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THE  
OUTING  
MAGAZINE

THE OUTDOOR MAGAZINE OF  
HUMAN INTEREST

EDITED BY CASPAR WHITNEY

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VOLUME LI  
OCTOBER, 1907--MARCH, 1908

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THE OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY

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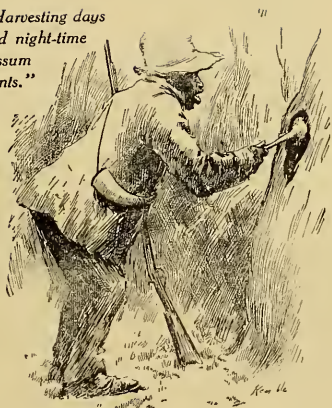
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"Harvesting days  
and night-time  
possum  
hunts."





"I saw him look down at her with half-horror on his face."

Drawing by George Wright for  
"The Way of a Man."



# THE OUTING MAGAZINE



## THE COUNTRY FAIR

BY DAVID LANSING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. B. PHELAN AND A. P. DAVIS



It is all very well, I suppose, to know that the American farmer is getting to be a most scientific and plutocratic person. But along with his new-fangled notions of tickling the soil with all kinds of machinery he is fast losing his taste for old-fashioned diversions. What with his automobile, his talking-machine, his telephone and his gas-engines, he is too sophisticated to find delight in the "two-forty hoss-trots" and the truly rural exhibits which used to make the "county fair" the red-letter event of the year. Your twentieth century man with the hoe wants a full-fledged Midway, Dan Patch going an exhibition mile inside of two minutes, a band concert in every building, and some vaudeville, to make an "Agricultural Exposition" worth the price of admission.

The prize mammoth pumpkin, the "Quilt containing One Thousand Eight Hundred and Three Pieces made by an Old Lady in her Seventy-ninth Year without the Aid of Spectacles," the firemen's

contest and the prehistoric side show no longer loom grandly as the star attractions of the fair grounds. It really requires somewhat of a search to find a country fair which is not a mere annex of the race track and the syndicate amusement fakir. There are still a few favored regions, however, where you may spend a mildly merry day in autumn in company with those old friends and favorites that swarmed along the borderland of boyhood enchantments; where the devices for humbugging the multitude are delightfully transparent; and where homely folk find amusement and instruction in simple, old-time ways.

I knew that I had found the real thing when the husky voice of a "medicine man" floated from his platform just inside the high board fence. He was grayer and rustier than when we had last met a dozen years ago, but his eloquence was as magical as of yore. He could no longer make headway at the up-to-date "State Fairs," where the farmer is fresh from reading the latest "drug and nostrum exposures" served piping hot in the magazines on his parlor table. His story had become thread-



At the entrance—"Everybody step up!"

Photograph by A. B. Pheelan.



The triumphs of a hundred homes.

Photograph by A. P. Davis.

bare and his methods antiquated. He had to confine his resounding circuit to the small fairs tucked away in smiling valleys remote from large cities. But here where I found him the crowds still gathered with mouths agape and their money fairly burning their pockets to reward the hypnotic word-painting of the long-haired philanthropist who was declaiming with magnificent gestures:

"In the year 1864 an English nobleman,

weeping friends, when a native staggered to his tent, torn and bleeding from the thorns of the jungle, and clasping to his bosom a bundle of leaves of the Ori-Bori plant, whose secret had been confided to him by the Grand Llama of Thibet, of which this faithful native was a disciple. He deftly bound the leaves of the Ori-Bori plant around the poisoned ankle of Sir Richard, ladies and gentlemen, and within one short hour the nobleman was again in



Where one first prize was awarded.

Photograph by A. P. Davis.

Sir Richard Peel, was traveling in India, casting his lordly eye over the vast domains of his sovereign queen. While hunting the mighty three-tusked elephant of the Ramapootra River, Sir Richard was bitten by a cobra, the deadliest serpent known to man, my dear Christian friends, the serpent whose sting is fatal in the space of thirty minutes or one half hour.

"Sir Richard wrote his will on a leaf of the papyrus plant and bade farewell to his

full pursuit of the three-tusked elephant of the Ramapootra River.

"In this way the secret of the Ori-Bori plant was conveyed to England, and the most eminent physicians soon discovered that its wonderful healing powers were able to kill any and all poisons whatsoever in the human system. Now, as you are well aware, my esteemed and intelligent friends, all diseases are the result of poisoned blood, poisoned by the multitudes of microbes swarming like mosquitoes in the

very air you are breathing at this moment. It was child's play for the magical Ori-Bori plant to nail these microbes after putting to rout the venom of the deadliest serpent known to man.

"If you have coughs, colds, consumption, boils or bunions, neuralgia, malaria, or that tired feeling that comes after plowing ten hours a day, the Ori-Bori Tonic will attack the seat of the disease without mercy. Ah-h, my young friend, come

fellow. Twenty-five cents—one quarter of a dollar—quite correct. Remember this is the last chance to buy health, vigor and enjoyment for yourselves and your loved ones for only the fourth part of a dollar. Two bottles, madam? Don't crowd, the Professor will supply you all."

"The Professor" was not alone in his glory. A little farther on, where the side-show tents were pitched on the green turf, were more of the old-time attractions,



The alluring wheel of fortune.

Photograph by A. B. Phelan.

nearer. What is that? I am glad to hear it, indeed. My dear hearers, this bright-eyed young man who presses forward to grasp my hand says that he was so doubled up with rheumatism three weeks ago that he could not feed himself. He chanced to buy one bottle, one bottle only, of the marvelous Ori-Bori Tonic over at the Mill-town Fair, and to-day he is the picture of health and happiness. Another bottle for your dear mother who suffers from a loss of appetite after meals? Certainly, my fine

without which no country fair is worthy of the name. Here was the resplendent strip of canvas, belling in the breeze, its length adorned with a picture of "Esau, the Strangest Being in the World. He Creeps Over the Earth Like a Serpent, and Devours His Food Alive."

But what had become of the "Wild Hermit?" Ah, there he was, two tents beyond. A guard in faded khaki, armed with a rusty rifle, paced solemnly in front of the hidden cage from which came the blood-



Why can one never ring the cane to which a gold watch is attached?

Photograph by A. P. Davis.



The time-honored home of the Bearded Lady, the Living Skeleton and many other old friends.

Photograph by A. B. Phelan.



Photograph by A. P. Davis.

You get a view of the grounds and a ticklish sensation at one and the same time.

curdling shrieks of the "Mad What-Is-It, Captured on the Coast of Madagascar." With all the good nature in the world the sun-burned country folk and their buxom wives and daughters were pressing past the guard, paying their ten cents and peering down at the poor devil of an Italian railroad hand who was playing the "Mad What-Is-It" for the sum of one-fifty per day and board. His matted wig did not fit him, but it made a fearsome tangle over his eyes. He was stripped to the waist and daubed with mud, and between worrying a chunk of raw beef and rattling his chains and yelling blue murder whenever he was prodded with a pole, he was earning his wages and something over.

Well aware they were being buncoed, the onlookers passed out to persuade their friends to be fooled in like fashion, and were well repaid in the fun of passing it along. They took in the "Marvelous Monster, Half Horse and Half Elephant," and cherished no hard feeling at discovering that this attraction was nothing more than a luckless plug of a farm-horse which had been shaved from nose to tail. Nor could

they afford to miss "Madame Mario, the Snake Charmer, Who Fearlessly Disports Herself with the Man-Eating Python," or "Princess Lambelle, the Human Spider," or "Countess Zichy, the Peerless Fortune Teller Who Reads Past, Present and Future and Makes True Love Run Smooth."

All these hoary humbugs belonged with the country fair we used to know when we were bundled into the wagon with the rest of the family, and the picnic baskets were piled under the seats. A dollar went a long way at the county fair. After stuffing full of pop-corn, "the famous double-jointed chewing candy," and pink lemonade, there was money left to do the side shows and even to take a fling at the "wheel of fortune." There was a prize with every turn of the suspended buggy-wheel, but somebody else always got it, and the luck ran in much the same way when we tossed the rings at the racks full of canes. It looked so easy to land one plump on the cane to which the gold watch was hung, but the dratted thing bounced off for some mysterious reason and rolled down the shelf. It was as in-



explicable as the target booth where you shot at numbered bull's-eyes. Glittering trophies lured you to blaze away, but the most remarkable part of the game was how in the world they could make pistols with barrels so crooked that they could miss a bull's-eye at a distance of four feet.

