants to climb it; give him an ocean and he wants to cross it; give him a desert and he wants to make it blossom like the rose; give him a puzzle and he wants to solve it; give him a mystery and he wants to pluck the heart out of it; tie him to the earth and he takes wings and flies to the uttermost parts of the sea—and back again. Thus, the indomitable human spirit, in its tiny frame, faces the great universe and plucks from the air, the earth, the sea, the forces of nature to aid him in his eternal quest. And nowhere has the human spirit accomplished greater wonders in the conquest of the physical universe than in the marvelous development of transportation. And more and more shall this outward system of transportation be the symbol of an inner unity of spirit. Behold!" And she pointed a great finger toward the continent of America.

The giants raised their heads and this is what they saw: A mighty nation in silence; and over it brooding the spirit of grief for a dead leader. Across the continent, from coast to coast, passed the funeral train, its huge engines, stately and slow, curbing their throbbing speed that all might share in the greatest funeral procession of all time. Along the way for hundreds of miles stood the people of America—a living aisle for the dead. And overhead, by night and by day, flew airplanes, like attendant spirits. Following this mighty procession went the ghosts of the great pathfinders of the nation, with Daniel Boone at their head—facing east at last; mystic caravans of covered wagons; phantom Indian warriors, their faces raised to the Great Spirit; ghostly stagecoaches and pony riders; long lines of laborers, pick-axes on shoulder, the railroad builders of the past—all in a mighty phantom procession of spirits that are not dead, but still live in the great spirit of America.

As the two giants gazed upon this scene, they heard the slow, deep voice of Mother Earth:

“Look well, O sons, upon that mighty procession, for it symbolizes a profound national unity, and in it you may see the living spirit of transportation. By many roads and highways men have come to stand in silent tribute to the dead. Those rails of steel over which the funeral train passes never more truly symbolized the union of a country, widespread and various. Look well!”

When at last the scene vanished and the two giants, with a long sigh, turned to Mother Earth, they found that she had disappeared, but presently her voice rumbled up out of the volcanic crater.

“Remember, O Help and Hinder,” she said, “that Help may sometimes hinder and Hinder often help.” At this strange statement, the two giants looked at each other in surprise and consternation, but as they looked they began to smile, and as they smiled they began to laugh, and presently they burst into tremendous roars of merriment. At last even Mother Earth began to quake with mirth. But at this, both giants sobered instantly, for neither Help nor Hinder liked to have the earth quake.

“Well, the joke is certainly on me,” said Hinder. “To think that when I piled up the Appalachian Mountains I was doing the very thing to protect the colonists until they were strong enough to make the westward march!”

“No, the joke is on me!” said Help, “for if it were not for your hindrances, I should certainly be out of a job!”

“Sons,” said Mother Earth, “don’t waste time arguing, but hasten away to your work. And, Hinder, remember, *No more war!* and, Help, remember, *Work together!* Now farewell, and return when you have something important to tell me.”

In an instant both giants sprang away like great lightning flashes, and the mighty spirits of Help and Hinder still are brooding over America.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Alice Thompson Paine (Mrs. Gregory L. Paine) is a native of Iowa who was educated at Saint Mary's Hall, Faribault, Minnesota, and at the University of Chicago. For several years before her marriage she was head of the department of English in Saint Mary's Hall, the school she attended as a girl. Mrs. Paine is the author of several industrial stories for children, among which are "The Magic Flag," "The Magic of Iron," and "The Spirit of Communication" in the *Child-Library Readers*.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Describe the appearance of Giant Help and Giant Hinder. 2. Where did Mother Earth dwell? 3. What danger did Giant Hinder fear from men who think? 4. How did the first speeches of the giants show their differences of opinion? 5. Tell how Mother Earth learned the truth. 6. What gifts and advice did Mother Earth bestow on her giant sons? 7. What were "the three great beginnings of transportation"? 8. How were these beginnings accomplished? 9. Tell briefly what happened when the two sons made their first report to Mother Earth. 10. What changes took place in transportation before the brothers met again? 11. Why was Hinder worried over the great accomplishment of Christopher Columbus? 12. What trouble did the American colonists cause Hinder? 13. Explain what the author means by "the age of steam." 14. What has the production and control of electricity done toward improving methods of travel? 15. Man has conquered land and sea; what great task has he still to do? 16. Sum up in a few words the final report Giant Help gave to his mother. 17. State briefly what Giant Hinder told Mother Earth he had accomplished.

General Questions and Topics. 1. What great thing did Giant Help see when he first looked over the world? 2. How did Giant Hinder's picture differ from that of Giant Help? 3. Give instances to prove the wisdom of Mother Earth. 4. What strange new sights and sounds both alarmed and angered the giants? 5. Read again the angry retort of Giant Help at the close of their first report to their mother; do you agree with what he said? Give reasons for your answer. 6. How were the faces of the giants changed when they met a second time? Account for the change. 7. Find the lines in which Giant Help acknowledged defeat. Why was Giant Hinder not happy over his brother's discouragement? 8. What does the author tell us the spirit of transportation is? 9. How did the mountains assist Giant Help in his work? How did they assist Giant Hinder? 10. In what ways did the dense forests prove an obstacle to the development of transportation? 11. How did the Indians assist Giant Help in his labors? 12. What effect did the westward movement have upon transpor-

tation? 13. Describe clearly the picture which Mother Earth called upon her sons to witness. 14. What was her parting advice to them both? 15. Maxfield Parrish, in the picture on page 82, takes his theme from the Royal Gorge of Colorado, because it presents a majestic physical barrier to progress. At one side, above the rushing mountain stream, may be seen chiseled in the cliff a tiny road along which passes a train of motor trucks, the artery of civilization—a dramatic portrayal of how civilization has conquered the heights, opening to commerce the vast regions beyond. This picture won a prize of a thousand dollars in a contest in which twelve artists, each in his own way, interpreted "The Spirit of Transportation"; in what way does this picture portray the conflict between Giant Help and Giant Hinder? 16. The "dead leader," page 99, line 22, refers to former President Warren G. Harding, who died in San Francisco while on a trans-continental tour of the United States and Alaska; you will be interested in reading "Warren Harding's 4,000-Mile Funeral," in *The Literary Digest*, August 25, 1923, and reporting it to your group.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (a) Roman roads. (b) Which did more toward the development of transportation, Giant Help or Giant Hinder? (c) "The First Railway across the Continent" (in *Lessons in Community and National Life, Series C*, Judd and Marshall). (d) The Pony Express. (e) Air transportation. (See "Library Reading," page 117.)

EARLY CATTLE TRAILS OF TEXAS

EMERSON HOUGH

Reading Aims—Find: (a) why the rangers decided that it was necessary for them to move their cattle to the north; (b) the dangers and difficulties they encountered; (c) the importance of the undertaking.

Texas, an empire, not yet born, but soon to be a world! What a world! How rich a world! Above, for two thousand miles, nigh a thousand miles right-angled across the needle's path, swept another unknown world, the great West of America, marked till now only by big-game trails and pony paths and wagon tracks.

The road to Oregon was by then won. The iron rails that very year bound California to the Union. But nothing bound Texas to the Union. Unknown, discredited, aloof, a measureless wilderness herself, she did not know the wilderness above her, and until now had cared nothing for it.

In this central part of the great, varied state the grasses grew tall, the undergrowth along the streams was rank. The live oaks were gigantic, standing sometimes in great groves, always hung with gray Spanish moss. Among and beyond these lay vast glades, prairies, unfenced pastures for countless game and countless cows. It was a land of sunshine and of plenty.

A cool haze, almost a mist, lay before dawn on the prairie lands. Now, when morning came on the Del Sol range, a sea of wide horns moved above the tall grass. With comfortable groans the bedded herd arose one by one, in groups, by scores and hundreds, stretching backs and tails. The night riders ceased their circles, the cattle began to spread out slowly, away from the bed ground, a little eminence covered with good dry grass and free of hillocks, holes, and stones, chosen by men who knew the natural preferences of kine.

A clatter of hoofs came as the young night-herd—the boy Cinquo Centavos, vastly proud of his late promotion—drove up his *remuda* to the rope corral. A blue smoke arose where the cook pushed mesquite brands together. It was morning on the range, and it was morning of a new, great day for unknown Texas and the unknown West that lay waiting far above her.

The two great trails—that running east and west, that running north and south—now were about to approach and to meet at a great crossroads, the greatest crossroads the world has ever seen. Here was the vague beginning of a road soon to be bold and plain; almost as soon to be forgotten.

* * * * *

The cattle had been pushed close to the south bank of the great, mysterious river. The foreman sat with his employer on the steep crest of the ravine selected as the take-off for the ford. A bridge had never been; a ferry no man had dreamed of here.

Flowed only the wide sweep of tawny waters, boiling and fretting, bearing tree trunks rolling and dipping.

The Red was up! This was an ominous and savage scene, and one to depress even the boldest heart; for over this flood
5 must pass each horned head ever to find a market in the north.

Ticklish work it was, and asking alike resource and courage; but methodically as though they had done nothing else in all their lives, the men of Del Sol went about it now.

Under Nabours's direction they got together long logs of
10 cottonwood drift, dragging them in at the ends of their lariats, cowman fashion. Taking the cook cart for their first experiment, they lashed some of the longer logs under the body, unbolting the tongue. The clumsy vehicle was heavily loaded.

How much of swimming water there would be none could
15 tell. Nabours turned back at the edge of the water.

"Keep right after me, men, and keep her a-coming!" he called to the riders who now were in readiness to take the water. "Don't try to hold her against the current. Let her slide down, and keep your horses swimming. Ef we make that bar we're
20 all right.

"You, Del, go upstream in front. Cal, get in front below. You've got the hind rope upstream, Len, and Sanchez, you go downstream. Keep her going just like it was on the ground. She'd orto float some anyway. Come on now!"

25 He spurred into the rolling, discolored stream. His horse, snorting and trembling even at the brink, within five yards of the steep bank was in swimming water; but he headed straight across, gallantly, though carried steadily downstream.

The men spurred in. With a sudden plunge the unwieldy
30 craft took the water at the rear of the horsemen.

"By golly, she floats!" called out a voice on the shore.

Cal Dalhart flung up a hand with a yell. But all four of the horses, muzzles flat and nostrils blowing, followed as best they could the leader who swam ahead, his saddle horn still
35 showing high. That it was all a mad endeavor no sane man

could have doubted. But Providence was ever kind to men who dare.

Those remaining on shore watched the strange procession in absolute silence. The plan of the crossing had much good judgment in it, but only extreme good fortune ever could give it success. By some kind impulse of its own, the current began to carry the clumsy contrivance toward the head of the sand bar at midstream, scarcely more than visible above the surface, but offering great hope to the swimming horses. The silent watchers at last saw the horse of the leader plunge upward and get footing. The two lead horses followed.

The length of the *reatas* of the rear men allowed them also to get footing, while the great wheels of the cart, hanging below the edges of the raft, remained floating free. The power of five horses, even with soft footing under them, finally enabled the men to drag it to floating water beyond the head of the bar. To their relief it found temporary anchorage when the wheels caught bottom.

Nabours sat his half-submerged horse, looking studiously out across the remaining waterway.

"Hold on here, boys, till I try her out," he commanded. "I think from here acrost she's sorter flat. If she won't float the cart, cut out the logs, splice your ropes, and fetch one on acrost to me so we can yank her through."

They got floatage for a little way out from the bar, but presently the raft became a liability and not an asset for them. They cut log after log free and let it run downstream. Four hide *reatas*, each of forty feet and all spliced, at last gave them connection with the solid shore. With a great shout they yanked the first cart up the farther bank.

Nabours rode up to the front of his vehicle and disclosed Buck, the negro cook, who had been praying on the floor of the cart, up to his knees in water part of the time, and now still of grayish complexion.

"What's the matter with you, boy?" he demanded. "Climb

down out of there, now, and get things ready for a meal against we get the next cart acrost."

It was necessary for the five men to recross the river. After a long study of both shores for a take-off, they concluded to wade down to the head of the bar, cross the swimming water from that point, and to land below the original take-off on the south shore, at a point where the high bank flattened. Two of the five men knew almost nothing of swimming. Each man put his life upon the strength and courage of his horse. Their work was there and it had to be done. They eased their mounts by slipping out of saddle, downstream, swimming and taking tow, one hand clinging to a saddle thong.

It is enough to say that they did make the recrossing. Taking advantage of the rebound of the current from the bar, they found footing on the south bank perhaps a quarter of a mile below the original take-off. They all whooped on up to the ford head, where all the remainder of their company were huddled.

"She's all right, Miss Taisie!" called out Nabours. "We can do it plumb easy. You stay here where you are. I'm going to put Milly and Anita in the next cart. We'll swim you over special, on horseback. That's a heap safer'n any boat. All you got to do is just to sit still on your horse and let him alone."

The delay with the second cart was but short. Old Milly, on her knees in the sand, hysterically praying, was forcibly assisted to the seat where already Anita was seated, awaiting fate.

Again they pushed out; once more they made the head of the bar; and this time, with even less difficulty than at first, finished the second half of the crossing. For the second time, wet to the skin, the men crossed back, cursing the luck which had brought them here to meet high water, but as yet meeting with no mishap. Nabours looked dubiously at the horses, which had made the crossing twice. The men refreshed themselves with hot coffee and a hurried bite to eat. The farther camp now was made, so there would be coffee at each end of the crossing.

But now they must address themselves to the tremendous experiment of crossing the herd. True, these had had swimming water at the Colorado, the Brazos, the Trinity; but in each case the farther shore was well in view of the take-off and the swimming channel narrow. What would the cattle do now, facing a moving sea of roily water?

“Ready with fresh horses, men!” called Nabours. “Point the herd in here. Make them take water just back of me, and throw ’em in spreaded. All of you act just like it was on the ground. Take your points, you, Cal and Del! All you swings, ride right above and below just like you was on the trail. They’ll swing down plenty in the current. Take it easy and quiet. If any of you gets scared the cows’ll be scared too. Keep ’em spread out and moving. Here’s where we make a cap or sure spoil a coonskin.”

With cracking of horns and tossing of heads, the front of the herd came shuffling down the shallow draw to the edge of the water, led by a few lank and rangy steers, old Alamo, the accepted lead steer, still in front. They were creatures alert and wise as deer, true long-horn stock of the lower range. Something of the wild instinct blended with their recent practical education.

Crowded by the numbers pushed against him from the rear, old Alamo shook his head for half an instant, then bent his knees and plunged in, following the swimming horse on ahead. Some men still rode the same mounts. Now and then a man lightened ship by slipping out of saddle for a time.

One by one, by fives and tens and scores, the other cattle followed the lead thus established. The inshore leg of the long moving U passed out and down, the cattle swimming steadily, gently, their muzzles level, their tails spread. They knew well enough where they were to land.

The stream of the herd seemed almost endless, but when the great U once was established—the cattle finding footing on the bar at midstream and wading over the shallows beyond—the line

of action was perfectly apparent to every animal as it was pushed up to the river brink. They took the water as had those before them, and formed a continuous living line across the river. It was a magnificent spectacle. It was a triumph of personal courage combined with knowledge of the art of cows. But surely fate aided in this first and riskiest crossing of the Red by any herd passing northward to the rails.

There was little need of guidance after the first of the herd had reached the bar in midstream, and here some of the riders turned back to the south shore, riding up to the take-off. Again and again they took the water below the swimming stream of cattle. They could see the long line of the cattle elevate itself like a great party-colored snake at the bar, thence writhing along as though upon the ground, and fully visible as it topped the farther shore. The great adventure seemed in a fair way to conclude itself upon the side of courage.

The old Del Sol foreman was a good cowman, as good as the next, and there were few phenomena in the trade of cows with which he was not familiar. One might have seen him all that day looking up anxiously at the sky. The heavens were dull and overcast; a bad day to put cattle at a ford. Rain portended; there long was no glimpse of the sun. But had there been any glimpse of the sun the veteran foreman would never have pushed his herd into the river late in the afternoon, for a reason which any trail man would have understood.

At that point the river ran almost north and south, so that the course of the cattle was almost westward. In the evening any rays of the sun would lie like a path across the water.

But cattle will not swim into the sun. No good trail boss ever undertook to cross a herd into a sunset. The one hope of Nabours was in a continuous cloudiness of the evening sky. He did not want the sun to shine.

But now, as he turned his own anxious face toward the west, he saw a greater definition of the piling clouds. The lower edge of yonder heavy bank was tinged with silver. By and by the

sun would drop through. Then its light would lie across the water, straight into the eyes of the swimming cattle.

The sudden oath of old Jim Nabours had many factors in it—pity for what he knew might happen, regret for his own hastiness, apprehension for the property which was not his, resentment at what seemed to him an unjust fact and a poor reward for the courage which his men had shown.

No act of man could affect that which was now to happen. The almost level rays of the sun did fling their burnished path across the yellow waters. It was cast straight into the eyes of the drag, some three or four hundred animals which had not yet crossed the swimming channel. It half blinded for a moment even the eyes of the men. A floating log came down among them, caught the upper cattle, swung crosswise.

The line broke. There was a great uptossing of horns, a jumbling of shoulders as some animals attempted to find floatage on the backs of others. The spaces were lost, the bodies were packed together in a mass, struggling, moaning—and steadily passing downstream. The dreaded swimming mill was on!

Little enough could the bravest or most skilled men do now. What men could do, the two riders now caught in the mill attempted. They did not try to swim free of the mass, but drove into it, attempting to break and point out the mill so that the cattle would find footing somewhere below. At times the head and shoulders of their ponies showed, climbing upon the shoulders of the swimming cattle, the men beating with their quirts, kicking, urging, shouting. But the cattle would not swim into the sun.

Those upon the nearer shore heard the sound of the rush of water and a combined low moan, indescribable. It was hopeless. Not the best efforts of the entire company could have broken that fatal midstream *mêlée*. As though in a dream, Taisie Lockhart, wringing her hands, stood dumb and saw go forward one of the sudden tragedies of the trail.

“Let them go, men! Come back! We can’t save them now! Come on out!” Nabours ordered back his men on the farther side of the bar.

They stood looking at the moving mass which made a dark blot below the bar, where the current once more headed for the east. Neither head of horse nor man long showed above the floating island.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Emerson Hough (1857-1923) was born in Iowa and was educated at the State University. In an "Author's Note," written for his book *North of 36*, from which "Early Cattle Trails of Texas" is taken, Mr. Hough says, "The author himself went to the Southwest in 1881; has lived and traveled in the West all his life; and has followed or crossed the old cattle trail at perhaps fifty points between the Gulf and our northern boundary lines. The term of years thus indicated covers many changes. The future will bring yet swifter change. As to the great pastoral days of the West, it is high time for a fiction that may claim to be faithful and reverent." This quotation indicates both the author's motive in writing and his attitude toward his great subject—early days in the West. His success may be seen, not only in *North of 36*, but also in *The Covered Wagon*, which has been made into a really great film, "which," it is said, "may make us thankful for the blessings of our day, and grateful to the men and women who in toil and sacrifice blazed the way."

Emerson Hough also did valuable work in conservation, for, as a result of his exploration of Yellowstone National Park in the winter of 1895—a trip which he made on ski—Congress passed a law protecting the Park buffalo. Among his books written especially for boys are *The Young Alaskans in the Rockies*, *The Young Alaskans on the Trail*, and *The Young Alaskans in the Far North*.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. What two unknown worlds does the author mention? 2. What had recently bound California to the Union? 3. Why had Texas not been bound to the Union? 4. Describe the morning scene which greeted one on the Del Sol range. 5. What kind of fuel did the cook use in preparing breakfast? 6. What danger awaited "each horned head ever to find a market in the north"? 7. How did "the men of Del Sol" meet this danger? 8. Was the first craft made by the men successful? Why? 9. How did the cook enjoy his trip across the river? 10. How did the men succeed in recrossing the river? 11. Tell how the men attempted to transport the herd, "passing northbound to the rails," across the Red River. 12. Why did Nabours not want the sun to shine? 13. What effect did the sunshine have upon the dangerous task the men had undertaken? 14. Why was the breaking of the line called "one of the sudden tragedies of the trail"?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Use the following topics to guide you in telling the story to someone who has not read it: (a) the location of the early cattle trails of Texas; (b) transporting the cattle across the river; (c) the difficulties and dangers of the undertaking; (d) the result of the experiment.

General Questions and Topics. 1. What is the meaning of the author's reference to Texas as "an empire not yet born, but soon to be a world"? 2. Give a brief description of the central part of Texas. 3. Explain the meaning of "drove up his *remuda* to the rope corral." 4. Why was this morning referred to as a "morning of a new great day for unknown Texas"? 5. Explain how the men made their first craft. 6. Give another word having the same meaning as *reata*. 7. How could the raft become a liability rather than an asset for the men? 8. How did the men transport the women across the river? 9. What orders did Nabours give the men about leading the cattle across stream? 10. What factors were in the sudden oath of Jim Nabours? 11. What was "the dreaded swimming mill"?

Silent Reading Test. Experience shows that reasonable speed is an aid to comprehension. A slow reader improves his comprehension by increasing his rate. You may read so rapidly that you fail to get the thought, or you may gain in comprehension at the expense of reasonable speed. Your rate of reading may be increased by occasional speed tests and by a personal determination to speed up in all your reading. The chief value of such tests lies in the stimulus they give you to fix the habit of always reading as rapidly as possible and always reading for thought.

"Crossing the Rocky Mountains on an Electric Railway Train," page 112, is an excellent selection for you to use as a test of your speed and comprehension. You should use some simple plan for recording the results of your speed in reading. Your teacher will select ten questions from "Questions for Testing Silent Reading," page 116, as a test of your understanding. The following plan may be helpful:

INDIVIDUAL RECORD

DATE	TITLE	SPEED	COMPREHENSION
	"Crossing the Rocky Mountains on an Electric Railway Train"	Number of minutes required to read the story.....	Ten points for each of the ten questions
	Total number words, 1190	Number words per minute.....	

CROSSING THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS ON AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY TRAIN

JOSEPH HUSBAND

Reading Aims—Find: (a) where the electric railway crosses the Rocky Mountains; (b) where the power that carries the electric train over the mountains comes from; (c) what industrial centers the author passed through in his journey.

Out of Chicago every evening, smoothly and silently, a long yellow train follows with ever-increasing speed the tracks that wind in and out in the darkness among the feet of tall buildings. Beneath bridges over which street cars and automobiles are passing, it takes its way; through the railroad yards it hurries, green lights of semaphores giving it assurance of safety. From the headlight of the great locomotive a long bar of light bores through the night; from the window of the cab the engineer peers ahead along the gleaming rails. And in the yellow cars behind are the people who travel tonight out of Chicago to the far western coast in a train which is perhaps one of the most wonderful in all the world.

All night the mighty locomotive thunders along the track of steel while you and I sleep quietly in our berths. Dawn comes, and then the day. In the long night hours the miles have passed swiftly behind the racing wheels. Chicago is far behind. On our right flows a wide river, the Mississippi, the Father of Waters. At Minneapolis we pause for a few brief minutes. Here are flour mills, the largest in the world, piled high along the river's edge. These long strings of freight cars at their doors are filled with grain; and every day other trains filled with snow-white flour in sacks and barrels go out to every near and every distant place, that men and women and children may eat their daily bread.

All the afternoon through rolling, fertile Minnesota the train follows its westerly course. Again we sleep, and again the sky

glows with the dawn of a second day. We are in Dakota. Level as the sea the land reaches away in every direction, a vast ocean of wheat fields. In the clear, bright air we can look for miles and see nothing but the waving grain. Behind us the track over which we have traveled reaches, straight as an arrow, to the eastern horizon; ahead of the locomotive the track extends until it is lost in the distance—our western path that will lead us to Seattle and the Pacific. Here and there along the way grain elevators lift their high towers, like lighthouses to guide a vessel's course. In them is stored the yellow grain of the Dakota farmers; and from them the grain is loaded into railway cars and carried to the mills.

Over these wide prairies once roamed Indians and great droves of buffalo. Here, half a century ago, General Custer and his little company of gallant soldiers died at the hands of hostile Indians; here the long trains of covered wagons plodded slowly forward, carrying new settlers to a new country. Now all is peace and plenty. The Indians have vanished; gone are the buffalo. Pleasant farmhouses and acres of grain have taken their place.

From the Dakotas the train enters the great State of Montana. The country is still level, but already on the western horizon we can see through the clear air the distant mountains which we are soon to cross. And now comes the greatest wonder of all, for at the little town of Harlowton the great steam locomotive is uncoupled from the train and for more than six hundred miles a giant electric motor will draw us swiftly, smoothly, and surely over the Rocky Mountain passes.

The train has stopped and the steam engine puffs heavily off to a sidetrack. Overhead above the tracks the trolley wires hang from the poles, charged with that tremendous power—electricity—which is to take the place of steam in moving the heavy train. And now the electric locomotive comes to meet us. It is as large as a freight car, a huge, black, steel thing, with a square cab in the center and a rounded roof over the motors on each end.

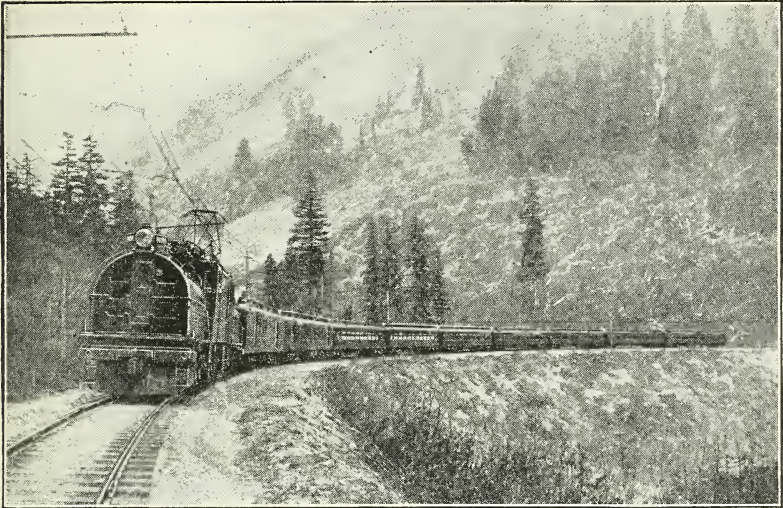
Underneath are the wheels, and above the roof of the cab the trolley reaches up to draw the electricity from the wire with its stroking touch.

Gently the electric locomotive is coupled to the train, the
5 passengers climb back into the cars, the conductor gives a signal to the engineer, and we are off. There is no jolt or sudden pull; smoothly the train moves; faster and faster it glides forward. Like a jealous and discontented child the steam engine that we have left behind puffs sulkily on its siding.

10 Where is the source of this power that is pulling us so smoothly and so surely up the steep mountain grades? How has it been possible to carry electricity for these hundreds of miles through the wilderness of the mountains? Fed by the melting snows that cover the mountains, streams of clear, cold
15 water pour down the mountain sides, and meeting one with another form wide rivers of swirling, tumbling water that have cut deep channels in the rock. At certain places where the rivers descended swiftly or plunged down in waterfalls, dams were built, and the water imprisoned behind them was allowed
20 to escape only through certain openings where the rushing torrents would turn the wheels of the turbines which would then make, or generate, electricity. And so, from the strength of the mountain streams is taken that invisible power—electricity—
which, far better than steam, is carrying us over the mountains.

25 It is clean and quiet in the engineer's cab; there is no coal dust, no smoke, no flying cinders. On a little seat the engineer sits and watches the track ahead. In his hand he holds the controller which feeds the electricity from the wire overhead to the motors in the locomotive. Smoothly we rush forward; and up
30 among the mountains, we wind in and out through dark pine forests or now circle the side of some great peak, with a view of a distant valley far below.

Along the track the electric block signals tell the engineer with their green lights that the way is safe and the track is clear



ahead. By electricity they, too, are operated; they also receive their life from the strength of the mountain streams.

Up and over the Rocky Mountains and the steep Cascades our electric locomotive has carried us, and now we are rushing down the western slope on the third and last day of our journey. We are in the State of Washington, and all along the way on the banks of every river which we pass are sawmills where big logs brought down from the forests are cut into planks and timbers. From the train we can see farms and orchards, for we are now on the Pacific slope, the great fertile garden of the Northwest.

It is night when we pull into Seattle and end our long and wonderful journey. In these few days we have traveled from Chicago to the Pacific Ocean, through prairies and over lofty mountains. But perhaps the most wonderful of all the many interesting things which we have seen is the mighty electric locomotive that made our trip possible and that carried us so swiftly and so safely to the journey's end.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Joseph Husband (1885-) was born in Rochester, New York, and educated at Harvard. He says, "Ten days after my graduation from Harvard I took my place as an unskilled workman in one of the largest of the great soft-coal mines that lie in the Middle West. It was with no thought of writing my experiences that I chose my occupation, but with the intention of learning by actual work the 'operating end' of this great industry." This experience resulted in the book *A Year in a Coal Mine*. During the World War he served in the Navy, and in 1919 he published *A Year in the Navy* and *On the Coast of France*. Mr. Husband is also a practical man of affairs, and is at present head of an advertising agency in Chicago.

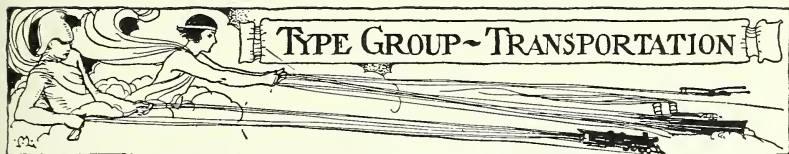
Mr. Husband's "The Story of Light," *Book Five*, and "The Story of the Ship," *Book Six*, together with this story, were written expressly for the *Child-Library Readers*. His article "Brothers in Industry," written especially for *Junior High School Literature, Book Three*, shows his deep interest in the work of the world and in the working-man. On a journey from Chicago to Seattle, Mr. Husband and his son crossed the Rocky Mountains on the electric railway described in this article.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Describe the scene through which this train out of Chicago passes every evening. 2. Where is the train going? 3. What interesting scene greets the traveler on the first morning? 4. What kind of country does the traveler pass through in Minnesota? In Dakota? 5. To what does the author compare the grain elevators? 6. What is the purpose of these vast elevators? 7. What does the author consider the "greatest wonder" of the whole journey? 8. To what is the steam engine, which has been left behind, compared? 9. How is electricity carried through the mountains? 10. In what way does electricity safeguard the lives of the passengers?

General Questions and Topics. 1. For what is the city of Minneapolis particularly noted? 2. Where is the wheat raised that is ground into flour in these mills? 3. What countries are supplied with flour from these mills? 4. Trace on your map the route of this wonderful train. 5. Through what states and large cities do you pass? 6. Compare the scene in Minnesota with the one in Dakota. 7. Compare the scenes passed through today with those of half a century ago. 8. Describe the giant electric locomotive. 9. Tell just how it gets its power. 10. Compare the new method of transportation with the old. 11. What states are referred to as the "great fertile garden of the Northwest"? Why? 12. With what was the author most impressed in his journey from Chicago to the Pacific Ocean?

A Suggested Problem. Current magazines and newspapers contain many interesting illustrated advertisements showing some feature of an industry or some service rendered, for example the following advertisement of the General Electric Company: "There is a fine symbolism in the fact that the Statue of Liberty is lighted by electricity, for electricity is a great Liberator. Its function is to drive out darkness; to free women from household drudgery and to transfer heavy burdens from men's shoulders to the shoulders of machines. Let it do more for you." Make a collection of advertisements similar to the above for an exhibit on the school bulletin board.

Class Reading. Select three or four interesting units to be read aloud in class. Or bring to class and read aloud a poem or story containing descriptions of industrial scenes similar to those found in this story.



GENERAL QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTED READINGS

General Questions and Topics. 1. Make a list of all of the different methods of transportation mentioned in these stories; add others you know of from your reading. 2. Compare the way the cattle were transported in "Early Cattle Trails of Texas" with the method of transportation used today. 3. What was the significance of the discovery of steam power in the development of transportation? 4. Which do you think did more toward bringing about better means of transportation, Giant Help or Giant Hinder? Give reasons for your answer. 5. How does transportation make the world seem smaller? 6. You will enjoy reading "A New Era in Transportation," by Allender (in *The Literary Digest*, April 21, 1923). 7. Compare the method of transporting mail in the days of the Pony Express with the air mail service of today. 8. Make a two-minute report to the class on "The Electrification of North America" (in *The World's Work*, September, 1923).

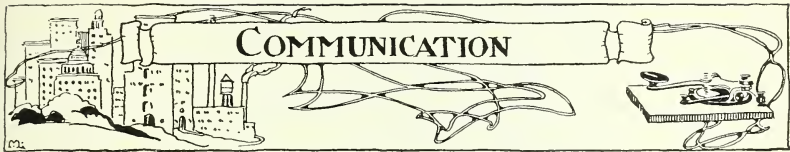
Library Reading. (a) **For Report in Class by Individuals or Committees:** "The Carriage," "The Boat," and "The Steam Engine," Forman (in *Stories of Useful Inventions*); "Capture and Domestication of Animals" and "Travel and Transportation," Mason (in *The Origins of Inventions*); "The First Boat," Kummer (in *The First Days of Man*); "Columbus," Miller (in *The Elson Readers, Book Eight*); "Henry Hudson's Quest," B. E. Stevenson (in *The Home Book of Verse*); "Traveling Long Ago" and "Riders of the Wind," (in *Book of Knowledge, Volume 19*); "Christopher Columbus," Synge (in *The Book of Discovery*); "Christopher Columbus," Bolton (in *Famous Voyagers and Explorers*); "Boone's Wilderness Road," "Canals," and "Early Steamboats of the West," Dunbar (in *A History of Travel in America*); "Travel," Mowry (in *American Inventions and Inventors*); "Pioneers of the Mohawk and the Hudson," Brigham (in *From Trail to Railway*); "The Eastern Gateway," "The Appalachian Barrier," and "The Great Lakes," Brigham (in *Geographic Influences in American History*); "The Beginnings of Kentucky and Tennessee" and "The Evolution of the American Frontier," Sparks (in *The Expansion of the American People*); "West to the Mississippi," The Franciscan Sisters (in *Our Country in Story*); "The Growing West," (in *Book of Knowledge, Volume 6*); "In Peril of the Waters," "From Ark to Steamboat," and "Across the Plains to California," Faris (in *On the Trail of the Pioneers*); "Early Transportation in the Far West" and "The First Railway across the Continent," Hill (in *Lessons in Community and National Life, Series C, Judd and Marshall*); "The Great Medicine Road of the Whites," Clark (in *The Bozeman Trail*); "The Road to Santa Fe," Sabin (in *Kit Carson Days*); *The Old Santa Fe Trail*, Chapters IV and IX, Inman; "The Great Cattle-Trails," Harger (in *Our Country: West, Youth's Companion Series*); "A New World" and "Northward, Ho!" Hough (in *North of 36*); *The Covered Wagon*, Hough; "The Settlement of the West," Hough, "Early Western Steamboating," Hulbert, and "The Pony Express," Bailey (in *The Westward Movement*, Barstow); "The 'Olden, Golden Days' of the Pony Express," Thompson, "Reminiscences of The Pony Express Days," Cole, and "The Overland Pony Express," Hafen (in *Overland Monthly*, September, 1923); "The Story of the Steam Age," Darrow (in *The Boys' Own Book of Inventions*); "Fulton and the Steamboat" and "Stephenson and the Locomotive," Holland (in *Historic Inventions*); "The Age of the Engine," "The Social Revolution," and "The Age of Science," Van Loon (in *The Story of Mankind*); "The First Trans-continental," Talbot (in *The Railway Conquest of the World*); "The Khaki Heroes of Panama" and "The Men of the Dirt Trains," Weir (in *The Conquest of the Isthmus*); "The Panama Canal," Goethals (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, February, 1911); "Cutting a Hemisphere in Two," Walsh, "The Panama Canal," Parsons, and "The

Wright Brothers Aëroplane," Orville and Wilbur Wright (in *The Progress of a United People*, Barstow); "Wrights and the Airship," Holland (in *Historic Inventions*); "Wright Brothers," Wade (in *The Light-Bringers*); "A New Era in Transportation," Allender (in *Scientific American*, August, 1922); "What the Airplane May Do to Business," (in *The Literary Digest*, April 21, 1923); "From Express in a Satchel to Routes through the Air," Pickett (in *St. Nicholas*, April, 1923); "The Night Mail in Reality" (in *The Literary Digest*, September 8, 1923); "Our New Transportation System—Motor Trucks," Crissey (in *The Saturday Evening Post*, December 16, 1922); "More Freight by the Motor," (in *The Literary Digest*, March 3, 1923); "Riding on Rubber," Hungerford (in *The Saturday Evening Post*, March 24, 1923); "New York's Barge Canal—A Great National Resource," Smith (in *America Today—Fort Dearborn Magazine*, October, 1923); "The Electric Giant," Clarke (in *The Boys' Book of Modern Marvels*); "Yawl-Sounding," Twain (in *Life on the Mississippi*); "The Journey," Scott (in *Quentin Durward*, Chapter XIV); "The Stage Coach," Hughes (in *Tom Brown's School Days*, Chapter IV); "The Mail" and "The Night Shadows," Dickens (in *A Tale of Two Cities*, Chapters II and III). (For the latest references see *Readers' Guide*.)

(b) **For Use in Leisure Moments—Recreation:** *The Story of Mankind*, Van Loon; *The Threshold of History*, Hall; *Boy's Book of New Inventions*, Maule; *The Railway Conquest of the World* and *The Steamship Conquest of the World*, Talbot; *Beyond the Old Frontier*, Grinnell; *Trails of the Pathfinders*, Grinnell; "Ox-team Days on the Oregon Trail," Driggs; *The Oregon Trail*, Parkman; *Buffalo Bill and the Overland Trail*, Sabin; *Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled*, Stuck; *The King of the Flying Sledge*, Hawkes; "The Express to Henry," Neihardt (in *The Splendid Wayfaring*); *The Last of the Flatboats*, Cary; *Life on the Mississippi*, Twain; *Running the River*, Eggleston; "Down to the Sea in Ships," Daniel (in *The World's Work*, August, 1922); *Opening the Iron Trail*, Sabin; *The U. P. Trail*, Grey; *The Iron Trail*, Beach; "Trapped in a Tunnel," Bond (in *St. Nicholas*, August, 1914); "The Steam Engine," "The Steam Turbine," and "The Internal-Combustion Engine," Williams (in *How It Works*); *Modern Inventions*, Johnson; *The Book of the Motor Boat*, Verrill; *Gas, Gasoline, and Oil Engines*, Collins; "Racing Driver," Johnston (in *Deeds of Doing and Doing*); "The Great Siberian Railway," Smith (in *Life in Asia*); "Railroad Engineering" and "Bridge Building," Williams (in *How It Is Done*); "On the Lancaster Turnpike" and "The Old York Road," Faris (in *Old Roads Out of Philadelphia*); *On the Overland Stage*, Sabin; *The Covered Wagon*, Hough; *North of 36*, Hough; *Stories of Inventors*, Doubleday; "Aërial Navigation," D'Orcy (in *The Mentor*, May 15, 1919); "New Monsters of the Air in Preparation," (in *The Literary Digest*, March

24, 1923); "What's above the Clouds?" Ripley (in *St. Nicholas*, May, 1923); "The Texas Cowboy," Lomax (in *Cowboy Songs*); "The Boy Who Rode on the First Train," Maule (in *St. Nicholas*, August, 1908); *Fighting Westward*, Havard; *With La Salle the Explorer*, Watson.

(c) **For Presentation by the Teacher:** "First across the Rockies" and "The Search for the Western Sea," Laut (in *Pathfinders of the West*); "The Bridge Builders" and "'007," Kipling (in *The Day's Work*); *Pioneers of the Old Southwest*, Skinner, and *The Paths of Inland Commerce*, Hulbert (in *Chronicles of America Series*); *The Old Boston Post Road*, Jenkins; "Winnesheik 'Woods and Prairie Lands,'" Garland (in *A Son of the Middle Border*); Selections from *Vandemark's Folly*, Quick; Selections from *The Journal of Sarah K. Knight*; "Pioneers! O Pioneers!" Whitman; "What the Engine Said," Harte (in *Poetical Works*); "The Indian Passage," Guiterman (in *A Ballad-Maker's Pack*); "The Santa Fe Trail—A Humoresque," Lindsay (in *The Congo and Other Poems*); "The Railway Train," Dickinson (in *Poems*); *Highways and Highway of Transportation*, Chaburn; "Early Coaches," "Omnibuses," and "The Last Cabdriver and the First Omnibus Cad," Dickens (in *Sketches by Boz*); *With the Night Mail*, Kipling; *The Wilderness Road to Kentucky*, Pusey.



THE RIDE OF THE TYROL MAID

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

ADELAIDE PROCTER

Reading Aims—Find: (a) what message the Tyrol maid carried on her famous ride; (b) what she accomplished; (c) how her memory is honored.

Girt round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there; and Silence,
Enthroned in heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town;
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep;
5 Mountain, and lake, and valley
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night,
Three hundred years ago.

10 Far from her home and kindred
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fled
So silently and fast
15 Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the past.

20 She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle
To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
On which side Bregenz lay.

25 She spoke no more of Bregenz,
With longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years;
She heeded not the rumors
30 Of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose, contented,
To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children
Would clustering round her stand,
She sang them ancient ballads
Of her own native land;
5 And when at morn and evening
She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
Rose to her lips alone.

10 And so she dwelt: the valley
More peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents
Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
15 While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
With looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one,
20 The women gathered round;
All talk of flax, or spinning,
Or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

25 One day, out in the meadow,
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching
30 A strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
Then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted;
The board was nobly spread.
5 The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
Of an accurséd land!

10 "The night is growing darker;
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foeman's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror
(Yet pride, too, had her part),
15 But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz;
Once more her towers arose;
20 What were the friends beside her?
Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
Reclaimed her as their own!

25 Nothing she heard around her
(Though shouts rang forth again);
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture, and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision,
30 And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step, she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed;
5 She loosed the strong white charger,
That fed from out her hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head
Toward her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—
Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is passed;
She looks up; clouds are heavy;
5 Why is her steed so slow?—
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

“Faster!” she cries, “O faster!”
Eleven the church-bells chime;
“O God,” she cries, “help Bregenz,
0 And bring me there in time!”
But louder than bells’ ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror;
She leans upon his neck
15 To watch the flowing darkness;
The bank is high and steep;
One pause—he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
5 How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home!

10 Up the steep banks he bears her,
And now they rush again
Toward the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz,
Just as the midnight rings,
15 And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
20 That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

25 Three hundred years are vanished,
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises.
To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
30 Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The charger and the maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long
And calls each passing hour;
"Nine," "Ten," "Eleven," he cries aloud,
And then—O crown of fame!—
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Adelaide Anne Procter, (1825-1864) was an English poet, the daughter of Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall). Among her writings are *A Chaplet of Verses* and *Legends and Fancies*, from the latter of which "The Ride of the Tyrol Maid" is taken.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. What comparison does the poet make in the first stanza? 2. Briefly describe the town of Bregenz. 3. Why did the Tyrol maid leave her native home? 4. How did the Tyrol maid enjoy her new home? Cite lines to prove your answer. 5. How did she learn that an attack on Bregenz was planned? 6. Describe her famous ride. 7. What dangers did she encounter? 8. What great service did she render her country? 9. How was the opposing army received? 10. How do the people of her town honor her memory to this day? 11. How long ago did this famous ride take place?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Find the Tyrol on your map. 2. What mountains surround Lake Constance? 3. Where is the town of Bregenz? 4. Find the lines which tell you what kind of work the Tyrol maid did in her new home. 5. How do we know that she did not forget her native land? 6. What important message did the Tyrol maid carry? 7. What other famous rides have you read about? 8. Compare the method of carrying a message three hundred years ago with the ways in which important messages are carried today. (See "Library Reading.") 9. Watch newspapers and magazines for accounts of rescues made through the use of radio.

Library Reading. "How They Brought the Good News" and "Incident of the French Camp," Browning, "Paul Revere's Ride," Longfellow, and "A Message to Garcia," Hubbard (in *The Elson Readers, Book Eight*); "Betty's Ride," Canby, and "The Italian Drummer-Boy," de Amicis (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*); "How a Boy Saved the Third Troop," Hildreth, "The Little Black-eyed Rebel," Carleton, and "Washington's Dangerous Mission," Hill (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*).

HEROES OF THE TELEGRAPH KEY

A. W. ROLKER

Reading Aims—Find: (a) how Frank Shaley became a hero of the wreck of the Overland Limited; (b) how a telegrapher helped to relieve the yellow-fever sufferers; (c) how the country received notice of the Galveston disaster.

No record of the men who sacrificed or risked their lives in behalf of the service is kept either by the Postal Telegraph or the Western Union Telegraph Company. So far as the companies are concerned, the man who endangers his life in the service is
5 doing simply what is expected of him. But up on the floors of the skyscrapers of our cities, where work regiments of operators into whose ears and out of whose fingers pulsate the throbs of warm hearts, veterans who have helped make the history of the country for two generations tell many a splendid story of the
10 telegrapher's devotion to duty.

A HERO OF THE OVERLAND LIMITED WRECK

One of these is the story of Frank Shaley. Three years ago as the Overland Limited dashed through the night, in the Bad Lands forty miles west of Cheyenne, Wyoming, a rail broke in two and came up through the bottom of the baggage car. In an
15 instant the train of nine cars was piled thirty feet high, while about and beneath the wreckage were more than one hundred fifty dead or injured human beings. A frightful sleet storm with biting cold was raging, and the hurt and dying lay exposed.

The locomotive was wrecked so that it was impossible to cut
20 loose and race ahead to the nearest settlement with word of the disaster, and it seemed as if nothing could be done to save the sufferers except to flag the next train, due in five hours, when, from under the wreck, on hands and knee stumps came an apparition. It proved to be Frank Shaley, a telegraph lineman who had

been sent up the road to locate a wire trouble and who, with his satchel of instruments strapped across a shoulder, had been in the baggage car when the crash came. Clutching the precious satchel, he dragged himself forward, but his legs had been
5 smashed off at the knees. "The telegraph! Cut in on the telegraph!" he shouted, but not a man there knew which one of the score of wires to cut, and Shaley himself could not tell without testing. They threw a rope across an arm of one of the poles, passed a sling about the dying man, and hoisted him up. Then
10 he cut and grounded the wire and connected his telegraph key. Tenderly propped by anxious hands, he began to send the call for the Cheyenne operator. At that unusual hour of the night he found trouble in raising his man, and he pounded his key for ten minutes before he got an answering click.

15 Number 17 terribly wrecked forty miles west of Cheyenne. Send hospital train,

he said. Then they pillowed his head on the satchel and an armful of waste, while forty miles away a whistle shrieked through the night and brought the wrecking train, with engineer, fireman,
20 and two hundred Japanese tumbled on it, followed by the hospital train with doctors and nurses. But Shaley was gone when they came. Not a line in the ashen face betrayed the pain he must have suffered, nor the strain of turning his mind from his own agony to the little brass instrument with which he had saved
25 scores of lives.

A HERO OF THE YELLOW-FEVER EPIDEMIC

A great historical catastrophe in which telegraphers played a heroic part was the yellow-fever epidemic which swept New Orleans, Memphis, and Grenada in 1878—the most frightful epidemic in the history of our country—when thirty thousand went
30 down in the grip of "Yellow Jack," and six thousand died in less than sixty days.

About the middle of August of that year it was feared that

the entire South would be swept by the pest, and the announcement was made that a cordon of guards with shotguns would be stretched around the affected districts. The stampede that followed the announcement beggars description. Within less than
5 ten days the white population of Memphis was reduced from forty thousand to less than thirty-five hundred.

In this gigantic circle of death, abandoned by the Government through the cutting off of the mails, eleven out of fifteen Western Union Telegraph operators who had stuck to their posts
10 were under ground by August 20, while messages piled up on the four survivors—messages of heartbroken mothers, wives, and sisters pleading for scraps of information about children, husbands, and brothers; messages of anxious mothers, wives, and sisters in the city of death trying to assure loved ones without that
15 they were still alive; messages from convalescents begging for money; messages from the Howard Relief Association clamoring for doctors and volunteer nurses, and for drugs, cots, supplies, and funds; messages from newspaper correspondents describing the plight of the sufferers and the horrors of the Yellow Death,
20 and appealing broadcast for help. How long the four operators would last, before the thousands in the pest crater would be cut off even from sending cries of distress to the outside world, was problematical. Therefore the company issued from its New York headquarters a general call for volunteers.

25 But sticking to one's key in time of danger was one thing; volunteering deliberately to expose one's life, another. Out of fifteen hundred operators in New York only one responded—Edward V. Wedin, twenty-two years old, a slim, slightly built, quiet young man, an excellent operator who feared not man,
30 beast, or pest. On August 28 he stepped aboard the train bound for New Orleans, an army of friends grasping his hand for a last good-by.

When he got off the train in New Orleans, the station was deserted. At the telegraph office the men were thunderstruck

to see him. Work had piled feet high in the short-handed office, and he sat down at once in front of the key. He sent more than five hundred messages at his first sitting. Food and drink were brought him, and he ate with one hand and worked with the other, worked for twelve hours, until his wrist ached, and the copy danced before his eyes, and he had to sit on the arm of his chair to keep awake; worked until his arm was as if paralyzed to the elbow, and he fell forward on his key fast asleep. For two hours they left him there because they could not waken him; then they roused him and he staggered home through the night.

The next morning and the next, and the next, other volunteer operators arrived from other cities—young men like Wedin, for the most part without family ties. They dropped like flies. Numbers were stricken in the office. The wire chief alongside Wedin collapsed early one afternoon and was lifted out of his seat, his lifeless hand still clutching the key.

Yet only once did Wedin falter. That was when this man who had unflinchingly looked death in the face found himself unexpectedly talking to his sister, hundreds of miles away in his own cool North. "It was as if suddenly her soft, cool fingers were laid across my forehead," he said. He himself took this message, sent from Jersey City:

Is Edward V. Wedin still alive? His death is reported. His sister waits here in the office for answer.

Wedin answered, hot tears welling from his eyes:

Tell her Ed himself is answering this. Tell her God bless her and that Ed sends her a kiss.

Throughout September to the first of October the dread weeks dragged; and then there came an early, sharp frost—and men fell into each other's arms and wept and raised haggard faces in thanksgiving, and church bells pealed joyously, for this was the death of Yellow Jack.

A HERO OF THE GALVESTON FLOOD

Most striking, when a community is overwhelmed by disaster, is the absence of grief or lament. Terror, driven to an extreme, benumbs the human brain and is turned into apathy. So it was in Galveston on the morning of September 9, 1900, when, after a night of inferno amid tidal wave and hurricane, survivors emerged from their homes to see what was left of their ruined city. Thirty thousand dazed, helpless men, women, and children huddled among the wreckage of houses piled twenty feet high.

The weakest would die of shock and exposure and disease and pestilence unless prompt aid arrived. Within fifty miles of these sufferers was help in abundance—food, drink, clothing, shelter, and medical attendance, which could be rushed as fast as steam could race, if neighbors only knew. But wires were down. Bridges to the mainland were gone. Railroads were no more. Steamships had been floated on the tidal wave and swept high and dry, miles across country. Every hope of communication was gone.

The man who crossed those fifty miles and flashed the news which within two hours started races of relief ships from many ports in the country was Richard Spellane, a former telegraph operator whose expertness at the keys is famous among old-timers to this day. Racked, unnerved, and limp with the horrors of the frightful night when the hurricane raged, when a hundred times his house was on the very verge of toppling over, when for ten hours he stood among his three children with his arm about his wife's waist, resolved to swim with her and go down together, Spellane ventured forth at dawn.

Galveston, the beautiful semi-tropical city of snowy cottages and green lawns, was razed so that he could see the seething waters of the gulf.

Head bowed, ashen of face, Galveston's mayor, Walter C. Jones, came toward Spellane. "Dick, this is terrible, terrible!" he said in a voice choked and broken. "We're cut off as if on an

island in the Pacific, and before night thirty thousand will be starving. What under heaven can we do?"

Spellane up to this time had himself wandered as if in a half dream, but at the question the telegraph operator, who for years had sat taking messages of disaster by land and sea, awoke.

"Do, man? Get into communication with the outside world *somehow*, quick as Heaven will let you. Give me a requisition to impress anything or anyone I want into my service, and I'll show you what to *do*."

Within an hour Spellane was aboard the *Pherabe*, a powerful thirty-foot launch, and had set forth to cross Galveston Bay to the mainland, and to follow the railroad track on foot for Houston, forty-seven miles away. But the bay was a seething turmoil that ran house-high. For two hours the launch fought, covering a bare seven miles abreast of the mainland; but nowhere along the shore could Spellane see a place to land. Wreckage of houses, barns, ships, railroad trains littered the shore as far as the eye could reach. Off what had been Texas City, Spellane realized he would have to hit or miss, and ran full speed ahead at the shore, fetching up in a heap of débris.

All he could find of the railroad was the right of way. Ties were gone. Seventy-pound steel rails lay bent and twisted like hairpins and corkscrews, and telegraph poles were razed clean, as if cut off with a buzz saw. Through knee-deep water and ankle-deep mud he slipped and floundered. The hot sun, beating through the murk of the sweltering calm that had followed the storm, baked him as if in a kiln until he was mad with thirst; but in the midst of that watery desolation there was not a drop of water fit to drink, for the brine of the Gulf had flooded streams and wells. But he trudged on all day, mile after mile, now climbing heaps of débris, now swimming streams where bridges and culverts had been swept away, until by sundown, within sight of Houston, he was ready to drop in his tracks with exhaustion.

Yet he staggered into Houston that evening—head bent,

shoulders sagging, arms dangling, in his brown eyes the uncanny gleam of a human being driven beyond endurance.

“Galveston is gone! Galveston is gone!” he mumbled thickly as he limped through the streets toward the telegraph office, followed by a crowd. “Any wires working?” he gasped. He sank into a chair in front of a desk, and the magic fingers that had sent the quick, clear, even, incisive Morse for which even today this man is famed, grasped the knob of a telegraph key and called up St. Louis, where President McKinley happened to be.

10 This was the message:

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY,
St. Louis, Missouri.

A hurricane and tidal wave destroyed Galveston. At least ten thousand are dead in Galveston and surrounding country. Twenty to thirty thousand are homeless. We need food, clothing, tents, doctors, drugs, and—above all—disinfectants.

15

Then, presently, came a moment when Spellane did that for which Congress owes him a medal. A New York paper had been informed that Spellane had arrived with one of the biggest stories in a generation, and a brazen editor thought he saw his chance for a “beat.” He sent this message to Spellane:

20

The —— offers you \$5,000 for exclusive story of Galveston disaster.

Five thousand dollars! What was *not* five thousand to a man unnerved, unstrung, a man thirty-six years old, on the threshold of beginning life all over again, with a wife and three hungry little ones to feed! For a minute Spellane sat, face flushing. Then out of his brown eyes snapped a spark, and under his black mustache the teeth came together with a click.

25

Impossible,
30 he answered.

Name your own price,
came the answer.

I am not selling the lives of thirty thousand human creatures at *any* price. My first duty is toward them.

35 Within ten minutes, in the office of the Associated Press, Spellane clicked the story, without writing a word of copy—in

itself a marvelous telegraphic feat. Almost word for word as he sent the story, it sped throughout the country to the hundreds of papers in the Associated Press Service; and the country responded—at first warships, and then trainloads and shiploads of assistance were rushed from every port and point.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Locate the scene of the first incident. 2. What caused the wreck? 3. Who saved the situation, and how? 4. How did the telegraphers play a heroic part in the “most frightful epidemic in the history of our country”? 5. Describe the scene which greeted Wedin when he reached the fever district. 6. What caused the death of “Yellow Jack”? 7. Account for the fact that the survivors of the Galveston flood at first received no help from outside. 8. For what does Congress owe Spellane a medal? 9. What marvelous telegraphic feat did Spellane perform? 10. What was the effect of his message for the people of the devastated city?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Explain how men who “sacrifice or risk their lives” in behalf of the telegraph service may be as great heroes as soldiers who enlist to fight for their country. 2. If you have ever heard or read a story of heroism on the part of a telegrapher, tell it to the class. 3. Tell the story of Edward V. Wedin. 4. Compare the heroism of Wedin with that of Father Damien, as told by Edward Clifford (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*). 5. Account for the fact that other telegraphers came to assist Wedin. 6. Describe Spellane’s journey to Houston. 7. Read again the message Spellane sent to President McKinley. 8. What did he regard as the most pressing need of the people? Account for this. 9. Why did Spellane refuse money for the story of the flood? 10. Which of these heroes rendered the greatest service? Give reasons for your answer. 11. “Heroes of the Telegraph Key” originally appeared in *Everybody’s Magazine*, December, 1909.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (a) The electric telegraph. (b) How we send a telegram. (c) Submarine telegraph cables. (d) The story of the Atlantic telegraph. (See “Library Reading.”)

Library Reading. “The Electric Telegraph,” Stone and Fickett (in *Days and Deeds a Hundred Years Ago*); “How We Send a Telegram” (in *Book of Knowledge*, Vol. 11); “Submarine Telegraph Cables,” Chandler (in *Scientific American*, August, 1922); *Story of the Atlantic Telegraph*, Field; “C. Q. D.,” Lanier (in *The Book of Bravery, Series III*); *The Night Operator*, Packard; “Bonds beneath the Sea: The Cable,” (in *The Mentor*, July, 1922).

THE ROMANCE OF WORLD COMMUNICATION

HAWTHORNE DANIEL

Reading Aims—Find: (a) how we are affected by the transportation and communication systems of the world; (b) how the postal system of today compares with that of earlier periods; (c) the extent to which marine transportation has been developed.

The transportation and communication systems of the world are the vastest and most complex of all man's activities. Continents and oceans are threaded by wires, crossed by railroads and steamships. Radio stations broadcast their messages to every square inch of the earth's surface, and hardly a man exists who cannot be reached—by mail in a few weeks—by cable in a few hours—by radio in a few seconds. Consider the effects on the world and on each individual in it if these great systems of transportation and communication were suddenly to cease. Imagine yourself awakening tomorrow morning in a world in which all of them were out of commission. The street car that you usually take to your office fails to appear, and after waiting for a time you walk. Taxis stand immovable here and there beside the curb, some guarded by their drivers, some deserted as the useless things they are. You pass a street car standing silently in the middle of a block, its motorman and conductor standing beside it. When will it go? They don't know. The streets are strangely silent, and the only vehicles are an occasional horse-drawn wagon that you pass. You reach your office, and find a message that came in just before the universal calamity stopped the whole communications service. Perhaps your mother or your son is ill half a continent away. You seize the telephone, but no sound of life is in it. Impatiently you try to attract the operator, but the instrument is dead. You run down the block to the telegraph office, and

write a message, only to have the clerk tell you, as you push it across the counter:

"Sorry, sir, but the wires aren't working."

The wireless! Out of order. The trains! Not running. Autos! Airplanes! None in operation. You cannot move.

Imagine your hopelessness in such a situation. And multiply it by a hundred million. That would be our country on the first day of such a world calamity.

Today there is hardly a square mile of all the world that lies between the eternal ice of the two Polar seas that is not reached and crossed by some of this great network. Tomorrow, with the system gone, every soul of the billion and a half inhabitants of the world would suffer from the loss. Without these means our cities, our nations, our civilization, would disappear. The modern industrial world depends directly for its very existence upon railways and steamships, telephone and telegraph. No calamity conceivable could have a greater effect upon us than the suspension of our communications service. Cities would starve. Factories would be idle for want of raw materials and lack of distribution facilities. Exports would cease and the goods we receive from foreign lands could come to us no longer. Every person would be driven back to the soil or to such simple tasks as would directly supply the tillers of the soil.

Let us take the telephone and picture its complexity and its size.

If the calls that were put in last year in the United States alone had been scattered evenly about the earth, every person in every country would have been seven times to the telephone—every one of India's troubled millions, of China's, and of Africa's, and of the almost countless others in every other land. The wire used in the United States would span the distance to the moon a hundred times—would circle the earth a thousand. The Army and Navy of the United States together number about the same as the employees of the Bell Telephone system.

A man's voice has a normal range of two or three hundred

feet. The telephone multiplies it by carrying it two or three thousand miles. What the railroads and the automobiles do for ourselves and our goods, what machinery does in the mill and the factory, the telephone does for our voices and our ideas. The cables, the telegraph, and the radio do a similar work in their own fields.

Cables span the desolate ocean wastes and our messages travel through the mud and shells of depths never lighted by the sun. They are relayed by some lonesome operator on some far-distant coral island—are picked up and forwarded by others in cities anywhere on earth. Radio messages are sent to ships a thousand miles from land, and the ships reply. A broadcasted radio message reports the presence of an iceberg in the lines of ocean travel, and ships change their courses to avoid it. The afternoon prices of the London stock exchange are known in New York before lunch.

Nor are all these wired and wireless routes for our ideas complete in themselves. Closely connected with them are the railroads, without which communications would lose most of the necessity for speed.

The railroad tracks in the United States would reach very nearly to the moon and return, and a locomotive with thirty-five freight cars behind it could be placed at seven-mile intervals along that whole distance merely by using the equipment now in use on American railroads. Two hundred sidetracks extending from New York to Philadelphia would be required to hold the freight cars of this country alone.

Nor are the railroads the only transporters of freight. The thousands of motor trucks that rumble about our cities and into the country with their variegated loads transport ever-growing quantities. Over one road alone, in Massachusetts, \$15,000,000 worth of goods is carried in motor trucks each year. And on that same road there passed in fourteen days 38,000 passenger cars and trucks—one machine every thirty seconds. And the pipe lines are another factor. At least 90 per cent of the petro-

leum produced in this country is transported from the oil fields to the refineries through pipe lines. A network of such lines is soon extended into every new field and the trunk lines carry a steady stream of crude oil from the fields of Texas and Oklahoma to the big refineries on the Atlantic seacoast. With pumping stations about every twenty-five miles these unseen lines of transportation are moving steady streams of oil a distance of more than 1600 miles. If we had to depend on tank cars to carry this oil it would take more than 5000 cars a day.

As telegraph and telephone have aided railroads, so have the railroads aided mails, which now carry our letters to almost every corner of the earth.

The post-office system upon which we depend so greatly for long distance communication has a strangely fascinating history. The Babylonians and Persians, the Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, all had their systems of mails. Darius, before he became King of the Persians, was, in effect, postmaster general of the land. At intervals along the main-traveled Persian roads were posts at which were kept couriers and horses, in order that relays could be sent to carry to the next post messages received from arriving couriers. Nor did they confine themselves to messages. Parcels they carried, too. Here, probably, was the first parcel-post system. The Romans had a system of couriers, which was utilized, it is true, only for official messages, that reached from Scotland to Egypt. And, stranger still, when the Spaniards arrived in America, the Incas and the Aztecs had very efficient corps of runners, uniformed and speedy, that ran in relays, carrying messages made of knotted strings. The Incas sometimes carried messages by this system 150 miles a day, and the uniformed runners were often to be seen as they sped along the roads leading to the capital.

Benjamin Franklin was postmaster general of the American colonies before the Revolutionary War, but it is a far cry from the stagecoaches and horsemen of his day to the express trains and airplanes of ours, when letters have been carried from San

Francisco to New York in thirty-three hours at one-eighth the cost of a letter from New York to Philadelphia in 1770. Our 20,000 post offices serve every person in the land, and deliver to him not only letters, but papers, magazines, and parcels as well.

5 And there is another factor—perhaps the greatest—that has yet been scarcely mentioned—the ships. It would seem that almost always men have had ships.

In all the world today there is not a harbor that can accommodate ships that is not visited by them. And many an open
10 roadstead, unprotected from the sea, is an important anchorage for the wandering merchantmen that have searched out every nook and corner in the navigable world.

Nor are many of these the giant liners which so often are mentioned in our newspapers. By far the greater majority are
15 commonplace cargo carriers of comparatively small tonnage. Of the 10,324 steamers of 500 tons or over that sail under the British flag, but 181 are of more than 10,000 tons. That handful makes up the British “greyhound” fleet, while the remaining thousands are the slower, rougher multitude that search out the wide world’s
20 cargoes.

In the world today there are 28,433 ocean-going steamships of 500 tons or more. Could they be gathered together in one vast harbor—it would require more than a thousand square miles of navigable water—and if they could be dispatched at the speed
25 of ten miles an hour and at the rate of one ship every hour, the first ship would completely circumnavigate the world, drop her anchor in her former anchorage, and wait three years to see the last one of that enormous fleet weigh anchor and take her place in line. If they burned only ten tons of coal a day while they
30 were on their journey around the world, they would require a train of loaded gondola cars stretching from New York to San Francisco.

From every port of consequence routes of travel radiate to continents, to islands, and to inland seas, and ships plow back
35 and forth through fair weather and foul, ever bent on transport-

ing the cargoes in their capacious maws. Radiating from the waters about the British Isles are the greatest of these world routes, that round the capes that tip both Africa and South America—that lead through Panama and Suez—that visit every continent and every sea. Nor is this the only center of world commerce. The ports of every coast have their radiating lines, and up and down the seven seas this mighty squadron sails, ever bound with cargoes to interchange for others.

This attempt to visualize the communications system upon which we depend for the most commonplace things in our daily life has left many factors entirely untouched. It has not sought to do more than merely to suggest in order that the suggestion might spur other imaginations on to attempt to visualize the vastness and restlessness of this ever increasing factor in our affairs.

Already it can be said with little fear of contradiction that not a single person exists on earth who is not affected by this enormous system. The aborigines of central Africa have calico made in England from cotton grown in Alabama. The Eskimos of the Arctic hunt with guns made in Connecticut. Try as they will to effect "non-coöperation," the natives of India are ever more in touch with ideas and goods brought to their land by the ships that sail the seven seas.

And this is a growth of a hundred years. What lies ahead?

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Hawthorne Daniel, who is on the editorial staff of *The World's Work*, is a frequent contributor not only to that magazine, but also to other periodicals. The first edition of his book *In Favor of the King* was exhausted before the date of publication—a remarkable record for a first novel. He is author of the article "Uncle Sam Goes Fishing" in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*, in which he tells us the history of the tilefish.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. What would be the effect on the world if transportation and communication were to cease? 2. Estimate from your reading of this story the size and complexity of the telephone system. 3. How are the railroads affected by means of com-

munication? 4. Estimate the equipment of the railroads in use today. 5. What other means of transporting freight have we? 6. Tell how the railroads have aided communication. 7. Compare the postal service of Franklin's time with that of today. 8. Of what is the British "greyhound" fleet composed? 9. How does the author picture for us the number of ocean-going steamships of five hundred tons or more in the world today?

General Questions and Topics. 1. How would you, personally, be affected if transportation and communication were suspended? 2. What would be the inconvenience of doing without telephones? 3. Make a list of the inventions that have improved travel. 4. What great service has the "pipe line" done for the people of America? 5. Compare our postal system today with the system used by the ancient peoples; with the Pony Express. 6. What does the author consider the greatest factor in world communication? 7. You will enjoy reading "The Story of the Ship" by Joseph Husband, and "The Spirit of Communication," by Alice T. Paine (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*). 8. Can you name any people in the world today who are not affected by communication systems? 9. List the different methods of communication mentioned in this story.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (a) Service rendered by the Pony Express. (b) The greatest factor in world communication. (c) Air-mail service in the United States. (d) Telegraphing without wires. (See "Library Reading.")

Library Reading. "Wireless," Noyes (in *Collected Poems of Alfred Noyes*, Vol. III); "Telephone and Telegraph," Reavis (in *Lessons in Community and National Life, Series B*, Judd and Marshall); "The Postal System," Mowry (in *American Inventions and Inventors*); "The Story of the Telephone," Darrow (in *St. Nicholas*, April, 1922); "He Furnishes Radio Cheer to Sick People," Jansen (in *The American Magazine*, September, 1922); *Masters of Space*, Tower; "The Magic Called Radio," Barton (in *The American Magazine*, June, 1922); "The Pony-Express Rider," Twain, and "Hello, Europe!" Wisheart (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*); "The Air-mail Man," Fraser (in *Work-a-day Heroes*); "Prehistoric Telephone Days," Alexander Graham Bell (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, March, 1922); "In the New Era of Radio," de Forest (in *Radio News*, September, 1922); "Man-made Lightning," Beach (in *St. Nicholas*, September, 1923); "Transcontinental Mail in Twenty-six Hours," (in *The World's Work*, October, 1923); "A New Radio Lighthouse," Collins (in *St. Nicholas*, January, 1923); "Uncle Sam's Radio System Covers the World" (in *The Literary Digest*, January 13, 1923); "Talking across the Atlantic" (in *The Literary Digest*, February 3, 1923); "Radio Typewriter for Airplanes," Dacy (in *The Scientific American*, March, 1923); "Story of the Trolley," Martin (in *St. Nicholas*, September, 1922); "Twin Miracles: Radio and Aviation,"

Sandifer (in *The Outlook*, July 18, 1923); "Day and Night Air Mail Service" (in *Review of Reviews*, July, 1923); "Paths of Light for the New York-Frisco Air Mail" (in *The Literary Digest*, May 12, 1923); "The Spirit of the Old Pony Express Now Carries the Air Mail" (in *The Literary Digest*, October 9, 1920). (See *Readers' Guide* for latest references.)

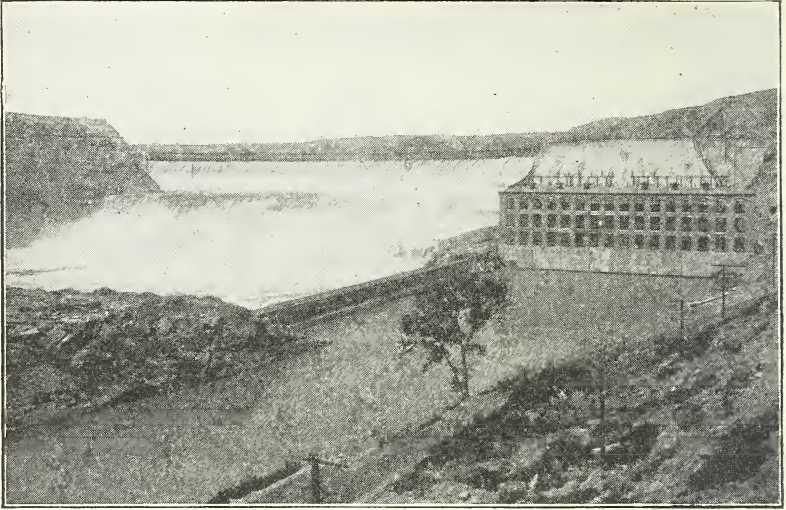
A Suggested Problem. Ask the early settlers of your community for accounts of transportation in the early days and report these stories to your classmates. The stories may also be written out to be preserved as valuable pictures of pioneer days.

THE POWER PLANT

BERTON BRALEY

Whirr! Whirr! Whirr! Whirr!
The mighty dynamos hum and purr,
And the blue flames crackle and glow and burn
Where the brushes touch and the magnets turn.
5 Whirr! Whirr! Whirr! Whirr!
This is no shrine of the Things That Were,
But the tingling altar of live Today,
Where the modern priests of the "Juice" hold sway;
Where the lights are born and the lightnings made
10 To serve the needs of the world of trade.

Whirr! Whirr! Whirr! Whirr!
The white lights banish the murky blur,
And over the city, far and near,
The spell extends that was conjured here,
15 While down in the wheel-pits, far below,
The water whirls in a ceaseless flow—
Foaming and boiling, wild and white,
In a passionate race of tireless might,



A POWER PLANT

Rushing ever the turbines through,
And making the Dream, the Dream come true!

Whirr! Whirr! Whirr! Whirr!
The dynamos croon and hum and purr,
5 And over the city's myriad ways
The jeweled lights all burst ablaze,
And the peak-load comes on the burdened wires
As the folk rush home to their food and fires!

Whirr! Whirr! Whirr! Whirr!
10 This is the heart of the city's stir,
Here where the dynamos croon and sing,
Here where only the "Juice" is king,
Where the switchboard stands in its marble pride,
And the tender watches it, Argus-eyed;
15 Where Death is harnessed and made to serve

By keen-faced masters of brain and nerve;
 This is the shrine of the god that works,
 Driving away the mists and murks,
 Turning the lightnings into use.
 This is the shrine of the mighty "Juice,"
 Flowing ever the long wires through,
 And making the Dream, the Dream come true!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Berton Braley (1882-), poet and journalist, is a native of Wisconsin, who was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1905. He served on the staff of *The Evening Mail*, New York, and was for a time associate editor of the magazine *Puck*. During the World War Mr. Braley was a special correspondent in France and England. He is a frequent contributor to the leading magazines and newspapers. Among his published works are *A Banjo at Armageddon*, *In Camp and Trench*, and *Songs of a Work-a-day World*, from which "The Power Plant" is taken.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Describe the scene in a power plant. 2. What words does the author use to express sound? 3. What different things does the power plant do for us? 4. Find lines in this poem which correspond in meaning to Husband's explanation of electric power in "Crossing the Rocky Mountains on an Electric Train." 5. The picture on page 144 shows the hydro-electric power plant and dam, at Great Falls, Montana, which generates power for the electric railway illustrated on page 115. What is meant by "turbines"? 6. What dream does the author refer to in "And making the Dream, the Dream come true"? 7. What is "the heart of the city's stir"? 8. What is meant by "Death is harnessed" in the power plant? 9. Of what is the power plant a shrine? 10. Compare this poem with the lines written by Angela Morgan (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*, page 279); which do you like better? Why?

Library Reading. "The Sand Hog" and "The Steel Worker," Braley (in *Songs of a Work-a-day World*); "The Song of the Colorado," Hall (in *Home Book of Verse*, B. E. Stevenson); "The Steam Shovel" (second stanza), Tietjens (in *The New Poetry*, Monroe and Henderson); "White Coal for Black," Harrington (in *The Outlook*, September 21, 1921); "Hastening the Downfall of King Coal," with map of proposed super-power system for the United States (in *The Literary Digest*, September 8, 1923); Section 2 of "Twentieth Century Mediævalism," Merz (in *The Century Magazine*, June, 1923).

SUMMARY OF PART II

Doubtless the reading of the selections in this group has given you a new conception of the importance of improved means of transportation and communication; show from these stories the close connection between the development of our country and the gradual improvement of its transportation and communication. Point out on a map of the United States the general regions and the specific places mentioned in this group; what is the most interesting example of transportation or communication in the locality in which you live?

Read the quotation from Macaulay on page 81; name all the inventions you can think of "that have shortened distance" and show how they have "helped humanity." In the quotation from Whitman on page 81, the poet names the "triumphs of our time" in communication and transportation; where is the Suez Canal? The Mont Cenis Tunnel? What is the importance of each of these great aids to transportation? Whitman wrote these lines in 1871, over fifty years ago; what important canal has been made since that time, and what great service does it perform? Name other wonders of communication and transportation that Whitman might mention if he were writing today.

A metropolitan newspaper printed the following news item, dated Charlevoix, Michigan, February 7, 1923: "The hospital department of the United States air forces made good its service to the public today when an army airplane, starting this morning from Selfridge field, Mount Clemens, Michigan, traveled two hundred sixty miles to this city, picked up a physician here, and transported him to Beaver Island, twenty-two miles out in Lake Michigan, where surgical aid was given to a youth who had been lying seriously injured since Monday, marooned from the mainland by ice floes"; look for and bring to class similar accounts in newspapers and magazines of life-saving by means of airplanes and other modern inventions in communication and transportation.

Which story does the picture on page 83 illustrate? The picture on page 121?

Cite instances from the stories in this group to show that the needs of commerce are incentives to transportation. Which story did you enjoy most? Give reasons for your answer.

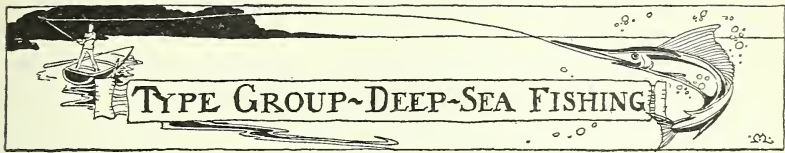
PART III
OUTDOOR SPORTS

*So be cheery, my lads, let your hearts never fail,
While the bold harpooner is striking the whale!*

—NANTUCKET SONG



A SWORDFISH



STUBB KILLS A WHALE

HERMAN MELVILLE

Reading Aims—Find: (a) what methods are employed in whale fishing; (b) where and how Stubb captured the whale.

The day was exceedingly still and sultry, and with nothing special to engage them, the *Pequod's* crew could hardly resist the spell of sleep induced by such a vacant sea. For this part of the Indian Ocean through which we then were voyaging is not what
5 whalemens call a lively ground; that is, it affords fewer glimpses of porpoises, dolphins, flying-fish, and other vivacious denizens of more stirring waters, than those off the Rio de la Plata, or the inshore ground off Peru.

It was my turn to stand at the foremast-head; and with my
10 shoulders leaning against the slackened royal shrouds, to and fro I idly swayed in what seemed an enchanted air. No resolution could withstand it; in that dreamy mood, losing all consciousness, at last my soul went out of my body; though my body still continued to sway as a pendulum will, long after the
15 power which first moved it is withdrawn.

Ere forgetfulness altogether came over me, I had noticed that the seamen at the main and mizzen mast-heads were already drowsy. So that at last all three of us lifelessly swung from the spars, and for every swing that we made, there was a nod from
20 below from the slumbering helmsman. The waves, too, nodded

their indolent crests; and across the wide trance of the sea, east nodded to west, and the sun over all.

Suddenly bubbles seemed bursting beneath my closed eyes; like vices my hands grasped the shrouds; some invisible, gracious
5 agency preserved me; with a shock I came back to life. And lo! close under our lee, not forty fathoms off, a gigantic sperm whale lay rolling in the water like the capsized hull of a frigate, his broad, glossy back, of an Ethiopian hue, glistening in the sun's rays like a mirror. But lazily undulating in the trough of the
10 sea, and ever and anon tranquilly spouting his vapory jet, the whale looked like a portly burgher smoking his pipe on a warm afternoon. But that pipe, poor whale, was thy last. As if struck by some enchanter's wand, the sleepy ship and every sleeper in it all at once started into wakefulness; and more than a score of
15 voices from all parts of the vessel, simultaneously with the three notes from aloft, shouted forth the accustomed cry, as the great fish slowly and regularly spouted the sparkling brine into the air.

"Clear away the boats! Luff!" cried Ahab. And obeying his own order, he dashed the helm down before the helmsman could
20 handle the spokes.

The sudden exclamations of the crew must have alarmed the whale; and ere the boats were down, majestically turning, he swam away to the leeward, but with such a steady tranquillity, and making so few ripples as he swam, that thinking after all he
25 might not as yet be alarmed, Ahab gave orders that not an oar should be used, and no man must speak but in whispers. So, seated like Ontario Indians on the gunwales of the boats, we swiftly but silently paddled along; the calm not admitting of the noiseless sails being set. Presently, as we thus glided in chase,
30 the monster perpendicularly flitted his tail forty feet into the air, and then sank out of sight like a tower swallowed up.

"There go flukes!" was the cry, an announcement immediately followed by Stubb's producing his match and igniting his pipe, for now a respite was granted. After the full interval of his
35 sounding had elapsed, the whale rose again, and being now in

advance of the smoker's boat, and much nearer to it than to any of the others, Stubb counted upon the honor of the capture. It was obvious, now, that the whale had at length become aware of his pursuers. All silence of cautiousness was therefore no longer
5 of use. Paddles were dropped, and oars came loudly into play. And still puffing at his pipe, Stubb cheered on his crew.

Yes, a mighty change had come over the fish. All alive to his jeopardy, he was going "head out"; that part obliquely projecting from the mad yeast which he brewed.

10 "Start her, start her, my men! Don't hurry yourselves; take plenty of time—but start her; start her like thunder-claps, that's all," cried Stubb, spluttering out the smoke as he spoke. "Start her, now; give 'em the long and strong stroke, Tashtego. Start her, Tash, my boy—start her, all; but keep cool, keep cool—
15 cucumbers is the word—easy, easy—only start her like grim death, boys—that's all. Start her!"

"Woo-hoo! Wa-hee!" screamed the Gay-Header in reply, raising some old war whoop to the skies; as every oarsman in the strained boat involuntarily bounced forward with the one tremendous leading stroke which the eager Indian gave.
20

But his wild screams were answered by others quite as wild. "Kee-hee! Kee-hee!" yelled Daggoo, straining forward and backward on his seat, like a pacing tiger in his cage.

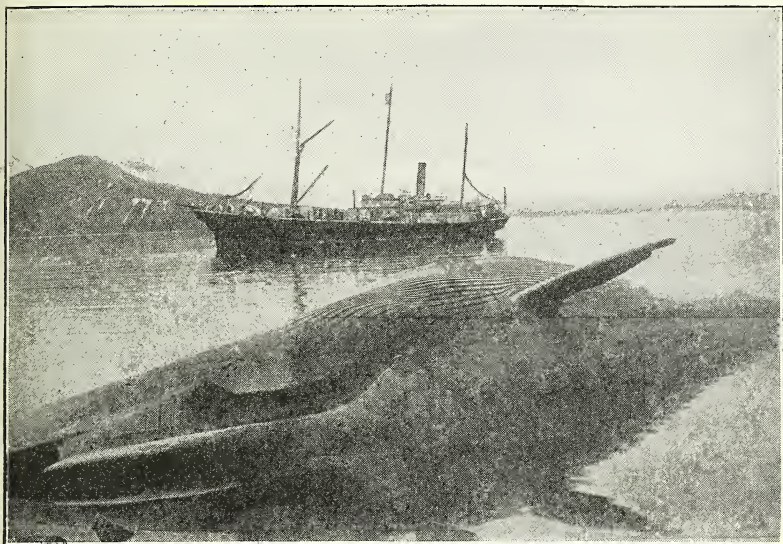
"Ka-la! Koo-loo!" howled Queequeg, as if smacking his lips
25 over a mouthful of Grenadier's steak. And thus with oars and yells the keels cut the sea. Meanwhile, Stubb, retaining his place in the van, still encouraged his men to the onset, all the while puffing the smoke from his mouth. Like desperadoes they tugged and they strained, till the welcome cry was heard—"Stand up, Tashtego!—give it to him!" The harpoon was hurled. "Stern
30 all!" The oarsmen backed water; the same moment something went hot and hissing along every one of their wrists. It was the magical line. An instant before, Stubb had swiftly caught two additional turns with it round the loggerhead, whence, by reason
35 of its increased rapid circlings, a hempen blue smoke now jetted

up and mingled with the steady fumes from his pipe. As the line passed round and round the loggerhead, so also, just before reaching that point, it blisteringly passed through and through both of Stubb's hands, from which the hand-cloths, or squares of
5 quilted canvas sometimes worn at these times, had accidentally dropped. It was like holding an enemy's sharp two-edged sword by the blade, and that enemy all the time striving to wrest it out of your clutch.

"Wet the line! wet the line!" cried Stubb to the tub oarsman
10 (him seated by the tub) who, snatching off his hat, dashed the sea-water into it. More turns were taken, so that the line began holding its place. The boat now flew through the boiling water like a shark all fins. Stubb and Tashtego here changed places—stem for stern—a staggering business in that rocking commotion.

15 From the vibrating line extending the entire length of the upper part of the boat, and from its now being more tight than a harpstring, you would have thought the craft had two keels—one cleaving the water, the other the air—as the boat churned on through both opposing elements at once. A continual cascade
20 played at the bows; a ceaseless whirling eddy in her wake; and, at the slightest motion from within, even but of a little finger, the vibrating, cracking craft canted over her spasmodic gunwale into the sea. Thus they rushed; each man with might and main
25 clinging to his seat, to prevent being tossed to the foam; and the tall form of Tashtego at the steering oar crouching almost double, in order to bring down his center of gravity. Whole Atlantics and Pacifics seemed passed as they shot on their way, till at
length the whale somewhat slackened his flight.

"Haul in—haul in!" cried Stubb to the bowsman! and, facing
30 round toward the whale, all hands began pulling the boat up to him, while yet the boat was being towed on. Soon ranging up by his flank, Stubb, firmly planting his knee in the clumsy cleat, threw dart after dart into the flying fish; at the word of command, the boat alternately sterning out of the way of the whale's
35 horrible wallow, and then ranging up for another fling.



TOWING A WHALE TO PORT

"Pull up—pull up!" Stubb cried to the bowman, as the waning whale relaxed in his wrath. "Pull up!—close to!" and the boat ranged along the fish's flank. Then reaching far over the bow, Stubb slowly churned his long sharp lance into the fish. Starting from his trance into that unspeakable thing called his "flurry," the monster overwrapped himself in mad, boiling spray, so that the imperiled craft, instantly dropping astern, had much ado blindly to struggle out from that frenzied twilight into the clear air of the day.

And now abating in his flurry, the whale once more rolled out into view; surging from side to side; spasmodically dilating and contracting his spout-hole. Soon he lay motionless. His heart had burst!

"He's dead, Mr. Stubb," said Daggoo.

"Yes; both pipes smoked out!" and withdrawing his own from his mouth, Stubb scattered the dead ashes over the water; and, for a moment, stood thoughtfully eying the vast corpse he had made.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Herman Melville (1819-1891), an American author, was born in New York City. At the age of eighteen he shipped to England as cabin-boy, and four years later he sailed for a long whaling voyage into the Pacific. His best book, *Moby Dick*, from which "Stubb Kills a Whale," is taken, is based upon the experiences of this last-named trip. After a year and a half he deserted his ship on account of the cruelty of the captain, and was captured by cannibals. Four months afterwards he was rescued by an Australian whaler, but did not reach New York for two years, having in the meantime spent several months in Honolulu.

After these exciting experiences, Melville, except for a passenger voyage around the world, remained in the United States and devoted himself to literature. Naturally he turned to tales of the sea and especially whaling, of which he had both actual experience and sound knowledge. *Moby Dick* is considered one of the best sea romances in all literature. It belongs to the period of Irving, Hawthorne, and Poe. It was Melville's grandfather who is pictured in Holmes's poem "The Last Leaf."

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Account for the fact that the *Pequod's* crew was particularly drowsy the day the story opens. 2. Explain why the author felt as if the atmosphere were enchanted. 3. What roused the ship's crew to action? 4. What reason had Stubb to believe that his boat would have "the honor of the capture"? 5. Who threw the harpoon? 6. Briefly describe how the men finally succeeded in capturing the whale. 7. What is the significance of Stubb's last remark, "Yes; both pipes smoked out"?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Locate on your map the best whaling regions mentioned in this story. 2. Explain the meaning of the phrase "of an Ethiopian hue." 3. To what does the author compare the appearance of the whale? 4. What is the significance of the reference to Ontario Indians? 5. What change came over the fish when he realized that he was pursued? 6. Explain the meaning of Stubb's speech to his men, beginning, "Start her, start her, my men!" 7. Do you think that the men enjoyed the experience of catching the whale? Give passages to prove your belief. 8. What is meant by the "magical line"? 9. How did this line affect the hands of those who held it? 10. *Moby Dick* contains many other interesting incidents which you will enjoy reading.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (a) Different kinds of whales and where they live. (b) The uses of whalebone. (c) Whaling as an industry. (d) Uses of whale-oil. (See *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Vol. XXVII.)

TWO FIGHTS WITH SWORDFISH

ZANE GREY

Reading Aims—Find: (a) methods used in catching swordfish; (b) why fishing for swordfish is a test of good sportsmanship; (c) what luck the author had in landing a swordfish.

I

My first day at Avalon—August second, 1916—was one likely to be memorable among my fishing experiences. The weather was delightful—smooth, rippling sea, no wind, clear sky, and warm. The Sierra Nevada Mountains shone dark above the horizon.

A little before noon we passed my friend Lone Angler, who hailed us and said there was a big broadbill swordfish off in the stream-course. We steered off in that direction.

There were sunfish and sharks showing all around. Once I saw a whale. The sea was glassy, with a long heaving swell. Birds were plentiful in scattered groups.

We ran across a shark of small size and tried to get him to take a bait. He refused. A little later Captain Dan espied a fin, and upon running up we discovered the huge, brown, leathery tail and dorsal of a broadbill swordfish.

Captain Dan advised a long line out so that we could circle the fish from a distance and not scare him. I do not remember any unusual excitement. I was curious and interested. Remembering all I had heard about these fish, I did not anticipate getting a strike from him.

We circled him and drew the flying-fish bait so that he would swim near it. As it was, I had to reel in some. Presently we had the bait some twenty yards ahead of him. Then Captain Dan slowed down. The broadbill wiggled his tail and slid out of sight. Dan said he was going for my bait. But I did not believe so. Several moments passed. I had given up any little hope I might have had when I received a quick, strong, vibrating

strike—different from any I had ever experienced. I suppose the strangeness was due to the shock he gave my line when he struck the bait with his sword. The line paid out unsteadily and slowly. I looked at Dan and he looked at me. Neither of us was excited nor particularly elated. I guess I did not realize what was actually going on.

I let him have about one **hundred fifty** feet of line.

When I sat down to jam the rod-butt in the socket I had awakened to possibilities. Throwing on the drag and winding in until my line was taut, I struck hard—four times. He made impossible any more attempts at this by starting off on a heavy, irresistible rush. But he was not fast, or so it seemed to me. He did not get more than four hundred feet of line before we ran up on him. Presently he came to the surface to thrash around. He did not appear scared or angry. Probably he was annoyed at the pricking of the hook. But he kept moving, sometimes on the surface and sometimes beneath. I did not fight him hard, preferring to let him pull out the line, and then when he rested I worked on him to recover it. My idea was to keep a perpetual strain upon him.