The boy who could pitch a curved ball made for the canvas screen with a hole in it where the "Agile African Dodger" grinned defiance and his partner shouted:

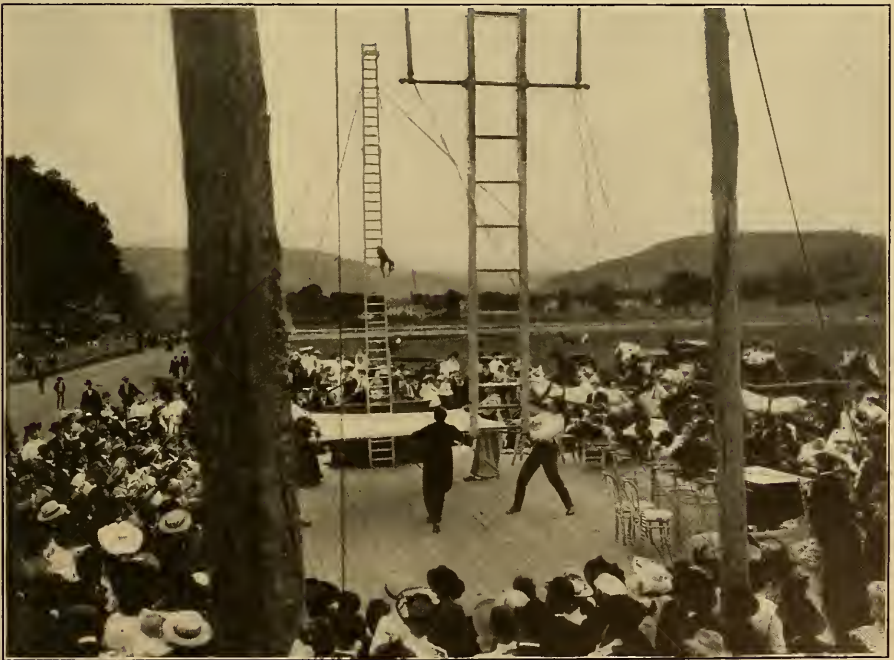
"Three throws for a nickel. Every time you swat him on the ko-ko you get a good five cent cigar. Roll up, tumble up, any way to get your money up! The more you hit him the better he likes it."

Nobody went to see the free exhibits until his money was gone. First of all, there was the "Department of Art." Apparently every farmhouse within fifty miles held a genius or two who broke loose once a year and enjoyed a fleeting fame. There were many prizes, however, three, two, and one dollar awards, while "Honorable Mentions" and "Merit Diplomas" were so lavishly distributed that disappointed hopes were almost as scarce as hens' teeth. "Figures in Oil from Nature," "Land-

scapes in Oil (Original)," "Marine Studies (Copies)" and "Flowers Painted in My Garden," were generously sprinkled among the more ambitious canvases which portrayed what the critics were apt to call "high-falutin' tragedy."

The drawing might be sadly out of plumb, the colors crude and fearsome, and the figures so wooden that they were sure to break in two if they should try to walk, but such objections were captious and uncalled for. This was "Art" for home consumption, and "Award" or "Mention" at the fair brought as much pride and joy to the white farmhouse with green blinds perched on the wind-swept hill, as a Salon medal to the painter who has found a far larger measure of success.

Hard by the pictures were the "hand-painted china" and embroidery. Country maids no longer toil over "samplers" such as helped to educate their grandmothers. But the country fair brings forth from old chests and dressers some rare specimens of this lost art, "samplers" whereon the alphabet was worked with clumsy, painstaking stitches, or with such awesome legends as "Life is Short"; "Eter-



Photograph by A. P. Davis.

Few free shows are as good as the wonderful diving dogs.



Every farmer loves a "hoss-race."

Photograph by A. P. Davis.



Vaudeville is an innovation, but it "goes."

nity is Long"; "All Men Must Die"; "After Death the Judgment." This was strong meat for childish minds, but there was virtue in old-fashioned methods after all, for the small girl who had her first spelling lessons in embroidering a "sampler" learned to hold her own in the ordeal of "spelling down" the district school. And our new-fangled, phonetic spelling methods, wherein the youngster makes noises like a soda-water fountain before venturing on "C-a-t," are turning out a mighty poor race of spellers.

Just beyond the row of ancient "samplers" was the line of crazy-quilts, and also that famous bed-covering, each of whose myriad pieces bore the autograph of friend, relative, or local celebrity. The minister, the Sunday-school superintendent, the postmaster, and even the Congressman had scratched their names on fragments of this quilt, and if ever a guest was honored by being permitted to sleep under this coverlet, he must have been crushed by the weight of its renown.

If your appetite is fickle or jaded, ye luckless city dweller, seek ye the country fair and linger among the pies and cakes arrayed in luscious rivalry. Rank upon rank they stand, jelly cake, marble cake, fruit and pound cake, chocolate, sponge cake, angel cake, cocoanut and cream cake. And the pies! Cursed be the fiend in human guise who first set going the infamous story that pie is indigestible and a breeder of dyspepsia. Bad pies are hurtful, like all other kinds of poor cookery, but the kind of pies exhibited at the country fair is a boon to humanity and a solace in this vale of tears. Not those flat and rubbery discs which the baker and hotel-keeper put into circulation (libels on the name of pie, which all right-thinking Americans must deplore as a national disgrace), but honest, flaky, juicy pies, fifteen different kinds—count 'em—fifteen, made after the recipes of skilled housewives who are proud of their craft, and baked with a jealous and scrutinizing care.

Where could you find mortals more to be envied than the committee of judges whose duty it was to sample the cakes and pies and determine the awards? In their train followed numerous small boys, fairly licking their chops, hoping to pick up crumbs or fragments, wondering what it

must feel like to bite into more kinds of pie than they could count, and all in the same day. Then there was the exhibit of jams and preserves, gooseberry, currant, grape, strawberry, raspberry, wild and tame, plum, apple, quince, and blueberry. The factories which invite you to inspect their "fifty-seven varieties" of machine-made products do put up clean and tasty things, but they have not yet bagged the elusive secrets of the farm-house kitchen.

But we must not delay too long among the food of the gods. The pigs, chickens, and cattle, the grain and vegetables are essential features of the *real* country fair. Rivalry is keen, and arguments wax warm among the breeders and exhibitors who have been keeping a shrewd eye on their neighbors' doings all summer. There is much learned discussion, which ranges from White Wyandots and Silver Dorkings to Chester White Swine. The farmer who uses his brains as well as his muscles is the most independent and enviable American to be found in this trust-ridden age. He can afford to laugh at the poor devil of a city toiler who must spend all he earns to pay rent for a pigeon-hole mis-called home, and for food to keep his family alive. It is often said that farming is "played out" in the eastern states, but the assertion is a foolish one. The best farmers of the land are to be found in such states as New York and Pennsylvania, nor has old New England yet gone to seed. Here at the country fair are to be seen the fruits of their intelligent industry, the rich bounty of grain, fruit, and vegetables, the plump porkers and sleek cattle from their stout barns and wide pastures. Most of the things needed to support life in a wholesome and moderate comfort are on exhibition, nor are the people the least interesting display of American thrift and successful husbandry.

Having duly reflected about these and other matters suggested by the "exhibits," let us head for the track, for it is high time to get seats for the "hoss trot." While the crowd assembles the hot-air balloon soars from the field in front of the grand stand. No fair can be counted a success without an "ascension," and the daring gentleman in pink tights, who clings to the bar beneath his parachute, shoots sky-

ward to the chorus of ten thousand "oh-h-s," "ah-h-s," and "gee-whizzes."

The only folks within miles and miles who are not straining the hinges in the backs of their necks to follow the hair-raising flight are the dusty drivers perched in the bobbing sulkies who have begun to warm up their steeds for the first race. Round and round the track they jog like so many ungainly machines. If you would see a horse strapped, booted, braced and geared to the limit you must seek such a track as this.

Here comes an awkward flea-bitten gray which never went under two-fifty in his life. He is hobbled and checked and goggled, and hitched up sideways, lengthwise and crosswise until there is more harness than horse. You wonder how his driver ever got him into this rigging, and how he will get him out again without cutting him free with a jackknife. A farmer with a gray beard and twinkling eye observes to his neighbor:

"Last time John Martin had that plug out on the road I told him he had the old cripple overloaded with fust-aids-to-the-injured. Them straps that was cal'lated to hoist up his knees must ha' pulled too tight and the crittur was yanked clean off the ground. What John was gettin' ready for was a race for flyin' machines, not a hoss trot."

"The free-for-all pace purse, one hundred dollars," is next on the programme. The "side-wheelers" are a rakish lot, most of them owned in the county, and it is a lot more fun to cheer on some horse you



Photograph by A. B. Phelan.

He hasn't missed a county fair for forty years.

have tried to pass on the road to town than to watch a much faster mile by drivers and pacers from strange regions. The fence is lined with shouting men and boys who wave their hats and yell in tones of pleading anguish:

"Come along with you, Bill."  
 "Give him the whalebone, Jerry."  
 "I've got two whole dollars on your hoss, steal the pole, Harry."  
 "Wow-w, here comes Madge Wilkes."  
 "She's nailed 'em in the stretch."  
 "Hi-i-i, boy, ain't you comin' up?"

Nor is the racing on the track more stirring than the

helter-skelter rush homeward in the twilight when the white ribbon of highway which climbs the autumn hills, is all aclatter with the wagons, buggies and carryalls of the folks bound homeward from the fair. There is much good horseflesh along this countryside, and the young man who has taken his best girl to the fair is not inclined to take the dust of his neighbors' teams, especially when he has "hitched up the sorrel colt" to make its formal debut at this year's fair. The up-to-date "State Exposition" advertises all manner of evening amusements, from fireworks to open air theaters, but our old-fashioned fair used to end with daylight. We sang "Seeing Nelly Home," and "My Bonny Lies Over the Ocean," as we drove home in the shadows, and maybe we *did* hold her hand. And I want to know if it wasn't a great deal more fun to end the day in this way than to hang around the fair grounds until midnight looking at cheap shows and getting so leg-weary that all the pleasure was gone?



# THE YARNS OF A TRAVELER

BY VANCE THOMPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL CRAWFORD

ONE of the big liners was steaming oversea, out of the white winter of New York into the blue of Naples. It was a lazy afternoon; the Azores were fading out of sight over the clear-cut rim of the horizon; some of the passengers—those who liked each other—had drawn their chairs up in a friendly circle on deck (aft of the smoking room) and were discussing things. They were not all negligible men. One of them was a professor out of Boston, a Darwinian person. I dare say you know that kind of men, who adopt a system—merely because it is the mode, and others do it; just as weak-minded fellows when they are in company at a café drink whether they are thirsty or not. There was another man from Boston; he stated

that he wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly*—seeming to consider it at once a justification for wearing a beard and a profession. There were three priests going up to Rome—Father Dunne from Chicago (cousin, he, of our wonderful Dooley), Father Purcell and another, whose name I have forgotten.

Others there were, too, in the little group aft of the smoking room: Mark Twain with his wise old face, his thatch of bleached hair, and his lean and lazy lengthiness—the lean old man, hard as steel and fine as amber; a distinguished novelist, who (in this story) is anonymous, and an Englishman. The London man was a promoter. He had traveled from Putney to Peru, from Alaska to Little Peddington, selling what he hadn't got to people who didn't

know what they were buying—and in a plenitude of riches was making for Monte Carlo.

So this little company talked over the pipes, as the big liner slipped through the bland seas beyond the Azores. There was an idle restfulness in the air. Then, too, each man felt that he had been given the freedom of the sea.

(Faith! I would gladly write the real story of the sea—the lawlessness that takes a man, and a woman, as the ship puts out. To be sure Marconi is killing it; but it is not quite dead. Overhead the sky; the great sea running underneath; land is very far away. You are cut off from all shore ties—the restraining influence of the London home, the patent brake of the New York club, the social repression of the civilized state; you are a man at sea, unfettered, the sea over. Blithe and ardent women idle in the moonlight—for your pleasure. All the prim social habits of the land-dwelling woman have fallen away from them—frankly they show the facets of their souls, boldly they play with those wild-cats, their emotions. Men who at home are smug and reticent, with even a sour cast of piety, take on an air of devil-may-care freedom, as though—like the historic Hebrew—they would break all the ten commandments at once. Only on shipboard, only there, is the antique freedom of life to be found. 'Tis a pity the story is unfit for publication.)

I had gone into the smoking room to light a pipe and get it drawing free; as I came back to my deck-chair I heard Mark Twain drawing:

"I think mur-er-der is the thing people think most about. You take a man who is just falling asleep and it not unfrequently happens that he lulls himself to sleep with thoughts of mur-er-der."

(Mr. Clemens has a ghastly way of pronouncing the word murder—with cold, drawing satisfaction; somehow it reminds me of putting a worm on a hook.)

"Most men lull themselves to sleep with thoughts of mur-er-der. Take any man. He may be selling white goods to-day in a Broadway shop, but when he is all alone in his nightie he broods darkly—just a little, curdling dream of killing the floor-walker—or the ribbon fellow who has taken his best girl to Proctor's. Next morning he wakes

up and the seal of his thumb has no blood on it—but there was a little ba-a-by thought, and intent, of murder in him all the same," said Mark Twain.

Our Darwinian man had been edging forward on his steamer chair; he broke in sharply. "Murder is the most imperious necessity of life; it is the very basis of our social institutions. Properly defined it is neither the result of personal passion nor a form of degeneracy. Murder, I claim, is the natural and normal function of mankind. There is nothing exceptional about it. It is normal; from the amœba to the highest living form the rule runs. Murder is the law of individual life. Now," said the professor, "it is exorbitant that, upon pretext of governing men, society should hold the exclusive right of killing, to the detriment of individuals in whom alone (mark you!) the right resides."

Dr. Salvatore, of the Royal Italian Marine, was listening.

"I don't agree with you," he said, "but I do believe there is no human being living who could not be made a murderer."

"The instinct to kill," said the Englishman, "is natural."

"I don't mean that," said the Italian doctor, "I mean that under certain circumstances—from passion—from——"

The novelist, who is a big-shouldered man, with sound fists, deep of chest, laughed and stuffed cut-plug into his pipe.

"Let me tell you," said he; and he told us without a hint of the dramatic, with flat, unstudied veracity.

#### THE NOVELIST AND THE PIECÉ OF LEAD PIPE

"Three years ago I went to Chicago to deliver a lecture on 'Municipal Ownership.' After the lecture I supped with some friends. It was about one o'clock when I left them and strolled up Clark Street toward my hotel. I was at ease with all the world. My lecture had been a bold one—with a distinctly socialistic tone; moreover it had been well received; men had praised me, women had looked at me not unkindly. I felt that I had spread new truths before the world of Chicago—that I had done well by my fellow-men. I hummed a pleasant song as I went up the street.

"At that time Chicago was overrun by garroters, nightmen, thugs, highwaymen. One of these night-errants came swiftly out of an alley-way and struck me over the head with a piece of lead pipe, sewed into a canvas bag. The blow fractured my cheek bone; an inch higher and it would have fallen on the temple—and I, well, I should have been out of this game of life we play at. It was a swinging blow. I staggered over against the railing of a house and clung there, dazed and stupid.

"The first thing I remember," he went on, telling his tale to the friendly men on deck, "was a feeling of wonder. The fellow was about ten feet away from me and I could see him. He was slim and thin, not more than one hundred and forty-five pounds, I think. I wondered how he had dared to attack a man of my size. I was annoyed. My head was still buzzing with the blow of the lead pipe—I couldn't move or control my muscles—but I was flooded with a sort of egotistic anger. That this little snipe should have come and batted me out of my wits—out of my strength and manhood; that all my beautiful self—and I can't tell you how much I loved myself at that moment!—should be knocked out forever by that little bandit!

"I suppose it was on the nick of a second that I hung there to the iron railing, but I give you my word that I did feel all these emotions—a wave of self-pity, a growing anger, a sort of sulkiness that might have been expressed in such a question as: 'What the deuce have you to do with my ego?' Then I began to realize intensely that I hated the man with the lead pipe. I hated him bitterly. In that fragment of time I got an absolute photograph of him on my brain. Whenever—in whatever world—though I lived or died—I knew I should recognize that lean, black-visaged enemy of mine.

"If a second or so passed, it was no more. The fellow dropped his lead pipe on the sidewalk and came toward me. The first definite thing I remember was the outreach of his two lank hands for my watch and chain. Somehow or other I didn't mind being robbed. What was in my mind was this: 'If this fellow is near enough to take my watch, why, I can hit him.' My head was full of fog, yet through it burned, like an electric spark, my desire to kill this fellow

who had hurt me—insulted my ego, made of me a thing he could handle. Hate? I don't know that I hated him exactly. I wanted to punish the man who had invaded my ego.

"Just as he begun to feel my pockets I swung my right at him. It was like hitting in a fog, but I know that I meant my fist to find him and kill him. I got him on the tip of the chin and he went over to the sidewalk. I saw his cap make a parabola in the air as he fell. It was summer and he wore a light coat, with no waistcoat beneath; the coat flew up over his head; and so he lay. Then, as in a fog, I began to kick at him—psychologically, I believe, my impulse was to boot him out of the misty home in which my ego dwelt and where he was a ruffianly intruder. I think I must have been shouting aloud there myself; certainly he filled the night with cries. A couple of men—they were German waiters—ran up and caught me by the arms. I tried to explain to them, but with Teutonic stupidity they took me for the criminal. So they clung to me and the fellow got off—I saw him crawl to his hands and knees, then fall and rise and run again. When the police came, the fool German waiters released me and we tried to follow the trail, but the man had escaped. We picked up his cap and his weapon. That was all. When the doctors had mended my broken jaw I went home to New York."

"And then?"

"Well," said the novelist, "a few weeks later I got a letter from the chief of police. It said: 'I've got your man. He died in the hospital. Nine of his ribs were broken.'"

We looked askance at our murderer and asked him if he ever felt remorse.

"Remorse?" said the novelist. "Why did he hit me over the head with a lead pipe?"

"Good," said Mark Twain.

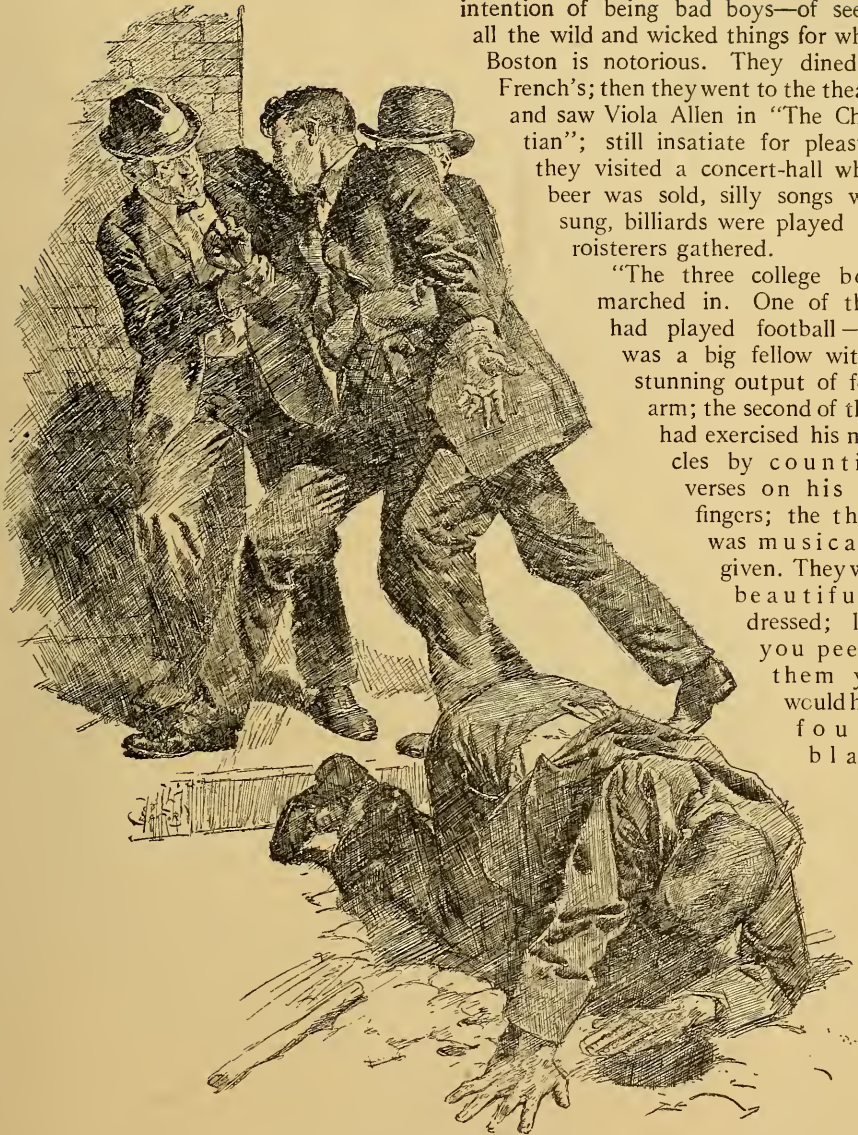
"Darwin has proved that the invasion of personality is the primal cause, as I might say, the *causa causans* of——"