I do not think I had even a hope of bringing this fish to the boat.

It was twelve o'clock exactly when I hooked him, and a quarter of an hour sped by. My first big thrill came when he leaped. This was a surprise. He was fooling round, and then, all of a sudden, he broke water clear. It was an awkward, ponderous action, and looked as if he had come up backward, like a bucking broncho. His size and his long, sinister sword amazed me and frightened me. It gave me a cold sensation to realize I was hooked to a huge, dangerous fish. But that in itself was a new kind of thrill. No boatman fears a marlin as he does the true broadbill swordfish.

My second thrill came when the fish lunged on the surface in a red foam. If I had hooked him so he bled freely there was a chance to land him! This approach to encouragement, how-

ever, was short-lived. He went down, and if I had been hooked to a submarine I could scarcely have felt more helpless. He sounded about five hundred feet and then sulked. I had the pleasant task of pumping him up. This brought the sweat out upon me and loosened me up. I began to fight him harder. And it seemed that as I increased the strain he grew stronger and a little more active. Still there was not any difference in his tactics. I began to get a conception of the vitality and endurance of a broadbill in contrast with the speed and savageness of his brother fish, the marlin, or roundbill.

At two o'clock matters were about the same. I was not tired, but certainly the fish was not tired, either. He came to the surface just about as much as he sounded. I had no difficulty at all in getting back the line he took, at least all save a hundred feet or so. When I tried to lead him or lift him—then I got his point of view. He would not budge an inch. There seemed nothing to do but let him work on the drag, and when he had pulled out a few hundred feet of line we ran up on him and I reeled in the line. Now and then I put all the strain I could on the rod and worked him that way.

At three o'clock I began to get tired. My hands hurt. And I concluded I had been rather unlucky to start on a broadbill at the very beginning.

From that time he showed less frequently, and, if anything, he grew slower and heavier. I felt no more rushes. And along about this time I found I could lead him somewhat. This made me begin to work hard. Yet, notwithstanding, I had no hope of capturing the fish. It was only experience.

Captain Dan kept saying: "Well, you wanted to hook up with a broadbill! Now how do you like it?" He had no idea I would ever land him. Several times I asked him to give an opinion as to the size of the swordfish, but he would not venture that until he had got a good close view of him.

At four o'clock I made the alarming discovery that the great B-Ocean reel was freezing, just as my other one had frozen on

my first swordfish the year previous. Captain Dan used language. He threw up his hands. He gave up. But I did not.

"Dan, see here," I said. "We'll run up on him, throw off a lot of slack line, then cut it and tie it to another reel!"

5 "We might do that. But it'll disqualify the fish," he replied.

Captain Dan, like all the boatmen at Avalon, has fixed ideas about the Tuna Club and its records and requirements. It is all right, I suppose, for a club to have rules, and not count or credit an angler who breaks a rod or is driven to the expedient
10 I had proposed. But I do not fish for clubs or records. I fish for the fun, the excitement, the thrill of the game, and I would rather let my fish go than not. So I said:

"We'll certainly lose the fish if we don't change reels. I am using the regulation tackle, and to my mind the more tackle we
15 use, provided we land the fish, the more credit is due us. It is not an easy matter to change reels or lines or rods with a big fish working all the time."

Captain Dan acquiesced, but told me to try fighting him a while with the light drag and the thumb-brake. So far only the
20 heavy drag had frozen. I tried Dan's idea, to my exceeding discomfort; and the result was that the swordfish drew far away from us. Presently the reel froze solid. The handle would not turn. But with the drag off the spool ran free.

Then we ran away from the fish, circling and letting out slack
25 line. When we came to the end of the line we turned back a little, and with a big slack we took the risk of cutting the line and tying it on the other reel. We had just got this done when the line straightened tight! I wound in about twelve hundred feet of line and was tired and wet when I had got in all I could
30 pull. This brought us to within a couple of hundred feet of our quarry. Also it brought us to five o'clock. Five hours!
. . . I began to have queer sensations—aches, pains, tremblings, saggings. Likewise misgivings!

About this period I determined to see how close to the boat
35 I could pull him. I worked. The word "worked" is not readily

understood until a man has tried to pull a big broadbill close to the boat. I pulled until I saw stars and my bones cracked. Then there was another crack. The rod broke at the reel seat! And the reel seat was bent. Fortunately the line could still pay out. And I held the tip while Dan pried and hammered the reel off the broken butt on to another one. Then he put the tip in that butt, and once more I had to reel in what seemed miles and miles of line.

Five-thirty! It seemed around the end of the world for me. We had drifted into a tide rip about five miles east of Avalon, and in this rough water I had a terrible time trying to hold my fish. When I discovered that I could hold him—and therefore that he was playing out—then there burst upon me the dazzling hope of actually bringing him to gaff. It is something to fight a fish for more than five hours without one single hope of his capture. I had done that. And now, suddenly, to be fired with hope gave me new strength and spirit to work. The pain in my hands was excruciating. I was burning all over; wet and slippery, and aching in every muscle. These next few minutes seemed longer than all the hours. I found that to put the old strain on the rod made me blind with pain. There was no fun, no excitement, no thrill now. As I labored I could not help marveling at the strange, imbecile pursuits of mankind. Here I was in an agony, absolutely useless. Why did I keep it up? I could not give up, and I concluded I was crazy.

I conceived the most unreasonable hatred for that poor swordfish that had done nothing to me and that certainly would have been justified in ramming the boat.

To my despair the fish sounded deep, going down and down. Captain Dan watched the line. Finally it ceased to pay out.

“Pump him up!” said Dan.

This was funny. It was about as funny as death.

I rested awhile and meditated upon the weakness of the flesh. The thing most desirable and beautiful in all the universe was rest. It was so sweet to think of that I was hard put to it to

keep from tossing the rod overboard. There was something so desperately trying and painful in this fight with a broadbill. At last I drew a deep, long breath, and, with a pang in my breast and little stings all over me, I began to lift on him. He was at
5 the bottom of the ocean. He was just as unattainable as the bottom of the ocean. But there are ethics of a sportsman!

Inch by inch and foot by foot I pumped up this live and dragging weight. I sweat, I panted, I whistled, I bled—and my arms were dead, and my hands raw, and my heart seemed about
10 to burst.

Suddenly Captain Dan electrified me.

“There’s the end of the double line!” he yelled.

Unbelievable as it was, there the knot in the end of the short six feet of double line showed at the surface. I pumped and I
15 reeled inch by inch.

A long dark object showed indistinctly, wavered as the swells rose, then showed again. As I strained at the rod, so I strained my eyes.

“I see the leader!” yelled Dan, in great excitement.

20 I saw it, too, and I spent the last ounce of strength left in me. Up and up came the long, dark, vague object.

“You’ve got him licked!” exclaimed Dan. “Not a wag left in him!”

It did seem so. And that bewildering instant saw the birth
25 of assurance in me. I was going to get him! That was a grand instant for a fisherman. I could have lifted anything then.

The swordfish became clear to my gaze. He was a devilish-looking monster, two feet thick across the back, twelve feet long over all, and he would have weighed at the least over four hundred pounds. And I had beaten him! That was there to be
30 seen. He had none of the beauty and color of the roundbill swordfish. He was dark, almost black, with huge dorsal and tail, and a wicked broad sword fully four feet long. What terrified me was his enormous size and the deadly look of him. I
35 expected to see him rush at the boat.

Watching him thus, I reveled in my wonderful luck. Up to this date there had been only three of these rare fish caught in twenty-five years of Avalon fishing. And this one was far larger than those that had been taken.

5 "Lift him! Closer!" called Captain Dan. "In two minutes I'll have a gaff in him!"

I made a last effort. Dan reached for the leader.

Then the hook tore out.

My swordfish, without a movement of tail or fin, slowly
10 sank—to vanish in the blue water.

II

After resting my blistered hands for three days—which time was scarcely long enough to heal them—I could not resist the call of the sea.

We went off Seal Rocks and trolled about five miles out.
15 We met a sand-dabber who said he had seen a big broadbill back a way. So we turned round. After a while I saw a big, vicious splash half a mile east, and we made for it. Then I soon spied the swordfish.

We worked around him awhile, but he would not take a
20 flying-fish. It was hard to keep track of him, on account of rough water. Soon he went down.

Then a little later I saw what Dan called a marlin. He had big flippers, wide apart. I took him for a broadbill.

We circled him, and before he saw a bait he leaped twice,
25 coming about half out. He looked huge, but just how big it was impossible to say.

After awhile he came up, and we circled him. As the bait drifted round before him—twenty yards or more off—he gave that little wiggle of the tail sickle, and went under. I waited.
30 I had given up hope when I felt him hit the bait. Then he ran off, pretty fast. I let him have a long line. Then I sat down and struck him. He surged off, and we all got ready to watch him leap. But he did not show.

He swam off, sounded, came up, rolled around, went down again. But we did not get a look at him. He fought like any other heavy swordfish.

In one and one-half hours I pulled him close to the boat, and we all saw him. But I did not get a good look at him as he wove to and fro behind the boat.

Then he sounded.

I began to work on him, and worked harder. He seemed to get stronger all the time.

10 "He feels like a broadbill, I tell you," I said to Captain Dan.

Dan shook his head, yet all the same he looked dubious. Then began a slow, persistent, hard battle between the fish and me, the severity of which I did not realize at the time. In hours like those time has wings. My hands grew hot. They itched, and I wanted to remove the wet gloves. But I did not, and sought to keep my mind off what had been half-healed blisters. Neither the fish nor I made any new moves, it all being plug on his part and give and take on mine. Slowly and doggedly he worked out toward the sea, and while the hours passed, just as persistently he circled back.

Captain Dan came to stand beside me, earnestly watching the rod bend and the line stretch. He shook his head.

25 "That's a big marlin and you've got him foul-hooked," he asserted. This statement was made at the end of three hours and more. I did not agree. Dan and I often had arguments. He always tackled me when I was in some such situation as this—for then, of course, he had the best of it. My brother Rome was in the boat that day, an intensely interested observer. He had not as yet hooked a swordfish.

30 My brother's wife and the other ladies with us on board were inclined to favor my side; at least they were sorry for the fish and said he must be very big.

"Dan, I could tell a foul-hooked fish," I asserted, positively. "This fellow is too alive—too limber. He doesn't sag like a
35 dead weight."

"Well, if he's not foul-hooked, then you're all in," replied the captain.

Cheerful acquiescence is a desirable trait in anyone, especially an angler who aspires to things, but that was left out in the ordering of my disposition. However, to get angry makes a man fight harder, and so it was with me.

At the end of five hours Dan suggested putting the harness on me. This contrivance, by the way, is a thing of straps and buckles, and its use is to fit over an angler's shoulders and to snap on the rod. It helps him lift the fish, put his shoulders more into play, rest his arms. But I had never worn one. I was afraid of it.

"Suppose he pulls me overboard, with that on!" I exclaimed. "He'll drown me!"

"We'll hold on to you," replied Dan, cheerily, as he strapped it around me.

The fact soon manifested itself to me that I could lift a great deal more with the harness to help. The big fish began to come nearer and also he began to get mad. Here I forgot the pain in my hands. I grew enthusiastic. And foolishly I bragged. Then I lifted so hard that I cracked the great, heavy rod.

Dan threw up his hands.

"Disqualified fish, even if you ketch him—which you won't," he said, dejectedly.

"Crack goes thirty-five dollars!" exclaimed my brother. "Sure is funny, brother, how you can decimate good money into the general atmosphere!"

If there really is anything fine in the fighting of a big fish, which theory I have begun to doubt, certainly Captain Dan did not know it.

I got Dan to tie splints on the rod, after which I fought my quarry some more. The splints broke. Dan had to bind the cracked rod with heavy pieces of wood, and they added considerable weight to what had before felt like a ton.

The fish had been hooked at eleven o'clock and it was now five. We had drifted or been pulled into the main channel, where strong currents and a choppy sea made the matter a pretty serious and uncomfortable one. Here I expended all I had left in a short and furious struggle to bring the fish up, if not to gaff, at least so we could see what he looked like. How strange and unfathomable a feeling this mystery of him gave rise to! If I could only see him once, then he could get away and welcome.

10 Captain Dan ordered my brother and the ladies to go into the cabin or up on top. And they all scrambled up and lay flat on the deck-roof, with their heads over, watching me.

My supreme effort brought the fish within the hundred-foot length of line—then my hands and my back refused any more.

15 "Dan, here's the great chance you've always hankered for!" I said. "Now let's see you pull him right in!"

And I passed him the rod and got up. Dan took it with the pleased expression of a child suddenly and wonderfully come into possession of a long-unattainable toy. Captain Dan was going to pull that fish right up to the boat. He was! Now Dan is big—he weighs two hundred; he has arms and hands like the limbs of a Vulcan. Perhaps Dan had every reason to believe he would pull the fish right up to the boat. But somehow I knew that he would not.

25 My fish, perhaps feeling a new and different and mightier hand at the rod, showed how he liked it by a magnificent rush—the greatest of the whole fight—and he took about five hundred feet of line.

Dan's expression changed as if by magic.

30 "Steer the boat! Port! Port!" he yelled.

Probably I could not run a boat right with perfectly fresh and well hands, and with my lacerated and stinging ones I surely made a mess of it. Fortunately, however, I got the boat around and we ran down on the fish. Dan, working with long, powerful sweeps of the rod, got the line back and the fish close.

The game began to look great to me. All along I had guessed this fish to be a wonder; and now I knew it.

Hauling him close that way angered him. He made another rush, long and savage. The line smoked off that reel.

Somewhere out there a couple of hundred yards the big fish came up and roared on the surface. I saw only circling wake and waves like those behind a speedy motor-boat. But Dan let out a strange shout, and up above the girls screamed, and brother Rome yelled murder or something. I gathered that he had a camera.

"Steady up there!" I called out. "If you fall overboard it's good-night! . . . For we want this fish!"

I had all I could do. Dan would order me to steer this way and that—to throw out the clutch—to throw it in. Still I was able to keep track of events. This fish made nineteen rushes in the succeeding half-hour. Never for an instant did Captain Dan let up. Assuredly during that time he spent more force on the fish than I had in six hours.

The sea was bad, the boat was rolling, the cockpit was inches deep under water many a time. I was hard put to it to stay at my post; and what saved the watchers above could not be explained by me.

"Mebbe I can hold him now—a little," called Dan once, as he got the hundred-foot mark over the reel. "Strap the harness on me!"

I fastened the straps round Dan's broad shoulders. His shirt was as wet as if he had fallen overboard. Maybe some of that wet was spray. His face was purple, his big arms bulging, and he whistled as he breathed.

"Good-by, Dan. This will be a fitting end for a boatman," I said, cheerfully, as I dove back to the wheel.

At six o'clock our fish was going strong and Dan was tiring fast. He had, of course, worked too desperately hard.

Meanwhile the sun sank and the sea went down. All the west was gold and red, with the towers of Church Rock spiring

the horizon. A flock of gulls were circling low, perhaps over a school of tuna. The white cottages of Avalon looked mere specks on the dark island.

Captain Dan had the swordfish within a hundred feet of the
5 boat and was able to hold him. This seemed hopeful. It looked now just a matter of a little more time. But Dan needed a rest.

I suggested that my brother come down and take a hand in the final round, which I confessed was likely to be difficult.

“Not on your life!” was the prompt reply. “I want to begin
10 on a *little* swordfish! . . . Why, that—that fish hasn’t waked up yet!”

And I was bound to confess there seemed to me to be a good deal of sense in what he said.

“Dan, I’ll take the rod—rest you a bit—so you can finish
15 him,” I offered.

The half-hour Dan recorded as my further work on this fish will always be a dark blank in my fishing experience. When it was over, twilight had come and the fish was rolling and circling perhaps fifty yards from the boat.

20 Here Dan took the rod again, and with the harness on and fresh gloves, went at the fish in grim determination.

Suddenly the moon sailed out from behind a fog-bank and the sea was transformed. It was as beautiful as it was lucky for us.

25 By Herculean effort Dan brought the swordfish close. If any angler doubts the strength of a twenty-four thread line his experience is still young. That line was a rope, yet it sang like a banjo string.

Leaning over the side, with two pairs of gloves on, I caught
30 the double line, and as I pulled and Dan reeled, the fish came up nearer. But I could not see him. Then I reached the leader and held on as for dear life.

“I’ve got the leader!” I yelled. “Hurry, Dan!”

Dan dropped the rod and reached for his gaff. But he had
35 neglected to unhook the rod from the harness, and as the fish

lunged and tore the leader away from me there came near to being disaster. However, Dan got straightened out and anchored in the chair and began to haul away again. It appeared we had the fish almost done, but he was so big that a mere movement
5 of his tail irresistibly drew out the line.

Then the tip of the rod broke off short just even with the splints and it slid down the line out of sight. Dan lowered the rod so most of the strain would come on the reel, and now he held like grim death.

10 "Dan, if we don't make any more mistakes we'll get that fish!" I declared.

The sea was almost calm now, and moon-balanced so that we could plainly see the line. Despite Dan's efforts, the swordfish slowly ran off a hundred feet more of line. Dan groaned.
15 But I yelled with sheer exultation. For, standing up on the gunwale, I saw the swordfish. He had come up. He was phosphorescent—a long gleam of silver—and he rolled in the unmistakable manner of a fish nearly beaten.

Suddenly he headed for the boat. It was a strange motion.
20 I was surprised—then frightened. Dan reeled in rapidly. The streak of white gleamed closer and closer. It was like white fire—a long, savage, pointed shape.

"Look! Look!" I yelled to those above. "Don't miss it!
. . . Oh, great!"

25 "He's charging the boat!" hoarsely shouted Dan.

"He's all in!" yelled my brother.

I jumped into the cockpit and leaned over the gunwale beside the rod. Then I grasped the line, letting it slip through my hands. Dan wound in with fierce energy. I felt the end of the
30 double line go by me, and at this I let out another shout to warn Dan. Then I had the end of the leader—a good strong grip—and, looking down, I saw the clear silver outline of the hugest fish I had ever seen, short of shark or whale. He made a beautiful, wild, frightful sight. He rolled on his back. Roundbill or
35 broadbill, he had an enormous length of sword.

"Come, Dan—we've got him!" I panted.

Dan could not, dared not get up then.

The situation was perilous. I saw how Dan clutched the reel, with his big thumbs biting into the line. I did my best. My sight failed me for an instant. But the fish pulled the leader through my hands. My brother leaped down to help—
5 alas, too late!

"Let go, Dan! Give him line!"

But Dan was past that. Afterward he said his grip was
10 locked. He held, and not another foot did the swordfish get. Again I leaned over the gunwale. I saw him—a monster—pale, wavering. His tail had an enormous spread. I could no longer see his sword. Almost he was ready to give up.

Then the double line snapped. I fell back in the boat and
15 Dan fell back in the chair.

Nine hours!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Zane Grey (1875-) is a native of Zanesville, Ohio. He was graduated from the high school of Zanesville and the University of Pennsylvania. He began a literary career in 1905, and has since written many books interpreting American life and dealing with the romance of industry. He is a devoted fisherman, and is an authority on game fishing. Among his best known books are: *The Last of the Plainsmen*; *The Heritage of the Desert*; *The Young Forester*; *Desert Gold*; *The U. P. Trail*; *Desert of Wheat*; and *Tales of Fishes*, from which "Two Fights with Swordfish" is taken. His homes are in Lackawaxen, Pennsylvania, and Avalon, California.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. At what time of year did Zane Grey have his two fights with swordfish? 2. Where were the battles held? 3. How did Captain Dan propose to capture the first swordfish? 4. What caused the "first big thrill" of the expedition? 5. The second thrill caused much excitement; why? 6. Why did Captain Dan object to changing reels? 7. Why does Zane Grey fish? 8. What great disappointment awaited the fishermen? 9. Tell briefly about the second fight. 10. What final success did the fishermen have? 11. Give instances which show that the men enjoyed the experience even though they were unsuccessful in their catch.

General Questions and Topics. 1. List all the kinds of fish and birds mentioned by the author in this story. 2. Look up in the *Book of Knowledge* the description and picture of a swordfish. 3. Which do you think more dangerous, whale fishing or capturing a swordfish? Why? 4. What is meant by the statement, "The great B-Ocean reel was freezing"? 5. Account for the fact that the fishermen did not give up after five and a half hours of hard work. 6. Describe the swordfish which Zane Grey thought he had been fortunate enough to capture. 7. What advantages for the fisherman has the "harness"? What disadvantages? 8. What is meant by a "disqualified fish"? 9. What is a "Herculean" effort? 10. You will enjoy reading the whole book *Tales of Fishes*, by Zane Grey.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (a) Where and how swordfish get their food. (b) Different kinds of swordfish and where they live. (c) Catching swordfish as an industry. (See *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Vol. XXVI.)

SHARK FISHING OFF BONE KEY

GIFFORD PINCHOT

Reading Aims—Find: (a) how sharks are caught; (b) what amusing incidents added zest to the sport; (c) whether or not sharks are game fighters.

On the southerly shore of Bone Key, now called Key West, stands the historic slaughterhouse. Seaward its doors open over a wall set in four or five feet of water, and there the refuse is thrown out, to be disposed of by the sharks. When we arrived, 5 our conch asked a couple of negroes who were washing down the floor whether the sharks had been about that morning. They said they had, and that a few minutes ago a big black fellow had been in sight. They complained that the sharks used to come right up to the sea wall for their food, but now at times they 10 were compelled to "haul it out to 'em in a boat." Then suddenly one of them pointed: "There he is now."

All my life I had been accustomed to associate sharks with a sinister triangular fin cutting sharply through the water, whose burnished surface hid the grisly shape beneath, and in this I am well fortified by all the best literature. In the present case, however, I could see no fin, and for a time could see no shark. Afterward I had no trouble.

Under the advice of the conch, we anchored in eight or ten feet of the clearest water, over a white sand bottom against which a minnow two inches long would have been clearly visible. Then we baited our hooks and waited. It seemed an incredible place to fish for sharks.

The white sand of the bottom was cut, parallel to the shore, by long, somber bands of rocks, which replaced the sand altogether where the water deepened to fifteen or twenty feet. Presently there swam deliberately across the bright white sand a black, sharp-edged shadow, which was a shark. The brute seemed enormous. Slowly he moved back and forth from rock to sand and from sand to rock, working the whole region in our neighborhood as a bird dog works a field; all of it, that is to say, except where the bait lay. Then he disappeared. Shortly afterward, so clear was the water and so white the sand, we sighted another shadow more than a hundred yards away, and coming in our direction. The tension began all over again. Would this shark bite? Questing he came, struck the scent, worked back and forth across the trail until he found the bait, held all our sympathetic attention while he examined it, and went away.

Then we decided that the bait on the white sand was too conspicuous, and we moved it over the rocks. Again came the shadow, smaller this time, yet enormous still; again the search and the finding of the bait, but this time the bait was taken and the shark hooked. As soon as the line began to run out I jumped into the dinghy with the conch, and when we were clear of the launch I struck. Off went the shark with a vigorous rush, and off went the boat behind him. But this was relatively a small

fish, but six feet six inches long, and held out not more than ten minutes against the hickory rod and twenty-four thread line. Then I shot him, as all good fishermen do, and the bait was set again for the next.

5 Hardly had this first shark been caught when one of the lines fouled on a rock, and it looked as if we might have to break it. Thereupon the conch began to take off his shirt. We inquired of him with some curiosity what he was doing, and he replied that he proposed to swim out and clear the line. We said
10 that there was a dinghy alongside admirably adapted to that purpose, which hint made no impression upon his mind at all. Whether it was valor, pride, the desire to impress the tenderfoot, or a keen sense of the possible effect upon his stipend, we shall never know, but we had almost to hold that conch in the boat
15 to keep him from going overboard. I presume it would have been safe enough. Evidently he thought so. Men go overboard freely from the docks at Key West, off which sharks as heavy as a horse are caught at night. Personally, however, the boat was good enough for me just then, so I took the dinghy and
20 freed the hook.

About this time the calm which should brood over all fishing was violently interrupted by two colored brothers in a skiff. The brother in the bow was using the grains; the brother in the stern was using the paddle, and both were using their vocal
25 chords without pause or delay. I have often heard that fish do not mind talking. Certainly Florida fish do not, for otherwise every fin within a mile would have been aware of that skiff and outward bound. Its occupants were after what they could get and a good time—and a good time they were certainly getting.

30 While waiting for the sharks we had seen several of the beautiful whiprays, or calico fish, floating past over the white bottom, and we called the attention of the skiff to one of them. Thereupon the colored brother in the bow did a workmanlike job, for he struck the whipray with the grains in not less than
35 six feet of water. He had, however, neglected to fasten a rope

to his weapon. Off went the ray with the grains in its back; off went the skiff after the grains, the colored brothers paddling in a frenzy of haste, and bow and stern yelling, "Git 'im." To say that it was a scene of excitement is an understatement. Up and
5 down the coast went the ray, and up and down the coast after him went that boatload of howls and yells, until the grains were recovered, the whipray was landed, and we had bought it for two bits as a subject for dissection at the Biological Laboratory. It was cheap at the price.

10 During this episode there were no sharks about. Shortly after came two, the largest we had seen. It was the smaller of the pair that took my bait, this time on a thirty-six thread line I had brought with me especially for large sharks. The line
15 ran out without a click, for the big reel does not carry one as it ought to do, and the conch and I jumped into the dinghy. Then I struck, and struck, and struck again, till I was sure that shark was hooked. The strike was followed by a short, sharp
20 run and that by another, until perhaps one hundred yards of line had been taken out, and the boat, stern first, was running fast through the water and diagonally out to sea. It was hard
work while it lasted, but within half a mile the rushes were checked, the fish under control, and we started back, for I did not want to kill the shark until we were near the launch
again.

25 In twenty-three minutes from the strike the revolver had done its work and the fish was dead. The shark, a female, measured fifty-six inches in girth behind the fins and one hundred eight inches in length. By the old formula, the square of the
30 girth in inches, multiplied by the length in inches, divided by eight hundred, it weighed four hundred twenty-two pounds. I should have liked to see what could be done with the larger one. A thirty-six thread line, with a strong hickory rod, is almost
tackle to catch whales.

35 The next was a seven-foot shark caught on a hand line, and then came lunch—lunch preceded by a swim in the breast-deep

water, where even these beach-combing sharks would not be likely to come. If someone had begun to sing:

God save you, merry gentlemen,
Let no shark you annoy,

it would have reflected my profoundest aspirations. I kept my eyes well open, for against the brilliant sand the sharks we had seen looked simply gigantic, and the impression of weight and power was well confirmed by those we caught.

I never have liked the idea of being consolidated, in whole or in part, with one of these buzzards of the sea. Most of them, I doubt not, are harmless enough, but you can never tell. All of them are heavily armed. Even the most dangerous doubtless lose much of their dangerous quality when well fed, and the rare cases of shark bite indicate how small is the risk. Yet the mental picture of that spasmodic, snapping bite, so well calculated for the dividing asunder of whatever falls between the jaws, has for me most of the outstanding qualities of the dream of a rarebit fiend. They may be harmless. You never can tell. So far as sharks are concerned, I am firmly persuaded it is better to be safe than to be sorry.

Sharks are far more common than we are apt to suppose. Years ago I spent two summers on the south shore of Long Island. My chief delight was then a well-made canoe, in which another boy and I spent many a happy half-day running out through the surf and running in again, the percentage of upsets varying with the amount of sea. Because we ran out in this way we soon learned that outside the bathing beach swam a constant procession of small sharks, hammerheads and others, few if any of them more than five or six feet in length, harmless without question, but abundantly sufficient to have filled the bathers with panic had their presence been known. What kept them there, a few hundred feet from shore, I do not know, but I do know that day after day we saw them, and day after day we hunted them with a lily iron, fit only for much larger game, with which we struck many but caught none.

Is a shark game? In my experience, the shark of one hundred pounds or under usually makes a good fight, often in no wise inferior to that of a tarpon of the same size so far as power and ginger are concerned, and many of them jump from the water almost as finely. If you can get a good fight out of a shark, why not take it and enjoy it, and be thankful? Besides, every time you kill a shark, it is a good deed shining in a naughty world. Where can you find a virtue more pleasant in practice?

Doubtless, the larger sharks are usually slow and heavy, but some of them are, and all of them look, savage enough to overbalance any lack of fire. There is joy in the catching but not in the killing of trout. If you must keep him for the pan, well. If you can return him to the stream, to fight again another day, better. But there is no substratum of regret when you kill a shark. If the sight of his teeth is not enough, take one glance at his eye, and every vestige of pity dies. A shark's eye is its own death warrant, and in all good conscience you can do nothing less than carry the warrant out.

Doubtless, too, sharks are vermin in the same sense that rats, weasels, wild cats, mountain lions, and Bengal tigers are vermin. Dangerous vermin, some of them, like some sharks, and well worth hunting, but vermin still; yet, if a game fight makes a game fish, I have caught many sharks that were truly game, and I confess to an inextinguishable delight in fighting and destroying them.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Gifford Pinchot (1865-) is an American who has done much valuable work in preserving the forests and other natural resources of the United States. He was born in Connecticut and educated at Yale University. He later studied forestry in France, Germany, Switzerland, and Austria. He began his first important forest work at Biltmore, North Carolina, in 1892. From 1898 to 1910 he was chief of the Government Forest Service, and since 1910 he has been President of the National Conservation Association, which he established to safeguard not only the

forests of the United States but also other natural resources. In 1923 he became Governor of Pennsylvania. Mr. Pinchot is a tall, athletic man with an attractive personality. He is very direct, outspoken, and energetic. It is said that "he can explain conservation to an audience of boys and girls so as to reach their understanding and arouse in them a desire to help in the movement." As Professor of Forestry at Yale, he won the devotion of his students, and while in the Forestry Service, he is said to have trained a staff of young helpers who fairly worshiped him and whose loyalty has remained unshaken for years. Mr. Pinchot's interest in out-of-door sports is shown in the story "Shark Fishing off Bone Key," which first appeared in *Field and Stream*, January, 1914. The best known of his books on forestry is *A Primer of Forestry*.

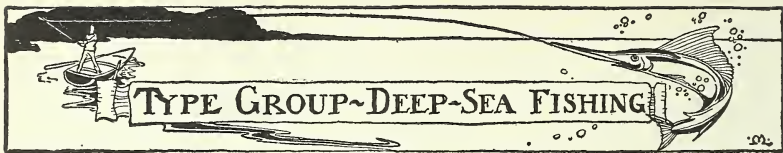
Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Describe the place in which the fishermen anchored. 2. The author compares the shark's movements to those of a bird dog; in what way were they similar? 3. Describe the capture of the calico fish by the colored men. 4. How did the fishermen estimate the weight of the shark? 5. Are sharks in any way useful animals? 6. Are they particularly dangerous fish? Give reasons for your answer. 7. Why does the author feel that to kill a shark is "a good deed shining in a naughty world"? 8. How does he feel about trout fishing?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Make an outline to guide you in telling this story to someone who has not read it.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Locate Key West on your map. 2. Why do the sharks come so near to shore in this region? 3. The fishermen moved the bait over the rocks; account for their change in luck thereafter. 4. Relate the story of the capture of the first shark. 5. Do you think the author enjoyed swimming in this water? Why? 6. Read to the class the passages which you consider humorous. 7. Do you think the author regards the shark as a game fighter? Find lines which prove your statement. 8. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: conch; sinister; whipray; aspiration; vestige; consolidated.

Class Reading. Are sharks harmless? page 173, lines 9 to 20; Is a shark game? page 174, lines 1 to 9; Should sharks be caught? page 174, lines 10 to 26.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (a) The different kinds of sharks and where they live. (b) Where and how sharks get their food. (c) The economic uses of sharks. (See *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Vol. XXIV.)



GENERAL QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTED READINGS

General Questions and Topics. 1. You will notice that these three stories deal with fishing as a sport; show how fishing may be regarded as an industry. 2. Which one of the story-tellers had the most thrilling experience? Cite passages to support your judgment. 3. What article of food is procured from each of these three kinds of fish? 4. Which do you think is of greater economic value, the whale, the shark, or the swordfish? Give reasons. 5. You will find a group of stories on fishing as an industry in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*; after reading them tell the class which you enjoyed more, the stories that deal with fishing as a sport or those that treat it as an industry.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (a) The most interesting story of whales that I have read. (b) How Zane Grey makes his story of swordfish interesting. (c) Fishing for Tuna at Santa Catalina Island. (d) The most exciting story of sharks I have read. (e) What I know about whales, sharks, and swordfish.

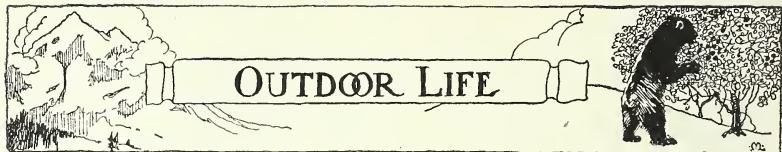
A Suggested Problem. Prepare an exhibit of pictures and articles that you have collected, cut from magazines and newspapers, relating to deep-sea fishing. A brief program of readings and reports on newspaper and magazine stories might be arranged to be given at some time during the exhibit.

Library Reading. For Report in Class by Individuals or Committees: "Moby Dick," "The Whiteness of the Whale," "Cutting In," "The Blanket," "The Try-works," "The Chase—First Day," "The Chase—Second Day," and "The Chase—Third Day," Melville (in *Moby Dick, or The White Whale*); "Some Rare Fish" and "Swordfish," Grey (in *Tales of Fishes*); "The Santa Catalina Island Swordfish," Holder and Pinchot, "The Pacific Coast Salmon," "The Rainbow Trout and Its Cousin," and "The Leaping Tuna," Holder (in *Game Fishes of the World*); "Swordfishing," Pinchot (in *Collier's Weekly*, April 6, 1912—the same incident as in "The Santa Catalina Island Swordfish" listed above); "Swordfishing," Stokes (in *Scribner's Magazine*, July, 1919); "The Whale That Sank a Whaler,"

Lanier (in *Book of Bravery, Series Two*); *The Real Story of the Whaler*, Verrill; "The Sharks of Grapetree Bay," Du Bois (in *Boy Scouts' Year Book*, 1918); "Swordfishing off Cape Cod," Booth (in *St. Nicholas*, August, 1909); "The Story of Fishing and Fisher-folk," Whiting (in *The Mentor*, July, 1923); "Devil Fishing in the Gulf Stream," La Gorce (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, June, 1919); "Fishing and Hunting Tales from Brazil," Cobb (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, October, 1909); "Giant Fishes of the Sea," Smith (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, July, 1909); "The Glass-Bottom Boat," Holder (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, September, 1909); "Catching the Whale," Cooper (in *Sea Lions*, Chapter XI); "Swordfish," Mason (in *The Saturday Evening Post*, November 17, 1923); "Fish and Fisheries of Our North Atlantic Seaboard," La Gorce, and "The North Atlantic Food Fishes," Murayama (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, December, 1923).

(b) For Use in Leisure Moments—Recreation: *Moby Dick*, or *The White Whale*, Melville; *Tales of Fishes*, Grey; *Peter the Whaler*, Kingston; *Captains Courageous*, Kipling; "The White Seal," Kipling (in *The Jungle Book*); "Leviathan," van Dyke (in *Days Off*); *Bob and the Guides*, Andrews; *His Soul Goes Marching On*, Andrews; *The Cruise of the Cachalot*, Bullen; "The Open Sea" and "The Fresh Water," Thomson (in *The Haunts of Life*); "Adventures of Billy Topsail," Duncan; *Sea Lions*, Cooper; *The Boys' Book of Whalers*, Verrill; *Fighting the Whales*, Balantyne; *Typee*, Melville; *Down to the Sea in Ships*, Moving Picture; *Great Sea Stories*, French; "The 'Shark' and the 'Awk,'" Dold (in *Field and Stream*, September, 1923); "Kingfish and Caveo," Sutton (in *Outdoor Life*, July, 1923); "The King of Yew Pool," Schwab (in *Outers' Recreation*, April, 1922); "Down to the Sea in Ships," Daniel (in *The World's Work*, September, 1922); "The Fourth Day," Walton (in *The Compleat Angler*, pages 79-112, Everyman Edition); *Jim Spurling, Fisherman*, Tolman; *Fisherman's Luck*, van Dyke; "The Spouter," Captain Dingle (in *The Saturday Evening Post*, March 31 and April 7, 1923).

(c) For Presentation by the Teacher: "Mariners of Gloucester," Connolly (in *The World's Work*, October, 1923); "Trout Fishing," Thoreau (in *The Maine Woods*); "A Wanderer's Song," Masfield (in *Salt-Water Ballads*); "Sea Fever," Masfield (in *The Story of a Round-House and Other Poems*); "The Angler's Song," Walton (in *The Compleat Angler*).



RESCUED BY JOHN MUIR

SAMUEL HALL YOUNG

Reading Aims—Find: (a) what thrilling experience the author had; (b) how he was rescued by John Muir.

Muir was the first to awake from his trance. Like Schiller's king in "The Diver," "Nothing could slake his wild thirst of desire."

"The sunset," he cried; "we must have the whole horizon."

5 Then he started running along the ledge like a mountain goat, working to get around the vertical cliff above us to find an ascent on the other side. He was soon out of sight, although I followed as fast as I could. I heard him shout something, but could not make out his words. I know now he was warning me of a
10 dangerous place. Then I came to a sharp-cut fissure which lay across my path—a gash in the rock, as if one of the Cyclopes had struck it with his ax. It sloped very steeply for some twelve feet below, opening on the face of the precipice above the glacier, and was filled to within about four feet of the surface with flat,
15 slaty gravel. It was only four or five feet across, and I could easily have leaped it had I not been so tired. But a rock the size of my head projected from the slippery stream of gravel. In my haste to overtake Muir I did not stop to make sure this stone was part of the cliff, but stepped with springing force upon
20 it to cross the fissure. Instantly the stone melted away beneath

my feet, and I shot with it down toward the precipice. With my peril sharp upon me I cried out as I whirled on my face, and stuck out both hands to grasp the rock on either side.

5 Falling forward hard, my hands struck the walls of the chasm, my arms were twisted behind me, and instantly both shoulders were dislocated. With my paralyzed arms flopping helplessly above my head, I slid swiftly down the narrow chasm. Instinctively I flattened down on the sliding gravel, digging my chin and toes into it to check my descent; but not until my
10 feet hung out over the edge of the cliff did I feel that I had stopped. Even then I dared not breathe or stir, so precarious was my hold on that treacherous shale. Every moment I seemed to be slipping inch by inch to the point when all would give way and I would go whirling down to the glacier.

15 After the first wild moment of panic when I felt myself falling, I do not remember any sense of fear. But I know what it is to have a thousand thoughts flash through the brain in a single instant—an indignant thought of the insurance companies that refused me policies on my life; a thought of wonder as to
20 what would become of my poor flocks of Indians among the islands; recollections of events far and near in time, important and trivial; but each thought printed upon my memory by the instantaneous photography of deadly peril. I had no hope of escape at all. The gravel was rattling past me and piling up
25 against my head. The jar of a little rock, and all would be over. The situation was too desperate for actual fear. Dull wonder as to how long I would be in the air, and the hope that death would be instant—that was all. Then came the wish that Muir would come before I fell, and take a message to my wife.

30 Suddenly I heard his voice right above me. "Heavens!" he cried. Then he added, "Grab that rock, man, just by your right hand."

I gurgled from my throat, not daring to inflate my lungs, "My arms are out."

35 There was a pause. Then his voice rang again, cheery, con-

fident, unexcited, "Hold fast; I'm going to get you out of this. I can't get to you on this side; the rock is sheer. I'll have to leave you now and cross the rift high up and come down to you on the other side by which we came. Keep cool."

5 Then I heard him going away, whistling "The Blue Bells of Scotland," singing snatches of Scotch songs, calling to me, his voice now receding, as the rocks intervened, then sounding louder as he came out on the face of the cliff. But in me hope surged at full tide. I entertained no more thoughts of last messages. I did
10 not see how he could possibly do it, but he was John Muir, and I has seen his wonderful rock-work. So I determined not to fall and made myself as flat and heavy as possible, not daring to twitch a muscle or wink an eyelid, for I still felt myself slipping, slipping down the greasy slate. And now a new peril threatened.
15 A chill ran through me of cold and nervousness, and I slid an inch. I suppressed the growing shivers with all my will. I would keep perfectly quiet till Muir came back. The sickening pain in my shoulders increased till it was torture, and I could not ease it.

It seemed like hours, but it was really only about ten minutes
20 before he got back to me. By that time I hung so far over the edge of the precipice that it seemed impossible that I could last another second. Now I heard Muir's voice, low and steady, close to me, and it seemed a little below.

"Hold steady," he said. "I'll have to swing you out over the
25 cliff."

Then I felt a careful hand on my back, fumbling with the waistband of my trousers, my vest and shirt, gathering all in a firm grip. I could see only with one eye, and that looked upon but a foot or two of gravel on the other side.

30 "Now!" he said, and I slid out of the cleft with a rattling shower of stones and gravel. My head swung down, my impotent arms dangling, and I stared straight at the glacier, a thousand feet below. Then my feet came against the cliff.

"Work downwards with your feet."

35 I obeyed. He drew me close to him by crooking his arm,

and as my head came up past his level he caught me by my collar with his teeth! My feet struck the little two-inch shelf on which he was standing, and I could see Muir, flattened against the face of the rock and facing it, his right hand stretched up and clasping a little spur, his left holding me with an iron grip, his head bent sideways, as my weight drew it. I felt as alert and cool as he.

"I've got to let go of you," he hissed through his clenched teeth.

"I need both hands here. Climb upward with your feet."

How he did it, I know not. The miracle grows as I ponder it. The wall was almost perpendicular and smooth. My weight on his jaws dragged him outwards. And yet, holding me by his teeth as a panther her cub and clinging like a squirrel to a tree, he climbed with me straight up ten or twelve feet, with only the help of my iron-shod feet scrambling on the rock. It was utterly impossible, yet he did it!

When he landed me on the little shelf along which we had come, my nerve gave way and I trembled all over. I sank down exhausted, Muir only less tired, but supporting me.

The sun had set; the air was icy cold and we had no coats.

Muir's task of rescue had only begun and no time was to be lost. In a minute he was up again, examining my shoulders. The right one had an upward dislocation, the ball of the humerus resting on the process of the scapula, the rim of the cup. I told him how, and he soon snapped the bone into its socket. But the left was a harder proposition. The luxation was downward and forward, and the strong, nervous reaction of the muscles had pulled the head of the bone deep into my armpit. There was no room to work on that narrow ledge. All that could be done was to make a rude sling with one of my suspenders and our handkerchiefs, so as both to support the elbow and keep the arm from swinging.

Then came the task of getting down that terrible wall to the glacier, by the only practicable way down the mountain that Muir, after a careful search, could find. Again I am at a loss to

know how he accomplished it. For an unencumbered man to descend it in the deepening dusk was a most difficult task; but to get a tottery, nerve-shaken, pain-racked cripple down was a feat of positive wonder. My right arm, though in place, was almost helpless. I could only move my forearm; the muscles of the upper part simply refusing to obey my will. Muir would let himself down to a lower shelf, brace himself, and I would get my right hand against him, crawl my fingers over his shoulder until the arm hung in front of him, and falling against him, would be eased down to his standing ground. Sometimes he would pack me a short distance on his back. Again, taking me by the wrist, he would swing me down to a lower shelf, before descending himself. My right shoulder came out three times that night, and had to be reset.

It was dark when we reached the base; there was no moon and it was very cold. The glacier provided an operating table, and I lay on the ice for an hour while Muir, having slit the sleeve of my shirt to the collar, tugged and twisted at my left arm in a vain attempt to set it. But the ball was too deep in its false socket, and all his pulling only bruised and made it swell. So he had to do up the arm again, and tie it tight to my body. It must have been near midnight when we left the foot of the cliff and started down the mountain.

We had ten hard miles to go, and no supper, for the hardtack had disappeared ere we were halfway up the mountain. Muir dared not take me across the glacier in the dark; I was too weak to jump the crevasses. So we skirted it and came, after a mile, to the head of a great slide of gravel, the fine moraine matter of the receding glacier. Muir sat down on the gravel; I sat against him with my feet on either side and my arm over his shoulder. Then he began to hitch and kick, and presently we were sliding at great speed in a cloud of dust. A full half mile we flew, and were almost buried when we reached the bottom of the slide. It was the easiest part of our trip.

Now we found ourselves in the cañon, down which tumbled

the glacial stream, and far beneath the ridge along which we had ascended. The sides of the cañon were sheer cliffs.

"We'll try it," said Muir. "Sometimes these cañons are passable."

5 But the way grew rougher as we descended. The rapids became falls, and we often had to retrace our steps to find a way around them. After we reached the timber-line, some four miles from the summit, the going was still harder, for we had a thicket of alders and willows to fight. Here Muir offered to make a fire and leave me while he went forward for assistance, but I refused. 10 "No," I said; "I'm going to make it to the boat."

All that night this man of steel and lightning worked, never resting a minute, doing the work of three men, helping me along the slopes, easing me down the rocks, pulling me up cliffs, dashing 15 water on me when I grew faint with the pain; and always cheery, full of talk and anecdote, cracking jokes with me, infusing me with his own indomitable spirit. He was eyes, hands, feet, and heart to me—my caretaker, in whom I trusted absolutely. My eyes brim with tears even now when I think of his utter self- 20 abandon as he ministered to my infirmities.

About four o'clock in the morning we came to a fall that we could not compass, sheer a hundred feet or more. So we had to attack the steep walls of the cañon. After a hard struggle we were on the mountain ridges again, traversing the flower pastures, 5 creeping through openings in the brush, scrambling over the dwarf firs, then down through the fallen timber. It was half-past seven o'clock when we descended the last slope and found the path to Glenora. Here we met a straggling party of whites and Indians just starting out to search the mountain for us.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Samuel Hall Young (1847-) is a native of Pennsylvania, now living in Juneau, Alaska. He was educated at the University of Wooster, Western Theological Seminary, and Princeton Theological Seminary. He went to Alaska as an explorer, and as a missionary to Fort Wrangel. He visited many parts of Alaska, the Siberian coast, and the Arctic

Ocean by boat, or traveling long distances in winter by dog-team. Among his richest experiences were those in company with the famous Scotch naturalist, John Muir, who made three extended trips from his home in California to Alaska, and through his writings revealed to his countrymen the marvels of this northern land. Mr. Young has written in various magazines of his adventures in the North. Among his books, *Alaska Days with John Muir*, from which "Rescued by John Muir" is taken, and *Adventures in Alaska* are the most widely read.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Why were the men running along the narrow ledge? 2. Describe clearly the "dangerous place" where the accident occurred. 3. How did the author manage to hold on after his arms were dislocated? 4. How did Muir plan the rescue? 5. Account for the author's change from despair to hope. 6. Describe how Muir actually rescued him. 7. How did Muir succeed in getting the injured man down the mountain side? 8. What was the easiest half mile of the trip? 9. About how long did it take the two men to complete their perilous journey?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Tell the story in your own words to someone who has not read it, using these topics: (a) The scene of the accident; (b) Why Muir sang "The Blue Bells of Scotland" when his companion was in danger; (c) The rescue; (d) The journey home; (e) The real hero of the situation.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Find the meaning of the reference to "Schiller's king." 2. Read "John Muir, a Pilgrim from Scotland," Wade (in *Pilgrims of Today*) to find out who John Muir is and what he has done. 3. Make a drawing on the board to illustrate the exact cause of the accident. 4. What thoughts flashed through the author's brain when he found himself in so dangerous a position? 5. Do you think that John Muir was heartless when he went away singing? What were his motives? 6. Account for the fact that Young had great faith in John Muir's ability to save him. 7. What was the danger of traveling over a glacier at night? 8. What characteristics did Muir show which make you admire him? 9. What admirable qualities does the author show? 10. You will enjoy reading "The Dog and the Man" (in *Alaska Days with John Muir*, Chapter VI).

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (a) The Muir Glacier. (b) Muir as a naturalist. (c) Muir's influence in establishing the Yosemite National Park. (d) Muir as an author. (See "Library Reading.")

Library Reading: *The Story of My Boyhood and Youth*, Muir; *Our National Parks*, Muir; "John Muir, a Pilgrim from Scotland," Wade (in *Pilgrims of Today*); "Muir Glacier" (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, December, 1903); "Why Not?" Cotter, Lanier (in *Book of Bravery, Series Three*); "John Muir," Tappan (in *Heroes of Progress*); *Alaska Days with John Muir*, Young.

A WILD TURKEY HUNT

MAYNE REID

Reading Aims—Find: (a) how many turkeys the boys captured; (b) the difficulties and dangers the hunters met; (c) how these obstacles were overcome.

THE CHASE

“Come on!” cried Basil, putting the spur to his horse, and riding forward. “Come on! It isn’t so bad a case after all—a good fat turkey for dinner, eh! Come on!”

“Hold on, brother,” said Lucien; “how are we to get near them? They are out on the open ground where there is no cover.”

“We don’t want cover. We can ‘run’ them as we were about to do if they had been buffaloes.”

“Ha! Ha! Ha!” laughed François, “run a turkey! Why it will fly off at once. What nonsense you talk, brother!”

“I tell you, no,” replied Basil. “It is not nonsense—it can be done. I have often heard so from trappers; now let us try it ourselves.”

“Agreed, then,” said François and Lucien, as all three rode forward together.

When they were near enough to recognize the form of the birds, they saw that there were two old gobblers and a hen. The gobblers were strutting about with their tails spread like fans, and their wings trailing along the grass. Every now and then they uttered their loud “Gobble-obble-obble,” and by their actions it was clearly an affair of rivalry, likely to end in a battle. The female stalked over the grass, in a quiet but coquettish way, no doubt fully aware of the warm interest she was exciting in the breasts of the warlike gobblers. She was much smaller than either of these, and far less brilliant in plumage. The gobblers appeared very bright indeed, almost equal to a pair of peacocks,

and as their glossy backs shone in the sun, our hunters thought they had never before seen such beautiful birds.

Interested in their own quarrel, the gobblers would no doubt have allowed the hunters to get within shooting distance of them, but the female was on the alert, and raised her head with a loud "Tweet!" which attracted the attention of her companions. Their spread tails closed and came to the ground, their wings were shut up, and their long necks stretched into the air. They now stood erect upon the prairie, each of them full five feet in height.

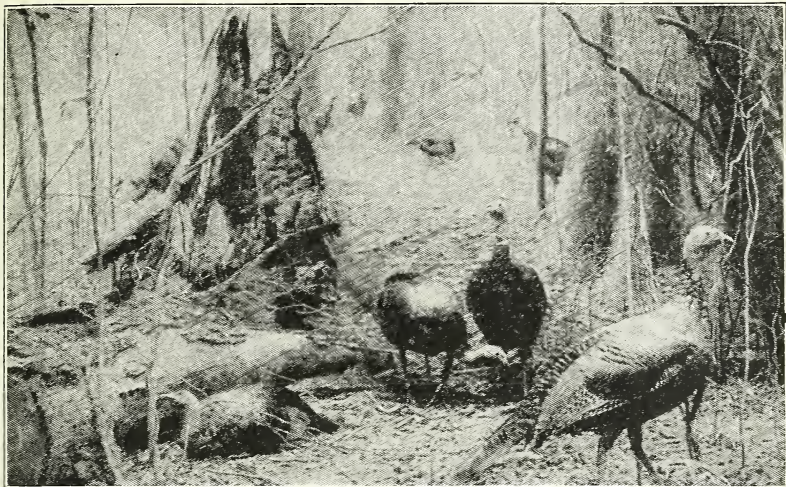
"Beautiful creatures!" exclaimed Lucien.

"Yes," muttered Basil. "They will not give us much longer time, though. We had better make a dash. You take the hen, Luce, for your horse is the slowest. Now for the game. *Forward!*"

All three spurred their horses and dashed forward together, Marengo, the dog, leading the chase. In a moment they were within a hundred yards or so of the turkeys. Thus suddenly surprised, the turkeys ran a few paces and then rose into the air, with a loud flapping of their wings, taking different directions. Each of the boys had selected the one he intended to pursue, and upon that one alone his eyes were fixed. Basil and François followed the gobblers, while Lucien rode at a quiet gallop after the hen.

Marengo took part in the chase, and joined in with Lucien, either because he thought the hen would be sweeter meat, or would be the easiest to capture.

She did not fly far before coming to the ground, and then she ran with all her might for the nearest clump of timber. Lucien followed her, Marengo leading the way, occasionally uttering a loud yelp as he ran. As Lucien entered the timber, he saw the dog standing by the root of a large oak. He had treed the turkey, and was looking upward with watchful eyes, barking and wagging his tail. Lucien rode cautiously under the tree, where he saw the turkey crouching among the moss upon one of



WILD TURKEYS

its highest branches. His rifle was up to his shoulder in a moment, and after the crack of the gun the turkey was heard tumbling and fluttering through the leaves. Marengo sprang upon it as it came to the ground, but his master leaped from his horse, scolded him off, and took the game.

Lucien now remounted, and riding out into the open ground, he could see Basil far off upon the prairies. He was going at full gallop, and the gobbler had disappeared from his view; soon both were lost behind a small patch of timber. Lucien looked for François, who was nowhere to be seen, having pursued his gobbler in a direction where the groves were more thickly spread over the prairie. Thinking it would be of no use to follow either of them, Lucien rode slowly back to the place where Jeanette, the pack mule, had been left near the edge of the forest. Here he dismounted and awaited the return of his brothers.

Basil's chase proved a longer one than he had expected. He had chosen the biggest of the birds, and the strongest and toughest. His gobbler, at the first flight, made a clear stretch of

nearly a mile, and when he alighted again, ran like a scared cat. But Basil was not to be discouraged, and soon gained upon the gobbler. The turkey again took to his wings, dropping down another half mile in the advance. Again Basil galloped up, and
5 once more the old cock rose into the air, this time flying only about a hundred yards before he alighted. Basil was soon up to him with his fleet horse, but the gobbler was now unable to fly any farther. However, he could run at a good rate, and where the prairie was uphill, he ran faster than the horse. Downhill,
10 the horse gained on the turkey, and thus they went, until the bird began to double and circle about, showing all the symptoms of weariness. Several times the horse ran over the turkey, which then turned and took the back track.

The chase continued for a considerable time. At length the
15 bird became completely exhausted, and squatting down, he thrust his head and long neck among the weeds, like an ostrich, thinking himself thus hidden from his pursuers. Basil now drew his horse's rein, raised his long rifle, and the next moment a bullet passed through the gobbler, stretching him dead upon the grass.

20 Basil then dismounted, and taking up the turkey, tied his legs to the rear of his saddle. This required all Basil's strength, for the bird was one of the largest size—a forty-pounder.

HOW BASIL FOUND HIS WAY

When the hunter had made all fast, he leaped back into the saddle, and commenced riding—where? Aye, that was the ques-
25 tion which he asked himself before his horse had advanced three lengths of his body—where was he going? All at once the thought came to him that he was lost! Groves of timber were on all sides of him. They were like each other; or, if they differed, he had not in his wild gallop noted that difference, and it
30 could not serve to direct him now. He had not the slightest idea of the point whence he had come; therefore he knew not in what direction to go. He saw and felt that he was lost.

My young reader, you cannot imagine the thoughts that come

over one who is lost upon the prairies. Such a situation has appalled the stoutest hearts before now. Strong men have trembled at feeling themselves alone in the wilderness; and well they might, for they knew that the consequence had often been death. The shipwrecked mariner in his open boat is hardly in less danger than the lost traveler upon the prairie. Under such circumstances many men have gone mad. Fancy, then, the feelings of the boy Basil.

He was a cool and courageous lad, and now he proved it. He did not lose his presence of mind, but he reined his horse and surveyed the prairie around him with an intelligent eye. It was all to no purpose. He saw nothing that would give him a clue to the spot where he had separated from his brothers. He shouted aloud, but there was neither echo nor answer. He fired off his rifle and listened, thinking Lucien or François might reply by a like signal; then he sat for a while in his saddle, buried in thought.

"Ha! I have it!" he exclaimed, suddenly raising himself in his stirrups. "Why was I so stupid! Come, Black Hawk! We are not lost yet!"

Basil had not been a hunter all his life for nothing; although he had had but little experience upon the prairies, his woodcraft now stood him in good stead. The thought which had so suddenly occurred to him was a good one, the only one that could with certainty save him. He resolved to return upon his own tracks.

With eyes bent on the ground, he wheeled his horse and rode slowly along. The turf was firm and the hoof-marks were not deep, but Basil had a hunter's eye and could follow the track of a fawn. In a few minutes he arrived at the spot where he had killed the turkey. The blood and feathers on the grass made him sure of this. Here he halted for a moment, until he could determine the direction from which he had first approached this spot. When he had determined this direction to his satisfaction, he rode slowly in the back track. After a short distance had been passed over, the trail doubled. Basil followed the double trail

and came back, passing almost over the same ground. Again it doubled as before, and again and again, without going a hundred yards from the place where the bird had been shot. All these turnings the young hunter retraced with the greatest care and
5 patience. In this he showed his good judgment and his knowledge of hunter-craft, for, if he had grown impatient and taken a wider range to find the trail, he might have fallen upon his last-made tracks. Thus he would have brought himself into a regular maze.

10 After a while the circles in which he traveled became larger, and, to his great joy, he found himself advancing in a straight line. Many horse-tracks crossed his trail, some of which were nearly as fresh as his own. These did not baffle him. They were the tracks of mustangs; and although Black Hawk was not shod
15 any more than they, Basil knew the print of his horse's hoof as well as he knew the appearance of his own rifle. The Arab's track was considerably larger than those of the wild horses.

After following the trail backward for nearly an hour, his eyes all the time bent upon the ground, he was suddenly startled
20 by a voice calling him by name. He looked up and saw Lucien at the edge of the woods. With a shout of joy he plied the spur and rode forward. However, as he drew near, his feeling of joy became one of fear. There was Lucien, there was Jeanette and Marengo, but where was François?

FRANÇOIS IS MISSING

25 "Where is François?" inquired Lucien, as Basil rode up. The latter could hardly speak, so strong were his feelings. "O brother!" he said hesitatingly, "has François not returned?"
"No," answered Lucien; "I was thinking he was with you, and you would come back together. I have been wondering what
30 could have detained you so long."

"Oh, he is lost!" cried Basil, breaking into an agony of grief. "Lucien! Lucien! our brother is lost!"

"Lost! what do you mean?" asked Lucien, half believing that François had been attacked by Indians or some wild animal, and that that was what Basil meant. "Has anything happened to him? Speak, Basil!"

"No, no!" replied Basil, still speaking wildly; "lost on the prairie! O brother, you know not what it is—it is a fearful thing. I have been lost, I have got back; but François, poor little François! there is no hope for him! he is lost—lost!"

"But have you not seen him since we all three parted?" inquired Lucien.

"No, not since we parted. I was lost myself, and have been all this time finding my way. I succeeded by following back my own trail, else we might never have met again. O François! poor brother François! What will become of him?"

Lucien now shared the fear as well as the agony of his brother. Up to this time he had thought that they were together, and that something had detained them, perhaps the breaking of a stirrup-leather or a girth, he knew not what. And he had just begun to grow uneasy about them when Basil made his appearance. He did not know what it was to be lost, but Basil's wild explanation enabled him to realize what it might be. It was no time, however, to indulge in grief. He saw that Basil was in great grief because he regarded himself as the cause of the misfortune. It was Basil who had advised the running of the turkeys and had led on the chase.

Instead of giving way to despair they both felt that they must take some steps to recover their lost brother.

"What is to be done?" said Lucien.

Basil now became himself again. The hope of saving François restored him to his wonted energy and courage.

"Is it better we should remain here?" asked Lucien, who knew that his brother's judgment would decide upon the best plan.

"No," replied Basil, "it is of no use. I could not have found my way back but for the tracks of my horse. François will not

think of that; even if he did, his horse is a mustang, and the prairie is covered with mustang tracks, running in every direction. No, no, he will never come back here except by chance, and there are a thousand chances to one against it. We must go in
5 search of him; we must go upon his trail; and that I fear will be impossible among so many others. Before we leave this place," continued Basil, "let us try every chance that is left. Are you loaded?"

"Yes," replied Lucien.

10 "Fire, then, a moment or two after I do. The first report may call his attention to the second."

Basil raised his gun and fired into the air. A few seconds later, Lucien fired also, and both stood listening, their hearts beating loudly.

15 For five minutes or more they stood, so that François might have time to load his gun, if empty, but there was no response. Again the brothers loaded their rifles, with powder only, putting in heavy charges and ramming home tightly, in order that the explosions might be the louder. Again they fired as before. The
20 result was the same, for there was no answer to their signal.

"It proves that he is very distant," said Lucien, "for sounds can be heard a great way off in this region."

"Let us try a smoke," said Basil, putting away his rifle. "Gather some wood, Luce, while I kindle the leaves."

25 Basil picked up some pieces of the burning wad, and taking it out to the open ground, raked together a pile of dry leaves and grass, and set fire to it. Meanwhile Lucien collected an armful of sticks and placed them upon the pile. Others were thrown on top, with green leaves and boughs broken from the
30 trees, and several armfuls of Spanish moss which hung plentifully from the oaks. A thick blue smoke soon rose high into the heavens, and the brothers stood scanning the prairie in all directions.

"He must be far off if he cannot see that smoke," remarked
35 Lucien. "It should be seen for ten miles around!"

"At least that far," answered Basil; "but he would not be long in getting ten miles away. The chase might have carried him a good part of the way, and, finding himself lost, he would soon gallop the rest."

5 "Unless," said Lucien, "he may have ridden about upon his own trail as you did."

"No, he would not be likely to do that. Poor little François would not think of it; he is not crafty enough for that, and I almost hope that he has not done so."

10 "Why do you hope so?" inquired Lucien.

"Because we shall stand a better chance of making out his trail if he has gone straight forward."

"True, true," rejoined Lucien, and again both stood silently watching the prairie-openings with anxious eyes.

15 Thus they remained for a considerable time, but at length turned to each other with faces that showed disappointment and sadness.

"He is not coming," said Lucien, in a sorrowful tone.

20 "No, he would have been here long since. He would be certain to gallop if he had seen the smoke. We must go after him."

They turned toward their horses. Basil's glance fell upon the dog, and a gleam of joy shot into his eye. His whole bearing suddenly changed.

25 "Ha," he exclaimed, "we have been wasting time. Quick, Lucien! your horse! to your horse!"

"What is it?" asked Lucien in surprise.

"Do not ask me; we have not a moment to lose. Let us be off!"

"But shall we leave Jeanette?"

30 "By all means, for François might come up."

"If he should come, how is he to know where we have gone?"

"True," answered Basil, thinking a moment. "Oh!" he continued, "give me your paper and pencil. You tie Jeanette while I write."

35 Lucien handed him a small slip of paper with a pencil, and

then proceeded to tie the mule securely to one of the branches.

Basil took the paper and wrote—

“François, we are gone upon your trail. Stay by Jeanette.”

He fastened the paper to the trunk of the tree. He seized
5 his rifle and leaped into the saddle, calling upon Lucien to follow him.

Lucien mounted and rode after him, while the dog Marengo trotted in the rear. They rode in a direct line to the spot where they had started in pursuit of the turkeys. From this place
10 François had turned to the left, but there were many horses' tracks leading in the same direction.

Fortunately the night was not so dark as they had expected, and they could see Marengo with sufficient distinctness to enable them to follow him, even at a gallop. And thus they rode for
15 nearly another hour—Basil still blazing their trail as they swept past the timber islets.

All at once, as they rounded a thick grove, a bright object glistened before their eyes. It was a blazing fire under the shadow of some tall trees! Marengo made straight for it.
20 Fearing it might be an encampment of Indians, Basil galloped forward, and, alighting from his horse, stopped the dog. A halt was made to decide what was best to do. At that moment the fire blazed up, and they saw a spotted object.

Hurrah! It was François's mustang. Basil and Lucien now
25 advanced rapidly, and to their great joy, saw François sitting by the fire. The next moment the brothers were in each other's arms.

François soon told of his adventures. He had killed his turkey, and then found himself lost, but instead of going back upon
30 his own trail, as Basil had done, he had wandered about until nightfall. At intervals he shouted and fired his gun. At times he rode long stretches without touching the bridle, or in any way guiding his horse. Wearied at length, he dismounted, and tied the animal to a tree. It was night, and feeling cold and hungry,
35 he took courage and kindled a fire. Fortunately, the gobbler

still hung to his saddle. He had just taken it down, singed it, and was roasting it over the fire when his brothers came. At sight of the broiling turkey, Basil and Lucien became as hungry as wolves, for, in their anxiety, they had not thought of eating. The roast was soon ready, and, after a plentiful supper, in which Marengo shared, the young hunters staked their horses upon the grass, wrapped themselves in their blankets, and went to sleep.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Captain Mayne Reid (1818-1883) was a great lover of adventure who actually experienced most of the things he wrote about. He was born in Ireland. When he was twenty-one years old he set out for America in search of excitement and a fortune, and in January, 1840, he landed in New Orleans. During his first year in America he was successively storekeeper, school-teacher, actor, poet, newspaper correspondent, and editor. He also made trading excursions on the Red River and on the Missouri River, and studied the lives of the red Indian and the white pioneer. In 1843 he settled in Philadelphia, where he became the friend of Poe. In 1846 he obtained a captain's commission and fought in the Mexican War until severely wounded. In battle he was a cool and daring leader, and his men followed him gladly. Later he volunteered to aid the Hungarians in their struggle for freedom, but he arrived too late to take part.

After a few years he settled down in England and entered upon his career as an author. The first book he published, *The Rifle Rangers*, had been written while he was in America, and like all his books, was based on the actual experiences of real people. He published a book yearly at Christmas time for many years. In 1867 he returned with his wife to America, where he started a boy's magazine, *Onward*. When this did not succeed, he went back to England and interested himself in farming. Throughout his life he was adventurous, daring, and "hot and hasty," like his famous ancestor, Rutherford, in Scott's *Marmion*. He was also a great lover of freedom and justice and would fly to the defense of a slandered friend, as in the case of Poe, or to the aid of a down-trodden nation, as in the case of Hungary.

The Boy Hunters, from which "A Wild Turkey Hunt" is taken, was published at Christmas, 1852. The author says, "For the boy readers of England and America this book has been written, and to them it is dedicated; that it may interest them, so as to rival in their affections the top, the ball, and the kite—that it may impress them, so as to create a taste for

that most refining study, the study of nature—that it may benefit them, by begetting a fondness for books . . . is the sincere wish of their friend, the author.” Although Mayne Reid was not a scientist, he is said to have had remarkable powers of observation, and his pictures of life and adventure in the early days of the Middle West are therefore valuable. The story “A Wild Turkey Hunt” has the additional interest of dealing with a game bird closely connected with American life since the days of the first Thanksgiving dinner. The adventure occurred in the Southwest, on the “divide” between the Trinity and the Brazos Rivers in Texas. The country is termed “timber prairie,” that is, a prairie interspersed with groves and clumps of brush.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Name the boys who engaged in the wild turkey hunt. 2. Tell how the dog Marengo assisted the hunters. 3. Describe Basil’s chase. 4. How did Basil and Lucien try to attract the attention of François when he was lost on the prairie? 5. How did they finally succeed in finding him? 6. How many turkeys did the boys get?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Tell the story in your own words to someone who has not read it, using these topics: (a) The beginning of the hunt; (b) Lucien’s turkey; (c) Basil’s turkey; (d) The search for François; (e) The finding of François.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Is the danger of being lost greater in the woods or on the prairie? 2. How do you account for the fact that Basil could retrace his horse’s footprints while François could not do so? 3. Which hunter showed the best judgment? Give reasons for your answer. 4. Describe the wild turkey’s appearance, size, and method of flight; if possible, illustrate with pictures. 5. Would Basil have made a good Boy Scout? Give as many reasons as possible for your answer. 6. How does this story show methods of securing food in frontier countries? 7. The turkey is native to America; when do we first hear of it in American history? Why is it the custom to have turkey on Thanksgiving Day? 8. Lucien killed a *hen* turkey; why do hunters of the present day conserve the hens? 9. What methods of signaling did the boys in this story use? Do you know of other ways to signal?

Library Reading. “That Twenty-five Pound Gobbler,” Rutledge (in *Outing*, March, 1919); “Turkey Tracks in the Big Cypress,” Dimock (in *Outing*, October, 1909); “Story of a North Carolina Turkey Hunt,” Foster (in *Outing*, December, 1907); “Hunting the Deceitful Turkey,” Twain (in Mark Twain’s *Works*, Volume XXVII); *Plantation Game Trails*, Rutledge; *The Boy Hunters*, Reid; “Thanksgiving at Todd’s Asylum,” Packard (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*); “Turkey Ketchin’,” Curtis (in *Field and Stream*, September, 1923); “Make Room for the Turkey,” Rutledge (in *The Outlook*, May 23, 1923).

HUNTING IN THE SELKIRKS

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Reading Aims—Find: (a) what success the hunters had; (b) how a wilderness hunter spends his evenings.

Toward evening the valley widened a little, and we were able to walk in the bottoms, which much lightened our labor. The hunter, for greater ease, had tied the thongs of his heavy pack across his breast, so that he could not use his rifle; but my pack was lighter, and I carried it in a manner that would not interfere with my shooting, lest we should come unawares on game.

It was well that I did so. An hour or two before sunset we were traveling, as usual, in Indian file, beside the stream, through an open wood of great hemlock trees. There was no breeze, and we made no sound as we marched, for our feet sank noiselessly into the deep sponge of moss, while the incessant dashing of the torrent, churning among the stones, would have drowned a far louder advance.

Suddenly the hunter, who was leading, dropped down in his tracks, pointing forward; and some fifty feet beyond I saw the head and shoulders of a bear as he rose to make a sweep at some berries. He was in a hollow where a tall, rank, prickly plant, with broad leaves, grew luxuriantly; and he was gathering its red berries, rising on his hind legs and sweeping them down into his mouth with his paw, and was much too intent on his work to notice us, for his head was pointed the other way. The moment he rose again I fired, meaning to shoot through the shoulders, but instead, in the hurry, taking him in the neck. Down he went, but whether hurt or not we could not see, for the second he was on all fours he was no longer visible. Rather to my surprise he uttered no sound, for bear, when hit or when

charging, often make a great noise, so I raced forward to the edge of the hollow, the hunter close behind me, while Ammal danced about in the rear, very much excited, as Indians always are in the presence of big game. The instant we reached the hollow
5 and looked down into it from the low bank on which we stood, we saw by the swaying of the tall plants that the bear was coming our way. The hunter was standing some ten feet distant, a hemlock trunk being between us; but the next moment the bear sprang clean up the bank the other side of the hemlock, and
10 almost within arm's length of my companion. I do not think he had intended to charge; he was probably confused by the bullet through his neck, and had by chance blundered out of the hollow in our direction; but when he saw the hunter so close he turned for him, his hair bristling and his teeth showing. The man had
15 no cartridge in his weapon, and with his pack on could not have used it anyhow; for a moment it looked as if he stood a fair chance of being hurt, though it is not likely that the bear would have done more than knock him down with his powerful forepaw, or perchance give him a single bite in passing. However, as the
20 beast sprang out of the hollow he poised for a second on the edge of the bank to recover his balance, giving me a beautiful shot, as he stood sidewise to me; the bullet struck between the eye and ear, and he fell as if hit with a pole-ax.

Immediately the Indian began jumping about the body,
25 uttering wild yells, his usually impassive face lit up with excitement, while the hunter and I stood at rest, leaning on our rifles, and laughing. It was a strange scene, the dead bear lying in the shade of the giant hemlocks, while the fantastic-looking savage danced round him with shrill whoops, and the tall frontiersman
30 looked quietly on.

Our prize was a large black bear, with two curious brown streaks down his back, one on each side of the spine. We skinned him and camped by the carcass, as it was growing late. To take the chill off the evening air we built a huge fire, the logs roaring
35 and crackling. To one side of it we made our beds—of balsam

and hemlock boughs; we did not build a brush lean-to, because the night seemed likely to be clear. Then we supped on sugarless tea, frying-pan bread, and quantities of bear meat, fried or roasted, and how very good it tasted only those know who have
5 gone through much hardship and some little hunger, and have worked violently for several days without flesh food. After eating our fill we stretched ourselves around the fire; the leaping sheets of flame lit the tree-trunks round about, causing them to start out against the cavernous blackness beyond, and red-
10 dened the interlacing branches that formed a canopy overhead. The Indian sat on his haunches gazing steadily and silently into the pile of blazing logs, while the white hunter and I talked together.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Theodore Roosevelt (1858-1919) was born in New York. He is said to have been preëminently American, not only because his ancestors represented many nations, but also because his father was a northerner and his mother a southerner—a member of a prominent Georgia family. As a child, although he lived in the North, his earliest memories were enriched with the folklore of the Southern plantation.

Throughout his active and energetic life, Roosevelt was an ardent advocate of out-of-door sports and interests. As a child he was frail of body, but when he was about fourteen, he resolved to make himself as strong and active as were some of his favorite heroes; and by regular exercise, boxing, and out-of-door life he succeeded in becoming a good boxer, a good rider, a good marksman, and thus laid the foundations for the endurance and skill that later made him the successful rancher, the successful Rough Rider, and the successful hunter of big game. In 1884 Roosevelt bought two cattle ranches near Medora, North Dakota, and for two years lived the life of a ranchman, taking part in the round-ups and sharing all the other activities and hardships of the cattle range. Of this life he says, "In that land we led a hardy life. Ours was the glory of work and the joy of living."

At the end of this time he accepted the nomination of the independents for mayor of New York City, and returned to the East to plunge into a lively political campaign. On this occasion he was defeated. "But, anyway," he said, "I had a bully time."

During September of the following year, he again went west—this time

to the Selkirks in northern Idaho. The story "Hunting in the Selkirks," taken from his book *The Wilderness Hunter*, is an account of an incident that happened on this trip.

Roosevelt's long life of public service began in 1889, when he became United States Civil Service Commissioner. He served in this office, doing valuable work in enforcing the regulations, and preventing graft and inefficiency, until 1895, when he became President of the Police Commission of New York City. In this office he enforced the laws, raising the morale of the police force, and did much to relieve the sufferings and injustices of the poor, toward which his mind had long before been turned by Jacob Riis's book *How the Other Half Lives*. In 1897 he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy, but the year following he resigned to become Lieutenant-Colonel of the First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry (the Rough Riders) and fought in the Spanish War. The story of how he led the Rough Riders in a victorious charge over crest after crest of the San Juan Hills is especially well told in Hagedorn's *The Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt*.

In 1898 Roosevelt was elected Governor of New York, and on March 4, 1901, he became Vice President of the United States. Upon President McKinley's death in the following September, he became the twenty-sixth President of the United States.

Lord Charnwood in his book *Theodore Roosevelt*, published in 1923, says that during his second term as President, Roosevelt "became one of the greatest figures then before the world, as a devoted and most successful peacemaker." Lord Charnwood here refers to Roosevelt's services in bringing about the conclusion of war between Russia and Japan, for which he was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1906.

Immediately after retiring from the Presidency in 1909, Roosevelt sailed for Africa to hunt big game. His book *African Game Trails*, published upon his return in 1910 gives an interesting account of the trip.

Upon America's entrance into the World War Roosevelt again wished to take part in the active fighting. This proved to be impossible, but his three sons saw active service, and Quentin, the aviator, was among those who gave up their lives. At the time of Roosevelt's death, Rudyard Kipling said, "It is as though Bunyan's Mr. Greatheart had died in the midst of his pilgrimage, for he was the greatest proved American of his generation." The message of Roosevelt's life to boys and girls is a lesson of good sportsmanship in all the relations and duties of life. It is well expressed in his own words in "The American Boy" (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*); "In life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard!"

On October 27, 1923, Roosevelt's birthplace at 28 East 20th Street, New York, was dedicated as a permanent memorial to him.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. What precaution did Roosevelt take that his companion hunter did not take? 2. How near was the bear when it was noticed by the hunter? 3. When the bear was hit, it uttered no sound; why did this fact surprise Roosevelt? 4. What thrilling incident occurred which gave Roosevelt an opportunity to prove his ability as a hunter? 5. What did the hunters have for supper? 6. How did they spend the evening at camp?

General Questions and Topics. 1. What is meant by "traveling in Indian file"? 2. How do you account for the fact that the bear did not hear the hunters approaching? 3. How do Indians act in the presence of big game? 4. Describe the scene that took place about the body of the bear. 5. Give reasons why the men were particularly pleased to capture the prize bear at that time. 6. Describe an evening you have spent in camp that you particularly enjoyed. 7. How does this story show Roosevelt's interest in out-of-door life? 8. Read "Old Ephraim, The Grizzly Bear," Roosevelt (in *The Wilderness Hunter*, Volume II); what do you learn about grizzly bears from this chapter?

Library Reading. "The Grizzly Bear at Home," Charles L. (Grizzly) Smith (in *Boy Scouts' Year Book*, 1921); "Grizzly Adams," Lanier (in *Book of Bravery, Second Series*); "Hunting from the Ranch," Roosevelt (in *The Wilderness Hunter*, Volume 1); "A Colorado Bear Hunt," Roosevelt (in *Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter*); *The Grizzly, Our Greatest Wild Animal*, Mills; *The Bears of North America*, Hornaday; "Grizzly," Bret Harte; "Thor, The Grizzly King," Curwood (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*); *Good Hunting*, Roosevelt.

OUT FISHIN'

EDGAR A. GUEST

A feller isn't thinkin' mean,
 Out fishin';
His thoughts are mostly good an' clean,
 Out fishin'.
He doesn't knock his fellow men,
Or harbor any grudges then;
A feller's at his finest when
 Out fishin'.

The rich are comrades to the poor,

Out fishin';

All brothers of a common lure,

Out fishin';

5

The urchin with the pin an' string

Can chum with millionaire an' king;

Vain pride is a forgotten thing,

Out fishin'.

A feller gits a chance to dream,

Out fishin';

10

He learns the beauties of a stream,

Out fishin';

An' he can wash his soul in air

That isn't foul with selfish care,

15

An' relish plain and simple fare,

Out fishin'.

A feller has no time for hate,

Out fishin';

He isn't eager to be great,

20

Out fishin'.

He isn't thinkin' thoughts of pelf,

Or goods stacked high upon the shelf,

But he is always just himself,

Out fishin'.

25

A feller's glad to be a friend,

Out fishin';

A helpin' hand he'll always lend,

Out fishin'.

The brotherhood of rod an' line

30

An' sky and stream is always fine;

Men come real close to God's design,

Out fishin'.

A feller isn't plottin' schemes,
 Out fishin';
 He's only busy with his dreams,
 Out fishin'.
 His livery is a coat of tan,
 His creed—to do the best he can;
 A feller's always mostly man,
 Out fishin'.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Edgar A. Guest (1881-) was born in England, but was brought to this country when he was ten years old. During his years at school in Detroit, Michigan, he put in his spare time at a drug store, trying, he says, to make himself generally useful. Among the many people who came to the drug store, there were three men who influenced him—a banker, a merchant, and a bookkeeper connected with the *Detroit Free Press*. The boy's opportunity came when the bookkeeper offered him Saturday afternoon employment in the newspaper office, and Mr. Guest says, "I jumped at the chance." He also says, "I joined my paper in 1895, and from that day to this my name has been on the pay roll." His first book of poems was printed by his brother, who set the type by hand in the attic of their home.

Mr. Guest has one son, "Bud," with whom he plays baseball and marbles and anything else Bud wants him to play. These and other interesting facts about this author are told in two articles of his, "What I Owe to the Other Fellow," in *The American Magazine*, June, 1922, and "My Job As a Father," in *The American Magazine*, August, 1922. Mr. Guest is best known for his verses, printed daily in one hundred fifty different newspapers and read by millions of people. Many of these verses are now published in book form; among these collections are *A Heap o' Livin'*, *Just Folks*, and *The Path to Home*, from which "Out Fishin'" is taken.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Give reasons to show that "A feller's at his finest when out fishin'." 2. What is the fisherman's attitude toward his "fellow men"? 3. What does one enjoy when out fishing besides the fishing itself? 4. What is meant by "The brotherhood of rod and line"? 5. Give examples of kindness and good fellowship you have met when you were fishing? 6. What is the fisherman's creed? 7. What do lines 31-32, page 202, and lines 7-8, page 203, mean to you? 8. What other poems by the author of "Out Fishin'" have you read?

Library Reading. "It Couldn't Be Done" and "Service," Guest (in *The Path to Home*); "Don't You?" "A Fisherman in Town," and "What Bothers Him," Stanton (in *Songs of the Soil*); *Fisherman's Verse*, Haynes and Harrison; *Bob and the Guides* and *His Soul Goes Marching On*, Andrews.

SUMMARY OF PART III

Deep-sea fishing, because of its appeal to hardihood, skill, and sportsmanship, has, in recent years, become a very popular sport; what kinds of deep-sea game are treated in the stories of the type group? After reading these stories which kind of game should you most enjoy catching? Which do you think is most difficult and dangerous to capture? Which of these kinds of deep-sea fish do you think has the greatest commercial value?

After reading these stories, which book did you choose to read first, *Moby Dick*, Herman Melville, or *Tales of Fishes*, Zane Grey? Which do you think you would most enjoy catching, a whale, a shark, or a swordfish? Why? What picture of early life in the Southwest did you gain from reading "A Wild Turkey Hunt" by Mayne Reid? Read aloud the author's comment on *The Boy Hunters* given in the biography, page 195. In what book did Theodore Roosevelt record his experiences while hunting in the Selkirks? Why is Roosevelt considered an authority on big game hunting? What have you learned about the naturalist John Muir? Which of his books mentioned in "Library Reading" have you read? Tell why Edgar Guest makes you feel that fishing is a wholesome sport.

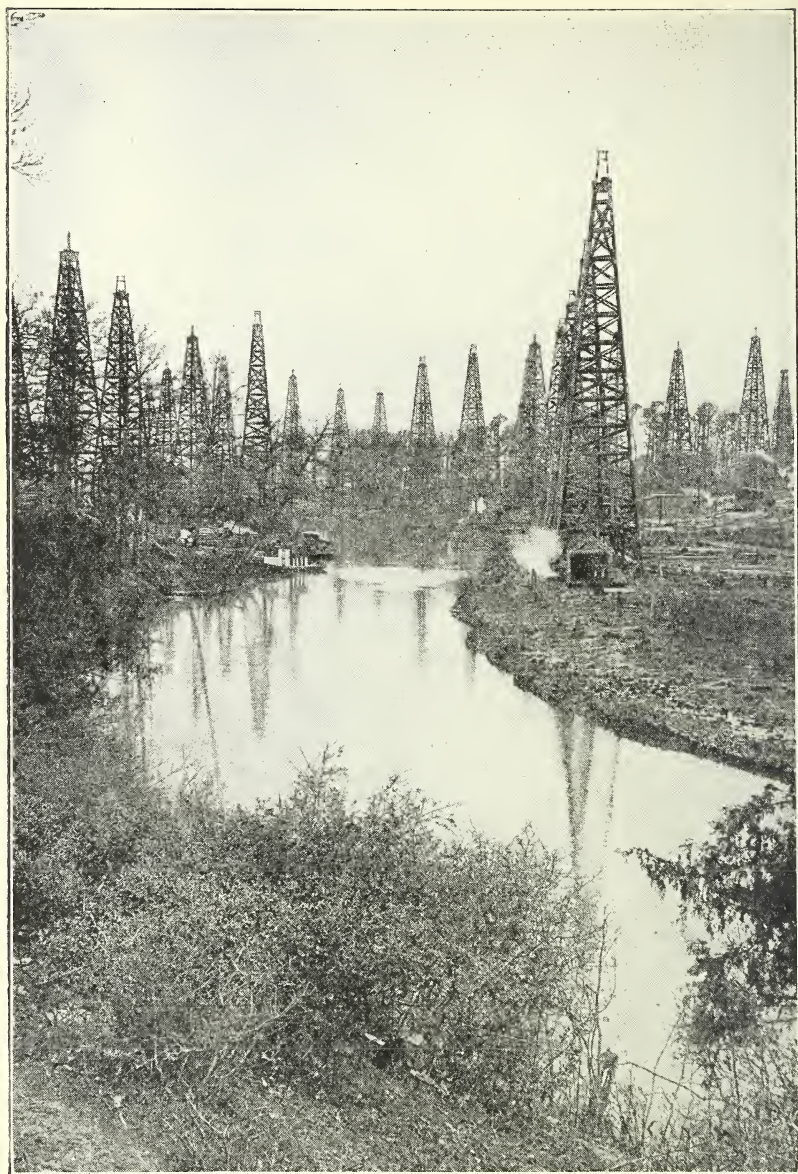
What have you learned about sharks and shark fishing from the selections in this group? What do you know of the commercial value of sharks and whales? What interesting facts did you learn of Zane Grey from the biography on page 168? Tell what you know of Mayne Reid. Which of the outdoor sports mentioned in this group do you think most interesting?

How is outdoor life interpreted in the picture on page 148? In the picture on page 149? Look at the picture on page 153 and estimate approximately the size of the whale, verifying your judgment by your library reading. Find lines illustrated by the bear in the picture on page 178; what other story in this group is illustrated in this picture? On page 25 Clarence Hawkes compares the size of the wild goose with that of the wild turkey; find the lines in "A Wild Turkey Hunt" which estimate the size of the wild turkey and compare this estimate with the picture on page 187.

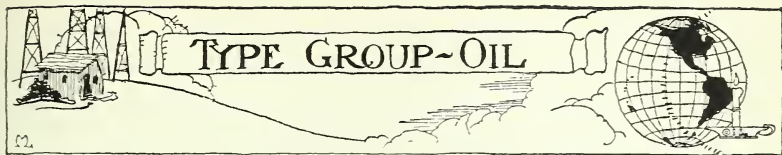
PART IV
THE WORLD OF INDUSTRY

*It isn't the task of the few—
The pick of the brave and the strong;
It's he and it's I and it's you
Must drive the good vessel along.
Will you save? Will you work? Will you fight?
Are you ready to take off your coat?
Are you serving the State?
Are you pulling your weight—
Are you pulling your weight in the boat?*

—ARTHUR GUTERMAN



GOOSE CREEK OIL FIELD



HOW JOHN MCKITTRICK SAVED THE PUMPING STATION

DENISON CLIFT

Reading Aims—Find: (a) how John McKittrick saved the pumping station; (b) who made the raid and why; (c) what became of the raiders.

On the desk before Anton Mantor, the general manager of the Lost Hills oil fields, lay a slip of paper, which said that John T. McKittrick had been appointed superintendent of the new tract below Hopi. The manager signed his name to the slip.

5 “Young McKittrick is a man I take real pleasure in helping ahead,” he said to his friend from the East. “He’s got plenty of courage, and, better yet, he’s loyal and he has brains. His brains got him out of a dangerous situation not so very long ago.

10 “Before the San Joaquin Valley trunk line, the longest ‘common carrier’ in California, was laid, we used the old barrel-and-barge method to transport the crude oil down the Kern River from the fields to the refineries. It was always a slow, expensive way.

15 “The company hired several hundred Mexicans to handle the barrels on the river barges. Their spokesman was a giant half-breed named Cruz Caicebo. His positive qualities made him their natural leader, and I always dealt with the Mexicans through Caicebo. Until we started to lay the pipe line we had no serious trouble—but then we had plenty of trouble.

“The company’s engineers had surveyed for a pipe line two hundred eighty miles long to carry the oil from the Joaquin and Kern fields to the San Pablo tank farm on San Francisco Bay. When the Mexicans saw the ‘stringing’ gangs unload the twelve-
5 inch black pipe on the floor of the valley, from Hopi to Wyndote, and saw the ‘tong’ gangs follow rapidly and lay the pipe, they realized that the demand for their services was vanishing. They became restless; they threatened me openly and in secret; finally, in blind rage, they began to desert and to consort in drunken
10 groups. That meant danger.

“Early in July we stopped using the river barges, and, after due notice, discharged the Mexicans. Under Caicebo’s command they went quietly down the river and camped near Daily’s Island. Their very quietness was ominous, and, sure enough,
15 two days later they began a succession of terrifying raids.

“The system that supplanted the barges had pump stations at intervals of from twenty to thirty miles. At each station there was apparatus for heating the low-gravity oil, in order to thin it out so that it could be more easily pumped over the
20 grades.

“We sent Johnny McKittrick out as pumper at Station K. When he started for the mountains he loaded one of his mules with magazines and with an old phonograph that had delighted the boys at the camp. Johnny counted on the phonograph to
25 banish his lonesomeness.

“When the Mexicans began their murderous raids, I telephoned a warning to McKittrick.

“‘If you need help, sing out!’ I told him.

“He laughed, ‘If they come, I’ll play ’em a tune on my
30 phonograph.’

“But that very night McKittrick’s telephone bell tinkled, and when he answered he heard the frantic voice of Job Anderson, the pumper at Belridge, thirty-two miles over the ridge, crying, ‘Mac! Mac! The Mex are burning the station and——’
35 Job’s voice suddenly stopped.

"Johnny relayed the message to me. When we reached Belridge two hours later, we found that the former rivermen had torn up whole sections of pipe, spread a fortune in oil across the desert sands, and burned the station to the ground. We found
5 poor Anderson in a ravine, gagged and badly beaten. After that, we offered a reward for the capture of Caicebo, armed all the men at the pump stations, and placed a patrol along the pipe line.

"Station K was set down in a lonely region eighteen miles
10 west of Arroyo Grande, a mushroom oil town. Yellow sand was everywhere; the monotonous, dreary landscape was broken only by clumps of mesquite and chaparral and by a hillock of umbrella trees and cottonwoods that grew a dozen rods north of the station.