But we stifled the Boston professor.

#### THE MAN WHOM NOBODY KILLED

There is a certain kind of man—even though he goes to sea and has a passion for the long lift of the wave—who likes to hide himself in anonymity. Even when he pulls his soul up by the roots and shows





intention of being bad boys—of seeing all the wild and wicked things for which Boston is notorious. They dined at French's; then they went to the theater and saw Viola Allen in "The Christian"; still insatiate for pleasure, they visited a concert-hall where beer was sold, silly songs were sung, billiards were played and roistersers gathered.

"The three college boys marched in. One of them had played football—he was a big fellow with a stunning output of forearm; the second of them had exercised his muscles by counting verses on his ten fingers; the third was musically given. They were beautifully dressed; had you peeled them you would have found black

"So they clung to me and the fellow got off."

it naked (to astounded men) he always explains that it isn't really his soul; which makes for derision. So this story, having been told by such a man, shall be anonymous. It goes something like this:

"Three college boys went down to Boston one night. They were young fellows, Sophomores all. Having just passed their examinations, they went a-spreeing by the light of the moon. They had a deliberate

dress clothes outside, then good linen and, underneath, soft-hued silk. As these three beautiful young things came down the aisle of that cheap music hall one of them trod upon the toe of a red-faced, blowsy and fluffy gentleman of those parts. All three of them stood up in a row and apologized. They had all been nicely brought up; taught to say 'Yezzir' to a gentleman and 'Nomum' to a lady; so they apologized

for having trod on the blowsy person's toe.

"He, however, rose in his wrath and punched the smallest of the three. Perhaps he felt (like the novelist of whom you have heard) that his ego had been infringed upon; perhaps he had a corn. The football player struck out swift and strong. He was full of wrath and courage. His fist went straight. Down fell the blowsy gentleman of those parts. A little white foam came out of his lips and he groaned.

"Get the police," some one shouted.

"The three college lads thought of far-away homes—and shuddered; that they should be arrested in this ignoble beer hall of Boston for a foolish brawl!

"Let's get out," said the verse-maker.

"The football player was readiest in an emergency; he pulled the fluffy and gasping thing to its feet and, as the manager came up, explained easily: 'Our friend here is a little under the weather—we'll take him home.' They went out supporting the speechless, red-faced man; they put him in a cab; they drove him to a hotel and laid him in a bed; they sent for a physician.

"That is all; they piked back to college—these bad little men. In the morning they learned that the man whom they had left in the hotel had died a few moments after the doctor reached him. The newspapers said it was a 'mystery.' One fluffy gentleman from Boston and those parts went away and Bostonians never knew the reason of his going. But was it murder?"

Our bearded passenger spoke; it was as though a page of the *Atlantic Monthly* had come to life and spoken; what he said was: "It was a murder but no crime. Over this sad affair I do not see the umbrage of a spiteful intent."

Those of us who were most interested in the verdict heaved a sigh of vast content.

#### THE UNCOMMITTED MURDER

No matter who it was—but one of us related this experience. This one of us is a tall, bony man with a face like a tombstone and long, nervous hands. He is handsome enough in his way, but Heaven help the lady who marries that square jaw and those impatient gray eyes.

A few years ago he was traveling from Venice to Verona. It was in the dusty

heat of summer. The slow train crawled through a white and musty desert, haunted with crumpled trees and far-away visionary Alps. There was only one other passenger in his compartment. This was a ball of a man. He was hugely fat, a squab of a man without neck, a puffing thing that fell asleep and snored. The lean man looked at him unkindly.

"Never have I seen so vulgar a lump of flesh," he thought, "never have I seen anything so gross and antipathetic. There he goes again—snore, you brute! Ugh!"

The fellow had his mouth open and was gulping and gooping like a porpoise.

His disgusted fellow-passenger said to himself: "It is insupportable. A man like that has no right to be alive." However, he tried to stand it. He looked out at the sunburned landscape. He fanned himself. He tried to think of other things. No matter where he looked, or what he set his mind on, always he had a vision of the lumpy man, sprawling like a ball of gelatine in the blue cushions. The big fellow's chin swayed on his chest; and he snored—snored— The lean gentleman bent over and touched him on the shoulder.

"Stop that!" he said.

The glutinous man went on gurgling.

"And then," said the criminal—confessing his crime to idle men at sea, "then a kind of fury seemed to get hold of me. It was what Mr. Clemens said about the clerk in the white goods department. I was tempted by the thought of murder. I set my teeth. I squared my shoulders. There seemed to be a strong dynamic force in me, impersonal, aloof as it were from myself. I felt a kind of lightness, an elasticity, an afflux of nervous waves—and, at that instant, without definite will of my own, my hand went out to grip his throat. I did not touch him, mark you. Before I could touch him he awoke. He stared at me, terror in his bloodshot eyes.

"I sat down calmly in my corner and looked out again on the landscape. The man's eyes never left my face. Little by little his face grew redder; then blue patches came out on it.

"When the train stopped at Verona he did not get out."

He who was telling the story paused, struck a fusee, lit his pipe carefully and looked round at us who were listening.

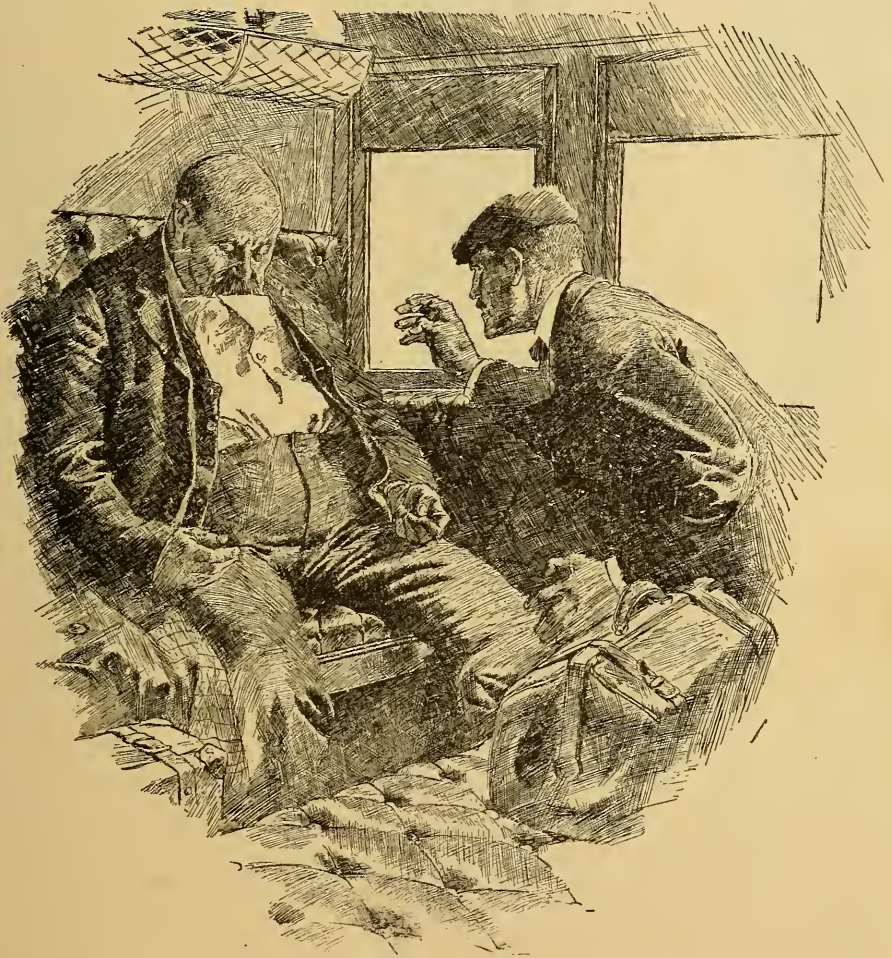
"You see," he added, "the man was dead."

"And you had not touched him?"

"No, but his snoring annoyed me," the lean passenger concluded. No one spoke; only Mark Twain made a sort of er-er-ing sound and lifted his white eyebrows.

promoter had also had an experience. He told it to us—something like this:

"I have not," said the promoter, "any criminal instincts—if the gentleman who has just confessed will pardon me for saying so. It may be my fault; it may be the fault of my parents—I have not read



"At that instant my hand went out to grip his throat."

#### THE DANGER OF OWNING AN UMBRELLA

All of us, I fancy, felt that the dynamic gentleman was uncanny; those of us who weighed over thirteen stone eyed him askance for the rest of the voyage and kept our necks out of his reach—nor did any of us snore in his presence. The globe-trotting

Darwin and I do not want to be interrupted by any one who has. If Mr. Clemens and the novelist will pardon me, I will repeat—I have no criminal instincts. As a child it was remarked in me. At the country fairs where all the people—young or old, gentle of face or savage—amused themselves by throwing balls at the wooden



“He asked me to give him money—I refused.”

dolls that looked like men (thus developing the murder instinct) I always spent my time feeding nuts to the monkeys. In other words, I was singularly good and of a sweet and noble nature. What I was as a child I am as a man.

“Now, one night in Sidney,” the promoter went on, “I dined with some friends. This was years ago. I had just come out from London and with me I had brought a steel-rod umbrella. In Sidney no one had ever seen anything of the kind. I was proud of it, first, because it was mine; secondly, because it was unique in that part of the world. I will say here—if the gentleman from Boston will pardon me—that I have never carried an umbrella that was not my own property. That new umbrella with the steel rod was mine and I displayed it to all my friends. Any one who had seen it would have recognized it again. All my friends particularly remarked it. They were kind enough to say it resembled me. Doubtless they meant that it was not only up-to-date, but quite the best of its kind.

“It was late when I left my friends and

started for my lodgings. I knew the streets were considered unsafe; but I have never known fear. This is one of my characteristics. Fear and I are strangers. Going along the street a ruffian dashed out at me. He asked me to give him some money. I refused—that is another of my characteristics—I will not be intimidated. As he came toward me I thrust at him with my umbrella. He stopped, gave a terrible cry and fell to the ground. The steel tip of the umbrella had entered his eye; as he fell it broke off and stayed where it was—deep into the brain. I went to my lodgings, carrying the rest of the umbrella. That night I broke it up, burned what I could and buried the metal parts in the mattress. The next day I sailed for London; I never went back to Sidney. Though I have never known fear, I do not like

to think of the ruffian lying there—with three inches of slim steel in his eye-socket.”

It seemed as though something should be said; Mark Twain lifted one knee over the other and swung a yellow book.

“And the verdict?” asked the novelist.

It was Father Dunne, the good man, with the equable eyes, who spoke:

“So far as I can see all these men were criminals. Take the novelist, for instance—what had he to do abroad in the world at two in the morning? Mark, too, that he had a yellow watch chain slanting across his abdomen. Surely he tempted that poor devil to rob. I vote no, for him.”

Voting all to hang the novelist, we edged away from him, there on the deck of the big liner. We sent the Harvard boys up for life and hanged the promoter on general principle. We left the punishment of the man who went from Venice to Verona to the Dynamic Gentleman Overhead.

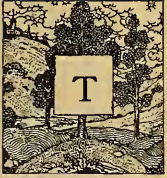
Father Purcell concluded the talk; with gentle optimism he said: “I do not think these accidents that meet us on the high-ways of life will be reckoned up against us.”

So be it.

# ODD CORNERS

## A STORY OF WOODCOCK COVERS

BY MAXIMILIAN FOSTER



HERE are dogs and dogs, but Snoozer was just dog. I can't tell you what kind, however, though Hep, who owned him, said he was a bird dog. Nor can I tell you what kind of a bird, unless you will allow me to suggest that Snoozer, perhaps, was sired by a dodo, and dammed by an incubator. His legs were the legs of the dodo, anyway, and there was no guessing where he got the rest of him, unless you lay it to some patent, new-fangled breeding machine. But Hep owned to the soil, and Hep cared neither for birth nor breeding, except as you apply them to Berkshires and fat-ribbed short-horns. "This yere dorg's jest dorg," said he simply; "I ain't a-finding no fault with Snoozer."

So Snoozer, bow-limbed and squat, a lemon-and-white something of the genus, joined us for the autumn woodcock covers. His legs, as I say, were the splayed, un-gainly props of the dodo; and you looked at Snoozer's blunt, thick head and heavy nose, and wondered whether it was given to him to smell anything more delicate than a meat scandal or a butcher's wagon down an alley. "I knowed his mar," explained Hep blandly, "and she was a Rap-Bang bitch that was wise enough to do sums. But I wasn't never acquainted with his daddy. From the kind of dorgs that 'pear to be mixed up in Snoozer, I jest allow par was a Mormon."

And Snoozer looked it, too—

"Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
And cur of low degree."

Yes, Rap Bang according to the tail, and Bang Bang from the little dash of lemon; and dachshund, too, probably, al-

lowing for his elbows, and a taste of English setter, or more dodo in the incipient feathering of his quarters. Snoozer, it seemed, was a kind of canine cocktail that left you guessing at the ingredients; and when Snoozer saw the guns, you would have thought him lunatic as well.

He came lumbering up from the kennel, yapping like a tyke. He hurled himself against us, and fell back to chase his tail in dizzy circles. After that, he squatted on his haunches and bayed like a chase of cottontails through a swamp. *Common cur*, thought I; but live and learn. There is a difference between bench-show confirmation and nature that builds the mind. Snoozer was a dog.

Hep produced also a pointer. It was real pointer, a liver-and-white bitch that looked the little lady. "Oh, I dunno," drawled Hep, when I spoke my opinion, "good enough, I guess. Likely on quail and sech—but them there woodcocks is different. 'Taint every dorg that knew his business on flight birds. Snoozer does."

But between Snoozer and the liver-and-white bitch seemed a world of difference. The real pointer was the kind you admire at a bench show, or in a fast field among the quail and chicken. Snoozer was of the kind you'd chase out of your back yard—reasonably so if you owned flower beds and poultry. "Hey—git along there!" yelled Hep, and we started down the road.

About us were the long, rolling hills. Frost and the ripeness of autumn had got in their work, and the slopes swept upward, robbed of their vivid coloring, rusty browns the sober ruling hue, and here and there some piece of belated foliage glowing like a pyre of the passing year. Out of the north came the journeying flight birds, and you kicked them up in unexpected

covers, plump travelers, opulently fat, and hustling swiftly on vigorous, whistling wings. Woodcock?—yes; these were the birds! I say woodcock, and I mean none of your scrawny, half-moulted, thin and flapping weaklings of the summer covers. There have been times when I have plowed my way into the sinks of the July and August using ground, and fighting the briers and wiping cobwebs from my eyes and half-strangled with the heat, have urged on an equally listless dog to hunt out the listless game. Poor things! It's a kind of crime to rip a charge of No. 10's after the squeaking something that goes lobbing among the leaves *flip-flap*; and when you've downed it, what does it amount to, after all?—a mangled, pulpy handful of skin and bill and feathers that the hasty chance has centered at thirty feet. Or you miss, the gun squibbed off in a clumsy snap-shot, praying for luck and general results, and then you go on—ten yards—twenty—perhaps even thirty or more—rout up the lurking bird, and, if you think yourself lucky, ruthlessly destroy what's not worth the trouble when you've slain it. Or you miss altogether, and the half-grown, half-feathered game, jumped twice or even a third time, flits panic-stricken out of the steaming cover, and is gone for good. That's your summer shooting. Once again, wiping the sweaty mess of cobwebs and dirt from your face, you tear a path through the jungle of catbriers that rip like knives, and the alders that flay you like whips, and sloshing on your way, try hard to believe it sport, or much less that you're enjoying yourself.

But these birds—these big and energetic travelers winging it before the first killing frosts! Well, every man to his own taste.

"Yip!—hey, git along there!" yelled Hep, climbing over the pasture bars, and we turned in toward the covers.

In the hollow of the rise lay a wide strip of alders, a dusky blur among the trees. A thin, trickling runnel seeped through the heart of the wood, and at one side of the rise was a brush-grown slash where once Hep had cut out his winter's cordwood. It was a quiet day, and cool. The sun gleamed down out of a sky as deep blue as the ocean's depths, and hardly a breath of air moved among the denuded

tops—a still autumn day still ringing with the morning's nipping cold.

Snoozer bundled along before us. He lunged up the slope, turning at the bars as if this were known ground in his adventuring, and with a kind of a cantering, sidewise shuffle, like a cur tracking a dusty road, bore in toward the cover. Out in the open, the liver-and-white pointer—Snap she was called—quartered to and fro, going it like a sprinter. You could see even from the cast of her head that she had game in mind, but it was no game, indeed, of close covers and dark and narrow corners, but of the birds that keep to the open.

"Yaas," mumbled Hep, in answer to my comment, "she's handy enough—and she might learn woodcock, if you guv her time. But there's more in hunting cock than galloping like a hoss-race. She ain't no brush dorg like Snoozer."