"The station consisted of a dazzlingly white tower, in which
15 was a bunk room and, above it, a lookout, and of a squatty, rambling engine-house, where the *chug! chug! chug!* of the gas engine sounded day and night. Ten rods from the station directly south, there was a trestle that spanned a ravine. That
20 trestle supported thirty feet of the unprotected pipe line.

"After the Belridge attack, McKittrick scanned the landscape during the day from the little hillock—'Fort McKittrick,' he called it, for it afforded an admirable defense. At night he slept in the bunk room with his loaded revolver at his side. If he
25 woke restless, he would play a lively air on the phonograph.

"One night he woke with every sense athrill. Above the *chug-chugging* of the engine he heard a sound of hammering from the direction of the trestle. Leaping to his feet and pulling on his boots, he peered through the doorway. The moon had set.
30 It was long after midnight—about three o'clock, he thought. Against the deep blue-black sky he saw the skeleton of the trestle. He could hear men's voices.

"Five minutes of silence, then *bang! bang! bang!* Someone with a sledge was battering the oil pipe! Johnny knew what that
35 meant, and his first thought was how he could distract the

rivermen before they broke the pipe, and yet give himself time to telephone.

“Closing the door, he drew the muslin curtain over the window. As he turned away he stumbled against the phonograph in the darkness, and that gave him an idea. He wound up the machine, then started it going. On the desert night the rasping sounds of the record suddenly broke forth. The theme was plantation days, and the words,

10 The old ark am a-moverin', moverin',
 Oh, the old ark am a-movering along,

were followed by plenty of plantation appreciation—shouts, yells, handclapping, and shrill whistles.

“His trick worked like a charm, for the hammering ceased instantly. To further the illusion that there was a small crowd in the room, Johnny lighted the kerosene lamp and placed it on the table near the curtained window. Then he telephoned to me here. I heard his voice, low and tense:

“‘Hello! Hello! Send the boys quick! The Mex——’ That was all.

20 “‘Johnny! Johnny!’ I cried; but no response came, and I knew that the raiders had cut the wires.

“Johnny decided to slip out of the tower and dash for the engine room to shut down the engine, so that if the raiders should succeed in breaking the pipe the oil would cease to flow.

25 “But before he could move, a volley of rifle shots rang out. The lamp chimney on the table was shattered to bits. Johnny heard the *zap! zap! zap!* of soft-nosed bullets splashing into the walls. At that moment the phonograph ran down, and a terrifying silence and darkness followed.

30 “Thus caught in his cabin, Johnny climbed a ladder in the corner, opened the trapdoor in the ceiling, and dragged himself up into the small lookout room. On the floor were coils of rope, boxes of bolts, and a pile of old magazines; four feet above the floor was a small square window.

35 “Peering out, Johnny saw four or five dim figures stealing

toward the tower. Only one thing would halt them, and Johnny whipped out his revolver and emptied the chambers at the marauders. Curses and yells answered the leaping jets of flame, and the Mexicans scampered back to the ravine like frightened
5 rats.

“Turning, he drew the ladder up after him and closed the trapdoor. He had hardly done so when he felt a terrific jar against the tower. The door below burst open and at least half a dozen men flung themselves into the bunk room. The band
10 had evidently divided, and while Johnny was repulsing one half the other half had made a detour and rushed the tower from the north side.

“They were a surprised lot to find the tower empty, and showed their disappointment by shouting madly. With thumping
5 heart Johnny heard them crashing round in the darkness below. One struck a light, and through the knot hole in the floor, Johnny caught glimpses of their evil, swarthy faces. One was Cruz Caicebo—Caicebo, the outlaw, on whose head was a reward of five hundred dollars.

“Caicebo pointed to the trap and commanded one of his followers to jump on the table and smash the door open with a chair. Drink-crazed, they risked death brazenly.

“Johnny planted himself squarely in the center of the trapdoor. The chair banged upward, but the door scarcely budged.

“Guessing that someone was there, Caicebo jerked out his
5 revolver and fired up through the door. The bullet whined through the thin board and ripped into Johnny’s arm; stifling a cry of pain, he sank down upon the trap.

“There was a wild shout below, and Johnny, knowing well
10 what was coming, rolled himself over into a corner of the room. From that point of refuge he watched a volley of bullets splinter the trapdoor.

“‘Two can play at this game,’ he said to himself, and returned the volley through a crack in the floor.

“With savage yells the men fled from the room; but appar-

ently one of them stayed behind, wounded, for Johnny heard someone thrashing about.

“Then suddenly, from the direction of the ravine, appeared a lurid glare, and flames shot skyward with a hiss. The first
5 group of Mexicans had cut the pipe and set a torch to the flood of oil. The gas engine was feeding thousands of barrels of oil into the flaming sump.

“To shut down the engine was now Johnny’s single aim, even though it should cost him his life. Cautiously lifting the trap-
10 door, he reconnoitered for a moment, and then leaped to the floor. By good fortune the wounded outlaw was directly beneath him; Johnny’s feet struck him and knocked him flat. Before the bandit could rise or fire, Johnny was through the doorway and had banged the door shut and locked it. With half a dozen swift
15 leaps he was in the engine house; his hands jerked the lever of the engine, and the pistons halted in their whirring flight. A few moments later the flood of oil ceased pouring into the sump.

“Johnny knew that he had won, but his life was still in danger. Turning, he dashed for ‘Fort McKittrick,’ brilliantly
20 lighted by the lashing oil flames. Several rifle shots rang out, but a moment later Johnny threw himself, safe, among the boulders.

“From there with his revolver he was able to check the attempts the Mexicans made to rescue their imprisoned comrade;
25 but although he was bravely holding his own, he was mighty glad when, about dawn, five line guards, two boys, and I came riding down at a mad pace.

“We were overjoyed to find him alive. The raiders had scattered across the desert, but when I looked into the tower I discovered that the imprisoned bandit was Caicebo. His capture thrilled us. We bound him to a cayuse and turned him over to the authorities at Arroyo Grande. That was the last of the raids.

“And now,” concluded Mantor, “you know why I think Johnny McKittrick deserves to get ahead, and I am sure you
35 agree with me.”

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Denison Clift, whose home is in Hollywood, California, is connected with the moving-picture industry. He is a frequent contributor to *The Youth's Companion*, in which "How John McKittrick Saved the Pumping Station" appeared, June 14, 1917. You will enjoy reading Mr. Clift's story "A Battle with Old Gray," an account of a fight with a sea lion, in *The Youth's Companion*, December 27, 1917.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. How was the crude oil in California transported before the "common carrier" was laid? 2. Why was this method of transportation abandoned? 3. Why did the Mexican workmen resent the laying of the pipe line? 4. How did these workmen show their displeasure when they were discharged? 5. What supplies did Johnny McKittrick take out to Station K? 6. Why was a reward offered for the capture of Caicebo? 7. How did Johnny delay the attack of the Mexicans? 8. Tell briefly how he managed to shut down the engine. 9. What became of the raiders?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Explain what is meant by a "common carrier." 2. Why was it necessary to have "pump stations" at intervals along the new pipe line? 3. Give a brief description of Station K. 4. Tell how Johnny showed that he did have "courage and brains." 5. What are the advantages of transporting oil by the use of pipe lines? 6. Discuss briefly for the benefit of the group any recent inventions or methods that you know about which are used in the prevention of fire in the oil fields. 7. Are there any dangers of an oil famine? (See "Library Reading," page 227.)

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (a) The greatest oil fields in America. (b) Other great oil fields in the world—locating these oil fields on a map or globe. (c) The pipe line as a means of transporting oil. (d) By-products of oil. (e) How oil is refined. (f) Why this is called the "Oil Age." (g) What part petroleum played in the World War. (See "Library Reading," page 227.)

A Suggested Problem. Extracting oil from rocks is a comparatively recent development in the production of oil. Prepare a report on what has been accomplished in this field, using the following references: "Billions of Barrels of Oil Locked Up in the Rocks," Mitchell (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, February, 1918); "Mountains of Oil," Wilcox (in *Scientific American*, July 13, 1918); *The Evolution of the Oil Industry*, Ross.

OIL, THE NEW INDUSTRIAL GIANT

CHELSEA CURTIS FRASER

Reading Aims—Find: (a) why oil is called “the new industrial giant”; (b) the leading by-products of crude petroleum; (c) how oil is refined and transported.

Three famous statesmen have recently paid their tribute to the importance of oil. Said Admiral Fisher, chief of the British Navy: “The oil-engine will revolutionize commerce, and alter the whole art of war at sea.”

5 Earl Curzon, British Foreign Secretary, stated: “In the recent World War the Allies floated to victory on a sea of oil.”

Franklin K. Lane, when Secretary of the Interior, said in a report to President Wilson: “Oil draws railroad trains and drives street cars. It pumps water, lifts heavy loads, has taken
10 the place of millions of horses, and within twenty years has become a farming, industrial, business, and social necessity. The naval and merchant ships of this country and all Europe are being fitted out to use it. The airplane could never have
15 amounted to anything without it. There has been no such magician as this drop of mineral oil since the day of Aladdin.”

Indeed oil has become, from a mere lubricating and lamp-burning commodity twenty years ago, the biggest and most important industrial giant of the age. It has risen like a meteor in the sky, with a sudden, swift, dazzling jump—until today it has
20 the record for producing the bulk of our mechanical energy, and of having made more poor men rich in a short time than all the gold and diamond mines that ever existed. All the big nations of the earth are doing their level best to get control of as many
25 oil lands as possible, realizing that the nation possessing the greatest amount of crude oil will be the future giant in both industrial and fighting strength. In other words, oil is to modern nations what water is to the sailor, what muscle is to the wrestler.

It is just about as near to being indispensable as anything you can find.

The World War, which called for new strength in such an emphatic manner, showed us the necessity of oil as nothing else could. Oil drove our submarines, our submarine-chasers, many of our great battleships. Oil also carried our brave dispatch-bearers on their motorcycles, made the long lines of trucks transport our field supplies and troops at breakneck speed across the country to the front-line trenches, whirred the propellers of the fighting airplanes, to say nothing of its use in greasing countless great and small field-guns, and keeping the bearings of railway cars and automobiles in good working order. And those left behind to back up the fighters used oil just as lavishly and helpfully. For them it helped to operate a myriad of machines in hundreds and hundreds of factories, and furnished power for transporting the manufactured products from factory to pier, and from pier across the seas. The Red Cross depended upon it for many of their important surgical supplies; likewise hospitals sought its healing influences in various by-products.

This great jump of oil in popularity is due principally to the wide use of gasoline, at this time its chief by-product.

Probably the greatest developed oil field in the world is that at Baku, a Russian port on the west shore of the Caspian Sea, just south of the Caucasus Mountains. The contrast between the stupendous grandeur of the mountain scenery and the industrial activities of Baku, lying in the valley far below, is a most striking one. Hundreds of spidery towers rise up into the air about the town, forming a maze of lattice work very difficult to penetrate with the eyes at a distance. These wells are constantly pouring a wealth of crude oil into immense near-by reservoirs, while tank trains are coming and going all the while.

In the United States are many oil fields, widely scattered. The wells producing the highest grade petroleum are situated in Pennsylvania, which is the oldest oil field in the world. Pennsylvania crude oil has a high percentage of paraffin in it, which

makes it an almost ideal fluid. From it the best oils for lamps are made, also the finest qualities of lubricants for greasing cars, wagons, machinery, automobiles, etc., and the highest grades of gasoline. It is often mixed in refineries with lower grade oils from other fields, so as to bring up the quality of the products.

Oil is contained in rocks of considerable porosity, mainly sandstone and shale, which, when containing oil or gas, are usually referred to as "sand."

Whence come the great volumes of oil issuing from the many gushers of the California oil fields? How long will they continue to flow, making fortunes for those who have an interest in them? Will the gushers cease spouting tomorrow, or will they continue to furnish man with nature's bountiful supply of petroleum for months, maybe years?

Geologists, engineers, and oil operators all are more or less befogged when it comes to furnishing answers to these questions. Although they know that all the gushers of the great California fields seem to be fed by the same steady, gigantic subterranean force, like many small water pipes leading from one large feeder in which a terrific pressure is always present, their experts tell them that the life of any oil field is comparatively short.

The oil situation in the world really is somewhat critical. Our modern inventions and mode of living are using up this wonderful fluid at a tremendous rate. We are told that the world's production of oil will soon be on the decline, and in twenty years the supply will be much less than the present demand unless some great new fields are discovered.

But meanwhile so much oil is flowing out of these California wells that it is the biggest job the owners ever undertook to find places to store it, and cars in which to ship it. For the huge output has not only taxed their resources to the limit, but has called for an expenditure of more than a million dollars to handle it. Great reservoirs of concrete have been built to contain the oil, and a vigilant watch is maintained over these day and night to prevent seepage and contact with fire.

In the Maricopa oil fields of California is a well called the "Lakeside." This is probably the deepest and heaviest producing gusher ever bored. Its great volume of oil flows up through the ground a distance of 2225 feet—close to half a mile. For many weeks following its tapping this great well projected high into the air thousands of barrels of beautiful crude oil every day. This spouted higher than the tallest trees, and came down in a vast cascade, flooding the entire country thereabout for several miles. It was absolutely beyond control. For weeks the engineers, braving the blinding deluge, tried their best to get a cap over the pipe and stop the loss, but it would only be torn each time out of their hands by the fierce pressure, as the wind will whisk away a feather. In time, however, man's ingenuity and perseverance succeeded. The great gusher was capped, and thereafter has been feeding its tremendous supply of oil into a big conducting pipe which connects with a great reservoir more than half a mile long.

Before crude petroleum can be utilized to any great extent it must be refined, which is a process of removing from it its grossest impurities. In the beginning of its history it was carried for this purpose in wagons and boats, from the oil fields to Pittsburgh, where the only refinery was situated. Then came the railroads, which replaced both the wagons and boats as a medium of transportation. The railroads provided special flat cars to which were fastened great cylindrical steel tanks that would hold thousands of gallons each.

There was only one difficulty about sending oil by rail, and that was that it still had to be hauled by team from the oil wells to the railroad station, often a distance of several miles, and this was no easy task. At length someone said to himself, "Why can't we run a pipe direct from the well to the railroad?" It proved a wonderfully good idea. So pumping engines were put in a few miles apart, and almost all the big fields began sending their oil straight to the cars through a feed pipe.

Before this it had been necessary to build refineries as near

the oil regions as possible, in order to save expense in transportation; but now they could be built wherever wanted. There are cases where the feed lines travel as much as a hundred miles to reach the nearest refinery. They go over hills and through
5 swamps. They cross rivers, sometimes by means of bridges, sometimes by being anchored to the bed of the stream. They cross deep ravines and gorges not too wide by simply stretching across from ledge to ledge. In salt marshes they are laid in concrete to keep rust from destroying the iron. If these great
10 oil arteries were to be ruined by any means, so that oil had to be carried in the old way, kerosene and gasoline would become much more expensive necessities than they are today.

The by-products of petroleum are many and important. Omitting such well-known substances as kerosene and gasoline,
15 we have many grades of lubricants for oiling machinery; tar, as used in dyes; naphtha for dissolving the resins used in varnishes; benzine for cleansing clothes, printers' types, and almost everything else; paraffin for candles and fruit sealing, for covering match heads, and for making waxed paper with which to do up
20 our lunches when a picnic is in prospect. Even printers' ink and waterproof roofing-paper both owe their existence to petroleum. In medicine, vaseline is one of the great standbys. It can be mixed with drugs without changing their character, and it never becomes rancid. For this reason it is used largely as
25 the principal part of salves and ointments. It also has a certain medicinal or healing value on its own account.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Chelsea Curtis Fraser (1876-) is a contributor to the leading magazines for young people. He is the author of the well-known books *Good Old Chums*, *The Boy Hikers*, *Boys' Book of Sea Fights*, *Young Citizens' Own Book*, *Work-a-Day Heroes*, *Story of John Paul Jones*, and *Secrets of the Earth*, from which "Oil, the Industrial Giant" is taken. Mr. Fraser's home is in Michigan.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. What three famous statesmen have paid tribute to the importance of oil? 2. Which tribute do you think was greatest? Give your reason. 3. Why do all the big nations of the

earth wish to get control of as many oil fields as possible? 4. In what ways did the World War show the necessity of oil? 5. What is the chief by-product of oil? 6. How has this by-product increased the popularity of oil? 7. Where does the author tell us the "greatest developed oil field" is located? 8. Where is the oldest oil field in the world? 9. For what by-products is the oil from Pennsylvania particularly good?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Locate on a map of the world the oil fields mentioned in this story. (See "Library Reading," page 227.) 2. Give a brief description of the oil well at Baku, Russia. 3. Describe the greatest oil well you have ever seen or read about. 4. Discuss briefly the difficulties encountered when the "Lakeside" well in California was tapped. 5. How is crude petroleum refined? 6. Discuss the building of the "pipe lines." 7. Make a list of all the by-products of oil that you use. 8. Which by-product do you think most valuable to mankind? Give reasons. 9. Name five oil-producing states.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (a) Why oil is called "the new industrial giant." (b) The use of oil as a means of transportation. (c) All the different uses of oil in your locality. (d) Some uses of gasoline and kerosene. (See "Library Reading," page 227.)

THE ADVENTURE OF A TEXAS OIL MAN

REX BEACH

Reading Aims—Find: (a) what accident forced Calvin Gray to give up his work at the oil well; (b) how the fire at the well was checked.

That was an anxious afternoon, for as the drill bit deeper into the rock it provoked indications of a terrific force imprisoned far below. To the observers it seemed as if that sharp-edged tool was tap-tapping upon the thin shell of some vast reservoir already leaking and charged to the bursting point with a mighty pressure. An odor of gas escaped from the casing mouth; occasionally there came hoarse, throaty gurglings of the thick liquid at the bottom of the well. The bailer was run frequently.

Word had gone forth that there was something doing on thirty-five, and from the chaparral emerged muddy motor cars bringing scouts, neighboring lease owners, and even members of a near-by casing crew.

5 Supper was a jumpy meal, and nobody had much to say, Allie Briskow least of all. She was silent, intense; she curtly refused Buddy's offer to send her home, and when the meal was over she followed Gray back to the derrick. He was on edge, of course. It seemed to him that every blow of that bit was struck upon
10 his naked nerves, for he had a deep conviction that this was to prove the night of his life, and the strain of waiting was becoming burdensome. This well meant so much. Ten thousand barrels, fifteen, five—even one thousand; it mattered little how heavy the flow, for a good-paying well would see him through
15 his immediate troubles.

They were bailing again when curiosity drew the owner in upon the derrick floor. This time the flow might begin; at any moment now oil might come with the water. There is some danger in standing close to a well during this bailing process, but
20 Gray was like a bit of iron in the field of a magnet; spellbound, he watched the cable as it ran smoothly off the drum, flowed up over the crown block and down into the casing mouth. That heavy, torpedo-like weight on the end of the line was dropping almost half a mile. Up it came swiftly, as if greased; up, up,
25 until it emerged into the glare of the incandescent light overhead and hung there dripping. It was swung aside and lowered, and out gushed its muddy contents.

Water! Black and thick as molasses, but water nevertheless.

Buddy Briskow was running the rig, and the dexterity with
30 which he handled brake and control rod gave him pride. He had seated his sister on a bench out of the way, where she was protected from the drizzle, and he felt her eyes upon him. It gave him a sense of importance to have Allie watching him at such a crisis; he wished his parents were with her. If this well blew in
35 big, as it seemed bound to do, it would be a personal triumph,

for not many cub drillers could boast of bringing in a gusher the first time. It was, in fact, no mean accomplishment to make any sort of well; to pierce the earth with an absolutely vertical shaft a half mile deep and line it with tons upon tons of heavy casing joined air-tight and fitted to a hair's breadth was an engineering feat in itself. It was something that only an oil man could appreciate. And he was an oil man; a good one, too, so Buddy told himself.

He eased the brake, and the massive bailer slid into the casing as a heavy shell slips into the breech of a cannon. As he further released his pressure, the cable began to pour serpentlike from the drum. Buddy turned his wet, grimy face and flashed a grin at Allie. She smiled back at him faintly. Some lightning-like change in her expression, or perhaps some sense of an untoward danger warned him that all was not as it should be, and he jerked his head back to attention.

There are moments of catastrophe when for a brief interval nature slows, time stops, and we are carried in suspense. Such an instant Buddy Briskow experienced now. He knew at first glance what had happened, and a frightened cry burst from his throat, but it was a cry too short, too hoarse, to serve as a warning.

During that moment of inattention the bailer had stuck. Perhaps five hundred feet below, friction had checked its plunge, and meanwhile the velvet-running drum, spinning at its maximum velocity by reason of the whirling bull wheel, was unreeling its cable down upon the derrick platform. Down it poured in giant loops, and within those coils, either unconscious of his danger or paralyzed by its suddenness, stood Calvin Gray.

Buddy had heard of drillers being hurt by flying cables, of human bodies caught within those wire loops and cut in twain, for when a wedged tool resumes its downward plunge it straightens those coils above ground in the twinkling of an eye. Instinct, rather than reason, warned Buddy not to check the blinding revolutions of the bull wheel. Without thought he leaped for-

ward into the midst of those swiftly forming loops, and as he landed upon the slippery floor he clenched his fist and struck with all the power he could put behind his massive arm. Gray's back was to him, the blow was like that of a walking beam, and it sent the older man flying, as a tenpin is hurled ahead of a bowling ball. Buddy fell, too. He went sprawling. As he slid across the muddy floor he felt the steel cable writhing under him like a thing alive, and the touch of it as it streamed into the well burned his flesh. He kicked and fought it as he would have fought the closing coils of a python, for the bailer was falling again and the wire loops were vanishing as the coils in a whip-lash vanish during its flight.

Buddy's booted legs were thrown high; he was tossed aside like a thing of paper, but blind, half stunned, he scrambled back to his post. By this time the whole structure of the derrick was rocking to the mad gyrations of the bull wheel; the giant spool was spinning with a speed that threatened to send it flying, like the fragments of a bursting bomb, but the youth understood dimly the danger of stopping it too suddenly—to fetch up that plunging weight at the cable end might snap the line, collapse the derrick, “jim” the well. Buddy weaved dizzily in his tracks; nevertheless, his hand was steady, and he applied a gradually increasing pressure to the brake. Nor did he take his eyes from his task until the drum had ceased revolving and the runaway bailer hung motionless in the well.

When he finally looked about it seemed to him that he had lived a long time and was very old. Gray lay motionless where he had fallen, and his body was twisted into a shockingly unnatural posture. He was bleeding. Allie Briskow was bending over him. Other dim, dreamlike figures were swarming out of the gloom and into the radiance of the derrick lights; there was a far-away clamor of shouting voices. Buddy Briskow felt himself growing deathly sick.

They carried Gray to the bunk house, and his limbs hung loosely; his head lolled in a manner terrifying to Buddy and his sister.

But Gray was not dead. Buddy's blow had well-nigh broken his neck, and he had suffered a further injury to his head in falling; nevertheless, he responded to such medical aid as they could supply, and in time he opened his eyes. His gaze was dull, however, and for a long while he lay in a sort of coma, quite as alarming as his former condition. At last they brought him to long enough to acquaint him with what had happened, and although it was plain that he understood their words only dimly, he ordered the work resumed.

When for a second time he lapsed into semiconsciousness, it was Allie Briskow who put his orders into execution. "You aren't doing any good standing around staring at him and whispering. Bring in that well, as fast as ever you can, and bring it in *big*. Now, get out and leave him to me."

It was late that night when the well came in. It came with a rush and a roar, drenching the derrick with a geyser of muddy water and driving both crew and spectators out into the gloom. Up, up, the column rose, spraying itself into mist, and from its iron throat issued a sound unlike that of any other phenomenon. It was a hoarse, rumbling bellow, growing in volume and rising in pitch second by second until it finally attained a shrieking crescendo. Ten thousand safety valves had let go, and they steadily gathered strength and shrillness as they functioned. A shocking sound it became, a sound that carried for miles, rocking the air and stunning the senses. It beat upon the eardrums, pierced them; men shouted at each other, but heard their own voices only faintly.

Calvin Gray had recovered his senses sufficiently to understand the meaning of that uproar, and he tried to get up, but Allie held him down upon his bed. She was still struggling with him when her brother burst into the house, shouting:

"It's a gasser, Mr. Gray! Biggest I ever saw."

"Gas?" the latter mumbled, indistinctly. "Isn't there any—oil?" His words were almost like a whisper because of the noise.

"Not yet. May be later."

"Gasser's no good."

"Can't tell yet. We gotta shut her down easy so she don't blow the casing out—run wild on us, understand?" Buddy was
5 still breathless, but he plunged out of the door and back into the sea of sound. Of a sudden the interior of the dim-lit, canvas-roofed shack was illuminated as if by a searchlight, and Allie turned her head to see that the whole out-of-doors was visible and that the night itself had turned into day.

10 With a cry that died weakly amid the chaos of sound beating over her, the girl ran to the window and looked out. What she beheld was a nightmare scene. The well was afire. It had exploded into flame. Where, a moment before, it had been belching skyward an enormous stream of gaseous vapor, all but
15 invisible except at the casing head, now it was a monstrous blowtorch, the flaming crest of which was tossed a hundred feet high. Nothing in the nature of a conflagration could have been more awe-inspiring, more confounding to the faculties than that roaring column of consuming fire. It was a thing incredibly huge,
20 incredibly furious, incredibly wild. Human figures, black against its glare, were flying to safety; near-by silhouettes were flinging their arms aloft and dashing backward and forward; faces upturned to it were white and terrified. The scattered mesquite stood against the night like a wall, spotted with inky shadows,
25 and, above, the heavens resembled a boiling caldron.

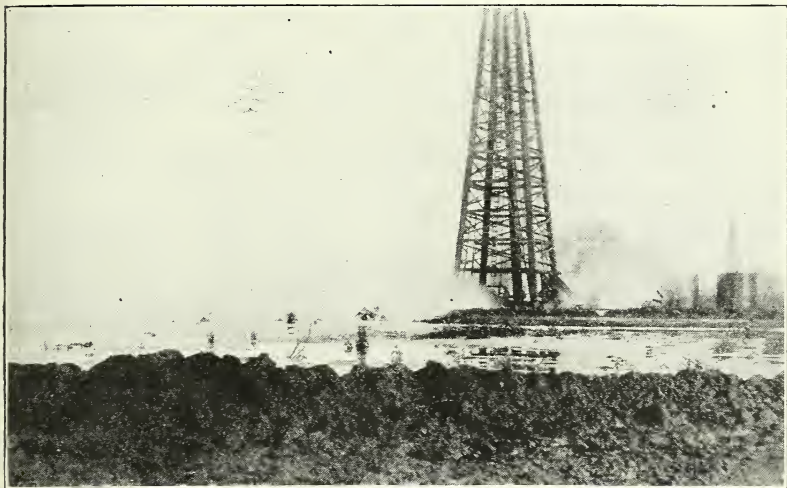
On the afternoon of the next day, Gray opened his eyes and spoke in a natural voice, saying, "How do I happen to be here in your house, Allie?"

30 "We brought you over at daylight. Buddy's gone for a doctor, but he'll be back."

"I remember being hurt in some way—derrick fell on me, or something. Then the well caught fire. What time is it?"

"It's afternoon. About four o'clock. Buddy'll be back."

35 "He ought to be at the well—putting it out. What a sight! I can see it yet!"



A GUSHER

“The well is out! You probably won’t understand it or believe it—I can scarcely believe it myself, for it’s such a miracle. All the same, it is out, shut in, and not much damage done. You’re not ruined, either, for Buddy says they are short of fuel here, and a gasser this size is worth a good deal—most as much as a fair oil well.”

“How can it be shut in? It was blazing, roaring—a tower of flame. The derrick itself was going—”

“I know, but the strangest thing—” Allie spoke breathlessly. “Let me do the talking, please. You remember the drill stems were standing over in one corner? Well, the fire drove everybody off, of course; there was no facing it, and they thought sure they’d have a job—have to send for boilers and smother it down with steam, maybe, or tunnel under, or something—work for days, maybe weeks, and spend a fortune. Anyhow, they were in a panic, but when the derrick went down, what do you think? The stack of drill stems fell in such a way as to close the gate valve at the top of the casing.”

Gray frowned; he shook his head. "Impossible. You're trying to ease my mind."

"Of course it's impossible. But it happened, just as I tell you. Buddy had a bar fixed in the valve wheel, like a long
5 handle, so that a half turn, or maybe a quarter, would shut it. Anyhow, those drill stems caught that bar in falling and closed the valve. Somebody said it happened once before, to an oil well over in Louisiana."

"It—sounds incredible." The speaker made an effort to collect himself; he raised an uncertain hand to his bandaged head.
10 "What ails me? I recall a lot of things, but they're pretty well confused."

Allie made known the nature of the accident resulting in Gray's injury, and he nodded his understanding. "So Buddy
15 saved my life!" He smiled. "Great boy, Buddy!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

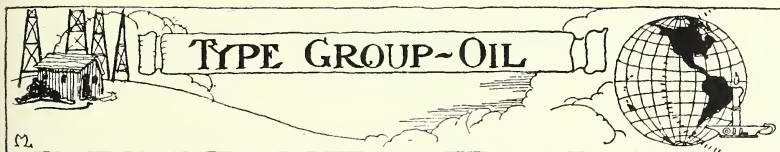
Biography. Rex Ellingwood Beach (1877-) is a native of Michigan. He was educated at Rollins College, Florida, and later he studied law in Chicago. He is the author of numerous novels, in the best of which he takes some important industry as the background for his story. In *The Silver Horde* this background is the salmon industry of Alaska; in *The Iron Trail*, the building of a railroad furnishes the industrial setting; while in *Flowing Gold*, from which "The Adventure of a Texas Oil Man" is taken, an excellent picture of the oil industry is given. Mr. Beach is the pioneer, among authors of established reputation, in undertaking to write for moving pictures. *Flowing Gold*, *The Silver Horde*, and *The Iron Trail* have been successfully filmed.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. What caused Gray to feel that "this was to prove the night of his life"? 2. Why was Buddy so anxious to "bring in a gusher"? 3. What warned Buddy of the danger? 4. Why did Buddy not check the revolutions of the bull wheel when he saw Gray in danger? 5. What is meant by the expression "jim' the well"? 6. Who finally put Gray's orders into execution? 7. Describe briefly what took place when the "well came in." 8. Do you think it an accident that the fire was checked? Give reasons for your answer.

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Make an outline covering the main points or outstanding ideas to guide you in telling the story to someone who has not read it.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Explain the statement, "Gray was like a bit of iron in the field of a magnet." 2. Give a brief account of how an oil well is made. 3. Account for the fact that Calvin Gray did not sense his danger. 4. Explain how Buddy saved Gray's life. 5. Which do you think showed better judgment in an emergency, Gray or Buddy? Give reasons for your answer. 6. Why was Gray disappointed at the news that the well was a "gasser"? 7. Give in your own words the author's picture of the well afire. 8. If you have ever seen or read of a well afire, tell the story to the class.

A Suggested Problem. Make a list of reading aims for this story in addition to those found on page 219.



GENERAL QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTED READINGS

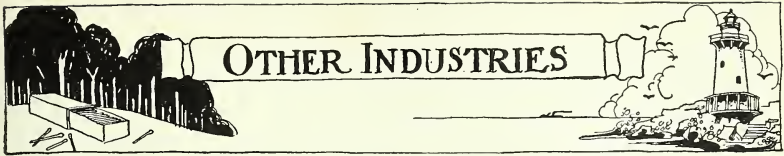
General Questions and Topics. 1. After reading the three stories in this group can you tell why oil is considered one of the most important products in the world? 2. What have you learned from your reading as to the location of the most important oil fields? 3. What are some of the uses of oil which we enjoy that were unheard of twenty years ago? (See "Library Reading," below.) 4. How have men learned to control the flow of oil so as to conserve it? (See "Library Reading," below.) 5. To what extent do you think oil will be used in transportation? Give reasons for your answer. 6. Read "Oil Fields in Texas and California," Treherne (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, July, 1901), and report the leading ideas of this article to your classmates.

Library Reading. (a) For Report in Class by Individuals or Committees: "The Pipe Line," "Petroleum in the Great War," and "Petroleum Products," Ross (in *The Evolution of the Oil Industry*); "Where

the World Gets Its Oil," Smith (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, February, 1920); "Story of Oil," Talman (in *The Mentor*, October 15, 1919); "America Scouring the World for Oil," Barnes (in *The World's Work*, September, 1920); "Chicago Refineries Turn Out 125,000,000 Gallons of Gasoline Yearly," Moulton (in *America Today—Fort Dearborn Magazine*, May, 1923); "Billions of Barrels of Oil Locked Up in the Rocks," Mitchell (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, February, 1918); "Mountains of Oil," Wilcox (in *Scientific American*, July 13, 1918); *The Story of Oil*, Tower; "Canadian Oil Rush Limited," Daniel (in *The World's Work*, November and December, 1921); "The Aquitania As an Oil Burner" (in *Scientific American*, August 14, 1920); "Britain's Oil-burning Navy" (in *The Literary Digest*, July 2, 1921); "How We Get Kerosene" (in *Book of Knowledge*, Volume 13); "Petroleum and Its Uses," Parker (in *Lessons in Community and National Life, Series C*, Judd and Marshall); *Flowing Gold*, Chapter IX, Beach; "The Story of Coal," Fraser (in *The Secrets of the Earth*); "We Shall Find the Oil We Need," President Vacuum Oil Company (in *The Nation's Business*, July, 1923); "Texas, Our Largest State," Darton (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, December, 1913).

(b) **For Use in Leisure Moments—Recreation:** "We've Struck a Gusher," Crowell (in *The Independent*, April, 1910); "When the Bay Burned," Lane (in *The Youth's Companion*, July 12, 1917); *All about the Treasures of the Earth*, Talbot; "Land of Liquid Gold," Laut (in *Travel*, June, 1920); *Secrets of the Earth*, Fraser; "Jim Hanks—Oil Shooter," Byron (in *Outing*, September, 1908); "An Oil Country Crater," Eaton (in *Our Country: East, Youth's Companion Series*); "California's Black Gold: The Romance of the Oil Gushers," Woehlke (in *The Sunset Magazine*, August, 1910); "Ten Men against a Geyser of Oil," (in *The Literary Digest*, March 24, 1923).

(c) **For Presentation by the Teacher:** "The Oil Age and Its Needs," Lane (in *The Independent*, January 17, 1920); "American Oil Argonauts," Barnes (in *The World's Work*, July, 1920); "Oil on the Troubled Waters," Frank (in *The Century Magazine*, September, 1920); "Defeating the Oil Famine," Frank (in *The Century Magazine*, February, 1921); "Hunting Oil in Oklahoma," Peattie (in *The Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1922); "Romance of the Oil Fields," Harger (in *Scribner's Magazine*, November, 1919); "Gambling with Mother Earth," Shepherd (in *Harper's Magazine*, July, 1921); "When the Oil Flood Is On," Atwood (in *The Saturday Evening Post*, July 7, 1923).



KINGS OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

SAMUEL M. EVANS

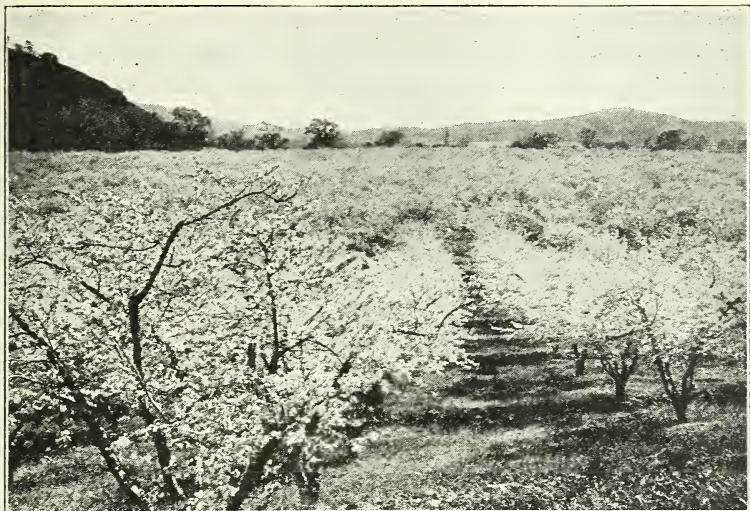
Reading Aims—Find: (a) what three characteristics the Kings of the Golden River had which made the Sacramento Valley productive; (b) where Treasure Valley is located; (c) what lesson the Kings of the Golden River learned.

Once upon a time, three brothers, Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck, lived in Treasure Valley in the land of Stiria. They were farmers. From the rim of the mountains that surrounded Treasure Valley fell a wonderful cascade, called the Golden River. It dashed
5 down on the other side of the mountains from Treasure Valley, however, and left the valley without a stream. But the gentle rains always fell in Treasure Valley and the harvests were always golden and the three brothers waxed exceeding rich. Schwartz and Hans were very mean persons, but little Gluck
10 was kind and gentle. One day Schwartz and Hans offended Southwest Wind, Esq., very deeply. Southwest Wind, Esq., took his revenge by blowing very hard and bringing a great flood to Treasure Valley and laying it waste. Then he ceased his visits to Treasure Valley altogether; the gentle rains fell no more
15 there and it became a desert place. The three brothers gathered together their gold and moved to the other side of the mountains and became goldsmiths. But Schwartz and Hans wasted their profits in riotous living and, because they had no gold mine, they became very poor. Finally the only gold left was in a curious
20 golden mug that belonged to Gluck. Schwartz and Hans com-

manded him to throw it into the melting pot, and then they went away on a drinking debauch. When the mug was melted, a curious little dwarf jumped out of the pot and informed Gluck that he was the King of the Golden River. If anyone should
5 cast three drops of holy water into the Golden River, he said, it would be turned into gold; but anyone who cast unholy water into the river would be turned into a black stone. Then the dwarf disappeared, and the gold in the pot evaporated. When Schwartz and Hans came home, they were exceedingly wroth at
10 the loss of the gold. But when Gluck told them what had happened, they decided to throw three drops of holy water into the Golden River and become rich again. But the water that they threw into the river was unholy, and they were turned into black stones. Then little Gluck threw three drops of holy water into
15 the Golden River. He was surprised to find that the stream did not turn to gold, but was diminished in volume.

Then he looked down on the other side of the mountains and saw that a part of the waters of the Golden River had been diverted into Treasure Valley. The water enriched the soil of
20 Treasure Valley, and Gluck reaped rich harvests and lived there in happiness forever and ever.

This is the story of *The King of the Golden River* as told by John Ruskin. The Golden River really rises in the snows of Mount Shasta and flows right through Treasure Valley. Some
25 persons call the river the Sacramento and the valley the Sacramento Valley, while to Stiria they give the name of California. One name is as good as another; the important thing is to recognize the place and the persons in the story. And what happened in Treasure Valley is very much like what has happened and
30 what is happening right now in the Sacramento Valley. The farmers who lived there at first became goldsmiths when the yellow metal was discovered in the streams flowing into the Sacramento. And in their lust for gold they threw into the Sacramento very much unholy water—water that had been pol-
35 luted by their hydraulic mining streams. Before Treasure Val-



ALMOND TREES IN THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY

ley brought forth crops again, the three drops of holy water—persistence, intelligence, and coöperation—had to be cast into the Sacramento River. And now Treasure Valley is producing golden harvests, and the farmers are growing very rich.

5 The Sacramento Valley was at one time an arm of the sea. The Sacramento River flowed into it at its upper end, way up above Red Bluff, several hundred miles from the present mouth of the river. Every winter the rains washed down mud from the mountains, and after a long, long time the arm of the sea
0 was filled up with rich soil. The streams that had formerly flowed down from the Sierra Nevada Mountains into the eastern edge of the sea now joined the mighty Sacramento River. The river deposited more soil near its banks than it did farther away, of course, and so the time came when it built up its bed a little
5 higher than the land on either side; in much the same way the muddy Colorado River has built up a bed for itself hundreds of feet higher than the old Salton Sea, into which it originally

emptied. The trees grew on the mountain sides, and the forest cover caught and held the storm waters of winter and distributed them more evenly throughout the year. This prevented the disastrous floods that the rainy season had formerly brought to the Sacramento Valley and retarded somewhat the process of filling up the valley with soil, leaving the river flowing, a clear stream for most of the year, through its self-made ridge in the center of the valley, from five to twenty-five feet higher than the surrounding lands. There was plenty of water in the river at all times of the year, and boats went upstream to take away the rich crops of the farmers who tilled the plains-lands away from the river and the high lands adjacent to the banks of the streams. The lowlands back from the stream were not farmed, because every year Southwest Wind, Esq., filled them with rain from the hills and with the surplus flood-waters of the Sacramento River. Each farmer owned thousands of acres of land, which had been granted to him by the governor of New Spain. For California was then a part of New Spain, which included Mexico, and was governed by Spanish governors. There were very few people in Treasure Valley in those days.

One year—it was January, 1848, to be exact, for this is not a fairy story—James Wilson Marshall discovered gold in the tail-
race of Sutter's Mill on one of the streams that flows into the American River in Eldorado County. Old Southwest Wind, Esq., had not been very kind to the farmers in Treasure Valley that spring, and they decided that the rivers that flowed into the Sacramento Valley had indeed been turned into gold higher up in the hills near their sources. And so they left their farms and rushed to get the gold in the river-beds. The news of the discovery was carried to the eastern part of the United States, and then began that remarkable rush to California across the plains and around the Horn by sea; the rush that resulted in the peopling of a state within a few years and the wresting away from Spain of the control of California, which was first turned into the Bear Flag Republic and later admitted to the Union as a sovereign state.

Among the thousands that left their homes in the East in 1849 to look for gold in California was Reuben Kercheval, who sailed around the Horn seeking the end of the rainbow. He found San Francisco a roaring gold camp, but he did not stop there. He sailed up the Sacramento River to the town of Sacramento, a bigger and a livelier camp than San Francisco. I am going to tell what happened to Kercheval in his search for riches, not because it is in any way unusual, but because it is exactly what happened to many others and illustrates the fortunes of the kings of the Golden River. Kercheval got his miner's outfit in Sacramento and made straight for the "diggings." He mined just two hours. At the end of that time he sat himself down on a bowlder and thought. He cast his eyes about him and saw thousands of other miners, each digging for gold. There were thousands more in Sacramento and San Francisco, and flour was selling for a dollar a pound. He decided that he would get his gold by supplying food for the hungry mouths. And so he sold his pick and shovel and pan, and moved down into Treasure Valley on the high banks of the Golden River, near where the town of Courtland now stands. His uncle, Armstead Runyon, was engaged in farming there. These two were not by any means the only ones who saw that gold was to be made from tilling the soil of Treasure Valley. Others had taken up land on the banks of the river and were raising vegetables and grain. James Collins, who settled next to Kercheval on what is now Grand Island, still lives there. He is richer than thousands who dug for gold in Eldorado. But the story of one is the story of all.

Kercheval and his neighbors made rich profits out of their crops on the banks of the Golden River. But every few years they were flooded out, and so finally they threw up small dikes to keep out the flood-waters of the Sacramento. Meanwhile the seekers for gold found that they could get it out of the ground much more quickly and with much less labor by throwing great streams of water against the sides of the hills and washing the

hills away, collecting the gold in long sluice-boxes through which the mud was directed.

The residue of mud and water was turned back into the streams again and was carried down and deposited in the bed of the Sacramento River. This was the unholy water that the goldsmiths put into the Golden River. It made the bed of the river higher and higher and decreased its capacity for carrying flood-waters and made it impossible for large boats to navigate the Golden River. When the spring freshets came, the river washed over the banks of Kercheval's levees and spread devastation everywhere in Treasure Valley. And so Kercheval and his neighbors got together for mutual protection against the flood-waters. In 1868 they formed a reclamation district under a special act of the legislature of California that empowered them to build dikes and to assess the land in the district to pay them. The first levees built on Grand Island were constructed merely on the river side of the district. The waters from the great Yolo Basin were not shut out until later. They rarely overflowed the higher lands near the river then, and anyhow when they had drained off the lower lands farther back, crops were put in. The great flood in 1868 washed away the slender banks in front of Kercheval's place and destroyed his crops, and it was not until 1872 that other levees were started. These levees were finished in 1874.

If you take a trip up the Sacramento River today, you will see great clam-shell dredgers at work building levees. A great arm reaches out over the river and drops a steel bucket, fashioned like two clam shells, into the stream. The bucket is drawn up filled with sand, and the arm carries it over to the bank and deposits the sand. The largest clam-shell dredger in the world is now at work on the Natomas project north of Sacramento, and it builds only a mile of levee a month. Of course the levees being thrown up by the clam-shell dredger are very much higher and broader than the levees built at Grand Island in 1872, because the flood plane has been raised very much by the unholy

water put into the river by the hydraulic miners. But there were no clam-shell dredgers for Kercheval and his neighbors in those days. They built their levees with shovel and wheelbarrow. The dirt was taken from the land side of the levee, because there was no way to get the sand out of the river and because sand was not then considered good material for levee building.

Chinese and Indians manipulated the shovels and wheelbarrows. Most of the white people in California were in the gold camps then. In winter there was some white labor, but nearly all the work was done by Chinese and Indians. Thirteen and a half cents a cubic yard was the price paid for moving the dirt. There are men living in the Sacramento Valley now who remember having watched as boys the foremen of the levee gangs walking up and down the dikes with revolvers strapped to their belts to prevent the Chinese from throwing stumps into their wheelbarrows to make up the required amount of dirt. One clam-shell dredger of the type of the *Hercules*, the Natomas Consolidated's giant, will move as much dirt in one day as five hundred Indians and Chinese moved for Kercheval, and will do it for a little over four cents a cubic yard. The clam-shell dredger works twenty-four hours in the day, too.

The levee built by Kercheval and his neighbors lasted until 1876. It was repaired in 1878, and broke again in 1881. This time it was not mended until 1889. For eight years the district lay open to the mercy of the waters. The farmers planted crops after the flood-waters had drained off their lands, but no attempt was made to rebuild the levees. There had been considerable trouble in collecting reclamation assessments, for the lesson of intelligence, persistence, and coöperation had not been thoroughly learned then. The levees of 1881 had been built by horses and scrapers in addition to the wheelbarrow brigade. In 1889 the farmers got together again and rebuilt the levees. This time they used a clam-shell dredger. The water went over the levees in 1890, but they were repaired, and since that time Grand Island has not been overflowed, although in the spring of 1907 the river

reached the highest stage in its history. The district now owns the controlling interest in a big clam-shell dredger, and the levees are kept constantly in repair and are constantly raised to keep them above the continually elevating flood plain. Now you can go down to Grand Island and ride all around the district on the top of the great levee on an oiled roadway forty feet in width. Below you on one side is the river, and on the other the gardens of the island.

There are seventeen thousand acres in Grand Island. Altogether it has cost \$1,864,000 to reclaim this land. Was it worth it? Last year, H. D. Kercheval, son of the pioneer, took eleven thousand boxes of Bartlett pears from twenty-two acres. He sold \$500 worth of pears from each acre. Some of the trees were planted by his father in 1851. Plums yielded \$500 an acre more and he got twenty-five sacks of pink beans per acre. He has 150 acres in his place. The produce from it brought him \$28,000. And Grand Island is not the only reclamation district on the Sacramento River. All along on both sides of the river from the mouth to Marysville and above, and on the Feather, Yuba, and Bear Rivers, the lands next to the streams are bringing forth golden crops. The first clam-shell dredger that ever operated on the Sacramento River can be seen today at work on the levees of Merrit Island. It is considerably smaller than the Hercules, but it is large enough to do the work required and is not old enough yet to be thrown into the scrap heap. Last year the Lisbon District, a little below Sacramento, finished facing three miles of levee on the west side of the district, with cement. The levee is exposed for this three miles to the Yolo Basin, which becomes an inland sea in spring. Old Southwest Wind, Esq., makes his home across the Yolo Basin and he whipped the waters of the basin to such fury every year that they washed over the levees of the Lisbon District. The farmers tried brush riprapping to no avail. Now they have covered the levee with cement. It cost \$75,000 to face that levee with cement for only three miles. Was it worth it? The farmers of Lisbon District think

so. They have paid for it out of the profits from their farms.

The land under reclamation along the Sacramento River is irrigated by the waters against which the levees have been built. A pumping plant in each district, run by electric power from the headwaters of the rivers that flow into the Sacramento, takes the water over the levees into ditches that distribute it over the land. The same pumping plant drains the land of surplus rain and seepage water in spring. In 1878, when the Lisbon District was overflowed, the farmers mended the levees and erected fifteen windmills to pump out the water so that they could put in their crops. Now the Golden River and its tributaries are harnessed and made to do the work through the generation of hydro-electric power. The water that irrigates the land is rich with silt carried down from the mountains, a veritable Nile that not only waters but gives new life to the soil. Altogether there are a hundred nineteen thousand acres of reclaimed land in the Sacramento Valley. The reclamation expense has been in excess of ten and a half millions. Was it worth it? Well, every cent of the ten and a half millions has been paid for by the crops produced on the land. In 1910 the crops produced on that acreage brought \$23,000,000 gross and last year the figure was a little higher. It has been a good investment, this putting of intelligence, persistence, and coöperation into the Golden River. To enumerate the crops grown in the reclaimed districts would be like writing a list of the agricultural products of the world. Here oranges and rice, pears and hemp, asparagus and cherries, celery and beans flourish. One-fourth of the asparagus crop of the world is raised and canned here. The tips are sealed in tins on the same day that they are cut. A million boxes of pears and more than two million sacks of beans were produced in 1911. I saw a cherry orchard that beat the world ten days for early cherries last year; and the owner had thought that the trees were sick because the sand of a new levee had been thrown close to their trunks. Alfalfa, the great forage crop, flourishes as it does nowhere else in the West, and dairies are bringing rich profits

to their owners. Transportation charges, which constitute the biggest single factor in agricultural success, are a minimum because so many boats ply in the sloughs of the island district. The Sacramento and Southern Railroad, a branch of the Southern Pacific, is being built through the reclaimed district.

Success has come only as the reward of untiring effort and intelligent coöperation. The fight against the water and Southwest Wind, Esq., goes on unceasingly. The levees are constantly watched and raised and strengthened. But the fight has taught the farmers of the netherlands the one great lesson of civilization—coöperation. How that lesson is operating to work out a comprehensive scheme for the complete utilization of the Golden River—to irrigate the plains-lands above the netherlands, to reclaim further the netherlands district, to furnish electric power and to float large vessels—is one of the most fascinating features of the development of civilization in the West. The project is magnificent in its conception. It could not even have been conceived back in the time of Kercheval because the lesson of coöperative effort had not been learned.

While the War Department, in conjunction with the state of California and the landowners in Treasure Valley, is planning to control the flood-waters of the Sacramento Valley through the enlargement of the capacity of the rivers and the reclamation of the lands on their banks, the United States Reclamation Service plans to control the flood-waters by constructing a series of gigantic reservoirs on the headwaters of the principal streams to catch and impound the water before it gets into the rivers. The water will be used to generate electric power and to irrigate the plains-lands that border the lower lands of Treasure Valley and which are now producing grain. Like all the projects of the Reclamation Service, the irrigating systems will belong to the land that uses the water. It is a magnificent plan and would make a story in itself. One of the units, at Orland, is practically completed, and land that formerly produced twenty-five dollars' worth of wheat per acre a year is now producing two hundred fifty dol-

lars' worth of irrigated crops to the acre. It will be years before the entire project is completed, but persistence, intelligence, and coöperation will make it possible.

5 Out of the struggles of Kercheval and his neighbors has arisen the spirit of coöperation that is making for the complete utilization of the waters of the river. When the whole scheme is realized, the Sacramento Valley will be capable of supporting a population of more than seven million persons. And all will be kings of the Golden River.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Samuel M. Evans is a contributor to current periodicals, notably *The World's Work* and *The Sunset Magazine*. His interest in the economic problems of the West is well shown in the article "The Kings of the Golden River," which appeared in *The Sunset Magazine*, February, 1912.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Tell briefly how the Sacramento River has built up its bed. 2. What other river in the United States has built up its bed by a similar process? 3. Why were the lowlands not farmed? 4. Describe briefly the effects of the discovery of gold upon the government of California. 5. Why did Reuben Kercheval leave the "diggins"? 6. What great obstacle did Kercheval and his neighbors have to overcome? 7. Discuss briefly methods used in building levees in Kercheval's time. 8. What lesson did the farmers have to learn before their levees proved successful? 9. What now keeps "Southwest Wind, Esq.," from doing harm? 10. What one great "lesson of civilization" have the farmers of Treasure Valley learned? 11. What three characteristics must the people of this valley possess in order to complete the great project they have planned? 12. What have the people of the valley learned from the struggles of Kercheval and his neighbors? 13. Do you know of any reclaimed land in your state? If so, tell the class about it.

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Tell the story to someone who has not read it, using these topics: (a) Ruskin's story "The King of the Golden River"; (b) How the Sacramento became the "Golden River" of today; (c) The discovery of gold in California; (d) How the great obstacles to productive farming are being overcome; (e) What coöperation has done toward aiding this irrigation project.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Tell Ruskin's story of "The King of the Golden River." 2. Locate on the map of California the Golden River in this story. 3. How did "Southwest Wind, Esq.," affect the pro-

ductivity of Treasure Valley? 4. How did the new method of gold-mining affect the usefulness of the Golden River and Treasure Valley? 5. Compare methods of building levees in 1872 with present-day methods. 6. Account for the trouble in "collecting reclamation assessments." 7. Describe the scene which would greet you if you were to visit Grand Island now. 8. Make a list of the products raised in Treasure Valley that are mentioned in this story; add any others you may know about. 9. How is coöperation aiding in "the development of civilization in the West"? 10. How does the United States plan to assist the Kings of the Golden River?

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (a) The Roosevelt Dam. (b) How farms are made in the deserts. (c) Where and why irrigation is necessary in the United States. (d) How the United States government helps to "reclaim desert lands." (See "Library Reading.")

Library Reading. "The U.S. Reclamation Service," Foster (in *The Youth's Companion*, March 23, 1916); "Bringing the Landless Man to the Manless Land" (in *St. Nicholas*, November, 1915); "The Land of Before and After: Miracle Story of Imperial Valley, California," Woelke (in *The Sunset Magazine*, April, 1912); "Our Paternal Uncle: How the United States Helps Those Who Help Themselves," Lane (in *The Sunset Magazine*, September, 1914); "Transforming Western Deserts," Du Puy (in *Uncle Sam's Modern Miracles*); "Something about Western Irrigation," Fairbanks (in *Western United States*); "Irrigating the Desert," Marriott (in *Uncle Sam's Business*); "The Conquest of Arid America," Smythe (in *Progress of a United People*, Barstow); "Dams and Aqueducts," Williams (in *The Romance of Modern Engineering*); "Setting the River to Work," Bond (in *Pick, Shovel, and Pluck*); "Reclaiming the Desert," Chamberlain (in *North America*); "The Nation's Undeveloped Resources," Lane (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, February, 1914); "The Roosevelt Dam," in "The Spirit of the West: The Wonderful Agricultural Development Since the Dawn of Irrigation," Blanchard (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, April, 1910); "The Roosevelt Dam: Home-making by the Government," Blanchard (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, April, 1908); *Resources and Industries of the United States*, Fisher; *Under Handicap*, Gregory; "Making Farms out of Deserts," Skerrett (in *Scientific American*, April 3, 1920); "Rescuing a People by an Irrigation Ditch," Wilson (in *The World's Work*, September, 1911); "Conservation As Exemplified by Irrigation Projects," McMurray (in *Lessons in Community and National Life, Series C*, Judd and Marshall); "The Department of the Interior," (in *Lessons in Community and National Life, Series B*, Judd and Marshall); *Reclaiming the Arid West; Story of the U. S. Reclamation Service*, James; "Under the Ditch in Texas," Hough (in *Outing*, February, 1909).

SEVEN AND A HALF BILLION MATCHES A DAY

ROBERT H. MOULTON

Reading Aims—Find: (a) how matches are made; (b) the inventions that have led to improvements upon the brimstone match; (c) why matches are cheap.

If all the matches used in the world in a single day—about seven and a half billions—were laid out end to end, they would reach from the earth to the moon and some ten thousand miles beyond. This means, of course, that matches are made by the billion every day. So far as numbers are concerned, they probably exceed any other manufactured article.

In the United States the largest match factories are located in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and Barberton, Ohio. The daily output of the factories in these two districts alone is about a billion matches a day.

One of the first forms of matches was the brimstone match, early in 1800, made by cutting very thin strips of highly resinous or very dry pine wood, about six inches long, with pointed ends dipped in melted sulphur; thus prepared, the sulphur points instantly ignited when applied to a spark obtained by striking fire into tinder from a flint and steel. This was in almost universal use up to the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, when several ingenious inventions followed each other in rapid succession, and displaced it so completely that it would now be very difficult to purchase a box of brimstone matches.

The first of these inventions was the "Instantaneous-light Box," which consisted of a small tin box containing a bottle, in which was placed some sulphuric acid with sufficient fibrous asbestos to soak it up and prevent it spilling out of the bottle, and a supply of properly prepared matches. These consisted of small splints of wood about two inches long, one end of which was coated with a chemical mixture. They were readily inflamed by dipping the end into the sulphuric acid.

The Lucifer match succeeded the above, and differed materially: the bottle of sulphuric acid and all its inconveniences were dispensed with; the match was a small strip either of paste-board or wood, and the inflammable mixture was a compound
5 of chlorate of potash and sulphuret of antimony, with enough of powdered gum to render it adhesive when mixed with water, and applied over the end of the match, dipped as before in melted brimstone. These matches were ignited by the friction caused by drawing them through a piece of bent sandpaper. So very
10 popular did these become, that though they have since passed away like their predecessors, they have left their name behind, which is popularly applied to other kinds since then invented.

Next to the Lucifer in importance was the Congreve, a modification of which is still commonly used. The body of this
15 match is usually of wood, but some, called "Vestas," are of very thin wax-taper. The composition consists of phosphorus and niter, mixed with melted gum or glue, and colored with vermilion, red-lead, umber, soot, or other coloring material. The Congreve match requires only a slight friction to ignite it,
20 for which purpose the bottom or some other part of the box is made rough by attaching a piece of sandpaper, or covering it with sand, after wetting it with glue.

The so-called "Swedish Safety Match," was invented by a Swede named Lundstrom, a manufacturer of matches at Jon-
25 koping, in 1855. There is no phosphorus in the safety match itself; instead, the other elements in the match are brought into contact with red phosphorus only on the friction surface, which contains also sulphide of antimony. In spite of this precaution, safety matches will, with sharp friction, light on smooth paper,
30 wood, dry glass, and other substances; but they light *readily* "only on their own box."

As simple and commonplace as the ordinary parlor match of today appears, it is really quite a complicated affair. To the
35 scientist, a match is not a match at all, but a miniature high explosive bomb! Match heads are actually high explosives and

in the quantities and under the conditions used in munitions are capable of doing as much damage as TNT. As matches, of course, they are harmless even by the box or case. The match-bomb has its "detonator" and its "time-fuse" to set it off, while its stick is the element upon which they act, comparable to the main charge of a shell or a hand grenade. Moreover, it must be a bomb with a timed explosion, neither too fast nor too slow. And on top of that, it must go off with the least trouble on the part of the person who lights it, yet not go off accidentally.

The first step in making matches is cutting the splints. Match splints the world over are made from various kinds of wood, but most of the matches used in North America have pine sticks, while European match splints are chiefly aspen. Pine is more costly because it is a wood much in demand, fit for many other products, while aspen, used in hardly any other ways, is cheaper—and its use for matches conserves other lumber. Match splints are also either round or square, pine being mostly cut in the round shape, and aspen in the square.

One of the largest match factories in the world has lately turned its attention entirely to the manufacture of square splints of aspen, this wood being chosen after long experience and investigation. Aspen is a stronger wood than white pine, and burns with a steadier, more uniform flame, and the square splint is stronger because it contains more wood. It is easier to grasp, and to keep from turning in the fingers. A square splint has more edges along which flame can travel than a round splint—a split stick in the fireplace burns better than a round log. The wood is not compressed in cutting square splints, and so it takes up chemicals better. And a square splint holds a match head better because its larger end and four sides give more clinging surface.

Pine for match splints is usually dried by stacking outdoors anywhere from one to three years—drying it artificially is too expensive. But carrying such a vast stock of raw materials is costly business, too. With the more easily dried aspen, and with

the improved methods of handling, it was found possible to turn a green log into dry splints ready for the heads in about two hours—and into matches in another hour.

First the bark is removed. Then a veneering machine pares
5 off a continuous sheet of wood the thickness of a match, round
and round the log. This veneer is cut into strips, and the strips
chopped into individual match splints, which go through tanks
of the solution and are dried in rotary dryers by steam. The
entire splint and match process is continuous and almost auto-
10 matic, employing, practically throughout, especially designed
machines. The choppers for splints, for instance, each have a
capacity of about eighteen hundred pieces per second; the match-
dipping machines each turn out about five hundred perfectly
finished matches in the same period, or at the rate of nearly
15 two million per hour.

Conveyors carry the wood in process from one station to
another, past inspectors, who check the color and quality con-
tinuously. Ingenious sheet choppers cut the sheets into exact
lengths and widths with revolving knives whose tremendous speed
20 fills the plant with the noise of a dozen ocean liner sirens. The
huge rotary dryers are each eight feet in diameter by sixty
feet long.

The match head must burn with the least amount of smoke
and odor. It must be fairly windproof, burning in an air current
25 of reasonable force, or lighting up again when sheltered if the
flame has been blown down. It must be waterproofed, so that
matches actually can be dipped in water and not spoiled. It
must be sure fire, giving a full flame, not be noisy in lighting,
nor flash up too quickly, burning one's fingers. The head must
30 stick securely to the splint, not only before the match is used,
but afterward, and it must not break or split either before or
after use.

The inert base must be oval or pear-shaped, so that when
matches are packed or carried in the pocket, the white tips can-
35 not come in contact with each other or with the inert base, acci-

dentally setting themselves off. The tip must ignite easily by light friction on the smooth surfaces where people usually scratch matches—paper, wood, leather, cloth. It must make the slightest possible mark, not scratch or tear such surfaces, and the inert base must not stain either the wood, the clothing, or the hand.

Then, people like color even in match heads—"any color at all"—as long as it is a cheerful red! So a pleasing color is part of the ideal match, and dyes are one of the many chemicals used in match compounds.

After the splints have been cut, and dried, they are carried automatically to tables which jog out all broken and imperfect ones. Then other jogging machines level them up in parallel rows ready to be fed to the dipping machines. These machines each have a capacity of 2,000,000 matches per hour. The dipping machine has a framework carrying a long chain made up entirely of perforated plates, into which the splints are automatically fed two rows at a time, and then begin the long journey that transforms them into matches.

First, the splint ends pass over a hot plate, and are dipped in a bath of melted paraffin. Then they are dipped in the inert base compound, travel along on the chain until partially dry, are dipped again for the tiny ignition tip, and finally, when the trip is finished, and the drying completed, the finished matches are automatically discharged, row by row. The entire trip around the machine takes an hour. These different compounds of chemicals must be kept within very narrow limits of viscosity, so that each splint will get a head of uniform size and shape, and dry in the allotted time. The process must be carried on in uniform temperature and humidity.

A noisy "banger" match, that makes you jump when you strike it, is really one that has been case-hardened by too fast drying. Its hard shell makes a miniature grenade, and when the head is ignited it goes off with a real explosion. With perfect control of climate in the dipping room, these "bangers" are eliminated by regulating temperature and humidity.

The whole process in a modern match factory is controlled by tests from log to packing room. Everywhere along the line samples of splints and matches are constantly being taken out and put through testing machines. The splints are tested for strength, uniformity of size, and whiteness. The base and tip compounds must be something like thick syrup. If either too thin or too thick, the matches will not take good heads in dipping. The sensitiveness of matches is tested, too, by the quickness, force, and percentage of ignition.

Even the boxes in which the public buys the matches are made by machinery that folds the paper, prints on the label, and turns one side of the box into a sandpaper striking-place; and the matches themselves are put into the boxes by machinery.

A few centuries ago if you had produced a small piece of wood, and by rubbing it lightly on a little box had caused the end to ignite suddenly, and you had possessed a few dozen gross of boxes, a large fortune would have been at your command.

Today, the man is poor indeed who cannot afford a box of the useful little sticks that are among the cheapest of the cheap things that we buy. For matches to be so cheap, their manufacture must be conducted very economically. You cannot imagine even a Chinese workman being able to split and dip separate matches and sell them profitably at present prices. He could not possibly compete with the machine of the white man who strews matches so plentifully wherever he goes.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Robert H. Moulton (1880-) is a native of Nashville, Tennessee. He was graduated from the School of Mines, Columbia University, in 1900. As a journalist and writer on economics of the grain trade, Mr. Moulton has gained distinction. His magazine articles are frequently illustrated by photographs he has taken. "Seven and a Half Billion Matches a Day," appeared in *America Today—Fort Dearborn Magazine*, October, 1923.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Estimate the number of matches used in the world in a day. 2. Where are the largest match fac-

ories in the United States located? 3. What is the daily output of these two factories? 4. How and when was the brimstone match first made? 5. Describe briefly the "Instantaneous-light Box." 6. How is the Congreve match ignited? 7. How does the scientist regard the ordinary parlor match? 8. Discuss briefly the first step in making matches. 9. What advantages has the square over the round match? 10. Account for the fact that matches cost us so little.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Find on your map of the United States the location of the largest match factories. 2. In what way was the Lucifer match an improvement over former inventions? 3. What method was used in making the "Swedish Safety Match"? 4. Are "safety matches" absolutely safe? Why? 5. Which wood is better for making match sticks, pine or aspen? Give reasons for your answer. 6. Tell how the wood is cut into match splints. 7. What precautions must be taken in making match heads? 8. Give a clear description of how the "dipping machine" operates. 9. What is the cause of noisy "banger" matches? 10. What tests are made during the construction of matches? 11. How are match boxes made? 12. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: brimstone; resinous; ignite; ingenious; asbestos; inflammable; antimony; TNT; viscosity.

Class Reading. Select three or four interesting units to be read aloud in class.

Library Reading. "The Match," Forman (in *Stories of Useful Inventions*); "A Boxful of Sunlight," (in *Book of Knowledge*, Volume 8); "How Much Science in a Common Parlor Match," Collins (in *Scientific American*, August, 1922); "With the Aid of Some Matches," Livermore (in *Boy Scouts' Year Book*, 1920); "Matches," Paradise (in *The Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1920); "The Little Match Girl," (in *Fairy Tales*, Andersen); "Matches," Fabre (in *The Secret of Every Day Things*).

A Suggested Problem. Every well-written paragraph has a sentence which gives the reader an idea of what the paragraph contains. Such a sentence is sometimes called the "key sentence." Study the first three or four paragraphs of this story to find out why it is necessary in all of your reading to give careful attention to the "key sentence." The last paragraph in the story is usually important because it summarizes the thought. Find out if this is true of the last paragraph in this story.

IN THE SHEARING SHED

C. E. W. BEAN

Reading Aims—Find: (a) how a sheep-shearer does his work; (b) the method used in grading wool; (c) how wool is made into cloth.

“We all meet here once a year,” said the wool-classer, confidently waving his hand over the bent backs of some twenty or thirty shearers, which were beginning to grow very stiff and creaky and painful toward the end of the first day’s shearing.

5 We were standing at one end of the long passage-way that goes by the name of the board. It always seems to be rather dark in a shearing shed—perhaps only by contrast with the fierce glare of the sunlight on the Australian plain outside, gleaming through every crack and fogging every doorway. Anyway, it
10 was dark just then. The grease in the wool takes no time to polish every plank and post in the shed a mellow, oily brown. Such light as shone in, one could see reflected in the dull buff floor as in ice. It glinted softly from the polished side of the pens, from the great polished tree trunks supporting the roof,
15 from the tiny droning steel machines, from the long steel shaft and wheels always turning, turning, above them. It showed up softly the shiny brown muscles, the white singlets, and blue and green and red jerseys of the shearers, as they peeled off the fleece from each fat, impotent, struggling sheep, much as a house-
20 wife peels a potato.

For some reason the process of peeling, particularly with such a remorseless, irresistible implement as a shearing machine, is always fascinating to watch. One stood there dreamily spell-bound as the shiny brown forearm steered patiently over wrinkle
25 after wrinkle, buried sometimes well over the wrist in the wool through which it plowed—so deep that one swore it must have gone through a jugular this time at any rate. Time after time one caught one’s breath while the cutter sailed over the eyes and

the knee-pads—leaving the body the shorn, clean white of a peeled orange. From the pens behind the board came the consistent scuffle of sheep. A couple of roustabouts, yelping like puppies and rattling tin cans on iron hoops, were drafting sheep from a passage packed like a sardine tin into the pens behind the shearers as they became empty. Then a steam whistle hooted.

For a moment nobody seemed to have noticed it. Then a shearer down the board straightened his back painfully, hung up his machine, put on his coat, and stepped out of the shed. After him another, and another. As each man finished his sheep and rammed it down the chute at his side, he stopped work. From the doorway came the click of teacups. Within five minutes the last shearer had finished. The hum of the machines ceased. The engine slowed down, stopped, began to hiss softly with escaping steam. The picker-up raced off to the wool tables with the last fleece. The sweepers busied themselves for a minute or two. And then the shed was deserted.

It was four o'clock; and from four to four-thirty is the half-hour spell when the shearers make their cook send them up something to eat as well as their tea. They had had tea twice before that day in the two shorter spells of twenty minutes each, which came one between breakfast and dinner, and the other between dinner and lunch. Shearers are sometimes laughed at for their frequent meals. Perhaps they are not an absolute necessity. But, at any rate, very few of the people who treat themselves to morning tea and afternoon tea deserve it as the shearers do. Shearing may be well-paid work, and the conditions are good enough; but no one attempts to deny that it is real hard work, eight hours of aching, vibrating work, carried through honestly at top pressure. It is well-paid piecework, which is the ideal sort of work. There's a good deal of grumble about shearing, both from the shearers and their bosses. But if all the work in the country were carried through as strenuously as shearing is, Australia would be a very much richer and more comfortable place for everyone in it.

When work started again after the short spell on the first afternoon, the backs that bent over the sheep were stiffer and creakier than ever. One youngster was obviously in difficulties. The overseer—"the boss of the board," as he is called—was for
5 some time standing quietly watching him struggling with a sheep, nibbling at the fleece with the machine rather than shearing it, making a "second cut," that is, shearing by installments, leaving the wool too long, and going over it conscientiously a second
10 time, so that the beautiful, long, even staple was minced into short lengths. He was obviously ruining the fleece, committing half a dozen mistakes at once because his back was a lively lumbago, and at least a dozen others because he was being
15 watched. The "boss of the board" did not reprimand and dismiss him, as one half expected he would do. He walked on instead, and pretended to have seen nothing. Presently from the other end of the board, we saw the youngster step across to the wall and put on his coat.

"May they stop work when they wish?" I asked presently.

"It's not in the contract," said the boss. "They're supposed
20 to shear on till the shed stops. But it's the first day, and he's feeling it pretty bad. It's better for me not to see. That young fellow is a 'learner.' He's never shorn before, except, perhaps, as a roustabout. The shearers, when the whistle goes, sometimes let the roustabouts finish for them the sheep they
25 happen to be on. The boss won't let them do so in some sheds. But they must begin some time, I suppose, mustn't they? Well, this fellow's just learning. And he's been having a bad time."

Presently one noticed the "boss of the board" step up to the man, who was leaning disconsolately against the wall, and say a
30 few words to him. They spoke quietly for a moment. Then the youngster left the shed.

"He's a good chap, a real trier," said the boss, returning.

By this time, when the men bent down over each new sheep, you could almost hear their backs creaking, cre-ee-eking like
35 doors on rusty hinges. After the sheep was finished, something

would have to be repaired in the machine—some screw tightened or the comb and cutter readjusted. The men could stand with their backs straight while doing it. It was wonderful how regularly it happened, and how long it took. When next they bent their backs, it looked as if something was bound to give way if they got much stiffer.

CLASSING THE WOOL

Next morning the big shed dozed under its dazzling iron roof. Inside, the machines hummed, the belt slap-slapped, the shaft always turned, the shearers sweated. Outside in the sleepy glare, two men, manager and jackaroo, were bolting from the counting-out pens under the shed the poor, skinny, undignified, decrepit sheep. The shearer, as he finishes each sheep, slides it down a chute at his side into his particular one of a series of small pens underneath. And now a boy was emptying the pens. As each batch cleared the gate, with the solemnity of aged parrots the poor silly sheep jumped high, jumped and jumped again, as if it were a part of the formula. And during this performance they were counted and credited to the shearer who owned the pen. Presently, for a good-by, each sheep was branded like a sugar-bag with what looked, and apparently felt, like hot tar. If there were ticks or other pests in that country he would have been dipped a little later. But there was no need. They strung eagerly from the gate of the shorn-sheep paddock into the limitless west again.

And all the while the shed was humming; and always on the green flat below, watched by one silent horseman, there waited one of the famous flocks of the world.

The people of that shimmering Central Australian run had noticed that when their wool in due course reached London there was always one man who waited for one particular section of it, and snapped it up as soon as it was offered. They inquired at last. He was a manufacturer of a particular cloth for billiard tables.

Now that had little to do with the sheep, for there were plenty like them in Australia. It was really the result of a certain honesty of system which still marks most British commerce—a wise, honest system which voluntarily tells the buyer
5 exactly what he is getting. It is “grading” in some trades, and “classing” in this. What has happened to the wool which you are wearing on your back, possibly a few months before you are wearing it, is this:

It was driven on the back of a sheep, in a march of short
10 stages, to the woolshed. After half a day outside, it scuffled up a wide gangway into the back of the huge dark shed, and was there penned in a set of small yards, each the size of a bedroom. Next door there is sometimes a line of smaller “forcing pens” for further subdividing the mob. There they wait till the last sheep
15 in some “catching pen” is caught by one of the two shearers who work just outside of it.

You let the other fellow catch the last sheep in the pen you share with him, if you can decently do so, because shearers always pick the easiest sheep first. If one did not his mate might. If
20 there is an old ewe in the pen with most of the lower wool worn off, she goes first. Consequently there is gradually left a bunch of fleeces with wrinkles stiffer than door mats. The stiffest, wrinkliest, is “the cobbler” because he sticks to the last.

One hears yarns of a man’s maneuvers to let his mate get
25 the cobbler. But there’s an etiquette in shearing and it is not the thing. Every shearer I saw worked straight ahead like a good mate; stepped into the pen, took one quick look, dived at a sheep, caught him under the arms, bundled him out, and started. Notice what happens to the wool.

30 The under-body wool must be shorn first, cut off separately, and thrown on the floor. The locks along the legs and extremities also fall on to the floor.

The rest comes off as one fleece. The shearer opens up the neck, clears the difficult wrinkles, clears one flank, and gradually
35 works round and finishes on the other. For one second the

fleece lies a soft shawl on the floor. A special boy immediately gathers it up carefully by the hips.

The wool is now in three places: odd locks from the legs scattered on the floor, the under-body on the floor in one piece, the fleece picked up. Those three never come together again. That first simple classification follows right to the shop counter.

The locks are always being swept up by special boys—"sweepers." The dirty, unpresentable scraps gradually fill a line of large clothes-baskets. They are too precious to waste. The baskets, when full, are shoved along the floor, emptied into a special bin, and known ever after as "locks" or "floor locks."

The under-bodies are cleaner and more even. The sweepers tear out any stain and throw it apart, and pitch the rest of this wool into special baskets, which are emptied into a bin.

The fleece—the most precious part of the clip and the biggest—is not touched by the "sweepers"; is not left on the floor at all. The "pickers up" race off with it, spread it with one clever throw like a cloth over one of the tables at the end of the shed, and race back again. It lies on the table much like a bearskin hearthrug, the points—shoulders, neck, haunches—about hanging over the edge. These flanks have been brushing through the herbage during the year, and are full of burs and uneven. The men at the table skirt them off, and throw the pieces on the floor. The fleece itself—once the back of the sheep, and so away from the herbage and burs and only containing a few grass seeds—they roll into a woolly, round muff, and put this, the pick of the wool, on the wool-classers' table.

Now the tables in the woolshed are not solid like dinner tables, but have tops like pavement gratings. Any little odd locks—second cut, and what not—that are not wanted in the fleece fall through the bars, and mount up like snow-flakes, in fair-sized heaps under the tables during the day.

Now the fleece itself lies in three more parts: odd locks and second cuts, under the tables; on the floor, the pieces skirted off; on the wool-classers' table, the rolled-up fleece itself. The locks

under the tables are swept up, and sometimes clubbed with the dirty old locks that fall on the floor around the shearer. But if there are enough of the "table locks" they are too clean to mix with the "floor locks," and go to a bin of their own.

5 The rolled fleeces are piled before the wool-classer, the scientist, the expert in wool, in every shed. In a general way he has control of all the wool in it. That is to say, he generally makes a few excursions about the shed, among the bins, where the different classes of wool are mounting up, among the other
10 tables; sometimes even among the shearers. If he sees bits of wrong wool straying into the right place he has a word to say.

But his main work is to settle, here and now, at his own table, what use will be made of the fleece. And his doing this well or badly has everything to do with the price. This is the
15 way. The long wool will be used for combing—only wool with a long staple can be. So fleeces with a staple of about two inches he pitches into two bins behind him, marked "first combing" and "second combing." His fingers run quickly through the wool, tug at a flock. If it is fine, clean, even in length, he pitches it
20 into "first combing." If it is as long, but coarser and stronger, with more waste and unevenness, he tumbles it into "second combing." Shorter wool will be used, not for combing at all, but for clothing. It is pitched into two other bins—"first clothing," and "second clothing." A bad fleece never gets among
25 these combings and clothings at all. It comes along innocently enough, but the classer detects it like a Sherlock Holmes.

There are refinements in wool-classing; for example, nearly half the weight of the fleece cut from most sheep is due to that grease in it from which they afterwards make lanolin. The skin
30 of a shearer's hands is soft, almost like a woman's, because of the grease. Now, the whole of this has to come out of the fleece—to be scoured out with soap and water. And the weight of clean wool is often less than half that of the greasy.

Naturally, a man who buys wool wants to know how much
35 of it will be useless. The wool-classer practically tells him.

Runs in the real Australia, on the Darling and the Warrego, where they have water, often scour their own wool. They not only earn the profits of scouring; they save the freight which they would have to pay to carry perhaps one hundred twenty
5 tons of grease from the real Australia to the sea—and that's a terribly long way. Now the buyer does not have to guess by its color how that wool will scour, because he sees it already scoured. So, where a station scours its own wool, a wool-classer does not worry about how much it will reduce or about the red in it. The
0 red of real Australia may be ugly, but he knows it will disappear. And the amount of grease scoured from the wool will not affect what remains.

It is this remorseless honesty with which Australian wool-classers draw distinctions against the wool of their own em-
5 ployers that makes it possible for an Englishman to ask year after year for the first clothing of a particular station to make billiard cloths.

There still remain the burry pieces which were skirted from the fleece at the wool-rolling tables and are lying on the floor.
0 A boy, the "broomy," sweeps them to the piece-pickers, wool-classers in a small way, who divide them on their tables into first pieces, second pieces, and perhaps stained pieces.

Heaps looking like flock from torn mattresses are now lying in bins, with various labels. From any one bin they
5 bundle it into a wool press, an arrangement in the safe-like bottom of which there waits an open wool bale. They fill the safe with wool; fill as much again into what looks like a pile-driver above, and then slowly, by levers, ram this double filling into the single bale below, and sew down the flap.

THE MAKING OF WOOL INTO CLOTH

0 And so it comes to the last chapter. It is a strange thing that, though one asked again and again of wool-growers and wool-classers out on the stations, none of them was able to explain the processes that would happen to their wool when it

came to the last chapter of the story. Afterwards one found that this chapter and some which had gone before it all hung on the difference between "carding" and "combing."

5 Carding and combing are two different ways of making a woolen thread. The two threads may be equally strong and equally valuable; but they look different, they feel different, and they have different uses.

10 Wool is not really the smooth, sleek hair that it looks. It differs from hair in being sheathed with strong, rough-edged scales. Hair is sheathed with scales too, but they are smooth ones. Under the microscope wool looks like the rough trunk of a date-palm. Merino wool is particularly scaly.

15 The reason why wool is more valuable than hair or cotton is that when these horny threads of it are laid across one another they interlock. You can bind cotton fibers into thread by laying them parallel and twisting them like rope, but not by laying them across one another. They do not hook on as wool does. The process by which the fibers of wool are laid across one another so as to hook on is called "carding."

20 A machine has been invented which takes the wool exactly as it comes from the scour—except for a little oil sprinkled on it to keep it from flying—automatically weighs out to itself small quantities of it every minute or so, and then proceeds first to separate the fibers and break up the order in which they
25 were arranged on the sheep's back, and afterwards to relay them across one another at every possible angle, and separate them, and relay them again and again and again, till they are so matted that when automatically stripped from the last roller in the
30 great machine they come off in the form of a thin, gauzy film—without strength, but still hanging together if delicately handled.

The way in which the machine lays and relays the fibers is by catching them on rollers clothed with millions of small teeth, from which other rollers with gradually diminishing teeth pick them off and shuffle them, and eventually let them pass to still
35 smaller rollers further on. The teeth are really small bent wires

fixed by the million into "card-clothing" of leather or other material. In one big machine there will be 56,000,000 teeth. The cylinders bristle with wire like thistles. One sort of thistle—the teasel—formerly served for carding, and is still used in some
5 factories for raising the nap on cloth. Now, the Latin for thistle is "carduus," and the French for thistle is "chardon," and the English for a sort of thistle artichoke is "cardoon," and that is how this process came to be called "carding."

One shuffling of these wool fibers may not be enough. They
10 may be put through two or three carding machines, always with smaller teeth—teeth so small that on the last cylinder their surface feels like emery paper. But the process is the same. The wool comes off the last machine hanging together, not because of any twist or any strain put on it, but merely entangled. It
15 is while this thin sheet of fluffy stuff is leaving the last cylinder that the real thread-making begins.

About a hundred narrow parallel bands pass through the film, and each carries off on its surface a continuous strip of it. Each
20 delivers its strip between a pair of leather rollers—rubbers—which rub their surface constantly backward and forward as the wool works through, exactly as a man rubs tobacco between his hands, so that the strips come out rolled, but without any twist. Each strip is called a "sliver." It looks like a thread of knitting wool, but having no twist, it is without strength.

It takes only one act to turn these soft, feeble "slivers" into
25 a strong woolen thread. That loose conglomeration of fibers has only to be twisted tightly to make it very firm. And that is what "spinning" is. The "slivers" are taken to the spinning frame—perhaps a hundred of them at a time. The end of each
30 is fixed on one of a row of spindles. The spindles automatically retreat four or five yards across the floor, drawing out the hundred soft threads after them. Then the spindles suddenly start revolving 5000 times a minute, each winding the thread on itself, and giving it a twist stiffer than that of a wrung towel; and the
35 frame slowly works back to the "slivers" to repeat the process.

The thin, strong woolen thread which results from that twisting is called "woolen yarn" or "carded thread." It is the result of a sort of barbed wire entanglement, a confusion of fibers worse confounded. The ends of the fibers stick out of its surface
5 in all directions, though they are twisted almost into a solid mass in the core of it. These ends make a soft, fluffy covering on the thread like the down on a peach. That soft, furry bloom they especially aim at producing. As this is the result of the ends of the fibers standing out of the thread, it follows that
10 they want for these soft threads a wool with many ends. A very long, fine wool is not a good wool for this, because its ends are too few. A short wool is sufficient for the entangling process, and it gives a softer surface. And that is the reason why short wools are used for carded thread.

15 The second way in which wool is made into thread is almost the exact opposite of the first. It takes very little account of the hooked scales. Instead of mixing the fibers and entangling them, it makes a thread much as a thread of cotton is made—by laying the fibers neatly alongside one another, and then
20 drawing them out and twisting them as a string is twisted.

It is not much use laying very short ends of wool alongside one another, and hoping to bind them by giving them a twist; because there will not be enough twist in their length, and they will come apart on being strained. For that reason a long wool
25 has to be used for making this thread. That long wool has first to be cleared of any short fibers that are in it. The short wool is combed out of it. That is why the whole process—which is really a sort of twisting of long threads—is called "combing."

30 So that was why in the darkness of the big shed, with the glare of Central Australia peeping through the chinks, they had separated the fleeces into "combing" and "clothings." The "combing" were the long fleeces that would stand this test, and would be made into a fine, shiny, clean-surfaced thread by being laid parallel, drawn out, and twisted. The "clothings" were the
35 shorter fleeces which would be made into a soft, furry thread by

being entangled and then twisted—the sort of thread out of which English clothing was, and still is, mostly manufactured.

That—very loosely explained—is the reason for the old distinction between the “combing” and the “clothing.” It has almost
5 been broken down in these days because the Germans have invented and are using machines for combing not only wools with a long staple but comparatively short wools also. Even “pieces” and “under-bodies” can be combed nowadays.

The thread is made from combed wool by drawing it out and
10 spinning it. At the Marrickville factory I watched sixteen ribbons of wool being drawn out into a single ribbon of less width than any of the original ones. Of the ribbon that resulted, eight bands were again drawn into one, and then six of this and four of the next, and so on—until in the end the remnants of no less
15 than 221,184 original strings of wool had been combined and drawn out to a thread almost as slender as silk, which was being wound around a bobbin so fast that you could only see the film of it, from a spindle revolving 7000 times a minute.

That thread in which all the fibers had been laid carefully
20 lengthwise had, naturally, hardly an end of fiber sticking out of it. It was a hard-faced shiny thread. For some reason or other they call it “worsted.” The soft thread made by the other process they call “woolen.” Of one of the two, or of a combination of them, all woolen clothes are made.

I am not going to describe here in detail the process of
25 weaving, or the wonderful machine the first cranky grandfather of which was invented one hundred twenty-five years ago by an English clergyman, who had never even seen a loom at work, and was utterly ignorant of machinery. It struck him
30 from the little he knew of weaving that there were only three motions in the whole process and that as they followed regularly on one another they could be produced by machinery. He got a carpenter and a smith to build him the machine he described to them. And out of that clumsy concern has grown the won-
35 derful machinery of today.

We have machinery nowadays by which a boy can make almost anything as well as the oldest handicraftsman. The world has passed the old English weaving centers long since, has left them far behind in the race to get rich in a hurry. But there
5 are still one or two refinements of manufacture that no machine of itself has yet compassed. There is a certain valley deep in the Gloucestershire hills where from father to son they have given their whole honest lifetime of work to the weaving of certain cloth. It does not much matter what they pay for their
10 wool, because the work they put into it is so great that the original cost of the wool is of small consequence beside it. They make there—among other things—a cloth that is truer and softer and more even than any other cloth in the world. They need for it a wool of an even staple, of exquisite quality, and not over-
15 long, so that the even ends of the fiber may stand up and make a perfect surface for ivory balls to run over.

That cloth is billiard cloth. And the wool—they call the wool “first clothing” out in the real Australia.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Charles Edwin Woodrow Bean (1879-), author and journalist, was born in Bathurst, New South Wales, Australia. He was educated in All Saints' College, Bathurst, of which his father was for a time headmaster, and at Oxford University, England. He was admitted to the bar of the Inner Temple in 1903 and to the bar of the Supreme Court of New South Wales in 1904. He was an editorial writer on the *Sydney Morning Herald* until the outbreak of the World War, when he was elected by the Australian Journalists' Association to fill the position, which was suggested by the British Government, of Official War Correspondent for the Commonwealth of Australia. He sailed with the Headquarters' Staff of the First Australian Division, in October, 1914, and was with the Australian forces, first in Gallipoli and then in France, throughout the war. Upon his return to Australia in 1919, he was commissioned by the government to edit the *Official History of Australia in the War of 1914-1918*. The articles in *On the Wool Track*, from which “In the Shearing Shed” is taken, were first published in the *Sydney Morning Herald*. Among his best known books are *The Dreadnaught of the*

Darling, Flagships Three, and Letters from France, the author's profits from which were "devoted to the fund for nursing back to useful citizenship Australians blinded or maimed in the war."

Australia is one of the most important wool-growing countries in the world, and it is said that the art of sheep-shearing, skirting, classing, packing, and transporting has there been brought to a wonderful state of perfection. Of "the real Australia," spoken of in "In the Shearing Shed," the author says: "Now the point is that there exists inside coastal Australia a second Australia—the larger of the two at that—of which most Australians know very little more than the Londoners do. It is the land of those astonishing grasses which spring up and then vanish for twenty years; and then suddenly flush up again to the delight of the oldest inhabitant, who is the only man that can yarn about them. . . . of the budda, which is good for nothing except to stop the wind from blowing the skin of Australia away, and leaving her cheek-bones all shiny red and bare and useless.

"For out here you have reached the core of Australia—the real red Australia of the ages, which, though the rivers have worn their channels through it and spewed out their black silt in narrow ribbons across it, hems in this flat, modern river-soil to the flood lands, so that if you drive only a few miles from the river bank you will always come out in the end upon red land, a slightly higher land rising sharply from the gray plain; a land which stretches away and away and away across the heart of Australia, with the history of the oldest continent on earth lying in interesting little patches—ironstone pebbles, and river-worn quartz, and stony deserts, and a thousand other relics—across the face of it. That is the real Australia, and it is as delicate as its own grasses."