True enough; but when you looked at Snoozer, you would have thought him a rabbit hound hunting up the scent. Snoozer took his time. He plodded along in the bush, and loped it easy in the open. Out on the edge, Snap flashed by, keeping in the clear and stretching herself, but Snoozer pottered. I watched him, and seemed not to grin. Snoozer nosed along the fallen logs and sniffed at the brush heaps. He plunged into laurel thickets, clumps no larger than his kennel yard, and painfully, foot by foot, smelled out every corner. Once, with a muttered yelp, he fought his way into a brier, yelped again as the thorns stung him, and then went on, rooting deeper into its trap. "*Yoip!*" he babbled, as a cottontail flashed out before him—grabbed once at the vanishing quarry, and then he turned his back. Again he pottered, and it seemed very tiresome watching a dog that was three parts cur, and the other part heaven knows what, only pottering in a bramble bush.

I looked at Snap. Snap dashed up in front of the guess-again what-not, and galloped around an alder copse. Nothing there. Snap quartered off the left along the edge of the wood-lot, and turned and came back. Very pretty, indeed! A little fast for woodcock, perhaps, but a picture to look at. A beautiful dog to cover ground. "Hey, there!" yelled Hep, in a warning voice, "look at Snoozer!"

Well, the coat doesn't make the man, nor do looks make the dog. There was Snoozer squatting back on his haunches like a terrier at a rat-hole, and I looked at Snoozer and then at Hep.

"Hey, you," yelled Hep irritably, "ain't ye a-going to shoot?"

Hep had his gun cocked and held up before him. Shoot? I thought not. If Hep needed rabbit stew, he might provide it for himself.

"Rabbit?—hey, what?" bawled Hep from the other side of the briar, "that ain't no rabbit—it's woodcock!"

Snoozer stood just where that liver-and-white bitch had flashed by not a moment before, and I still had my doubts. If cock had been there, Snap never in the world would have missed it. Woodcock—oh, guess again.

*Szee-see-see-see!* whistled a big, ruddy cock bird, as he burst upward from the cover. He was as big as a woman's hat, a fat, pigeon-breasted, full-blown miracle of flight, cutting capers like a jack snipe in a gale of wind. The first jump carried that cock as high as the alder tops, and there he flopped sideways, his wings whirling like a killdeer. Bang! I saw the shot clip the boughs a foot under him, and—bang!—down?—no, indeed; merely stooping to flash through an opening in the trees!

There was speed—speed and agility. You hear men tell of waiting always for the bird's momentary pause overhead. There's a split fraction of a second, they'll say, when the bird, aiming for its distant flight, hangs suspended. Yes, very good. But this bird rocketed out of the cover on a slant, and there was no moment's halt of indecision when you might rip him down with a leisurely dose of 10's. No—that bird went right on about his business, and was gone, hidden among the trees—lost to sight though still to memory dear!

"Pears like you didn't want that there cock," observed Hep tartly, after a vain effort to mark down the vanished game; "mebbe you was hurried?"

Yes, I was hurried, and I'm bound to say a bird like that was enough to hurry any one. But the words had no more than dropped from Hep's lips when something else happened there on the hillside. *Szee-see-see-see!* Right from under our feet another cock whipped up into the air—

*szee-see-see-see!*—dodged sidewise in front of Hep, flung its wings broadly, and, like its mate—bang! bang! from Hep—was gone among the trees.

"Waal, wouldn't that beat ye?" mumbled Hep, foolishly, and broke his gun with a jerk, "ef that there cock didn't come nigh to knocking off my hat!"

Snoozer looked back over his shoulder with an air akin to human knowingness. It was no fault of Snoozer's, this bungling of the chances. He'd done his part with wisdom and with judgment. It was enough to bungle on the first bird, but to butcher two chances like that, turn and turn—humph!—I could guess what lay in Snoozer's mind.

"Hi along there!" grumbled Hep, and with an irritable yell brought back Snap, who, by this time, had ranged nearly out of sight.

Up on the hillside it was Snoozer again that picked up the two jumped birds. They lay there in a dogwood thicket, ten yards or so apart, and once more I had the object lesson of the fast, eager dog ranging past at full speed, and the slow potterer, small and cautious, making good where the other had failed. At quail or chicken, Snoozer would have been lost. He would have failed miserably in a big, open country where speed answers to the strong, hot scent. But these flight birds were cold game; the dog literally had to poke them up like a terrier after a rat; and when Snoozer had stood on first one and then the other, finding the two as handily as you could wish, I gave up paying attention to Snap, and watched the slow dog and sure.

We got one, and botched the other. Snoozer, lobbing over a fallen tree trunk, landed stiff on all-fours, and hung there frozen like a statue. Once again the bird was almost under him—the cock bird again—and Hep had to push his way through the dogwood, and kick him into the air. "Git—you!" snapped Hep, thrashing about him, and—*szee-see-see-see!* twittered the woodcock, bouncing up behind his back. For a brief instant I had a view of Hep fishing about among the branches with the gun barrels, and then my bird swam against the blue, his broad wings flapping helter-skelter. But that was easy, and when the plump traveler

thumped down in front of Snoozer's nose, Snoozer cocked up an eye at him, and waited for the word to go on.

We laid out our friend on a log, and idled away a pleasant moment. There was the short, thick neck and square shoulders of the real flight bird, the ruddy-breasted wayfarer from the north. The deep, rich markings of black and tan shone on his back and wings with a sheen of metal, closely etched; and there were his eyes, liquid and big and round and deep, shining duskily like a doe's. A good bird, you'll say, and as large as your two fists put together.

"Come along," said Hep, and pocketing our treasure-trove, we slipped on through the dogwoods, routed out the second bird, and with a loud salvo of artillery saluted its hasty departure.

Then came a long blank. Pushing down to the runnel oozing among the brakes and alders, we hunted diligently, but to little avail. There were stretches of black soil, edged with green turf and sprouts of cat-brier and blackberry, and there in the rich earth we found many evidences of things still unseen. At every yard the ground was riddled with their borings, but no woodcock were there. Once a grouse, strutting beside the brook, roared out before us, and a snap through the latticed twigs brought him thumping to the sward beyond. But of cock there was nothing but these trade-marks of the night-feeders, and baffled, at last, we deserted the low ground, and pushed upward sideways along on the slopes.

There we found them. They lay in all the unimaginable places imaginable—a few in places where you might hope to find them at a hazard, and the rest in the dry grounds of the scratchers, points where a grouse would lie, or some straying band of quail come to dust themselves in the sun. But that's the habit of these mysterious midnight strays. I know we bounced up two out of a dry oak-scrub and another went whistling into the air among a thicket of firs. There was still another, too, that Snap ran afoul of in a hardwood ridge we were crossing aimlessly, our eyes alert for some stray grouse; and that day, somehow, impressed on my mind more firmly than other days, the real lesson of the woodcock covers. I give you its digest:

If you can't find them where you look, look elsewhere.

It's a different matter with summer birds—if you care for a game like that. They lie where they feed, or fairly handy; but your flight bird—your big, strong, vigorous wanderer—there is a mystery about him as mysterious as the dark covers of the northland that bred him, or of the night through which he travels. One day the ground will hold them, a host of plump strangers, lying just where you hoped they would lie, and the sport will be hot and fast. But return on the morrow and you may have to search far and wide; cock will be plenty, and perhaps close at hand, but you may have to drill the hillsides far and near, and plow through the lowland on every side before you trace the clew to their hiding. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. That's the lesson, and when you've learned it—well, you're almost as far ahead as a-b, ab.

We crossed the ridge. We bundled back and forth along the high ground, slamming through the thickets, and one stray bird rewarded us. There were alder thickets and open slashes standing thick with withered brush, and there were clumps of laurel and little dells where the dried stalks of the love apples still dropped their wilted fronds. There, too, were other glades, glowing golden in the sunlight, points where the hardwood clumps overlooked the seeping hollows below; and diligently we hunted all these places, and found nothing for our pains. There were no birds here, we saw, and why not, I cannot tell you.

"Doggone the critters!" grumbled Hep—and then to me: "Hey—where you going?"

Further down, I said, and Hep, trailing in behind me, followed, muttering peevishly.

"You ain't going to find nawthing there," he drawled grumpily; "ain't we hunted sech places, and didn't git nawthing?"

But Snoozer, too, seemed willing, and we drifted down the slope, crossed another little bog brook, and there before us was a second thicket of dried-out briers and brushwood. Underneath lay the deep, oozing loam, a place shadowed here and there by alder wisps, and marked, too,



where birds had been drilling for their food. *Szee-see-see-see!* squeaked a cock, hurtling out from underfoot, and climbed towering like a mallard. He was another of them, heavy, thick-necked, and powerful, some wanderer from the distant covers of Nova Scotia or Maine, a great northern bird like all these others. Snoozer stood with his blunt head turned upward, gazing with a mild surprise, and after that we broke the guns, looking about us craftily, and there was Snap, all a-quiver, frozen to a standstill, a little ways along.

There in that covert we found birds and birds. Already the sun had mounted high; the morning was nearly gone, and those cock lay there all around us, and by the trace of soil on their bills we knew them to be feeding. A second flight, no doubt; some band of wanderers just dropped in before dawn or maybe later. Who knows? They were flight birds, at all events—no summer brood domiciled in old familiar haunts, and we had a hot corner there in a space not much larger than a city lot.

Snoozer, as slow as usual, went over every foot of it. Snoozer snuffed at every tuft of grass, nothing too small for his attention, and in almost every nook and cranny of that piece were birds—and birds in nearly every case lying in pairs together. "Go on, Snoozer!" yelled Hep, when Snoozer squatted once, appearing to back up Snap. "Git along there!" cried Hep, for Snap, after a moment's undecided halt, had gone on again. Snoozer, urged into action, stepped forward reluctantly; and then it seemed to me that the air burst full of living, whirling wings. One bird crossed, quartering to the left, and out of the corner of an eye as I pulled on it, I saw another

twist skying above the head of Hep. Bang! cracked Hep; another bird jumped in turn—Bang!—a quick snap at the first one, a twitch of the barrels overhead—Bang!—and score a hit and miss. There were four in the air that I saw and counted, and as I broke my gun a fifth rose twittering from the cover forward—flushed wild.

It was Snoozer's day, and one knew from the work of him why Hep cherished the nondescript.

Then, when the sun had climbed still higher, we swung in for the hillside. There, too, we found birds, three brace of them lurking in a matted cover of laurel and cane. They lay close, and when kicked up into the air dodged and twisted through the dusky wood in a way to fool the quickest hand and eye. I saw one bound up under Hep's feet, so close that he struck at it instinctively with the gun barrels as one hits at a pitched ball, and though Hep ripped away with a right and left, the bird went on, and we saw that bird no more.

So it went for the day—a day of changing surprises, and many astonishing results. There were places that fairly *looked* birds, yet no birds were there. There were places too, where one would scarcely waste the time to look, and there they lay. But even in this was no certain rule—no rule to look in unlikely places. The hour changed—or the place changed, and the birds changed with it. But Hep, in the vernacular, rigged up an axiom that seemed to fit:

"It's where they want," said Hep tersely, "not where you want."

Yes—that and the one other thought about it—

If they're not where you look, why, look elsewhere! I can tell you nothing else.



# TALES OF A COLLECTOR OF WHISKERS

BY J. ARCHIBALD MCKACKNEY, MUS. DOC., F.R.G.S., ETC.

(EDITED BY RALPH D. PAINE)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

## V.—THE TITIAN BEARD OF WILKINS

*The following chapter of Mr. McKackney's reminiscences has been prepared in response to a number of letters received from readers of previous stories of this series. They express a curiosity to know how the somewhat incongruous association of the collector of whiskers with Hank Wilkins, the sailor-man, came about. While the incidents which installed Mr. Wilkins and his peerless Titian beard in the household of J. Archibald McKackney belong with an earlier time than the adventures already told, it seems advisable, under the circumstances, to grant the requests of those readers who have been kind enough to voice their lively interest in the fortunes of Mr. Wilkins and his employer.—R. D. P.*



LATE in a bracing autumn afternoon I was playing golf on the links which adjoin my estate. I was alone save for the stimulating companionship of Colonel Bogey. While driving for the home green, I pulled my shot so disastrously that the ball flew off at a sickening tangent and vanished in a dense woodland, as if the devil were after it. Struggling through the underbrush with peevish comment, I headed for the tree against which the ball had struck.

I had wandered so far into the strip of woodland that as I paused to mop my face, an opening in the trees showed me a green valley and a hillside of pasture beyond, bounded by low stone walls. A man was moving across the pasture, and so vivid a patch of color gleamed against his dark coat that I waited and watched him with an interested eye. As the figure drew nearer, I became more puzzled and intent.

Just then the sinking sun shot a slanting dazzle across the pasture and the dash of vivid crimson on the wayfarer's chest gleamed like a sheet of flame.

"Good Heavens," I muttered, "it is

the man's whiskers! Nothing so very rare about the pattern, but the Titian red! I have tried to find that peculiar shade among the whiskers of three continents. I must have his portrait in color, even if I am compelled to kidnap him. God bless me, but his beard is priceless! Why, I have heard of only one other such specimen, and before I could locate the owner, he carelessly dropped a match in his whiskers and they were utterly consumed. I wept at the news, and am not ashamed of it."

Without more delay I plunged down the slope, clumsily leaped the brook, and crawled over the stone wall of the pasture. The stranger was advancing at a leisurely gait, and as he halted to fill and light his pipe, I shivered with an apprehension inspired by the recollection of the tragic experience which I had just called to mind. My quarry was a middle-aged, stocky person whose features and garments were battered to the edge of the disreputable. Above the flaming beard emerged a sunburnt cheek, and beneath his shaggy red brows twinkled a merry and unabashed eye. As we met in the cow-path, I remarked as calmly as possible:

"Pleasant weather, sir."

The stranger replied in a voice that rumbled from his chest:

"It's all right for them that can afford to toddle around with them silly little sticks you've got in that bag. I'm lookin' for a game where they give away ham-and-eggs for first prizes."

I hesitated, but the spirit of the collector was rampant, and another glance at the peerless sweep of Titian whiskers compelled me to throw prudence to the winds.

"Will you not do me the honor of coming home to dine with me?" I asked. "It will be a rare pleasure for me, I assure you."

The bearded one blinked and tugged at his hirsute treasure with his two hands as he cried:

"What kind of a josh is this? I'm nothing but a stranded seafarin' man making his way cross country to Coveport in the hope of finding a berth aboard a coastin' vessel. Thanks, but I think your head piece may need calkin'."

The upshot was that I, J. Archibald McKackney, a gentleman of some wealth and station, found myself in the odd position of pleading with this derelict wayfarer to come and dine in a mansion. Red Whiskers still eyed me with an air of gloomy misgiving, but at last consented with the frank comment:

"I must be the lost Charlie Ross, and as for you—well, the keeper was lookin' the other way when you broke out for an afternoon romp."

Pleased with my success, I sighed as I reflected that with my sanity already impeached, it might be extremely difficult to broach the topic of the whiskers. However, we managed to cross the golf course without more bickering until my home loomed ahead, set far back amid a park-like expanse of grounds. The seafaring



"I'm lookin' for a game where they give away ham-and-eggs for first prizes."

pilgrim balked in his tracks and shook his head so violently that his beard waggled like a crimson banner in a big wind.

"I've heard they stow the rich lunatics in such elegant dry-docks as this while their steerin' gear is being repaired," he shouted, "but Hank Wilkins don't belong in this gilded bug-house, not by a ding-donged sight."

The mutiny was suppressed only when a head-gardener and a gate-keeper happened to appear. Their attitude toward me was so sane and respectful and my orders were so intelligently delivered that the pilgrim gulped down his fears, and walked up the rambling path with somewhat nervous tread. In his time Mr. Hank Wilkins must have seen many curious things, but when he was ushered into the library by a liveried footman, his ruddy countenance became positively pale with emotion. I could not help chuckling as I viewed the agitation of my guest.

"Welcome to my bachelor quarters, Mr. Wilkins," I cried. "Will you have something to drink before you go to your room to dress for dinner?"

"Can a duck swim?" fervently exclaimed Mr. Hank Wilkins. "Rye, if you please, sir, and I begin to think your intellect is getting its bearings. I never heard a saner speech—but all I've got to do about dressing for dinner is to comb the cockle-burs out of my whiskers and report all standin'."

"Yes, your whiskers, of course," I absently murmured. "First in your thoughts, of course. Pardon me—yes, you will find your clothes laid out and a man to help you into them."

Mr. Wilkins sputtered and choked as four fingers of aged whiskey slid down his dusty throat. Then, like one in a dream he rolled in the wake of the footman, nor



He assumed an imposing dignity of bearing.

did I observe at the time that the decanter was still tightly clutched in the fist of my guest.

It befell, therefore, that while the outer man was being adorned, the inner man was being mightily refreshed. Before the valet swept the crimson beard aside to encircle the bull-neck of Mr. Wilkins with a white tie, the blithe little devils in the decanter had banished all his fears. Beaming but by no means befogged, the sailor-man returned below stairs, a heroic figure in evening clothes, whose dazzling front was wholly eclipsed by the magnificent torrent of his beard. I saw him do a few steps of a hornpipe in the hall, and bow low before a mirror, but he assumed an imposing dignity of bearing as he joined me in the library.

"If I don't come out of this pipe-dream soon, and I'm to shift myself into these clothes again," said my guest with great emphasis, "I'll chop these whiskers off, so help me."

"Chop those whiskers off!" I echoed with a catch in my voice. "My God, Wilkins, don't say that again, I beg of you. Your beard, I—|——"

"But they douse my gold buttons and shiny shirt," he protested, and then wish-

ing to humor me he added in soothing accents:

"Now, don't get dippy again. You've been doing well. If you admire my whiskers, take 'em as a gift."

"Perhaps I ought to explain," I began, just as the butler announced that dinner was served. As the sailor heaved himself out of his chair, his roving eye was drawn to a line of portraits on the opposite wall which displayed some of the choicest specimens of my collections.

"Oh, look at the oakum-faced sun-downers, millions of 'em," he exclaimed. "I've fathomed his soft spot. He's gone wrong on whiskers, poor man."

As Mr. Wilkins lumbered into the dining room, he sonorously chanted the impromptu refrain which was weaving in his brain:

"Whiskers short and whiskers long,  
Whiskers weak and whiskers strong,  
Why, *this* is the place where I belong."

My robustious guest was in a mood even more mellow and melodious after his glass had been thrice filled with champagne, and with his beard parted and flung back over his shoulders like a pair of brilliant sash-curtains, he burst into snatches of deep-sea chanties mingled with the original couplet:

"Where the seas are high and the wind so gay  
Blows through my whiskers every day."

At length I was able to stem the tide of convivial song and roaring talk, and broached the burning topic at issue:

"I wish to paint your beard, Mr. Wilkins, in order to add it to my collection, some of whose exhibits caught your notice in the library."

"Paint my nose sky blue and pink rings around my dead lights," thundered Mr. Wilkins, as he pounded the table so that the glasses danced jigs. "Some of 'em plays they're kings or trains of choo-choo cars, but whiskers is certainly harmless and diverting."