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. In what country is the scene of this selection laid? 2. Describe the interior of the shearing shed. 3. What is meant by "the process of peeling"? 4. Explain why "the boss of the board" did not dismiss the shearer who ruined the fleece. 5. What leads you to believe that there is "an etiquette in shearing"? 6. What is considered "the most precious part of the clip"? 7. Who is considered the scientist in every shed? Why? 8. How does scouring increase the value of wool? 9. Discuss briefly the process of "carding." 10. How did it come to be called "carding"? 11. Briefly describe the first weaving machine.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Explain why shearing is considered strenuous labor. 2. Find lines which prove that "the boss of the board" was kind to the shearers. 3. Briefly discuss the work of "classing the wool." 4. Give a clear account of the responsibilities of the wool-classer. 5. List different things for which wool is used. 6. Tell why wool is of greater value than cotton. 7. How is wool made into thread? 8. Explain

the difference between "combing" and "clothing." 9. Tell all you know about the making of "billiard cloth."

Library Reading. "Undercurrents," Chapter XV, "Honesty," Chapter XVI, and "The Last Chapter," XXIII, Bean (in *On the Wool Track*); "Sheep-Raising: Land of the Lambskins," Nabours (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, July, 1919); "Lonely Australia: The Unique Continent," Gregory (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, December, 1916); "Sheep and Wool Industry," Allen (in *Industrial Studies: United States*); *Story of Wool*, Bassett; "Sheep and Wool in Australia," Carpenter (in *Australia*); "Wool," Mowry (in *American Inventions and Inventors*); Dale and Fraser, *Sheepmen*, Hamp; *A Shepherd's Life*, Hudson; "John Ridd Rescues His Sheep," Blackmore (in *Lorna Doone*, Chapters XLI-XLII).

THE WORK OF A LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER

HUGH S. FULLERTON

Reading Aims—Find: (a) what the duties and responsibilities of a lighthouse keeper are; (b) why Ed Burge enjoyed his work as keeper of a light.

The slender wooden tower shivered under the pounding of a cold nor'easter. The roar of kerosene, burning under heavy pressure, mingled with the howling of the gale. Particles of wind-driven ice slatted with a sound like distant machine-gun fire against the tower.

In front, along the beach, black masses of water rushed shoreward and smashed into white atoms as they broke, booming, upon the beach. The ray of steely white light pierced a hole in the blackness that lay over the Lower Bay of New York. Four nautical miles out, on the edge of Ambrose Channel, the seaward glare of the huge reflector of West Bank Light showed only moth-white in the thickness of the storm.

Three and a half miles down shore, the light on Old Orchard Shoals was a vague radiance in the smother of snow. The lights

on Sandy Hook, and on the lightships at the channel entrances, were blotted out. Away to the north a cloud of misty white hung in the sky—a mirage of the Great White Way.

“Doesn’t it get lonely at times? Don’t you want to get
5 away and go to the theaters, to the movies?”

“I see all the movies I want,” said Ed Burge. “The greatest movies in the world—every night.”

He said it so quietly that the force of his remark was almost lost upon me. He says and does everything that way—this big,
10 quiet veteran of the lighthouse service. To him everything is matter of fact—all in the day’s work. He has seen and lived the adventure, the perils of the service, but he never speaks of them in those terms.

For thirty-four years this man has been an operator project-
15 ing the light upon the screen of the Lower Bay of New York, guarding the commerce of the world as it moves in and out through the busiest channels on the globe. His lens has shown the pomp of navies, the pride of ocean liners, the majesty of great sailing ships, the comedy, the burlesque, and often the
20 tragedy, of fussy tugs, of clumsy tows, of little cargo boats.

I wanted to know what a man thinks of the world and its affairs when, all alone out in a waste of wild waters, he watches it as a boy alone in a top gallery looks down at a play. For
25 thirteen years he was keeper of the Twin Lights on Navesink, the first lights that greet the ocean traveler as he approaches the entrance to New York Bay. For two and a half years he was keeper on Old Orchard Shoals Light while West Bank Light, which he christened, was being built near the entrance to Ambrose Channel. He was the first keeper there and served alone on that
30 tower for six years. For the past thirteen years he has been keeper of the Elm Tree Light on the Swash Channel range.

Elm Tree is a shore light on Staten Island. When a keeper has grown old in service, he is rewarded by being given charge of a shore light—a back light on a range; but it seems to me
35 Ed Burge is lonely on shore, and longs to be out again in his old

solitary berth on West Bank, or some offshore tower. He does not say so. He has a reputation in the Lighthouse Service of never complaining; but he told me a story:

“Had a little dog once—fox terrier. Got him when he was
5 a pup and I was over on Old Orchard Shoals. Took him with me out to West Bank when it was first built, and raised him out there. You couldn’t get that dog to live ashore. Sometimes when I took him with me after supplies, he’d run down to the edge of the water and look out toward the light, and whine.
10 If the light dimmed at night, or the fog signals stopped, he’d bark and tear around.

“He recognized a lot of boats, too, and would bark to the tugs he knew. I used to tie a flag to his tail, and he’d run out on to the gallery and wave signals. He always slept outside on
15 the gallery, no matter how stormy it was, and watched the light and the boats. He was a lot of company.

“When I was transferred to Elm Tree I brought him ashore with me, but he wouldn’t live here. He was homesick, so I had to take him out and give him to the new keeper on West Bank.
20 He lived on the offshore lights for eleven years. Then the keeper brought him ashore, and he died in three days.

“I reckon that’s the way with most of us. I know I was always glad to get back after being ashore for a time.

“Yes, a fellow has plenty of time to think, and plenty of
25 things to think about when he’s on an offshore light; but you can’t exactly call it being lonely. I have been a month alone in a light, and I’ve been a lot lonelier the few times I have been uptown in New York. A fellow who has his work to do, his light to keep in order, his supplies to attend to, his painting and
30 cooking and carpentering and watching his channel, hasn’t much time to fret about what he is missing, or to envy other folks.

“When a man has a family ashore to think of and to earn for, there’s no use wasting time thinking of what he might be doing.

“On nice nights, when I was out there on West Bank, I would
35 watch the lights way across the bay on Coney Island, or the

glow over New York, and maybe think it would be nice to be there; but if I had been ashore I wouldn't have had the money to go to those places, and if I had gone the chances were that I wouldn't have fitted in. The way I look at it, there is no use
5 wasting time wishing that you were someone else, or somewhere else, or something else.

"I reckon a man makes himself what he is. Maybe circumstances help to make him, but generally he is what he chooses to be. Circumstances couldn't hold him if he wanted hard enough
10 to be something else. Generally a man finds the work he is best fitted for, although most men think the other way. If a fellow makes good at the work he is doing, he may have some claim to think he ought to be doing bigger things; but most of those I've known who thought they were cut out for big jobs, aren't
15 making good at the small ones. The point is that someone has to do every job. It may not sound big, or pay big money, but every job is important. A mud scow is necessary to New York, just as an ocean liner is.

"Take being keeper of a lighthouse, for instance. It's sort of
20 an easy job—at least those who never kept a light say it is. There isn't much to do most of the time. But when there is something to do, it counts. It teaches a man to rely on himself and to do things for himself. Maybe there isn't a big important thing to do more than once in a year; but waiting three hundred
25 sixty-four days, twenty-three hours, and fifty-nine minutes, so as to be sure to be on the job in that other minute, is hard enough.

"But it isn't a bad job; though of course, on an offshore light one hasn't any close neighbors. Fact is, if it wasn't for the flies
30 I'd think it was a pretty *good* job. . . . Worst place in the world for flies! They swarm by millions on lights miles off shore until the keepers pray for a gale of wind to sweep them away."

"I suppose you have seen things, had big adventures?" I suggested as the building shook under the force of the gale.

35 "No, I haven't seen much of anything. No lighthouse keeper

sees much, because when big things are happening it is mostly when you can't see a thing. There have been wrecks, and sinkings, and rescues, and all that sort of thing right near; but on nights when such things happen, when the gale is howling, and the waves are going over the light, when you can't hear yourself think, usually a keeper can't see twenty feet beyond the tower.

"I'm sorry to spoil some of these stories, but it is true. You hear a wreck, or a collision—hear a whistle somewhere on the water, or a bell, maybe a gun fired. That's all—but it's worse than seeing. The keeper of a light can't leave. He must stick to the job, keep the light going, and a whistle, or horn, or bell sounding. It is tough, sometimes, knowing men are in danger only a little way off, wanting to get out and help, and having to stick right there on the job.

"I started in the service down on Twin Lights on Navesink Highlands—the old oil-burning lights with four keepers. It was a nice job most of the time, for the towers are on shore, in pretty surroundings, and there is a wonderful view. A man can stand at the light and see every vessel coming and going.

"But in those days it was a great coast for wrecks. The coast from Sandy Hook down to Long Beach is strewn with them. On wild nights maybe we'd get a glimpse of a vessel driving across the light, and maybe see a rocket go up. All we could do was to stand to the light, while the life-savers were busy down on the beach. Once in a while, when I was certain the light was burning and an assistant was at the post, I could run down the beach and help haul when the guards were bringing men ashore in the breeches buoy. But not often.

"Around the lighthouse a fellow never can tell when he is going to get it. For all that you love the sea, you know it never can be trusted. One day I put a sail on a boat and went ashore to get supplies. Going back I had a kettle of eggs and a box of groceries and things under the seat. The day was fine and warm, but a mile from the light a sudden squall picked up the boat before I could move, and turned it clear upside down with me

under it. I kicked loose, dived from under the sheet and came up. A boat picked me up and my assistant came and got me. Never even broke an egg, but my tobacco got wet.

“The other time was when I’d been ashore and, on the way
5 back to the West Bank again, a blow caught me. It was bitter cold and a big sea running. The waves broke over the boat and wherever the water struck it froze; but finally I got around to the sheltered side of the light. My assistant came out and dropped the tackle down to me, so I managed to hook the boat
10 for him to hoist to the davits.

“Then I reached for the swinging ladder and got hold of it just as the wind kicked the boat from under me. There I was hanging on to a Jacob’s ladder, swinging against the side of the tower, the waves smashing over me and every once in a while a
15 chunk of ice hitting me. My arms were pretty tired from rowing and handling the boat; and hanging on to the ladder made them worse. The ice had frozen over the rungs so that they were twice as big as usual and I couldn’t get a hand grip. Guess my mittens saved me. They froze to the ice-covered rungs and I
20 held on until I could get an arm over the rung. The waves beat me up against the tower and every minute I thought I’d let loose and drop; but after a time I got a leg over the lower round and from that on up to the gallery wasn’t so hard.

“I met a lady once who was all filled up with what she called
25 the romance of the lighthouse. She said she often longed to be a keeper and live alone in a tower on a rock far out in the sea, and have peace and quiet. She couldn’t understand why I snorted. Peace and quiet! A lighthouse is about the noisiest place in the world—out there on West Bank, for instance, with
30 a gale blowing. When I was there the tower rose right out of the water, with no footing at all around it, so the waves crashed against the walls before they broke, and shook the whole tower; shook it until sometimes the mantles over the burners in the light broke. Sometimes the waves went clear over the gallery,
35 and the spray over the light itself.

“Forty or sixty tons of water, driven by a fifty-mile gale, racing in with the tide and slamming against a solid tower of stone and iron make it about as quiet as when two railroad trains butt each other head on. Down on the floor level, there is a gas engine pounding away, the iron plates in the tower groaning, the fog siren screaming, and the bell ringing, and up in the light a stream of kerosene burning under a hundred-pound pressure, and roaring louder than a gale. Nice, romantic spot—so quiet that the keeper can scarcely hear the whistles of steamers and tugs in the channel.

“I remember one night that was like that. It was clear as crystal and bitter cold, and a nor’east gale was ripping through the channel, blowing the tops off the seas. A man couldn’t stand on the gallery, the wind was so strong; and my pup went around to the sheltered side. The light was burning all right, so I turned in and went to sleep. A keeper never worries for fear that he will sleep and the light will go out. In a racket like that about the only thing that *will* wake him is for the roar of the gas or the pounding of the engine to stop suddenly.

“All of a sudden I waked up, out in the middle of the room, with the boat *Carrie Winslow*, of Boston, shoving her nose half way through the tower! She was coming down in tow when the gale drove her against the lighthouse. She tore out one side of the tower, ripped free and drifted on, leaving that gale pouring through my bedroom.

“Nope, I didn’t do anything heroic. I just saw that the pup was all right and the light burning, and that the boat hadn’t sunk, and hunted another room that wasn’t broken wide open.

“When the West Bank Light was new, we used to have a lot of that kind of visitors, especially during heavy weather. The tower has been raised fourteen feet since then and a rip-rapped base built around it; but at that time any ship that got out of the channel could bump right up against us. There was a four-masted schooner, the *S. S. Hurst*, I think, that came along in a fog one night and raked us. Her yards broke off against the

tower, and she carried away my boat, but she never broke the lantern. Couldn't get ashore for supplies for a week.

"If that schooner'd hit the tower square she would have carried it away. It wasn't so solid in those days as it is now. It used to shake all over, especially when the ice was in the bay and a storm was jamming it against the base and ramming the tower with every sea. Used to go to bed sometimes wondering if it would stick until morning, but it wasn't any use losing sleep over it.

"It's all in the day's work. There are lots of wrecks and collisions, and freezings, and sometimes drownings. I've had great luck. Never have lost a man from any light. Had lots of narrow escapes, but they don't count after they're over. You fellows up there in the city don't think anything of it if an automobile misses you by half an inch, or if a street car nearly gets you, or a sign blows down and just misses lighting on your head. No more do keepers think much about nearly getting blown away or caught in the ice. It's part of our work, as dodging automobiles is part of yours. Reckon you'd drown down here, and chances are I'd get killed by a street car uptown.

"A fellow learns a lot, too, about ships, and winds, and waters. There is much to learn about what one sees in the water, and there is time to read. It doesn't make much difference what a fellow reads; I read everything the lighthouse tender brought down. And if there isn't anything to read, a fellow can sit and watch an old hooker go down the bay, read her name, see her flag, get a sight of the crew, maybe, and just think about where she is going, and who is aboard her and what they are going to do and see—and he doesn't need a novel. He has one right there. On dark clear nights he can look out along the light when he tends the lantern, and as the ships and the tugs and the little boats go by he has a moving picture show that beats anything he can see on a screen.

"On winter nights when a gale is howling and you can't see a thing ten feet from the tower, when the snow is swirling thick,

I used to like to think of the city and the crowds up Broadway and in the theaters and wonder if they ever thought of the things going on down here. Sometimes it seems to me that things up there don't amount to much anyway, compared with real things.

5 "Sometimes keepers get caught in the ice and carried away, and all the time a fellow has to keep watch for fear the wind will shift. It shifts quickly down at this end of the bay, and the sea kicks up quickly, especially when a big tide is running. I remember one evening I got caught. I had been down to Deep
10 Kills for provisions, and I was coming back when the wind shifted and it came on to blow hard. I was in a little boat with a bit of sail and a pair of oars. I hadn't gone far before the wind and the sea were too strong for me. The water and the wind were bitter cold, with snow driving and the ice crunching
15 around. It blew me clear away. I couldn't see anything or hear anything. The bay is the busiest place in the world, always full of vessels; but ships are like friends—when you want them most they aren't there. Seemed as if there wasn't a tug or a schooner on the waters that night. All I could do was hang on and bail.
20 "I reckon I bailed the bay through the boat. I drifted for hours not knowing where I was, and finally fetched up plumb against Old Orchard Light, and crawled on the rocks with the boat almost full of water. Had to stay there, too, until I could get the tender down from the station to take me out to the West
25 Bank. The light was all right, though. I'd fixed it and it was still burning.

"That isn't anything; lots of keepers get blown away. It's all in the day's work."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Hugh S. Fullerton (1873-) has been called "the greatest baseball reporter in the world." He is over six feet tall, thin, and keen-eyed. It is said that there is not much around that his eyes miss seeing or his ears miss hearing, and that his specialty is whatever happens to be at hand, whether it is "baseball, cooking, golf, climate, people, or local industry." In the story "The Work of a Lighthouse

Keeper," which first appeared in *The American Magazine*, June, 1920, he shows his keen interest in people and in what they do. He has written many magazine articles on varied subjects. Mr. Fullerton was born in Hillsboro, Ohio, and was graduated from Ohio State University. You will find an interesting account of him in "Hugh S. Fullerton, Baseball Authority," by Rice (in *The American Magazine*, June, 1912).

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. How was Ed Burge rewarded after he had spent years in the lighthouse service? 2. What prevents the offshore lighthouse keeper from getting lonely? 3. Describe the moving picture which is to be seen from the lighthouse every evening. 4. Give instances brought out in this story which show us that the sea "never can be trusted." 5. The woman in the story said she longed to be the keeper of a light and have "peace and quiet"; how was this remark received by Burge? 6. The author tells us that the lighthouse keeper learns a great deal while in service; from what sources does he gain his knowledge? 7. Describe the keeper's experience when his boat got caught in the ice.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Locate the Lower Bay of New York, Sandy Hook, and Navesink on your map. 2. Why do you think Burge told the story about his fox terrier when the author asked him if he were lonely in his shore lighthouse? 3. What does the keeper think is the hardest lesson he has to learn? 4. Make a list of things that Ed Burge would say were "all in the day's work." 5. Do you agree with Burge's statement, "It doesn't make much difference what a fellow reads"? 6. Why must the life of a lighthouse keeper be one of continuous service and industry? 7. Why do you think this story is included in a group of stories about industries? 8. You will enjoy reading "The Highland Light," Thoreau, and "The Keeper of the Light," van Dyke (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*). Compare the duties and dangers of the "keeper of the light" in van Dyke's story with those of Ed Burge.

Library Reading. "Lights of the Florida Reef," Kirk Munroe (in *Our Country: East*); *The United States Lighthouse Service Bulletin, 1915*, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.; "Ida Lewis," Sweetser (in *Ten American Girls from History*); *Sentinels along Our Coast*, Collins; "The Radio Lighthouse," Collins (in *Review of Reviews*, March, 1923); "White Island Lighthouse," Thaxter, and "Grace Darling," Carey (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*).

Silent Reading Test. The following story is well suited to test your reading rate and comprehension. It contains 3589 words. See the suggestion on page 111 for recording your score. Test your comprehension by writing the answers to five questions selected by your teacher.

JANKI MEAH, THE BLIND COAL MINER

RUDYARD KIPLING

Reading Aims—Find: (a) What conditions led to the flood at the mine; (b) who was responsible for the rescue of the miners; (c) how coal is mined in India.

“A weaver went out to reap, but stayed to unravel cornstalks. Ha! Ha! Ha! Is there any sense in a weaver?”

The never ending tussle had recommenced. Janki Meah glared at Kundoo, but, as Janki Meah was blind, Kundoo was not
3 impressed. He had come to argue with Janki Meah, and, if chance favored, to talk to the old man’s beautiful young wife.

This was Kundoo’s grievance, and he spoke in the name of all the five men who, with Janki Meah, composed the gang in Number Seven gallery of Twenty-Two. Janki Meah had been
10 blind for the thirty years during which he had served the Jimahari Collieries with pick and crowbar. All through those thirty years he had regularly, every morning before going down, drawn from the overseer his allowance of lamp-oil—just as if he had been a miner with good eyesight. What Kundoo’s gang resented,
15 as hundreds of gangs had resented before, was Janki Meah’s selfishness. He would not add the oil to the common stock of his gang, but would save and sell it.

“I knew these workings before you were born,” Janki Meah used to reply. “I don’t want the light to get my coal out by,
20 and I am not going to help you. The oil is mine, and I intend to keep it.”

A strange man in many ways was Janki Meah, the white-haired, hot-tempered, sightless weaver who had turned pitman. All day long—except on Sundays and Mondays—he worked in
25 the Twenty-Two shaft of the colliery as clever as a man with all his senses. At evening he went up in the great steam-hauled cage to the pit-bank, and there called for his pony—a rusty,

coal-dusty beast, nearly as old as Janki Meah. The pony would come to his side, and Janki Meah would clamber on to its back and be taken at once to the plot of land which he, like the other miners, received from the Company. The pony knew that place, and when, after six years, the Company changed all the allotments, to prevent the miners' acquiring proprietary rights, Janki Meah said, with tears in his eyes, that were his holding shifted, he would never be able to find his way to the new one. "My horse knows only that place," pleaded Janki Meah, and so he was allowed to keep his land. On the strength of this concession and his accumulated oil savings, Janki Meah took a second wife.

Kundoo was really the gang head, but Janki Meah insisted upon all the work being entered in his own name, and chose the men that he worked with. Custom—stronger even than the company—dictated that Janki, by right of his years, should manage these things, and should, also, work despite his blindness. In Indian mines, where they cut into the solid coal with the pick and clear it out from floor to ceiling, he could come to no great harm. At home [in England], where they undercut the coal and bring it down in crashing avalanches from the roof, he would never have been allowed to set foot in a pit. He was not a popular man, because of his oil savings; but all the gangs admitted that Janki knew all the *khads*, or workings, that had ever been sunk or worked since the Jimahari Company first started operations on the Tarachunda fields.

It was Kundoo's amiable custom to drop in upon Janki and worry him about the oil savings. Unda sat in a corner and nodded approval. On the night when Kundoo had quoted that objectionable reference to the weavers, Janki grew angry.

"Listen, you pig," said he, "blind I am, and old I am, but, before ever you were born, I was gray among the coal. Even in the days when the Twenty-Two *khad* was unsunk and there were not two thousand men here, I was known to have all knowledge of the pits. What *khad* is there that I do not know, from the bottom of the shaft to the end of the last drive? Is it the Baromba

khad, the oldest, or the Twenty-Two, where Tibu's gallery runs up to Number Five?"

"Hear the foolish talk!" said Kundoo, nodding to Unda. "No gallery of Twenty-Two will cut into Five before the end of the rains. We have a month's solid coal before us. The slugs Babuji says so."

"Babuji! Pigji Dogie! What do these, fat from Calcutta, know? He draws and draws and draws, and talks and talks and talks, and his maps are all wrong. I, Janki, know that this is so. When a man has been shut up in the dark for thirty years, God gives him knowledge. The old gallery that Tibu's gang made is not six feet from Number Five."

"Without doubt God gives the blind knowledge," said Kundoo, with a look at Unda. "Let it be as you say. I, for my part, do not know where lies the gallery of Tibu's gang, but I am not a withered monkey who needs oil to grease his joints with."

Kundoo swung out of the hut laughing, and Unda giggled. Janki turned his sightless eyes toward his wife. "I have land, and I have sold a great deal of lamp-oil," mused Janki; "but I was foolish to marry this child."

A week later the rains set in with a vengeance, and the gangs paddled about in coal-slush at the pit-banks. Then the big mine-pumps were made ready, and the manager of the colliery plowed through the wet toward the Tarachunda River swelling between its sippy banks. "Pray that this beastly *beck* doesn't misbehave," said the manager piously, and he went and took counsel with his assistant about the pumps.

But the Tarachunda misbehaved very much indeed. After a fall of three inches of rain in an hour it was obliged to do something. It topped its bank and joined the flood-water that was hemmed between two low hills just where the embankment of the colliery main line crossed. When a good part of a rain-fed river and a few acres of flood-water make a dead set for a nine-foot culvert, the culvert may spout its finest, but the water cannot all get out. The manager pranced upon one leg with excitement.

He had reason to fear, because he knew that one inch of water on land meant a pressure of one hundred tons to the acre; and here were about five feet of water forming, behind the railway embankment, over the shallower workings of Twenty-Two.

5 You must understand that, in a coal mine, the coal nearest the surface is worked first from the central shaft. That is to say, the miners may clear out the stuff to within ten, twenty, or thirty feet of the surface, and, when all is worked out, leave only a skin of earth upheld by some few pillars of coal. In a deep mine where
0 they know that they have any amount of material at hand, men prefer to get all their mineral out at one shaft, rather than make a number of little holes to tap the comparatively unimportant surface-coal.

And the manager watched the flood.

5 The culvert spouted a nine-foot gush; but the water still formed, and word was sent to clear the men out of Twenty-Two. The cages came up crammed and crammed again with the men nearest the pit eye, as they call the place where you can see daylight from the bottom of the main shaft. All away and away, up
10 the long black galleries the flare-lamps were winking and dancing like so many fireflies, and the men and the women waited for the clanking, rattling, thundering cages to come down and fly up again. But the outworkings were very far off, and the word could not be passed quickly, though the heads of the gangs and
15 the assistant shouted and tramped and stumbled. The manager kept one eye on the great troubled pool behind the embankment, and prayed that the culvert would give way and let the water through in time. With the other eye he watched the cages come up and saw the headmen counting the roll of the gangs. With all
20 his heart and soul he shouted at the winder who controlled the iron drum that wound up the wire rope on which hung the cages.

In a little time there was a down-draw in the water behind the embankment—a sucking whirlpool, all yellow and yeasty. The water had smashed through the skin of the earth and was
35 pouring into the old shallow workings of Twenty-Two.

Deep down below, a rush of black water caught the last gang waiting for the cage, and as they clambered in, the whirl was about their waists. The cage reached the pit-bank, and the manager called the roll. The gangs were all safe except Gang Janki, 5 Gang Mogul, and Gang Rahim, eighteen men, with perhaps ten basket women who loaded the coal into the little iron carriages that ran on the tramways of the main galleries. These gangs were in the out-workings, three-quarters of a mile away, on the extreme fringe of the mine. Once more the cage went down, but 10 with only two Englishmen in it, and dropped into a swirling, roaring current that had almost touched the roof of some of the lower side-galleries. One of the wooden balks with which they had propped the old workings shot past on the current, just missing the cage.

15 "If we don't want our ribs knocked out, we'd better go," said the manager. "We can't even save the company's props."

The cage drew out of the water with a splash, and a few minutes later it was officially reported that there were at least ten feet of water in the pit eye. Now ten feet of water there meant 20 that all other places in the mine were flooded except such galleries as were more than ten feet above the level of the bottom of the shaft. The deep workings would be full, the main galleries would be full, but in the high workings reached by inclines from the main roads, there would be a certain amount of air cut off, 25 so to speak, by the water and squeezed up by it. The little science primers explain how water behaves when you pour it down test-tubes. The flooding of Twenty-Two was an illustration on a large scale.

* * * * *

30 "What has happened to the air?" It was a Sonthal gangman of Gang Mogul in Number Nine gallery, and he was driving a six-foot way through the coal. Then there was a rush from the other galleries, and Gang Janki and Gang Rahim stumbled up with their basket-women.

"Water has come in the mine," they said, "and there is no way of getting out."

"I went down," said Janki—"down the slope of my gallery, and I felt the water."

"There has been no water in the cutting in our time," clamored the women. "Why cannot we get away?"

"Be silent," said Janki; "long ago, when my father was here, water came to Ten—no, Eleven—cutting, and there was great trouble. Let us get away where the air is better."

The three gangs and the basket-women left Number Nine gallery and went further up Number Sixteen. At one turn of the road they could see the pitchy black water lapping on the coal. It had touched the roof of a gallery that they knew well—a gallery where they used to smoke their *hupas*. Seeing this, they called aloud upon their gods. They came to a great open square whence nearly all the coal had been extracted. It was the end of the outworkings, and the end of the mine.

Far away down the gallery a small pumping-engine, used for keeping dry a deep working and fed with steam from above, was faithfully throbbing. They heard it cease.

"They have cut off the steam," said Kundoo hopefully. "They have given the order to use all the steam for the pit-bank pumps. They will clear out the water."

"If the water has reached the smoking-gallery," said Janki, "all the Company's pumps can do nothing for three days."

"It is very hot," moaned Jasoda, the Meah basket-woman. "There is a very bad air here because of the lamps."

"Put them out," said Janki; "why do you want lamps?" The lamps were put out amid protests, and the company sat still in the utter dark. Somebody rose quietly and began walking over the coals. It was Janki, who was touching the walls with his hands. "Where is the ledge?" he murmured to himself.

"Sit!" said Kundoo. "If we die, we die. The air is very bad."

But Janki still stumbled and crept and tapped with his pick upon the walls. The women rose to their feet.

“Stay all where you are. Without the lamps you cannot see, and I—I am always seeing,” said Janki. Then he paused, and called out: “Oh, you who have been in the cutting more than ten years, what is the name of this open place? I am an old man and I have forgotten.”

“Bullia’s Room,” answered the Sonthal who had complained of the vileness of the air.

“Again,” said Janki.

“Bullia’s Room.”

“Then I have found it,” said Janki. “The name only had slipped my memory. The gallery of Tibu’s gang is here.”

“Not true!” said Kundoo. “There have been no galleries in this place since my day.”

“Three paces was the depth of the ledge,” muttered Janki without heeding—“and—oh, my poor bones!—I have found it! It is here, up this ledge. Come all of you, one by one, to the place of my voice, and I will count you.”

There was a rush in the dark, and Janki felt the first man’s face hit his knees as the Sonthal scrambled up the ledge.

“Who?” cried Janki.

“I, Sunua Manji.”

“Sit you down,” said Janki. “Who next?”

One by one the women and the men crawled up the ledge which ran along one side of “Bullia’s Room,” and Janki ran his hand over them all.

“Now follow after,” said he, “catching hold of my heel, and the women catching the men’s clothes.” He did not ask whether the men had brought their picks with them. A miner, black or white, does not drop his pick. One by one, Janki leading, they crept into the old gallery—a six-foot way with a scant four feet from thill to roof.

“The air is better here,” said Jasoda. They could hear her heart beating in thick, sick bumps.

“Slowly, slowly,” said Janki. “I am an old man, and I forget many things. That is Tibu’s gallery, but where are the four

bricks which they used to put their fire on when the Sahibs never saw? Slowly, slowly, O you people behind."

They heard his hands disturbing the small coal on the floor of the gallery and then a dull sound. "This is one unbaked brick, and this is another and another. Kundoo is a young man—let him come forward. Put a knee upon this brick and strike here. When Tibu's gang were at dinner on the last day before the good coal ended, they heard the men of Five on the other side, and Five worked *their* gallery two Sundays later—or it may have been one. Strike there, Kundoo, but give me room to go back."

Kundoo, doubting, drove the pick, but the first soft crash of the coal was a call to him. He was fighting for his life. The women sang the Song of the Pick—the terrible, slow, swinging melody with the muttered chorus that repeats the sliding of the loosened coal, and, to each cadence, Kundoo smote in the black dark. When he could do no more, Sunua Manji took the pick, and struck for his life and his wife, and his village beyond the blue hills over the Tarachunda River. An hour the men worked, and then the women cleared away the coal.

"It is further than I thought," said Janki. "The air is very bad; but strike, Kundoo, strike hard."

For the fifth time Kundoo took up the pick as the Sonthal crawled back. The song had scarcely recommenced when it was broken by a yell from Kundoo that echoed down the gallery: "*Par hua! Par hua!* We are through, we are through!" The imprisoned air in the mine shot through the opening, and the women at the far end of the gallery heard the water rush through the pillars of "Bullia's Room" and roar against the ledge. The law is "water seeks its own level"; having done this, it rose no further. The women screamed and pressed forward. "The water has come—we shall be killed! Let us go."

Kundoo crawled through the gap and found himself in a propped gallery by the simple process of hitting his head against a beam.

"Do I know the pits or do I not?" chuckled Janki. "This is

Number Five; go you out slowly, giving me your names. Ho! Rahim, count your gang! Now let us go forward, each catching hold of the other as before."

They formed a line in the darkness and Janki led them—for a pitman in a strange pit is only one degree less liable to err than an ordinary mortal underground for the first time. At last they saw a flare-lamp, and Gangs Janki, Mogul, and Rahim of Twenty-Two stumbled dazed into the glare of the draft-furnace at the bottom of Five; Janki feeling his way, and the rest behind.

10 "Water has come into Twenty-Two. God knows where are the others. I have brought these men from Tibu's gallery in our cutting; making connection through the north side of the gallery. Take us to the cage," said Janki Meah.

* * * * *

At the pit-bank of Twenty-Two, some thousand people clamored and wept and shouted. One hundred men—one thousand men—had been drowned in the cutting. They would all go to their homes tomorrow. Where were their men? Little Unda, her scarf drenched with the rain, stood at the pit-mouth calling down the shaft. They had swung the cages clear of the mouth, and her only answer was the murmur of the flood in the pit eye two hundred sixty feet below.

The assistant was watching the flood and seeing how far he could wade into it. There was a lull in the water, and the whirlpool had slackened. The mine was full, and the people at the pit-bank howled.

25 "My faith, we shall be lucky if we have five hundred hands in the place tomorrow!" said the manager. "There's some chance yet of running a temporary dam across the water. Shove in anything—tubs and bullock-carts if you haven't enough bricks. Make them work *now* if they never worked before. Hi! you gangers, make them work."

Little by little the crowd was broken into detachments, and pushed toward the water with promises of overtime. The dam-making began, and when it was fairly under way, the manager

thought that the hour had come for the pumps. There was no fresh inrush into the mine. The tall, red, iron-clamped pump-beam rose and fell, and the pumps snored and guttered and shrieked as the first water poured out of the pipe.

5 "We must run her all tonight," said the manager wearily, "but there's no hope for the poor fellows down below. Look here, Gur Sahai, if you are proud of your engines, show me what they can do now."

10 Gur Sahai grinned and nodded, with his right hand upon the lever and an oil-can in his left. He could do no more than he was doing, but he could keep that up till the dawn. Were the Company's pumps to be beaten by the vagaries of that troublesome Tarachunda River? Never! never! And the pumps sobbed and panted: "Never! never!" The manager sat in the shelter
15 of the pit-bank roofing, trying to dry himself by the pump-boiler fire, and, in the dreary dusk, he saw the crowds on the dam scatter and fly.

"That's the end," he groaned. " 'Twill take us six weeks to persuade 'em that we haven't tried to drown their mates on purpose."
20

But the flight had no panic in it. Men had run over from Five with astounding news, and the foremen could not hold their gangs together. Presently, surrounded by a clamorous crew, Gangs Rahim, Mogul, and Janki, and ten basket-women, walked up to
25 report themselves, and pretty little Unda stole away to Janki's hut to prepare his evening meal.

"Alone I found the way," explained Janki Meah, "and now will the company give me a pension?"

30 The simple pit-folk shouted and leaped and went back to the dam, reassured in their old belief that, whatever happened, so great was the power of the company whose salt they ate, none of them could be killed. But Gur Sahai only bared his white teeth and kept his hand upon the lever and proved his pumps to the uttermost.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Rudyard Kipling (1865-) was born in Bombay, India. His father was an artist and the curator of the Lahore museum. He was educated in England, at the United Service College in North Devon, which is the school pictured in *Stalky and Co.* When he was seventeen he returned to India and became the sub-editor of the *Lahore Civil and Military Gazette*. His first book was a volume of verse called *Departmental Ditties*, and by the time he was twenty-four he had published a series of tales that revealed a new master of fiction. Among these were the soldier stories woven about the character of the immortal Mulvaney, the child stories of which "Wee Willie Winkie" is a well known example, and tales of British official life such as the masterly "The Man That Was."

Kipling lived for some years in America, and in 1892 he married an American woman, Caroline Starr Balestier. In 1894 *The Jungle Book*, followed in 1895 by *The Second Jungle Book*, revealed Kipling as one of the great writers of beast stories. His position in English literature was recognized in 1907 by the award to him of the Nobel prize.

The story of "Janki Meah, the Blind Coal Miner" is taken from *In Black and White*, the third book that Kipling published. It is thus one of his earliest stories, but it forecasts in an interesting way his later stories dealing with the work of the world, such as those found in *The Day's Work*. It is said of Kipling: "His theme has usually to do with the world's work. He writes of the locomotive and the engineer; of the mill-wheel and the miller; of the bolts, bars, and planks of a ship and the men who sail it. He writes, in short, of any creature which has work to do and does it well." He delights in the mechanism of bridges, of locomotives, of ships, and writes of them as if he knew them intimately. This is well illustrated in *The Day's Work*. "The Bridge-Builders," the first story in the book, tells of a great bridge across the Ganges and of its triumph in withstanding the flooded river. In another story, "The Ship That Found Herself," all the various parts of a new ship are represented as arguing and struggling to adapt themselves to each other and to their work, until finally they all merge into the personality of a great, new steamship, who thus "found herself." ".007" is "the story of a shining and ambitious young locomotive," and after reading it one can never again see a locomotive without feeling as if it were partly human. Kipling thus opens one's eyes to the romance and fascination of machinery in a way that no other writer does. It is undoubtedly true that Kipling's greatest work is found in the pure fancy of *The Jungle Books*, but many will enjoy equally well the stories celebrating the work of the world and will find their experience greatly enriched by reading them.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. What was Kundoo's grievance? 2. Give a brief description of the personal appearance of Janki Meah. 3. How did Janki find his way home at night? 4. What knowledge did God give the blind miner? 5. What caused the flood in the mine? 6. Why was it dangerous to have even one inch of water on the land above the mine? 7. Explain how the mine became flooded in so short a time. 8. Who actually conducted the rescue? 9. How did Janki know how to lead the miners through the dark pit? 10. Who was Gur Sahai? What responsible position did he hold? Cite passages to show that he was faithful to his work.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Do you think Janki Meah was selfish when he sold his allowance of lamp-oil? Give reasons for your answer. 2. Compare the characteristics of Janki and Kundoo. Which do you think was more unselfish? Why? 3. Account for the fact that the company continued to employ the old blind miner when he was not popular with the men. 4. Find lines which show that Janki *knew* the mines. 5. What is the meaning of the word *colliery*? 6. Read the lines which tell us that the manager was anxious for the rescue of his workmen. 7. Describe the scene at the "pit-bank of Twenty-Two." 8. Do you think Janki was boastful? Find lines to prove your statement. 9. Compare the method of mining used in this story with that of the present time. (See "Library Reading.") 10. Find lines in which the author makes you see and feel the situation in the flooded mine.

Library Reading. "The Bridge-Builders," "The Ship That Found Herself," and ".007," Kipling (in *The Day's Work*); "The Romance of Metal Mining," Collins (in *St. Nicholas*, April and May, 1923); "Old Mines and Mills in India" (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, May, 1909); "Treasures Underground," Price (in *The Land We Live In*); "Coal—Ally of American Industry," Showalter (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, November, 1918); "The Nation's Undeveloped Resources," Lane (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, February, 1914); "Our Coal Lands," Mitchell (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, May, 1910); "The Story of Coal," Fraser (in *Secrets of the Earth*); "The Coal Miner," Johnston (in *Deeds of Doing and Daring*); *The Story of a Piece of Coal*, Martin; *A Visit to a Coal Mine*, Cooke; *Derrick Sterling*, Munroe; "Imprisoned in a Mine," Stanley (in *Stories of Strange Sights, Retold from St. Nicholas*); "What Is Coal?" and "A Visit to a Coal Mine," Chase and Clow (in *Stories of Industry*); "Fire-Damp," Husband (in *America at Work*); *A Year in a Coal Mine*, Husband.

SUMMARY OF PART IV

Thomas Carlyle has said,

"All speech and rumor is short-lived and foolish. Genuine work alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal, as the Almighty Founder and Work-builder himself."

What does this quotation mean to you? Read aloud the lines on page 205; compare Guiterman's ideal of work with that of Carlyle; which means more to you? Why? We believe in a loyal spirit of coöperation and teamwork on the part of all; what stories in this group exemplify these ideals? Which stories furnish the best examples of self-sacrifice and devotion to work?

What have you learned of the oil industry from the selections in the type group? What additional information have you gained from your library reading on this subject?

"Kings of the Golden River" is a remarkable example of conservation; do you know of any reclaimed land in your region? What did you learn in Part IV about the production of matches? What cities are noted as centers for the manufacture of matches? Which interested you more in the Kipling story, the unselfish service of the blind miner or the methods of mining coal in India?

Which theme topic brought out the most interesting discussion? Which suggested problem did you most enjoy working out? Which story would you recommend most strongly as informational material to another seventh-grade group? Which selection do you think contains the most interesting story?

What progress are you making in silent reading rate? What gains have you made in comprehension? What is the significance of the picture on page 206? Explain how the panel picture on page 207 illustrates the type group. Find the lines which the picture on page 225 illustrates. Look at the picture on page 231; how does it illustrate the work of the Kings of the Golden River? Tell what you know about Australia as a wool-growing country? (See page 261.) Kipling is noted for his excellent imaginative stories; what tells you that he is also a distinguished writer of industrial romance? (See page 282.) Which stories are referred to in the picture on page 229?

PART V

CITIZENSHIP AND SERVICE

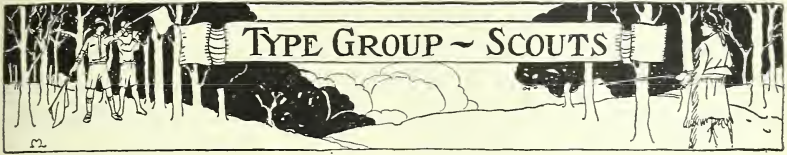
The skeleton-marked trail is gone. The covered wagon is gone. The lone farm is gone. The great valley, the prairies, and plains are now one of the richest, most prosperous, most fortunate regions of the world. Character, intelligence, faith have made it, and only character, intelligence, faith will preserve it. It is good for us, its inheritors, to be reminded of what our heritage cost, that we may understand it, appreciate it, defend it.

—AN EDITORIAL



KIT CARSON

MacMonnies



KIT CARSON: THE GOOD SCOUT

PERCY KEESE FITZHUGH

Reading Aims—Find: (a) what characteristics Kit Carson had which made him a good scout among the Indians; (b) what influence the historic Santa Fe Trail had upon him; (c) instances which prove his kindness and firmness in dealing with Indians.

A good scout was Kit Carson, who was born in Madison County, Kentucky, on Christmas Day, in 1809. His early years were spent on the Old Santa Fe Trail: From 1829 to 1838 he was a trapper in the Rocky Mountains, during which time he married an Indian girl. His second marriage, to a Spanish maiden, occurred in 1843. From 1838 to 1842 he was hunter and captain of trappers for Bent's Fort, a hunting headquarters and trading-post along the Arkansas. He accompanied Frémont as a guide and hunter on the famous exploring expedition of 1843-44 to the Great Salt Lake and California, returning by the Old Trail and through the Rocky Mountains. He was with Frémont on his subsequent expedition into California, and was scout under him in the conquest of that territory in 1846. He served as a trans-continental express messenger in 1847-48, and in the latter year acted as a ranger in the outposts of California. In 1850 he served as an army scout in expeditions against the Indians. In 1853 he became a gentle shepherd and drove 30,000 sheep overland to California. He became a colonel in the army and served

in innumerable battles with the red men. At odd times in his varied career he was ranchman, military commissioner, guide, trapper, hunter, trail detective, and, indeed, he served in about every capacity and occupied every post incidental to the old caravan days and frontier life. Yet he was not sixty years old when he died, May 23, 1868.

Carson was rather below the average stature, and appears to have been of the wiry type and rather delicate looking. His nature was very simple and lovable. He was modest and unassertive, and averse to telling of his own deeds. It goes without saying that his bravery was conspicuous, and he showed a superb coolness in the face of danger.

While Kit was still very young, his parents emigrated to the frontier region of Missouri. The Carson home, which was hardly more than a frontier cabin, was in Howard County, and the great, tortuous Missouri River flowed near by.

Not far to the west of Kit's lonely home the river flowed near the eastern end of the Old Santa Fe Trail, which ran from eastern Kansas to Santa Fe, and was the highway of caravans of pack mules and later of great lumbering prairie wagons, the lurking place of Comanches and Apaches and Mexican bandits, the haunt of trapper and scout.

It was a romantic and historic trail, the scene of many desperate deeds, and abounding in a variety of scenic grandeur.

We may be sure that young Kit often saw the bands of traders and immigrants passing up the river on their way to the Old Trail, and that the sight of these bold adventurers filled him with longing to follow them to the ancient highway which crossed the vast plains and wound its tortuous way among the rocky fastnesses farther west, and so to the quaint old Mexican city.

Once, when Kit was scarcely seventeen, a party of traders passed near his home, and he begged that he might be allowed to accompany them.

"Of what use would you be to us?" one of the traders asked.

"I can shoot," said Kit.

"Well, then, let us see you shoot," said the trader.

Kit gave a specimen of his shooting, and forthwith they not only consented to let him go, but implored his parents to consent. Shooting like his was needed along the Old Santa Fe Trail. So young Kit joined the caravan, and that was the beginning of his career of adventure.

The powerful Utes of the mountains knew him well, as did also the tribes of the plains, and when they were peaceable he was their friend.

On one occasion the warlike Sioux had trespassed upon the hunting-ground of the plains Indians, as a consequence of which there was much bloody fighting along the Old Trail. The plains Indians, who were getting much the worst of it, finally in desperation asked their trusted friend Kit Carson to help them.

Instead of leading them forth to battle, as they had supposed he would do, he went himself to the Sioux, who indeed were in anything but a conciliatory mood, to act as mediator. It was a bold move, which none but Kit Carson would have attempted. The Sioux were confounded at sight of him, and it is a tribute to his prowess and an evidence of the magic of his name that this warlike tribe agreed to withdraw from the plains and cease their encroachments.

On one occasion Kit Carson was conducting a company of soldiers through the Comanche country. Reaching a spot along the Old Trail known as Point of Rocks, they fell in with a company of young men who had volunteered for the Mexican War, and the two parties camped in close proximity.

In the morning, as the horses of the volunteers were being led to pasture, a band of Indians captured every animal, and their herders, in a panic, rushed into Carson's camp.

It was a good place to rush to. Summoning his men, Carson sallied forth, and after a brisk fight with the astonished savages, he recaptured most of the animals for their owners. When he learned that the theft had been made possible by a careless guard who had fallen asleep, he immediately insisted that the

culprit should suffer the punishment customary along the Old Trail, which was to wear the dress of an Indian squaw for one day.

Carson then proceeded with his company to Santa Fe, where he parted with them, having successfully acted as their guide through a wild and hostile country.

In those days it often happened that trouble occurred through the mistaken zeal of United States troops, in dealing with the Indians. Carson had often said that much bloodshed might be spared if the army officers would but study the red men, endeavor to get their point of view, and, when possible, negotiate with them.

He, of all scouts, stands forever as the shining example of intelligent and kindly firmness in dealing with the Indians. He never fought them wantonly, nor to make a show of power in order to intimidate them. The many instances of his successful negotiation with them remind one of the gentle William Penn. He had small sympathy with the employment of the "leadен argument" until other arguments had failed. *Then* his leadен argument went straight to the mark. The Indians knew this, and they respected him and trusted him.

At one time, as he was returning along the Old Trail from a visit to St. Louis, he learned of a rash act committed by a United States officer in command of a small body of troops in the vicinity. The officer had administered a thrashing to an Indian chief.

Now, if you thrash an Indian chief, it may safely be averred that you will hurt at least his feelings, if you hurt nothing else, and the humiliated potentate's faithful subjects were burning with shame and rage at this ignoble treatment of their sovereign lord.

It befell that Kit Carson rode with a small caravan through the country of this tribe just as their anger was at its height. It was a bold and reckless act to venture into that pre-

cinct of wrathful mortification following hard upon the royal flogging.

Carson was the first white man to face this blackening cloud of fury, but he rode on ahead of the company, and, with characteristic unconcern, galloped straight into a council of war then being held by the Indians, who, of course, knew of the approach of the party.

They knew who he was and, believing that he could not understand their language, they allowed him to sit among them while they proceeded with their powwow. When the flow of belligerent eloquence had ceased, Kit rose from his seat and, to their dismay, addressed them in their own tongue.

He told them that he had listened with great attention to their warlike plans, particularly to the interesting plot to scalp his whole party. He politely intimated that it would not be wise to attempt this, and that it would be an altogether inappropriate reprisal for the chastisement of their chief.

Utterly confounded by his audacity and perfect familiarity with their language, the Indians indulged the sober second thought and said that they would visit their revenge upon the proper victim—if they ever caught him.

But Kit's audacious bravery did not run to the point of heedlessness, and he and his little party kept a weather eye open for trouble as they proceeded on their way. He soon perceived that Indians were still lurking near them.

It is said that of the fifteen men who accompanied him, only two were of a sort to be of any assistance in a fight, and that he knew this.

When the little party camped for the night the wagons were formed into a circle, with the men and animals inside. When all was quiet, Kit crept out, taking with him a small Mexican boy on whom he knew he could rely and to whom he explained that they were surrounded by red men; that an attack might be made at any time, and that their only hope lay in communicating

at once with the troops at Rayedo, a distance of more than two hundred miles.

The little fellow, who was a sort of Man Friday to the famous scout, mounted his horse and hurried off along the lonely
5 trail to summon help.

The story of that ride would be a thrilling tale in itself. After a time the boy came up with the soldiers whose commander had caused so much needless trouble, and, astonishing though it may seem, this hero refused to turn about and go to the aid of the
10 threatened caravan. His specialty was evidently flogging, not fighting.

Reaching Rayedo, the boy announced his errand to Major Grier, the commander of the post, and soon a detachment was on its way to meet Carson and his party. The red men were
15 properly sobered by the sight of the soldiers passing along the Old Trail, and the meeting with the Carson party was effected without accident.

But there had been slow hours of anxious waiting for Kit Carson. Upon him, and him alone, had fallen the burden of
20 responsibility for the party's safety, and he had watched every movement of the lurking Indians with keen apprehension.

On the morning after the Mexican boy had ridden forth, five Indians visited the slow-moving caravan. What their purpose was Kit did not pause to inquire. He knew when to be high-
25 handed, and in the present predicament this was the only card he could play.

Refusing to listen to their errand, he ordered the Indians from his presence, telling them that troops had been sent for, who would presently arrive and wreak vengeance for any harm the
30 caravan might suffer. He drew his pistols and, repeating his order that they depart, threatened to shoot dead the first to turn about. They stood not upon the order of their going, and were wise enough not to follow the disastrous example of Lot's wife.

Three years before Carson died there was a regular epidemic
35 of Indian outbreaks along the Old Trail. Marauding bands of

Kiowas, Comanches, and Cheyennes lurked on the historic highway and hid in the mountains near its western end. They preyed upon the rich traders and vented their smoldering anger against the civilization which they saw encroaching upon their
5 own domain.

At last the depredations became so frequent and numerous and the peril to travelers so great that the government appointed Kit Carson to lead three companies of soldiers against these murderous and thieving tribes.

0 With characteristic energy and ingenuity, Carson soon cleared the Trail of these lurking savages, pursuing them to their mountain strongholds and over trackless plains and administering a salutary punishment which broke their spirit for many months to come.

5 One more episode of Carson's varied career and then we must leave him. He often told of it himself as the one occasion on which the Indians succeeded in fooling him.

After a long day of hunting buffalo he and his several companions had camped for the night. Their dogs made a good deal
0 of noise, and on investigating the cause Carson discovered two large wolves lurking near the camp. We shall let him tell the rest in his own words, as reported by a lifelong comrade.

"I saw two big wolves sneaking about, one of them quite close to us. Gordon, one of my men, wanted to fire his rifle at
5 it, but I did not let him, for fear he would hit a dog. I admit that I had a sort of an idea that those wolves might be Indians, but when I noticed one of them turn short around, and heard the clashing of his teeth as he rushed at one of the dogs, I felt easy then. . . . But the red fellow fooled me after all, for
0 he had two dried buffalo bones in his hands under the wolfskin, and he rattled them together every time he turned to make a dash at the dogs!

"Well, by and by we all dozed off, and it wasn't long before I was suddenly aroused by a noise and a big blaze. I rushed
5 out the first thing for our mules and held them. If the savages

had been at all smart they could have killed us in a trice, but they ran as soon as they fired at us."

It is gratifying to know that though these masquerading Indians succeeded in fooling him, they were not altogether triumphant, for "when they endeavored to ambush us the next morning," he adds, "we got wind of their little game and killed three of them, including the chief."

It is with regret that we part with this fascinating man. But delving among his adventures is like sounding the dead sea; one never touches bottom. His life was a collection of courageous feats, hairbreadth escapes, and deeds of such naïve audacity that in foreign literature he has come perilously near to getting himself into the mythical fraternity with such notables as Santa Claus, Jack Frost, Father Time, and others.

But Kit Carson was very real, as many a bloodthirsty savage and trail bandit in the good old days could have testified.

Perhaps, after all, the best thing that can be said of him—better even and more memorable than the tale of his adventures—is that though he lived for nearly sixty years among the most desperate characters of frontier life, and amid scenes of lawlessness, his own character remained untarnished.

What chances were his for personal gain at the sacrifice of honesty and honor, and what temptations must have beset him had his mind been sordid and his heart weak! But with his grim courage, and amid the bloody work which he must needs do, there came no taint of weakness or dishonor.

He respected right and justice where there were few laws, and those difficult of enforcement.

The very name of Kit Carson spelled safety and protection to immigrant and trader, and how must their hearts have thrilled with joy and relief to see his horse come dashing along the Old Trail, which he knew and loved so well, and to realize that he was indeed the kindly light to lead them in that desert wilderness!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Percy Keese Fitzhugh (1876-) is a native of New York. He was educated in the public schools and at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. He has written many books for both boys and girls, and is the editor of *Every Girl's Library* (ten volumes), *The Colonial Series* (six volumes), and *Scout Series* (five volumes). Among his most widely read books is *The Boys' Book of Scouts*, from which "Kit Carson, the Good Scout," is taken. Mr. Fitzhugh's home is in Hackensack, New Jersey.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Tell briefly the story of Kit Carson's life. 2. In what states did Kit live? 3. Give a short description of the old Santa Fe Trail country. 4. Why was Kit taken by the traders? 5. The plains Indians asked their friend Kit Carson to help them; tell how he did this through strategy. 6. How was the "careless guard" punished? 7. Tell the story of how Kit Carson saved his party from the band of enraged Indians. 8. For what dangerous mission did the government employ Kit Carson? Was he successful? Why? 9. How did the masquerading Indians succeed in fooling Carson?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Tell the story in your own words to someone who has not read it, using these topics: (a) A brief sketch of the life of Kit Carson; (b) His personal appearance and characteristics; (c) His scouting along the Santa Fe Trail; (d) Carson's experiences with the Indians.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Prove, by giving examples from this story, that Kit Carson was the "good scout" the author calls him. 2. Make a list of the different types of adventure Kit Carson had during his varied career. 3. Give a brief character sketch of this scout. 4. Kit Carson lived near the Old Santa Fe Trail; what effect did this fact have upon his career? 5. Why did both Indians and white people rush to Kit Carson when they were in danger? 6. Tell why Carson "stands forever as the shining example of intelligent and kindly firmness in dealing with the Indians." 7. How did the army officers sometimes cause trouble with the Indians? 8. What is the significance of the reference to "Man Friday"? 9. Why did Kit Carson drive the Indians out of his camp at the point of his gun? 10. Read aloud the author's description of "this fascinating man." 11. What is "the best thing that can be said of him"? 12. What did this great scout's name spell to the immigrant? 13. What is the meaning of the reference to Lot's wife?

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (a) Kit Carson, "the last of the trail makers." (b) Kit Carson as peacemaker with the Indians. (c) Characteristics which made Carson "a scout, a whole scout, and nothing but a scout."

WILDERNESS HUNTER: DANIEL BOONE

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Reading Aims—Find: (a) what led to the capture of Boone by the Indians; (b) Boone's strategy in gaining their confidence; (c) his daring escape.

A new difficulty arose. The supply of salt at Boonesborough became exhausted. Owing to the constant alarms of the summer just past the variety of food had decreased until now venison, corn bread, and turnips were all that remained. This was a monotonous enough diet, but it was particularly insipid without salt. Sickness threatened. By Christmas the situation became desperate. The long journey over the mountains for such a commodity was appalling; and as it was now midwinter, and as Indians were rarely on the warpath at that time of year, it was agreed that a party of the settlers should try boiling out a supply from the salt springs at Blue Licks. This was no light job. It was necessary to boil down from five to eight hundred gallons of the water to produce a single bushel. So you can imagine the time it would take to get an adequate supply with only makeshift cooking kettles.

Boone gathered a party of thirty men from the three forts, partly of the borderers, partly of the militia reinforcements. With a few pack horses carrying only the kettles, axes, and bedding they started out. For food they were to depend entirely on Boone's rifle. The winter was a severe one, and even at the salt-making around the fire the little party suffered acutely. This hindered the work, but after some weeks they sent back three men with the laden pack horses. They got through safely, to the great joy of the people.

But about the second week in February the work came to an end with dramatic suddenness. The weather was intensely cold; so cold that when Boone, hunting in a blinding snowstorm,

encountered a large party of Indians, he was too benumbed to outrun the first dash of their young men. With his characteristic good sense he offered no resistance whatever when once he saw that resistance would be useless; but dropping the butt of his long rifle on the ground, he laughed good-naturedly, as though the joke were on him. Instantly he was surrounded by a large war party, curious, triumphant, overjoyed, for Boone was instantly recognized. Indeed, in this party were his captors of eight years before, who laughed heartily at finding him again in their hands. The Indians shook his hand, patted him on the shoulder, called him "brother," for so famous was he on the border that the savages would rather have captured him than George Washington himself. In the meantime, Boone's keen brain, behind his careless exterior, had been swiftly noting details. He saw that this was a war party by its paint and equipment, that it was a serious war party by its numbers, and that it was an important war party by its discipline, its leadership, the presence with it of two Frenchmen, and the fact that, contrary to all custom, it had taken the warpath in the dead of winter. There could be no doubt that the expedition had a definite object; and that object could be no other than the capture of Boonesborough. Also there could be no doubt that the Indians must have been made aware that so many of the garrison were away. Indeed, the fact that they apparently had intended to pass by the salt-makers without attempting to gather their tempting scalps proved plainly enough the single-mindedness of their purpose and the danger of Boonesborough.

All these things Boone saw clearly as he leaned on his long rifle and smiled in the faces of his enemies; and in that few moments he made up his mind to a course of action. He knew not only the fort's weakness in numbers, but that one side of its stockade was even then in the course of reconstruction. The presence of the women and children at the fort made the merest chance of its capture unthinkable.

Boone greeted the chief of the Indians, Blackfish, with cor-

diality. His manner under the fierce scrutiny of the crowding warriors showed no trace of fear nor even of uneasiness; nor did he appear to the closest inspection as other than a visitor among them. By some means he managed to convey the idea, and
5 to get it believed, that he was on the whole rather glad to be captured, that he was wearied of fighting and would not be averse to a life of peace with his old enemies. As it was well known through all the tribes that Boone had always fought
10 fairly and justly and without hatred, and his reputation for equitable dealing and wisdom was as well established as his renown as a fighter, he somehow managed to gain their complete confidence.

He then went on to persuade them that it might not be impossible to arrange that all his people at Boonesborough
15 would rather live farther north, among friendly Indians, than here on the dark and bloody ground, exposed to constant danger and alarm. He proposed that they test him by allowing him to persuade the salt-makers to surrender peaceably. Then he suggested that in the spring, when the weather was warmer, they
20 should all return to Boonesborough properly equipped with horses to carry the women and children. Thus the whole settlement would be content to move north, to live thenceforth as the adopted children of the Shawnees. This he made sound entirely reasonable. His extraordinary influence over the In-
25 dians always has excited much wonder; but it was simply that he possessed all the qualities they particularly admired, and was in addition calm, just, and merciful.

After a long conference he succeeded in influencing Blackfish to turn aside for the purpose of gathering in the salt-makers.
30 In return for a promise of good treatment for them all Boone guaranteed they would surrender peaceably. When within a short distance of the camp, Boone was permitted by the Indians to advance alone—which in itself shows confidence in his word—to talk with his comrades. The latter agreed to follow his advice
35 implicitly—another evidence of confidence, this time on the part

of the white man—and so laid down their arms and surrendered.

There was difficulty now. Many of the Shawnee warriors claimed that in this negotiation they had not been consulted; they had come far on the warpath, and they were loath to turn
5 back now without scalps. A council was called, which lasted two hours. Blackfish struggled vehemently in debate. Boone was asked again to state his plan, which he did through the interpretation of a negro named Pompey, who was now a member of the tribe. At last it came to a vote. The question never
10 involved the killing of Boone himself, but was as to whether or not the salt-makers should be killed. The war club was passed from one warrior to another. If he struck the ground with it he voted for death; if he passed it silently to his neighbor he voted for clemency. Fifty-nine struck the earth; sixty-one
15 passed the war club!

But though the vote was so close, the decision was accepted as final; and thereafter the captives were scrupulously well treated.

They journeyed back at once to the Indian town of Old
20 Chillicothe, and even Boone says it was an uncomfortable journey, for the weather was still very cold. They arrived on the eleventh day. As usual, when returning with captives, the war party stopped outside the town to dress and paint, and to strip a pole, on the end of which was hung a "conjuring bag" contain-
25 ing locks of hair from each of the prisoners. Then Blackfish gave three yells, and the band began to sing and to dance around the stripped pole. At once the squaws and boys rushed out to the scene of celebration, while the warriors who had remained at home from the expedition retired in dignity to the council
30 house. The squaws carried in the baggage, leaving the arriving warriors, in their gala paint, free to make a grand entrance, and to dance around the town's war post. This they did for about twenty minutes, after which they entered the council house with their prisoners.

35 This and more elaborate ceremonies took place always.

Blackfish was exceedingly proud of the number and quality of his prisoners.

After Chillicothe had admired to its heart's content, he began to desire further praise. A grand tour was devised, ending at
5 Detroit, then the British headquarters. They took Boone and ten other white men and started out as a sort of traveling circus with exhibits. Everywhere they received good treatment, and at the end of twenty days arrived in Detroit.

They stayed at Detroit for about a month, camping, as was
10 usual with the Indians, outside the works. At this time Hamilton was commandant, and under him were many officers, and with them white women of rank. In its small way this was a brilliant society. To the Shawnee chieftain it was a prideful matter to have this celebrated prisoner to show off as his prop-
15 erty. And the prisoner was indeed celebrated. The English crowded to view him as a curiosity; but seem to have capitulated to the simplicity and directness and charm of his character, for almost immediately we see the rough frontiersman being sought and entertained by the most exclusive of these English
20 gentlemen and ladies, people usually profoundly contemptuous of "the uncouth and illiterate backwoodsmen." Indeed shortly we see them further giving a more substantial guarantee of their interest. Governor Hamilton himself tried to ransom Boone from his Indian captors, and gradually raised his price to one
25 hundred pounds sterling, which was an enormous sum for such a purpose in those days and at the value money then bore. But Blackfish steadily refused. As we have hinted, Boone had only too well succeeded with his captors. He had not only gained their confidence but their affection. Blackfish flatly refused to
30 ransom him at any price. As the British alliance with the Indians was hanging in the balance, Hamilton did not dare press the matter. The other white men were freely left as prisoners of war with the British, a fate infinitely preferable to what would have happened to them if Boone had not made terms
35 for them. But Boone himself they intended to keep. This at-

tempt at ransom having proved a failure, the English officers made up a sum of money which they offered the scout as a gift for his immediate necessities. Boone declined this kindly offer with gratitude, but with dignity, saying simply that he "looked forward
5 through the probabilities of his life, and saw no prospect of his being able to repay."

The savages, with Boone, returned over the hard and difficult journey to Old Chillicothe. Then they settled down, and Boone was adopted into the tribe.

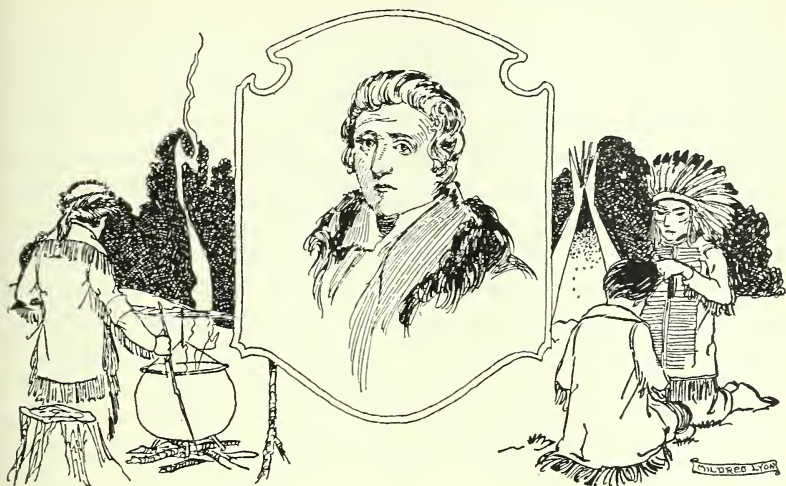
10 The ceremony of adoption was very formal, and somewhat painful. Blackfish himself purposed taking the scout into his own family, where, as Boone himself says, "I became a son, and had a great share in the affection of my new parents, brothers,
sisters, and friends."

15 First of all, an old Indian squatted down in front of him and began slowly and ceremoniously to pull out all his hair, with the exception of the scalp lock on the crown; "as if he had been plucking a turkey," James Smith describes the process. "He
20 had," Smith adds, "some ashes on a piece of bark, in which he frequently dipped his fingers in order to get a firmer hold." The scalp lock was then divided into three parts, two of which were wrapped about with narrow beaded bands, while the third was braided and ornamented with silver brooches. Next Boone was instructed to remove his clothes and put on a breech clout.
25 His face and body were painted in ceremonial colors and patterns, and he was ornamented with a neck belt of wampum, and silver bracelets and armlets. All this took place within the house. The chief then took him by the hand and led him into the street and uttered rapidly several times the alarm yell.
30 Immediately the whole village came running. Still holding Boone by the hand, Blackfish made a long speech, after which the new member was taken to the river, where he was scrubbed thoroughly from head to foot. This was supposed to wash out the white blood. He was given a white staff ornamented with deer-
35 tails and returned to the lodge of his captor, Blackfish.

In the case of the usual captive the family then had a choice of whether he should be killed or adopted; but as this had already been decided, Boone was taken to the great council house. This was a long structure without partitions, with a door at each end, over which was drawn the totem animal of the tribe, and on the doorposts of which were carved the faces of old men, emblems of gravity and wisdom. Running the length of the walls were raised benches, or bunks, covered with mats of rushes. Here other members of the tribe had already brought presents of clothes. Besides the useful hunters' garments and blankets there were other things, such as—it is James Smith again who tells us—"a new ruffled shirt, which I put on, also a pair of leggings done off with ribbons and beads, likewise a pair of moccasins and garters dressed with beads, porcupine quills, and red hair—also a tinsel lace cappo." Now Boone's face and body were again painted, in new colors and designs, and a bunch of straight red feathers tied to his scalp lock. He was presented with a pipe, a tomahawk, flint and steel, and a tobacco pouch, and made to seat himself on a bear-skin. Next entered into the council house all the warriors of the tribe, in ceremonial paint, and wearing all the finery they owned. They seated themselves in a circle along the walls of the council house, and for a time there was a profound silence while the smoke curled upward from the calumets. Then at length Blackfish arose and made a speech.

"My son," said he, "you are now flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone. By the ceremony which was performed this day every drop of white blood was washed out of your veins; you were taken into the Shawnee nation and initiated into a warlike tribe; you are adopted into a great family, and now received in the place of a great man." (Smith's report again. The new member was supposed to fill in the family the place of an Indian who had been killed.)

"You are now one of us by an old strong law and custom. My son, you have nothing to fear; we are now under the same



obligations to love, support, and defend you that we are to love and defend one another. Therefore you are to consider yourself one of our people.”

Personal introductions then took place, as at a reception. The evening was spent in feasting. Boone was given a bowl and a wooden spoon. The feast was of venison and corn boiled together in brass kettles, maple sugar, bear’s fat, and hominy. Thenceforward no distinction was made between him and the other members of the tribe. “If they had plenty of clothing, I had plenty; if we were scarce, we all shared one fate.”

Boone was named Sheltowee, or Big Turtle, and taken into the lodge of Blackfish. The chances of escape were practically nothing; so Boone, with his usual sagacity, so heartily entered into the life of the tribe and its occupations that he soon gained their entire confidence. In his own words: “I was exceedingly friendly and familiar with them, always appearing as cheerful and satisfied as possible, and they put great confidence in me. The Shawnee king took great notice of me, and treated me with profound respect and entire friendship, often intrusting me to

hunt at my liberty." In this the Indians took only one precaution: they counted the bullets issued to Boone, and required of him a very exact accounting when he returned. Boone discovered that a half bullet with a light powder charge was accurate
5 enough, if implanted in just the right spot, to bring down game at close range; so he cut his bullets in two, took especial pains in his stalking, and thus managed to accumulate a store of ammunition under the Shawnees' very noses.

In the spring the Indians, recollecting the occupation of the
10 whites when captured, took Boone to a salt spring on the Scioto and set him to boiling out salt. It was hard and monotonous work, not at all to the taste of an Indian warrior; but Boone, with his usual generous spirit, worked patiently and efficiently at it. He was only lightly guarded, but he was guarded; and
15 after due consideration of all the chances, he decided against an attempt to escape, and returned to Chillicothe. He had now been in the Indian town over four months, in all of which time no faintest indication had been observed that he was not entirely satisfied with his lot.

To his alarm, during his fortnight's absence preparations had
20 been well forwarded for another expedition against Boonesborough. Nearly five hundred warriors had gathered; and the ceremonials that preceded a serious warpath were well under way. In the great council house the elders were gathered daily,
25 making their plans, delivering speeches. With each speech the orator presented belts of wampum, one belt for each point he wished to have remembered, generally of white and black; the white made from pieces of the inside of conch shells, the black from mussel shells. Outside the council house the younger men
30 danced around the war post and struck their tomahawks into it, while the women, crooning, patted the drums in rhythm. For three days they would fast, drinking only the war drink of bitter herbs and roots. During that time no warrior could sit down, or even lean against anything, until after sunset. The simple
35 provisions for the journey were already prepared—corn and

maple sugar. These would be in the control of men who would parcel them out rigorously to the others. No one would touch a mouthful of anything, either of the supplies carried or of the provisions procured on the way, except by permission of these men. The waterproof gun-covers of loons' skins were in place. The war budget was made up: a bag containing some one article from each man, the skin of a snake, the tail of a buffalo, a martin skin, a bird skin, or what not. On the march this budget would always be carried at the very head of the file by a designated official. When the party halted, the budget was laid on the ground, and no one was permitted to pass ahead of it without authority. This was as a measure of discipline. There were other prohibitions, too, all of them practical; such as that no one was allowed to lay his pack on a log, nor converse about women or home. And there were other rigid ceremonies on the warpath: as, for example, when a beast was killed for food its heart was cut small and burned on an especial fire, and nobody must step across this fire nor go around it except in the direction of the sun. Then when the time came for attack, the budget was opened and its contents distributed to their owners, who attached the articles to the part of the body established by tradition for each. After the battle the budget was reassembled, and the man who took the first scalp now had the privilege of carrying it. After the return he could suspend it before his door for one month—a great honor.

Promptly at the end of the three days of fasting Boone knew that the war party would set forth, no matter what the weather. It was a bad omen otherwise. In single file, at spaced intervals, the painted warriors would move from the town, firing their rifles slowly one after the other, beginning at the front and progressing shot by shot to the rear. Once out of hearing of the town, however, a rigid silence was imposed. Now the expedition was launched for success or failure. Nothing could interfere with it unless someone dreamed an unpropitious dream; or unless a certain species of bird came and sang near an encamp-

ment. This bird the Indians called the Kind Messenger because it thus brought them warning that the expedition was not lucky. In either of the cases mentioned they always turned back unquestionably.

5 Boone knew that his time was short and that if he were to act, it must be at once. No longer could he afford to wait for what he might consider a propitious moment. He took part in the councils and the war dance; as to the conduct of the campaign he even made one or two practical suggestions that were
10 approved. Not by a word or look did he indicate that he was anything but pleased at the turn affairs had taken. The Indians were completely deceived. On the morning of June fifteenth they doled out what they considered the day's supply of ammunition and sent him out to kill deer for the war party. Boone
15 pouched also the powder and half bullets he had been so long accumulating, and struck out boldly across country for home.

There could hardly have been a more unpropitious time for an attempt at escape. Five hundred warriors, trained to the minute, were gathered; provisions were prepared. Instantly on
20 the discovery of his flight Boone knew the whole pack would be on his trail. They knew the country thoroughly, with all its routes and also all its difficulties and obstructions. The course he must take would lead through forests, swamps, and across many rivers. If captured he could expect nothing but the torture,
25 for the Indians could not fail to see in this attempt a deadly insult; and he now possessed many of their secrets and plans. His only advantage was his certainty of a few hours' start.

It was subsequently learned that his absence was discovered more quickly than he had hoped. The entire town was thrown
30 into a commotion of rage. Immediately the fleetest runners and the keenest hunters were thrown out broadcast through the forest, while others began to puzzle out his trail; and still others loped off on what was considered his probable route. They guessed well. Boone found himself sorely pressed. He had to
35 use his every art of woodcraft. He doubled and twisted and

ran, traveling day and night, almost without rest, until the Ohio River was reached. He dared not fire his gun, so his stored ammunition was of no use to him. He dared kindle no fire. He dared spend no time searching for even the poor food the barks and roots of the forest afforded him. Time and again his keen-eyed foes were all about him, but time and again he slipped through them. At length he pushed the bushes cautiously aside and looked out across the reaches of the Ohio River.

It was swollen by the rains, and its current swept by at mill-race speed. Even the strongest swimmer might well have despaired at this sight, and Boone was not a good swimmer. He had no time to cut a log and trust to the slow and uncertain process of kicking himself across, for the Indians were by now fairly on his heels. He descended to the shore, and there he found an old canoe that after going adrift at some unknown point far upstream had grounded here at his very feet to answer his great need! And out of all the hundreds of miles of the river course he had picked out this one point at which to emerge! Do you wonder that his simple faith was strong that he was "ordained by God to conquer the wilderness"?

The canoe had a hole in it, but Boone managed to make quick repairs of a sort good enough to get him across, though with some difficulty. Once on the other side he felt safe enough to shoot and cook a wild turkey, which is recorded as being the only food he tasted in his flight. One meal in five days; one hundred and sixty miles in five days!

He arrived at Boonesborough emaciated, gaunt, almost exhausted. His reception was enthusiastic, but he had to meet a great disappointment, for he had long since been given up as lost, and Rebecca Boone had gathered the remnants of her family and returned to Carolina. Boone speaks of his disappointment, and incidentally shows the great affection that existed between them. "Oppressed," said he, "with the distress of the country and bereaved of me, her only happiness, she had undertaken her long and perilous journey through the wilderness."

It would have been natural, after recuperating, for him to have followed her, and most men would have done so; but Boone, as usual, put his duty first. As he had feared, he found the fort in a bad state of repair. At once he set the inhabitants vigorously to work, and within ten days the stockades were renewed, new bastions had been built, the stores of provisions and water replenished, and all was prepared to resist a siege.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Stewart Edward White (1873-) was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan. He attended no school until he was sixteen years old, and then he entered the junior class of the high school and was graduated at the age of eighteen. He was the president of his class, and he also won the five-mile record of the school. A few years later he was graduated from the University of Michigan and took his master's degree there in 1903.

During the years before he went to school he was continually in the woods and among the rivermen in his own town and in the lumber camps of Michigan. When he was about fifteen, he became intensely interested in birds and spent every spare moment in the woods studying them. During this time he wrote from thirty to forty magazine articles on birds, and his "Birds of Mackinac Island," published in pamphlet form, was, he says, his first book. While in college he spent his summer vacations cruising on the Great Lakes in a twenty-eight foot cutter sloop.

After leaving college he went to work in a packing-house, "acquiring much information and less wealth, at the rate of six dollars a week." After six months of this work, at the height of the gold rush, he set out for the Black Hills of South Dakota. He found no gold, but he obtained the material for his three novels *The Westerners*, *The Claim Jumpers*, and *Gold*. He then studied for a winter with Brander Matthews at Columbia University, and sold his first short story, "A Man and His Dog," to the magazine *Short Stories* for fifteen dollars. *The Westerners*, his first novel, was bought by Frank A. Munsey for five hundred dollars. This amount was paid to the author in five-dollar bills, and he says that upon receiving it, he stuffed the bills in his pocket and left the office abruptly, for fear that the editor should change his mind. For a time he worked as a salesman in a bookstore in Chicago, but soon gave it up and returned to the woods, this time in the Hudson Bay region. His book *The Blazed*

Trail was written in a lumber camp in the depth of a northern winter. The author wrote from four o'clock in the morning to eight, and then went out on snowshoes for the day's lumbering. When the book was finished, he gave it to Jack Boyd, the foreman, to read. Boyd began reading it after supper and was so interested that he read all night.

The story "Wilderness Hunter: Daniel Boone" is taken from *Daniel Boone: Wilderness Scout*, of which the author says, "My intention as to Boone was to write a history of that time from the point of view of woodcraft; to determine why from all the good men of that time and place Boone's name is the one that has come down to us rather than that of others who performed as doughty individual deeds; to show that, had it not been for him, the entire country west of the Appalachians would now be British territory."

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. What new difficulty threatened Boonesborough? 2. How did the settlers attempt to overcome the difficulty? 3. Upon what did Boone and his companions depend for food? 4. Account for the fact that Boone did not "outrun" the Indians. 5. How was he greeted by the Indians? 6. What details did Boone's "keen brain" note? 7. Why was it particularly dangerous for the Indians to attack the fort at this time? 8. What proposition did Boone make to the warriors? 9. What shows that the white men had confidence in Boone? 10. What difficulty arose which forced the Indians to call a council? 11. How was the vote taken? 12. Why was the tour to Detroit devised? 13. What one precaution did the Indians take with Boone? 14. How did the captive succeed in "accumulating a store of ammunition"? 15. What made Boone fear another attack upon Boonesborough? 16. What preparations had the Indians made? 17. How were their plans overthrown?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Make an outline to guide you in telling the story to someone who has not read it.

General Questions and Topics. 1. What dangers made a long journey over the mountains in Daniel Boone's time "appalling"? 2. Give instances which show Boone's "characteristic good sense." 3. Tell why the Indians were so overjoyed at the capture of Boone. 4. Account for the fact that they did not immediately kill their captive. 5. Tell what things Boone saw clearly as he "smiled into the faces of his enemies." 6. How did Boone gain the confidence of the warriors? 7. What qualities did Boone possess which the Indians admired? 8. Tell how the Indians with their captives entered the "Indian town of Old Chillicothe." 9. Why did Blackfish refuse to ransom Boone? 10. Describe the "ceremony of adoption." 11. Read aloud Blackfish's speech. 12. Give an account of Boone's escape. 13. Look at the picture on page 303; what two incidents in the

story are illustrated? 14. What did you learn of the historical importance of Daniel Boone from reading the biography of the author? 15. Find in the Glossary the meaning of: equitable; capitulated; propitious; emaciated; recuperating.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (a) Boone's boyhood. (b) Boone as an Indian. (c) What Boone did for Kentucky. (d) Boone as a hero of transportation. (e) Which rendered the greater service to his country, Boone or Carson?

THE SCOUT TRAIL

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Washington blazed it through wilderness snows,

Wearing the hunting shirt, bearing the pack,

Braving the winter and treacherous foes,

Out to the turbid Ohio and back.

5 Carson and Crockett and Boone and the rest,

Hunter and fighter and bold pioneer,

Carried it southward and carried it west—

Follow their moccasins, treading it clear!

Over the mountains they furthered the way;

10 Still in the distance new ranges were blue.

Sure with the rifle and hatchet were they,

Deft with the paddle and buoyant canoe.

Guarding the hamlet that rose in the glen,

Guarding the train from the savages' wrath,

15 Living free-hearted and dying like men—

What must they be who would follow their path?

Cleanly in body and cleanly in mind,

Loyal and resolute, patient and strong,

Fearless and generous, cheerful and kind,
Stalwart in shielding the weaker from wrong.
Whether it lead through the peace of the vale,
Whether through cities that bustle and hum,
Scouts of America, follow that trail,
Treading it plain for the millions to come!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Arthur Guiterman (1871-) is an American poet. His home is in New York City, where he was graduated from the College of the City of New York. For a time he was an editorial writer for *The Literary Digest*, and lecturer on magazine and newspaper verse at the School of Journalism of New York University. He is the author of *The Laughing Muse*, *The Mirthful Lyre*, *The Light Guitar*, and *A Ballad-Maker's Pack*, from the last of which "The Scout Trail" is taken.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Who blazed the trail to Ohio? 2. What is the meaning of *turbid*? 3. Name three scouts who carried the trail south and west. 4. Whose footsteps did these scouts follow? 5. What dangers would they naturally encounter in their westward journey? 6. Who was Carson? 7. Give a brief report of his work. 8. How did these scouts protect themselves? 9. What methods of travel did they use? 10. What kind of example did these scouts leave for us to follow? 11. Make a list of their characteristics as brought out by the poet. 12. To whom is the poem written? 13. Who are the "Scouts of America"? 14. What advice does the poet give to American scouts of today?

A Suggested Problem. Prepare a program for Scout Day, which may consist of demonstrations of scout ideals of skill and service, reports of interesting camping and hiking experiences, selected readings or dramatizations, the program to be in charge of special committees appointed from the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, and allied organizations. You will find help in preparing such a program in *Boy Scout Entertainments*, Lisle, in the "Library Reading" suggested on page 313, and in the official publications of the various organizations, such as *Boys' Life*, *The American Girl*, *Every Girl*, etc. The boys and girls may coöperate in one program or they may prepare programs for separate days.



GENERAL QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTED READINGS

General Questions and Topics. 1. What may the Boy Scouts of today learn from the lives of Daniel Boone and Kit Carson? 2. Which do you think was the better scout, Boone or Carson? Why? 3. Boone lived with the Indians, and Carson was called the "peacemaker with the Indians"; which do you think had greater influence with the red men? (See "Library Reading.") 4. Compare the difficulties and dangers of being a "good scout" in the days of Boone, Carson, and Crockett with those of being a "good scout" today. 5. Mention a number of ways in which the Boy Scouts of today may be of real service. 6. Prepare a two-minute talk on "Washington's Dangerous Mission." (See "Library Reading.") 7. What were the leading characteristics of pioneer women? (See pages 178-180 in *Daniel Boone: Wilderness Scout*, White, and other Library Reading.) In what way may they be regarded as models for the Girl Scouts of today? 8. Show that Boone prepared the way for Carson and Crockett. 9. Which do you think was more important, Boone's Wilderness Road, or the Santa Fe Trail? Why? 10. Give reasons why these stories about Boone and Carson might well have been included with those on transportation, Part II. 11. In the picture above, the scouts of today are represented as signaling, while Kit Carson, the good scout of pioneer days, watches them; if such a scene were possible, what message do you think he would have for them? 12. The picture on page 286 shows the equestrian statue which surmounts the pioneer monument in Denver, made by the famous American sculptor Frederick MacMonnies. In the mounted figure of Kit Carson the sculptor has tried to give the spirit of the whole westward movement of the pioneers. Notice how, by means of the uplifted head and westward-pointing arm of Kit Carson, and the spirited attitude of the horse, the sculptor has succeeded in expressing the adventurous and dauntless spirit of the pioneers. You will be interested in reading a full account of the monument in Barstow's *The Westward Movement*, page 173, and reporting it to your group.

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (a) A well worked-out scheme of service in improving the health and appearance of

your own community. (b) The Boy Scout as a type of the good citizen. (c) Ways in which my school assists in Red Cross Relief Work. (d) What opportunities I have to add to the comfort and pleasures of those with whom I come in contact each day. (See "Library Reading.")

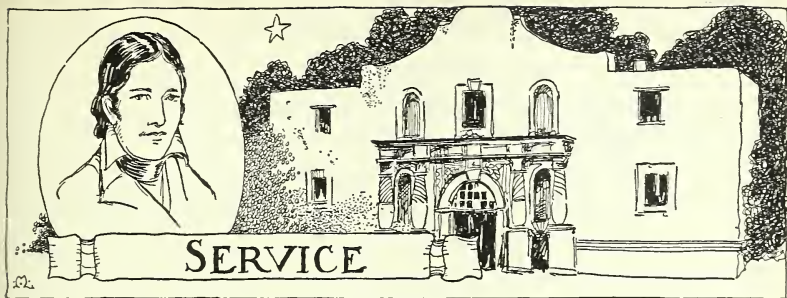
Library Reading. (a) **For Report in Class by Individuals or Committees:** "Daniel Boone" and "Samuel Houston," Fitzhugh (in *Boys' Book of Scouts*); "Boone's Boyhood," Chapter II, and "The Defense of Boonesborough," Chapter XVI, White (in *Daniel Boone: Wilderness Scout*); "The Rough Riders," Guiterman (in *A Ballad-Maker's Pack*); "George Washington's Dangerous Mission," Hill (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*); "Young Washington in the Woods," Eggleston (in *Strange Stories from History*); "The Explorer" and "Boone Becomes an Indian," Henderson (in *Boone of the Wilderness*); "Boone the Backwoodsman," Sanderson (in *Heroes of Pioneering*); "Boone among the Indians" and "Boone's Last Years," Bruce (in *Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road*); "Life in the Wilderness," Abbott (in *Daniel Boone*); "The American Backwoodsman," "A Test of Strength," and "Big Turtle," Forbes-Lindsay (in *Daniel Boone, Backwoodsman*); "Daniel Boone and the Founding of Kentucky," Roosevelt (in *Hero Tales from American History*, Roosevelt and Lodge); "Kit Carson: the Nestor of the Rocky Mountains," Johnston (in *Famous Scouts*); "Kit Carson, Last of the Trail-Makers," Harvey (in *The Westward Movement*, Barstow); "Kit Carson," Inman (in *The Old Santa Fe Trail*); "The Early Experiences of Ralph Ringwood," Irving (in *Wolfert's Roost*); "Hawkeye" (Leatherstocking), Cooper (in *The Last of the Mohicans*, Chapter II); "Abraham Lincoln, True Scout," Tarbell (in *Boy Scouts' Year Book*, 1916).

(b) **For Use in Leisure Moments—Recreation:** *Daniel Boone: Wilderness Scout*, White; *Boys' Book of Scouts*, Fitzhugh; *In Kentucky with Daniel Boone*, McIntyre; *Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road*, Bruce; *Scouting with Daniel Boone*, Tomlinson; *Life of Daniel Boone*, Hartley; *Daniel Boone, Backwoodsman*, Forbes-Lindsay; *Boone of the Wilderness*, Henderson; *Scouting with Kit Carson*, Tomlinson; *Kit Carson Days*, Sabin; *The Texan Scouts*, Altsheler; *Kit Carson*, Abbott; *Adventures of Buffalo Bill*, Cody; *The Last of the Plainsmen*, Grey; *Famous Scouts*, Johnston; *Boy's Book of Frontier Fighters*, Sabin; *The Ranch on the Oxhide*, Inman; *The Leatherstocking Tales*, Cooper; *Scouting on the Old Frontier*, Tomlinson; *Life of Kit Carson*, Burdett; *With Carson and Frémont*, Sabin; *Daniel Boone*, Thwaites; *Conquest of the Old Southwest*, Henderson; *Daniel Boone, and the Hunters of Kentucky*, Bogart; *On the Trail of the Pioneers*, Faris; "The Man Who Belonged in the Big Woods" and "How Kit Carson Saved the Column," Lanier (in *Book of Bravery*,

Second Series); "Boone, the Torch Bearer," Heyliger (in *Boy Scout Year Book*, 1920); "The Daniel Boone Pageant," Lisle (in *Boy Scout Entertainments*); *Washington, the Man of Action*, Hill; *The Story of Young George Washington*, Whipple; "The First Wilderness Road," Henderson (in *Jungle Roads and Other Trails of Theodore Roosevelt*); *With Sam Houston in Texas*, Sabin; "A Ride for Life," Pumpelly (in *Travels and Adventures of Raphael Pumpelly*, Rice); *Boots and Saddles*, Custer; "The Old Scout's Lament," Lomax (in *Cowboy Songs*).

(c) **For Presentation by the Teacher:** "The Western Pioneer," Lyon (in *Lessons in Community and National Life, Series A*, Judd and Marshall); "Pioneer Methods," Parker (in *The Saturday Evening Post*, June 3, 1922); "The Pioneer Family," Parker (in *The Saturday Evening Post*, June 10, 1922); *Autobiography of Daniel Boone*, as recorded by Filson; *The Pioneer West*, French; *Pioneers of the Old Southwest*, Skinner.

Suggested Problem. Make a list of signals used by Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts of today; compare these methods of signaling with those employed by the scouts of pioneer days. Find examples of the use of various methods of signaling mentioned in stories that you have read, and report to the class upon them. The following will help you: two methods of signaling are given in a story in this book, pages 185-195; signaling is used in "A Young Hero of the Beach Patrol," *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*; signaling saved the lives of Gulliver and his master in the story "Gulliver the Great," *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*; signals used on railroads are given in "The Story of Light," *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*. See also "Library Reading," *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*, page 358.



THE LONE STAR

HENRY VAN DYKE

Behold a star appearing in the South—
A star that shines apart from other stars,
Ruddy and fierce like Mars!
Out of the reeking smoke of cannon's mouth
That veils the slaughter of the Alamo,
5 Where heroes face the foe,
One man against a score, with blood-choked breath
Shouting the watchword, "Victory or Death"—
Out of the dreadful cloud that settles low
10 On Goliad's plain,
Where thrice a hundred prisoners lie slain
Beneath the broken word of Mexico—
Out of the fog of factions and of feuds
That ever drifts and broods
15 Above the bloody path of border war,
Leaps the Lone Star!

What light is this that does not dread the dark?
What star is this that fights a stormy way
To San Jacinto's field of victory?
20 It is the fiery spark

That burns within the breast
Of Anglo-Saxon men who cannot rest
Under a tyrant's sway;

The upward-leading ray
5 That guides the brave who give their lives away
Rather than not be free!

Oh, question not, but honor every name,
Travis and Crockett, Bowie, Bonham, Ward,
Fannin and King, all who drew the sword
10 And dared to die for Texas liberty!

Yea, write them all upon the roll of fame;
But no less love and equal honor give
To those who paid the longer sacrifice—
Austin and Houston, Burnet and Lamar,
15 And all the stalwart men who dared to live
Long years of service to the lonely star.

Great is the worth of such heroic souls;
Amid the strenuous turmoil of their deeds,
They clearly speak of something that controls
20 The higher breed of men by higher needs
Than bees content with honey in their hives!

Ah, not enough the narrow lives
On profitable toil intent!
And not enough the guerdons of success
25 Garnered in homes of affluent selfishness!

A nobler discontent
Cries for a wider scope
To use the wider wings of human hope;
A vision of the common good
30 Opens the prison door of solitude;
And, once beyond the wall,
Breathing the ampler air,
The heart becomes aware

That life without a country is not life at all.

A country worthy of a freeman's love;
A country worthy of a good man's prayer;
A country strong and just, and brave and fair,
A woman's form of beauty throned above
The shrine where noble aspirations meet—
To live for her is great, to die is sweet!

Heirs of the rugged pioneers
Who dreamed this dream and made it true,
Remember that they dreamed for you.
They did not fear their fate
In those tempestuous years,
But put their trust in God, and with keen eyes,
Trained in the open air for looking far,
They saw the many-million-acred land,
Won from the desert by their hand,
Swiftly among the nations rise,
Texas, a sovereign state,
And on her brow a star!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Henry van Dyke (1852-) was born in Germantown, which is now a part of the city of Philadelphia. When he was a small boy, his parents moved to Brooklyn. He was graduated from Princeton College in 1873 and from the Princeton Theological Seminary in 1877. For several years he was pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York City. Later, he was made professor of English Literature at Princeton University. In 1913 Dr. van Dyke was appointed United States Minister to Holland, where he lived during the early years of the World War. He has written many stories and poems of great literary charm.

"The Lone Star," which is taken from *The Grand Canyon and Other Poems*, is one section of a longer poem called "Texas: A Democratic Ode," which was read at the dedication of Rice Institute, Houston, Texas.

General Questions and Topics. 1. What was the watchword of the heroes of the Alamo? 2. Explain the reference to "Goliad's plain." 3. What came out of the "fog of factions"? 4. Locate San Jacinto on your map. 5. What country was tyrannically oppressing the people of Texas? 6. Tell briefly what was the work of each of the heroes mentioned in the

poem. (See "Library Reading.") 7. Name four heroes who lived to give long service to their state. 8. What do these "heroic souls" stand for? 9. Explain the meaning of the line, "That life without a country is not life at all." 10. For what is it *great* to live and *sweet* to die? 11. To whom is the poem written? 12. What does the poet tell us the pioneers saw?

Library Reading. "Texas," Amy Lowell (in *The New Republic*, December 29, 1920); "Southwesterly by the Lone Star," Black (in *The Sunset Magazine*, March, 1914); "The Fight at San Jacinto," Palmer (in *Days and Deeds*, B. E. Stevenson); "Goliad," Davis (in *Under Six Flags*); *The Texan Star*, *The Texan Scouts*, and *The Texan Triumph*, Altsheler; "Samuel Houston," Fitzhugh (in *The Boys' Book of Scouts*); Austin, page 25, Bowie, page 58, Houston, page 67, Burnet, page 98, Travis, page 101, Bonham, page 105, Goliad, page 119, San Jacinto, page 129, and Lamar, page 131, Brady (in *The Conquest of the Southwest*); "The Grand Canyon," van Dyke (in *The Grand Canyon and Other Poems*); "The Lone Star Trail," Lomax (in *Cowboy Songs*).

CLARA BARTON: FOUNDER OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS.

KATE DICKINSON SWEETSER

Reading Aims—Find: (a) what Clara Barton did to relieve suffering on the battlefield in the Civil War; (b) why she is called the founder of the American Red Cross.

Clara Barton! Only the men who lay wounded or dying on the battlefield knew the thrill and the comfort that the name carried. Again and again her life was in danger—once at Antietam, when stooping to give a drink of water to an injured boy, a bullet whizzed between them. It ended the life of the poor lad, but only tore a hole in Clara Barton's sleeve. And so, time after time, it seemed as if a special Providence protected her from death or injury. At Fredericksburg, when the dead, starving, and wounded lay freezing on the ground, and there was no effective organization for proper relief—with swift, silent

efficiency Clara Barton moved among them, having the snow cleared away and under the banks finding famished, half-frozen figures which were once men. Hurriedly she had an old chimney torn down and fire-blocks built, over which she soon had kettles full of coffee and gruel steaming.

As she was bending over a wounded Southern soldier, he whispered to her, "Lady, you have been kind to me . . . every street of the city is covered by our cannon. When your entire army has reached the other side of the Rappahannock, they will find Fredericksburg a slaughter-pen. Not a regiment will escape. Do not go over, for you will go to certain death."

She thanked him for the kindly warning, and later told of the call that came to her to go across the river, and what happened. She says:

At ten o'clock of the battle day, when the Southern fire was hottest, the shells rolling down every street, and the bridge under heavy cannonade, a courier dashed over, and, rushing up the steps of the house where I was, placed in my hand a crumpled, bloody piece of paper—a request from the lion-hearted old surgeon on the opposite shore, establishing his hospitals in the very jaws of death:

"Come to me," he wrote. "Your place is here."

The faces of the rough men working at my side, which eight weeks before had flushed with indignation at the thought of being controlled by a woman, grew ashy white as they guessed the nature of the summons, . . . and they begged me to send them, but to save myself. I could only allow them to go with me if they chose, and in twenty minutes we were rocking across the swaying bridge, the water hissing with shot on either side.

She was passing along a street in the heart of the city when she had to step aside to let a regiment of infantry march by. At that moment General Patrick saw her, and thinking she was a frightened resident of the city who had been left behind in the general exodus, leaned from his saddle and said, reassuringly:

"You are alone and in great danger, madam. Do you want protection?"

With a rare smile, Miss Barton said, as she looked at the ranks of soldiers, "Thank you, but I think I am the best protected woman in the United States."

The near-by soldiers caught her words and cried out:

5 "That's so! That's so!" and the cheer they gave was echoed by line after line, until the sound of the shouting was like the cheers after a great victory. Bending low with a courtly smile, the general said:

"I believe you are right, madam!" and galloped away.

10 As the war drew to an end, President Lincoln received hundreds of letters from anxious parents, asking for news of their boys. There were eighty thousand missing men whose families had no knowledge whether they were alive or dead. In despair, and believing that Clara Barton had more information of the
15 soldiers than anyone else to whom he could turn, the President requested her to take up the task. The army nurse's tender heart was touched by the thought of helping so many mothers who had no news of their sons, and she went to work, aided by the hospital and burial lists she had compiled when on the field
20 of action.

For four years she did this work, and it was a touching scene when she was called before the Committee on Investigation to tell of its results. With quiet simplicity she stood before the row of men and reported, "Over thirty thousand men, living and
25 dead, already traced. No available funds for the necessary investigation; in consequence, over eight thousand dollars of my own income spent in the search." As the men confronting her heard the words of the bright-eyed woman who was looked on as a sister by the soldiers from Maine to Virginia, whose name
30 was a household one throughout the land, not one of them was ashamed to wipe the tears from his eyes! Later the government paid her back in part the money she had spent in her work; but she gave her time without charge, as well as many a dollar which was never returned, counting it enough reward to read the joyful
35 letters from happy, reunited families.

While doing this work she gave over three hundred lectures through the East and the West, and as a speaker she held her audiences as if by magic, for she spoke glowingly about the work nearest to her heart, giving the proceeds of her lectures to the
5 continuance of that work. One evening in the winter of 1868, when speaking in one of the most brilliant assemblages she had ever faced, her voice suddenly gave out. The heroic army nurse and worker for the soldiers was worn out in body and nerves. As soon as she was able to travel, the doctor commanded that she
0 take three years of absolute rest. Obeying the order, she sailed for Europe, and in peaceful Switzerland with its natural beauty hoped to regain normal strength; for her own country had emerged from the black shadow of war, and she felt that her life work had been accomplished, that rest could henceforth be her
5 portion.

But Clara Barton was still on the threshold of her complete achievement. When she had been in Switzerland only a month, and her broken-down nerves were just beginning to respond to the change of air and scene, she received a call which changed
0 the color of her future. Her caller represented the International Committee of the Red Cross Society. Miss Barton did not know what the Red Cross was, and said so. He then explained the nature of the society, which was founded for the relief of sick and wounded soldiers, and he told his eager listener what she did
15 not know, that back of the Society was the Geneva Treaty, which had been providing for such relief work, signed by all the civilized nations except her own. From that moment a new ambition was born in Clara Barton's heart—to find out why America had not signed the treaty, and to know more about the Red Cross Society.

Nearly a year later, while resting in quiet Switzerland, there
30 broke one day upon the clear air of her Swiss home the distant sounds of a royal party hastening back from a tour of the Alps. To Miss Barton's amazement it came in the direction of her villa. Finally flashed the scarlet and gold of the liveries of the Grand
35 Duke of Baden. After the outriders, came the splendid coach of

the Grand Duchess, who alighted and clasped Miss Barton's hand, hailing her in the name of humanity, and said she already knew her through what she had done in the Civil War. Then she asked Miss Barton to leave Switzerland and aid in Red Cross work on the battlefields of the Franco-Prussian War, which was in its beginning. It was a real temptation to work once again for suffering humanity, yet she put it aside as unwise. But a year later, when the officers of the International Red Cross Society came again to beg that Miss Barton take the lead in a great systematic plan of relief work such as that for which she had become famous during the Civil War, she accepted. In the face of such consequences as her health might suffer from her decision, she rose, and, with head held high and flashing eyes said:

“Command me!”

Clara Barton was no longer to be the Angel of the American battlefields only—from that moment she belonged to the world, and never again could she be claimed by any one country. But it is as the guardian angel of our soldiers in the United States that her story concerns us, although there is reason for great pride in the part she played in nursing the wounded at Strassburg, and later when her presence carried comfort and healing to the victims of the fight with the Commune in Paris.

Truly Clara Barton belonged to the world, and a suffering person had no race or creed to her—she loved and cared for all.

When at last she returned to America, it was with the determination to have America sign the Geneva Treaty and to bring her own country into line with the Red Cross movement, which she had carefully watched in foreign countries, and which she saw was the solution to efficient aid of wounded men, either on the battlefield, or wherever there had been any kind of disaster such that there was need of quick aid for suffering. It was no easy task to convince American officials, but at last she achieved her end. On the first of March, 1882, the Geneva Treaty was signed by President Arthur, ratified by the Senate, and immedi-

ately the American National Red Cross was formed, with Clara Barton as its first president.

The European "rest" trip had resulted in one of the greatest achievements for the benefit of mankind in which America ever participated, and its birth in the United States was due solely to the efforts of the determined, consecrated nurse who, when eleven years old, gave her all to a sick brother, and later devoted her life to the service of a sick brotherhood of brave men.

On the day after her death on April 12, 1912, one editor of an American newspaper paid a tribute to her that ranks with those paid the world's greatest heroes. He said:

On the battlefields of the Civil War her hands bound up the wounds of the injured brave.

The candles of her charity lighted the gloom of death for the heroes of Antietam and Fredericksburg.

Across the ocean waters of her sweet labors followed the flag of the saintly Red Cross through the Franco-Prussian War.

When stricken Armenia cried for help in 1896, it was Clara Barton who led the relief corps of salvation and sustenance.

A woman leading in answering the responsibility of civilization to the world!

When McKinley's khaki boys struck the iron from Cuba's bondage, it was Clara Barton, in her seventy-seventh year, who followed to the fever-ridden tropics to lead in the relief work on Spanish battlegrounds.

She is known wherever man appreciates humanity.

Hers was the honor of being the first president of the American Red Cross, but she was more than that—she *was* the Red Cross at that time. It was, as she said, "her child," and she furnished headquarters for it in her Washington home, dispensing the charities of a nation, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars, and was never requested to publish her accounts, an example of personal leadership which is unparalleled.

In 1897 we find the Red Cross president settled in her home at Glen Echo, a few miles out of Washington, on a high slope overlooking the Potomac, and, although it was a Red Cross center, it was a friendly lodging as well, where its owner could receive her personal friends. Flags and Red Cross testimonials



from rulers of all nations fluttered from the walls, among them a beautiful one from the Sultan of Turkey. Two small crosses of red glass gleamed in the front windows over the balcony, but above the house the Red Cross banner floated high, as if to tell the world that "the banner over us is love." And to Glen Echo, the center of her beloved activity, Clara Barton always loved to return at the end of her campaigns. To the many thousands who came to visit her home as one of the great humane centers of the world, she became known as the "Beautiful Lady of the Potomac," and never did a title more fittingly describe a nature.

To the last she was a soldier—systematic, industrious, severely simple in her tastes. It was a rule of the household that every day's duties should be disposed of before turning in for the night, and at five o'clock the next morning she would be rolling a carpet-sweeper over the floor. She always observed military order and took a soldier's pride in keeping her quarters straight.

Her bed was small and hard. Near it were the books that

meant so much to her—the Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*, the stories of Sarah Orne Jewett, the poems of Lucy Larcom, and many other well-worn, much-read classics.

That she was still feminine is shown by the fact that, as in the days of girlhood when she fashioned her first straw bonnet, so now she was fond of wearing handsome gowns, often with trains. Lavender, royal purple, and wine color were the shades she liked best to wear, and in which her friends most often remember her. Despite her few extravagant tastes, Clara Barton was the most democratic woman America ever produced, as well as the most humane. She loved people, sick and well, and in any state and city of the Union she could claim personal friends in every walk of life.

When, after ninety-nine years of life, fifty of which were devoted to service for the suffering, death laid its hand upon her on that spring day, the world to its remotest corner stopped its busy barter and trade for a brief moment to pay reverent tribute to a woman who was by nature of the most retiring, bashful disposition, and yet carried on her life work in the face of the enemy, to the sound of cannon, and close to the firing-line. She was on the firing-line all her life. That is her life story.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Kate Dickinson Sweetser is a native of New York. Her father was founder and editor of the *New York Mail*. She is the author of numerous books for boys and girls and is a frequent contributor to current magazines. Among her books are *Ten Boys from History*, *Book of Indian Braves*, and *Ten American Girls from History*, from which "Clara Barton: Founder of the American Red Cross" is taken. Her home is in East Orange, New Jersey.

In October, 1921, the Clara Barton Birthplace at North Oxford, Massachusetts, which had been purchased and restored by the women of the Universalist Church, was formally dedicated. In the room where Clara Barton was born, there is a Registration Book in which already hundreds of people have signed their names in token of their admiration for the life and work of the great founder of the American Red Cross. The house has been furnished in the manner of the period in which Clara

Barton lived. The Registration Book lies upon the little wooden desk at which Clara Barton sat for so many hours at a time, engaged in the clerical work necessary to the carrying out of her inspired plans for world betterment.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. In what American war did Clara Barton serve? 2. Clara Barton said that she was "the best protected woman in the United States"; what reason had she to believe that this was true? 3. What task did President Lincoln give to this army nurse at the close of the war? 4. Tell how well she did that work. 5. Why did Clara Barton go to Europe? 6. From whom did she receive a call when she was resting in Switzerland? 7. Why should we, as Americans, take great pride in the career of Clara Barton? 8. What great work did Clara Barton do in her home on the Potomac River? 9. What title was given to her as a result of this work? 10. What hung on the walls of her home? 11. How did the world pay "reverent tribute" to her at her death?

General Questions and Topics. 1. In what different countries did Clara Barton carry on her life work? 2. Give instances which make us feel that she must have been protected by a "special Providence." 3. In what different ways did Clara Barton show her charity toward her fellow men? 4. What work did Clara Barton do in Europe while she was living there? 5. Why cannot Clara Barton be considered as the "Angel of the American battlefields only"? 6. In what way was the "European rest trip" a great achievement for the people of America? 7. Read aloud the tribute paid to Clara Barton at the time of her death by an American newspaper editor. 8. Clara Barton organized the American Red Cross Society; how are we all benefited by this? How can we all take part in its work? 9. Read "Florence Nightingale," by Hamilton Wright Mabie (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*); compare her work with that of Clara Barton. 10. Why did Clara Barton regard the American Red Cross as her "child"? 11. Show how the title "Beautiful Lady of the Potomac" was very fitting. 12. Make a list of this woman's strongest characteristics, which made her success possible. 13. The author tells us that she was "the most democratic woman America ever produced," as well as the most humane; give instances to prove this statement. 14. In how many ways does the picture on page 324 illustrate the story?

Library Reading. *A Story of the Red Cross*, Barton; *The Life of Clara Barton*, Barton; "Clara Barton," Sweetser (in *Ten American Girls from History*); "The Red Cross Nurse," Guiterman (in *A Ballad-Maker's Pack*); "The Red Cross Spirit," Wadsworth (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, May, 1917); "Symbol of Service to Mankind," Axson (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, April, 1918); "Our Armies of Mercy," Davison (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, May, 1917); "Red Cross

Nursing as a Career for Girls," Delano (in *St. Nicholas*, August, 1917); "The New Mission of the Red Cross," Davison (in *Review of Reviews*, September, 1919); "Busy Hands of the Junior Red Cross" (in *St. Nicholas*, January, 1918); "Your Red Cross," Munroe (in *The Independent*, July 3, 1920); "The League of Love in Action," Markham (in *The Survey*, December 14, 1918); "A Great University to Train Nurses" (in *World's Work*, December, 1923).

A Suggested Problem. Prepare a bulletin board exhibit for "Red Cross Week," including posters, original drawings, cartoons, slogans, and articles and pictures cut from magazines and newspapers, showing or relating to deeds of service in connection with Red Cross Relief Work given in great disasters, such as forest fires, floods, earthquakes, and storms. This exhibit should be prepared by committees, and the materials should be preserved for further reference and for the guidance of next year's class. You will find materials to assist you in making this collection in the magazine *The Red Cross Courier*, official journal of The American Red Cross, published in Washington, D. C.

DAVY CROCKETT: AN EARLY TEXAS HERO

PERCY KEESE FITZHUGH

Reading Aims—Find: (a) how Davy Crockett came to locate in the territory of the present state of Texas; (b) the cause of the struggle for the control of the territory; (c) the results of the siege of the Alamo.

If Davy Crockett had done nothing else than originate the motto *Be sure you're right, then go ahead*, he would have been worthy of at least a modest place in our history; for it is a good motto, and if one but follows it, he is not likely to go astray.

5 Davy himself did not always follow it, though he always followed a part of it; for, wrong or right, he invariably *went ahead*; and perhaps the last part of the motto, in itself, is not half bad.

As the country became settled he became fairly prosperous, and very popular. Twice he was elected to the State Legislature. Nor was this enough; for so universally liked was he and so deeply impressed were his simple friends and neighbors
5 with his captivating air and his deeds of "derring do" that they sent him to the National Congress, where he cut an amazing figure, and infused a refreshing breath of humor and originality into the dull sessions of that august body.

Having served two terms, during which he became famous
10 throughout the country, he failed of reelection, and in the disappointment which followed his strenuous campaign he formed a resolution, the fulfillment of which was to lose him his life, although it helped to enhance his unique fame.

As my country no longer requires my services, I have made up my
15 mind to go to Texas. My life has been one of danger, toil, and privation, but these difficulties I had to encounter. . . . Now I start anew upon my own hook, and God only grant that it may be strong enough to support the weight hung upon it. I have a new row to hoe, a long and rough one, but come what will, *I'll go ahead*.

20 There is a note of pathos in his own simple account of how he began that fateful journey.

The thermometer stood below freezing as I left my wife and children; still there was some thawing about the eyelids, a thing that had not happened since I ran away from my father's home when a thoughtless, vaga-
25 bond boy. I dressed myself in a clean hunting-shirt, put on a new fox-skin cap with the tail hanging behind, and took hold of my rifle Betsy . . . and started off to *go ahead* in a new world.

The new world in which he was to go ahead was the present State of Texas, and formed then a district of the new republic
30 of Mexico. There were, however, more Americans there than Mexicans, and the territory was American in all except a political sense. Most of the settlers were men like Crockett himself—typical frontiersmen and expert hunters. They were not the sort of people to submit tamely to tyranny and oppression, and when
35 these were imposed by the corrupt government of Mexico, they protested and soon revolted.

This miniature war of independence began in 1835, and was pressed with such vigor by the resolute and hardy settlers that soon San Antonio, the principal town, was taken, and every Mexican soldier driven back to Mexico proper.

5 Near the town there stood an old mission, built by the Franciscan monks, which was known as the Mission del Alamo and which, under the simpler appellation of the Alamo, is sadly famous in our history.

0 When Davy Crockett, after his long and adventurous journey, reached the Alamo, he found it converted into a stronghold and occupied by about one hundred fifty Americans under a gallant young officer named Travis and a certain Colonel Bowie, whose name is otherwise immortalized by the famous bowie knife of which he was the originator.

5 Crockett brought with him a dozen or so kindred spirits, and the little band in their fur caps and travel-worn buckskins was given a rousing welcome.

It was known that the powers in Mexico would not long suffer these triumphant settlers to enjoy the fruits of their victory.

0 They did not, however, expect that Santa Anna himself, usurper and dictator of Mexico, would pay them the high honor of a personal call, and their surprise may be imagined when, on February 23, 1836, this "Napoleon of the West" appeared before the Alamo, heading the advance guard of his five thousand
5 trained Mexican troops, and demanded its surrender.

In answer to this the little garrison raised their flag, and Santa Anna hoisted his red ensign, which meant that no quarter would be given to the Americans. Thus a little party of a hundred seventy-odd men hurled defiance at an army of five thousand,
10 notwithstanding that the result was inevitable.

The siege continued for ten days, during which time the Mexicans were repulsed and lost heavily whenever they came within range of the crack riflemen. We may be sure that Betsy did her part in that siege.

15 At last Santa Anna's main army arrived. Historians insist

that right up to this time the Americans could have cut their way out and escaped, but apparently no such thought entered their minds. They were there to defend their stronghold. They must have known well what their fate would be; yet they stood
5 their ground, resolved to die game after making the enemy pay the highest price their trusty rifles could exact.

At dawn, on March sixth, the Americans were aroused by the shrill sound of a bugle. They knew what it meant: the Mexicans were to be rallied for the long-expected charge. As the little
10 band listened to that martial call, so fateful to them, we may suppose that they thought also of the Mexicans' red banner, which meant no quarter.

It is related that Colonel Travis addressed his men, repeating his resolve never to surrender, and offered his freedom to any man
15 who wished to escape. None, so the tradition goes, left the Alamo.

An hour or two of suspense and then the walls of the old mission shook with the mighty onslaught of Santa Anna. The storming host was received with a rain of shot from the Americans, and, as always, the well-aimed rifles did their work.

20 But they availed little against Santa Anna's legion. In three columns the Mexicans advanced, sometimes thrown into confusion by the withering fire from the old mission; but reserve after reserve filled the gaps, the storming host outnumbering the Americans fifteen to one.

25 Now they were close under the walls, trying again and again to scale them. The stockade to the north offered a better chance, and they soon concentrated their efforts there, using scaling ladders in the face of a continuous and deadly fire from the Americans.

30 Once close under the wall, they enjoyed some measure of shelter from the cannon, though the toll of death from rifle shots was still terrible; but the Mexicans, knowing their greatly superior numbers, and that fresh troops were hurrying to their support, persisted.

35 Colonel Travis was shot dead while loading a cannon. Pres-

ently the Mexicans had scaled the walls and were swarming into the Alamo. It was no time for shooting now. The Americans clubbed their rifles and drew their swords, and as they were backed against the wall they fought, hand to hand, against the
5 overwhelming force.

Colonel Bowie lay ill in an upper room. The Mexicans rushed in upon him, and as they entered he shot them one by one from his bed, until he himself was dispatched.

10 Meanwhile Crockett fought desperately in an open plaza. Nothing more is known of his fate, though traditions are many as to exactly how he died. One story runs that he was still shooting from behind a pile of men whom he had killed, when he was overpowered and made an end of.

One thing, at least, is known. His mutilated body was seen
5 lying near the wall by an American woman whom Santa Anna spared.

The battle, or rather the massacre, was soon over, and only five wretched prisoners remained. These were dragged before Santa Anna and killed. Two women, several children, and some
20 servants were spared.

The Mexican loss was very large—much larger, indeed, than one would have supposed possible—and testified eloquently to the heroic resistance which the little garrison had offered.

Thus, shrouded in a kind of ghastly mystery, ended the unique
25 career of Davy Crockett—a splendid type of scout and one of the most original characters that ever lived. So captivating was his naïve heroism, and so charmingly frank his winning nature, that innumerable legends cluster about his name, many of which doubtless have slight foundation in truth.

30 We may be sure, however, that in that final bloody scene of his career, the trusted Betsy did not desert him, but that he used both ends of her, fighting desperately to the bitter close and scorning surrender.

It would be interesting to know exactly how he died. His
35 own inimitable account of that last struggle would have been

good reading. But only a few terror-stricken women and children were left after the frightful carnage, and their recollections were fragmentary and contradictory. So, in a sense, it may be said that there was no one left to tell the tale of one of the
 5 bloodiest and most unequal hand-to-hand encounters in our history.

In the city of Austin, Texas, stands a monument commemorating the heroic death of Crockett and the other members of the little band. Upon it is carved this sentence:

10 Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat;
 The Alamo had none.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 295.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. What was Davy Crockett's motto? 2. What part of the motto did Davy himself always follow? 3. Briefly tell about Crockett's political career. 4. Why did he go to Texas? 5. What "war for independence" was fought in 1835? 6. Who was Santa Anna? 7. What other title does the author give him? 8. Why did Santa Anna appear before the Alamo with his troops? 9. What was the result of this visit? 10. What part did Crockett take in the battle? 11. Name others who showed courage in the face of defeat.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Show that the motto Davy Crockett followed is a good one. 2. Cite instances to prove that Davy Crockett was popular with his friends and neighbors. 3. From the facts recorded in this story give a brief history of the State of Texas up to the time when Crockett "started off to *go ahead* in a new world." 4. Find out why the Alamo is considered "sadly famous in our history." 5. Give a brief report on the "famous bowie knife." 6. Why does the author refer to Santa Anna as the "Napoleon of the West"? 7. Tell the story of the Mexican attack upon the Alamo. 8. Why is the career of Davy Crockett interesting to us? 9. Explain the significance of the sentence carved upon the monument in Austin, Texas, commemorating the heroes of the Alamo. 10. Explain the reference to Thermopylæ. (See "Leonidas, the Spartan," in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven.*) 11. What is the significance of the picture on page 315?

A Suggested Problem. Watch for accounts of heroic service in the newspapers and magazines and use them to make a "Roll of Honor" for

your bulletin board. Perhaps someone in your own school or community has done a deed sufficiently noble to enable you to include his name in the list.

Library Reading. "Remember the Alamo," Roosevelt (in *Hero Tales from American History*, Roosevelt and Lodge); "Lost in the Woods," Allen (in *David Crockett, Scout*); *David Crockett*, Abbott; "Colonel David Crockett: Bear Hunter, Congressman, and Defender of Texan Liberty," Johnston (in *Famous Scouts*); "David Crockett," Mowry (in *American Pioneers*); *With Crockett and Bowie*, Munroe; *David Crockett*, Corby; *Davy Crockett*, Sprague; *In Texas with Davy Crockett*, McNeil; *Remember the Alamo*, Barr; "Davy Crockett and the Alamo," Lanier (in *Book of Bravery, Second Series*).

CRAVEN

(*Mobile Bay, 1864*)

HENRY NEWBOLT

Over the turret, shut in his ironclad tower,

Craven was conning his ship through smoke and flame;
Gun to gun he had battered the fort for an hour,
Now was the time for a charge to end the game.

5 There lay the narrowing channel, smooth and grim,
A hundred deaths beneath it, and never a sign;
There lay the enemy's ships, and sink or swim,
The flag was flying, and he was head of the line.

10 The fleet behind was jamming; the monitor hung
Beating the stream; the roar for a moment hushed,
Craven spoke to the pilot; slow she swung;
Again he spoke, and right for the foe she rushed.

Into the narrowing channel, between the shore
And the sunk torpedoes lying in treacherous rank;
She turned but a yard too short; a muffled roar,
A mountainous wave, and she rolled, righted, and sank.

5 Over the manhole, up in the ironclad tower,
Pilot and Captain met as they turned to fly:
The hundredth part of a moment seemed an hour,
For one could pass to be saved, and one must die.

10 They stood like men in a dream; Craven spoke,
Spoke as he lived and fought, with a Captain's pride,
"After you, Pilot"; the pilot woke,
Down the ladder he went, and Craven died.

*All men praise the deed and the manner, but we—
We set it apart from the pride that stoops to the proud,
15 The strength that is supple to serve the strong and free,
The grace of the empty hands and promises loud:*

*Sidney thirsting a humbler need to slake,
Nelson waiting his turn for the surgeon's hand,
Lucas crushed with chains for a comrade's sake,
20 Outram coveting right before command,*

*These were paladins, these were Craven's peers,
These with him shall be crowned in story and song,
Crowned with the glitter of steel and the glimmer of tears,
Princes of courtesy, merciful, proud, and strong.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Sir Henry Newbolt (1862-) is an English poet and novelist. He was educated at Oxford. In 1887 he began the practice of law, but gave it up in 1899. From 1900 to 1904 he was editor of *The Monthly Review*. He is vice president of the Royal Society of Literature, and Professor of Poetry of the English Association. In 1915 Newbolt was knighted.

His sea ballads are especially breezy and buoyant. With the publication of his best sea song, "Admirals All," his fame became widespread. This poem, together with "Drake's Drum" and "Craven," appears in his *Collected Poems*. *The Island Race* is a volume containing about thirty of his sea ballads.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Craven was a captain in command of a ship in the battle of Mobile Bay in 1864; why is he considered a naval hero? 2. Explain the meaning of "Craven was conning his ship through smoke and flame." 3. Describe the scene of battle. 4. Who was in the lead? 5. What responsibility did this position give the captain? 6. Account for the fact that either the pilot or the captain had to die. 7. How does the poet tell us what kind of man Craven was? 8. Why does the poet not praise Craven's deed? 9. To whom does the poet compare Craven? 10. Make a brief report upon the achievements of the following heroes and show why the author considers them Craven's peers, or equals: Sidney, Nelson, Lucas, Outram. (See "Library Reading" for reference material.)

Library Reading. "The Cup of Water," Yonge (in *A Book of Golden Deeds*); "A Perfect Gentle Knight," Coussens (in *The Ruby Story Book*); "Horatius at the Bridge," Macaulay (in *Lays of Ancient Rome*); "Sir James Outram" (in *The New International Encyclopedia*, Vol. 17); Sir James Outram, Church (in *Stories from English History*, page 662); *An Empire Story*, Marshall; "A Pattern of Chivalry—Sir Philip Sidney" and "After You, Pilot," Lanier (in *The Book of Bravery, Series Three*); "Nelson," Carlyle (in *Young Folks' Library*, Vol. XIX); "The Epic of the Revenge" and "Engage the Enemy Closer!" (Nelson), Lanier (in *The Book of Bravery*); "A Ballad of Heroes," Dobson (in *Home Book of Verse for Young People*, B. E. Stevenson); *Poems of American History*, B. E. Stevenson; "The Old Superb," "The Fighting Temeraire," and "Admirals All," Newbolt (in *Collected Poems of Henry Newbolt*).

SUMMARY OF PART V

We are beginning to look back upon our past history and to recognize in pioneers, such as Kit Carson, Daniel Boone, and David Crockett, a representative type of America's best citizens; which of these scouts do you think best typifies the American spirit? Which story in this group contains suggestions most helpful to you in becoming a good and useful citizen?

"A scout is helpful. He must be prepared at any time to save life, help injured persons, and to share home duties. *He must do at least one good turn every day.*"—The third law of the Boy Scouts.

Show that the scouts about whom you have read in this group observed the third law of the Boy Scouts of today. Which of these scouts do you think served his country most effectively? Which one encountered the greatest dangers?

We owe a debt of gratitude to the pioneers who struggled to make our country what it is today; how has the reading of the stories in this group affected your feeling toward them and their service? What interesting facts have you gained from the library reading suggested for this group? What theme topic brought out the most interesting discussion? Which theme showed the most thorough preparation? Which suggested problem worked out most successfully? Which authors of selections found in this group are new to you? Name an additional selection by each of the authors in this group who are familiar to you.

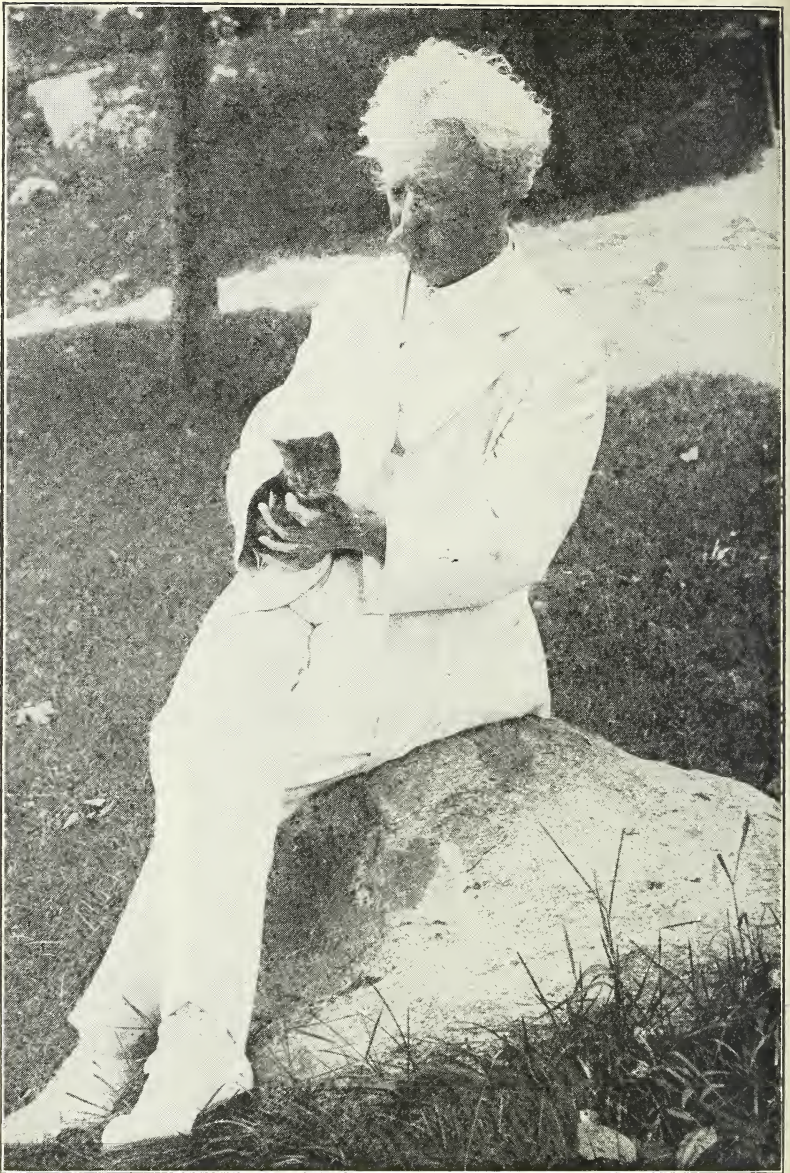
Make a list of all the scouts mentioned in this group; tell the incident that proves Washington's right to be included in such a list. Name as many ways as you can in which this group, "Citizenship and Service," is connected in thought with Part II, "Transportation and Communication." Which selections in Part II might have been placed in Part V? Name any selections in Part V that you think might have been placed in Part II. Which period in our country's history is pictured in most of the selections of this group? From your reading have you learned anything about the early history of the section in which you live?

Read the quotation on page 285. Show from the stories in this group that "character, intelligence, faith" have made our country what it is. In what way do these stories remind us "of what our heritage cost"?

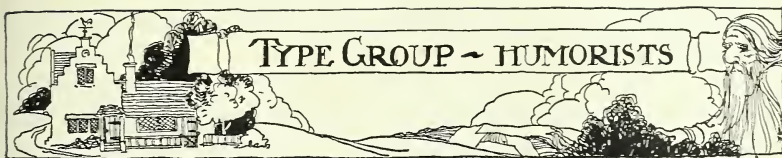
PART VI
AMERICAN HUMOR

*Spirit of mirth, whose chime of bells
Shakes on his cap, and sweetly swells
Across the Atlantic main.
Grant that Mark's laughter never die,
That men through many a century
May chuckle o'er Mark Twain!*

—ANDREW LANG



OUR GREATEST AMERICAN HUMORIST



A GENUINE MEXICAN PLUG*

MARK TWAIN

Reading Aims—Find: (a) by what clever means the author was “taken in”; (b) What Mark Twain paid for his experience; (c) how the author makes this incident humorous.

I resolved to have a horse to ride. I had never seen such wild, free, magnificent horsemanship outside of a circus as these picturesquely clad Mexicans, Californians, and Mexicanized Americans display in Carson streets every day. How they rode!

5 Leaning just gently forward out of the perpendicular, easy and nonchalant, with broad slouch-hat brim blown square up in front, and long *riata* swinging above the head, they swept through the town like the wind! The next minute they were only a sailing puff of dust on the far desert. If they trotted, they sat

10 up gallantly and gracefully, and seemed part of the horse; did not go jiggering up and down after the silly Miss-Nancy fashion of the riding-schools. I had quickly learned to tell a horse from a cow, and was full of anxiety to learn more. I was resolved to buy a horse.

15 While the thought was rankling in my mind, the auctioneer

*From *Roughing It*, by Mark Twain, copyright by Harper and Brothers.

came scurrying through the plaza on a black beast that had as many humps and corners on him as a dromedary, and was necessarily uncomely; but he was "Going, going, at twenty-two!—horse, saddle and bridle at twenty-two dollars, gentlemen!" and I could hardly resist.

A man whom I did not know (he turned out to be the auctioneer's brother) noticed the wistful look in my eye, and observed that that was a very remarkable horse to be going at such a price; and added that the saddle alone was worth the money. It was a Spanish saddle, with ponderous *tapidaros*, and furnished with the ungainly sole-leather covering with the unspellable name. I said I had half a notion to bid. Then this keen-eyed person appeared to me to be "taking my measure"; but I dismissed the suspicion when he spoke, for his manner was full of guileless candor and truthfulness. Said he:

"I know that horse—know him well. You are a stranger, I take it, and so you might think he was an American horse, maybe, but I assure you he is nothing of the kind; but—excuse my speaking in a low voice, other people being near—he is, without the shadow of a doubt, a Genuine Mexican Plug!"

I did not know what a Genuine Mexican Plug was, but there was something about this man's way of saying it, that made me swear inwardly that I would own a Genuine Mexican Plug or die.

"Has he any other—er—advantages?" I inquired, suppressing what eagerness I could.

He hooked his forefinger in the pocket of my army shirt, led me to one side, and breathed in my ear impressively these words:

"He can out-buck anything in America!"

"Going, going, going—*twent-ty-four* dollars and a half, gen——"

"Twenty-seven!" I shouted, in a frenzy.

"And sold!" said the auctioneer, and passed over the Genuine Mexican Plug to me.

I could scarcely contain my exultation. I paid the money, and put the animal in a neighboring livery stable to dine and
5 rest himself.

In the afternoon I brought the creature into the plaza, and certain citizens held him by the head, and others by the tail, while I mounted him. As soon as they let go, he placed all his feet in a bunch together, lowered his back, and then suddenly
0 arched it upward, and shot me straight into the air a matter of three or four feet! I came as straight down again, lit in the saddle, went instantly up again, came down almost on the high pommel, shot up again, and came down on the horse's neck—
5 stood almost straight up on his hind feet, and I, clasping his lean neck desperately, slid back into the saddle and held on. He came down, and immediately hoisted his heels into the air, delivering a vicious kick at the sky, and stood on his fore feet. And then down he came once more, and began the original exer-
0 cise of shooting me straight up again.

The third time I went up I heard a stranger say: "Oh, *don't* he buck though!"

While I was up, somebody struck the horse a sounding thwack with a leathern strap, and when I arrived again the
5 Genuine Mexican Plug was not there. A Californian youth chased him up and caught him, and asked if he might have a ride. I granted him that luxury. He mounted the Genuine, got lifted into the air once, but sent his spurs home as he descended, and the horse darted away like a telegram. He soared over
0 three fences like a bird, and disappeared down the road toward the Washoe Valley.

I sat down on a stone with a sigh, and by a natural impulse one of my hands sought my forehead, and the other the base

of my stomach. I believe I never appreciated, till then, the poverty of the human machinery—for I still needed a hand or two to place elsewhere. Pen cannot describe how I was jolted up. Imagination cannot conceive how disjointed I was—how
5 internally, externally, and universally I was unsettled, mixed up, and ruptured. There was a sympathetic crowd around me, though.

One elderly-looking comforter said:

“Stranger, you’ve been taken in. Everybody in this camp
10 knows that horse. Any child, any Injun could have told you that he’d buck; he is the very worst devil to buck on the continent of America. You hear *me*. I’m Curry, *Old Curry*, *Old Abe Curry*. And moreover, he is a simon-pure, out-and-out, genuine Mexican plug, and an uncommon mean one at that, too. Why,
15 you turnip, if you had laid low and kept dark, there’s chances to buy an *American* horse for mighty little more than you paid for that bloody old foreign relic.”

I gave no sign; but I made up my mind that if the auctioneer’s brother’s funeral took place while I was in the territory
20 I would postpone all other recreations and attend it.

After a gallop of sixteen miles the Californian youth and the Genuine Mexican Plug came tearing into town again, shedding foam-flakes like the spume-spray that drives before a typhoon, and, with one final skip over a wheelbarrow and a Chinaman,
25 cast anchor in front of the “ranch.”

Such panting and blowing! Such spreading and contracting of the red equine nostrils, and glaring of the wild equine eye! But was the imperial beast subjugated? Indeed, he was not. His lordship the Speaker of the House thought he was, and mounted
30 him to go down to the Capitol; but the first dash the creature made was over a pile of telegraph-poles half as high as a church; and his time to the Capitol—one mile and three-quarters—remains unbeaten to this day. But then he took an advantage—he left out the mile, and only did the three-quarters. That is to

say, he made a straight cut across lots, preferring fences and ditches to a crooked road; and when the Speaker got to the Capitol he said he had been in the air so much he felt as if he had made the trip on a comet.

5 In the evening the Speaker came home afoot for exercise, and got the Genuine towed back behind a quartz-wagon. The next day I loaned the animal to the Clerk of the House to go down to the Dana silver-mine, six miles, and *he* walked back for exercise, and got the horse towed. Everybody I loaned him to
0 always walked back; they never could get enough exercise any other way. Still, I continued to loan him to anybody who was willing to borrow him, my idea being to get him crippled, and throw him on the borrower's hands, or killed, and make the borrower pay for him. But somehow nothing ever happened to
5 him. He took chances that no other horse ever took and survived, but he always came out safe. It was his daily habit to try experiments that had always before been considered impossible, but he always got through. Sometimes he miscalculated a little and did not get his rider through intact, but *he* always got
10 through himself.

Of course, I had tried to sell him; but that was a stretch of simplicity which met with little sympathy. The auctioneer stormed up and down the streets on him for four days, dispersing the populace, interrupting business, and destroying children, and
15 never got a bid—at least never any but the eighteen-dollar one he hired a notoriously substanceless bumner to make. The people only smiled pleasantly, and restrained their desire to buy, if they had any. Then the auctioneer brought in his bill, and I withdrew the horse from the market. We tried to trade him off
20 at private vendue next, offering him at a sacrifice for second-hand tombstones, old iron, temperance tracts—any kind of property. But holders were stiff, and we retired from the market again. I never tried to ride the horse any more. Walking was good enough exercise for a man like me, that had nothing the

matter with him except ruptures, internal injuries, and such things. Finally I tried to *give* him away. But it was a failure. Parties said earthquakes were handy enough on the Pacific coast—they did not wish to own one. As a last resort I offered him
5 to the Governor for the use of the "Brigade." His face lit up eagerly at first, but toned down again, and he said the thing would be too palpable.

Just then the livery-stable man brought in his bill for six weeks' keeping—stall-room for the horse, fifteen dollars; hay for
10 the horse, two hundred fifty! The Genuine Mexican Plug had eaten a ton of the article, and the man said he would have eaten a hundred if he had let him.

I will remark here, in all seriousness, that the regular price of hay during that year and a part of the next was really two
15 hundred fifty dollars a ton. During a part of the previous year it had sold at five hundred a ton, in gold, and during the winter before that there was such scarcity of the article that in several instances small quantities had brought eight hundred dollars a ton in coin! The consequence might be guessed without my tell-
20 ing it: people turned their stock loose to starve, and before the spring arrived, Carson and Eagle Valleys were almost literally carpeted with their carcasses! Any old settler there will verify these statements.

I managed to pay the livery bill, and that same day I gave
25 the Genuine Mexican Plug to a passing Arkansas emigrant whom Fortune delivered into my hand. If this ever meets his eye, he will doubtless remember the donation.

Now whoever has had the luck to ride a real Mexican plug will recognize the animal depicted in this chapter, and hardly
30 consider him exaggerated—but the uninitiated will feel justified in regarding his portrait as a fancy sketch, perhaps.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Mark Twain (Samuel Langhorne Clemens, 1835-1910) is best known to boys and girls as the author of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, a book which well pictures the author's boyhood life. He was born in Florida, Missouri, but while he was still a child the family moved to Hannibal, a town on the Mississippi, and here the life of "the real Tom Sawyer" began. The great river was a continual source of happiness to him. He early learned to swim better than any other boy of his own age in town, and he frequently ventured out on the mile-wide river in almost any kind of boat. He often felt a longing to travel on the great steamers that went by daily, and he once said, "You can hardly imagine what it meant to a boy, shut in as we were, to see those steamers pass up and down, and never take a trip on them." His highest ambition, like that of every other boy on the river, was to be a pilot on one of the big river boats—a dream which he one day realized.

When Samuel was twelve years old, his father died, and he was obliged to leave school and go into a printing office. While he learned the trade he worked for his board and clothes—"more board than clothes, and not much of either." Within a year he had learned typesetting, and a good deal more connected with the running of a paper. Later, his brother Orion purchased the *Hannibal Journal* and Samuel worked for him. But Orion was a hard taskmaster and when Samuel was eighteen years old he left his brother. After four years of traveling about the country and working here and there as a printer, he returned to his old ambition of becoming a river pilot. At the age of twenty-two, he became a "cub pilot" aboard the *Paul Jones* under Horace Bixby.

His book *Life on the Mississippi* gives an interesting account of his experiences. In 1858, at the end of eighteen months' work, he obtained a full license as a Mississippi River pilot. His teacher, Horace Bixby, said, "Sam was not only a pilot, but a good one." At this time Samuel Clemens believed that river-piloting was to be his life work, but the Civil War broke up river traffic, and after some brief attempts at soldiering, which ended in a severe illness, he went with his brother Orion, who had been appointed Secretary of Nevada Territory, as his private secretary.

After various mining experiences Clemens gradually turned again to newspaper work. He also began to use the name "Mark Twain," of which he says, "It is an old river term, a leadsman's call, signifying two fathoms—twelve feet. It has a richness about it; it was always a pleasant sound

for a pilot to hear on a dark night; it meant safe water." With the publication of *Innocents Abroad* he became famous, and from this time his fame as a great humorist increased steadily, until he was one of the best-loved men in America.

When Mark Twain heard that his brother had been appointed Secretary of Nevada Territory, he tells us that he "coveted his distinction and his financial splendor, but particularly and especially the long strange journey he was going to make, and the curious new world he was going to explore. He was going to travel!" Mark Twain had never traveled, and a pageant of the thrilling sights his brother would see passed through his mind: "buffaloes and Indians, and prairie dogs, and the antelopes, and have all kinds of adventures, and maybe get hanged or scalped and have ever such a fine time, and write home and tell all about it, and be a hero." The author tells us that his contentment was complete when his brother made him his private secretary and he was ready for the long journey at the end "of an hour or two."

The book *Roughing It* is a vivid account of the overland stage journey to the West. The brothers went up the Missouri River to St. Joe, and after paying a hundred and fifty dollars each for the stage journey, they set out on that glorious trip behind sixteen galloping horses, covering the seventeen hundred miles between St. Joe and Carson City in nineteen days. It was on this trip that they saw the pony express rider sweep by, the story about which you will recall having read in *The Child Library-Readers, Book Six*. *Roughing It* gives you a very interesting account of pioneer life in Nevada during the rise and growth and culmination of the silver-mining fever. It is a complete and humorous story of seven years of the author's life in a pioneering country. "A Genuine Mexican Plug" is taken from this book. You will enjoy reading the entire volume.

Recently a plan has been formed by the editors of northeast Missouri to purchase a hundred acres of land in Mark Twain's birthplace, Florida, Missouri, to be developed as a public park and presented to the nation as a permanent memorial to the author who "cheered and comforted a tired world." A few years ago the Clemens homestead was saved from the hands of wreckers, by a local farmer, Dad Violette, and moved across the street from its original location. The garden around it has been planted with old-fashioned flowers, and the house itself furnished in the quaint style of pioneer days. Thousands of people visit this homestead shrine. Three thousand persons have signed the register in one year, and one page bears the names of visitors from eight states and one foreign country.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Who is speaking in the first paragraph of this story? 2. What aroused Mark Twain's desire for a horse? 3. What character in the story do you think was most influential in the author's decision to "own the Genuine Mexican Plug or die"? 4. What tells you that Mark Twain knew very little about horses? 5. Did he blame anyone but himself for the fact that he was "taken in"? 6. What lessons do you think the author should have learned from his experience?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Locate Carson, Nevada, the scene of the transaction, on your map of the United States. 2. Why did the riders of this region fill Mark Twain with such admiration? 3. To what other class of riders did he compare them? 4. How do you account for the fact that the buyer minimized all of the unsatisfactory points about the horse in his own mind? 5. Did the auctioneer's brother misrepresent the horse to the buyer? Cite lines to prove your answer. 6. How does the author make the story of his first attempt to ride the horse humorous? 7. Does he make his characters known to you by what they do or by what they say? Cite three examples to prove your answer. 8. What reason did Mark Twain give for his willingness to loan his horse so frequently? 9. What success did the auctioneer meet in disposing of the horse to the author? How do you account for this? 10. Do you regard this story as an exaggeration? Why? 11. Authors use various schemes to produce humor in their stories; give examples you have found in your reading to illustrate three such devices. 12. What do you consider the most interesting fact you learned from the biography of Mark Twain? 13. Why is the picture of Mark Twain an apt introduction to a group of humorous stories and poems?

A Suggested Problem. Prepare for the Bulletin Board an exhibit for a "Mark Twain Week," of anecdotes, incidents, photographs, clippings, quotations, cartoons illustrating scenes from his writings, etc. A letter to his publishers, Harper and Brothers, New York City, might bring interesting material.

IN THE DAYS OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

WASHINGTON IRVING

Reading Aims—Find: (a) habits and customs of the early settlers in Amsterdam; (b) how Irving makes the story of these settlers interesting and amusing.

The sage council not being able to determine upon any plan for the building of their city, the cows, in a laudable fit of patriotism, took it under their peculiar charge, and as they went to and from pasture, established paths through the bushes, on
5 each side of which the good folks built their houses; which is one cause of the rambling and picturesque turns and labyrinths, which distinguish certain streets of New York at this very day.

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable end, which was of small black and
10 yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street, as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor; the date of its erection was
15 curiously designated by iron figures on the front, and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weathercock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew. These, like the weathercocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways that every man could have a wind to his
20 mind; the most stanch and loyal citizens, however, always went according to the weathercock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and set it to the right quarter.

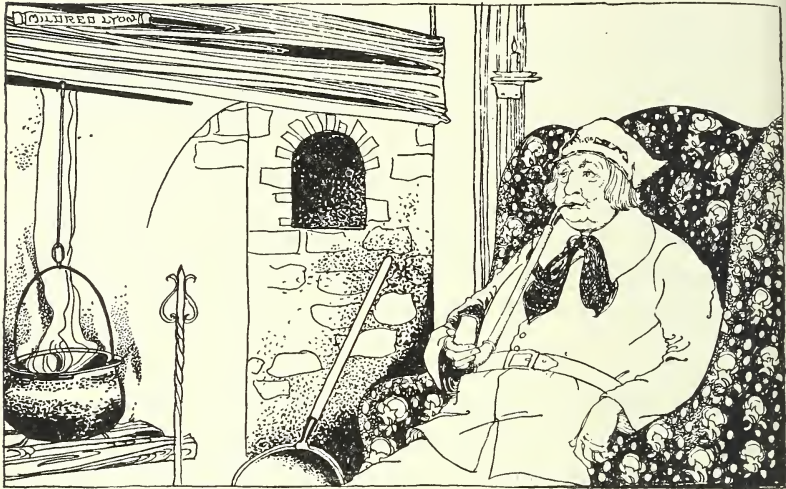
25 In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and

the universal test of an able housewife—a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers. The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, New Year's Day, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker, curiously wrought, sometimes in the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head, and was daily burnished with such religious zeal that it was oftentimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops and brooms and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water—insomuch that a historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck.

The grand parlor was the *sanctum sanctorum*, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter, excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights—always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly in their stocking-feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles and curves and rhomboids, with a broom—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace—the window-shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the week's cleaning day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. (To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity, which float before our imaginations like golden visions.) The fireplaces were of a truly patriarchal magnitude,

where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a right to a corner. Here the old



burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in
5 the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours
together; the *goede vrouw* on the opposite side would employ
herself diligently in spinning yarn, or knitting stockings. The
young folks would crowd around the hearth, listening with breath-
less attention to some old crone of a negro, who was the oracle
10 of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the
chimney, would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string
of incredible stories about New England witches—grisly ghosts,
horses without heads—and hairbreadth escapes and bloody en-
counters among the Indians.

15 In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with
the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner
was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed
incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being

surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bonds of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter-time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or *olykoeks*—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper teakettle, which would have made the pygmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup—and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea table, by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious ex-

pedient which is still kept up by some families in Albany; but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting or coquetting—no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets—nor amusing conceits, and monkey diversissement, of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woolen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say, "*Yah, Mynheer,*" or "*Yah, yah, Vrouw,*" to any question that was asked them; behaving, in all things, like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed—Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present—if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS.

Biographical and Historical Note. Washington Irving (1783-1859) was a native of New York. He led a happy life, rambling in his boyhood about every nook and corner of the city and the adjacent woods. New York, called New Amsterdam in early colonial times, was then the capital of the country, and here the boy grew up, seeing many sides of American life, in both city and country.

Manhattan Island, with its commanding position at the entrance to a great inland waterway, was with the region about it, from the first a prize for which the nations from across the sea had contended. Such a mingling of different peoples must give rise to interesting experiences, and when someone appears who can put the story of those events into a pleasing sketch, then we begin to have real literature. Thus we had to wait until this prince of story-tellers had grown to manhood and given his sketches of this region to the world before we could claim at last to have a work of real American literature.

Irving is best known as a humorist and a charming story-teller, but he wrote some serious works also. His *Life of George Washington* was a tribute of loving reverence to the great American for whom he was named. As a boy, Irving was of a rather mischievous turn, a trait which perhaps helped to make him "the first American humorist." Indeed, it has been said that "before Irving there was no laughter in the land." He is called the "Father of American Literature," and also the "Gentle Humorist."

"In the Days of Diedrich Knickerbocker" is taken from *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, a burlesque history of New York, which, Irving pretends, was written by a queer Dutch antiquarian, Diedrich Knickerbocker, who suddenly disappeared, leaving an unpaid board bill and a package of manuscript. Irving professes to publish the manuscript in order to pay the board bill of the vanished historian. Irving gravely dedicates this farcical history to the Historical Society, saying that its one merit is its scrupulous accuracy.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Account for the "rambling and picturesque turns" in certain New York streets today. 2. Describe the homes of the "higher class." 3. Why was the weathercock on the governor's house considered most reliable? 4. What was the universal test of an able Dutch housewife? 5. What startling observation does the historian of the day record, which resulted from the delight of the Dutch housewives in "dabbling in water"? 6. Describe the weekly cleaning of the parlor. 7. How were guests entertained at the Dutch tea parties?

General Questions and Topics. 1. How does Irving develop the humor of this tale—by sarcasm, irony, exaggeration, or by the way he relates with great seriousness facts that are obviously ridiculous? Prove your answer by citing examples from the story. 2. What is the meaning of *labyrinths* as used by this author? 3. Make a list of some of the quaint old Dutch customs brought out by the author in this selection. 4. Describe the scene about the family fireplace, and tell who was the principal entertainer. 5. Give a good, clear description of a Dutch tea party. 6. Would the method of "sweetening the beverage" at the Dutch tea parties stand the present-day tests of sanitation? Why? 7. What does the author mean when he tells us "they were carried home by their own carriages"? 8. What do you think is the most amusing incident or description in the sketch? 9. Read "Wouter van Twiller," Irving (in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven*) and point out the most humorous incident related in the story. 10. Why was Irving called the "Father of American Humor?" (See Biography.)

THE DORCHESTER GIANT

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

There was a giant in time of old—
A mighty one was he;
He had a wife, but she was a scold,
So he kept her shut in his mammoth fold;
5 And he had children three.

It happened to be an election day,
And the giants were choosing a king;
The people were not democrats then,
They did not talk of the rights of men,
10 And all that sort of thing.

Then the giant took his children three
And fastened them in the pen;
The children roared; quoth the giant, "Be still!"

And Dorchester Heights and Milton Hill
Rolled back the sound again.

Then he brought them a pudding stuffed with plums,
As big as the State-House dome;
5 Quoth he, "There's something for you to eat;
So stop your mouths with your 'lection treat,
And wait till your dad comes home."

So the giant pulled him a chestnut stout,
And whittled the boughs away;
10 The boys and their mother set up a shout,
Said he, "You're in, and you can't get out,
Bellow as loud as you may."

Off he went, and he growled a tune
As he strode the fields along;
15 'Tis said a buffalo fainted away,
And fell as cold as a lump of clay,
When he heard the giant's song.

But whether the story's true or not,
It is not for me to show;
20 There's many a thing that's twice as queer
In somebody's lectures that we hear,
And those are true, you know.

What are those lone ones doing now,
The wife and the children sad?
25 Oh! they are in a terrible rout,
Screaming, and throwing their pudding about,
Acting as they were mad.

They flung it over to Roxbury hills,
They flung it over the plain,

And all over Milton and Dorchester too
 Great lumps of pudding the giants threw;
 They tumbled as thick as rain.

* * * * *

Giant and mammoth have passed away,
 For ages have floated by;
 The suet is hard as a marrow bone,
 And every plum is turned to a stone,
 But there the puddings lie.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894) was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was the son of a Congregational minister. He attended Phillips Exeter Academy and was graduated from Harvard College in the famous class of 1829. After studying medicine and anatomy in Paris, he began practicing in Boston. Later he was made professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth College, and afterwards at Harvard. In 1850 he wrote the poem "Old Ironsides" as a protest against the dismantling of the historic battleship *Constitution*. This stirred the entire country to such an extent that the Secretary of the Navy recalled the order he had issued. Like Bryant, Holmes was a poet on occasion, not by profession. For more than forty years after he entered on his duties at Harvard he delivered his four lectures a week eight months of the year, and President Eliot bore witness that he was not less skillful as a surgeon and a teacher than as an author.

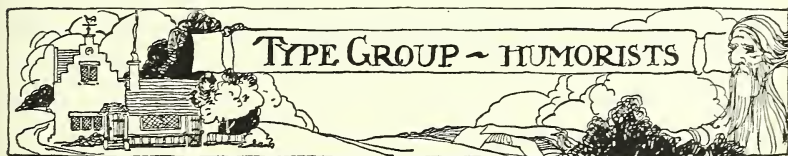
When Lowell was offered the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, he made it a condition of his acceptance that Holmes should be a contributor. The result was a series of articles entitled *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. Of his poems, the best known are "The Chambered Nautilus," "The Height of the Ridiculous," "The Deacon's Masterpiece; or The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay," and short poems in celebration of various occasions. Among the latter are some forty poems read at anniversaries of his college class, notably the one beginning: "Has any old fellow got mixed with the boys?" In this he refers playfully to the author of "America" as one whom "Fate tried to conceal by naming him Smith."

He wrote several novels, but it is as the author of the *Autocrat* series and the humorous poems that he is most highly regarded by his readers. His personal associates remembered him most fondly for his sunny, cheerful disposition and his witty conversation.

General Questions and Topics. 1. This poem is pure nonsense; of what use is such a poem? 2. Find lines which give you an idea of the size of the giant. 3. Make a list of the characteristics of the giant which the author has brought out indirectly. 4. How did the giant's song affect the buffalo? 5. How does the poet develop the humor in this poem? 6. Compare this poem with "The Height of the Ridiculous," by Holmes (in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven*); which do you enjoy more? Why?

Suggestions for Theme Topics. (Two-minute Talks.) (a) History of the cartoon. (b) Influence of cartoons. (For (a) and (b) see "Library Reading," page 358.) (c) A humorous monologue: a Boy Scout telling a funny incident that occurred on a hike; a Girl Scout describing camp life humorously; a Camp Fire girl telling a humorous incident of a ceremonial meeting; a sailor spinning a funny yarn, etc. (d) A book review of *Huckleberry Finn*, pointing out particularly droll incidents. (Reading selected passages to the class will add interest to your report.)

A Suggested Problem. Prepare a program for "Humor Day" in your school. Bring to class humorous selections—stories, poems, clippings, pictures, and cartoons—that you and your family have enjoyed. A committee of pupils may plan interesting ways of presenting this material. Let the class artist give a talk illustrated by his own drawings.



GENERAL QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTED READINGS.

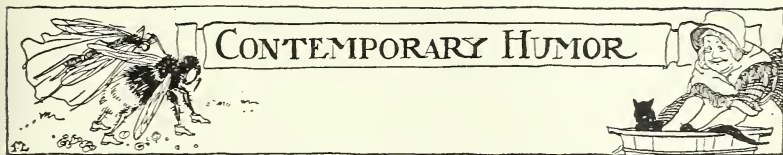
General Questions and Topics. 1. In this type group you have read selections from three great American humorists; in which are you most interested? Give reasons for your answer. 2. What have great humorists done for the world? 3. Make a list of all the ways in which humor is presented to the American people. 4. Which do you enjoy more, the cartoon, or the humorous story or poem? 5. What is the value of the nonsense column in the daily paper? 6. There are different kinds of laughter; give an example of laughter that is cruel and unkind; of laughter

that is kind or tonic. 7. Do you believe in laughing at the mistakes of your classmates? Give reasons for your answer. 8. What is the difference between laughing *with* people and laughing *at* them? 9. An English poet speaks of "the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind"; what does this mean to you? 10. Find the lines in two different selections which suggested the picture on page 339.

Library Reading. (a) **To Be Reported on in Class by Individuals or Committees:** "In Mark Twain Land," Milbank (in *St. Nicholas*, August, 1919); "Mark Twain's Birthplace" (in *St. Nicholas*, September, 1923); *Boy's Life of Mark Twain*, Paine; *Huckleberry Finn*, Chapters XXXV-XL, Mark Twain; "Contentment," Holmes (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*); "The Height of the Ridiculous," Holmes, "The Gift of the Magi," O. Henry, "The Celebrated Jumping Frog," Twain, and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," Irving (in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven*); "Of the Great Pipe Plot," Book IV, Chapter VI, and "Containing the Most Horrible Battle Ever Recorded in Poetry or Prose," Book VI, Chapter VII, Irving (in *Knickerbocker's History of New York*); "The Renowned Wouter van Twiller," Irving (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*); "Malvolio," arranged from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, and "The Foolish Constable," arranged from *Much Ado about Nothing*, Olcott and Pendleton (in *The Jolly Book for Boys and Girls*); "A Tale of Negative Gravity," Stockton (in *The Christmas Wreck*); "The Ballad of the Oysterman," Holmes; "Historic Cartoons," Gibson (in *The Mentor*, October, 1923).

(b) **For Use in Leisure Moments—Recreation:** *The Ransom of Red Chief and Other O. Henry Stories*, Mathews; *Huckleberry Finn, Tom Sawyer, and A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, Mark Twain; *Pickwick Papers*, Dickens; *The Sketch Book*, Irving; "Dey Ain't No Ghosts," Butler, and "The Transferred Ghost," Stockton (in *Humorous Ghost Stories*, Scarborough); *Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith*, Don Marquis; "The Story of the Four Children Who Went Round the World," "The Courtship of the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo," and "The Akond of Swat," Lear (in *Nonsense Books*); *A Child's Primer of Natural History*, Herford; *Brite and Fair*, Shute; "Gentle Alice Brown," Gilbert (in *The Bab Ballads*); "How I Killed a Bear," Warner (in *In the Wilderness*); "The Hunting of the Snark," Carroll (in *A Nonsense Anthology*, Wells); *Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass*, Carroll; *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*, Pyle.

(c) **For Presentation by the Teacher:** "A Visit to the Asylum for Aged and Decayed Punsters," Holmes (in *Best American Humorous Short Stories*, Jessup); *The Sketch Book*, Irving; "A Dissertation on Roast Pig," Lamb (in *Essays of Elia*); "The Lady or the Tiger," Stockton (in *The Lady or the Tiger? and Other Stories*); *Adventures of Don Quixote*, Cervantes.



THE WONDERFUL LIFE AND DEEDS OF PAUL BUNYON

HUBERT LANGEROCK

Reading Aims—Find: (a) what the “wonderful deeds of Paul Bunyon” were; (b) why he was considered a remarkable inventor; (c) how the humor in this story is developed.

One evening I was sitting with a crew of lumberjacks about the stove of their camp in western Oregon. It was a huge heater, nearly always kept red-hot, because it had to serve the double purpose of heating the bunk house and drying the clothes of the crew. It was a voracious affair as well; one of the men kept feeding it great chunks of fir from a near-by pile.

“That stove is nothing at all alongside of the heaters we used to have at Paul Bunyon’s,” remarked a lumberjack in a casual way. “Those were the boys. They were fed by an endless chain, right from the woods, day and night. Paul’s camps sure were never cold.”

Although the remark was not directly addressed to me, it was intended that I should hear it. Interested, I listened. Nobody seemed to be relating Paul Bunyon’s exploits in narrative form; statements about him were dropped in an offhand way, as if in reference to actual events of common knowledge. Some of the men acted and talked as if they had met one another and worked together in the legendary Bunyon camp. With painstaking accuracy they compared dates and data, establishing the exact time

and place. It was "on the Big Onion, the winter of the blue snow," or, "at Shot Gunderson's camp on the Big Tadpole, the year of the sourdough drive." Later I learned that this was the usual method employed to overawe the greenhorn in the bunk
5 house or the paper collar "stiffs" and homeguards in the saloons. For many years the lumbermen and loggers have enjoyed elaborating the old themes, and new stories have been born in contests in which the pinnacle of extemporaneous invention was often reached.

10 Here is the story, as complete as I can make it.

Paul was born in Maine of French-Canadian descent. When three weeks old, he became very restless in his sleep, and, rolling over, destroyed four miles of standing timber. This led to the building of a floating cradle, which was anchored off Eastport.
15 When Paul rocked in his cradle, the motion caused a seventy-five-foot tide in the Bay of Fundy, which washed away several villages.

Utterly unconcerned, Paul kept on sleeping, and was awakened only when the British navy was called to the rescue, and
20 fired broadsides for seven hours. Then Paul stepped out of his cradle and sank seven warships; whereupon the British Government seized the cradle and used the lumber to build seven more ships. Thus Nova Scotia was saved from becoming an island, but the tides in the Bay of Fundy are still there.

25 When Paul grew up he invented logging and all the tools and methods used in that industry. He found no precedents, and adapted his operations to local conditions. In the mountains he used Babe, his big blue ox, to pull the kinks out of the crooked logging roads; on the Big Onion he instituted the policy of hauling
30 a section of land at a time to the landing; in North Dakota he used the seven axmen.

It was Paul who invented the grindstone the winter he logged off North Dakota. Before that the axmen used to sharpen their tools by rolling rocks downhill and running alongside of them.
35 In Dakota neither hills nor rocks were to be found, so Paul

rigged up the revolving rock. The seven axmen could now grind an ax a week, but the little chore boy, whose job it was to turn the stone, did not feel very enthusiastic about the invention. The first stone was so big that, working at full speed, every time it turned around once, it was pay day.

After many experiments and failures, Paul invented the two-man saw. He first made one from a strip of sheet iron that had been thrown away when the cook's dinner-horn was manufactured. The saw reached over a quarter section, the smallest unit that ever entered Paul's calculations. It worked well in a level country despite the fact that all the trees fell back on the saw; but on rough and hilly ground only the tops were trimmed off, and in the potholes the saw passed them over altogether.

All of Paul's inventions were successes, with the exception of his scheme to run three ten-hour shifts a day and to use the aurora borealis for a source of artificial lighting. The plan was given up because the lights were not dependable.

Many of Paul's plans were upset by the mistakes of straw bosses and foremen. For instance, once Chris Crosshaul, a careless fellow and one of Paul's camp bosses, took a drive down the Mississippi, and when the logs got to New Orleans, it was found that the wrong tow had been taken down. The owners looked at the brands and refused to accept the logs. It was put up to Paul to take them back upstream. No one but Paul could ever have tackled such a piece of work. Driving logs upstream is impossible, but no impossibilities ever stopped Paul Bunyon. He fed Babe a good big salt ration and drove him to the upper Mississippi to drink. Babe drank the river dry, and sucked all the water upstream, and the logs went up the river faster than they had come down.

Paul's inventiveness never showed to better advantage than when he tackled the mosquitoes of the North Country. Those alone who have encountered that particular mosquito can appreciate what Paul was up against when he was surrounded by vast swarms of the ancestors of the present-day insects, getting their

first taste of human flesh and blood. The present mosquito is but a degenerate remnant of his ancestors. Now he rarely weighs more than a pound or measures more than a foot from tip to tip.

Paul had to keep his men and oxen in the camps, with doors
5 and windows bolted. Men with pike poles and axes were stationed on the roofs to fight off the insects that were trying to lift the shakes off the roof in order to gain admittance. The lives of Paul and his crew were saved only because the big mosquitoes started a fight and trampled down the weaker members of the
10 swarm.

Paul made up his mind that the menace would be removed for the following logging season. He thought of the big bumblebees back home and sent for several yokes of them. Sourdough Sam brought out two pairs on foot. To control the flight of the beasts,
15 their wings were strapped with surcingles. Sam provided them with walking-shoes when they checked their stingers with him.

But the cure was worse than the original evil. The bees and the mosquitoes intermarried, and their offspring were worse than the parent stock. They had stingers fore and aft, and got their
20 victims coming and going. The bee blood in them was the cause of their ultimate destruction. A flower is not much to an insect with a ten-gallon stomach, so their craving for sweets could be satisfied only by sugar and molasses in large quantities.

One day the whole tribe flew across Lake Superior and
25 attacked a fleet of ships carrying sugar to Paul's camps. They destroyed the ships, but ate so much sugar that they were no longer able to fly, and were all drowned. Paul kept one pair of the original bees at headquarters camp, and they provided honey for the hot cakes of the crew for many long years.

30 Paul may not have invented geography, but he created a lot of it. The Great Lakes were first constructed to provide a water hole for Babe. It is not quite clear what year the job was finished, but the lakes were in use the year of the two winters.

The winter Paul logged off North Dakota, he hauled water
35 for his ice roads from the Great Lakes. One day when Brimstone

Bill, using one of the old tanks, was making his early morning trip, the tank sprang a leak when they were halfway across Minnesota. Bill climbed Babe's tail and was saved from drowning, but after it was realized that the tank could not be patched up, it was abandoned; and the water all leaked out and formed the Mississippi River. The truth of this is established by the fact that the old river is still flowing.

In the early days, when Paul went broke between logging seasons, he traveled around, like all lumberjacks, doing any kind of pioneering work he was able to find. He showed up in the State of Washington about the time that the Puget Construction Company, Limited, was building Puget Sound, and old Billy Puget was breaking the world's record for moving dirt by using dirt-throwing badgers. Paul and Billy got into an argument about who had shoveled the most. Paul got mad and said he'd show Billy Puget, and started to shovel the dirt back again. Before Billy stopped him, he had piled up the San Juan Islands.

With capable workmen Paul was a friend as well as an employer. Their relations were excellent. For Paul was, before everything else, thorough. He did not fool around, clocking the crew with a stop watch, counting motions and deducting the ones used for borrowing chews, going for drinks, dodging the boss, and preparing for quitting-time. He decided to cut out labor altogether. He hitched Babe to a section of land and snaked the whole six hundred forty acres at one drag. At the landing the trees were cut off just as a sheep is sheared, and the denuded section was hauled back to its place.

Six trips a day for six days a week just cleaned up a township, for Section 37 was never hauled back to the woods on the Saturday night, but was left on the landing to be washed away by the water in the early spring. Documentary evidence of the truth of this assertion is offered by the government surveys: no map in existence shows a township with more than thirty-six sections.

From all accounts, the family life of Paul Bunyon was very

happy. Mrs. Bunyon first appeared in the life of Paul as the cook of one of his camps. She specialized on soft-nosed flapjacks, which could not be produced unless cooked over a hot fire made of prune-pits. She used to call the men to dinner by blowing into an old woodpecker hole in a hollow stub that stood near the door of the cook-house. In this stub there was a nest of owls that had only one short wing and could not help flying in circles.

Mrs. Bunyon used to mother Paul affectionately. When some lumberjack with artistic proclivities attempted to make a sketch of Paul, Mrs. Bunyon, with wifely solicitude, parted Paul's hair with a hand-ax and combed it with an old crosscut saw.

Jean was Paul's youngest son. When he was three weeks old, he jumped out of his cradle one night and, seizing an ax, chopped the four posts out from under his father's bed. The incident greatly tickled Paul. He used to brag about it, and declared with fatherly pride that some day the boy would be a great logger. In due course of time Jean drifted south, and the last heard of him was that he had been hired by a logging company to lift logging-trains past one another on a single-track railroad.

In pioneering days no camp was ever without a dog. Paul loved dogs, with the proviso that no dog could be around that did not earn his keep. So the dogs had to work—hunt or catch rats. That was a job when the rodents around the camp used to thrive on buffalo-milk hot cakes and grew to be as big as two-year-old bears.

Elmer, the moose-terrier, practiced on the rats when he was a pup, and soon became able to catch a moose on the run and finish him with one shake. Elmer usually loafed around the cook camp, and when the meat supply happened to run low, the cook would appear on the threshold and say, "Bring a moose, Elmer." Elmer would catch a moose, bring it in, and repeat the performance until the cook figured that he had enough meat and called him off.

Sport, the reversible dog, was the best hunter of all Paul's canines. He was part wolf and part elephant-hound, and was

raised on bear milk. When he was a pup, he was playing in the horse barn one night, and Paul mistook him for a mouse and threw a hand-ax at him. He was cut in two, but Paul, realizing his mistake before it was too late, stuck the two parts together and bandaged him up. With careful nursing the dog recovered, but it developed that Paul, in his haste, had put the two halves together so that the hind legs pointed straight up. This proved later to be an advantage to the animal. He learned to run on the two front legs for a while, and then to turn around without loss of speed and run on the other two. Because of this he never tired. Anything he went after got caught. While still a pup, he broke through four feet of ice on Lake Superior and was drowned.

The shaggy dog that spent most of his time pretending to sleep in front of the camp office was Fido, the watchdog. Fido was the bugbear of the greenhorns who struck camp. They were told that Paul starved him all winter and then, before pay day, fed him all the swampers, chore boys, and student bullecooks when they came to claim their pay. The thought of being turned into dog-food froze them stiff. Of course those fears were groundless. Paul was not the man to let a dog go hungry at any time or even to mistreat a human being; but he did feed Fido all the watch-peddlers, tailors' agents, and camp inspectors that happened to turn up.

Around Paul's camps the dogs were not the real pets. Babe, the big blue ox, was the darling of the camps, although a trifle large for a household companion. Babe could pull anything that had two ends on it.

They could never keep Babe more than one night at a camp, for he would eat in one day all the fodder that could be toted to the camp in one year. For a snack between meals he would eat fifty bales of hay. Babe was a great pet and, as a general rule, very docile, but he seemed to be possessed of a sense of humor, which frequently got him into mischief. He would sneak up behind a drive and drink all the water out of the river, leaving

the logs high and dry. It was impossible to build an ox-sling big enough to hoist Babe off the ground for shoeing, but after they logged off North Dakota, there was room for Babe to lie down while the operation was being performed. Incidentally, it should be mentioned that every time Babe was shod, they had to open up a new iron mine in Minnesota.

Once in a while Babe would run away and be gone all day, roaming over the Northwestern country. His tracks were so far apart that it was impossible to follow him, and so deep that a man falling into one of them could only be hauled out with difficulty and the use of a long rope. Once a settler with his wife and baby fell into one of those tracks, and the son got out when he was fifty-seven years old and reported the accident.

Benny, the little blue ox, as he was always called, was brought to camp when a small calf. Despite his name, he was quite a chunk of an animal. Benny could, or rather, would, not haul as much as Babe, neither was he as tractable, but he could eat more.

Paul got Benny from a farmer near Bangor, Maine. The farmer had only forty acres of hay, which Benny ate in a week, thus forcing his owner to dispose of him. When he came to Paul's camp he was underfed and weighed only two tons. Paul drove from Bangor to Devil's Lake, North Dakota, where his camp was located, in one night. The western air must have agreed with the little fellow, for every time Paul turned around to look back at him, he was two feet taller.

When they made camp, Benny was given a generous feed of buffalo milk and flapjacks and put into a barn by himself. The next morning the barn was gone. Later Benny was discovered scampering over the clearings with the barn on his back. He had outgrown his home in one night.

Benny was very erratic. He refused to pull loads unless there was snow on the ground, and after the spring thaws they had to whitewash the logging roads to fool him.

Gluttony killed Benny. He had a voracious appetite for hot cakes, and it took one cook and a crew of two hundred men to

provide him with his feed. One night he got indigestion. He pawed and bellowed and thrashed his tail until he blew down what pine Paul had left standing in North Dakota.

At breakfast-time he broke loose, tore down the cook-house, and began bolting pancakes. In his greed he swallowed the red-hot stove. Indigestion set in, and nothing could save him.

Lucy, Paul Bunyon's cow, was not, as far as we can learn, related either to Babe or to Benny. There is no basis in fact for the statements that she was their mother, but that she was a most remarkable dairy animal there is not the slightest doubt. Paul himself is authority for the fact that she was part Jersey and part wolf. Her actions and method of living seemed to justify the allegation of wolf ancestry, for she had an insatiable appetite and a roving disposition. She used to eat everything in sight and could never be fed at the same camp as Babe and Benny. In fact, they gave up the idea of feeding her at all, and let her forage for her own living.

The winter of the deep snow Big Ole fitted her out with a set of Babe's old snowshoes and a pair of green goggles and turned her out to graze on the snowdrifts. She had some difficulty at first in getting used to her new food, but after a while she took to it with a will and used to roam all over North America, compelling Paul to decorate her with a bell borrowed from a buried church.

Despite short rations, she gave enough milk to keep six men busy skimming the cream. When she fed on evergreen trees, her milk got so strong of evergreen and balsam that the men used it for cough medicine. When she supplied the camps with too much milk, part of it was made into butter, and when the supply of this commodity also became too great for the consuming power of the camps, the surplus was used to grease the skid-roads, which enabled Paul to run his logging-sleds in summer.

Paul's master of the oxen was Brimstone Bill. The old bull-whacker's boast was that he knew oxen, that he had worked them, fed them, and doctored them ever since the ox was invented.

He was the author of the Skinner's Dictionary, a handbook for teamsters, and most of the terms used in directing draft animals, except mules, originated with him. His early religious training accounts for the fact that the technology of driving teams contains so many names and places mentioned in the Bible.

When the weather was rainy, Babe used a buckskin harness that Bill had made. When this harness got wet, it stretched to such an extent that the oxen could travel to the landing without shifting the load. Bill would then fasten the harness with an anchor that Big Ole had made for that purpose, and when the sun came out and dried the harness, it would shrink, and pull the load in while Bill and the oxen were already at work on some other job. Bill also made his own yokes out of cranberry wood.

Big Ole, the blacksmith, was another character of the Bunyon forces. He first worked for Paul on the Big Onion, the winter of the blue snow. Ole was a Swede, and the only man who ever shod Babe single-handed. He once carried two of Babe's shoes a mile, and sank knee-deep into solid rock at every step. One of his duties was to punch the holes in the doughnuts. Paul thought the doughnuts were not too bad, but that they could have been improved if the holes had been made larger.

Another interesting personality was Johnny Inkslinger, the camp clerk. He invented bookkeeping about the same time that Paul invented logging. He was a crank on efficiency and economy and perfected several inventions while designing his own office appliances. His fountain-pen was made by running a hose from a barrel of ink, and one winter, by leaving off crossing the t's and dotting the i's, he saved nine barrels of ink.

Of the cooks themselves there were many. Some were good, others just able to make the grade. One of them seemed to know nothing else than boiling. He made soup out of everything, and did most of his work with a dipper. When the tote-sled broke through the ice on Bullfrog Lake with a load of split peas, he just dipped up the water of the lake, heating it and serving it for pea soup, until the crew struck. His idea of a dinner-pail was

a jug or a rope on which he froze soup, so that it looked like a candle. Another cook used too much grease. He had to put on calked shoes to keep from sliding out of the kitchen, and rubbed sand on his hands whenever he went to pick something up.

5 Cooks in the days of Paul Bunyon were divided in two classes: baking-powder bums and sourdough stiffs. Sourdough Sam belonged to the latter school. He made everything but coffee out of sourdough. He had only one arm and one leg, the other members having been lost in an explosion of his sourdough-barrel.

10 Sam was the cook on the Tadpole River the winter Shot Gunder-son was in charge of the camp.

After all others had failed in the camp on the Big Onion, Paul hired his cousin, Big Joe, who came from three weeks below Quebec. He was the champion cook. He was the only one who

15 ever managed to make enough pancakes to feed the crew all they wanted. He had Big Ole, the blacksmith, make him a griddle so large that you could not see across it when the smoke was thick. The batter, stirred in drums that looked a good deal like concrete-mixers, was poured out of spouts handled by cranes.

20 The griddle was greased by boys sliding over it with a slab of bacon tied to each foot.

At this camp the flunkies wore roller-skates, and one may gain an idea of the size of the tables from the fact that the pepper was distributed by four-horse teams.

25 Sending out the lunch and timing the meals became a hard task on account of the three crews. One was going out to the job while another was working and the third was coming home. Joe had to start the bullock out with the lunch three weeks before dinner-time. Then there was the problem of calling the

30 men in to their meals. The dinner-horn that Big Ole made was so big that only the cook or Paul himself could blow it. At the first attempt Joe blew down ten acres of pine. To avoid this, he blew straight up into the air; but this caused several cyclones at sea, and Paul had to junk the horn. It was shipped east, and

35 the sheet iron was used for the roofing of a big union depot.

The quality of the food served in Paul's camps had a lot to do with the strength and endurance of the crews. Of course the men were a husky lot to start with, but the food itself was of a special kind. The chipmunks that ate the prune-pits grew so big that they ate all the wolves, and years later the settlers shot them for tigers.

The hauling away of the prune-pits and the coffee-grounds was one of the worst jobs of the commissary department. It required a big crew of men, and either Babe or Benny was used to do the hauling. Finally, Paul decided that it was cheaper to build new camps and move every month.

The legend of Paul Bunyon seems to have originated either in New England or in the neighborhood of the Great Lakes. Certainly he rose to the height of his fame in the Lake region during the eighties and nineties of the nineteenth century, and later migrated, accompanying the movement of the lumber industry to the Northwest. He is, so far as can now be discovered, a wholly American mythical figure, if not the only one.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Hubert Langerock was born in Flanders and studied at the University of Ghent. He also studied civil engineering in France and Germany. He emigrated to the United States, where he was connected with the construction of railroads for the lumber industry of the Pacific Northwest.

Until the war he was the American correspondent of a news service including all the large European labor dailies. He is interested in economics and sociology and has published many articles both in this country and abroad. He has also for many years been a contributor to folklore magazines in Holland, France, and Germany. One of his ambitions is to convince some American composer that Paul Bunyon offers possibilities of musical treatment.

Mr. Langerock expresses the value of the Paul Bunyon material when he says, "He is, so far as can now be discovered, a wholly American mythical figure, if not the only one." You will be interested in reading Robert Frost's poem "Paul's Wife," in *The Century Magazine*, November, 1921.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Describe the scene in which this story is laid. 2. What method did the lumberjacks employ "to overawe the greenhorn in the bunk house"? 3. Relate the wonders of Paul's infancy. 4. What handicap did Paul have in carrying out his plan? 5. What great contributions did Paul make to the geography of our country? 6. How did Paul amuse himself between logging seasons? 7. Describe the family life of the Bunyons. 8. Give an account of the wonderful deeds and accomplishments of Benny, the little blue ox. 9. Big Joe was the "only one who ever managed to make enough pancakes to feed the crew"; how did he accomplish this feat? 10. What was one of the worst jobs of the commissary department?

General Questions and Topics. 1. This is an account of the mythical hero of the men who work in the lumbering regions of our country; do you enjoy its humor? Why? 2. Discuss briefly the successes and failures of the wonderful inventions of Paul Bunyon. 3. Paul always had dogs about his camp; relate some of their marvelous experiences. 4. Lucy was regarded as a most remarkable dairy animal; find passages to support this statement. 5. Give a brief sketch of the unusual accomplishments of Big Ole, the blacksmith; of Johnny Inkslinger, the camp clerk. 6. Give a brief discussion of the "cooks in the days of Paul Bunyon." 7. Choose an incident in this story to read to the class; make it as humorous as you can. How shall you read it, in a serious or a laughing manner? Why? 8. Find passages you regard as the most comic exaggeration in the story. 9. *The Travels of Baron Munchausen*, by Rudolph Erich Raspe, represents somewhat the same kind of humor as "The Wonderful Deeds of Paul Bunyon"; select one of the Baron's adventures, for instance, "A Narrow Escape" (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*), and compare it with the adventures of Paul Bunyon. Show that the subject matter of the latter is native American material. 10. You will notice that there are several references to "logging off" North Dakota in the Paul Bunyon story; why do lumbermen joke about North Dakota?

Library Reading. "Paul Bunyon," Rourke (in *The New Republic*, July 7, 1920); "Paul Bunyon Goes West" (in *The Nation*, August 17, 1921); *Timber*, page 216, Titus; "Adventures of Munchausen," Raspe (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*); *The Travels of Baron Munchausen*, Raspe; "The Story of Ulysses," Church (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*); "The Story of Hercules," Guerber (in *Myths of Greece and Rome*); "The Pygmies," Hawthorne (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*).

SLEEPING OUTDOORS

FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

Reading Aims—Find: (a) how the author enjoyed the experience of sleeping out of doors; (b) what “laws of physics” he discovered; (c) the author’s method of making this story humorous.

The most overrated summer sport in the world is outdoor sleeping.

I speak on this subject with some feeling, as, in August last, I tested it on a week-end visit with my friend Jones, at his little
5 mosquito ranch in the White Mountains. I can now understand why sleeping under a roof, in a real bed, is insufferable to a man who has been camping all summer: what he misses is the keen excitement, the constant entertainments, the suspense, of a night in the woods. As soon as he lies down in a real bed he becomes
10 so utterly bored that he promptly falls asleep, only to wake up in the morning and find that he has missed the whole night.

The moment I arrived at Jones’s camp on Saturday afternoon I realized that he was the victim of the outdoor-sleeping fad. He was so under its spell that he immediately took me out to show
15 me my cot. It was a frail, anæmic, canvas thing that screamed and creaked protests whenever it was moved or sat upon. It stood on a roofless sleeping-porch. Over it was the branch of a tender tree and over that was the open sky.

“Here,” said Jones, expansively, “is where you’re to sleep. This
20 region is the most wonderful place for sleeping in all the world. I get actually to look forward to the nights; I tumble in eagerly at ten o’clock, and don’t know another thing till morning.”

“You never know very much,” I meditated inwardly, picking
a yellow caterpillar off my cot. “How about blankets and
25 things?” It took a vast amount of imagination to think of blankets, for the thermometer showed several degrees of fever.

“Oh, I’ll give you all you want, and lots of mosquito-netting,

too," Jones said. "You can make your bed just as you like; that's half the fun of the thing."

"Ah, yes."

Way down in my heart I had a foreboding that it would be rather *more* than half the fun. "Wonderful!" I simulated. "I haven't slept outdoors for years."

"Good!" said Jones.

Through the long evening I kept a stout heart and a cheery face; I even joked callously about the coming night, just as men sometimes joke about death and insanity and the dentist. I ate a heavy dinner, for breakfast looked very, very far away. Then I played three-handed auction with Jones and his wife. I was as merry as ever. No one should say that I had blanched with fear. At nine-forty Jones yawned.

"Why, it's nearly ten," said Mrs. Jones. "I had no idea it was so late."

"I was just going to suggest turning in," Jones observed. "I'll get your blankets and netting, if you like."

I rose, and with a steady voice bade my hostess good night. The time had come.

Jones got the things, and we went out on the sleeping-porch, where he dumped them on my cot. The temperature had gone down a degree or two, but the air was still a long way from cool. The winds were still slumbering. A mosquito was meditatively volplaning about.

"Is there anything else you want?" said Jones as he left me in what, in reasonable circumstances, would have been my bedroom, but was now merely the world at large.

"Nothing," I said, with fortitude. "Good night."

I went into the house and ten minutes later I emerged, attired in a neat, but gaudy, pair of pajamas. A lamp lighted my labors. The game was on; the mosquitoes and I were alone.

I shall withhold the tedious details of bed-making. Suffice it to say that I followed the golden rule of the art: don't let the feet escape; sacrifice anything else. If a single toe projects, the

blankets will be up and about your neck before you know it. Then I folded a spare blanket into a pillow. Next came the task of hanging the mosquito-netting.

Here I confronted several alternatives. First, there is the
5 Romanesque style, in which one hangs the netting on a hoop and then projects the face precisely under the hoop, keeping it there all night. This style is somewhat like sleeping with an inverted wastebasket on the face, and is based on the notion that insects bite only the head. Now I could show you—but never mind.

10 Then there is the Renaissance style. You suspend the netting gracefully by one or two points from a branch or some such supposed fixture, and let it depend in elegant festoons to the floor, securing the corners by lamps, vases, pitchers, or shoes. This method adequately answers the question, “What shall we do
15 with the wedding-present Aunt Alice gave us?”

There is also the Perpendicular Gothic style—four posts erected at the corners of the cot, with netting draped over them. 'This, I decided, required too much construction, and I swung
20 back to the Renaissance. Securing some string, after a short, dark, and eventful journey in the house, I hitched the string to the netting, tied it to a branch, made a beautiful pyramidal tent, and squirmed inside with all the delicate deliberation of a jack-straw-player. At last I was on the creaking cot, and my tent still stood!

25 The laws of physics tell us that breezes pass through netting. This merely goes to show that physics has a big future. I had distinctly felt a slight zephyr outside; but now, as I balanced on my shoulder-blades on a Spartan blanket, I thought that the heat had become even more breathless; I felt that I was being suffo-
30 cated.

Isn't there some wild animal that builds itself a house and then crawls in to die?

But I was not going to give up; I forced myself to draw a long sigh of relief, and said to myself: “Oh, what wonderful
35 air! How I shall sleep!” Yes, how?

I humped about a few times—creaking as I have never creaked before—till I thought I was more comfortable, pulled up a blanket cautiously, kicked it off warmly, rolled back into my original position, moved down six inches, so that my head just reached the pillow, thought about mosquitoes a while, moved up four inches, thought about pillows, and then, suddenly, with a great start, realized that I wasn't asleep. The fact stood out in my brain in huge, staring capitals: YOU ARE WIDE AWAKE; YOU ARE NOT EVEN SLEEPY. But it was clear that my nerves needed soothing if I was to get any sleep at all.

People recommend many ways of soothing the nerves, but at times they are all disappointing. I thought of sheep jumping over a fence, until all the sheep in my head had gone lame. I counted up to three hundred seventy-four, which must be pretty nearly the world's record, but I noted no good results. At the end of an hour I was wider awake than ever and considerably more uncomfortable.

About this time I began discovering laws of physics:

I. When a man lies on his side on a cot, his weight is evenly distributed between his ear and his hip bone.

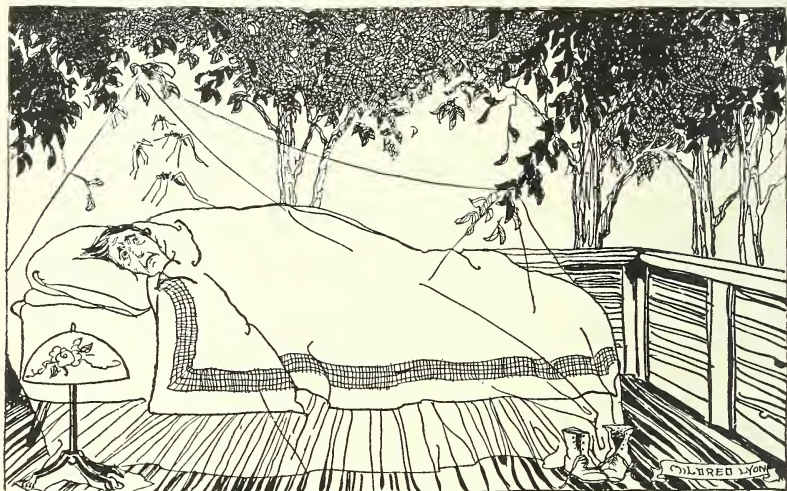
II. For every dead mosquito in the hand there are two live ones in the bush that will be along presently.

III. The use of netting rests on the theory that it offers an obstruction to mosquitoes. This was first proved false in 1066, but people still—

Well, to tell the truth, that's as far as I got. I inadvertently fell asleep in the middle of law number three. Physics is the loser. I blame only myself.

At dawn, which in summer occurs shortly after bedtime and lasts for several hours, I was awakened by the birds, which were making a dreadful din above me in the trees. I found that four mosquitoes were perched on the netting about fourteen inches from my face—great, hungry fellows, regular eagles. They stared at me till I could have hidden myself for embarrassment. Presently a friend of theirs, bloated with drink, sailed down and

sat beside them, singing a triumphant blood-lust song in a harsh, drunken tenor. He was plainly a degenerate going the pace that kills.



"FOUR GREAT, HUNGRY FELLOWS"

They say that if you look a wild animal in the eye he will
 5 turn away uneasily. I tried this on Macbeth, the new arrival—I
 called him Macbeth because he murdered sleep—but he was
 unabashed. I even spoke to him sternly, told him to go home
 and take his friends away with him, asked him what sort of place
 this was for a chap with a family; I appealed to his better self.
 10 Macbeth's only reply was to crawl insolently through a tear in
 the netting and come straight at me. His song of triumph rose
 in sharp crescendo till he struck my nose; then it ceased. I was
 just reaching to kill him, even at the risk of disfiguring myself
 for life, when suddenly and without warning the netting gave
 15 way completely and fell about my ears. Can you imagine a
 worse predicament than to be pinned under so much wreckage
 with a mosquito that you personally dislike?

Well, I climbed out, rearranged my tent—while Macbeth's

friends got at my ankles—sneaked in under the edge again, lay down once more, and looked about warily for Macbeth. He was nowhere to be seen. I suspected some treachery, and on the off chance slapped the back of my neck quickly and with tremendous force, but with no corpse to show for it.

From that moment to this I have never seen Macbeth. It is all very sad. I almost wish now that I hadn't been so harsh with him.

After I had given him up for lost, I took count of the insect life about me, and discovered a delightful game, called Insides versus Outsides. At 4 A. M. the score stood as follows: Insides, three mosquitoes, one spider; Outsides, one ant, one daddy-long-legs, two mosquitoes. A vigorous campaign then began, the Insides trying to get out, and the Outsides trying to get in.

At 4:30 A. M., owing largely to my efforts, the aspect of things was somewhat changed, the score standing: Insides, one mosquito; Outsides, one wasp, six mosquitoes, two unclassified. (Mind you, I'm no entomologist; I don't pretend to know these eight-legged, hairy lads by name.)

The list of dead and injured was simply appalling.

After a while I tired of this game, but the mosquitoes were all for keeping it up indefinitely. Only when a breeze sprang up did they begin to reel home in twos and threes to sleep off their jag. Then, once again, I shut my eyes in the hope that sleep would knit the "raveled sleeve of care." It seemed, however, that the elements were all against knitting. The sun at that moment came up through the trees and shone straight into my eyes.

This worried me not so much on my own account as on Jones's; I hated the thought of his coming out with his wife at breakfast-time and finding me dead of a sunstroke on his porch.

Then I remembered that people don't die of sunstroke. They only faint and lose their minds.

Shortly after this I must have fainted, for I woke up to find I had been unconscious for at least two hours!

The last thing I remembered, before the coma set in, was killing a spider on my stomach at five forty-five.

It was now eight o'clock. The sun had moved round and I could hear the kitchen-pump going, and see the housemaids, indoors, hiding matches, and sweeping the dust under the rugs.

I felt sleepy, but otherwise moderately well.

Presently Jones came out in his bath-robe, and asked me how I had slept. I told him that that was just what I'd been wondering myself, and he wanted to know whether the mosquitoes had been thick.

I said no, not too thick to get through the netting, and we both laughed and joked about the night as though it were the funniest thing in the world.

That's the way in such crises, when the terrible strain is over. I avoided another night's excitement by telegraphing myself to come home at once on the most urgent business.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were awfully cordial and laid emphasis on the fact that in the future my cot would always be waiting for me on the porch. I explained that my business would be very exacting for a few years, and I doubted if I would ever be able to get away again.

I still cling to the old-fashioned idea that night is the time for sleeping, and not for hunting and recreation.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS.

Biography. Frederick Lewis Allen (1890-) was graduated from Harvard University in 1912, and is now secretary of that institution. He was assistant in English at Harvard, 1912-1914; assistant editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, 1914-1916, and managing editor of *The Century Magazine*, 1916-1917. He contributes stories and sketches to the current periodicals. "Sleeping Out of Doors" appeared in *The Century Magazine*, November, 1913.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Where did the author test the fun of sleeping out of doors? 2. What does a man miss who sleeps indoors? 3. How does the author describe his cot? 4. What various styles came to the mind of the guest when he was confronted with hanging the

mosquito-netting? 5. How did he try to soothe his nerves? 6. Describe the battle with "Macbeth" and his companions. 7. To what "old-fashioned idea" does the author "still cling"?

General Questions and Topics. 1. What does the author tell you in the first line? 2. After reading the first page of this story what did you conclude was the author's method of developing humor? 3. What other selections in this group are made humorous by the same method? 4. Account for the fact that the guest was not anxious to retire. 5. What brought to the narrator's mind a "wild animal that builds itself a house and then crawls in to die"? 6. Do you think that Jones's guest really had a bad night? Why? 7. Explain the meaning of the reference "raveled sleeve of care." 8. How did the guest greet his host in the morning? 9. Read or relate what you consider the most humorous passages of the story. 10. Did you enjoy this story? Why? 11. Have you ever had a similar experience? If so, tell the class about it. 12. Do you consider this an example of wholesome humor? Give reasons for your answer. 13. Recommend to the class any humorous story you have read and enjoyed.

Library Reading. "Mountain Mania" (in *The Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1922); "Camping Out," Warner (in *In the Wilderness*); *Roughing It de Luxe* and *A Plea for Old Cap Collier*, Cobb; *The Adventures of a Suburbanite* and *Pigs Is Pigs*, Butler; *Roughing It*, Mark Twain; "The Mosquito," Bryant (in *The Pocket University*, Volume VIII, *American Wit and Humor*, Masson).

TUBBY HOOK

ARTHUR GUTERMAN

Mevrouw von Weber was brisk though fat;
 She loved her neighbor, she loved her cat,
 She loved her husband; but, here's the rub—
 Beyond all conscience she loved her tub!
 She rubbed and scrubbed with strange delight,
 She scrubbed and rubbed from morn till night;
 Her earthly hope
 Was placed in soap;

Her walls and chimneypiece fairly shone,
Her skirts were starched so they stood alone!
By mop and duster and broom she swore.

She scrubbed the floor

5 Until she wore

The oak in channels from door to door.

The flood she reveled in never ebbed,

And hill to dale

Retold the tale

10 That both her hands and her feet were webbed!

Now Hans, her husband, was mild and meek;

He let her scrub through the livelong week;

But when the suds of her washtub churned

On Easter Sunday!—the earthworm turned.

15 “Nay, *vrouw*,” quoth he,

“Let labor be!

This day when all of the world’s at feast

Thou’lt wash no more—in *my* house, at least!”

She stopped her toil at her lord’s command.

20 Without a sound

She flaunted round

And took her tub to the river strand,

Where Hans, who followed in dark dismay,

Could hear her vow,

25 His angry *vrouw*,

“I’ll wash and wash till the Judgment Day!”

Along a river that leaped in flame

The Sailing Witches of Salem came.

(They ride the waters, that evil crew,

30 Wherever the Duyvil hath work to do.)

And every witch in a washtub sat,

And every witch had a coal-black cat

That steered the course with a supple tail,
A shift for sail,
A shell to bale,
A thread to reef when the wind blew strong,
A broom to whurry the bark along.
They hailed the *vrouw* on her spit of sand;
She waved them back with a soapy hand.
Cried one whose face was a Chinese mask,
"This dame is sworn to a goodly task!
Come, friends that ride on the crested swell,
We'll charm the spot with a lasting spell,
That here she'll stay
And scour away,
And never rest till the Judgment Day!"
With cries to Satan and Beelzebub
They shaped the cape like an upturned tub!—
Beneath its dome and the shifting sands
That busy *vrouw* at her washtub stands,
While day and night
She bends her might
To scrub the fur of a black cat white!

When down the river the norther scuds,
The waves are flecked with the rising suds.
When clouds roll black as a Dutchman's hat,
You'll hear the wail of the injured cat!
So heed her fall,
Good housewives all,
And take this truth from a ragged song—
That super-cleanliness *may* go wrong!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 311.

Historical Note. It is interesting to note that this ballad, like Irving's *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, deals with early colonial times. In the dedication of the book *Ballads of Old New York*, from which "Tubby Hook" is taken, the author says, "Looking westward from my window I catch a glimpse of the old mansion in which Washington Irving once lived and wrote; a few blocks to the southward is the tomb where Peter Stuyvesant lies buried; and but a little farther to the north and west stands the house in which Theodore Roosevelt was born."

Of the actual Tubby Hook, about which this legend is told, Mr. Guiterman says: "About two-thirds of a mile below Spuyten Duyvil, at the old settlement of Inwood from where the Fort Lee ferry carries picnic parties across the Hudson to the Palisades, there is a rock-edged cape which, before filling-in operations changed its rounded outline, by its appearance alone justified its old Dutch name of 'Tobbe Hoeck'—the Cape of the Tub—now rendered 'Tubby Hook.' After much inquiry I finally learned from the bearded lips of an old settler the true explanation of this promising name. As the memory of the narrator extends back to the time 'when Canal Street was way down to the Battery,' his authority on legendary matters is plainly indisputable."

General Questions and Topics. 1. Compare Mevrouw von Weber with the Dutch housewives characterized by Irving in "In the Days of Diedrich Knickerbocker." 2. What advice is given in this ballad to "Good housewives all"? 3. What punishment came upon Mevrouw von Weber when she refused to obey the command of her husband? 4. She vowed to "wash and wash till the Judgment Day"; do you think she expected to carry out this threat? 5. Who are Satan and Beelzebub? 6. To what are the rolling clouds compared in the last stanza? 7. Does the poet develop the humor in this ballad by exaggeration or sarcasm? Quote lines to prove your answer. 8. You will enjoy reading "Dutchman's Breeches" (in *Ballads of Old New York*); show that the "happy memory of those three good New Yorkers—Peter Stuyvesant, Washington Irving, and Theodore Roosevelt—" is called to mind in this rollicking ballad of early days in New York.

Library Reading. "Hudson's Voyage," "Wizard's Well," "A Deal in Real Estate," and "The Lord of the Dunderberg," Guiterman (in *Ballads of Old New York*); "A Tragic Story," Thackeray, "King James the First and the Tinker," and "King Alfred and the Shepherd" (in *Story-Telling Ballads*, Olcott); "Little Billee," Thackeray, and "An Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog," Goldsmith (in *A Nonsense Anthology*, Wells); "Darius Green," Trowbridge (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*).

HOW DETECTIVE JUGGINS FOUND MARY SNYDER

O. HENRY

Reading Aims—Find: (a) how Meeks finally located his sister; (b) what detective methods were employed in trying to find her.

In the Big City a man will disappear with the suddenness and completeness of the flame of a candle that is blown out. All the hounds of the trail, the sleuths of the city, the closet detectives, will be invoked to the search. Most often the man's face will be seen no more. Sometimes he will reappear, calling himself one of the synonyms of "Smith," and without memory of events up to a certain time, including his grocer's bill. Sometimes it will be found, after dragging the rivers, and polling the restaurants to see if he may be waiting for a well-done sirloin, that he has moved next door.

This snuffing out of a human being like the erasure of a chalk man from a blackboard is one of the most impressive themes in dramaturgy.

The case of Mary Snyder, in point, should not be without interest.

A man of middle age, of the name of Meeks, came from the West to New York to find his sister, Mrs. Mary Snyder, a widow, aged fifty-two, who had been living for a year in a tenement house in a crowded neighborhood.

At her address he was told that Mary Snyder had moved away longer than a month before. No one could tell him her new address.

On coming out Mr. Meeks addressed a policeman who was standing on the corner, and explained his dilemma.

"My sister is very poor," he said, "and I am anxious to find her. I have recently made quite a lot of money in a lead mine,

and I want her to share my prosperity. There is no use in advertising her, because she cannot read."

The policeman pulled his mustache and looked so thoughtful and mighty that Meeks could almost feel the joyful tears of his sister Mary dropping upon his bright blue tie.

"You go down in the Canal Street neighborhood," said the policeman, "and get a job drivin' the biggest dray you can find. There's old women always gettin' knocked over by drays down there. You might see 'er among 'em. If you don't want to do that you better go round to headquarters."

At police headquarters Meeks received ready assistance. A general alarm was sent out, and copies of a photograph of Mary Snyder that her brother had were distributed among the stations. In Mulberry Street the chief assigned Detective Mullins to the case.

The detective took Meeks aside and said:

"This is not a very difficult case to unravel. Shave off your whiskers, fill your pockets with good cigars, and meet me in the café of the Waldorf at three o'clock this afternoon."

Meeks obeyed. He found Mullins there. The detective asked questions concerning the missing woman.

"Now," said Mullins, "New York is a big city, but we've got the detective business systematized. There are two ways we can go about finding your sister. We will try one of 'em first. You say she's fifty-two?"

"A little past," said Meeks.

The detective conducted the Westerner to a branch advertising office of one of the largest dailies. There he wrote the following "ad" and submitted it to Meeks.

"Wanted, at once—one hundred attractive chorus girls for a new musical comedy. Apply all day at No. — Broadway."

Meeks was indignant.

"My sister," said he, "is a poor, hard-working, elderly woman. I do not see what aid an advertisement of this kind would be toward finding her."

"All right," said the detective. "I guess you don't know New York. But if you've got a grouch against this scheme we'll try the other one. It's a sure thing. But it'll cost you more."

"Never mind the expense," said Meeks; "we'll try it."

The sleuth led him back to the Waldorf. "Engage a couple of bedrooms and a parlor," he advised, "and let's go up."

This was done, and the two were shown to a superb suite on the fourth floor. Meeks looked puzzled. The detective sank into a velvet armchair, and pulled out his cigar case.

"I forgot to suggest, old man," he said, "that you should have taken the rooms by the month. They wouldn't have stuck you so much for 'em."

"By the month!" exclaimed Meeks. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, it'll take time to work the game this way. I told you it would cost you more. We'll have to wait till spring. There'll be a new city directory out then. Very likely your sister's name and address will be in it."

Meeks rid himself of the city detective at once. On the next day someone advised him to consult Shamrock Jolnes, New York's famous private detective, who demanded fabulous fees, but performed miracles in the way of solving mysteries and crimes.

After waiting for two hours in the anteroom of the great detective's apartment, Meeks was shown into his presence. Jolnes sat in a purple dressing-gown at an inlaid ivory chess table, with a magazine before him, trying to solve the mystery of Kipling's story "They." The famous sleuth's thin, intellectual face, piercing eyes, and rate per word are too well known to need description.

Meeks set forth his errand. "My fee, if successful, will be \$500," said Shamrock Jolnes.

Meeks bowed his agreement to the price.

"I will undertake your case, Mr. Meeks," said Jolnes finally. "The disappearance of people in this city has always been an interesting problem to me. I remember a case that I brought to

a successful outcome a year ago. A family bearing the name of Clark disappeared suddenly from a small flat in which they were living. I watched the flat building for two months for a clue. One day it struck me that a certain milkman and a grocer's
5 boy always walked backward when they carried their wares upstairs. Following out by induction the idea that this observation gave me, I at once located the missing family. They had moved into the flat across the hall and changed their name to Kralc."

10 Shamrock Jolnes and his client went to the tenement house where Mary Snyder had lived, and the detective demanded to be shown the room in which she had lived. It had been occupied by no tenant since her disappearance.

The room was small, dingy, and poorly furnished. Meeks
15 seated himself dejectedly on a broken chair, while the great detective searched the walls and floor and the few sticks of old, rickety furniture for a clue.

At the end of half an hour Jolnes had collected a few seemingly unintelligible articles—a cheap black hatpin, a piece torn
20 off a theater program, and the end of a small, torn card on which was the word "Left" and the characters "C12."

Shamrock Jolnes leaned against the mantel for ten minutes, with his head resting upon his hand, and an absorbed look upon his intellectual face. At the end of that time he exclaimed, with
25 animation:

"Come, Mr. Meeks; the problem is solved. I can take you directly to the house where your sister is living. And you may have no fears concerning her welfare, for she is amply provided with funds—for the present at least."

30 Meeks felt joy and wonder in equal proportions.

"How did you manage it?" he asked, with admiration in his tones.

Perhaps Jolnes's only weakness was a professional pride in his wonderful achievements. He was ever ready to astound and
35 charm his listeners by describing his methods.

"By elimination," said Jones, spreading his clues upon a little table, "I got rid of certain parts of the city to which Mrs. Snyder might have removed. You see this hatpin? That eliminates Brooklyn. No woman attempts to board a car at the Brooklyn Bridge without being sure that she carries a hatpin with which to fight her way into a seat. And now I will demonstrate to you that she could not have gone to Harlem. Behind this door are two hooks in the wall. Upon one of these Mrs. Snyder has hung her bonnet, and upon the other her shawl. You will observe that the bottom of the hanging shawl has gradually made a soiled streak against the plastered wall. The mark is clean-cut, proving that there is no fringe on the shawl. Now, was there ever a case where a middle-aged woman, wearing a shawl, boarded a Harlem train without there being a fringe on the shawl to catch in the gate and delay the passengers behind her? So we eliminate Harlem.

"Therefore I conclude that Mrs. Snyder has not moved very far away. On this torn piece of card you see the word 'Left,' the letter 'C,' and the number '12.' Now, I happen to know that No. 12 Avenue C is a first-class boarding-house, far beyond your sister's means—as we suppose. But then I find this piece of a theater program, crumpled into an odd shape. What meaning does it convey? None to you, very likely, Mr. Meeks; but it is eloquent to one whose habits and training take cognizance of the smallest things.

"You have told me that your sister was a scrub woman. She scrubbed the floors of offices and hallways. Let us assume that she procured such work to perform in a theater. Where is valuable jewelry lost the oftenest, Mr. Meeks? In the theaters, of course. Look at that piece of program, Mr. Meeks. Observe the round impression in it. It has been wrapped around a ring—perhaps a ring of great value. Mrs. Snyder found the ring while at work in the theater. She hastily tore off a piece of a program, wrapped the ring carefully, and thrust it into her bosom. The next day she disposed of it, and, with her increased means,

looked about her for a more comfortable place in which to live. When I reach thus far in the chain I see nothing impossible about No. 12 Avenue C. It is there we shall find your sister, Mr. Meeks."

5 Shamrock Jolnes concluded his convincing speech with the smile of a successful artist. Meeks's admiration was too great for words. Together they went to No. 12 Avenue C. It was an old-fashioned brownstone house in a prosperous and respectable neighborhood.

10 They rang the bell, and on inquiring were told that no Mrs. Snyder was known there, and that not within six months had a new occupant come to the house.

When they reached the sidewalk again, Meeks examined the clues which he had brought away from his sister's old room.

15 "I am no detective," he remarked to Jolnes as he raised the piece of theater program to his nose, "but it seems to me that instead of a ring having been wrapped in this paper it was one of those round peppermint drops. And this piece with the address on it looks to me like the end of a seat coupon—No. 12, row C, left aisle."

20 Shamrock Jolnes had a far-away look in his eyes.

"I think you would do well to consult Juggins," said he.

"Who's Juggins?" asked Meeks.

25 "He is the leader," said Jolnes, "of a new modern school of detectives. Their methods are different from ours, but it is said that Juggins has solved some extremely puzzling cases. I will take you to him."

They found the greater Juggins in his office. He was a small man with light hair, deeply absorbed in reading one of the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

30 The two great detectives of different schools shook hands with ceremony, and Meeks was introduced.

"State the facts," said Juggins, going on with his reading.

When Meeks ceased, the greater one closed his book and said:

"Do I understand that your sister is fifty-two years of age, with a large mole on the side of her nose, and that she is a very poor widow, making a scanty living by scrubbing, and with a very homely face and figure?"

5 "That describes her exactly," admitted Meeks. Juggins rose and put on his hat.

"In fifteen minutes," he said, "I will return, bringing you her present address."

Shamrock Jolnes turned pale, but forced a smile.

10 Within the specified time Juggins returned and consulted a little slip of paper held in his hand.

"Your sister, Mary Snyder," he announced calmly, "will be found at No. 162 Chilton Street. She is living in the back hall bedroom, five flights up. The house is only four blocks from here," he continued, addressing Meeks. "Suppose you go and verify the statement and then return here. Mr. Jolnes will await you, I dare say."

Meeks hurried away. In twenty minutes he was back again, with a beaming face.

20 "She is there and well!" he cried. "Name your fee!"

"Two dollars," said Juggins.

When Meeks had settled his bill and departed, Shamrock Jolnes stood with his hat in his hand before Juggins.

"If it would not be asking too much," he stammered—"if you would favor me so far—would you object to——"

25 "Certainly not," said Juggins pleasantly. "I will tell you how I did it. You remember the description of Mrs. Snyder? Did you ever know a woman like that who wasn't paying weekly installments on an enlarged crayon portrait of herself? The biggest factory of that kind in the country is just around the corner. I went there and got her address off the books. That's all."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. William Sidney Porter (1862-1910), better known by his pen name, O. Henry, was born in Greensboro, North Carolina. His teacher was his aunt, who encouraged his love of stories and story-telling. As a boy he read widely and showed a natural gift for sketching. When a mere boy, he went to Texas, where he spent two years on a sheep ranch. He became a reporter for the *Daily Post* of Houston, Texas, and later he wrote extensively for the leading magazines. In 1902 he went to New York City to live and from this time on he devoted himself almost exclusively to short-story writing. He holds a prominent place among the world's greatest short-story writers. His best known books are *The Four Million*, *Whirligigs*, and *Heart of the West*, portraying life in Texas. His stories are drawn from real situations and picture the various types found in ordinary American life. They are noted for their surprising endings and for their warm human sympathy.

"How Detective Juggins Found Mary Snyder" has been chosen by Franklin K. Mathiews, Chief Scout Librarian of the Boy Scouts of America, as one of a collection of O. Henry stories selected for *Every Boy's Library, Boy Scouts' Edition*. In this story, as well as in "The Adventures of Shamrock Jolnes," another story in the same volume, the author makes fun of the marvelous feats of Sherlock Holmes, Conan Doyle's great detective.

O. Henry has been compared to Harun-al-Rashid; the caliph of Bagdad, who, in disguise, explored the city of Bagdad in search of adventure. O. Henry's Bagdad was New York, and he often "prowled about in curious corners, brushed up against curious individuals, and ferreted out curious secrets, curious heart mysteries, and curious little lights on the human machine—all of which subsequently found their way into his stories."

One of the most striking characteristics of O. Henry's stories is the surprise ending. One critic says, "The soul of his art is unexpectedness. Humor at every turn there is, and sentiment and philosophy and surprise. One never may be sure of himself. The end is always a sensation. No foresight may predict it, and the sensation is always genuine."

In 1918 the literary friends of O. Henry, in order to keep alive his service to the art of the short story, established a memorial to the author, consisting of an annual Prize Short-story Contest, the winner to receive a cash prize. A volume of stories selected from those submitted in this contest is issued each year under the title *O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories*.

You will be interested in reading "About New York with O. Henry," by Maurice, and "O. Henry in His Own Bagdad," by Nathan, in the second half of O. Henry's *Waifs and Strays*. You will enjoy reading O. Henry's stories "The Gift of the Magi," in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven*, and "The Ransom of Red Chief," in *The Elson Readers, Book Eight*.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Where is the scene of this story laid? 2. Why did Mr. Meeks not advertise for his sister? 3. What kind of service did Mr. Meeks receive from the police department? 4. Give a brief personal description of Shamrock Jolnes. 5. What evidence was found in Mary Snyder's room? 6. Shamrock Jolnes advised Meeks to consult Juggins; why did he not handle the case himself? 7. Briefly describe the personal appearance of the sister. 8. How and by whom was Mary Snyder finally located?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Account for the fact that Mr. Meeks discharged Detective Mullins. 2. What two plans did he suggest? 3. Do you think he was a clever detective? Give reasons for your answer. 4. Do you think this story is humorous? Why? 5. Which one of the three detectives do you think was most skillful? Cite passages to prove your statement. 6. What other detective story have you read in this group? Why? 7. Compare the fees charged by the various detectives. Which fee was smallest? Account for this fact. 8. O. Henry is recognized as one of the leading American humorists; what method does he use in developing humor? 9. What famous detective in fiction does the author make fun of in the character of Shamrock Jolnes? (How do you pronounce Jolnes?)

Library Reading. "The Gift of the Magi," O. Henry (in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven*); "The Adventures of Shamrock Jolnes," O. Henry (in *The Ransom of Red Chief and Other O. Henry Stories*, Mathiews); *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, Doyle; "A Double-Barreled Detective Story," Mark Twain (in *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg*); "The Stolen White Elephant," Mark Twain (in *Tom Sawyer Abroad*); "The Diamond of Kali," O. Henry (in *Sixes and Sevens*); "The Detective Detector," O. Henry (in *Waifs and Strays*).

SUMMARY OF PART VI

No small part of the joy of reading comes from the merry tales that you may find in books. Life is not wholly serious and earnest; wholesome fun has a place in the life of everyone. That is why the serious English poet John Milton called upon the cheerful nymph and her attendants to help him to see the fun that there is in foolishness, and the health that comes with a hearty laugh.

Humor is often called an American characteristic; name some of the well-known humorists of our national literature. Which of these names are represented in this group? Find passages to show that their humor is delicate and subtle, not coarse and obvious. You read on page 353 that Irving is sometimes called "the first American humorist"; can you explain this reference? Irving began his literary career by writing humorous squibs for a New York newspaper; what is the name of the man who edits the "funny column" of the newspaper that you read?

Tell what you know of the life of Mark Twain, our foremost American humorist. What stories or books written by him have you read? What tells you that Irving was familiar with early Dutch life in New Amsterdam? Besides the Irving stories in this book, what others by him have you read? How does the author of "The Wonderful Life and Deeds of Paul Bunyon" make his story funny? How is "Sleeping Outdoors" rendered humorous? Point out particularly good examples of humor in "Tubby Hook." Tell what you know of O. Henry as a humorist. What are some of the characteristics of his humor? What other O. Henry stories have you read? How does Irving make his stories humorous? What points in the story are illustrated in the picture on page 350?

What stories are illustrated in the small picture on page 339? On page 359? Why is the picture on page 376 funny? What amusing stories and poems by Holmes have you read? How does the poet make humorous "The Dorchester Giant"?

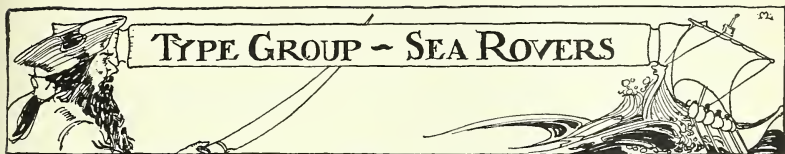
PART VII
ADVENTURES REAL AND IMAGINARY

*Who has ever, man or boy,
Seen the sea all flecked with gold,
And not longed to go with joy
Forth upon adventures bold?*

—BLISS CARMAN



“ON HIGH ADVENTURE BENT”



A KNIGHT OF THE OCEAN-SEA

ALFRED NOYES

Reading Aims—Find: (a) why Sir Humphrey Gilbert decided to “wait the favor of spring” before sailing for home; (b) what caused him suddenly to sail for England; (c) what the fate of the Knight of the Ocean-sea was.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, hard of hand,
Knight-in-chief of the Ocean-sea,
Gazed from the rocks of his New Found Land
And thought of the home where his heart would be.

5 He gazed across the wintry waste
That weltered and hissed like molten lead,
“He saileth twice who saileth in haste!
I’ll wait the favor of spring,” he said.

10 *Ever the more, ever the more,
He heard the winds and the waves roar!
Thunder on thunder shook the shore.*

The yellow clots of foam went by
Like shavings that curl from a shipwright’s plane,
Clinging and flying, afar and nigh,
15 Shuddering, flying, and clinging again.

A thousand bubbles in every one
Shifted and shimmered with rainbow gleams;
But—had they been planets and stars that spun,
He had let them drift by his feet like dreams.

5 Heavy of heart was our Admirall,
For, out of his ships—and they were but three!—
He had lost the fairest and most tall,
And—he was a Knight of the Ocean-sea.

*Ever the more, ever the more,
10 He heard the winds and the waves roar!
Thunder on thunder shook the shore.*

Heavy of heart, heavy of heart,
For she was a galleon mighty as May,
And the storm that ripped her glory apart
15 Had stripped his soul for the winter's way;

And he was aware of a whisper blown
From foc'sle to poop, from windward to lee,
That the fault was his, and his alone,
And—he was a Knight of the Ocean-sea.

20 "Had he done that! Had he done this!"
And yet his mariners loved him well;
But an idle word is hard to miss,
And the foam hides more than the deep can tell.

And the deep had buried his best-loved books,
25 With many a hard-won chart and plan;
And a king that is conquered must see strange looks,
So bitter a thing is the heart of man!

And—"Who will you find to pay your debt?
For a venture like this is a costly thing!

Will they stake yet more, tho' your heart be set
On the mightier voyage you planned for the spring?"

He raised his head like a Viking crowned,
"I'll take my old flag to Her Majestie,
5 And she will lend me ten thousand pound
To make her queen of the Ocean-sea!"

*Ever the more, ever the more,
He heard the winds and the waves roar!
Thunder on thunder shook the shore.*

0 Outside—they heard the great winds blow!
Outside—the blustering surf they heard,
And the bravest there would ha' blenched to know
That they must be taken at their own word.

For the great grim waves were as molten lead
5 —And he had two ships who sailed with three!—
"And I sail not home till the spring," he said.
"They are all too frail for the Ocean-sea."

But the trumpeter thought of an alehouse bench,
And the cabin boy longed for a Devonshire lane,
10 And the gunner remembered a green-gowned wench,
And the foc'sle whisper went round again—

"Sir Humphrey Gilbert is hard of hand,
But his courage went down with the ship, may-be,
And we wait for the spring in a desert land,
25 For—he is afraid of the Ocean-sea."

*Ever the more, ever the more,
He heard the winds and the waves roar!
Thunder on thunder shook the shore.*

He knew, he knew how the whisper went!
He knew he must master it, last or first!
He knew not how much or how little it meant;
But his heart was heavy and like to burst.

5 "Up with your sails, my sea dogs all!
The wind has veered! And my ships," quoth he,
"They will serve for a British Admirall
Who is Knight-in-chief of the Ocean-sea!"

10 His will was like a northeast wind
That swept along our helmless crew;
But he would not stay on the *Golden Hind*,
For that was the stronger ship of the two.

"My little ship's-company, lads, hath passed
Perils and storms a-many with me!
15 Would ye have me forsake them at the last?
They'll need a Knight of the Ocean-sea!"

*Ever the more, ever the more,
We heard the winds and the waves roar!
Thunder on thunder shook the shore.*

20 Beyond Cape Race, the pale sun splashed
The grim gray waves with silver light,
Where, ever in front, his frigate crashed
Eastward, for England and the night.

25 And still as the dark began to fall,
Ever in front of us, running free,
We saw the sails of our Admirall
Leading us home through the Ocean-sea.

*Ever the more, ever the more,
We heard the winds and the waves roar!
But he sailed on, sailed on before.*

On Monday, at noon of the third fierce day
Aboard our *Golden Hind* he came,
With a trail of blood marking his way
On the salt wet decks as he walked half-lame.

For a rusty nail thro' his foot had pierced.
"Come, master-surgeon, mend it for me;
Though I would it were changed for the nails that amerced
The dying thief upon Calvary."

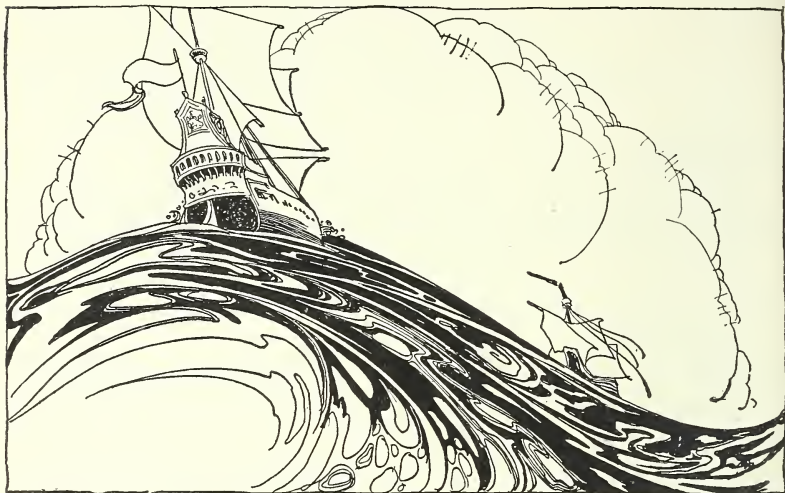
The surgeon bathed and bound his foot,
And the master entreated him sore to stay;
But roughly he pulled on his great sea boot
With—"The wind is rising and I must away!"

I know not why so little a thing,
When into his pinnace we helped him down,
Should make our eyelids prick and sting
As the salt spray were into them blown,

But he called as he went—"Keep watch and steer
By my lanthorn at night!" Then he waved his hand
With a kinglier watchword, "We are as near
To heaven, my lads, by sea as by land!"

*Ever the more, ever the more,
We heard the gathering tempest roar!
But he sailed on, sailed on before.*

Three hundred leagues on our homeward road,
We strove to signal him, swooping nigh,



That he would ease his decks of their load
Of nettings and fights and artillery.

And dark and dark that night 'gan fall,
And high the muttering breakers swelled.

5 Till that strange fire which seamen call
"Castor and Pollux" we beheld,

An evil sign of peril and death,
Burning pale on the high mainmast;
But calm with the might of Gennesareth
10 Our Admirall's voice went ringing past,

Clear thro' the thunders, far and clear,
Mighty to counsel, clear to command,
Joyfully ringing, "We are as near
To heaven, my lads, by sea as by land!"

*Ever the more, ever the more,
We heard the rising hurricane roar!
But he sailed on, sailed on before.*

And over us fled the fleet of the stars,
5 And, ever in front of us, far or nigh,
The lanthorn on his crosstree spars
Dipped to the pit or soared to the sky!

'Twould sweep to the lights of Charles's Wain,
As the hills of the deep 'ud mount and flee,
10 Then swoop down vanishing cliffs again
To the thundering gulfs of the Ocean-sea.

We saw it shine as it swooped from the height,
With ruining breakers on every hand,
Then—a cry came out of the black midnight,
15 *As near to heaven by sea as by land!*

And the light was out! Like a wind-blown spark,
All in a moment! And we—and we—
Prayed for his soul as we swept thro' the dark;
For he was a Knight of the Ocean-sea.

20 *Over our fleets for evermore
The wind 'ull triumph and the waves roar!
But he sails on, sails on before!*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Alfred Noyes (1880-), an English poet, lives in London. He was educated at Oxford, where for three years he rowed on the college crew. He has since devoted himself to literature and is a contributor to many English magazines. His poems are liked because of their straightforwardness and heartiness as well as for their

rhythmical quality. In 1918-1919 Mr. Noyes was professor of literature in Princeton University. "The Knight of the Ocean-sea" is taken from *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, was the first Englishman to begin the colonizing of America. He obtained a charter from Queen Elizabeth and in 1583 made a heroic attempt to found a colony in Newfoundland. Doubtless his object was to drive the Spaniards from the fishing grounds. On the American coast his principal ship crushed its bows against a sunken rock, and the crew were lost. With his two remaining ships Sir Humphrey Gilbert, one of the noblest spirits of his time, set sail for home, but his own tiny craft foundered in a terrible storm. "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land" are the famous words he cheerily shouted as the light of his little bark was lost forever in the darkness of the night.

The Ballad. This poem is a story of adventure, that is, a stirring, or thrilling, experience. It is based on a real happening about which the poet has read. Through his imagination he was able to picture the scenes so vividly that he seemed to be present; through his power of expression he has been able to make us see them. Such a simple narrative, written in verse, is called a ballad. The beauty of the ballad lies in the story it tells, and in its directness and simplicity.

We have folk ballads, which have come down to us from the far-off past. These are not the work of any one author, but like the stories of King Arthur, were preserved mainly in the memories of men. Some of them were sung or recited to the music of the harp or lute by minstrels who wandered from village to village, and from castle to castle, entertaining their hearers in return for food and lodging; or by the bards and minstrels who were maintained by kings and nobles to entertain them and to celebrate their deeds and honors. Often they were made by the people, not by professional singers, and were expressions of the folk love of adventure. Indeed, the best definition of a popular, or folk, ballad is that it is "a tale telling itself in song." Thus, a ballad of this sort always tells a story; it has no known author, being composed by several people or by a community and then handed down orally, not in writing, from generation to generation; and finally, it is sung, not recited. In this way folk ballads such as "Sir Patrick Spens" (in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven*) were transmitted for generations, in different versions, before they were written down and became a part of what we call *literature*, that is, something written. When the invention of the printing press made it possible to put these old ballads into a permanent form, they were collected from the recitations of old men and women who knew them, and printed. Thus they have become a precious literary possession, telling us something of the life, the history, and

the standards, superstitions, and beliefs of distant times, and thrilling us with their stirring stories.

Many modern poets have written stories in verse which are also called ballads. Some are in imitation of the old ballads, using the old ballad meter and riming system, and employing old-fashioned words and expressions, to add to the effect. Other modern ballads are simple narratives in verse—short stories dealing with stirring deeds of battle or adventure. But while the true old ballad holds the attention upon the story only, the modern ballads often introduce descriptions of the characters, such as

“Sir Humphrey Gilbert, hard of hand,
Knight-in-chief of the Ocean-sea.”

“A Knight of the Ocean-sea” is a typical modern ballad.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Where was Sir Humphrey Gilbert when he “thought of the home where his heart would be”? 2. What loss made him “heavy of heart”? 3. Of what “whisper” was he aware? 4. To whom did he say he would take his old flag? 5. What “foc’sle whisper” went round again? 6. What order was issued by the “Knight-in-chief of the Ocean-sea” to his “sea dogs”? 7. Why would he not “stay on the *Golden Hind*”? 8. Why did he go aboard the *Golden Hind* on “the third fierce day”? 9. On leaving the main ship, what did he say? 10. What was the fate of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and his ship?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Upon what historic fact is this poem based? 2. What is the meaning of line 7, page 395? 3. How does the description of the weather given in the poem compare with Newfoundland winter weather as it is today? 4. Why did Sir Humphrey Gilbert decide to sail for home at once? 5. What tells you that he was a brave sea rover? 6. What heroic thought did he express before his ship encountered the storm? 7. You will enjoy reading “The Adventures of Sir Humphrey Gilbert,” Marshall (in *This Country of Ours*). 8. Why is this poem called a ballad? 9. Mention characteristics of the ballad and show that this poem has these characteristics. 10. Find examples to prove that this ballad introduces descriptions of characters. 11. Find other pictures as good as the one which is contained in lines 12-15, page 395. 12. Select stanzas for reading aloud and tell why you chose them. 13. This ballad is very musical; can you tell what makes it so? 14. Read Longfellow’s poem “Sir Humphrey Gilbert” and compare it with “The Knight of the Ocean-sea”; in these two ballads both poets are dealing with the same historic incident, but the treatment is characteristically different. See if you can tell what these differences are. Which ballad do you enjoy more? Why?

THE TRUE STORY OF BLACKBEARD

S. G. W. BENJAMIN

Reading Aims—Find: (a) who Blackbeard was and how he terrorized the people of the Carolinas; (b) how he and his band of buccaneers were destroyed.

Our colonists had many difficulties to contend with when they laid the firm foundations of this mighty republic. We all know how they were harassed by the savages, who lurked in the forests, bursting forth at midnight with the terrible war whoop, and carrying fire and slaughter to many a quiet home. But we hear less of the savages who beset the colonies from the sea, not only attacking the commerce on which the colonists depended, but often making bloody descents on the coast. I am referring to the banded pirates called buccaneers, who at one time were almost as great a scourge to our seaboard states as the Indians.

From Maine to Florida the fleets of these ocean pests carried the black flag, with its blood-red crossbones and skull, robbing and murdering like demons incarnate. The Indians had some reason for their hatred of the white man, and the romance which has woven itself around their history is by no means causeless. But the buccaneers, originally civilized men, had fallen to be the enemies of mankind, and the only way of accounting for the romance attached to the names of such men as Kidd or Morgan must be because of the mystery that surrounds the vast ocean, and the physical courage displayed by these ruffians.

Early in the eighteenth century the southern states were especially persecuted by the visits of the buccaneers, whose light, well-maneuvered ships easily threaded the creeks and bayous among the sea islands of the Carolinas. The most celebrated of the buccaneer captains at that time was a fierce seaman named

Teach, of Welsh descent. He was better known by the name of Blackbeard, owing to the heavy dark beard he wore, twisted in braids to increase the singularity of his appearance. In those days few Europeans allowed hair to grow on the face, except the mustache. Blackbeard's features, therefore, gave him a marked and ferocious aspect, which has perhaps aided to preserve his memory to the present day. He first came prominently into notice on the Bahama Islands, when for a time he actually gained such power that he ruled the chief town, called Nassau, from which he was driven only by the arrival of an English fleet.

Forced to seek other regions, Blackbeard, with several small but heavily armed cruisers, betook himself to the coast of Georgia and the Carolinas. The choice spirits who commanded the ships of his squadron were named Vane, Stede Bonnet, and Worley. The four ships carried large crews of desperadoes sworn to attack the ships of all nations, to rob, burn, and murder without quarter. That such men should yield to the strict discipline of a ship of war, that they should obey the orders of men whom they themselves had voted to command them, was not at all owing to a sense of duty such as sailors acknowledge in other ships, but entirely to the rude instincts they had that without some ruling head they were but lost men; it was also due to the strength of character of such men as Blackbeard, who knew the dangers of their position, and were prepared to strike the first man dead who flinched or hesitated or questioned their superior authority.

Blackbeard's fleet hovered in all the creeks and sounds of those waters until the pirates became a terror to every inhabitant and a standing menace to the commerce of the colonies. They actually dared to seize ships at the very entrance to Charleston Harbor itself.

When matters came to this pass, the Governor of South Carolina called on the people to aid him against the pirates. A body of militia drawn from seafaring men was shipped on board an armed vessel commanded by Mr. Rhett—a name often heard of

since then in the annals of that state. This was in the year 1717. Rhett's ship succeeded in surprising the vessel of Stede Bonnet near Cape Fear. After a desperate fight, Bonnet and thirty of his crew were captured, and nearly all of them were executed on the gallows.

Soon after this bloody event, Governor Johnson fitted out an expedition himself, and attacked Worley's schooner when Blackbeard was cruising in another quarter. After a furious cannonade the pirate's ship was captured by boarding, Worley and one seaman only being left alive, and they so desperately wounded that they were hanged immediately on arriving at Charleston, lest they should cheat the gallows. They did not do things by halves in those days; law was law, and mercy was left to the higher tribunal in the next world.

Thus deprived of two of his lieutenants and two ships, Blackbeard became fairly alarmed. It was his turn next, and as he was not yet ready to leave this life, he realized the importance of making terms while he could. He therefore hastened to take advantage of a proclamation made by the home government which offered pardon to pirates giving themselves up within a certain date. Twenty of his comrades in crime accepted the same terms. Taking his ill-gotten spoils ashore, the famous freebooter retired to the Pamlico River, where he built himself a rude cabin and settled down as a peaceful planter.

But a pirate can no more change his character than a leopard his spots. As with the shark that has once tasted blood, an appetite is aroused that cannot be appeased. On the plea of entering into commerce and protecting the neighborhood from pirates, Blackbeard once more took command of a ship, doubtless manned with some of his old shipmates. It was not long before it was rumored that he was at his former practice again, winked at, if not distinctly authorized, by the governor of North Carolina, who received, as was supposed, a share of the spoils.

The people of the "Old North State" appealed to their governor in vain. Finding that no aid was to be looked for in that

quarter against the attacks of Blackbeard, they took the desperate resolve of asking relief from Governor Spotwood, of Virginia. He replied at once, and ordered a brave seaman, Lieutenant Maynard, to equip two sloops and proceed against the redoubtable buccaneer. The adventure was one that required great courage and skill, for Blackbeard was no ordinary enemy. To great natural ability he added long experience, and he was nerved to desperation by the knowledge that defeat meant death. In like manner Lieutenant Maynard was well aware that, while in ordinary naval encounters the prisoners are always permitted to live, in a battle with pirates no quarter was given, and that defeat would mean death for him and every one of his crew. One can see what must have been the feelings of the men on both sides as they drew near the hour of conflict.

Proceeding down Chesapeake Bay and through Pamlico Sound, Maynard entered the Pamlico River, where he was told that Blackbeard's ship was lurking, manned by twenty-five desperate cutthroats. There one of the sloops grounded, and Maynard was forced to proceed with only one sloop, thus greatly reducing the chances of success. But he kept bravely on until the white sails of Blackbeard's vessel appeared heading down the river.

Both ships opened fire with broadsides as they came opposite each other. The pirate captain could be plainly seen on his quarter-deck directing the movements of his ship. He wore a cocked hat; in his belt were two huge pistols; and in his hand a naked cutlass flashing in the sun, and keen as a razor. His heavy beard was twisted into braids and his mustache stood out like the whiskers of a lion. Altogether his appearance was not a pleasant sight for the hardy men who had ventured to attack him, and their case looked still less hopeful when their sloop grounded on the ooze of the muddy river. The pirates saw their advantage at once. Pouring in a terrible fire, they bore down on the sloop to carry her by boarding. Blackbeard himself, standing on the bow, was the first to leap on the deck of the

sloop, calling on his men to follow. Quicker than I can tell it, seventeen pirates dashed over the sides of the sloop. For a moment it looked as if they would bear all before them. But the governor's men rallied, and the terrible buccaneer fell in a hand-to-hand struggle with Maynard. The fall of Blackbeard nerved the defenders of the sloop to fresh courage, but the pirates fought desperately until only eight were left alive.

As the survivors leaped back to their own ship and their comrades, they were pursued by Maynard and his men, who still had a fierce struggle before them, as sixteen pirates yet remained, determined not to yield themselves alive. Maynard was just in time to prevent a catastrophe that would have destroyed both sides and all on board. He saw an immense negro proceeding with a lighted match to the powder-magazine to carry out the order given by Blackbeard, to blow up the pirate ship if he should fall. Another moment and all would have been over. But Maynard knew the ways of the pirates, and, expecting something of the sort, was on the lookout to prevent it. Quick as lightning he flew after the negro, felled him to the deck, and trod on the lighted match.

It was a short task after this to capture the remaining pirates and secure them in chains. This was one of the earliest naval battles which occurred in American waters, and was a worthy precursor of the many triumphs won in later times by American tars—triumphs that fill every patriotic heart with exultation and pride.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Samuel Greene Wheeler Benjamin (1837-1914), author and artist, was born in Argos, Greece, and was the son of an American missionary. He was educated at home and at English College, Smyrna, Turkey, and took his bachelor's degree at Williams College in 1859. During the Civil War he served in war hospitals. Later he read law and studied art. He spent several years at sea, mastering seamanship—a knowledge which he later used in his paintings of the sea. He was the first United States Minister to Persia. In 1870 he opened a studio as an artist in oil and water color, and attained distinction in both art and literature. He was a man

of broad interests, and he delighted in travel and adventure. He climbed the Peak of Teneriffe and the highest peaks of the North Atlantic states. "The True Story of Blackbeard," which is taken from *Adventures of Pirates and Sea Rovers*, shows his interest in adventure and in the life of the sea.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Who were the buccaneers that preyed upon our American colonists? 2. Tell what you know about Blackbeard. 3. How did the Governor of South Carolina proceed against the buccaneers? 4. Why did Blackbeard "settle down as a planter"? 5. How did the people of the "Old North State" seek relief from the buccaneers? 6. Describe the naval battle that ended the career of Blackbeard. 7. What tells you that Lieutenant Maynard was a brave officer? 8. What catastrophe was avoided by the prompt action of the lieutenant?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Why were Blackbeard and his buccaneers so much dreaded by the colonists? 2. Name other pirates about whom you have read. 3. Of what did Blackbeard's fleet consist? 4. Describe the appearance of Blackbeard as he stood on the quarter-deck directing his ships in the fight. 5. Give an account of the naval engagement. 6. Why does the author say "Blackbeard was no ordinary enemy"? 7. You will enjoy reading "Blackbeard," Harris, in *Pirate Tales from the Law*.

A Suggested Problem. Choose a pirate in whom you are interested, such as Captain Kidd, or Blackbeard, and read all that you can find about him in the books and articles suggested in "Library Reading" on page 416. You will find that these accounts differ in some respects. Try to find out the real facts in each case and present them in a brief report to your classmates, naming the sources of your material.



BLACKBEARD

THE DISCOVERER OF THE NORTH CAPE

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Reading Aims—Find: (a) who the discoverer of the North Cape was; (b) what led Othere, the sea-captain, to sail to the Arctic seas; (c) why he brought a walrus tooth to show King Alfred.

Othere, the old sea-captain,
Who dwelt in Helgoland,
To King Alfred, the lover of truth,
Brought a snow-white walrus-tooth,
5 Which he held in his brown right hand.

His figure was tall and stately,
Like a boy's his eye appeared;
His hair was yellow as hay,
But threads of a silvery gray
10 Gleamed in his tawny beard.

Hearty and hale was Othere,
His cheek had the color of oak;
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on a beach,
15 As unto the King he spoke.

And Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Had a book upon his knees,
And wrote down the wondrous tale
Of him who was first to sail
20 Into the Arctic seas.

“So far I live to the northward,
No man lives north of me;
To the east are wild mountain-chains,

And beyond them meres and plains;
To the westward all is sea.

“So far I live to the northward,
From the harbor of Skeringshale,
If you only sailed by day,
With a fair wind all the way,
More than a month would you sail.

“I own six hundred reindeer,
With sheep and swine beside;
I have tribute from the Finns,
Whalebone and reindeer-skins,
And ropes of walrus-hide.

“I plowed the land with horses,
But my heart was ill at ease,
For the old seafaring men
Came to me now and then,
With their sagas of the seas—

“Of Iceland and of Greenland,
And the stormy Hebrides,
And the undiscovered deep;
Oh, I could not eat nor sleep
For thinking of those seas.

“To the northward stretched the desert,
How far I fain would know;
So at last I sallied forth,
And three days sailed due north,
As far as the whale-ships go.

“To the west of me was the ocean,
To the right the desolate shore,

But I did not slacken sail
For the walrus or the whale,
Till after three days more.

5 "The days grew longer and longer,
Till they became as one,
And southward through the haze
I saw the sullen blaze
Of the red midnight sun.

10 "And then uprose before me,
Upon the water's edge,
The huge and haggard shape
Of that unknown North Cape
Whose form is like a wedge.

15 "The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog, like a ghost,
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed.

20 "Four days I steered to eastward,
Four days without a night;
Round in a fiery ring
Went the great sun, O King,
With red and lurid light."

25 Here Alfred, King of the Saxons,
Ceased writing for a while;
And raised his eyes from his book,
With a strange and puzzled look,
And an incredulous smile.

30 But Othere, the old sea-captain,
He neither paused nor stirred,

Till the King listened, and then
Once more took up his pen,
And wrote down every word.

“And now the land,” said Othere,
“Bent southward suddenly,
And I followed the curving shore
And ever southward bore
Into a nameless sea.

“And there we hunted the walrus,
The narwhale, and the seal;
Ha! 'twas a noble game!
And like the lightning's flame
Flew our harpoons of steel.

“There were six of us all together,
Norsemen of Helgoland;
In two days and no more
We killed of them threescore,
And dragged them to the strand!”

Here Alfred the Truth-Teller
Suddenly closed his book,
And lifted his blue eyes,
With doubt and strange surmise
Depicted in their look.

And Othere the old sea-captain
Stared at him wild and weird,
Then smiled, till his shining teeth
Gleamed white from underneath
His tawny, quivering beard.

And to the King of the Saxons,
In witness of the truth,
Raising his noble head,
He stretched his brown hand, and said,
"Behold this walrus-tooth!"

5

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) was born in Portland, Maine, and spent his childhood in this delightful old seaport town. Perhaps this accounts for the interest in things of the sea which he shows in his poems and ballads "Seaweed," "The Building of the Ship," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Lighthouse," "Sir Humphrey Gilbert," and others. He had a happy childhood and boyhood, and entered Bowdoin College in the same class with Hawthorne. After leaving college he studied in Europe and then became Professor of Modern Languages first at Bowdoin and later at Harvard. In 1854 he resigned his professorship in order to have more time for writing, and in 1855 the famous poem *Hiawatha* was published. After this he devoted all his time to writing.

Longfellow's great gift of story-telling has made him especially "the children's poet." On his seventy-second birthday, an armchair made from the wood of the "spreading chestnut tree" mentioned in "The Village Blacksmith" was presented to Longfellow by the children of Cambridge, as an expression of their love and appreciation. When the chair was installed in his home, we are told he gave orders that no child who wished to see it should be excluded, and the tramp of dirty little feet through the hall was for many months the despair of the housemaids.

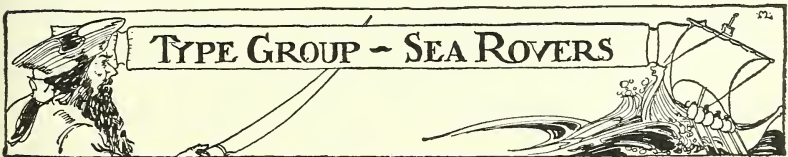
One of the chief sources of Longfellow's ballads was the legends and traditions of America and European countries. "The Discovery of the North Cape" illustrates this fact. The poet tells us that this poem is "a leaf from King Alfred's *Orosius*." King Alfred, one of the early kings of England, is famous for his work in the cause of education. He not only established schools, but he also translated many Latin books into the native tongue of his people. Among these books was *Orosius*, a history of the world, which, however, King Alfred so changed as to make almost a new book. Longfellow took the material for his ballad from this translation.

The North Cape is the northernmost promontory of Europe, situated on the Island of Magerøe, near the northern coast of Norway. It is a desolate cape, rising abruptly over a thousand feet from the sea, and is now frequently visited by tourists during the summer to view the mid-

night sun. Othere describes this wonderful phenomenon to King Alfred in lines 21-23, page 412.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. What picture of the old sea-captain do you gain from the introductory stanzas? 2. Who "wrote down" Othere's wonderful tale? 3. What influenced the old sea-captain to sail to the north? 4. What caused King Alfred to cease writing and look puzzled? 5. How many Norsemen were there in the sea-captain's company? 6. With what luck did they hunt in the "nameless sea"? 7. How did Othere verify his statement to King Alfred?

General Questions and Topics. 1. This poem is a modern ballad; show that it has the essential characteristics. 2. What reason does the sea-captain give for making the voyage? 3. Why does he say he could not eat or sleep? 4. Do you think the old sea-captain had the roving spirit? 5. How long did he sail before he could see North Cape? 6. Trace his voyage on a map of the world. 7. What account of his deep-sea hunting did he give? 8. What success had he in harpooning sea animals? 9. Compare the old sea-captain's notion of deep-sea fishing with that of Zane Grey, Hermann Melville, and Gifford Pinchot. 10. Why did he bring a walrus tooth to show King Alfred? 11. What vivid pictures do you find in this poem? 12. You will enjoy putting in dramatic form the incident told in this ballad.



GENERAL QUESTIONS AND SUGGESTED READINGS

General Questions and Topics. 1. Compare the personal appearance of the three sea rovers. 2. Make a list of the characteristics common to these three rovers. 3. In what different ways did they show their courage? 4. Which one of them do you most admire? Why? 5. Compare the two ballads in theme, purpose, story-interest, directness and simplicity, rhythmic quality, and authorship. 6. Name other ballads that you have read. 7. Which of the three stories in this type group do you like best? Why?

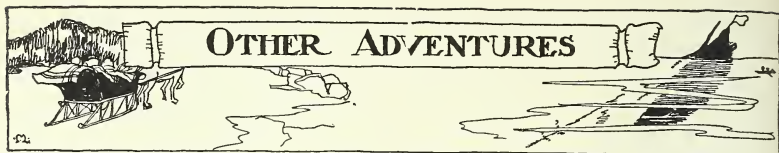
8. Compare Blackbeard and his band of pirates with the oyster pirates (in "The Oyster Farmer and the Pirates," *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*).

Library Reading. (a) **For Report in Class by Individuals or Committees:** "The Skeleton in Armor" and "Sir Humphrey Gilbert," Longfellow (in *Poems*); "Will Shakespeare's Out like Robin Hood," page 19, and "Black Bill's Honey-Moon," page 48, Noyes (in *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*); "The Buccaneers," Pyle, and "The Coming of the Armada," Gourlay (in *Adventures of Pirates and Sea Rovers*, Pyle et al.); "Blackbeard," Gilbert (in *The Boys' Book of Pirates*); "The Great Fight of Captain Teach," and "The Quest for Pirates' Gold," Paine (in *Blackbeard, Buccaneer*); "The Real Captain Kidd," Stockton (in *Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast*); "The Real Captain Kidd," Hart (in *The Mentor*, August, 1921); "Was Captain Kidd a Pirate?" Gilder (in *The Outlook*, April 5, 1922); "Salt Water Money—Captain Kidd" and "Sea Horror—Blackbeard," Harris (in *Pirate Tales from the Law*); "Sir Francis Drake," Hale (in *Stories of Discovery*); "The Death of Admiral Drake" and "Hawke," Newbolt (in *The Collected Poems of Henry Newbolt*); "Drake," Bates (in *St. Nicholas*, July, 1922); Chapters II and III, Bacon (in *The Boy's Drake*); "Sir Walter Raleigh," Whitham (in *The Shepherd of the Ocean*); "Pirates!" and "About Sir Walter Raleigh's Adventures in the Golden West," Marshall (in *This Country of Ours*); "The Beginning of the Buccaneers," "The Worst and Greatest of the Buccaneers," "Kidd, Our Dearly Beloved," and "Pirates in Petticoats," Verrill (in *The Real Story of the Pirate*); "Clearing the Seas of the Rovers," Wood (in *The Boy's Book of Buccaneers*); "The Barbary Pirates," Holland (in *Historic Adventure*); *The Story of Grettir the Strong*, French; *Barnaby Lee*, Bennett; "Cabot Sails to Newfoundland," Synge (in *Book of Discoveries*); "The Last Buccaneer," Kingsley, and "The Last Buccaneer," Macaulay (in *The Home Book of Verse*, B. E. Stevenson); "The Oyster Farmer and the Pirates," Robins (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*); "Haunts of the Caribbean Corsairs," Clarke (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, February, 1922); "Marco Polo," Bolton (in *Famous Voyagers and Explorers*); "Sir Patrick Spens" (in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven*).

(b) **For Use in Leisure Moments—Recreation:** *Adventures of Pirates and Sea Rovers*, Pyle et al.; *Jim Davis, Lost Endeavour*, and *Martin Hyde*, Masefield; *Treasure Island*, Stevenson; *Red Rover and Water Witch*, Cooper; *Westward Ho!* Kingsley; *Captain Blood*, Sabatini; *The Mutineers*, Hawes; *The Boy's Drake*, Bacon; "Drake's Drum" and "Admirals All," Newbolt (in *The Collected Poems of Henry Newbolt*); *Stories of the Sea*, Hale; *Book of Pirates and Stolen Treasure*, Pyle; *Buccaneers of America*, Esquemeling; *Famous Privateersmen*, Johnston; *Blackbeard*,

Buccaneer, Paine; *Viking Tales*, Hall; *Jack Ballister's Fortunes*, Pyle; *Brethren of the Coast*, Munroe; *The Boys' Book of Pirates*, Gilbert; *Sapphire Story Book*, Coussens; *The Pirate*, Scott; *Pirates' Hope*, Lynde; *Pieces of Eight*, Le Gallienne; *Tales of the Fish Patrol*, London; *Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast*, Stockton; *The Real Story of the Pirate*, Verrill; *The Boys' Book of Sea Fights*, Fraser; *Days of the Discoverers*, Lamphrey; *Raleigh, His Exploits and Voyages*, Towle; *Sir Walter Raleigh*, Buchan; *Sea Wolves of Seven Shores*, Frothingham; *Cruise of the Dazzler*, London; *Book of Buried Treasure*, Paine; *Book of Discoveries*, Synge; *Romance of Discovery*, Griffis; *The Boys' Hakluyt*, Hakluyt; *Privateers of '76*, Paine; *Pirate Princes and Yankee Jacks*, Henderson; *The Frozen Pirate*, Clark; *Great Pirate Stories*, ed. French; *Tarpaulin Muster*, Masefield; *The Story of Marco Polo*, Brooks.

(c) **For Presentation by the Teacher:** "The Tarry Buccaneer," Masefield (in *Salt Water Ballads*); "An Old Song Re-sung," Masefield (in *The Story of a Round-House and Other Poems*), and "Spanish Waters," Masefield (in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven*); "A Song of Drake's Men," Noyes (in *Collected Poems*); *Colonial Fights and Fighters*, Brady; *Romance of Piracy*, Chatterton; "The Old Superb," Newbolt (in *The Collected Poems of Henry Newbolt*); *Vikings of the Pacific*, Laut; "Sea Wolves of the Seventeenth Century," Taber (in *Scribner's Magazine*, September, 1922); "The Spanish Main," Cawein (in *The Poet, the Fool, and the Fairies*).



A WINTER RIDE ON THE HUDSON RIVER

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

Reading Aims—Find: (a) what thrilling experience the sleighing party had; (b) how they were rescued; (c) what characteristics of colonial life are brought out by the author.

The clock on the tower of the English church struck ten as both sleighs drove from Herman Mordaunt's door. There was literally no snow in the middle of the streets; but enough of it, mingled with ice, was still to be found nearer the houses to enable us to get down to the ferry, the point where sleighs usually went upon the river. Here Herman Mordaunt, who was in advance, checked his horses, and turned to speak to Guert on the propriety of proceeding. The ice near the shore had evidently been moved, the river having risen a foot or two, in consequence of the wind and thaw, and there was a sort of icy wave cast up near the land, over which it was indispensable to pass in order to get fairly on the river. As the top of this ridge, or wave, was broken, it exposed a fissure that enabled us to see the thickness of the ice, and this Guert pointed out in proof of its strength.

Herman Mordaunt's sleigh passed slowly over the ridge, having a care to the legs of the horses, and ours followed in the same cautious manner, though the blacks jumped across the fissure in spite of their master's exertions.

Once upon the river, however, Guert gave the blacks the whip

and rein, and away we went like the wind. The smooth, icy surface of the Hudson was our road, the thaw having left very few traces of any track.

Nothing occurred worthy of being dwelt on in our ride to
5 Kinderhook. Mrs. Van der Heyden resided at a short distance from the river, and the blacks and the bays had some little difficulty in dragging us through the mud to her door. Once there, however, our welcome fully verified the theory of the colony habits. In a word, our reception was just that which every col-
10 nist has experienced when he has gone unexpectedly to visit a friend, or a friend's friend. Our dinner was excellent, though it was not accompanied by much form. Everybody was in a good humor, and our hostess insisted on giving us coffee before we took our departure.

15 "There will be a moon, Cousin Herman," she said, "and the night will be both light and pleasant. Guert knows the road, which cannot well be missed, as it is the river; and if you quit me at eight, you will reach home in good season. It is so seldom I see you that I have a right to claim every minute you can spare."

20 When such words are accompanied by looks and acts that prove their sincerity, it is not easy to tear ourselves away from a pleasant house. At length the hour arrived when even Mrs. Bogart herself admitted we ought to part. Anneke and Mary were kissed, enveloped in their furs, and kissed again, and then we
25 took our leave. As we left the house, I remarked that a clock in the passage struck eight. In a few minutes everyone was placed, and the runners were striking fire from the flints of the bare ground. I was much rejoiced when the blacks sprang upon the ice, and whirled us away on our return road at a rate even
30 exceeding the speed with which they had come down it in the morning.

The light of the moon was not clear and bright, for there was a haze in the atmosphere, as is apt to occur in the mild weather of March; but there was enough to enable Guert to dash ahead
35 with as great a velocity as was at all desirable.

As we went, Guert's complicated chimes of bells jingled their merry notes in a manner to be heard half a mile; the horses bore hard on the bits, for they knew that their own stables lay at the end of the journey; and Herman Mordaunt's bays kept so near that, notwithstanding the noise we made with our own bells, the sound of his was constantly in our ears. An hour passed swiftly by, and we had already passed Coejeman's, when Guert, who stood erect to drive, told us that someone who was out late, like ourselves, was coming down. The horses of the strangers were in a very fast trot, and the sleigh was evidently inclining toward the west shore, as if those it held intended to land at no great distance. As it passed quite swiftly, a man's voice called out something on a high key, but our bells made so much noise that it was not easy to understand him. He spoke in Dutch, too, and none of our ears, those of Guert excepted, were sufficiently expert in that language to be particularly quick in comprehending what he said. The call passed unheeded, then, such things being quite frequent among the Dutch, who seldom passed each other on the highway without a greeting of some sort or other. I was thinking of this practice, and of the points that distinguished our own habits from those of the people of this part of the colony, when sleigh-bells sounded quite near me, and, turning my head, I saw Herman Mordaunt's bays galloping close to us, as if wishing to get alongside. At the next moment Guert pulled up.

"Did you understand the man who passed down, Guert?" demanded Herman Mordaunt, as soon as all noises ceased. "He called out to us, at the top of his voice, and would hardly do that without an object."

"These men seldom go home, after a visit to Albany, without filling their jugs," answered Guert, dryly; "what could he have to say, more than to wish us good night?"

"I cannot tell, but Mrs. Bogart thought she understood something about 'Albany,' and 'the river.'"

"The ladies always fancy Albany is to sink into the river

after a great thaw," answered Guert, good-humoredly; "but I can show either of them that the ice is sixteen inches thick here where we stand."

Guert then gave me the reins, stepped out of the sleigh, went
5 a short distance to a large crack that he had seen while speaking, and returned with a thumb placed on the handle of the whip, as a measure to show that his statement was true. The ice at that spot was certainly nearer eighteen than sixteen inches. Herman Mordaunt showed the measure to Mrs. Bogart, whose
10 alarm was pacified by this positive proof. Neither Anneke nor Mary exhibited any fear; but, on the contrary, as the sleighs separated again, each had something pleasant, but feminine, to say at the expense of poor Mrs. Bogart's imagination.

I believe I was the only person in our own sleigh who felt
15 any alarm after the occurrence of this little incident. Why uneasiness beset *me*, I cannot precisely say.

Away we went! Guert drove rapidly, but he drove with judgment, and it seemed as if his blacks knew what was expected of them. It was not long before we were trotting past the hamlet
20 I have mentioned. It would seem that the bells of the two sleighs attracted the attention of the people on shore, all of whom had not yet gone to bed; for the door of a house opened, and two men issued out of it, gazing at us as we trotted past at a pace that defied pursuit. These men also hallooed to us, in
25 Dutch, and again Herman Mordaunt galloped up alongside, to speak to us.

"Did you understand these men?" he called out, for this time Guert did not see fit to stop the horses; "they, too, had something to tell us."

"These people always have something to tell an Albany sleigh, Mr. Mordaunt," answered Guert, "though it is not often that which it would do any good to hear."

"But Mrs. Bogart thinks they also had something to say about 'Albany,' and the 'river.'"

35 "I understand Dutch as well as the excellent Mrs. Bogart,"

said Guert, a little dryly, "and I heard nothing; while I fancy I understand the river better. This ice would bear a dozen loads of hay in a close line."

This again satisfied Herman Mordaunt and the ladies, but it did not satisfy me. There was no pause, however; on we trotted; and another mile passed before any new occurrence attracted attention.

The laugh was again heard among us, for Mary Wallace consented to sing an air that was rendered somewhat ludicrous by the accompaniment of the bells. This song, or verse or two, for the singer got no further on account of the interruption, had drawn Guert's and my attention behind us, or away from the horses, when a whirling sound was heard, followed immediately by a loud shout. A sleigh passed within ten yards of us, going down, and the whirling sound was caused by its runners, while the shout came from a solitary man, who stood erect, waving his whip and calling to us in a loud voice as long as he could be heard. This was but for a moment, however, as his horses were on the run; and the last we could see of the man, through the misty moonlight, he had turned his whip on his team, to urge it ahead still faster. In an instant Herman Mordaunt was at our side for the third time that night, and he called out to us somewhat authoritatively to stop.

"What can this mean, Guert?" he asked. "Three times we have had warnings about 'Albany' and the 'river.' I heard this man myself utter those two words, and cannot be mistaken."

"I daresay, sir, that you may have heard something of the sort," answered the still incredulous Guert; "for these chaps have generally some impertinence to utter when they pass a team that is better than their own. These blacks of mine, Herman, awaken a good deal of envy whenever I go out with them; and a Dutchman will forgive you any other superiority, sooner than he will overlook your having the best team."

Guert's allusion to his horses occasioned a general laugh; and laughter is little favorable to cool reflection. We all

looked out on the solemn and silent night, cast our eyes along the wide and long reach of the river, in which we happened to be, and saw nothing but the calm of nature, rendered imposing by solitude and the stillness of the hour. Guert smilingly renewed his assurances that all was right, and moved on. Away we went! Guert evidently pressed his horses, as if desirous of being placed beyond this anxiety as soon as possible. The blacks flew, rather than trotted; and we were all beginning to submit to the exhilaration of so rapid and easy a motion, when a sound, which resembled that which one might suppose the simultaneous explosion of a thousand rifles would produce, was heard, and caused both drivers to pull up; the sleighs stopping quite near each other, and at the same instant! A slight exclamation escaped old Mrs. Bogart; but Anneke and Mary remained still as death.

"What means that sound, Guert?" inquired Herman Mordaunt; the concern he felt being betrayed by the very tone of his voice. "Something seems wrong!"

"Something *is* wrong," answered Guert, coolly, but very decidedly; "and it is something that must be seen to."

As this was said, Guert stepped out on the ice, which he struck a hard blow with the heel of his boot, as if to make certain of its solidity. A second report was heard, and it evidently came from *behind* us. Guert gazed intently down the river; then he laid his head close to the surface of the ice, and looked again. At the same time three or four more of these startling reports followed each other in quick succession. Guert instantly rose to his feet.

"I understand it now," he said, "and find I have been rather too confident. The ice, however, is safe and strong, and we have nothing to fear from its weakness. Perhaps it would be better to quit the river notwithstanding, though I am far from certain the better course will not be to push on."

"Let us know the danger at once, Mr. Ten Eyck," said Herman Mordaunt, "that we may decide for the best."

“Why, sir, I am afraid that the rains and the thaw together have thrown so much water into the river all at once, as it might be, as to have raised the ice and broken it loose in spots from the shores. When this happens *above*, before the ice has dis-
5 appeared below, it sometimes causes dams to form, which heap up such a weight as to break the whole plain of ice far below it, and thus throw cakes over cakes until walls twenty or thirty feet high are formed. This has not happened *yet*, therefore there is no immediate danger; but, by bending your heads low, you
10 can see that such a *break* has just taken place about half a mile below us.”

We did as Guert directed, and saw that a mound had arisen across the river nearer than the distance named by our companion, completely cutting off retreat by the way we had come.
15 The bank on the west side of the Hudson was high at the point where we were, and looking intently at it, I saw by the manner in which the trees disappeared, the more distant behind those that were nearer, that we were actually in motion! An involuntary exclamation caused the whole party to comprehend this
20 startling fact at the same instant. We were certainly in motion, though very slowly, on the ice of that swollen river, in the quiet and solitude of a night in which the moon rather aided in making danger apparent than in assisting us to avoid it! What was to be done? It was necessary to decide, and that promptly and
25 intelligently.

We waited for Herman Mordaunt to advise us, but he referred the matter at once to Guert's greater experience.

“We cannot land here,” answered the young man, “so long as the ice is in motion, and I think it better to push on. Every
30 foot will bring us so much nearer to Albany, and we shall get among the islands a mile or two higher, where the chances of landing will be greatly increased. Besides, I have often crossed the river on a cake, for they frequently stop, and I have known even loaded sleighs profit by them to get over the river. As
35 yet there is nothing very alarming—let us push on and get nearer to the islands.”

Away we went! Guert's aim was the islands, which carried him nearer home, while it offered a place of retreat, in the event of the danger becoming more serious. The fierce rapidity with which we now moved prevented all conversation, or even much reflection. The reports of the rending ice, however, became more and more frequent, first coming from above, and then from below. Such was the state of things, as Guert's blacks began sensibly to relax in their speed, for want of wind. They still galloped on, but it was no longer with the swiftness of the wind; and their master became sensible of the folly of hoping to reach the town ere the catastrophe should arrive. He reined in his panting horses, therefore, and was just falling into a trot, as a violent report was heard directly in our front. At the next instant the ice rose, positively beneath our horses' hoofs, to the height of several feet, taking the form of the roof of a house. It was too late to retreat, and Guert shouted out "Jack"—"Moses," applied the whip, and the spirited animals actually went over the mound, leaping a crack three feet in width, and reaching the level ice beyond. All this was done, as it might be, in the twinkling of an eye. While the sleigh flew over the ridge, it was with difficulty I held the girls in their seats; though Guert stood nobly erect, like the pine that is too firmly rooted to yield to the tempest. No sooner was the danger passed, however, than he pulled up, and came to a dead halt.

We heard the bells of Herman Mordaunt's sleigh on the other side of the barrier, but could see nothing. The broken cakes, pressed upon by millions of tons' weight above, had risen fully ten feet, into an inclination that was nearly perpendicular; rendering crossing it next to impossible, even to one afoot. Then came Herman Mordaunt's voice.

"Shore!—shore!—" he shouted, or rather, yelled—"In the name of a righteous Providence, to the shore, Guert!"

Cut off, as we were, by an impassable barrier of ice, from the route taken by Herman Mordaunt, it was necessary to come to some resolution on our course. We had the choice of en-

deavoring to pass to the western shore, on the upper side of the barrier, or of proceeding toward the nearest of several low islands which lay in the opposite direction. Guert determined on the latter, walking his horses to the point of land, there being no
5 apparent necessity for haste, while the animals greatly needed breath.

As soon as the sleigh came near the point of the island, Guert gave me the reins, and went ahead to examine whether it were possible to land. He was absent fifteen minutes; return-
10 ing to us only after he had made a thorough search into the condition of the island, as well as of that of the ice in its eastern channel. These were fifteen fearful minutes; the rending of the masses above, and the grinding of cake on cake, sounding like the roar of the ocean in a tempest. Notwithstanding all the
15 awful accessories of this dreadful night, I could not but admire Guert's coolness of manner, and his admirable conduct. He was more than resolute; for he was cool and collected, and retained the use of all his faculties in perfection. As plausible as it might seem, to one less observant and clear-headed, to attempt escap-
20 ing to the western shore, Guert had decided right in moving toward the island. The grinding of the ice, in another quarter, had apprised him that the water was forcing its way through, near the mainland; and that escape would be nearly hopeless on that side of the river.

25 Guert took the direction of everything. Even while we had been talking, the ice had moved materially; and we found ourselves fifty feet further from the island than we had been. By causing the horses to advance, this distance was soon recovered; but it was found impossible to lead or drive them over the broken
30 cakes of ice with which the shore of the island began to be lined. After one or two spirited and determined efforts, Guert gave the matter up, and asked me to help the ladies from the sleigh. I cannot express the feeling of security I felt, when I had helped each over the broken and grinding border of white ice that
35 separated us from the shore.

When I returned to Guert, I found him already drifted down some little distance. To my surprise he was busy in stripping the harness from the horses. I asked the meaning of this.

“It would be cruel not to let the poor beasts make use of the strength and sagacity nature has given them to save their lives,” answered Guert.

Nothing could have served more effectively to convince me of the manner in which Guert regarded our situation, than to see him turn loose beasts which I knew he so highly prized.

“What is next to be done, Guert?” I asked.

“We must now run the sleigh on the island; after which it will be time to look about us, and to examine if it be possible to get the ladies on the mainland.”

“Accordingly, Guert and I applied ourselves to the task, and had no great difficulty in dragging the sleigh over the cakes, grinding and in motion as they were. We pulled it as far as the tree beneath which Mary and Anneke stood; when the ladies got into it and took their seats, enveloped in the skins. The night was not cold for the season, and our companions were thickly clad, having tippetts and muffs; still the wolves’ skins of Guert contributed to render them more comfortable.

No sooner did Guert Ten Eyck believe the ladies to be temporarily safe, than he proposed to me that we should take a closer look at the state of the river, in order to ascertain the most feasible means of getting on the mainland.

A very few minutes sufficed to reach the limits of our narrow domain; and as we approached them Guert pointed out to me the mound of ice that was piling up behind the island, as a most fearful symptom.

“*There* is our danger,” he said, with emphasis, “and we must not trust to these trees. This freshet goes beyond any I ever saw on the river; and not a spring passes that we have not more or less of them.”

We were in the very act of moving away, when a loud crack- ing noise, that arose within a few yards, alarmed us both; and

running to the spot whence it proceeded, we saw that a large willow had snapped in two, like a pipe-stem, and that the whole barrier of ice was marching, slowly, but grandly, over the stump, crushing the fallen trunk and branches beneath its weight, as the slow-moving wheel of the loaded cart crushes the twig. Guert grasped my arm, and his fingers nearly entered the flesh, under his iron pressure.

"We must quit this spot—" he said firmly, "and at once. Let us go back to the sleigh."

I did not know Guert's intentions, but I saw it was time to act with decision. We moved swiftly down to the spot where we had left the sleigh; and the reader will judge of our horror when we found it gone! The whole of the low point of the island where we had left it was already covered with cakes of ice that were in motion, and which had doubtless swept off the sleigh during the few minutes that we had been absent! Looking around us, however, we saw an object on the river, a little distance below, that I fancied was the sleigh, and was about to rush after it, when a voice, filled with alarm, took us in another direction. Mary Wallace came out from behind a tree, to which she had fled for safety, and seizing Guert's arm, implored him not to quit her again.

"Whither has Anneke gone?" I demanded, in an agony I cannot describe—"I see nothing of Anneke!"

"She would not quit the sleigh," answered Mary Wallace, almost panting for breath—"I implored—entreated her to follow me—said you *must* soon return; but she refused to quit the sleigh. Anneke is in the sleigh, if that can now be found."

I heard no more; but springing on the still moving cakes of ice, went leaping from cake to cake, until my sight showed me that, sure enough, the sleigh was on the bed of the river, over which it was in slow motion; forced downward before the new coating of ice that was fast covering the original surface. At first I could see no one in the sleigh; but, on reaching it, I found Anneke buried in the skins. The moment I could make her

conscious of my presence, she inquired after Mary Wallace, and was much relieved on learning that she was with Guert, and would not be left by him, for a single instant, again that night. Indeed, I saw their figures dimly, as they moved swiftly across
5 the channel that divided the two islands, and disappeared in that direction, among the bushes that lined the place to which they had gone.

I scarcely know how to describe what followed. I know we first rather ran than walked, across the channel on which I had
10 last seen the dim forms of Guert and Mary, and even crossed the island to its eastern side, in the hope of being able to reach the shore in that quarter. The attempt was useless, for we found the water running down over the ice like a race-way. Nothing could be seen of our late companions; and my loud and repeated
15 calls to them were unanswered.

The grating or grinding of the ice above us, cake upon cake, now sounded like the rushing of heavy winds, or the incessant roaring of a surf upon the seashore. The piles were becoming visible, by their height and their proximity, as the ragged barriers set slowly but steadily down upon us; and the whole river
20 seemed to me to be in motion downward.

While attempting to reach the western shore, I had observed a high mound of broken ice that was floating down; or rather, was pressed down on the smooth surface of the frozen river, in
25 advance of the smaller cakes that came by in the current. It was increasing in size by accessions from these floating cakes, and threatened to form a new dam at some narrow pass below, as soon as of sufficient size. It occurred to me we should be temporarily safe could we reach that mound, for it rose so high
30 as to be above danger from the water. Thither, then, I ran, almost carrying Anneke on my arm; our speed increased by the terrific sounds from the dam above us.

We reached the mound, and found the cakes so piled as to be able to ascend them; though not without an effort. After
35 getting up a layer or two, the broken mass became so irregular

and ragged as to render it necessary for me to mount first, and then to drag Anneke up after me. This I did, until exhausted; and we both seated ourselves on the edge of a cake, in order to recover our breath.

5 There could no longer be any doubt of the state of the river in general. It had broken up; spring had come like a thief in the night; and the ice below having given way, while the mass above had acquired too much power to be resisted, everything was set in motion.

10 Luckily our own pile was a little aside from the great downward rush. I have since thought that it touched the bottom, which caused it to turn, as well as retarded its movement. Be this as it might, we still remained in a little bay slowly turning in a circle; and glad was I to see our low cake coming around
15 again, in sight of the western shore. The moment now demanded decision; and I prepared Anneke to meet it. A large, low, level cake had driven up on the shore, and extended out so far as to promise that our own cake would touch it in its evolutions. Several times did it appear to us that our island was on the
20 point of touching the fastened cake, and as often did it incline aside, at no time coming nearer than within six or eight feet. This distance it would have been easy enough for *me* to leap across, but to Anneke it was a barrier as impassable as the illimitable void. I tremble, even at this distance of time, as I
25 write the particulars. A small cake of ice was floating in between us and that which lay firmly fastened to the shore. Its size was such as to allow it to pass between the two, though not without coming nearly, if not absolutely, in contact with one, if not with both. I observed all this; and saying one word
30 of encouragement to Anneke, I passed an arm around her waist—waited the proper moment—and sprang forward. It was necessary to make a short leap, in order to gain this floating bridge; but it was done, and successfully. Scarcely permitting Anneke's foot to touch this frail support, which was already sinking under
35 our joint weight, I crossed it at two or three steps, and threw

all my power into a last and desperate effort. I succeeded here also, and fell upon the firmer cake with a heart filled with gratitude to God. The touch told me that we were safe, and in the next instant we reached the solid ground.

5 Under such circumstances one usually looks back to examine the danger he has just gone through. I did so, and saw that the floating cake of ice had already passed down, and was out of reach; while the mass that had been the means of saving us was slowly following, under some new impulse received from the
0 furious currents of the river. But we were saved; and most devoutly did I thank my God, who had mercifully aided our escape from perils so imminent.

I was compelled to wait for Anneke, who fell upon her knees and remained there quite a minute before I could aid her in
5 ascending the steep acclivity which formed the western bank of the Hudson at this particular point. We reached the top, however, after a little delay, pausing once or twice to take breath; when we first became really sensible of the true character of the scene from which we had been delivered. Dim as was the light,
0 there was enough to enable us to overlook a considerable reach of the river, from that elevated stand. The Hudson resembled chaos rushing headlong between the banks. As for the cakes of ice—some darting past singly, and others piled as high as houses—of course the stream was filled with such; but a large, dark
5 object was seen coming through that very channel over which Anneke and I had stood less than an hour before, sailing down the current with fearful rapidity. It was a house; of no great size, it is true, but large enough to present a singular object on the river. A bridge of some size followed; and a sloop that had
10 been borne away from the wharves of Albany soon appeared in the strange assemblage that was thus suddenly collected on this great artery of the colony.

But the hour was late; Anneke was yet to care for; it was necessary to seek a shelter. Still supporting my lovely com-
15 panion, who now began to express her uneasiness on account of

her father and her other friends, I held the way inland, knowing that there was a highroad parallel to the river, and at no great distance from it. We reached the highway in the course of ten minutes, and turned our faces northward, as the direction which led toward Albany. We had not advanced far before I heard the voices of men, who were coming toward us; and glad was I to recognize that of Dirck Follock among the number. I called aloud, and was answered by a shout of exultation, which, as I afterwards discovered, spontaneously broke out of his mouth when he recognized the form of Anneke. Dirck was powerfully agitated when we joined him; and it was some time before I could address him.

"Of course your whole party is safe?" I asked, a little doubtingly; for I had actually given up all who had been in Herman Mordaunt's sleigh for lost.

"Yes, thank God! all but the sleigh and horses. But where are Guert Ten Eyck and Miss Wallace?"

"Gone ashore on the other side of the river; we parted, and they took that direction, while we came hither." I said this to quiet Anneke's fears; but I had misgivings about their having got off the river at all. "But let me know the manner of your own escape."

Dirck then gave us a history of what had passed. The substance of what we heard was as follows: in the first effort to reach the western shore, Herman Mordaunt had been met by the very obstacle which Guert had forseen, and he turned south, hoping to find some spot at which to land, by going farther from the dam that had formed above. After repeated efforts, and having nearly lost his sleigh and the whole party, a point was reached at which Herman Mordaunt determined to get Mrs. Bogart on shore, at every hazard. This was to be done only by crossing floating cakes of ice, in a current that was already running at the rate of four or five miles in the hour. Dirck was left in charge of the horses while the experiment was made; but seeing the adventurers in great danger, he flew to their assistance—when the whole

party were immersed, though not in deep water. Left to themselves, and alarmed with the floundering in the river and the grinding of the cakes, Herman Mordaunt's bays were off in the confusion. Mrs. Bogart was assisted to the land, and was helped
5 to reach the nearest dwelling—a comfortable house, about a quarter of a mile beyond the point where we had met the party. There Mrs. Bogart had been placed in a warm bed, and the gentlemen were supplied with such dry clothes as the rustic wardrobe of these simple people could furnish.

10 On inquiry I found that the spot where Anneke and myself had landed was quite three miles below the island on which Guert and I had drawn the sleigh. Nearly the whole of this distance had we floated with the pile of ice, in the short time we were on it; a proof of the furious rate at which the current was setting
15 downward. No one had heard anything of Guert and Mary; but I encouraged my companion to believe that they were necessarily safe on the other shore. I certainly deemed this to be very questionable, but there was no use in anticipating evil.

20 When we reached the farmhouse, Herman Mordaunt's delight and gratitude may more easily be imagined than described. He folded Anneke to his heart, nor was I forgotten, but came in for a full share of notice.

It is unnecessary to dwell more particularly on the occurrences at the farmhouse. The worthy people did what they
25 could to make us comfortable, and we were all warm in bed in the course of the next half hour.

On the following morning a wagon was harnessed, and we left these simple countrymen and women—who refused everything
30 like compensation, as a matter of course—and proceeded homeward. I have heard it said that we Americans are mercenary; it may be so, but not a man, probably, exists in the colonies, who would accept money for such assistance. We were two hours in reaching Albany, on wheels; and entered the place about ten, in a very different style from that in which we had quitted it the
35 day before. As we drove along, the highway frequently led us

to points that commanded views of the river, and we had so many opportunities of noting the effects of the freshet. Of ice, very little remained. Here and there a cake or a pile was seen still adhering to the shore, and occasionally fragments floated
5 downward; but, as a rule, the torrent had swept all before it. I particularly took notice of the island on which we had sought refuge. It was entirely under water, but its outlines were to be traced by the bushes which lined its low banks. Most of the trees on its upper end were cut down, and all that grew on it
10 would unquestionably have gone had not the dam given way as early as it did.

As we drove into the street in which Herman Mordaunt lived, we heard a shout, and turning our heads, we saw Guert Ten Eyck waving his cap to us, with joy delineated in every feature of his
15 handsome face. At the next moment he was at our side.

"Mr. Herman Mordaunt," he cried, shaking that gentleman most cordially by the hand, "I look upon you as one raised from the dead; you and my excellent neighbor, Mrs. Bogart, and Mr. Follock, here! How you got off the river is a mystery to me, for
20 I well know that the water commonly breaks through first under the west shore. Corny and Miss Anneke—God bless you both! Mary Wallace is in terror lest ill news come from some of you; I will run ahead and let her know the glad tidings. It is but five minutes since I left her, starting at every sound, lest it prove the
25 foot of some ill-omened messenger."

Guert had less to communicate, in the way of dangers and marvels, than I had anticipated. It seemed, that when he and Miss Wallace reached the inner margin of the last island, a large cake of ice had entered the strait, and got jammed; or rather,
30 that it went through, forced by the tremendous pressure above; though not without losing large masses, as it came in contact with the shores, and grinding much of its material into powder by the attrition. Guert's presence of mind and decision did him excellent service here. Without delaying an instant, the moment
35 it was in his power he led Mary on that cake, and crossed the

narrow branch of the river, which alone separated him from the mainland, on it, dry-shod. The water was beginning to find its way over this cake, as it usually did on all those that lay low, and which even stopped in their progress; but this did not offer any certain obstacles to persons who were so prompt.

Such was the termination of this adventure; one that I have rightly termed memorable. In the end, Guert's horses, Jack and Moses, came in safe and sound; having probably swum ashore. They were found in the public road, only a short distance from the town, and were brought in to their master the same day.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851) is best known to boys and girls as the creator of the famous American scout and backwoodsman Leatherstocking, his Indian friend and companion Chingachgook the Big Serpent, and Long Tom Coffin the Nantucket whaler. Cooper was born in Burlington, New Jersey, but when he was a year old his father, Judge Cooper, moved to a large estate on Otsego Lake in central New York, where he had already fixed the site of Cooperstown. Here Judge Cooper built Otsego Hall, so accurately pictured in *The Pioneers*, and here, in the beautiful Otsego Lake region which he afterward made famous in his fine story *The Deerslayer*, Cooper spent his boyhood. His early education was received, as was common in those days, in the home of a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Ellison, rector of St. Peter's Church, Albany, and at the age of thirteen he entered Yale. In his junior year, however, he was expelled for a dangerous prank (putting gunpowder in the keyhole of a fellow student), and in 1806 he went to sea in a merchantman and served in the navy, stationed in London and at Gibraltar, receiving a midshipman's commission in January. (This was the regular way of entering the United States Navy in the days before Annapolis.)

Cooper served for a time on the *Vesuvius* and then was sent to Oswego, on Lake Ontario, as one of a party to build a sixteen-gun brig. Here he saw a new aspect of frontier life, and his familiarity with the Ontario region is shown in his book *The Pathfinder*.

In 1811, after serving over three years in the United States Navy, he resigned and married a daughter of Bishop De Lancey. For the next nine years he was engaged mainly in managing and improving his farm possessions, first near Cooperstown and then in Westchester. During all these years Cooper had no idea of writing. Indeed, his wife said that he disliked

to write even a letter. The story of how he finally began his long career as a novelist is a familiar one. He remarked one day, as he finished reading a novel of English life, that he believed he could write as good a book himself. His wife in fun challenged him to do it, and *Precaution* was the result. This was soon followed by *The Spy*, which deals with American scenes and history. This book made Cooper famous.

In 1823 appeared *The Pioneers*, the first of the Leatherstocking Tales, which showed Cooper's mastery of the pioneer life in the American forest and on the frontier. In the following year *The Pilot*, written to excel Scott's *Pirate* in accuracy of seamanship, revealed Cooper as the first great writer of sea adventure. Not only did he write with remarkable narrative ability and descriptive power, but, because he had himself lived the life of a sailor, he displayed sound technical knowledge. Thus the two books *The Pioneers* and *The Pilot* illustrate Robert Louis Stevenson's characterization of him as "Cooper of the wood and wave." If one wishes to follow this author through the forest, he will read the Leatherstocking Tales; if adventure of the sea has a greater appeal for the reader, he will find delight in *The Red Rover*, *The Water-Witch*, *Jack Tier*, or *The Sea Lions*.

As one might expect from reading his romantic tales of forest and sea, Cooper was a strong, active man with a warm and rich personality. As a youth in Cooperstown he was once challenged to a footrace. Unwilling to run unhandicapped, he picked up a little girl who was standing near, and carrying her on his shoulder as he ran, won the race with flying colors. He was always very decided and outspoken and never went out of his way to avoid a quarrel, but he had many friends, and these friends were among the best men of the time, for example, the editor and poet Bryant and the inventor Samuel F. B. Morse.

Satanstoe, from which "A Winter Ride on the Hudson" is taken, is not so well known as the famous *Leatherstocking Tales*, but it contains quite as interesting incidents of Indian adventure, as well as pictures of colonial life, of which this selection is an example.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. How did the party know that the ice was sufficiently strong to hold them? 2. Account for the fact that the guests stayed after dark. 3. Why did the party who were driving home on the river disregard all the warnings that the passers-by gave them? 4. What finally caused Guert to investigate? 5. Account for the fact that the entire party awaited the decision of Guert. 6. What was Guert's decision? 7. Why did they not land immediately? 8. Tell how the driver saved the party when the ice rose beneath their horse's hoofs. 9. Why did Guert not drive his horses on to the island rather than turn them loose on the ice? 10. What danger threatened the party after they

reached the island? 11. How did they become separated? 12. What was the result of the adventure for the entire group? 13. What became of Guert's fine pair of "blacks"?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Why did the hostess think there was little danger of the party's losing its way? 2. Quote lines which prove the hospitality of the hostess. 3. Explain clearly what caused the dangerous position in which the party found themselves. 4. Can you suggest a plan by which they might have escaped? If so, defend it before the class. 5. To what is Guert in the face of danger compared? What does this comparison mean to you? 6. Why was Guert's decision to land on the island a wise one? 7. Tell how Anneke and her companion were saved. 8. What do you learn from this story about transportation in the colonies? 9. The author calls the Hudson River a "great artery of the colonies"; explain this figure, and tell why it is a good one. 10. In what other Part of the book might this story have been placed? Why? 11. What do you learn from this story about hospitality in the colonies? 12. Point out all the lines in which the author makes you feel that some disaster is going to happen. 13. How does Cooper keep your interest to the end? 14. Select a fine descriptive passage to read to the class.

Library Reading. "The Escape from the Buffalo Herd," Chapter XIX, and "The Prairie Fire," Chapter XXIII, Cooper (in *The Prairie*); "Shooting the Rapids at Oswego Falls," Chapter III, and "In the Blockhouse," Chapters XX-XXV, Cooper (in *The Pathfinder*); "The Christmas Turkey Shoot," Chapter XVII, "Night Fishing on Otsego Lake," Chapter XXIII, "The Killing of the Panther," Chapter XXVIII, and "The Forest Fire," Chapters XXXVI, XXXVII, Cooper (in *The Pioneers*); "An Adventure with Sharks," Cooper (in *Jack Tier*, Chapter IX); "An Escape from Indians," Cooper (in *The Deerslayer*, Chapter IX); "The Sentinel," Chapter X, and "The Journey," Chapter XIV, Scott (in *Quentin Durward*); "The Noble Hound Roswal Detects a Traitor," Scott (in *The Talisman*, Chapter XXIV); "John Ridd Rescues Lorna," Blackmore (in *Lorna Doone*, Chapter XLIII).

THE REMARKABLE WRECK OF THE THOMAS HYKE*

FRANK R. STOCKTON

Reading Aims—Find: (a) what the cause of the wreck was; (b) in what way the wreck was remarkable; (c) how the three passengers were rescued.

It was just two years ago, the first of this month, that I sailed for South America in the *Thomas Hyke*. The *Thomas Hyke* was a small iron steamer of six hundred tons, and she sailed from Ulford for Valparaiso with a cargo principally of
5 pig iron. She was a new vessel, and built with water-tight compartments; rather uncommon for a vessel of her class, but so she was. I am not a sailor, and don't know anything about ships. I went as passenger, and there was another one named
10 William Anderson, and his son Sam, a boy about fifteen years old. We were all going to Valparaiso on business. I don't remember just how many days we were out, nor do I know just where we were, but it was somewhere off the coast of South America, when, one dark night, with a fog besides, for aught I know, for I was asleep, we ran into a steamer coming north.
15 How we managed to do this, with room enough on both sides for all the ships in the world to pass, I don't know; but so it was. When I got on deck, the other vessel had gone on, and we never saw anything more of her. Whether she sank or got home is something I can't tell. But we pretty soon found that
20 the *Thomas Hyke* had some of the plates in her bow badly smashed, and she took in water like a thirsty dog. The captain had the forward water-tight bulkhead shut tight, and the pumps set to work, but it was no use. That forward compartment just filled up with water, and the *Thomas Hyke* settled down with
25 her bow clean under. Her deck was slanting forward like the

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side of a hill, and the propeller was lifted up so that it wouldn't have worked even if the engine had been kept going.

The captain had the masts cut away, thinking this might bring her up some, but it didn't help much. There was a pretty heavy sea on, and the waves came rolling up the slant of the deck like the surf on the seashore. The captain gave orders to have all the hatches battened down, so that water couldn't get in, and the only way by which anybody could go below was by the cabin door, which was far aft. The work of stopping up all the openings in the deck was a dangerous business, for the decks sloped right down into the water, and if anybody had slipped, away he'd have gone into the ocean, with nothing to stop him; but the men made a line fast to themselves, and worked away with a good will, and soon got the deck and the house over the engine as tight as a bottle. The smokestack, which was well forward, had been broken down by a spar when the masts had been cut, and as the waves washed into the hole that it left, the captain had this plugged up with old sails, well fastened down.

It was a dreadful thing to see the ship lying with her bows clean under water, and her stern sticking up. If it hadn't been for her water-tight compartments that were left uninjured, she would have gone down to the bottom as slick as a whistle.

On the afternoon of the day after the collision the wind fell, and the sea soon became pretty smooth. The captain was quite sure that there would be no trouble about keeping afloat until some ship came along and took us off. Our flag was flying, upside down, from a pole in the stern; and if anybody saw a ship making such a guy of herself as the *Thomas Hyke* was then doing, they'd be sure to come to see what was the matter with her, even if she had no flag of distress flying.

We tried to make ourselves as comfortable as we could, but this wasn't easy with everything on such a dreadful slant. But that night we heard a rumbling and grinding noise down in the hold, and the slant seemed to get worse. Pretty soon the captain roused all hands, and told us that the cargo of pig iron was

shifting and sliding down to the bow, and that it wouldn't be long before it would break through all the bulkheads, and then we'd fill and go to the bottom like a shot. He said we must all take to the boats, and get away as quick as we could. It was an easy matter launching the boats. They didn't lower them outside from the davits, but they just let 'em down on deck and slid 'em along forward into the water, and then held 'em there with a rope till everything was ready to start. They launched three boats, put plenty of provisions and water in 'em, and then everybody began to get aboard. But William Anderson and his son Sam and I couldn't make up our minds to get into those boats and row out on the dark, wide ocean. They were the biggest boats we had, but still they were little things enough. The ship seemed to us to be a good deal safer, and more likely to be seen when day broke, than those three boats, which might be blown off if the wind rose, nobody knew where. It seemed to us that the cargo had done all the shifting it intended to, for the noise below had stopped; and, altogether, we agreed that we'd rather stick to the ship than go off in those boats.

The captain tried to make us go, but we wouldn't do it; and he told us if we chose to stay behind and be drowned it was our affair, and he couldn't help it; and then he said there was a small boat aft, and we'd better launch her, and have her ready in case things should get worse, and we should make up our minds to leave the vessel. He and the rest then rowed off, so as not to be caught in the vortex if the steamer went down, and we three stayed aboard.

We launched the small boat in the way we'd seen the others launched, being careful to have ropes tied to us while we were doing it; and we put things aboard that we thought we should want. Then we went into the cabin, and waited for morning. It was a queer kind of cabin, with a floor inclined like the roof of a house, but we sat down in the corners, and were glad to be there. The swinging lamp was burning, and it was a good deal more cheerful in there than it was outside. But, about day-

break, the grinding and rumbling down below began again, and the bow of the *Thomas Hyke* kept going down more and more; and it wasn't long before the forward bulkhead of the cabin, which was what you might call its front wall when everything was all right, was under our feet, as level as a floor, and the lamp was lying close against the ceiling it was hanging from.

You may be sure that we thought it was time to get out of that. There were benches with arms to them fastened to the floor, and by these we climbed up to the foot of the cabin stairs, which, being turned bottom upward, we went down in order to get out. When we reached the cabin door we saw part of the deck below us, standing up like the side of a house that is built in the water, as they say the houses in Venice are. We had made our boat fast to the cabin door by a long line, and now we saw her floating quietly on the water, which was very smooth, and about twenty feet below us. We drew her up as close under us as we could, and then we let the boy Sam down by a rope, and after some kicking he got into her; and then he took the oars, and kept her right under us while we scrambled down by the ropes which we had used in getting her ready.

As soon as we were in the boat we cut her rope and pulled away as hard as we could; and when we got to what we thought was a safe distance we stopped to look at the *Thomas Hyke*. You never saw such a ship in all your born days. Two-thirds of the hull was sunk in the water, and she was standing straight up and down with the stern in the air, her rudder up as high as the topsail ought to be, and the screw propeller looking like the wheel on the top of one of these windmills that they have in the country for pumping up water. Her cargo had shifted so far forward that it had turned her right up on end, but she couldn't sink, owing to the air in the compartments that the water hadn't got into; and on the top of the whole thing was the distress flag flying from the pole which stuck out over the stern. It was broad daylight, but not a thing did we see of the other boats. We'd supposed that they wouldn't row very far, but would lie

off at a safe distance until daylight; but they must have been scared and rowed farther than they intended.

We stayed in that boat all day, and watched the *Thomas Hyke*; but she just kept as she was, and didn't seem to sink an
5 inch. There was no use of rowing away, for we had no place to row to; and besides, we thought that passing ships would be much more likely to see that stern sticking high in the air than our little boat. We had enough to eat, and at night two of us
10 slept while the other watched, dividing off the time, and taking turns to this. In the morning there was the *Thomas Hyke* standing stern up just as before. There was a long swell on the ocean now, and she'd rise and lean over a little on each wave, but she'd come up again just as straight as before. That
15 night passed as the last one had, and in the morning we found we'd drifted a good deal farther from the *Thomas Hyke*, but she was floating just as she had been, like a big buoy that's moored over a sand bar. We couldn't see a sign of the boats, and we about gave them up.

We had our breakfast, which was a pretty poor meal, being
20 nothing but hard-tack and what was left of a piece of boiled beef. After we'd sat for a while doing nothing, but feeling mighty uncomfortable, William Anderson said:

"Look here, do you know that I think we would be three
25 fools to keep on shivering all night and living on hard-tack in the daytime, when there's plenty on that vessel for us to eat, and to keep us warm. If she's floated that way for two days and two nights, there's no knowing how much longer she'll float, and we might as well go on board and get the things we want."

"All right," said I, for I was tired doing nothing, and Sam
30 was as willing as anybody. So we rowed up to the steamer, and stopped close to the deck, which, as I said before, was standing straight up out of the water like the wall of a house. The cabin door, which was the only opening into her, was about twenty feet above us, and the ropes which we had tied to the rails of the
35 stairs inside were still hanging down. Sam was an active young-

ster, and he managed to climb up one of these ropes; but when he got to the door he drew it up and tied knots in it about a foot apart, and then he let it down to us, for neither William Anderson nor I could go up a rope hand over hand without knots or something to hold on to. As it was, we had a lot of bother getting up, but we did it at last, and then we walked up the stairs, treading on the front part of each step instead of the top of it, as we would have done if the stairs had been in their proper position.

When we got to the floor of the cabin, which was now perpendicular like a wall, we had to clamber down by means of the furniture, which was screwed fast, until we reached the bulkhead, which was now the floor of the cabin. Close to this bulkhead was a small room which was the steward's pantry, and here we found lots of things to eat, but all jumbled up in a way that made us laugh. The boxes of biscuits and the tin cans, and a lot of bottles in wicker covers, were piled up on one end of the room, and everything in the lockers and drawers was jumbled together.

William Anderson and I set to work to get out what we thought we'd want, and we told Sam to climb up into some of the staterooms, of which there were four on each side of the cabin, and get some blankets to keep us warm, as well as a few sheets, which we thought we could rig up for an awning to the boat; for the days were just as hot as the nights were cool. When we'd collected what we wanted, William Anderson and I climbed into our own rooms, thinking we'd each pack a valise with what we most wanted to save of our clothes and things; and while we were doing this, Sam called out to us that it was raining. He was sitting at the cabin door looking out. I first thought to tell him to shut the door so as to keep the rain from coming in; but when I thought how things really were, I laughed at the idea. There was a sort of little house built over the entrance to the cabin, and in one end of it was the door; and in the way the ship now was the open doorway was underneath

the little house, and of course no rain could come in. Pretty soon we heard the rain pouring down, beating on the stern of the vessel like hail. We got to the stairs and looked out. The rain was falling in perfect sheets, in a way you never see except
5 round about the tropics.

"It's a good thing we're inside," said William Anderson, "for if we'd been out in this rain we'd been drowned in the boat."

I agreed with him, and we made up our minds to stay where we were until the rain was over. Well, it rained about four
10 hours; and when it stopped, and we looked out, we saw our little boat nearly full of water, and sunk so deep that if one of us had stepped on her she'd have gone down, sure.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish," said William Anderson; "there's nothing for us to do now but to stay where we are."

I believe in his heart he was glad of that, for if ever a man was tired of a little boat, William Anderson was tired of that one we'd been in for two days and two nights. At any rate there was no use talking about it, and we set to work to make ourselves comfortable. We got some mattresses and pillows out of
20 the staterooms, and when it began to get dark we lighted the lamp, which we had filled with sweet oil from a flask in the pantry, not finding any other kind, and we hung it from the railing of the stairs.

We had a good night's rest, and the only thing that disturbed
25 me was William Anderson's lifting up his head every time he turned over, and saying how much better this was than that little boat.

The next morning we had a good breakfast, even making some tea with a spirit lamp we found, using brandy instead of
30 alcohol. William Anderson and I wanted to get into the captain's room, which was near the stern, and pretty high up, so as to see if there was anything there that we ought to get ready to save when a vessel should come along and pick us up; but we were not good at climbing, like Sam, and we didn't see how
35 we could get up there. Sam said he was sure he had once seen

a ladder in the compartment just forward of the bulkhead, and as William was very anxious to get up to the captain's room, we let the boy go and look for it. There was a sliding door in the bulkhead under our feet, and we opened this far enough to let Sam get through; and he scrambled down like a monkey into the next compartment, which was light enough, although the lower half of it, which was next to the engine-room, was under the water-line. Sam actually found a ladder with hooks at one end of it, and while he was handing it up to us, which was very hard to do, for he had to climb up on all sorts of things, he let it topple over, and the end with the iron hooks fell against the round glass of one of the portholes. The glass was very thick and strong, but the ladder came down very heavy and shivered it. As bad luck would have it, this window was below the water line, and the water came rushing in in a big spout. We chucked blankets down to Sam for him to stop up the hole, but 'twas of no use; for it was hard for him to get at the window, and when he did the water came in with such force that he couldn't get a blanket into the hole. We were afraid he'd be drowned down there, and told him to come out as quick as he could. He put up the ladder again, and hooked it on to the door in the bulkhead, and we held it while he climbed up. Looking down through the doorway, we saw, by the way the water was pouring in at the opening, that it wouldn't be long before that compartment was filled up; so we shoved the door to and made it all tight, and then said William Anderson:

"The ship'll sink deeper and deeper as that fills up, and the water may get up to the cabin door, and we must go and make that as tight as we can." Sam had pulled the ladder up after him, and this we found of great use in getting to the foot of the cabin stairs.

We shut the cabin door, and locked and bolted it; and as it fitted pretty tight, we didn't think it would let in much water if the ship sunk that far. But over the top of the cabin stairs were a couple of folding doors, which shut down horizontally

when the ship was in its proper position, and which were only used in very bad, cold weather. These we pulled to and fastened tight, thus having a double protection against the water.

Well, we didn't get this done any too soon, for the water did
5 come up to the cabin door, and a little trickled in from the outside door, and through the cracks in the inner one. But we went to work and stopped these up with strips from the sheets, which we crammed well in with our pocket knives. Then we sat down on the steps, and waited to see what would happen
10 next.

The doors of all the staterooms were open, and we could see through the thick plate-glass windows in them, which were all shut tight, that the ship was sinking more and more as the water came in. Sam climbed up into one of the after staterooms, and
15 said the outside water was nearly up to the two portholes in the stern, and saw that they were covered with water; and as the light came through less easily, we knew that we were sinking under the surface of the ocean.

"It's a mighty good thing," said William Anderson, "that no
20 water can get in here." William had a hopeful kind of mind, and always looked on the bright side of things; but *I* must say that I was dreadfully scared when I looked through those stern windows and saw water instead of sky. It began to get duskier and duskier as we sank lower and lower, but still we could see
25 pretty well, for it's astonishing how much light comes down through water. After a little while we noticed that the light remained about the same; and then William Anderson sings out:

"Hooray, we've stopped sinking!"

"What difference does that make?" says I. "We must be
30 thirty or forty feet under water, and more yet for aught I know."

"Yes, that may be," said he; "but it is clear that all the water has got into that compartment that can get in, and we have sunk just as far down as we are going."

"But that doesn't help matters," said I; "thirty or forty feet
35 under water is just as bad as a thousand is to drowning a man."

"Drowning!" said William; "how are you going to be drowned? No water can get in here."

"Nor any air, either," said I; "and people are drowned for want of air, as I take it."

"It would be a queer sort of thing," said William, "to be drowned in the ocean and yet stay as dry as a chip. But it's no use being worried about air. We've got air enough here to last us for ever so long. This stern compartment is the biggest in the ship, and it's got lots of air in it. Just think of that hold! It must be nearly full of air. The stern compartment of the hold has got nothing in it but sewing-machines. I saw them loading her. The pig-iron was mostly amidships, or at least forward of this compartment. Now there's no kind of cargo that'll accommodate as much as sewing-machines. They're packed in wooden frames, not boxes, and don't fill up half the room they take. There's air all through and around them. It's a very comforting thing to think the hold isn't filled up solid with bales of cotton or wheat in bulk."

It might be comforting, but I couldn't get much good out of it. And now Sam, who'd been scrambling all over the cabin to see how things were going on, sang out that the water was leaking in a little again at the cabin door, and around some of the iron frames of the windows.

"It's a lucky thing," said William Anderson, "that we didn't sink any deeper, or the pressure of the water would have burst in those heavy glasses. And what we've got to do now is to stop up all the cracks. The more we work, the livelier we'll feel." We tore off more strips of sheets and went all round, stopping up cracks wherever we found them.

"It's fortunate," said William Anderson, "that Sam found that ladder, for we would have had hard work getting to the window of the stern staterooms without it; but by resting it on the bottom step of the stairs, which now happens to be the top one, we can get to any part of the cabin."

I couldn't help thinking that if Sam hadn't found the ladder

it would have been a good deal better for us; but I didn't want to dampen William's spirits, and I said nothing.

We made everything as tight as we could, and then we got our supper, having forgotten all about dinner, and being very hungry. 5 We didn't make any tea, and we didn't light the lamp, for we knew that would use up air; but we made a better meal than three people sunk out of sight in the ocean had a right to expect.

"What troubles me most," said William Anderson, as he turned in, "is the fact that if we are forty feet under water, our flag- 10 pole must be covered up. Now, if the flag was sticking out, upside down, a ship sailing by would see it and would know there was something wrong."

"If that's all that troubles you," said I, "I guess you'll sleep easy. And if a ship was to see the flag, I wonder how they'd 15 know we were down here, and how they'd get us out if they did!"

"Oh, they'd manage it," said William Anderson; "Trust those sea-captains for that." And then he went to sleep.

The next morning the air began to get very disagreeable in the part of the cabin where we were, and then William Anderson 20 says:

"What we've got to do is to climb up into the stern staterooms, where the air is purer. We can come down here to get our meals, and then go up again to breathe comfortably."

"And what are we going to do when the air up there gets 25 foul?" says I to William, who seemed to be making arrangements for spending the summer in our present quarters.

"Oh, that'll be all right," said he. "It doesn't do to be ex- 30 travagant with air any more than with anything else. When we've used up all there is in this cabin, we can bore holes through the floor into the hold and let in air from there. If we're economical, there'll be enough to last for dear knows how long."

We passed the night each in a stateroom, sleeping on the end wall instead of the berth, and it wasn't till the afternoon of the next day that the air of the cabin got so bad we thought we'd 35 have some fresh; so we went down on the bulkhead, and with an

auger that we found in the pantry we bored three holes, about a yard apart, in the cabin floor, which was now one of the walls of the room, just as the bulkhead was the floor, and the stern end, where the two round windows were, was the ceiling, or roof.

5 We each took a hole, and I tell you it was pleasant to breathe the air which came in from the hold.

“Isn’t this jolly?” said William Anderson. “And we ought to be mighty glad that that hold wasn’t loaded with codfish or soap. But there’s nothing that smells better than new sewing-machines
0 that haven’t ever been used, and this air is pleasant enough for anybody.”

By William’s advice we made three plugs, by which we stopped up the holes when we thought we’d had air enough for the present.

5 “And now,” says he, “we needn’t climb up into those awkward staterooms any more. We can just stay down here and be comfortable, and let in air when we want it.”

“And how long do you suppose that air in the hold is going to last?” said I.

0 “Oh, ever so long,” said he, “using it economically as we do; and when it stops coming out lively through these little holes, as I suppose it will after a while, we can saw a big hole in this flooring and go into the hold, and do our breathing, if we want to.”

That evening we did saw a hole about a foot square, so as to have plenty of air while we were asleep, but we didn’t go into the
5 hold, it being pretty well filled up with machines; though the next day Sam and I sometimes stuck our heads in for a good sniff of air. William Anderson was opposed to this, being of the opinion that we ought to put ourselves on short rations of breathing so as to make the supply of air hold out as long as
10 possible.

“But what’s the good,” said I to William, “of trying to make the air hold out if we’ve got to be suffocated in this place after all?”

5 “What’s the good?” says he. “Haven’t you enough biscuits, and canned meats, and plenty of other things to eat, if you want

to cheer yourself up a bit, and a barrel of water in that room opposite the pantry, and haven't we good mattresses to sleep on, and why shouldn't we try to live and be comfortable as long as we can?"

5 "What I want," said I, "is to get out of this box. The idea of being shut up in here down under the water is more than I can stand. I'd rather take my chances going up to the surface and swimming about till I found a piece of the wreck, or something to float on."

10 "You needn't think of anything of that sort," said William, "for if we were to open a door or a window to get out, the water'd rush in and drive us back and fill up this place in no time; and then the whole concern would go to the bottom. And what would you do if you did get to the top of the water? It's not likely
15 you'd find anything there to get on, and if you did you wouldn't live very long floating about with nothing to eat. No, sir," said he, "what we've got to do is to be content with the comforts we have around us, and something will turn up to get us out of this; you see if it doesn't."

20 There was no use talking against William Anderson, and I didn't say any more about getting out. As for Sam, he spent his time at the windows of the staterooms looking out. We could see a good way into the water, further than you would think, and we sometimes saw fishes, especially porpoises, swimming about, most
25 likely trying to find out what a ship was doing, hanging bows down under the water. What troubled Sam was that a swordfish might come along and jab his sword through one of the windows. In that case it would be all up, or rather down, with us. Every now and then he'd sing out, "Here comes one!" And then,
30 just as I'd give a jump, he'd say, "No, it isn't; it's a porpoise." I thought from the first, and I think now, that it would have been a great deal better for us if that boy hadn't been along.

That night there was a good deal of motion to the ship, and she swung about and rose up and down more than she had done
35 since we'd been left in her.

"There must be a big sea running on top," said William Anderson, "and if we were up there we'd be tossed about dreadfully. Now the motion down here is just as easy as a cradle, and what's more, we can't be sunk very deep; for if we were, there
5 wouldn't be any motion at all."

About noon the next day we felt a sudden tremble and shake run through the whole ship, and far down under us we heard a rumbling and grinding that nearly scared me out of my wits. I first thought we'd struck bottom, but William said that couldn't
10 be, for it was just as light in the cabin as it had been, and if we'd gone down, it would have grown much darker, of course. The rumbling stopped after a little while, and then it seemed to grow lighter instead of darker; and Sam, who was looking up at the stern windows over our heads, sang out, "Sky!" And, sure
15 enough, we could see the blue sky as clear as daylight, through those windows!

And then the ship turned herself on the slant, pretty much as she had been when her forward compartment first took in water, and we found ourselves standing on the cabin floor instead
20 of the bulkhead. I was near one of the open staterooms, and as I looked in, there was the sunlight coming through the wet glass in the window, and more cheerful than anything I ever saw before in this world. William Anderson just made one jump, and, unscrewing one of the stateroom windows, he jerked it open.
25 We had thought the air inside was good enough to last some time longer; but when that window was open and the fresh air came rushing in, it was a different sort of thing, I can tell you.

William put his head out and looked up and down and all
30 around. "She's nearly all out of the water!" he shouted, "and we can open the cabin door."

Then we all three rushed at those stairs, which were nearly right side up now, and we had the cabin doors open in no time. When we looked out we saw that the ship was truly floating pretty
35 much as she had been when the captain and crew left her, though

we all agreed that her deck didn't slant as much forward as it did then.

"Do you know what's happened?" sang out William Anderson, after he'd stood still for a minute to look around and think.

5 "That bobbing up and down that the vessel got last night shook up and settled down the pig iron inside of her, and the iron plates in the bow, that were smashed and loosened by the collision, have given way under the weight, and the whole cargo of pig iron has burst through and gone to the bottom. Then, of course, up
10 we came. Didn't I tell you something would happen to make us all right?"

Well, I won't make this story any longer than I can help. The next day after that we were taken off by a sugar-ship bound north, and we were carried safe back to Ulford, where we found
15 our captain and the crew, who had been picked up by a ship after they'd been three or four days in their boats. This ship had sailed our way to find us, which, of course, she couldn't do, as at that time we were under water and out of sight.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Frank R. Stockton (1834-1902) has been called "the Edison of Literature," because of the power of invention shown in his stories. Stockton was a man of delightful, friendly humor and of charming personality. His method of writing his stories is interesting: lying in a hammock or sitting in an easy chair, he dictated the tales to his secretary, never touching pen to paper himself, and seldom caring to correct, in any way, the typewritten sheets. Stockton was born in Philadelphia and educated in a high school of that city. As a young man he worked at wood-engraving as well as literature. His first stories were written for boys. A position on the editorial staff of *Scribner's Magazine* brought him to New York and led to his connection with *St. Nicholas* as assistant editor. In 1884 his most popular short story, "The Lady or the Tiger?" was published. This story ends with an unanswered question, and to the day of his death Stockton received letters by the score asking him to answer the question. He invariably replied that if he had known the answer, he would have told it in the story. Stockton spent much of his life in New York City and did most of his writing there, but his last

years were spent on his beautiful estate, Claymont, near Charlestown, West Virginia, in the Shenandoah Valley. This estate was once part of a large tract owned by George Washington, and the house was planned by Washington, though not built by him.

It is said of Stockton that he surpassed previous American short-story writers "in that subtle art that makes the obviously impossible seem perfectly plausible and commonplace." The publication of his short stories, which appeared from time to time in various magazines, covered a period of over forty years.

In "The Remarkable Wreck of the Thomas Hyke," which is taken from *The Christmas Wreck and Other Stories*, Stockton, with great ingenuity, has told a story in which, granting the premises, each incident forms part of an entirely logical train of events.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. What caused the wreck of the *Thomas Hyke*? 2. With what was the ship loaded? 3. How did the captain try to save the vessel? 4. Why did the captain leave the sinking ship when there were passengers on board? 5. How did the men succeed in getting sufficient air while they were under water? 6. Who first discovered the sky when the boat began to rise? 7. How was the party rescued? 8. What became of the captain and the crew? 9. Why did they not return and save the passengers they had left on the boat?

General Questions and Topics. 1. This has been called one of the best wreck stories ever written; did you enjoy reading it? Why? 2. How does the calmness of the story-teller affect the reader? 3. How did the ship's cargo prove helpful to the men imprisoned in the sinking ship? 4. Explain how a ship could sink twenty feet under water and not go to the bottom of the ocean. 5. What caused the wrecked ship to rise? 6. Which do you think did more to keep up the spirits of the men, William Anderson or Sam? Cite lines to prove your answer. 7. Which one of the men seemed to have little hope of rescue? Give instances to show this. 8. Do you think this is a true story? Give reasons for your answer. 9. In what way is William Anderson a humorous character? 10. Show that in telling of the time spent under water the author never forgets the tilted position of the boat. 11. The three men on the wreck have distinct personalities; how does the author bring out this fact? 12. What other stories by Stockton have you read? Which one have you enjoyed most? Why? 13. Make a list of the stories of shipwrecks that you have read. Which is your favorite shipwreck story? Why? 14. You will enjoy reading "The Wreck of the Golden Mary," Dickens (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*). 15. In what other Part of this book might "The Remarkable Wreck of the Thomas Hyke" have appropriately been placed?

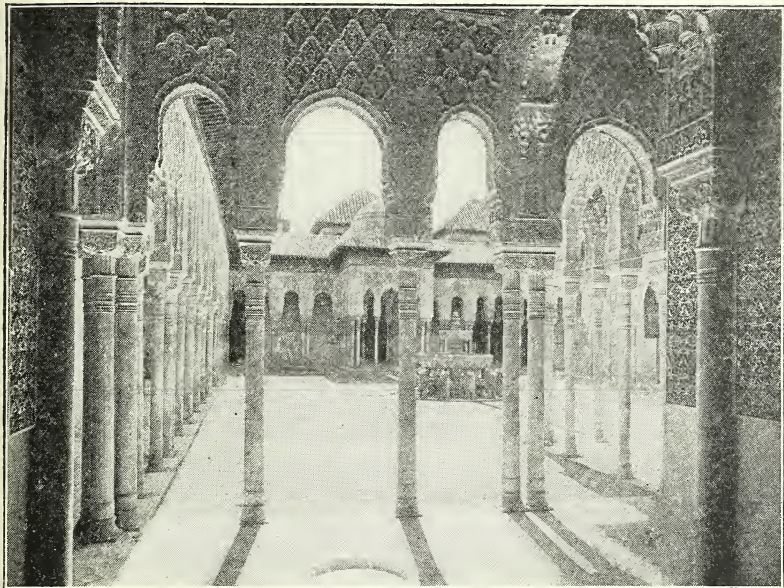
Library Reading. "The Christmas Wreck," and "The Discourager of Hesitancy," Stockton (in *The Christmas Wreck*); *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine*, Stockton; *Castaway Island*, Newberry; *Great Sea Stories*, French; *The Wreck Hunters*, Rolt-Wheeler; "Jim Leonard's Hair-breadth Escape" and "The Flight of Pony Baker," Howells (in *Boy Life*); "The Wreck of the Brig Tyrrell," Booth (in *Wonderful Escapes by Americans*); *Masterman Ready*, Marryat; *The Wrecking Master*, Paine; *Captain Chap*, Stockton; *Wreck of the Golden Fleece*, Leighton; *Cruise of the Dazzler*, London; *Mainsail Haul*, Masefield; *Jack Tier*, Cooper; *The Adventures of Captain Horn*, and *Rudder Grange*, Stockton.

LEGEND OF THE MOOR'S LEGACY

WASHINGTON IRVING

Reading Aims—Find: (a) how the water-carrier was rewarded for his humanity; (b) what the Moor's legacy was; (c) how the wicked gossips were punished.

Just within the fortress of the Alhambra, in front of the royal palace, is a broad, open esplanade, called the Place, or Square, of the Cisterns, so named from being undermined by reservoirs of water hidden from sight, which have existed from the time of the
5 Moors. At one corner of this esplanade is a Moorish well, cut through the living rock to a great depth, the water of which is cold as ice and clear as crystal. The wells made by the Moors are always in repute, for it is well known what pains they took to penetrate to the purest and sweetest springs and fountains. The
10 one we are speaking of is famous throughout Granada, insomuch that the water-carriers, some bearing great water-jars on their shoulders, others driving asses before them, laden with earthen vessels, are ascending and descending the steep woody avenues of the Alhambra from early dawn until a late hour of the night.



A COURT IN THE ALHAMBRA

Fountains and wells, ever since the Scriptural days, have been noted gossiping places in hot climates, and at the well in question there is a kind of perpetual club kept up during the livelong day by the invalids, old women, and other curious, do-nothing folk of the fortress, who sit here on the stone benches under an awning spread over the well to shelter the toll-gatherer from the sun, and dawdle over the gossip of the fortress, and question any water-carrier that arrives about the news of the city, and make long comments on everything they hear and see. Not an hour of the day but loitering housewives and idle maidservants may be seen lingering with pitcher on head or in hand, to hear the last of the endless tattle of these worthies.

Among the water-carriers who once resorted to this well there was a sturdy, strong-backed, bandy-legged little fellow, named Pedro Gil, but called Peregil for shortness. Being a water-

carrier, he was a Gallego, or native of Galicia, of course. Nature seems to have formed races of men, as she has of animals, for different kinds of drudgery. In France the shoeblacks are all Savoyards, the porters of hotels all Swiss, and in the days of hoops and hair powder in England, no man could give the regular swing to a sedan chair but a bog-trotting Irishman. So in Spain the carriers of water and bearers of burdens are all sturdy little natives of Galicia. No man says, "Get me a porter," but, "Call a Gallego."

10 To return from this digression. Peregil the Gallego had begun business with merely a great earthen jar, which he carried upon his shoulder; by degrees he rose in the world and was enabled to purchase an assistant of a correspondent class of animals, being a stout, shaggy-haired donkey. On each side of this his long-eared aid-de-camp, in a kind of pannier, were slung his water-jars covered with fig leaves to protect them from the sun. There was not a more industrious water-carrier in all Granada, nor one more merry withal. The streets rang with his cheerful voice as he trudged after his donkey, singing forth the usual summer note that resounds through the Spanish towns, "Who wants water—water colder than snow—who wants water from the well of the Alhambra—cold as ice and clear as crystal?" When he served a customer with a sparkling glass, it was always with a pleasant word that caused a smile, and if, perchance, it was a comely dame or dimpling damsel, it was always with a compliment to her beauty that was irresistible. Thus Peregil the Gallego was noted throughout all Granada for being one of the civilest, pleasantest, and happiest of mortals. Yet it is not he who sings loudest and jokes most that has the lightest heart. Under all this air of merriment, honest Peregil had his cares and troubles. He had a large family of ragged children to support, who were hungry and clamorous as a nest of young swallows, and beset him with their outcries for food whenever he came home of an evening. He had a helpmate, too, who was anything but a help to him. She had been a village beauty before marriage, noted for her skill in danc-

ing the bolero and rattling the castanets, and she still retained her early propensities, spending the hard earnings of honest Peregil in frippery, and laying the very donkey under requisition for junketing parties into the country on Sundays and saints' days, and those innumerable holidays which are rather more numerous in Spain than the days of the week. With all this she was a little of a slattern, something more of a lie-a-bed, and, above all, a gossip of the first water; neglecting house, household and everything else, to loiter slipshod in the houses of her gossip neighbors.

He, however, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, accommodates the yoke of matrimony to the submissive neck. Peregil bore all the heavy dispensations of wife and children with as meek a spirit as his donkey bore the water-jars; and however he might shake his ears in private, never ventured to question the household virtues of his slattern spouse.

He loved his children, too, even as an owl loves its owlets, seeing in them his own image multiplied and perpetuated, for they were a sturdy, long-backed, bandy-legged little brood. The great pleasure of honest Peregil was, whenever he could afford himself a scanty holiday and had a handful of maravedies to spare, to take the whole litter forth with him, some in his arms, some tugging at his skirts, and some trudging at his heels, and to treat them to a gambol among the orchards, while his wife was dancing with her holiday friends.

It was a late hour one summer night, and most of the water-carriers had desisted from their toils. The day had been uncommonly sultry; the night was one of those delicious moonlights which tempt the inhabitants of those southern climes to indemnify themselves for the heat and inaction of the day by lingering in the open air and enjoying its tempered sweetness until after midnight. Customers for water were therefore still abroad. Peregil, like a considerate, painstaking little father, thought of his hungry children. "One more journey to the well," said he to himself, "to earn a good Sunday's puchero for the little ones." So saying, he trudged rapidly up the steep avenue of the Alhambra, singing

as he went, and now and then bestowing a hearty thwack with a cudgel on the flanks of his donkey, either by way of cadence to the song or refreshment to the animal; for dry blows serve in lieu of provender in Spain, for all beasts of burden.

5 When he arrived at the well he found it deserted by everyone except a solitary stranger in Moorish garb, seated on the stone bench in the moonlight. Peregil paused at first and regarded him with surprise, not unmixed with awe, but the Moor feebly beckoned him to approach.

10 "I am faint and ill," said he; "aid me to return to the city, and I will pay thee double what thou couldst gain by thy jars of water."

15 The honest heart of the little water-carrier was touched with compassion at the appeal of the stranger. "God forbid," said he, "that I should ask fee or reward for doing a common act of humanity."

20 He accordingly helped the Moor on his donkey, and set off slowly for Granada, the poor Moslem being so weak that it was necessary to hold him on the animal to keep him from falling to the earth.

25 When they entered the city the water-carrier demanded whither he should conduct him. "Alas!" said the Moor faintly, "I have neither home nor habitation. I am a stranger in the land. Suffer me to lay my head this night beneath thy roof, and thou shalt be amply repaid."

30 Honest Peregil thus saw himself unexpectedly saddled with an infidel guest, but he was too humane to refuse a night's shelter to a fellow-being in so forlorn a plight; so he conducted the Moor to his dwelling. The children, who had sallied forth, open-mouthed as usual, on hearing the tramp of the donkey, ran back with affright when they beheld the turbaned stranger, and hid themselves behind their mother. The latter stepped forth intrepidly, like a ruffling hen before her brood, when a vagrant dog approaches.

35 "What infidel companion," cried she, "is this you have

brought home at this late hour to draw upon us the eyes of the Inquisition?"

"Be quiet, wife," replied the Gallego; "here is a poor sick stranger, without friend or home; wouldst thou turn him forth to
5 perish in the streets?"

The wife would still have remonstrated, for, though she lived in a hovel, she was a furious stickler for the credit of her house; the little water-carrier, however, for once was stiff-necked, and refused to bend beneath the yoke. He assisted the poor Moslem
10 to alight, and spread a mat and a sheepskin for him, on the ground, in the coolest part of the house; being the only kind of bed that his poverty afforded.

In a little while the Moor was seized with violent convulsions, which defied all the ministering skill of the simple water-carrier.
15 The eye of the poor patient acknowledged his kindness. During an interval of his fits he called him to his side, and addressing him in a low voice: "My end," said he, "I fear is at hand. If I die I bequeath you this box as a reward for your charity." So saying, he opened his cloak, and showed a small box of sandalwood,
20 strapped round his body.

"God grant, my friend," replied the worthy little Gallego, "that you may live many years to enjoy your treasure, whatever it may be."

The Moor shook his head; he laid his hand upon the box, and
25 would have said something more concerning it, but his convulsions returned with increased violence, and in a little while he expired.

The water-carrier's wife was now as one distracted. "This comes," said she, "of your foolish good nature, always running
30 into scrapes to oblige others. What will become of us when this corpse is found in our house? We shall be sent to prison as murderers; and if we escape with our lives, shall be ruined by notaries."

Poor Peregil was in equal tribulation, and almost repented
35 himself of having done a good deed. At length a thought struck

him. "It is not yet day," said he. "I can convey the dead body out of the city and bury it in the sands on the banks of the Xenil. No one saw the Moor enter our dwelling, and no one will know anything of his death." So said, so done. The wife aided him; they rolled the body of the unfortunate Moslem in the mat on which he had expired, laid it across the ass, and Peregil set out with it for the banks of the river.

As ill luck would have it, there lived opposite to the water-carrier a barber, named Pedrillo Pedrugo, one of the most prying, tattling, mischief-making of his gossip tribe. He was a weasel-faced, spider-legged varlet, supple and insinuating; the famous Barber of Seville could not surpass him for his universal knowledge of the affairs of others, and he had no more power of retention than a sieve. It was said that he slept with but one eye at a time, and kept one ear uncovered, so that, even in his sleep, he might see and hear all that was going on. Certain it is, he was a sort of scandalous chronicle for the quidnuncs of Granada, and had more customers than all the rest of his fraternity.

This meddlesome barber heard Peregil arrive at an unusual hour of night, and the exclamations of his wife and children. His head was instantly popped out of a little window which served him as a lookout, and he saw his neighbor assist a man in Moorish garb into his dwelling. This was so strange an occurrence that Pedrillo Pedrugo slept not a wink that night—every five minutes he was at his loophole, watching the lights that gleamed through the chinks of his neighbor's door, and before daylight he beheld Peregil sally forth with his donkey unusually laden.

The inquisitive barber was in a fidget; he slipped on his clothes, and stealing forth silently, followed the water-carrier at a distance, until he saw him dig a hole in the sandy bank of the Xenil, and bury something that had the appearance of a dead body.

The barber hied him home and fidgeted about his shop, setting everything upside down, until sunrise. He then took a basin

under his arm, and sallied forth to the house of his daily customer, the Alcalde.

The Alcalde was just risen. Pedrillo Pedrugo seated him in a chair, threw a napkin round his neck, put a basin of hot water under his chin, and began to mollify his beard with his fingers.

"Strange doings," said Pedrugo, who played barber and news-monger at the same time. "Strange doings! Robbery, and murder, and burial, all in one night!"

"Hey? How! What is it you say?" cried the Alcalde.

"I say," replied the barber, rubbing a piece of soap over the nose and mouth of the dignitary, for a Spanish barber disdains to employ a brush; "I say that Peregil the Gallego has robbed and murdered a Moorish Mussulman, and buried him this blessed night—accursed be the night for the same!"

"But how do you know all this?" demanded the Alcalde.

"Be patient, *señor*, and you shall hear all about it," replied Pedrillo, taking him by the nose and sliding a razor over his cheek. He then recounted all that he had seen, going through both operations at the same time, shaving his beard, washing his chin, and wiping him dry with a dirty napkin, while he was robbing, murdering, and burying the Moslem.

Now it so happened that this Alcalde was one of the most overbearing, and at the same time most griping and corrupt, curmudgeons in all Granada. It could not be denied, however, that he set a high value upon justice, for he sold it at its weight in gold. He presumed the case in point to be one of murder and robbery; doubtless there must be rich spoil; how was it to be secured into the legitimate hands of the law? For as to merely entrapping the delinquent—that would be feeding the gallows; but entrapping the booty—that would be enriching the judge; and such, according to his creed, was the great end of justice. So thinking, he summoned to his presence his trustiest alguazil—a gaunt, hungry-looking varlet, clad, according to the custom of his order, in the ancient Spanish garb—a broad black beaver, turned up at the sides; a quaint ruff, a small black cloak dan-

gling from his shoulders; rusty black underclothes that set off his spare, wiry form; while in his hand he bore a slender white wand, the dreaded insignia of his office. Such was the legal bloodhound of the ancient Spanish breed that he put upon the traces of the unlucky water-carrier; and such was his speed and certainty that he was upon the haunches of poor Peregil before he had returned to his dwelling, and brought both him and his donkey before the dispenser of justice.

The Alcalde bent upon him one of his most terrific frowns. "Hark ye, culprit," roared he in a voice that made the knees of the little Gallego smite together—"Hark ye, culprit! there is no need of denying thy guilt; everything is known to me. A gallows is the proper reward for the crime thou hast committed, but I am merciful, and readily listen to reason. The man that has been murdered in thy house was a Moor, an infidel, the enemy of our faith. It was doubtless in a fit of religious zeal that thou hast slain him. I will be indulgent, therefore; render up the property of which thou hast robbed him, and we will hush the matter up."

The poor water-carrier called upon all the saints to witness his innocence; alas! not one of them appeared, and if there had, the Alcalde would have disbelieved the whole calendar. The water-carrier related the whole story of the dying Moor with the straightforward simplicity of truth, but it was all in vain: "Wilt thou persist in saying," demanded the judge, "that this Moslem had neither gold nor jewels, which were the object of thy cupidity?"

"As I hope to be saved, your worship," replied the water-carrier, "he had nothing but a small box of sandalwood, which he bequeathed to me in reward of my services."

"A box of sandalwood! a box of sandalwood!" exclaimed the Alcalde, his eyes sparkling at the idea of precious jewels; "and where is this box? Where have you concealed it?"

"An' it please your grace," replied the water-carrier, "it is in one of the panniers of my mule, and heartily at the service of your worship."

He had hardly spoken the words when the keen alguazil darted off and reappeared in an instant with the mysterious box of sandalwood. The Alcalde opened it with an eager and trembling hand; all pressed forward to gaze upon the treasures it was expected to contain; when, to their disappointment, nothing appeared within but a parchment scroll, covered with Arabic characters, and an end of a waxen taper!

When there is nothing to be gained by the conviction of a prisoner, justice, even in Spain, is apt to be impartial. The Alcalde, having recovered from his disappointment and found there was really no booty in the case, now listened dispassionately to the explanation of the water-carrier, which was corroborated by the testimony of his wife. Being convinced, therefore, of his innocence, he discharged him from arrest; nay, more, he permitted him to carry off the Moor's legacy, the box of sandalwood and its contents, as the well-merited reward of his humanity; but he retained his donkey in payment of costs and charges.

Behold the unfortunate little Gallego reduced once more to the necessity of being his own water-carrier, and trudging up to the well of the Alhambra with a great earthen jar upon his shoulder. As he toiled up the hill in the heat of a summer noon his usual good-humor forsook him. "Dog of an Alcalde!" would he cry, "to rob a poor man of the means of his subsistence—of the best friend he had in the world!" And then, at the remembrance of the beloved companion of his labors, all the kindness of his nature would break forth. "Ah, donkey of my heart!" would he exclaim, resting his burden on a stone, and wiping the sweat from his brow, "Ah, donkey of my heart! I warrant me thou thinkest of thy old master! I warrant me thou missest the water-jars—poor beast!"

To add to his afflictions his wife received him, on his return home, with whimperings and repinings; she had clearly the vantage-ground of him, having warned him not to commit the egregious act of hospitality that had brought on him all these misfortunes, and like a knowing woman, she took every occasion

to throw her superior sagacity in his teeth. If ever her children lacked food or needed a new garment, she would answer with a sneer, "Go to your father; he's heir to King Chico of the Alhambra. Ask him to help you out of the Moor's strong box."

5 Was ever poor mortal more soundly punished for having done a good action! The unlucky Peregil was grieved in flesh and spirit, but still he bore meekly with the railings of his spouse. At length one evening, when, after a hot day's toil, she taunted him in the usual manner, he lost all patience. He did not venture
10 to retort upon her, but his eye rested upon the box of sandalwood, which lay on a shelf with lid half open, as if laughing in mockery of his vexation. Seizing it up he dashed it with indignation on the floor. "Unlucky was the day that I ever set eyes on thee," he cried, "or sheltered thy master beneath my roof."

15 As the box struck the floor the lid flew wide open, and the parchment scroll rolled forth. Peregil sat regarding the scroll for some time in moody silence. At length rallying his ideas, "Who knows," thought he, "but this writing may be of some importance, as the Moor seems to have guarded it with such care." Picking
20 it up, therefore, he put it into his bosom, and the next morning, as he was crying water through the streets, he stopped at the shop of a Moor, a native of Tangiers, who sold trinkets and perfumery in the Zacatin, and asked him to explain the contents.

The Moor read the scroll attentively, then stroked his beard
25 and smiled. "This manuscript," said he, "is a form of incantation for the recovery of hidden treasure that is under the power of enchantment. It is said to have such virtue that the strongest bolts and bars, nay, the adamantine rock itself, will yield before it."

30 "Bah!" cried the little Gallego, "what is all that to me? I am no enchanter, and know nothing of buried treasure." So saying, he shouldered his water-jar, left the scroll in the hands of the Moor, and trudged forward on his daily rounds.

That evening, however, as he rested himself about twilight at
35 the well of the Alhambra, he found a number of gossips assembled

at the place, and their conversation, as is not unusual at that shadowy hour, turned upon old tales and traditions of a supernatural nature. Being all poor as rats, they dwelt with peculiar fondness upon the popular theme of enchanted riches left by the Moors in various parts of the Alhambra. Above all they concurred in the belief that there were great treasures buried deep in the earth under the tower of the Seven Floors.

These stories made an unusual impression on the mind of honest Peregil, and they sank deeper and deeper into his thoughts as he returned alone down the darkling avenues. "If, after all, there should be treasure hid beneath that tower—and if the scroll I left with the Moor should enable me to get at it!" In the sudden ecstasy of the thought he had well nigh let fall his water-jar.

That night he tumbled and tossed, and could scarcely get a wink of sleep for the thoughts that were bewildering his brain. In the morning, bright and early, he repaired to the shop of the Moor, and told him all that was passing in his mind. "You can read Arabic," said he, "suppose we go together to the tower and try the effect of the charm; if it fails we are no worse off than before, but if it succeeds we will share equally all the treasure we may discover."

"Hold," replied the Moslem, "this writing is not sufficient of itself; it must be read at midnight, by the light of a taper singularly compounded and prepared, the ingredients of which are not within my reach. Without such taper the scroll is of no avail."

"Say no more!" cried the little Gallego. "I have such a taper at hand and will bring it here in a moment." So saying he hastened home, and soon returned with the end of a yellow wax taper that he had found in the box of sandalwood.

The Moor felt it, and smelled of it. "Here are rare and costly perfumes," said he, "combined with this yellow wax. This is the kind of taper specified in the scroll. While this burns, the strongest walls and most secret caverns will remain open; woe to him, however, who lingers within until it be extinguished. He will remain enchanted with the treasure."

It was now agreed between them to try the charm that very night. At a late hour, therefore, when nothing was stirring but bats and owls, they ascended the woody hill of the Alhambra, and approached that awful tower, shrouded by trees and rendered formidable by so many traditionary tales.

By the light of a lantern they groped their way through bushes and over fallen stones, to the door of a vault beneath the tower. With fear and trembling they descended a flight of steps cut into the rock. It led to an empty chamber, damp and drear, from which another flight of steps led to a deeper vault. In this way they descended four several flights, leading into as many vaults, one below the other, but the floor of the fourth was solid, and though, according to tradition, there remained three vaults still below, it was said to be impossible to penetrate further, the residue being shut up by strong enchantment. The air of this vault was damp and chilly, and had an earthy smell, and the light scarce cast forth any rays. They paused here for a time in breathless suspense, until they faintly heard the clock of the watchtower strike midnight; upon this they lit the waxen taper, which diffused an odor of myrrh, and frankincense, and storax.

The Moor began to read in a hurried voice. He had scarce finished when there was a noise as of subterraneous thunder. The earth shook, and the floor yawning open disclosed a flight of steps. Trembling with awe they descended, and by the light of the lantern found themselves in another vault covered with Arabic inscriptions. In the center stood a great chest, secured with seven bands of steel, at each end of which sat an enchanted Moor in armor, but motionless as a statue, being controlled by the power of the incantation. Before the chest were several jars filled with gold and silver and precious stones. In the largest of these they thrust their arms up to the elbow, and at every dip hauled forth handfuls of broad yellow pieces of Moorish gold, or bracelets and ornaments of the same precious metal, while occasionally a necklace of Oriental pearl would stick to their fingers. Still they trembled and breathed short while cramming their

pockets with the spoils; and cast many a fearful glance at the two enchanted Moors who sat grim and motionless, glaring upon them with unwinking eyes. At length, struck with a sudden panic at some fancied noise, they both rushed up the staircase, tumbled
5 over one another into the upper apartment, overturned and extinguished the waxen taper, and the pavement again closed with a thundering sound.

Filled with dismay, they did not pause until they had groped their way out of the tower, and beheld the stars shining through
0 the trees. Then seating themselves upon the grass, they divided the spoil, determining to content themselves for the present with this mere skimming of the jars, but to return on some future night and drain them to the bottom. To make sure of each other's
5 good faith, also, they divided the talismans between them, one retaining the scroll and the other the taper; this done, they set off with light hearts and well-lined pockets for Granada.

As they wended their way down the hill the shrewd Moor whispered a word of counsel in the ear of the simple little water-carrier.

0 "Friend Peregil," said he, "all this affair must be kept a profound secret until we have secured the treasure and conveyed it out of harm's way. If a whisper of it gets to the ear of the Alcalde we are undone!"

"Certainly!" replied the Gallego; "nothing can be more true."

5 "Friend Peregil," said the Moor, "you are a discreet man, and I make no doubt can keep a secret; but—you have a wife——"

"She shall not know a word of it!" replied the little water-carrier sturdily.

0 "Enough," said the Moor, "I depend upon thy discretion and thy promise."

Never was promise more positive and sincere; but alas! what man can keep a secret from his wife? Certainly not such a one as Peregil the water-carrier, who was one of the most loving and tractable of husbands. On his return home he found his wife
5 moping in a corner.

"Mighty well!" cried she, as he entered; "you've come at last, after rambling about until this hour of the night. I wonder you have not brought home another Moor as a housemate." Then bursting into tears she began to wring her hands and smite her breast. "Unhappy woman that I am!" exclaimed she, "what will become of me! My house stripped and plundered by lawyers and alguazils; my husband a do-no-good that no longer brings home bread for his family, but goes rambling about, day and night, with infidel Moors. Oh, my children! my children! what will become of us; we shall all have to beg in the streets!"

Honest Peregil was so moved by the distress of his spouse that he could not help whimpering also. His heart was as full as his pocket, and not to be restrained. Thrusting his hand into the latter he hauled forth three or four broad gold pieces and slipped them into her bosom. The poor woman stared with astonishment, and could not understand the meaning of this golden shower. Before she could recover from her surprise the little Gallego drew forth a chain of gold and dangled it before her, capering with exultation, his mouth distended from ear to ear.

"Holy Virgin protect us!" exclaimed the wife. "What hast thou been doing, Peregil? Surely thou has not been committing murder and robbery!"

The idea scarce entered the brain of the poor woman than it became a certainty with her. She saw a prison and a gallows in the distance, and a little bandy-legged Gallego dangling pendent from it; and overcome by the horrors conjured up by her imagination, fell into violent hysterics.

What could the poor man do? He had no other means of pacifying his wife and dispelling the phantoms of her fancy than by relating the whole story of his good fortune. This, however, he did not do until he had exacted from her the most solemn promise to keep it a profound secret from every living being.

To describe her joy would be impossible. She flung her arms round the neck of her husband, and almost strangled him with her caresses. "Now, wife!" exclaimed the little man with honest

exultation, "what say you now to the Moor's legacy? Henceforth never abuse me for helping a fellow creature in distress."

The honest Gallego retired to his sheepskin mat, and slept as soundly as if on a bed of down. Not so his wife. She emptied
5 the whole contents of his pockets upon the mat and sat all night counting gold pieces of Arabic coin, trying on necklaces and earrings, and fancying the figure she should one day make when permitted to enjoy her riches.

On the following morning the honest Gallego took a broad
0 golden coin, and repaired with it to a jeweler's shop in the Zacatin to offer it for sale, pretending to have found it among the ruins of the Alhambra. The jeweler saw that it had an Arabic inscription and was of the purest gold; he offered, however, but a third of its value, with which the water-carrier was perfectly content.
5 Peregil now bought new clothes for his little flock, and all kinds of toys, together with ample provisions for a hearty meal, and returning to his dwelling set all his children dancing around him, while he capered in the midst, the happiest of fathers.

The wife of the water-carrier kept her promise of secrecy with
10 surprising strictness. For a whole day and a half she went about with a look of mystery and a heart swelling almost to bursting, yet she held her peace, though surrounded by her gossips. It is true she could not help giving herself a few airs, apologized for her ragged dress, and talked of ordering a new *basquiña* all
25 trimmed with gold lace and bugles, and a new lace mantilla. She threw out hints of her husband's intention of leaving off his trade of water-carrying, as it did not altogether agree with his health. In fact she thought they should all retire to the country for the summer, that the children might have the benefit of the
30 mountain air, for there was no living in the city in this sultry season.

The neighbors stared at each other, and thought the poor woman had lost her wits, and her airs and graces and elegant pretensions were the theme of universal scoffing and merriment
35 among her friends, the moment her back was turned.

If she restrained herself abroad, however, she indemnified herself at home, and putting a string of rich Oriental pearls around her neck, Moorish bracelets on her arms, an aigrette of diamonds on her head, sailed backward and forward in her slattern rags about the room, now and then stopping to admire herself in a piece of broken mirror. Nay, in the impulse of her simple vanity, she could not resist on one occasion showing herself at the window, to enjoy the effect of her finery on the passersby.

As the fates would have it, Pedrillo Pedrugo, the meddlesome barber, was at this moment sitting idly in his shop on the opposite side of the street, when his ever watchful eye caught the sparkle of a diamond. In an instant he was at his loophole reconnoitering the slattern spouse of the water-carrier, decorated with the splendor of an Eastern bride. No sooner had he taken an accurate inventory of her ornaments than he posted off with all speed to the Alcalde. In a little while the hungry alguazil was again on the scent, and before the day was over, the unfortunate Peregil was again dragged into the presence of the judge.

"How is this, villain!" cried the Alcalde in a furious voice. "You told me that the infidel who died in your house left nothing behind but an empty coffer, and now I hear of your wife flaunting in her rags decked out with pearls and diamonds. Wretch that thou art! prepare to render up the spoils of thy miserable victim, and to swing on the gallows that is already tired of waiting for thee."

The terrified water-carrier fell on his knees, and made a full relation of the marvelous manner in which he had gained his wealth. The Alcalde, the alguazil, and the inquisitive barber listened with greedy ears to this Arabian tale of enchanted treasure. The alguazil was dispatched to bring the Moor who had assisted in the incantation. The Moslem entered half-frightened out of his wits at finding himself in the hands of the harpies of the law. When he beheld the water-carrier standing with sheep-

ish look and downcast countenance, he comprehended the whole matter. "Miserable animal," said he as he passed near him, "did I not warn thee against babbling to thy wife?"

The story of the Moor coincided exactly with that of his colleague; but the Alcalde affected to be slow of belief, and threw out menaces of imprisonment and rigorous investigations.

"Softly, good *Señor Alcalde*," said the Mussulman, who by this time had recovered his usual shrewdness and self-possession. "Let us not mar fortune's favors in the scramble for them. Nobody knows anything of this matter but ourselves; let us keep the secret. There is wealth enough in the cave to enrich us all. Promise a fair division, and all shall be produced; refuse, and the caves shall remain forever closed."

The Alcalde consulted apart with the alguazil. The latter was an old fox in his profession. "Promise anything," said he, "until you get possession of the treasure. You may then seize upon the whole, and if he and his accomplice dare to murmur, threaten them with the fagot and the stake as infidels and sorcerers."

The Alcalde relished the advice. Smoothing his brow and turning to the Moor—"This is a strange story," said he, "and may be true, but I must have ocular proof of it. This very night you must repeat the incantation in my presence. If there be really such treasure, we will share it amicably between us, and say nothing further of the matter; if ye have deceived me, expect no mercy at my hands. In the meantime you must remain in custody."

The Moor and the water-carrier cheerfully agreed to these conditions, satisfied that the event would prove the truth of their words.

Toward midnight the Alcalde sallied forth secretly, attended by the alguazil and the meddlesome barber, all strongly armed. They conducted the Moor and the water-carrier as prisoners, and were provided with the stout donkey of the latter, to bear off the

expected treasure. They arrived at the tower without being observed, and tying the donkey to a fig tree, descended into the fourth vault of the tower.

The scroll was produced, the yellow waxen taper lighted, and the Moor read the form of incantation. The earth trembled as before, and the pavement opened with a thundering sound, disclosing the narrow flight of steps. The Alcalde, the alguazil, and the barber were struck aghast, and could not summon courage to descend. The Moor and the water-carrier entered the lower vault and found the two Moors seated as before, silent and motionless. They removed two of the great jars filled with golden coin and precious stones. The water-carrier bore them up one by one upon his shoulders, but though a strong-backed little man, and accustomed to carry burdens, he staggered beneath their weight, and found, when slung on each side of his donkey, they were as much as the animal could bear.

"Let us be content for the present," said the Moor; "here is as much treasure as we can carry off without being perceived, and enough to make us all wealthy to our heart's desire."

"Is there more treasure remaining behind?" demanded the Alcalde.

"The greatest prize of all," said the Moor; "a huge coffer, bound with bands of steel, and filled with pearls and precious stones."

"Let us have up the coffer by all means," cried the grasping Alcalde.

"I will descend for no more," said the Moor doggedly. "Enough is enough for a reasonable man; more is superfluous."

"And I," said the water-carrier, "will bring up no further burden to break the back of my poor donkey."

Finding commands, threats, and entreaties equally vain, the Alcalde turned to his two adherents. "Aid me," said he, "to bring up the coffer; and its contents shall be divided between us." So saying, he descended the steps, followed, with trembling reluctance, by the alguazil and the barber.

No sooner did the Moor behold them fairly earthed than he extinguished the yellow taper; the pavement closed with its usual crash, and the three worthies remained buried in its depths.

5 He then hastened up the different flights of steps, nor stopped until in the open air. The little water-carrier followed him as fast as his short legs would permit.

"What hast thou done?" cried Peregil, as soon as he could recover breath. "The Alcalde and the other two are shut up in the vault!"

10 "It is the will of Allah!" said the Moor devoutly.

"And will you not release them?" demanded the Gallego.

"Allah forbid!" replied the Moor, smoothing his beard. "It is written in the book of fate that they shall remain enchanted until some future adventurer shall come to break the charm. 15 The will of God be done!" So saying he hurled the end of the waxen taper far among the gloomy thickets of the glen.

There was now no remedy, so the Moor and the water-carrier proceeded with the richly laden donkey toward the city; nor could honest Peregil refrain from hugging and kissing his long-eared fellow-laborer, thus restored to him from the clutches of 20 the law; and, in fact, it is doubtful which gave the simple-hearted little man most joy at the moment, the gaining of the treasure or the recovery of the donkey.

The two partners in good luck divided their spoil amicably 25 and fairly, excepting that the Moor, who had a little taste for trinketry, made out to get into his heap the most of the pearls and precious stones, and other baubles, but then he always gave the water-carrier in lieu magnificent jewels of massy gold four times the size, with which the latter was heartily content. They 30 took care not to linger within reach of accidents, but made off to enjoy their wealth undisturbed in other countries. The Moor returned into Africa, to his native city of Tetuan, and the Gallego, with his wife, his children, and his donkey, made the best of his way to Portugal. Here, under the admonition and tuition of his 35 wife, he became a personage of some consequence, for she made

the little man array his long body and short legs in doublet and hose, with a feather in his hat and a sword by his side; and, laying aside the familiar appellation of Peregil, assume the more sonorous title of Don Pedro Gil. His progeny grew up a thriving
5 and merry-hearted, though short and bandy-legged generation; while the *Señora* Gil, be-fringed, be-laced, and be-tasseled from her head to her heels, with glittering rings on every finger, became a model of slattern fashion and finery.

As to the Alcalde and his adjuncts, they remained shut up
10 under the great tower of the Seven Floors, and there they remain spellbound at the present day. Whenever there shall be a lack in Spain of barbers, sharking alguazils, and corrupt Alcaldes, they may be sought after; but if they have to wait until such time for their deliverance, there is danger of their enchantment enduring
15 until doomsday.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography**, see page 353.

Historical Note. The fanciful tale "Legend of the Moor's Legacy" is taken from Irving's *Alhambra*, which has been called "the beautiful Spanish Sketch Book." It is a collection of descriptive essays, legends, and stories, all centering about the Alhambra. Although Irving is a western writer and the scene of the story is laid in Spain, a western country, he is here telling a story of the Alhambra, which is a palace and fortress built by the Moors during the Moorish occupation of Spain. The Moors were largely of Arabian descent and thoroughly oriental in their religion, customs, and traditions.

Of these traditions, Irving says: "The common people of Spain have an Oriental passion for story-telling and are fond of the marvelous. They will gather round the doors of their cottages on summer evenings, or in the great cavernous chimney corners of their *ventas* in the winter, and listen with insatiable delight to miraculous legends of saints, perilous adventures of travelers, and daring exploits of robbers. There is no theme, however, more prevalent or popular than that of treasures buried by the Moors. It pervades the whole country. This, like most popular fictions, has had some groundwork in fact. During the wars between Moor and Christian, towns and castles were liable frequently and suddenly to change owners; and the inhabitants were fain to bury their money and jewels in the earth, or hide them in vaults and wells. At the time of the expulsion

of the Moors, also, many of them concealed their most precious effects. It is certain that from time to time, hoards of gold and silver coin have been accidentally dug up, after a lapse of centuries, from among the ruins of Moorish fortresses and habitations, and it requires but a few facts of the kind to give birth to a thousand fictions."

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Why is it that "the wells made by the Moors are always in repute"? 2. For what have wells been noted "since the Scriptural days"? 3. Give a brief description of Peregil. 4. How did Peregil enjoy his work and home life? Quote lines to prove your statement. 5. Tell the story of Peregil's kindness to the Moor. 6. How was he rewarded for his generosity? 7. What crime did the barber accuse the little water-carrier of committing? 8. What had really happened? 9. Tell the story of how Peregil finally found "the Moor's legacy." 10. How did the sudden wealth affect the home life and family of the little water-carrier? 11. How was the wicked gossip punished?

General Questions and Topics. 1. Locate definitely the scene in which this story is laid. 2. An esplanade is a public walk or small park in Spain; why was the esplanade in front of the royal palace called "the Place, or Square, of the Cisterns"? 3. Name any meeting place in your neighborhood which might be compared with the old well in Spain. 4. Were these meeting places a help or a hindrance to the happiness of the neighborhood? Give reasons for your answer. 5. Give a list of the most outstanding characteristics of Peregil, the water-carrier. 6. Compare the methods used in supplying water to the people in Spain with our means for the distribution of water. In what way do you feel that we have benefited by the improvements? 7. Why do you admire Peregil? 8. Did you admire Peregil's helpmate? Why? 9. Cite instances to show that Peregil was a "considerate, painstaking little father." 10. Give a brief character sketch of Pedrillo Pedrugo. Do you think he was an enemy of Peregil? Give reasons for your answer. 11. Show how the Moor's legacy was both a benefit and a detriment to the family of Peregil. 12. In Part VI Irving is classed as a great American humorist; point out places in "The Legend of the Moor's Legacy" in which the author reveals himself as a humorist.

Library Reading. "The Journey" and "Legend of Prince Ahmed al Kamel," Irving (in *The Alhambra*); "The Adventure of the Mason," Irving, "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," "Ali Baba and the Open Sesame," and "Sinbad the Sailor" (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*); *The Arabian Nights*; *The Sketch Book*, Irving; *Legends of the Rhine*, Guerber; *Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic*, Higginson; *Blackfoot Lodge Tales*, Grinnell; *Myths and Legends of the Mississippi Valley and the Great Lakes* and *Myths and Legends of the Pacific Northwest*, Judson. "The King Arthur Stories" (in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven*).

THE WRECK

CHARLES DICKENS

Reading Aims—Find: (a) what the author saw when he reached the scene of the wreck; (b) who the hero of the wreck was, and what he did.

It was broad day—eight or nine o'clock; the storm was raging in place of the batteries; and someone was knocking and calling at my door.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

5 "A wreck! Close by!"

I sprang out of bed and asked, "What wreck?"

"A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought she'll go to pieces every moment."

10 The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street. Numbers of people were there before us, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

15 The wind might by this time have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of had been diminished by the silencing of half a dozen guns out of hundreds. But the sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had
20 seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented bore the expression of being *swelled*; and the height to which the breakers rose, and looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves,
25 and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless attempts to stand against the weather, I was so con-

fused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman standing next me pointed with his bare arm—a tattooed arrow on it, pointing in the same direction—to the left. Then,
5 O great Heaven! I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts
0 were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for as the ship, which was broadside on, turned toward us in her rolling, I plainly saw her people at work with axes, especially one active figure, with long, curling hair, conspicuous
5 among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks—heaps of such toys—into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage, flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him
5 to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach—four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and, as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam ends toward the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprang wildly over and turned toward the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell
15 of those unhappy men, was borne toward us on the wind.

Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors, whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way, that the lifeboat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that, as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope and establish communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him, as well as I know, to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was by a sight so new to me and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look out to sea, awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms, and implored the men with whom I had been speaking not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand.

Another cry arose from the shore, and, looking toward the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind.

"Mas'r Davy," he said cheerily, grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come. If 'tisn't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I'm going off!"

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I confusedly

noticed, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined, but I saw hurry on the beach, and men
5 running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers, a rope in his hand or slung to his wrist, another round his body; and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter,
10 which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpracticed eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on—not like a sailor's cap,
15 but of a finer color; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rang, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope, which was made fast round his body, he dashed
20 in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water—rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face from where I stood, but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free—or so I judged
30 from the motion of his arm—and was gone, as before.

And now he made for the wreck—rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in toward the shore, borne on toward the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind
35 made the strife deadly.

At length he neared the wreck. He was so near that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it—when a high, green, vast hillside of water moved on shoreward from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone.

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. They drew him to my very feet—insensible, dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration was tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biography. Charles Dickens (1812-1870) has given a better picture of his own childhood in his great book *David Copperfield* than anyone else can give for him. It was a sad childhood in many ways, but it gave him a knowledge of evils that his books later helped to cure. When he was nine years old his father was put into the Marshalsea, a debtor's prison, for failure to pay his debts, and Charles was sent out to earn his own living in a blacking warehouse. Here he tied, trimmed, and labeled blacking pots for over a year. During this time he slept in an attic and associated with two very rough boys, Bob Fagin and Pol Green. On Sunday he spent the day with his parents in the debtor's prison. Even at this time Charles Dickens had a wonderful power of observation, and although he suffered a good deal during this period, the life of the streets and of the prison, with its crime and tragedy and heroism, was photographed on his sensitive brain, and he never forgot the hundreds of details which he hardly knew he saw at the time, but which he later used with wonderful effect in his novels of London life.

When he was twelve years old, his father's affairs improved and Charles was sent for two years to the school called the Salem House in *David Copperfield*. At fifteen he acted as office boy in a lawyer's office, but his ambition and his desire to excel led him to study shorthand and to read all his spare time in the British Museum. At nineteen years of age, he was one of the most rapid and accurate shorthand reporters in London and was associated with several prominent newspapers.

His first literary work consisted of sketches describing London life, signed with the pen name "Boz." These sketches led to his being chosen

to write the stories to accompany the comic pictures of the artist Seymour, and these later became the noted *Pickwick Papers*. Upon the publication of *Pickwick Papers*, Dickens became famous.

Concerning *David Copperfield*, the book from which "The Wreck" is taken, Dickens says, "Of all my books I like this the best; like many fond parents I have my favorite child, and his name is *David Copperfield*." There has recently been established in London, in the house where Dickens lived as a boy, a library for children called "David Copperfield's Library." The Micawbers' parlor, described in *David Copperfield*, has been made into a reading room for the older boys and girls, and the floor above contains the books of the library. There is a very interesting article describing this library in *The Bookman*, June, 1922. It is called "Children's Books, Past and Present," and is written by Annie Carroll Moore.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. Describe the scene of the wreck. 2. Why was it almost impossible for the sailors to assist those on the wrecked vessel? 3. Why did not the sailors attempt some means of rescue? 4. What had they already tried to do? 5. Describe Ham's first attempt to reach the wreck. 6. How did this attempt end? 7. Tell about his second attempt and his heroic death.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Describe the scene on shore. 2. What sounds added to the weirdness of the scene? 3. David had been imploring the sailors to do something; how did his attitude change when Ham decided to risk his life? 4. Find the lines which show that Ham did not fear the thought of giving his life for the wrecked sailors. 5. What orders do you think Ham gave the men holding the rope when he returned to shore?

Library Reading. "The Wreck of the Golden Mary," Dickens, and "A Descent into the Maelstrom," Poe (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*); *David Copperfield*, Dickens; "Skipper Ireson's Ride," Whittier; "The Wreck of the Hesperus," Longfellow; "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," Ingelow; "The Inchcape Rock," Southey (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*); "Conductor Bradley," Whittier (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*); "Grace Darling," Carey (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*); "A Young Hero of the Beach Patrol," Drysdale, and "Joshua James, Life-Saver," Kimball (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*).

HUNTING IN THE BLACK HILLS

FRANCIS PARKMAN

Reading Aims—Find: (a) how the author was impressed by the Black Hills; (b) what big game the hunters encountered.

We traveled eastward for two days, and then the gloomy ridges of the Black Hills rose up before us. The village passed along for some miles beneath their declivities, trailing out to a great length over the arid prairie, or winding at times among
5 small detached hills or distorted shapes. Turning sharply to the left, we entered a wide defile of the mountains, down the bottom of which a brook came winding, lined with tall grass and dense copses, amid which were hidden many beaver dams and lodges. We passed along between two lines of high precipices and rocks,
10 piled in utter disorder one upon another, and with scarcely a tree, a bush, or a clump of grass to veil their nakedness. The restless Indian boys were wandering along their edges and clambering up and down their rugged sides, and sometimes a group of them would stand on the verge of a cliff and look down on
15 the array as it passed in review beneath them. As we advanced, the passage grew more narrow; then it suddenly expanded into a round, grassy meadow, completely encompassed by mountains; and here the families stopped as they came up in turn, and the camp rose like magic.

20 The lodges were hardly erected when, with their usual precipitation, the Indians set about accomplishing the object that had brought them there; that is, the obtaining of poles for supporting their new lodges. Half the population, men, women, and boys, mounted their horses and set out for the interior of the
25 mountains. As they rode at full gallop over the shingly rocks and into the dark opening of the defile beyond, I thought I had never read or dreamed of a more strange or picturesque caval-

cade. We passed between precipices more than a thousand feet high, sharp and splintering at the tops, their sides beetling over the defile or descending in abrupt declivities, bristling with black fir trees. On our left they rose close to us like a wall, but on
5 the right a winding brook with a narrow strip of marshy soil intervened. The stream was clogged with old beaver dams, and spread frequently into wide pools. There were thick bushes and many dead and blasted trees along its course, though frequently nothing remained but stumps cut close to the ground by the
10 beaver, and marked with the sharp, chisel-like teeth of those indefatigable laborers. Sometimes we were diving among trees, and then emerging upon open spots over which, Indian-like, all galloped at full speed. As Pauline bounded over the rocks I felt her saddle-girth slipping, and alighted to draw it tighter; while
15 the whole array swept past me in a moment, the women with their gaudy ornaments tinkling as they rode, the men whooping and laughing and lashing forward their horses. Two black-tailed deer bounded away among the rocks; Raymond shot at them from horseback; the sharp report of his rifle was answered by
20 another equally sharp from the opposing cliffs, and then the echoes, leaping in rapid succession from side to side, died away rattling far amid the mountains.

After having ridden in this manner for six or eight miles, the appearance of the scene began to change, and all the declivities
25 around us were covered with forests of tall, slender pine trees. The Indians began to fall off to the right and left, and dispersed, with their hatchets and knives, among these woods, to cut the poles which they had come to seek. Soon I was left almost alone; but in the deep stillness of those lonely mountains, the
30 stroke of hatchets and the sound of voices might be heard from far and near.

Reynal, who imitated the Indians in their habits as well as the worst features of their character, had killed buffalo enough to make a lodge for himself and his squaw, and now he was eager
35 to get the poles necessary to complete it. He asked me to let

Raymond go with him and assist in the work. I assented, and the two men immediately entered the thickest part of the wood. Having left my horse in Raymond's keeping, I began to climb the mountain. I was weak and weary and made slow progress, often pausing to rest, but after an hour had elapsed, I gained a height whence the little valley out of which I had climbed seemed like a deep, dark gulf, though the inaccessible peak of the mountain was still towering to a much greater distance above. Objects familiar from childhood surrounded me: crags and rocks, a black and sullen brook that gurgled with a hollow voice deep among the crevices, a wood of mossy, distorted trees and prostrate trunks flung down by age and storms, scattered among the rocks or damming the foaming waters of the little brook. The objects were the same, yet they were thrown into a wilder and more startling scene, for the black crags and the savage trees assumed a grim and threatening aspect, and close across the valley the opposing mountain confronted me, rising from the gulf for thousands of feet, with its bare pinnacles and its ragged covering of pines. Yet the scene was not without its milder features. As I ascended, I found frequent little grassy terraces, and there was one of these close at hand, across which the brook was stealing beneath the shade of scattered trees that seemed artificially planted. Here I made a welcome discovery, no other than a bed of strawberries, with their white flowers and their red fruit, close nestled among the grass by the side of the brook; and I sat down by them, hailing them as old acquaintances; for among those lonely and perilous mountains they awakened delicious associations of the gardens and peaceful homes of far-distant New England.

Yet wild as they were, these mountains were thickly peopled. As I climbed farther, I found the broad, dusty paths made by the elk as they filed across the mountain-side. The grass on all the terraces was trampled down by deer; there were numerous tracks of wolves, and in some of the rougher and more precipitous parts of the ascent I found footprints different from any that I

had ever seen, and which I took to be those of the Rocky Mountain sheep. I sat down upon a rock; there was a perfect stillness. No wind was stirring, and not even an insect could be heard. I recollected the danger of becoming lost in such a place, and therefore I fixed my eye upon one of the tallest pinnacles of the opposite mountain. It rose sheer upright from the woods below, and by an extraordinary freak of nature sustained aloft on its very summit a large, loose rock. Such a landmark could never be mistaken, and feeling once more secure, I began again to move forward. A white wolf jumped up from among some bushes, and leaped clumsily away; but he stopped for a moment, and turned back his keen eye and his grim, bristling muzzle. I longed to take his scalp and carry it back with me as an appropriate trophy of the Black Hills, but before I could fire he was gone among the rocks. Soon I heard a rustling sound, with a cracking of twigs at a little distance, and saw moving above the tall bushes the branching antlers of an elk. I was in the midst of a hunter's paradise.

Such are the Black Hills, as I found them in July; but they wear a different garb when winter sets in, when the broad boughs of the fir tree are bent to the ground by the load of snow, and the dark mountains are whitened with it. At that season the mountain-trappers, returned from their autumn expeditions, often build their rude cabins in the midst of these solitudes, and live in abundance and luxury on the game that harbors there. I have heard them relate how, with their Indian wives and perhaps a few young Indian companions, they have spent months in total seclusion. They would dig pitfalls, and set traps for the white wolves, the sables, and the martens, and though through the whole night the awful chorus of the wolves would resound from the frozen mountains around them, yet within their massive walls of logs they would lie in careless ease and comfort before the blazing fire, and in the morning shoot the elk and the deer from their very door.

The camp was full of the newly-cut lodge-poles; some, already prepared, were stacked together, white and glistening, to dry and harden in the sun; others were lying on the ground, and the squaws, the boys, and even some of the warriors were busily
5 at work peeling off the bark and paring them with their knives to the proper dimensions. Most of the hides obtained at the last camp were dressed and scraped thin enough for use, and many of the squaws were engaged in fitting them together and sewing them with sinews, to form the coverings for the lodges.
10 Men were wandering among the bushes that lined the brook along the margin of the camp, cutting sticks of red willow, or *shong-sasha*, the bark of which, mixed with tobacco, they use for smoking. Reynal's squaw was hard at work with her awl and buffalo sinews upon her lodge, while her proprietor, having just finished
15 an enormous breakfast of meat, was smoking a social pipe along with Raymond and myself. He proposed at length that we should go out on a hunt. "Go to Big Crow's lodge," said he, "and get your rifle. I'll bet the gray Wyandot pony against your mare that we start an elk or a black-tailed deer, or likely as not a
20 bighorn, before we are two miles out of camp. I'll take my squaw's old yellow horse; you can't whip her more than four miles an hour, but she is as good for the mountains as a mule."

I mounted the black mule which Raymond usually rode. She
25 was a very fine and powerful animal, gentle and manageable enough by nature; but of late her temper had been soured by misfortune. About a week before, I had chanced to offend some one of the Indians, who out of revenge went secretly into the meadow and gave her a severe stab in the haunch with his knife.
30 The wound, though partially healed, still galled her extremely, and made her even more perverse and obstinate than the rest of her species.

The morning was a glorious one, and I was in better health than I had been at any time for the last two months. Though
35 a strong frame and well compacted sinews had borne me

through hitherto, it was long since I had been in a condition to feel the exhilaration of the fresh mountain wind and the gay sunshine that brightened the crags and trees. We left the little valley and ascended a rocky hollow in the mountain. Very soon
5 we were out of sight of the camp and of every living thing, man, beast, bird, or insect. I had never before, except on foot, passed over such execrable ground, and I desire never to repeat the experiment. The black mule grew indignant, and even the redoubtable yellow horse stumbled every moment, and kept groaning to himself as he cut his feet and legs among the sharp
10 rocks.

It was a scene of silence and desolation. Little was visible except beetling crags and the bare, shingly sides of the mountains, relieved by scarcely a trace of vegetation. At length, how-
15 ever, we came upon a forest tract, and had no sooner done so than we heartily wished ourselves back among the rocks again; for we were on a steep descent, among trees so thick that we could see scarcely a rod in any direction.

If one is anxious to place himself in a situation where the
20 hazardous and ludicrous are combined in about equal proportions, let him get upon a vicious mule, with a snaffle bit, and try to drive her through the woods down a slope of forty-five degrees. Let him have a long rifle, a buckskin frock with long fringes, and a head of long hair. These latter appendages will be caught
25 every moment and twitched away in small portions by the twigs, which will also whip him smartly across the face, while the large branches above thump him on the head. His mule, if she be a true one, will alternately stop short and dive violently forward, and his positions upon her back will be somewhat diversified and
30 extraordinary. At one time he will clasp her affectionately, to avoid the blow of a bough overhead; at another he will throw himself back and fling his knee forward against the side of her neck, to keep it from being crushed between the rough bark of a tree and the equally unyielding ribs of the animal herself.
35 Reynal was cursing incessantly during the whole way down.

Neither of us had the remotest idea where we were going; and though I have seen rough riding, I shall always retain an evil recollection of that five minutes' scramble.

At last we left our troubles behind us, emerging into the channel of a brook that circled along the foot of the descent; and here, turning joyfully to the left, we rode in luxury and ease over the white pebbles and the rippling water, shaded from the glaring sun by an overarching green transparency. These halcyon moments were of short duration. The friendly brook, turning sharply to one side, went brawling and foaming down the rocky hill into an abyss which, as far as we could discern, had no bottom; so once more we betook ourselves to the detested woods. When next we came forth from their dancing shadow and sunlight, we found ourselves standing in the broad glare of day, on a high, jutting point of the mountain. Before us stretched a long, wide, desert valley winding away far amid the mountains. No civilized eye but mine had ever looked upon that virgin waste. Reynal was gazing intently; he began to speak at last:

“Many a time, when I was with the Indians, I have been hunting for gold all through the Black Hills. There's plenty of it here; you may be certain of that. I have dreamed about it fifty times, and I never dreamed yet but what it came out true. Look over yonder at those black rocks piled up against that other big rock. Doesn't it look as if there might be something there? It won't do for a white man to be rummaging too much about these mountains; the Indians say they are full of bad spirits; and I believe myself that it's no good luck to be hunting about here after gold. Well, for all that, I would like to have one of these fellows up here from down below, to go about with his witchhazel rod, and I'll guarantee that it would not be long before he would light on a gold mine. Never mind; we'll let the gold alone for today. Look at those trees down below us in the hollow; we'll go down there, and I reckon we'll get a black-tailed deer.”

But Reynal's predictions were not verified. We passed mountain after mountain, and valley after valley; we explored deep ravines; and still to my companion's vexation and evident surprise no game could be found. So, in the absence of better, we resolved
5 to go out on the plains and look for an antelope. With this view we began to pass down a narrow valley, the bottom of which was covered with the stiff wild-sage bushes and marked with deep paths, made by the buffalo, who, for some inexplicable reason, are accustomed to penetrate, in their long, grave processions, deep among the gorges of these sterile mountains.
10

Reynal's eye was ranging incessantly among the rocks and along the edges of the black precipices, in hopes of discovering the mountain sheep peering down upon us in fancied security from that giddy elevation. Nothing was visible for some time.
15 At length we both detected something in motion near the foot of one of the mountains, and in a moment afterward a black-tailed deer, with his spreading antlers, stood gazing at us from the top of a rock, and then, slowly turning away, disappeared behind it. In an instant Reynal was out of his saddle, and running toward
20 the spot. I, being too weak to follow, sat holding his horse and waiting the result. I lost sight of him, then heard the report of his rifle deadened among the rocks, and finally saw him reappear, with a surly look that plainly betrayed his ill success. Again we moved forward down the long valley, when soon after, we
25 came full upon what seemed a wide and very shallow ditch, incrustated at the bottom with white clay, dried and cracked in the sun. Under this fair outside, Reynal's eye detected the signs of lurking mischief. He called me to stop, and then alighting, picked up a stone and threw it into the ditch. To my utter
30 amazement it fell with a dull splash, breaking at once through the thin crust, and spattering round the whole a yellowish, creamy fluid, into which it sank and disappeared. A stick, five or six feet long, lay on the ground, and with this we sounded the insidious abyss close to its edge. It was just possible to touch the
35 bottom. Places like this are numerous among the Rocky Moun-

tains. The buffalo, in his blind and heedless walk, often plunges into them unawares. Down he sinks; one snort of terror, one convulsive struggle, and the slime calmly flows above his shaggy head, the languid undulations of its sleek and placid surface alone betraying how the powerful monster writhes in his death-throes below.

We found after some trouble a point where we could pass the abyss, and now the valley began to open upon the plains which spread to the horizon before us. On one of their distant swells we discerned three or four black specks, which Reynal pronounced to be buffalo.

"Come," said he, "we must get one of them. My squaw wants more sinews to finish her lodge with, and I want some glue myself."

He immediately put the yellow horse to such a gallop as he was capable of executing, while I set spurs to the mule, who soon far outran her plebeian rival. When we had galloped a mile or more, a large rabbit, by ill luck, sprang up just under the feet of the mule, who bounded violently aside in full career. Weakened as I was, I was flung forcibly to the ground, and my rifle, falling close to my head, went off with the shock. Its sharp, spiteful report rang for some moments in my ear. Being slightly stunned, I lay for an instant motionless, and Reynal, supposing me to be shot, rode up and began to curse the mule. Soon recovering myself, I rose, picked up the rifle and anxiously examined it. It was badly injured. The stock was cracked and the main screw broken, so that the lock had to be tied in its place with a string; yet happily it was not rendered totally unserviceable. I wiped it out, reloaded it, and handing it to Reynal, who meanwhile had caught the mule and led her up to me, I mounted again. No sooner had I done so, than the brute began to rear and plunge with extreme violence; but being now well prepared for her and free from incumbrance, I soon reduced her to submission. Then taking the rifle again from Reynal, I galloped forward as before.

We were now free of the mountain and riding far out on the broad prairie. The buffalo were still some two miles in advance of us. When we came near them, we stopped where a gentle swell of the plain concealed us from their view, and while I held
5 his horse Reynal ran forward with his rifle, till I lost sight of him beyond the rising ground. A few minutes elapsed; I heard the report of his piece, and saw the buffalo running away at full speed on the right, and immediately after, the hunter himself, unsuccessful as before, came up and mounted his horse in excessive
10 ill humor. He cursed the Black Hills and the buffalo, swore that he was a good hunter, which indeed was true, and that he had never been out before among those mountains without killing two or three deer at least.

We now turned toward the distant encampment. As we rode
15 along, antelope in considerable numbers were flying lightly in all directions over the plain, but not one of them would stand and be shot at. When we reached the foot of the mountain ridge that lay between us and the village, we were too impatient to take the smooth and circuitous route; so turning short to the left,
20 we drove our wearied animals directly upward among the rocks. Still more antelope were leaping about among these flinty hillsides. Each of us shot at one, though from a great distance, and each missed his mark. At length we reached the summit of the last ridge. Looking down, we saw the bustling camp in the
25 valley at our feet, and ingloriously descended to it. As we rode among the lodges, the Indians looked in vain for the fresh meat that should have hung behind our saddles, and the squaws uttered various suppressed ejaculations, to the great indignation of Reynal. Our mortification was increased when we rode up
30 to his lodge. Here we saw his young Indian relative the Hail-Storm, his light, graceful figure reclining on the ground in an easy attitude, while with his friend the Rabbit, who sat by his side, he was making an abundant meal from a wooden bowl of *wasna* which the squaw had placed between them. Near him lay the
35 fresh skin of a female elk, which he had just killed among the

mountains only a mile or two from the camp. No doubt the boy's heart was elated with triumph, but he betrayed no sign of it. He even seemed totally unconscious of our approach, and his handsome face had all the tranquillity of Indian self-control; a self-control which prevents the exhibition of emotion, without restraining the emotion itself. It was about two months since I had known the Hail-Storm, and within that time his character had remarkably developed. When I first saw him, he was just emerging from the habits and feelings of the boy into the ambition of the hunter and warrior. He had lately killed his first deer, and this had excited his aspirations after distinction. Since that time he had been continually in search of game, and no young hunter in the village had been so active or so fortunate as he. It will perhaps be remembered how fearlessly he attacked the buffalo bull, as we were moving toward our camp at the Medicine-Bow Mountain. All this success had produced a marked change in his character. As I first remembered him he always shunned the society of the young squaws, and was extremely bashful and sheepish in their presence; but now, in the confidence of his own reputation, he began to assume the airs and the arts of a man of gallantry. He wore his red blanket dashingly over his left shoulder, painted his cheeks every day with vermilion, and hung pendants of shells in his ears. If I observed aright, he met with very good success in his new pursuits; still the Hail-Storm had much to accomplish before he attained the full standing of a warrior. Gallantly as he began to bear himself among the women and girls, he still was timid and abashed in the presence of the chiefs and old men; for he had never yet killed a man, or stricken the dead body of an enemy in battle. But I would not have encamped alone with that handsome, smooth-faced boy without watching his movements with a distrustful eye.

His elder brother, the Horse, was of a different character. He was nothing but a lazy dandy. He knew very well how to hunt, but preferred to live by the hunting of others. He had

no appetite for distinction, and the Hail-Storm, though a few years younger than he, already surpassed him in reputation. He had a dark and ugly face, and he passed a great part of his time in adorning it with vermilion, and contemplating it by means of a little pocket looking-glass which I gave him. As for the rest of the day, he divided it between eating and sleeping and sitting in the sun on the outside of a lodge. Here he would remain for hour after hour, arrayed in all his finery, with an old dragoon's sword in his hand, and evidently flattering himself that he was the center of attraction to the eyes of the surrounding squaws. Yet he sat looking straight forward with a face of the utmost gravity, as if wrapped in profound meditation, and it was only by the occasional sidelong glances which he shot at his supposed admirers that one could detect the true course of his thoughts.

Both he and his brother may represent a class in the Indian community; neither should the Hail-Storm's friend the Rabbit be passed by without notice. The Hail-Storm and he were inseparable: they ate, slept, and hunted together, and shared with one another almost all that they possessed. If there be anything that deserves to be called romantic in the Indian character, it is to be sought for in friendships such as this, which are quite common among many of the prairie tribes.

Slowly, hour after hour, that weary afternoon dragged away. I lay in Reynal's lodge, overcome by the listless torpor that pervaded the whole encampment. The day's work was finished, or if it were not, the inhabitants had resolved not to finish it at all, and all were dozing quietly within the shelter of the lodges. A profound lethargy, the very spirit of indolence, seemed to have sunk upon the village. Now and then I could hear the low laughter of some girl from within a neighboring lodge, or the small, shrill voices of a few restless children, who alone were moving in the deserted area. The spirit of the place infected me; I could not even think consecutively; I was fit only for musing and reverie, when at last, like the rest, I fell asleep.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note. Francis Parkman (1823-1893), an American historian, was born in Boston, Massachusetts. At the age of eight years he went to live with his grandfather on a wild tract of land not far from Boston, and there he developed the fondness for outdoor life shown in all his writings. By the time he had finished college he had resolved to write the history of the French in America. For this he needed an intimate knowledge of Indian life. To gain this knowledge he made the journey described in *The Oregon Trail*, from which "Hunting in the Black Hills" is taken. Parkman left Boston in April, 1846, accompanied by Quincy Adams Shaw, a relative, and went first to St. Louis. This trip, made by railroad, steamboat, and stage, took two weeks. There they engaged guides and bought an outfit, including presents for the Indians. After eight days on a river steamboat they reached Independence, Missouri, where the land journey began. The entire trip took five months.

At this time there were no states west of the Missouri River, nor were there any white settlers. From Canada to what is now Oklahoma, tribes of savage Indians roamed, hunting the buffalo, and warring among themselves. Two great overland routes led across this immense wild stretch from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. The southern, known as the Santa Fe trail, carried a large trade between the East and Mexico and southern California; the northern, or Oregon trail, was commonly used by emigrants on their way to the northwest coast.

The incidents told in "Hunting in the Black Hills," Chapters XVII and XVIII of *The Oregon Trail*, occurred after Parkman had left his companion Shaw, who was ill, in Fort Laramie, and had pushed on to overtake a band of Ogallala Indians on their way to the Black Hills to hunt buffalo. Parkman himself was ill at the time, and his pressing forward under such circumstances, into a hostile country where he was in hourly danger of attack by Indians, shows the strength of his courage and determination.

Parkman, like Roosevelt, was, as a boy, physically weak, but made himself strong by means of vigorous and systematic exercise. After the Oregon journey he suffered greatly from poor eyesight, lameness, and general ill health, but in spite of this he did an enormous amount of literary work and was uniformly cheerful and buoyant. You will be interested in reading the entire book *The Oregon Trail*.

Questions for Testing Silent Reading. 1. What method of travel was used by the Indians? 2. What "object brought them" to the Black Hills to settle? 3. What familiar things did the author see? 4. What welcome discovery did Parkman make? Of what was he reminded? 5. Describe

the work that was being done in the Indian camp. Who did the work? Why? 6. Why did Reynal feel that it was dangerous for a white man to travel about the mountains hunting after gold? 7. What success did the hunters have? 8. What accident befell the author? 9. Give evidence of friendships that existed between members of the prairie tribes.

General Questions and Topics. 1. Describe the "strange or picturesque cavalcade" which passed the author. 2. Of what did Reynal build his dwelling? 3. Explain the significance of the author's statement, "I was in the midst of a hunter's paradise." 4. Compare the garb of the Black Hills in July with that worn in winter. 5. Account for the "perverse and obstinate" disposition of the mule. 6. Make a list of the different animals mentioned in the story. 7. What were some of the dangers encountered by the travelers? 8. Account for the humiliation of the hunters on their return to camp. 9. Give a brief character sketch of the Hail-Storm. 10. Point out likenesses and differences between the Hail-Storm and his brother the Horse.

Library Reading. "The Buffalo," Parkman, and "Hunting the Grizzly Bear," Roosevelt (in *The Elson Readers, Book Seven*); "The Ogallala Village," Chapter XIV, and "The Hunting Camp," Chapter XV, Parkman (in *The Oregon Trail*); "Tonty's Adventures with the Indians" and "La Salle's Winter Journeys," Parkman (in *The Boy's Parkman, Hasbrouck*); *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, Parkman; "Indian Life," Foote (in *Explorers and Founders of America*); *Beyond the Old Frontier*, Grinnell; "First across the Continent," Brooks (in *First across the Continent*); "Great Journey of Lewis and Clark," Holland (in *Historic Adventures*); *Stories of the Great West*, Roosevelt; *Stories of Ohio*, Howells; *Book of Woodcraft and Indian Lore*, Seton; *The Prairie*, Cooper; *Indian Boyhood*, Eastman; *Daniel Boone: Wilderness Scout*, White; *Horsemen of the Plains*, Altsheler; *Following the Guidon and Boots and Saddles*, Custer; *Jack among the Indians*, Grinnell.

SUMMARY OF PART VII

In this section of your book you have found adventure stories of the usual kind, that is, narratives that portray thrilling or exciting experiences. Some of these stories, such as "A Winter Ride on the Hudson River," are based on real happenings. The author did not himself pass through the adventure narrated; yet through his imagination he was able to picture the scenes so vividly that he seems to have been present. Other stories in this group, such as "Legend of the Moor's Legacy," are based on old legends dealing with events that have only a partial foundation of fact. Still a third type of story, such as "The Wreck of the Thomas Hyke," is purely imaginary; the events which it narrates never actually took place. The writer sees these imaginary events so vividly, however, that they seem as real as if they had actually occurred. Which of the three kinds of adventure story do you like best? Which story in this group interested you most? Doubtless you are training your imagination to picture the events until you can see the stories *in action*, as if they were little dramas being enacted by players before your eyes; which selection in this group were you able to visualize most clearly?

Explain the aptness of the picture, page 394, as an introduction to the group of "sea-rover" stories. Read aloud the quotation from Bliss Carman, page 393; what interesting pirate story do these lines suggest to you? Look at the pictures of Blackbeard on pages 395 and 409; after reading "The True Story of Blackbeard" which of these pictures best represents your idea of him?

Now that you have come to the end of your book you may well ask yourself what benefits you have gained from your reading. It is the earnest hope of the authors that you have gained in power to appreciate and enjoy the world of nature and to interest yourself actively in conserving life and beauty everywhere; to realize more than before the significance of transportation and communication as factors in national progress; to delight in outdoor life; to catch the spirit of industry and to share in the glory of work; to value the scout who renders unselfish service to his fellows and his country as becomes the good citizen; to enjoy wholesome fun; to share in the joys of adventure that inspire noble deeds. For these are the things that this book and others in this series aim to foster in you, not alone for your own happiness, but also for the well-being of all with whom you associate.

GLOSSARY

ă as in <i>ate</i>	ē as in <i>eve</i>	ō as in <i>note</i>	Û as in <i>cut</i>
â as in <i>bat</i>	ē as in <i>met</i>	ö as in <i>not</i>	û as in <i>turn</i>
â as in <i>care</i>	ē as in <i>maker</i>	ô as in <i>or</i>	û as in <i>unite</i>
â as in <i>ask</i>	ē as in <i>event</i>	ô as in <i>obey</i>	oo as in <i>food</i>
â as in <i>arm</i>	ī as in <i>kind</i>	ō as in <i>dog</i>	oo as in <i>foot</i>
â as in <i>senate</i>	ī as in <i>pin</i>	ū as in <i>use</i>	

ab'o-rig'i-nes (ăb'ô-rĭj'ĭ-nēz), native races

ab-sorbed' (ăb-sôrbd'), lost in thought

a-byss' (â-bĭs'), deep crack in the earth

ac-ces'sion (ăk-sësh'ŭn), addition

ac-ces'so-ries (ăk-sēs'ô-rĭz), things aiding or contributing to

ac-cliv'i-ty (ă-klĭv'ĭ-tĭ), slope

ac-cu'mu-lat'ed (ă-kū'mū-lăt'ĕd), gathered and saved

ac-cus'tomed (ă-kŭs'tŭmd), usual

a-chieve'ment (â-chĕv'mĕnt), great or heroic deed

ac'qui-esced' (ăk'wĭ-ĕst'), agreed

Ac-tæ'on (ăk-tĕ'ôn), fabled huntsman, changed into a stag by Diana, and torn to pieces by his own hounds

a-cute'ly (â-kŭt'ĭ), sharply, keenly

ad'a-man'tine (ăd'â-măntĭn), incapable of being broken

ad'e-quate (ăd'ĕ-kwăt), satisfactory

ad'juncts (ăj'ŭngkts), associates

a-droit'ness (â-droit'nĕs), skill

a-ĕ'ri-al (â-ĕ'rĭ-ăl), in the air

af'flu-ent (ăf'lŭ-ĕnt), wealthy

ag-gres'sive (ă-grĕs'ĭv), hostile

a-gil'i-ty (â-jĭl'ĭ-tĭ), power of moving quickly and easily

ag'i-tat'ed (ăj'ĭ-tăt'ĕd), disturbed

A'hab (â'hăb), the captain of the whaling vessel

aid'-de-camp' (ăd'-dĕ-kămp'), assistant

ai-grette' (â-grĕt'), an upright ornament for the head

A'la-mo (â'lă-mō), a Franciscan mission at San Antonio, Texas

Al-cal'de (ăl-kăl'dă), mayor

al-fal'fa (ăl-făl'fă), a plant used for feeding cattle

Al'fred (ăl'frĕd), king of West Saxons in England (871-901)

al'gua-zil' (ăl'gwă-zĕl'), an officer of justice in Spain

Al-ham'bra (ăl-hămb'bră), fortress or palace of the Moorish kings at Granada, built between 1248 and 1354

al'ien (ăl'yĕn), foreign

al-le'giance (ă-lĕ'jăns), loyalty

al-lot'ment (ă-lôt'mĕnt), that which is granted to a certain person

al-lot'ted (ă-lôt'ĕd), given

al-ter'nate-ly (ăl-tŭr'năt-lĭ), by turns, first one and then the other

al-ter'na-tives (ăl-tŭr'nă-tĭvz), possible choices

al'ti-tude (ăl'tĭ-tŭd), height

Am'brose Channel (ăm'brōz)

a-merce' (â-mŭrs'), punish

am'i-ca-ble (ăm'ĭ-kă-b'l), friendly

Am'mal (ăm'ăl)

am-phib'i-an (ăm-fĭb'ĭ-ăn), animal that can live either on land or in water

a-næ'mic (â-nĕ'mĭk), weak, pale

an'chor-age (ăng'kĕr-ăj), place where one may anchor; harbor

an'i-ma'tion (ăn'ĭ-mă'shŭn), liveliness

an-ten'na (ăn-tĕn'nă), feeler

an-tic'i-pate (ăn-tĭs'ĭ-păt), foresee

an-tic'i-pa-tive (ăn-tĭs'ĭ-pă-tĭv), expected; considered beforehand

an'ti-mo-ny (ăn'tĭ-mō-nĭ), a soft mineral

an-tiq'ui-ty (ăn-tĭk'wĭ-tĭ), ancient times

A-pach'e (â-păch'ĕ)

ap'a-thy (ăp'â-thĭ), lack of feeling

a'pex (ă'pĕks), point

ap-pall' (ă-pôl'), shock

ap'pel-la'tion (ăp'ĕ-lă'shŭn), name

ap-pli'ance (ă-plĭ'ăns), device

ap'pre-hen'sion (ăp'rĕ-hĕn'shŭn), anxiety, uneasiness

Ar'a-bic characters (ăr'â-bĭk), writing in the language of the Arabs

ar'chi-tec'ture (ăr'kĭ-tĕk'tŭr), style of building; frame

Arc'tic Sea (ărk'tĭk)

- Ar'gus-eyed** (är'güs), extremely watchful, like Argus, the Greek with a hundred eyes, some of which were always awake
- ar-ray'** (ä-rä'), rank, file
- Ar-ro'yo Gran'de** (är-rö'yō grän'dä)
- ar'ter-y** (är'tēr-ĭ), one of the branching tubes that carry blood from the heart to the rest of the body; hence, a highway, a pipe line
- as-bes'tos** (äs-bēs'tös), a fireproof substance made of fibrous rock
- as-cent'** (ä-sént'), a way upward
- as'cer-tain'** (äs'ēr-tān'), find out
- as'pi-ra'tion** (äs'pī-rā'shūn), high desire
- as-sess'ment** (ä-sēs'měnt), tax
- as-sume'** (ä-sūm'), take for granted
- as-sur'ance** (ä-shōōr'āns), that which gives confidence
- as-tound'** (äs-tound'), astonish
- at-tri'tion** (ä-trīsh'ūn), rubbing
- au-da'cious** (ô-dā'shūs), daring
- au-ro'ra bo're-a'lis** (ô-rō'rā bō'rē-ā'līs), a brilliant lighting of the sky visible to best advantage in the northern hemisphere. Sometimes called the "northern lights."
- au-thor'i-ta-tive-ly** (ô-thōr'ĭ-tā-tĭv-lĭ), as one having rightful power
- au'to-mat'ic** (ô'tō-măt'ĭk), acting without thought; mechanical
- av'a-lanch-es** (äv'ä-lānch-ěz), slides of earth or snow
- Av'a-lon** (äv'ä-lōn), a resort town in California, on Catalina Island
- a-verse'** (ä-vürs'), opposed, reluctant
- awe'-in-spir'ing** (ô'-ĭn-spĭr'ing), making one feel solemn wonder
- Az'tecs** (äz'těks), Indians that had developed an empire in Mexico and were conquered by Cortez in 1519
- bab'bling** (bäb'ling), idle talk
- Ba-bu'ji** (bä-bōō'jē)
- Bab'y-lo'ni-an** (bäb'ĭ-lō'nĭ-ān), an inhabitant of the ancient kingdom of Babylonia, in Asia
- Ba'den** (bä'děn), a division of Germany
- Baf'fin Bay** (bäf'ĭn)
- Ba-ha'ma Islands** (bä-hā'má)
- bail'er** (bäl'ēr), bucket used to clean sand out of a drill hole
- Ba-ku'** (bä-kōō'), the west coast of the Caspian Sea in Asiatic Russia
- balk** (bök), beam
- banded pirates**, pirates working together as a band or company
- Ba-rom'ba** (bä-rōm'bä)
- Bas'il** (bäz'ĭl)
- bas-qui'na** (bäs-kē'nyä), a rich outer petticoat worn by Spanish women
- bay'ou** (bĭ'ōō), inlet
- beck** (bĕk), river
- Be-el'ze-bub** (bē-ěl'zē-büb), a god of the Philistines, a people of ancient Palestine; sometimes considered as a prince of devils next to Satan in power
- be-lat'ed** (bē-lāt'ĕd), delayed
- ben'e-dic'tion** (běn'ē-dĭk'shūn), act of blessing, prayer
- ben'zine** (běn'zĭn), an easily evaporating, inflammable liquid with great power to dissolve dirt
- be-tray'** (bē-trā'), show or indicate
- blas'phe-my** (bläs'fē-mĭ), that which is an insult to God
- blaze**, mark out
- bleach** (blĕnch), grow pale
- blithe'some** (blĭth'sūm), cheery, gay
- blood'lust'** (blūd'lüst'), desire for blood
- bo-le'ro** (bō-lā'rō), a Spanish dance
- bolt'ing** (bōlt'ing), swallowing without chewing
- bond**, a uniting tie
- Bon'net', Stede** (stĕd bō'nĕ')
- boo'ty** (bōō'tĭ), that which is obtained by robbery
- bow'man** (bou'män), man who rows the foremost oar in a boat
- bra'zen** (brā'z'n), impudent, shameless
- Bre-genz'** (brä'gĕnts'), a city of Austria situated on Lake Constance
- brim'stone** (brĭm'stōn), sulphur
- bringing in a gusher**, starting the flow of an oil well
- broad'bill'** (brōd'bĭl'), the true swordfish, which has a broad bill, as distinguished from the marlin, or round-bill
- broad'cast'** (brōd'kást'), scatter in all directions
- Broad'way'** (brōd'wā'), a famous street in New York City
- buc'ca-neers'** (bük'ä-nĕrzs'), pirates, especially the adventurers who made raids on the Spaniards in America in the 17th century
- budge** (büdj), move
- bu'gle** (bü'g'l), call
- bulk'head'** (bülk'hĕd'), an upright partition in a ship

Bul'li-a (bōō'lē-ā)
bul'lock-cart' (bōō'lūk-kārt'), ox-cart
bull wheel, a wheel, or drum, on which a rope is wound for lifting well-boring tools
burgh'er (būr'gēr), Dutch merchant
bur-lesque' (būr-lēsk'), a play that excites laughter by mock gravity

ca'dence (kā'dēns), measure, beat
Ca-i-ce'bo (kā-ē-thā'bō)
ca-fe' (kā-fā'), restaurant
ca-lam'y-ti (kā-lām'ī-tī), misfortune
cal'u-la'tion (kāl'kū-lā'shūn), reckoning; estimate
Cal-cut'ta (kāl-kūt'ā), capital of Bengal and of British India
cal'dron (kōl'drūn), large kettle
cal'en-dar (kāl'ēn-dār), list of saints who are honored on certain days of the year
cal'lous-ly (kāl'ūs-lī), unfeelingly
ca'ñon (kā'n'yūn), gorge, ravine
can'o-py (kā'n'ō-pī), a covering
cant'ed (kānt'ēd), tipped
ca-pa'cious (kā-pā'shūs), large, roomy
ca-par'ri-soned (kā-pār'ī-sūnd), habessed with decorative bells and robes
Cape Horn, the southernmost point of the continent of South America
Cape Race, a cape to the southeast of Newfoundland
ca'per-ing (kā'pēr-īng), skipping
ca-pit'u-lat'ed to (kā-pit'ū-lāt'ēd), been captured by
cap'po (kā'pō), cap
car'a-van (kā'r'ā-vān), a moving company of persons and animals traveling together
car'go (kā'r'gō), the freight of a ship
car'nage (kā'r'nāj), great bloodshed
cas-cade' (kā-s-kād'), waterfall
cas'ing (kā-s'īng), lining of a well
Cas'pian Sea (kā-s'pī-ān)
cas'ta-nets (kā-s'tā-nēts), pair of small clappers used to accent music to accompany a dance
Castor and Pollux, twin sons of Leda in the classical myth, commonly represented as skilled horsemen
ca-tas'tro-phe (kā-tās'trō-fē), sudden calamity
Cau'ca-sus Mountains (kō'ká-sūs)
cav'al-cade' (kāv'āl-kād'), a formal procession of horsemen or carriages

cav ern-ous (kāv'ēr-nūs), like a cave
Ce-nis', Mont' (mōn' sē-nē'), railway tunnel 7½ miles long through a famous pass in the Alps between France and Italy
center of gravity (grāv'ī-tī), center of mass or heaviest weight
chal'leng-ing (chāl'ēn-jīng), inviting to a contest
chap'ar-ral' (chāp'ā-rāl'), dense thicket of thorny shrubs
char'ac-ter-is'tic (kā'r'āk-tēr-īs'tīk), a personal quality or distinctive trait
charg'er (chār'jēr), war horse; horse ridden in an important mission
Charles's Wain (wān), the group of seven stars commonly called the dipper
chas'tise-ment (chās'tīz-mēnt), punishment; discipline
chem'i-cal (kēm'ī-kāl), sulphur and other ingredients
Chey'enne' (shī'ēn')
Chil'li-coth'e (chīl'ī-kōth'ē)
chron'i-cle (krōn'ī-k'l), record
Cin'quo Cen-ta'vos (chēng'kwō sēn-tā-vōz)
cir-cu'i-tous (sēr-kū'ī-tūs), roundabout
cir'cum-nav'i-gate (sūr'kūm-nāv'ī-gāt), sail around
cit'a-del (sīt'ā-dēl), strong fortress
civ'il-est (sīv'īl-ēst), most polite
civ'li-za'tion (sīv'ī-lī-zā'shūn), progress in manner of living
clam'or-ous (klām'ēr-ūs), noisy
clam'shell (klām'shēl), bucket made of two parts hinged together like a clamshell and used in dredging
cleav'ing (klēv'īng), cutting, splitting
cleft (klēft), crevice or crack
ciem'en-cy (klēm'ēn-sī), mercy
cock'pit' (kōk'pīt'), a space lower than the rest of the deck
cog'ni-zance (kōg'ni-zāns), notice
col-lec'tive-ly (kō-lēk'tīv-lī), together
col'lier-y (kōl'yēr-ī), a coal mine with its buildings
co-los'sal (kō-lōs'āl), huge, gigantic
co'ma (kō'mā), unconsciousness
Co-man'che (kō-mān'chē)
com'bat (kōm'bāt), fight or contest
come'ly (kūm'lī), pretty, attractive
com-mod'i-ties (kō-mōd'ī-tīz), merchandise
com'mo-dore' (kōm'ō-dōr'), commander

- common carrier**, a person or organization, such as railroad companies, ship-owners, which undertakes to convey something for the public; the pipe line itself (p. 207)
- com-mo'tion** (kǒ-mō'shūn), violent motion
- Com'mune in Paris** (kǒm'ūn), Government established in Paris 1792-94, during the "Reign of Terror"
- com-mu'ni-ty** (kǒ-mū'nī-tī), number of families living together
- com'pa-ra-ble** (kǒm'pā-rā-b'l), possible to be compared
- com-par'a-tive-ly** (kǒm-pār'ā-tīv-lī), compared with other things
- com-pas'sion-ate** (kǒm-pāsh'ūn-ât), sympathetic, tender
- com'pen-sat'ing** (kǒm'pĕn-sāt'ing), making up for it
- com-plex'i-ty** (kǒm-plĕk'sī-tī), intricacy, complication
- com-pound'ed** (kǒm-pound'ĕd), put together
- com'pre-hend'** (kǒm'prĕ-hĕnd'), understand
- con'cen-trate** (kǒn'sĕn-trāt), center
- con-ces'sion** (kǒn-sĕsh'ūn), special grant
- conch** (kǒngk), white native laborer of Bahama Islands; spiral shell
- con-cil'i-a-to-ry** (kǒn-sīl'ī-â-tō-rī), tending to peacemaking
- con'crete-mixer** (kǒn'krĕt), machine for mixing sand, gravel, and cement
- Con'es-to'ga** (kǒn'ĕs-tō'gá)
- Co'ney Island** (kō'nī), summer resort near Brooklyn, New York
- con-found'ing** (kǒn-found'ing), confusing
- con-glom'er-a'tion** (kǒn-glǒm'ĕr-â'shūn) mixed mass
- con'jure** (kūn'jĕr), work a magic spell
- con'jur-ing bag** (kūn'jĕr-ing), magic bag
- con'quer-ing** (kǒng'kĕr-ing), gaining control over
- con'scious** (kǒn'shūš), aware
- con'scious-ness** (kǒn'shūš-nĕš), knowledge of one's own existence
- con'se-crate** (kǒn'sĕ-krāt), devote, dedicate
- con'se-quence** (kǒn'sĕ-kwĕns), result
- con-sol'i-dat-ed** (kǒn-sōl'ī-dāt'ĕd), combined
- con-spic'u-ous** (kǒn-spīk'ū-ūš), attracting attention, distinguished
- con'tem-pla'tion** (kǒn'tĕm-plā'shūn), thought
- con-tract'ing** (kǒn-trākt'ing), narrowing, drawing together
- con-trib'ute** (kǒn-trīb'ūt), furnish
- con-triv'ance** (kǒn-triv'āns), thing contrived or put together
- con'va-les'cent** (kǒn'vā-lĕs'ĕnt), person recovering from sickness
- con-vey'** (kǒn-vā'), transfer, carry
- coo'lie** (kōō'lī), a native laborer
- co-quet'tish** (kō-kĕt'ish), having the air of one who wishes to attract attention
- cor'nu-co'pi-a** (kǒr-nū-kō'pī-â), horn-shaped container, an emblem of abundance
- cor'ri-dor** (kǒr'ī-dōr), covered passageway
- cor-rupt'** (kǒ-rŭpt'), dishonest
- coun'ter-part'** (koun'tĕr-pārt'), person who closely resembles another
- cou'pon** (kōō'pǒn), section of a ticket showing that the holder is entitled to a seat or berth
- cou'ri-er** (kōō'ri-ĕr), messenger
- craft'y** (krāf'tī), skillful
- cre-scen'do** (krĕ-shĕn'dō), steady increase of sound
- cross'tree'** (krǒs'trĕ'), a horizontal crosspiece of timber high on the mast of a ship
- crouch'ing** (krouch'ing), bending down
- cru'cial** (krōō'shāl), very important
- crude** (krōōd), in a natural state before refining
- cru-sad'ers** (krōō-sād'ĕrz), men who engaged in the military expeditions of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries to recover the Holy Land from the Mohammedans
- cu'cum-bers** (kū'kŭm-bĕrz), used to express calmness (p. 151), as in the phrase "cool as a cucumber."
- cul'vert** (kŭl'vērt), passage built for water to drain through
- Cumberland Gap**, a pass five hundred feet deep, through Cumberland Plateau, Virginia, at the junction of Kentucky and Tennessee
- cur-mud'geon** (kŭr-mŭj'ūn), miser
- Cur'zon, Earl** (kŭr'zǒn)
- Cut'lass** (kŭt'lās), short, heavy sword
- Cy-clo'pes** (sī-klō'pĕz), a race of one-eyed giants, who were forgers of thunderbolts

dachs'hund' (däks'höont'), a small hound with a long body and short, crooked legs

Da-ri'us (dä-rí'üs), Persian king (521-486? B. C.)

daunt (dänt), check; intimidate

daw'dle (dó'd'l), waste time in trifling employment

de-bauch' (dê-bôch'), excess

de'bris' (dä'brê'), ruins

dec'ade (dêk'äd), ten years

dec'i-mate (dês'î-mât), divide into small parts; destroy

de-cliv'i-ty (dê-kliv'î-tî), incline, slope

de-co'rum (dê-kô'rûm), dignity of behavior; propriety of manner

de-crease' (dê-krês'), become less

de-file' (dê-fil'), make impure (p. 14); narrow passage or gorge in which troops can march only in file (p. 482)

de-gen'er-ate (dê-jên'êr-ât), degraded, having lost in goodness; one who has lost all good qualities (p. 376)

de-lib'er-ate-ly (dê-lîb'êr-ât-lî), slowly

de-lin'e-at'ed (dê-lîn'ê-ât'êd), pictured

de-lin'quent (dê-lîng'kwënt), offender, culprit

de-moc'ra-cy (dê-môk'râ-sî), country governed by its people

de'mons in-car'nate (dê'mônz ÿn-kâr'nât), evil spirits in the form of men

dem'on-strate (dêm'ôn-strât), show, prove

de-mure'ly (dê-mûr'lî), modestly

den'i-zen (dên'î-zên), inhabitant

de-nud'ed sec'tion (dê-nûd'êd sêk'shûn), one square mile of land made bare by cutting off all the trees

de-pend'ent (dê-pên'dënt), not self-supporting

de-pict'ed (dê-pîkt'êd), pictured

de-pos'it (dê-pôz'ît), place

de-prive' (dê-prîv'), take away

der'rick (dêr'îk), framework or tower over a deep drill hole

de-scent' (dê-sênt'), sudden attack or invasion from the sea (p. 404); family or race (p. 405)

des'ig-nat-ed (dêz'îg-nât-êd), pointed out, indicated

de-sist'ed (dê-zîst'êd), stopped

des'per-a'do (dês'pêr-â'dô), reckless criminal

de-ter'mi-na'tion (dê-tûr'mî-nâ'shûn), decision, firmness, resolve

det'o-na'tor (dêt'ô-nâ'têr), an explosive whose action is instantaneous

de-vout' (dê-vout'), earnest

dex-ter'i-ty (dêks-têr'î-tî), skill in using the hands

dig'ni-ta-ry (dîg'nî-tâ-rî), high official

di-gres'sion (dî-grêsh'ûn), wandering from the subject

di-lat'ing (dî-lât'îng), expanding

di-lem'ma (dî-lêm'â), difficult position

di-min'ish (dî-mîn'îsh), lessen

din'ghy (dîng'gî), small boat

dis'ci-pline (dîs'î-plîn), training

dis-con'so-late-ly (dîs-kôn'sô-lât-lî), gloomily

dis-cred'it-ed (dîs-krêd'ît-êd), not believed in

dis-cre'tion (dîs-krêsh'ûn), care, good judgment

dis-crim'i-nat'ing (dîs-krîm'î-nât'îng), keen; discerning

dis-har'mo-ny (dîs-hâr'mô-nî), discord

dis'lo-cate (dîs'lô-kât), put out of its proper place

dis'pen-sa'tion (dîs'pên-sâ'shûn), that which is granted to one

dis-pens'er (dîs-pên'sêr), one that distributes or deals out

dis-qual'i-fied (dîs-kwôl'î-fîd), not meeting set requirements

dis-sec'tion (dî-sêk'shûn), cutting into parts for study

dis-tort'ed (dîs-tôrt'êd), not natural in shape, deformed

dis-tract'ed (dîs-trâkt'êd), insane

di-vert'is-ment (dî-vûr'tîz-mênt), amusement, recreation

doc'ile (dôs'îl), gentle

doc'u-men'ta-ry ev'i-dence (dôk'û-mên'tâ-rî êv'î-dêns), written proof

do-main' (dô-mân'), territory over which authority is exerted

do-mes'ti-ca'tion (dô-mês'tî-kâ'shûn), taming of animals to serve man

dom'i-nate (dôm'î-nât), rule, govern

do-min'ion (dô-mîn'yûn), sovereign or supreme authority

dor'sal (dôr'säl), vertical fin on back

dou'blet (düb'lêt), a close-fitting garment for men worn in Europe from the 15th to the 17th century

dram'a-tur'gy (drâm'â-tûr'jî), art of writing and presenting plays

du'bi-ous-ly (dû'bî-ûs-lî), doubtfully

Duy'vil (dî'vîl), devil

dying thief upon Calvary, see *Matthew xxvii*, 38-44

dy'na-mo (di'ná-mō), machine for producing electricity

ear'drum' (ēr'drŭm'), thin covering over the cavity of the middle ear

e'co-nom'i-cal-ly (ē'cō-nŏm'ĭ-kāl-lĭ), in a way to avoid waste

ec'sta-sy (ĕk'stá-sĭ), extreme joy

ed'dy-ing (ĕd'ĭ-ing), moving in a circle

ef-fect' (ĕ-fĕkt'), bring about

ef-fete' (ĕ-fĕt'), worn-out

e-gre'gious (ĕ-grĕ'jĭs), remarkable

e-jac'u-la'tion (ĕ-ják'ŭ-lá'shŭn), brief exclamation

e-lat'ed (ĕ-lát'ĕd), happy because of success

El-do-ra'do (ĕl-dŏ-rá'dŏ)

e-lec'tri-fied (ĕ-lĕk'trĭ-fĭd), surprised as if with an electric shock

el'e-ments (ĕl'ĕ-mĕnts), air and water

e-lim'i-na'tion (ĕ-lĭm'ĭ-ná'shŭn), setting aside certain ideas in the process of reasoning out a problem

el'o-quent (ĕl'ŏ-kwĕnt), full of meaning

e-ma'ci-at'ed (ĕ-má'shĭ-át'ĕd), wasted away

e-merge' (ĕ-mŭrj'), come out into view

em'er-y (ĕm'ĕr-ĭ), a mineral used for grinding and polishing

em'i-grant (ĕm'ĭ-gránt), one who moves from one place to another

en-croach'ment (ĕn-krŏch'mĕnt), act of entering upon the rights of others

en'er-vate (ĕn'ĕr-vát), make weak

en'sign (ĕn'sĭn), flag, banner

en'ter-prise (ĕn'tĕr-prĭz), important undertaking

en'to-mol'o-gist (ĕn'tŏ-mŏl'ŏ-jĭst), one who studies insects

en-vi'ron-ment (ĕn-vĭ'rŭn-mĕnt), surrounding conditions

ep'i-cure (ĕp'ĭ-kŭr), one devoted to the luxuries of food

ep'i-dem'ic (ĕp'ĭ-dem'ĭk), a widespread disease

eq'ui-ta-ble (ĕk'wĭ-tá-b'l), fair, just

e-rect' (ĕ-rĕkt'), raised upright

Es'ki-mo (ĕs'kĭ-mŏ), one of a race living on the Arctic coasts of America

es-pied' (ĕs-pĭd'), caught sight of

es'pla-nade' (ĕs'plá-nád'), public square

es-tab'lished (ĕs-táb'lišht), permanently arranged

eth'ics (ĕth'ĭks), rules of right and wrong

E'thi-o'pi-an (ĕ'thĭ-ŏ'pĭ-án), black, like a member of the Negro race

e-vap'o-rate (ĕ-váp'ŏ-rát), pass off in vapor, or change from a liquid to a gaseous state

ever and a-non' (ĕ-nŏn'), now and then

ev'i-dence (ĕv'ĭ-dĕns), proof

e-vince' (ĕ-vĭns'), show or exhibit

e-vo-lve' (ĕ-vŏlv'), produce, develop

ewe (ŭ), the female sheep

ex-cru'ci-at'ing (ĕks-krŏŏ'shĭ-át'ing), very painful

ex-cur'sion (ĕks-kŭr'shŭn), brief trip

ex'e-cu'tion (ĕk'sĕ-kŭ'shŭn), effective action

ex'hi-bi'tion (ĕk'sĭ-bĭsh'ŭn), that which is displayed

ex-hil'a-ra'tion (ĕg-zĭl'á-rá'shŭn), lively joy or cheerfulness

ex-pe'di-ent (ĕks-pĕ'dĭ-ĕnt), device used to accomplish an end

ex-pend'i-ture (ĕks-pĕn'dĭ-tŭr), payment

ex-pired' (ĕk-spĭrd'), died

explo'sive (ĕks-plŏ'sĭv), a compound that will explode, such as dynamite

ex'qui-site (ĕks'kwĭ-zĭt), perfect

ex-tem'po-ra'ne-ous (ĕks-tĕm'pŏ-rá-nĕ-ŭs), without previous preparation

ex-ter'mi-na'tion (ĕks-tŭr'mĭ-ná'shŭn), total destruction

ex-ult'ant (ĕg-zŭl'tánt), elated, triumphant

ex'ul-ta'tion (ĕk'sŭl-tá'shŭn), delight, triumph

fab'u-lous (fáb'ŭ-lŭs), astonishing

fa-cil'i-ty (fá-sĭl'ĭ-tĭ), ready means

fac-ul-ties (fák'ŭl-tĭz), mental powers

fal-set'to (fŏl-sĕt'ŏ), artificial voice

fidg'et (fĭj'ĕt), state of restlessness

fis'sure (fĭsh'ŭr), narrow opening made by a parting of the rocks

flap'jack' (fláp'ják'), pancake

fledg'ling (flĕj'ling), young bird

flip'per (flĭp'ĕr), broad, flat limb adapted for swimming, as of whales

floun'der-ing (floun'dĕr-ing), rolling

flukes (flŏŏks), lobes of a whale's tail

flur'ry (flŭr'ĭ), the violent spasms of a dying whale

foc'sle (fŏk's'l), sailor's way of naming the fore-castle, a short upper deck in the front of a ship

- fo'cus-ing** (fō'kūs-īng), adjusting the lens of the camera to the center of activity or interest
- fool'har'di-ness** (fōōl'hār'dī-nēs), courage without sense or judgment
- foot'pad'** (fōōt'pād'), robber on foot
- for-bear'** (fōr-bār'), ancestor
- forces of nature**, powers of nature, such as light, heat, electricity, gravity
- for'ci-bly** (fōr'si-blī), with energy
- form** (fōrm), ceremony; home (p. 70)
- for'mi-da-ble** (fōr'mī-dā-b'l), terrible
- for'mu-la** (fōr'mū-lā), established rule or form
- for'ti-tude** (fōr'tī-tūd), firm, brave endurance
- frail** (frāl), easily broken
- Fran-cis'can monk** (frān'sī'kǎn), one of a religious brotherhood named for St. Francis
- Fran'çois'** (frān'swā')
- Franco-Prussian War**, the war between France and Germany in 1870-71
- frank'in-cense** (frāngk'īn-sēns), a perfume used in incense
- fran'ti-cal-ly** (frān'tī-kāl-ī), wildly
- fra-ter'ni-ty** (frā-tūr'nī-tī), brotherhood, profession
- free'boot'er** (frē'bōōt'ēr), pirate
- Fré'mont** (frē'mōnt), American explorer and general; candidate for president in 1856
- fren'zied** (frēn'zīd), maddened; the frenzy of the whale is applied to the air itself (p. 153)
- frig'ate** (frīg'āt), war vessel of medium size
- frip'per-y** (frīp'ēr-ī), cheap, tawdry ornaments
- froze solid**, clogged and stopped from friction and heat
- func'tion-ing** (fūnk'shūn-īng), working
- gaff** (gǎf), a barbed hook with a handle, used by fishermen in securing fish
- ga'la** (gā'lā), festive
- gal'lant-ry** (gǎl'ānt-rī), polite attention to ladies
- Gal-le'go** (gā-lyā'gō), native of Galicia, a province of Spain
- gal'le-on** (gāl'ē-ūn), a sailing vessel of the 15th century
- gal'ler-y** (gāl'ēr-ī), railed walk projecting from a wall (p. 264); a hollowed-out room or passage in a mine (p. 272)
- gal'lows** (gāl'ōz), frame upon which criminals are hanged
- gam'bol** (gām'bōl), frolic
- gas'e-ous** (gās'ē-ūs), composed of gas
- gen'er-ate** (jēn'ēr-āt), produce
- Ge-nes'a-reth** (gē-nēs'ā-rēth), the Sea of Galilee; see *Matthew* viii, 23-27
- gen'ius** (jēn'yūs), man with uncommon power to create or invent
- gir'dled** (gūr'd'ld), encircled
- glac'ier** (glā'shēr), field or body of ice slowly moving down a slope or valley
- Glouces'ter-shire** (glōs'tēr-shēr), a county in southwestern England
- goe'de vrouw** (gō'dē vrou), good housewife
- Go'li-ad'** (gō'li-ād'), county in Texas
- gon'do-la car** (gōn'dō-lā), open freight car with low sides
- grac'ious** (grā'shūs), kind
- grains** (grānz), iron fish-spear
- Gra-na'da** (grā-nā'dā), province in southern Spain; also the capital of the province
- gran'a-ry** (grān'ā-rī), storehouse for grain
- grat'i-fy** (grāt'ī-fi), satisfy
- grav'i-ty** (grāv'ī-tī), soberness
- green'horn'** (grēn'hōrn'), raw, inexperienced person
- Gre-na'da** (grē-nā'dā), a city in northern Mississippi
- gre-nade'** (grē-nād'), hollow ball or shell filled with powder, which is designed to be thrown by hand
- gren'a-dier'** (grēn'ā-dēr'), a fish found in deep water of the North Atlantic
- grip'ing** (grīp'īng), grasping, greedy
- gross'est** (grōs'ēst), coarsest
- guer'don** (gūr'dūn), reward
- Guin'ea** (gūn'ī), coast region of West Africa
- gun'whale** (gūn'ēl), upper edge of a vessel's side
- Gur Sa-hai'** (gōōr sā-hī')
- gut'tered** (gūt'ērd), flowed in streams
- guy** (gī), object of ridicule
- gy-ra'tions** (jī-rā'shūnz), whirlings
- hag'gard** (hǎg'ārd), wild
- Ha'man** (hā'mǎn), see *Esther* vii, 10
- hard'tack'** (hārd'tǎk'), a hard biscuit much used by soldiers and sailors
- Har'le-quin** (hār'lē-kwīn), a player of tricks

- hatches battened down**, strips of wood nailed around the covering of the hatchway during a storm at sea
hearty and hale, active and healthy
Heb'ri-des (hěb'ri-děz), islands west of Scotland
Hel'go-land (hěl'gō-lānt), island in North Sea
helm'less crew (hělm'lěs krōō), sailing crew with no steering apparatus
hemp'en (hěm'p'n), of hemp, the material of which the line was made
Her-cu'le-an (hěr-kū'lē-ān), strong as Hercules, the Greek hero who performed twelve great tasks
her'on (hěr'ūn), a wading bird
hi-bis'cus (hī-bis'kūs), a plant with large, beautiful rose-colored flowers
Hi-ma'la-ya (hī-mā'lā-yā)
hoc-ac'tzin (hō-āk'tsīn), a peculiar bird
hold (hōld), the interior of the vessel where cargo is stored
Holy Land, Palestine, so called because it is the place where the events of Christ's life took place
hom'i-ny (hōm'ī-nī), hulled corn
hooker (hōōk'ēr), a sailor's contemptuous term for any antiquated or clumsy craft
Ho'pi (hō'pē)
Hous'ton (hūs'tūn), a city of southern Texas, near Galveston
hoy'den (hoi'd'n), rude, ill-bred
Hudson Bay, large inlet in Canada
hu'mer-us (hū-mēr-ūs), bone of the upper arm
hu-mil'i-at-ed (hū-mil'ī-āt-ěd), disgraced, shamed
hu'pas (hōō'pās), pipes
hy-drau'lic (hī-drō'lik), worked by means of water power
hy'dro-e-lec'tric (hī-drō-ē-lěk'trik), pertaining to the production of electricity by water power
hys-ter'i-cal-ly (hīs-těr'ī-kāl-ī), convulsively
hys-ter'ics (hīs-těr'īks), a nervous state
ig-nite' (īg-nīt'), catch fire
ig-no'ble (īg-nō'b'l), shameful
il-lim'it-a-ble void (ī-līm'īt-ā-b'l), a vacant space so large as to seem immeasurable
ill'-o'mened (īl'-ō'měnd), having bad signs
il-lu'mi-nat'ed (ī-lū'mī-nāt'ěd), lighted
im'be-cile (īm'bē-sīl), stupid, foolish
im'mi-nent (īm'ī-něnt), near at hand
im'pact (īm'pākt), striking
im-par'tial (īm-pār'shāl), fair, just
im-pen'e-tra-ble (īm-pěn'ē-trā-b'l), impossible to go through
im'per-cep'ti-ble (īm'pěr-sěp'tī-b'l), unable to be seen
im-per'iled (īm-pěr'īld), endangered
im-per'ti-nence (īm-pūr'tī-něns), disrespectfulness, rudeness
im'pe-tus (īm'pē-tūs), impulse, or moving force
im-plic'it-ly (īm-plīs'īt-lī), exactly
im-ply' (īm-plī'), mean, suggest
im'po-tent (īm'pō-těnt), powerless, weak
im-pulse (īm'pūls), motive
in'ad-ver'tent-ly (īn'ād-vūr'těnt-lī), carelessly
in'can-des'cent light (īn'kān-děs'ěnt), electric lamp consisting of a threadlike wire fixed in a glass bulb from which the air has been removed
in'can-ta'tion (īn'kān-tā'shūn), magic
In'cas (īng'kāz), a South American tribe of Indians
in-ces'sant (īn-sěs'ānt), unceasing
in'ci-den'tal to (īn'sī-děnt'āl), depending on
in'con-cep't-a-ble (īn'kōn-sěv'ā-b'l), unbelievable
in'con-test'a-ble symp'toms (īn'kōn-těst'ā-b'l sīmp'tūnz), undeniable signs
in-cred'i-ble (īn-krəd'ī-b'l), unbelievable
in'de-fat'i-ga-ble (īn'dē-fāt'ī-gā-b'l), unwearied, tireless
in-del'i-ble (īn-děl'ī-b'l), that cannot be removed or washed away
in-dem'ni-fy (īn-děm'nī-fī), make a return to
in'di-ca'tions (īn'dī-kā'shūnz), signs
in'dis-pen'sa-ble (īn'dīs-pěn'sā-b'l), impossible to do without
in'di-vid'u-al-ly (īn'dī-vid'ū āl-ī), alone, independently
in'do-lent (īn'dō-lěnt), lazy
in-duc'tion (īn-dūk'shūn), reasoning from certain facts to a conclusion
in-dus'tri-al (īn-dūs'trī-āl), relating to industry, or the work of the world in manufacture, mining, or farming
in-ert' base (īn-ūrt' bās), coating of end of match upon which the white tip is placed

- in-ev'i-ta-ble** (in-ěv'í-tá-b'l), certain, unavoidable
- in-ex'o-ra-ble** (in-ěk'sō-rá-b'l), not to be changed
- in'ex-tin'guish-a-ble** (in'ěks-tǐng'gwish-á-b'l), not to be put out
- in-fer'no** (in-fúr'nō), terrible suffering
- in'fi-del** (in'fí-děł), unbeliever; non-Christian (p. 458)
- in'fi-nite-ly** (in'fí-nít-lí), endlessly, immeasurably
- in-fir'mi-ty** (in-fúr'mí-tí), weakness
- in-flam'ma-ble** (in-flám'á-b'l), easily set on fire
- in-gen'ious** (in-jěn'yūs), clever, intelligent
- in'ge-nu'i-ty** (in'jě-nū'í-tí), skill
- in-gre'di-ents** (in-grě'dí-ěnts), substances of which anything is made
- in-nu'mer-a-ble** (í-nū'měr-á-b'l), uncounted
- In'qui-si'tion** (in'kwí-zíš'űn), a court which was very active in Spain in the 16th century, for the discovery, trial, and punishment of heretics
- in-sa'ti-a-ble** (in-sā'shí-á-b'l), not to be satisfied
- in-sid'i-ous** (in-síd'í-űs), deceitful
- in-sig'ni-a** (in-síg'ní-á), signs
- in-sin'u-at'ing** (in-sín'ű-át'ing), creeping in slyly to win favor
- in-sip'id** (in-síp'íd), tasteless
- in'spi-ra'tion** (in'spí-rá'shűn), a sudden thought of great truth or beauty; impulse to create
- in-stall'ments** (in-stól'měnts), payments of money
- in'stan-ta'ne-ous** (in'stán-tā'ně-űs), done in an instant
- in'stinct** (in'stǐnk't), natural inward impulse without reasoning
- in-stinc'tive** (in-stǐngk'tív), known from birth
- in-ter-lac'ing** (in-těr-lás'ing), interwoven
- in-ter'mi-na-ble** (in-túr'mí-ná-b'l), endless, unlimited
- in'ter-re-lat'ed** (in'těr-rě-lát'ěđ), bound together by close relationships
- in'ti-mate** (in'tí-măt), hint
- in-tim'i-date** (in-tǐm'í-dăt), make fearful
- in-trep'id-ly** (in-trěp'íd-lí), fearlessly
- in'tri-cate** (in'trí-kăt), complicated
- in'un-da'tion** (in'űn-dā'shűn), flood
- in-va'ri-a-bly** (in-vā'rí-á-blí), without any exception, not subject to change
- in-va'sion** (in-vā'zhűn), attack
- in-ven'tive-ness** (in-věn'tív-něs), ability to design or construct
- in'ven-to-ry** (in'věn-tō-rí), itemized list
- in-vis'i-ble** (in-víz'í-b'l), unable to be seen
- in-vol'un-ta-ri-ly** (in-vól'űn-tā-rí-lí), without intending to
- ir're-sist'i-ble** (ír'ě-zís'tí-b'l), not to be resisted, overpowering
- is'su-ing** (íš'ű-ing), pouring forth
- jack'a-roo'** (jăk'ă-rōō'), apprentice on a sheep station
- Jan'ki Me'ah** (jűn'kě mě'ă)
- jeer** (jěr), make mocking fun of
- jeop'ard-y** (jěp'ár-dí), danger
- jes'sa-mine** (jěs'ă-mín), a sweet-scented flower
- Jim'a-ha'ri** (jűm'ă-hă'rě)
- Jolnes, Shamrock** (jōnz), an imitation of Sherlock Holmes
- Jo'nah** (jō'ná), see *Jonah* ii, 10
- Jon'ko-ping** (yűn'chě-pǐng), a province in southern Sweden
- jun'ket-ing** (jűng'kěť-ing), feasting
- keel**, the timber extending along the center of the bottom of a boat
- khad** (kăđ), pit where coal is mined
- kin'dred** (kǐn'drěđ), family to which one belongs, kinsfolk
- kine** (kīn), cows
- kink**, twist, loop
- kis'ka-dee** (kís'ká-dě), a tropical bird
- Kun'doo** (kōon'dōō)
- Lab'ra-dor** (lăb'ră-dór), peninsula in eastern Canada
- lab'y-rinth** (lăb'í-rǐnth), intricate passageway; maze of paths
- lac'er-at-ed** (lăs'ěr-ăt-ěđ), torn
- Lake Constance** (kōn'stăns), a lake bordering on Switzerland
- lan'o-lin** (lăn'ō-lǐn), wool grease, used chiefly for making ointments
- lant'horn** (lănt'hörn), lantern
- league** (lēg), a measure of distance on the sea: about three miles
- lean-to'** (lěn'tōō'), roof having but one slope
- lease** (lēs), contract giving one the right to a piece of property for a definite time

- leg'end-a-ry** (lěj'ën-dā-rĭ), pertaining to legend or story
- le-git'i-mate** (lē-jĭt'á-māt), lawful
- lens** (lěnz), piece of glass with surfaces ground so as to direct rays of light; the lens of a camera (p. 263)
- lev'ee** (lěv'ē), embankment to prevent the flooding of the land
- lieu** (lū), place; **in lieu of**, in place of
- lil'y i'ron** (lĭl'ĭ i'ŭrn), harpoon
- lim'i-ta'tion** (lĭm'ĭ-tā'shŭn), that which limits or holds one back
- lim'pid** (lĭm'pĭd), clear, pure
- lit'er-al-ly** (lĭt'ēr-ăl-ĭ), in the exact meaning of a word
- lit'ter** (lĭt'ēr), family
- log'ger-head'** (lŏg'ēr-hĕd'), an upright piece of round timber, in a whaleboat, around which a turn of the line is taken when it is running too fast
- Lot's wife**, who looked back; see *Genesis* xix, 23-26
- Lub'bock, Sir John** (lŭb'ŭk) (1834-1913), a noted English naturalist
- lu'bri-cant** (lŭ'brĭ-kānt), oil or grease used between moving parts of machinery to reduce friction
- lu'bri-cat'ing** (lŭ'brĭ-kāt'ing), oiling to prevent friction
- Lu'cas** (lŭ'kās)
- Lu'cien** (lŭ'shĕn)
- lum-ba'go** (lŭm-bā'gō), filled with severe pain
- lum'ber-jack'** (lŭm'bĕr-jāk'), lumberman
- Lund'strum** (lŭnd'strŭm)
- lunged** (lŭnjd), leaped
- lux-a'tion** (lŭk-sā'shŭn), dislocation
- lux-u'ri-ant-ly** (lŭks-ŭ'rĭ-ānt-lĭ), very abundantly
- mac'a-ro'nies** (māk'ā-rŏ'nĭz), dandies
- Mac-beth'** (māk-bĕth'), a character in Shakespeare's play *Macbeth*, who committed murder and afterwards could not sleep
- mag-net'ic nee'dle** (māg-nĕt'ĭk nĕ'd'l), compass
- mag'ni-tude** (māg'nĭ-tŭd), bigness, size
- maim** (mām), cripple; mutilate
- main-tained'** (mān-tānd'), kept up
- ma-li'cious** (mā-lĭsh'ŭs), evil
- ma-neu'ver** (mā-nŏō'vĕr), movement
- Man Friday**, Robinson Crusoe's companion; hence, a devoted follower
- man'grove** (māng'grŏv), a tropical fruit tree
- man'i-fes-ta'tion** (mān'ĭ-fĕs-tā'shŭn), display; showing
- ma-nip'u-late** (mā-nĭp'ŭ-lāt), handle skillfully
- ma-raud'er** (mā-rŏd'ēr), rover in quest of plunder
- mar'a-ve'dies** (mār'ā-vā'dĭz), Spanish coins
- Ma-ren'go** (mā-rĕng'gō)
- Mar'i-co'pa** (mār'ĭ-kŏ'pā)
- mar'lin** (mār'lĭn), a variety of swordfish
- mar'ten** (mār'tĕn), a small, long-bodied animal with very fine fur
- ma-tu'ri-ty** (mā-tŭ'rĭ-tĭ), full development
- maul** (mŏl), knock about
- maw** (mŏ), stomach; interior (p. 141)
- max'i-mum** (māk'sĭ-mŭm), greatest
- me-dic'i-nal** (mĕ-dĭs'ĭ-nāl), having curative qualities
- med'i-ta-tive-ly** (mĕd'ĭ-tā-tĭv-lĭ), with thought; thoughtfully
- mĕ'lee'** (mā'lā'), confused mass
- me-lo'di-ous** (mĕ-lŏ'dĭ-ŭs), musical
- mem'o-ra-ble** (mĕm'ŏ-rā-b'l), worth remembering
- men'ace** (mĕn'ās), threat
- mer'ce-na-ry** (mŭr'sĕ-nā-rĭ), acting merely for reward
- mere** (mĕr), lake
- mes-quite'** (mĕs-kĕt'), a tree or shrub of the southwestern United States
- Mev'rouw von We'ber** (mĕv'rou fŏn vā'bĕr)
- mil'i-ta-ry com-mis'sion-er** (mĭl'ĭ-tā-rĭ kŏ-mĭsh'ŭn-ĕr), head of a court organized in time of war to try offenders against military law not recognized by court-martial
- mi-li'tia** (mĭ-lĭsh'á), citizens enrolled as a regular military force, but not called to active service except in emergencies
- mill**, confused circling
- min'i-a-ture** (mĭn'ĭ-ā-tŭr), small
- mi-rage'** (mĕ-rāzh'), reflected image in the air
- Mo-gul'** (mŏ-gŭl')
- mol'ti-fy** (mŏl'tĭ-fĭ), soften
- mol'ten** (mŏl't'n), melted
- mon'strous** (mŏn'strŭs), enormous
- Moors** (mŏorz), natives of Morocco in North Africa, who conquered Spain
- mop'ing** (mŏp'ing), in low spirits

- mo-raine'** (mō-rān'), earth and stones deposited by a glacier
- mo-rass'** (mō-rās'), marsh; swamp
- Morse** (mōrs), the telegraphic alphabet or code, consisting of dots, dashes, and spaces, invented by Morse
- Mos'lem** (mōz'lēm), Mohammedan
- murk** (mûrk), gloom, darkness
- musk'y** (mûs'kī), having an odor of musk, a scent used in perfume
- mus'tang** (mûs'tāng), a small half-wild horse of Texas and New Mexico
- myrrh** (mûr), a perfume of olden time
- myth'i-cal fra-ter'ni-ty** (mīth'ī-kāl frā-tūr'nī-tī), a group of fanciful or fabulous persons
- Na-po'le-on** (nā-pō'lē-ŭn), emperor who tried to conquer all Europe (1769-1821)
- naph'tha** (nāf'thā), a petroleum product between gasoline and benzine
- nar'whal** (nār'hwāl), an arctic whale about 20 feet long, with a long tusk
- na'tion-al u'ni-ty** (nāsh'ŭn-āl ū'nī-tī), the oneness of a nation
- Na-to'mas** (nā-tō'mās)
- Nav'e-sink** (nāv'ē-sīngk), hills on New Jersey coast
- ne-go'ti-ate** (nē-gō'shī-āt), transact business
- Nelson**, Horatio, English admiral
- neth'er-land** (nēth'ēr-lānd), lowland
- New Am'ster-dam** (ām'stēr-dām), the Dutch city that became New York; a town in South America
- New Found Land**, Newfoundland
- Ni-ag'a-ra** (nī-āg'ā-rā)
- ni'ter** (nī'tēr), a salt used in making gunpowder
- No-bel' prize** (nō-bēl'), an award of money, carrying great honor, to one who has distinguished himself in art, letters, or science. The fund for this was established by Alfred B. Nobel, a Swede.
- no-blesse'** (nō-blēs'), those of noble birth, nobility
- non-co-öp'er-a'tion** (nōn-kō-öp'ēr-ā-shŭn), not working together; keeping out other nations (p. 141)
- non'plused** (nōn'plŭst), so puzzled as to be unable to act
- North Dakota**, a state that had no forests
- No'va Sco'tia** (nō'vā skō'shyā)
- ob'li-ga'tion** (ōb'lī-gā'shŭn), promise or agreement by which one is bound
- ob-lique'ly pro-ject'ing** (ōb-lēk'ly prō-jēkt'ing), extending out in a slanting position
- ob'sta-cle** (ōb'stā-k'l), that which stands in the way
- ob'vi-ous** (ōb'vī-ŭs), plain
- Oc'ci-dent** (ōk'sī-dēnt), the West, especially Europe and America
- oc'u-lar** (ōk'ŭ-lār), actually seen
- of the first water**, excellent; said of a diamond of perfect purity
- Old North State**, North Carolina
- o'men** (ō'mēn), occurrence supposed to foretell evil
- om'i-nous** (ōm'ī-nŭs), threatening
- on'set** (ōn'sēt), attack
- ooze** (ōōz), soft mud
- or'gan-i-za'tion** (ōr'gān-ī-zā'shŭn), any body of individuals united for action or work
- O'ri-ent** (ō'rī-ēnt), the East, especially the countries east of the Mediterranean Sea
- o-rig'i-nal-ly** (ō-rīj'ī-nāl-ī), from the beginning or source
- O'ther-e** (ō'thēr-ē)
- Ou'tram** (ōō'trām), James, Sir, English general in India in nineteenth century
- o'ver-time'** (ō'vēr-tīm), pay for working overtime
- pac'i-fy** (pās'ī-fī), calm or quiet
- pal'a-din** (pāl'ā-dīn), famous knight
- Pal'es-tine** (pāl'ēs-tīn), country east of the Mediterranean; the Holy Land
- pall** (pōl), an overspreading cloud
- Pam'li-co River** (pām'lī-kō), a river in North Carolina
- pan'nier** (pān'yēr), wicker basket to be carried suspended across the back of a beast of burden
- par'af-fin** (pār'ā-fīn), a waxy substance found in petroleum
- par'al-lel** (pār'ā-lēl), running side by side
- par'a-lyzed** (pār'ā-līz), made helpless
- parchment scroll**, a roll of skin which has been prepared for writing
- Par-hu'a** (pār-hōō'ā)
- pa'tri-ar'chal** (pā'trī-ār'kāl), ancestral
- pe-des'tri-an** (pē-dēs'trī-ān), a walker
- Pe'dro Gil** (pā'drō zhēl)
- peer** (pēr), equal
- pelf** (pēlf), money

- pend'ing (pĕnd'ing), near at hand
 Pe'quod (pĕ'kwŏd)
 per-chance' (pĕr-chāns'), perhaps
 Pe're-gil (pā'rā-zhĕl)
 per'fc-rat'ed (pŭr'fō-rāt'ĕd), pierced with holes
 per'ma-nent (pŭr'mā-nĕnt), lasting
 per-ni'cious (pĕr-nish'ūs), hurtful, destructive
 Per'u-pen-dic'u-lar Goth'ic (pŭr'pĕn-dĭk'ŭ-lār gŏth'ĭk), a style of building common in England from the 14th to the 16th century inclusive
 per-pet'u-al (pĕr-pĕt'ŭ-āl), lasting
 per-plex'i-ty (pĕr-plĕk'sĭ-tĭ), bewilderment
 per-sis'tent (pĕr-sĭst'ĕnt), inclined to stick to a thing
 Pe-ru' (pĕ-rŏŏ'), a country on the west coast of South America
 pes'ti-lence (pĕs'tĭ-lĕns), a widespread, violent disease
 phase (fāz), features; aspect
 phe-nom'e-non (fĕ-nŏm'ĕ-nŏn), marvel; wonderful fact; happening
 phos'phor-es'cent (fŏs'fŏr-ĕs'ĕnt), shining in the dark like phosphorus
 phos'phor-us (fŏs'fŏr-ŭs), a substance which gives off light without heat
 phys'ics (fiz'iks), the study of matter and motion, light, heat, and sound
 pimp'ler (pĭm'plĕr), a tropical tree
 pix'ioned (pĭn'yŭnd), having one wing cut off to prevent flying
 pin'nace (pĭn'ās), a light sailing vessel
 pin'na-cle (pĭn'ā-k'l), a lofty peak
 plan'et (plān'ĕt), a body that revolves around the sun
 ple-be'ian (plĕ-bĕ'yān), common
 plum'met (plŭm'ĕt), sounding lead
 pol'len (pŏl'ĕn), a fine powder which forms the generating power of the seed
 poll'ing (pŏl'ing), counting
 pon'der (pŏn'dĕr), think over
 poop (pŏp), the after part of a vessel
 po-ros'i-ty (pŏ-rŏs'ĭ-tĭ), state of being porous, or having small holes
 por'poise (pŏr'pŭs), a hog fish or dolphin found along the Atlantic coast
 por-tend' (pŏr-tĕnd'), forebode or fore-shadow
 port'ent (pŏr'tĕnt), sign or omen
 port'hole' (pŏrt'hŏl'), opening in the ship's side
 port'ly (pŏrt'li), stout, fat
 po'ten-tate (pŏ'tĕn-tāt), ruler
 pot'-hunt'er (pŏt'-hŭn'tĕr), hunter who shoots anything to fill his bag without regard to rules or the spirit of sport
 pow'wow' (pou'wou'), meeting for discussion
 pre-ca'ri-ous (prĕ-kā'rĭ-ŭs), unsafe
 prec'i-pice (prĕs'ĭ-pĭs), a cliff
 pre-cip'i-ta'tion (prĕ-sĭp'ĭ-tā'shŭn), headlong rush
 pre-cur'sor (prĕ-kŭr'sĕr), forerunner
 pre-dic'a-ment (prĕ-dĭk'ā-mĕnt), unfortunate position
 preen (prĕn), dress with the beak
 pre-sume' (prĕ-zŭm'), take too much for granted
 pre-sump'tu-ous (prĕ-zŭmp'tŭ-ŭs), over bold, insolent
 pre-ten'sion (prĕ-tĕn'shŭn), false and artificial display
 pre-vail (prĕ-vāl'), be widespread
 pried (prĭd), moved with a lever
 pri-me'val (prĭ-mĕ'vāl), belonging to the first ages
 prim'i-tive (prĭm'ĭ-tĭv), belonging to very early times
 prin'ci-pal (prĭn'sĭ-pāl), chief, main
 prin'ci-ple (prĭn'sĭ-p'l), a settled rule of action
 principle of domestic economy, a rule or guide in household work
 printer's ink, thick ink, usually made of lampblack mixed with oil
 pro-cliv'i-ty (prŏ-klĭv'ĭ-tĭ), tendency
 prod'i-gal (prŏd'ĭ-gāl), wasteful
 pro-found' (prŏ-found'), deep
 prog'e-ny (prŏj'ĕ-nĭ), children
 pro-ject' (prŏ-jĕkt'), to extend forward
 pro-pel'ler (prŏ-pĕl'ĕr), the revolving blades that drive forward a ship or airplane
 pro-pen'si-ties (prŏ-pĕn'sĭ-tĭz), inclinations; characteristics
 pro-pi'tious (prŏ-pĭ'shŭs), favorable
 pro-pri'e-ta-ry rights (prŏ-pri'ĕ-tā-rĭ), rights of ownership
 pros'per-ous (prŏs'pĕr-ŭs), flourishing, successful
 pro-trud'ing (prŏ-trŏod'ing), extending outward
 prov'en-der (prŏv'ĕn-dĕr), food
 pro-vi'so (prŏ-vĭ-zŏ), agreement
 prox-im'i-ty (prŏk-sĭm'ĭ-tĭ), nearness
 pu-che'ro (pŏŏ-chā'rŏ), a stew of vegetables and meat

Pu'get Sound (pū'jět),
 pumping him up, pulling up a fish by winding in line on a reel
pyg'my mac'a-ro'nies (pīg'mī māk'á-rō'niz), slender dandies
py-ram'i-dal (pī-rām'í-dál), shaped like a pyramid
py'thon (pī'thōn), a large, non-poisonous snake that kills by crushing
quar'ry (kwōr'í), the object of pursuit
Queen'queg (kwē'kwég)
quid'nuncs (kwíd'nūngks), gossips
ra'di-ate (rā'dí-āt), spread directly outward from a center
Ra'him (rā'hēm)
ram'i-fi-ca'tion (rām'í-fí-kā'shūn), division into departments; branching
ran'cid (rán'síd), having a rank, or spoiled, smell and taste
Rap'pa-han'nock (rāp'á-hān'úk), a river in Virginia
rare'bit fiend (rār'bít fēnd), one who enjoys eating Welsh rarebit
Ra-ye'do (rā-yā'dō)
re-a'ta (rā-ä'tä), lariat, rope
Re-bec'ca Boone (rē-bēk'á bōōn), wife of Daniel Boone
re-cede' (rē-sēd'), withdraw
rec'la-ma'tion (rēk'lā-mā'shūn), for draining the land so they could use it
rec'on-noi'tered (rēk'ō-noi'tērd), looked out watchfully
re-cruit'ed (rē-krōōt'ēd), increased by new members
re-cu'per-ate (rē-kū'pēr-āt), recover health or strength
re-doubt'a-ble (rē-dout'á-b'l), famous
reeled in (rēld), wound up
re-fin'er-y (rē-fín'ēr-í), building and apparatus for purifying raw products
re-laxed' (rē-lākst'), became lax or weak
re-lent'less (rē-lēnt'lēs), unyielding
re-mon'strat-ed (rē-mōn'strāt-ēd), protested; objected
re-morse'less (rē-mōrs'lēs), unpitying
re-mote' (rē-mōt'), far away and lonely
re-mu'da (rā-mōō'thā), the saddle horses collectively, from which are chosen those to be used for the day
Ren'ais-sance' (rēn'ē-sāns'), the style of building that arose in the early 15th century in Italy and later spread throughout Europe

re-plen'ish-ing (rē-plēn'ish-ing), refilling
re-pris'al (rē-prīz'äl), act of retaliating or paying back
re-pute' (rē-pūt'), reputation; in **repute**, well thought of
req'ui-si'tion (rēk'wī-zī'shūn), authority to press into service
re-sent'ed (rē-zēnt'ēd), considered unjust
re-sent'ment (rē-zēnt'mēnt), displeasure, anger
res'er-voir (rēz'ēr-vwōr), a place where anything is kept in store
res'i-due (rēz'í-dū), remains, leavings
res'in (rēz'ín), a substance from plants that hardens without losing its transparency, and does not dissolve in water
res'in-ous (rēz'í-nūs), containing resin
res'pite (rēs'pīt), brief resting spell
re-treat' (rē-trēt'), withdrawal
re-veil'le (rē-väl'yā), a signal sounded at sunrise summoning soldiers and sailors to the day's duties
re-versed' (rē-vūrst'), turned side for side
rev'o-lu'tion-ize (rēv'ō-lū'shūn-iz), change completely
Rey'nal (rā'näl)
rhomboid (rōm'boid), a four-sided figure, in which the angles are oblique and the adjacent sides unequal
rig'id (rīj'id), stiff and unyielding
rig'or-ous in-ves'ti-ga'tion (rīg'ēr-ūs in-vēs'tí-gā'shūn), exact inquiry
Ri'o de la Pla'ta (rē'ō dā lä plā'tä), estuary of Parana and Uruguay Rivers in South America
ri'vals (rī'välz), has advantages over
ro'dent (rō'dēnt), a gnawing animal
roil'y (roil'y), muddy
Ro'man-esque' style (rō'män-ēsk'), the style of building that was common in Italy in the eleventh century
roust'a-bout' (roust'á-bout'), a man employed at shearing time to assist shearers, but not to shear sheep
ruff (rūf), a broad, white pleated collar

Sac'ra-men'to (sāk'rā-mēn'tō)
safe'ty valve (sāf'tī vālv), valve that lets off steam when there is too much pressure for safety
sa'ga (sā'gā), an ancient legend
sa-gac'i-ty (sā-gās'í-tī), shrewdness

- sal'lied forth** (säl'íd), started forth on an excursion
- sal'u-ta'tion** (säl'û-tā'shŭn), greeting
- sanc'tum sanc-to'rum** (sänk'tŭm sänk-tō'rŭm), a room strictly private (often used jokingly)
- San Ja-cin'to** (săn jă-sîn'tō), a river in eastern Texas
- San Joa-quin'** (săn wă-kĕn'), a river in California
- San Pa'blo** (săn pá'blō)
- San'ta Fe'** (săn'tā fā')
- Sa-voy'ards** (să-voi'árdz), natives of Savoy, in southeastern France
- Sax'ons** (săk'sŭnz), a northern race from Europe who, with other northern races, conquered England in the seventh century
- scap'u-la** (skăp'û-lă), the shoulder blade
- scav'en-ger** (skăv'ĕn-jĕr), one employed in collecting and carrying off refuse
- school** (skōol), a number of fish swimming together (p. 166); those who hold to the same belief or method of working (p. 388)
- scourge** (skŭrj), great trouble
- scru'pu-lous-ly** (skrōō'pŭ-lŭs-lĭ), carefully, cautiously
- scru'ti-ny** (skrōō'tĭ-nĭ), examination
- sea dog** (d'ŏg), old sailor
- seep'age** (sĕp'ăj), leaking out
- seeth'ing** (sĕth'ĭng), in violent motion
- sem'a-phore** (sĕm'ă-fōr), an apparatus used on railroads for giving signals by means of colored lights
- sem'i-con'scious-ness** (sĕm'ĭ-kŏn'shŭs-nĕs), state of half realizing one's position
- se-nŏr'** (să-nyōr'), sir
- se-nŏ'ra** (să-nyō'ră), Mrs., Madam
- sens'i-bly** (sĕn'sĭ-blĭ), noticeably
- shale** (shāl), flaky rock formed by the hardening of clay, mud, or silt
- Shas'ta, Mount** (shăs'tă)
- Shaw-nee'** (shô-nĕ')
- sheer** (shĕr), straight up and down
- shift** (shĭft), shirt
- shim'mer** (shĭm'ĕr), glisten
- shrine** (shrĭn), holy place
- Sidney** (sĭd'nĕ), Sir Philip, English statesman and author (1554-1586)
- Si-er'ra Ne-va'da** (sĭ-ĕr'ă nĕ-vă'dă)
- Sil'hou-ette'** (sĭl'ōō-ĕt'), an outline figure filled in with black
- sim'u-lat'ed** (sĭm'û-lăt'ĕd), pretended
- si'mul-ta'ne-ous-ly** (sĭ'mŭl-tă'nĕ-ŭs-lĭ), at the same time
- sin'ews** (sĭn'ŭz), animal tendons used instead of thread (p. 486)
- sin'is-ter** (sĭn'ĭs-tĕr), dangerous
- si'ren** (sĭ'rĕn), loud, piercing whistle
- skep'ti-cism** (skĕp'tĭ-sĭz'm), doubt
- Sker'inges-hale** (skĕr'ĭngz-hăl)
- skid road**, road along which logs are dragged to the landing
- slat'tern** (slăt'ĕrn), *adj.*, untidy; *noun*, untidy woman
- sleave** (slĕv), tangled skein of silk; see *Macbeth*, II, ii
- sleuths** (slōōths), detectives
- slo'gan** (slō'găn), any rallying cry
- slug'gard** (slŭg'ărd), one who is habitually lazy
- sluice'-box'** (slōōs'-bŏks'), box through which water flows to wash gold
- sol'i-ta-ry** (sŏl'ĭ-tă-rĭ), living alone
- sol'i-tudes** (sŏl'ĭ-tŭdz), lonely places
- Son'thal** (sŏn'tăl)
- sound'ed** (sound'ĕd), dived suddenly straight to the bottom
- sour dough**, bread which is raised by using fermented dough
- sov'er-eign** (sŏv'ĕr-ĭn), having independent authority
- spar** (spăr), a general term for any mast, yard, boom, gaff, or the like
- Spar'tan** (spăr'tăn), harsh, rough
- spas-mod'ic** (spăz-mŏd'ĭk), suddenly jerking
- spe'cies** (spĕ'shĕz), kind, variety
- spec'i-fied** (spĕs'ĭ-fĭd), particularly named
- spec'i-men** (spĕs'ĭ-mĕn), sample
- sperm whale** (spŭrm hwăl), a large whale of the warmer parts of all oceans, which produces an especially fine quality of oil
- spit** (spĭt), small point of land running out into the water
- spokes**, (spŏks), projecting handles of the steering wheel
- spouse** (spous), wife
- squad'ron** (skwŏd'rŭn), a flock of wild geese
- Stat'en Island** (stăt'ĕn)
- stern'ing** (stŭrn'ĭng), drawing backward; backing water
- sti'pend** (stĭ'pĕnd), settled pay
- Stir'i-a** (stĭr'ĭ-ă)

- stock-ade'** (stök-äd'), an inclosure made with posts and stakes
- sto'rax** (stō'rāks), a resin formerly used as incense
- stri'dent** (strī'děnt), shrill
- strike** (strīk), the hooking of a fish
- sub'ju-ga'tion** (süb'jōō-gā'shūn), conquering; subduing
- sub-stra'tum** (süb-strā'tūm), that which underlies
- sub'way'** (süb'wā'), electric railroad under the street surface
- su'et** (sū'ět), fat of beef and mutton
- Su-ez' Ca-nal'** (sōō-ěz' ká-nāl'), the ship canal 100 miles long across the Isthmus of Suez, connecting the Mediterranean and Red Seas
- suf'fice** (sū-fīs'), be enough
- suite** (swēt), connecting rooms
- sul'phide of an'ti-mo-ny** (sül'fid; ǎn'ti-mō-nī), a compound element that will not dissolve in water
- sul'phur** (sül'fūr), a chemical used in making the heads of matches
- sump** (sūmp), well for surplus oil
- Su-nu'a Man'ji** (sōō-nōō'ǎ män'jē)
- su'per-clean'li-ness'** (sū'pēr-klěn'li-něs'), cleanliness carried to an extreme degree
- su-per'flu-ous** (sū-pūr'flōō-ūs), in excess of what is wanted
- su'per-nat'ur-al** (sū'pēr-nāt'ūr-āl), above the natural; mysterious, magical
- sup'ple** (sūp'l), flexible, yielding
- sup'ple-ment-ed** (sūp'lē-měnt-ěd), helped out; added to
- sup-pressed'** (sū-prěst'), in a low tone
- sur'cin'gle** (sūr'sīng'g'l), a belt or girth attached to the saddle or harness to hold it in place
- sur-mise'** (sūr-mīz'), suspicion
- sur-pass'** (sūr-pás'), excel or exceed
- sur-viv'or** (sūr-vīv'ēr), one who outlives another person
- sus-pend'ed** (sūs-pěnd'ěd), hung
- sus-pense'** (sūs-pěns'), expectation
- sym'bol-iz-es** (sīm'bōl-iz-ěz), is the sign of
- sym-met'ri-cal** (sī-mět'rī-kāl), well proportioned
- symp'tom** (sīmp'tūm), sign
- syn'chro-nous** (sīng'krō-nūs), happening at the same time
- sys'tem-a-tized** (sīs'tēm-ā-tīzd), arranged in a system; set in order
- tacked** (tǎkt), turned against the wind
- tac'tics** (tǎk'tīks), methods
- ta'per** (tā'pēr), candle
- Ta'ra-chun'da** (tā'rā-chōōn'dá), a river in India
- tar'pon** (tār'pōn), a marine fish common to the coast of Florida
- tars** (tārz), sailors
- Tash'te-go** (tǎsh'tē-gō)
- taunt'ed** (tǎnt'ěd), reproached, teased
- taut** (tōt), tight
- tem'pers** (tēm'pěrz), lessens; modifies
- ten'der** (těn'dēr), vessel employed to attend other vessels or lighthouses
- ten'der-foot** (těn'dēr-fōōt), newcomer in a rough or newly settled region
- ter'rac-es** (těr'ās-ěz), raised level spaces
- theme** (thēm), subject of a story or play
- thill** (thīl), floor of a coal mine
- Ti-bu'** (tē-bōō')
- tim'ber line** (tīm'bēr līn), the height on mountains at which the growth of trees stops
- TNT**, trinitrotoluene (trī-nī'trō-tōl'ū-ēn), a highly dangerous explosive
- To'bit** (tō'bīt), a pious Jew who was famous for obedience
- tor-pe'do** (tōr-pě'dō), metal case containing explosives, anchored under water so that it will explode on contact with a ship
- tor'tu-ous** (tōr'tū-ūs), winding, twisted
- to'tem animal** (tō'tēm), the animal thought of as having an intimate relation with an Indian family or tribe
- tote'sled'** (tōt'slěd'), sled used by lumbermen for carrying provisions
- tow** (tō), boat for pulling larger ships
- tra-di'tion-al** (trā-dīsh'ūn-āl), handed down from generation to generation
- tram ways** (trām wāz), railways
- trance** (trāns), dream-like state
- tran-quiet'li-ty** (trān-kwīl'ī-tī), calmness
- trans-con'ti-nen'tal** (trāns-kōn'tī-něn'tāl), extending across a continent
- treach'er-ous** (trěch'ēr-ūs), deceiving
- trib'u-la'tion** (trīb'ū-lā'shūn), trouble
- trib'ute** (trīb'ūt), a stated sum paid
- triv'i-al** (trīv'ī-āl), petty, trifling
- trough of the sea** (trōf), low place between waves
- tube**, underground railway
- tu'na** (tū'ná), a deep-sea fish
- tur'baned** (tūr'bānd), wearing a turban, a headdress of oriental countries

tur'bine (tûr'bin); a rotary motor, the action of which is caused by a current of water under pressure

tur'ret (tûr'êt), an armored, revolving, tower-like structure containing heavy guns on a battleship

Tyr'ol (tîr'ól), a division of Austria, traversed by the Alps

ul'ti-mate (ûl'tî-mât), final

um'ber (ûm'bêr), a brown earth used in paints

un-con-tam'i-nat'ed (ûn-kôn-tãm'î-nât'êd), not soiled or corrupted

un'du-lat'ing (ûn'dû-lât'ing), moving with the motion of the waves

un'en-light'ened (ûn'ên-lît'nd), not supplied with knowledge or wisdom

un-err'ing (ûn-ûr'ing), unfailing

u-nique' (û-nêk'), having none like it

u'ni-son (û'nî-sûn), harmony; oneness

un-tar'nished (ûn-târ'nîsh), without a stain

un-to'ward (ûn-tô'êrd), hanging over

u'ti-li-za'tion (û'tî-lî-zâ'shûn), act of making useful

u'ti-lized (û'tî-lîzd), made use of

va'grant (vâ'grânt), wandering about

va'por-y (vâ'pêr-î), like steam or mist

va'ri-ance (vâ'rî-âns), state of being different; **at variance**, in a state of difference, opposing each other

var'let (vâr'lêt), low fellow, scoundrel

vas'e-line (vâs'ê-lîn), petroleum jelly

veer, turn

ve-loc'i-ty (vê-lôs'î-tî), speed

ve-neer'ing machine (vê-nêr'ing), a machine for cutting a very thin layer of wood

ven'er-ate (vên'êr-ât), adore, respect

venge'ance (vên'jâns), punishment in return for an injury; **with a vengeance**, with great force

ven'ta (vên'tâ), inn

ver'i-fy (vêr'î-fî), confirm

ver'sa-til'i-ty (vûr'sâ-tîl'î-tî), ability to do many things well

ves'tige (vês'tij), trace

vet'er-an (vêt'êr-ân), experienced

vi'brat-ing (vî'brât-ing), shaking

vi'ce ver'sa (vî'sê vûr'sâ), the relations being reversed

vi'cious (vîsh'ûs), wicked, spiteful

vig'i-lant (vij'î-lânt), keenly watchful

vi'king (vî'king), sea king belonging to the pirate crews of the Northmen

vi'o-lent (vî'ô-lênt), furious, loud

vir'gin waste (vûr'jîn), untouched desert

vis-cos'ic-ty (vîs-kôs'î-tî) stickiness

vis (vîs), a device having two jaws closed by a screw or lever to hold work

vis'u-al-ize (vîzh'û-âl-iz), form a picture in one's mind

vi-tal'î-ty (vî-tâl'î-tî), strength

vi-va'cious (vî-vâ'shûs), lively

vol-can'ic cra'ter (vôl-kân'îk krâ'têr), funnel-shaped opening of a volcano

vol'plane (vôl'plân), glide in an air-plane, or in a similar manner

vo-ra'cious (vô-râ'shûs), greedy

vor'tex (vôr'têks), whirlpool

Vul'can (vûl'kân), the god of fire and of the working of metals

vul'ture (vûl'tûr), large bird which lives chiefly on carrion

Wal'dorf (wôl'dôrf), a hotel in New York

walking beam, a swinging lever for transmitting power from the engine

wan'ing (wân'ing), failing or weakening

wan'ton (wôn'tûn), reckless, heedless

Ward, an officer who was killed with his entire troop in the Goliad massacre

waste (wâst), desolate land

weath'er-cock (wêth'êr-kôk), a vane on a building, turning with the wind to show direction

weird (wêrd), uncanny

wel'tered (wêl'têrd), rolled, tumbled

whip'ray (hwîp'râ), a fish with a sting

Woolworth Building, an office building in New York noted for its great height

wor'thies (wûr'thîz), people of worth (used in fun on p. 455)

wrath'ful mor'ti-fi-ca'tion (wrâth'fôol môr'tî-fî-kâ'shûn), a feeling of anger with shame and humiliation

Xe'nîl (thâ'nîl), a river in Spain

Za-ca-tin' (thâ-kâ-tên'), a place where garments are bought and sold

zeph'yr (zêf'êr), soft, gentle breeze

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