"We will have the first sitting to-morrow morning, then," said I. "I am a fair amateur with oils, and I can assure you a creditable likeness."

"Don't hurry it, sir," anxiously returned the sailor. "It's a shame to spoil a beard like mine to save time which was made for slaves."

I had explored some of the remote parts

of the Seven Seas which were familiar to this deep-water sailor, and the later hours in the library fled with a flowing sheet. Mr. Wilkins became hugely interested in my hobby after fathoming the ardor with which I had braved dangers and hardships in quest of rare whiskers, and before midnight the oddly assorted pair of us had learned to esteem each other as men of uncommon parts and experiences.

It was to be regretted that at length Mr. Wilkins became so drowsy that he suddenly fell asleep in his chair. Nor could he be awakened by shouting, shaking, or tickling in the ribs. The servants had gone to bed, and after tugging in vain at the formidable bulk of my guest, I decided to let him remain as he was.

I surveyed with the most respectful admiration the flamboyant and unique beard of the sleeper and went upstairs. Some time later in the night I was aroused by a crashing sound and a scuffling as of a struggle somewhere above my head. Still dazed with sleep I pushed the electric button at my bedside and waited for my valet. There was no response and after scrambling to the floor, I turned on the lights and rang the butler's bell. After waiting through interminable moments, I concluded that in some mysterious fashion my household was prevented from coming to my aid.

Tiptoeing carefully into the hall, I stole down the broad staircase and fairly ran for the front door. It had flashed into my mind that the sailor might be conducting a lone-handed series of depredations. But while I was fumbling with the lock, the sound of a prodigious yawn echoed from the library. I cast a swift glance over my shoulder and was relieved beyond words to see Mr. Hank Wilkins stretching himself in the depths of his luxurious armchair. What then was the cause of the turmoil which had so disturbed me? Like lightning it flashed through my mind that burglars must have invaded my mansion. If so, they had sought first to silence my servants. This was more than an ordinary house-breaking then. The booty they sought must be my collection of unset rubies, a fad of my earlier years. I had been warned

only a week before to take them to the city for safe-keeping.

I fled into the library and Mr. Wilkins blinked and grinned at the sight of my agitated figure in pink pyjamas.

"Worried about my getting away with the silver, Commodore?" he asked.

"No, no," I stammered, "but I have been foolish enough to keep in that small safe behind you the finest collection of rubies in this country. They are worth a fortune, and I could not bear to store them in town. I am sure that burglars are in the house. They will knock us on the head for the sake of those rubies. What can we do? Quick, man."

The mind of Mr. Wilkins had become clear and alert and he was a man to meet such a crisis without flinching.

He listened intently with head cocked, and his smile of incredulity fled as we heard, unmistakably, the sound of stealthy footfalls in an upper hall.

"If they've captured all hands but us, there must be a gang of 'em," hoarsely whispered Mr. Wilkins. "And we can't get away. And by Jupiter, we don't want to. Let 'em come. Here open that safe, quick. Rubies, is it?"

While I was twisting the knob of the combination, the sailor grabbed a bottle of mucilage from the writing table. As I



W. MURPHY

I was plucked from my chair and borne toward the fireplace.

withdrew a small tray on which the clustered gems gleamed like drops of blood, Mr. Hank Wilkins swept up a handful, let a stream of mucilage fall on them, and rolled the gems in his two fists. Then, two and three at a time, he stowed the rubies in the burrowed depths of his Titian beard. It was the work of seconds only to scoop up another fistful of treasure, smear the rubies with the gummy fluid, and bury or cache them in this same flaming jungle where they clung secure and wholly invisible.

But as the sailor slipped toward the nearest window, hoping to find a way of retreat, three masked men appeared in the hall doorway. Three blue-barreled revolvers were leveled at me, and their muzzles looked to be as big as megaphones. The leader cried:

"Hands up. And you with the red whiskers, put 'em over your head. Ride hard on 'em, Bill, and shoot if they bat an eye while we tackle the safe."

Mr. Hank Wilkins stood fixed with hands upraised in an attitude of patriarchal benediction, while with an expression of humorous appreciation he listened to my heroic refusal to reveal the combination. It was not until the door had been blown off by the wrathful burglars that our plight became menacing. As soon as the empty tray was discovered, the leader whirled on me with black oaths and yelled:

"We know the stuff is here. It ain't upstairs, and we'll blow your brains out if you don't give up."

The room was ransacked with destructive fury, desks broken open, cupboards smashed, while one burglar stood over me, and pressed a revolver against my bald and fevered brow. Then the sailor was flung to the floor, and bound with curtain cords while our captors fairly ripped off our garments in their ruthless search.

"By—," cried the leader, "toast old McKackney's feet and let him yell. The flunkies is all doped. The rubies is in this room—we had the tip straight."

To the horror of the helpless sailor and to my own unutterable anguish, I was plucked from my chair, and borne toward the fireplace in which smoldered a huge back-log. My struggles were so frantic and my cries so piercing that two of the rascals were wholly absorbed in this hideous task. The third was busily kicking

to pieces the one surviving cabinet, and Mr. Hank Wilkins was unnoticed for the moment.

With a mighty grunting heave of his big chest, and with every splendid muscle swelled and taut, he strained against his bonds in a supreme effort. Nothing weaker than a wire cable could have withstood it. The curtain cords snapped and the sailor was on his feet with a bound like an angry cat. Before the nearest burglar could turn, Mr. Wilkins had hurled a mahogany chair at him. It sped like a twelve-inch shell, dashed his victim against the wall with sickening impact, and left him senseless. His revolver clattered from his limp hand, and Wilkins scooped it up as he ran. Before the pair of villains near the fireplace could do more than let me fall squirming across the fender, the sailor had shot one of them through the shoulder, and beaten the other to the floor with the heavy butt of his weapon.

Having stood me on my feet, my rescuer disarmed his captives, made them fast to chairs with deft knots and hitches, and flew upstairs to resuscitate the servants. While they bandaged up the burglars, I was able to steer my tottering limbs to the telephone and summon the police.

By the time the captives had been carted away to the hospital, daylight was streaming through the library windows. It illumined with a splendid radiance the beard of Hank Wilkins, who was engaged in plucking from its incarnadined depths a wondrous store of jewels. I watched him with profound gratitude and admiration. The sailor paused in his task to chant a melodious inspiration:

"Heigh, ho! Roll and go!  
Rubies in his whiskers,  
For he told me so."

I grasped the hard fist of my guest and said with deep feeling: "You shall not roll and go from this house as long as it suits you to stay. There is a man behind that peerless Titian beard."

"My whiskers is my fortune, sir," cheerily replied Mr. Wilkins, "and they are yours to command, even if you want to dye 'em bottle-green."

"I am in need of a faithful assistant," I told the honest fellow, "and I am inclined to dub you 'The Hair Apparent.'"



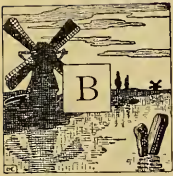
IN A MANCHURIAN POPPY FIELD

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# BALLOONING AND AËRIAL NAVIGATION

BY F. P. LAHM, U. S. A.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



BALLOONING, the newest sport, and to many, a scientific study, is not old. Methods of travel by land and water have been known for thousands of years, but it is less than a century and a quarter since Montgolfier, a French paper bag manufacturer, conceived the idea of filling one of his bags with something lighter than air and thus making it ascend. He started with hot air and a very small bag, but it was only a few months until another Frenchman hit upon the idea of putting gas in the bag, then of making the bag out of cloth and large enough to lift him—and “ballooning” as we know it to-day, was a fact.

Strange to say, the original spherical balloon has since made but little progress. A few refinements have been added, such as a valve to let the gas out at the will of the pilot; a ripping strip to tear out of the balloon on landing, so as to let all the gas out immediately and prevent being dragged; an anchor for the same purpose, and a long trail rope which hangs beneath and slackens the rate of descent on landing, by relieving the balloon of its weight as it reaches the ground. These accessories have been added comparatively recently, but it is the same shaped balloon as a hundred years ago, and it is as much as ever at the mercy of the wind, so far as its direction is concerned.

The uninitiated are prone to look upon the balloon as a sort of county fair attraction, whose principal interest lies in the risk the aeronaut takes. This is a mistake.

Like the automobile, the balloon requires an experienced pilot, and when such a one is in charge, serious or fatal accidents are never recorded. Most balloon clubs require all ascensions to be made under a regularly licensed pilot who receives his certificate from the club only after having demonstrated his fitness. The pilot, who is willing to go up only in favorable weather and to come down at the proper time, need never endanger lives. He knows he has only to open the valve and he can descend; he has only to throw out a handful of sand and he can prevent his balloon from coming down, or can send it up. When he is ready to land, he picks out a favorable spot ahead of him, lets his balloon come gradually down near the ground, cuts loose the anchor which stops his progress, then opens the valve again if necessary. When the car touches the ground, he tears out the ripping strip and the balloon stretches out on the ground, a flat and empty bag.

The beauty of the panorama from a balloon has to be seen but once to convert the neophyte and make him want to repeat his experience, not once, but often. And each time the scene changes. One day the air is clear and you see the towns, villages, woods and streams, for miles and miles on all sides. It all appears exactly as the map you carry with you and on which you trace your course as you go along. Another day the clouds hide the sun from the earth. You throw out a little sand and you are above them in the bright sunshine. All around you is the soft, white sea of rolling but silent billows. Occasionally a peak emerges out of this sea, like a snow-





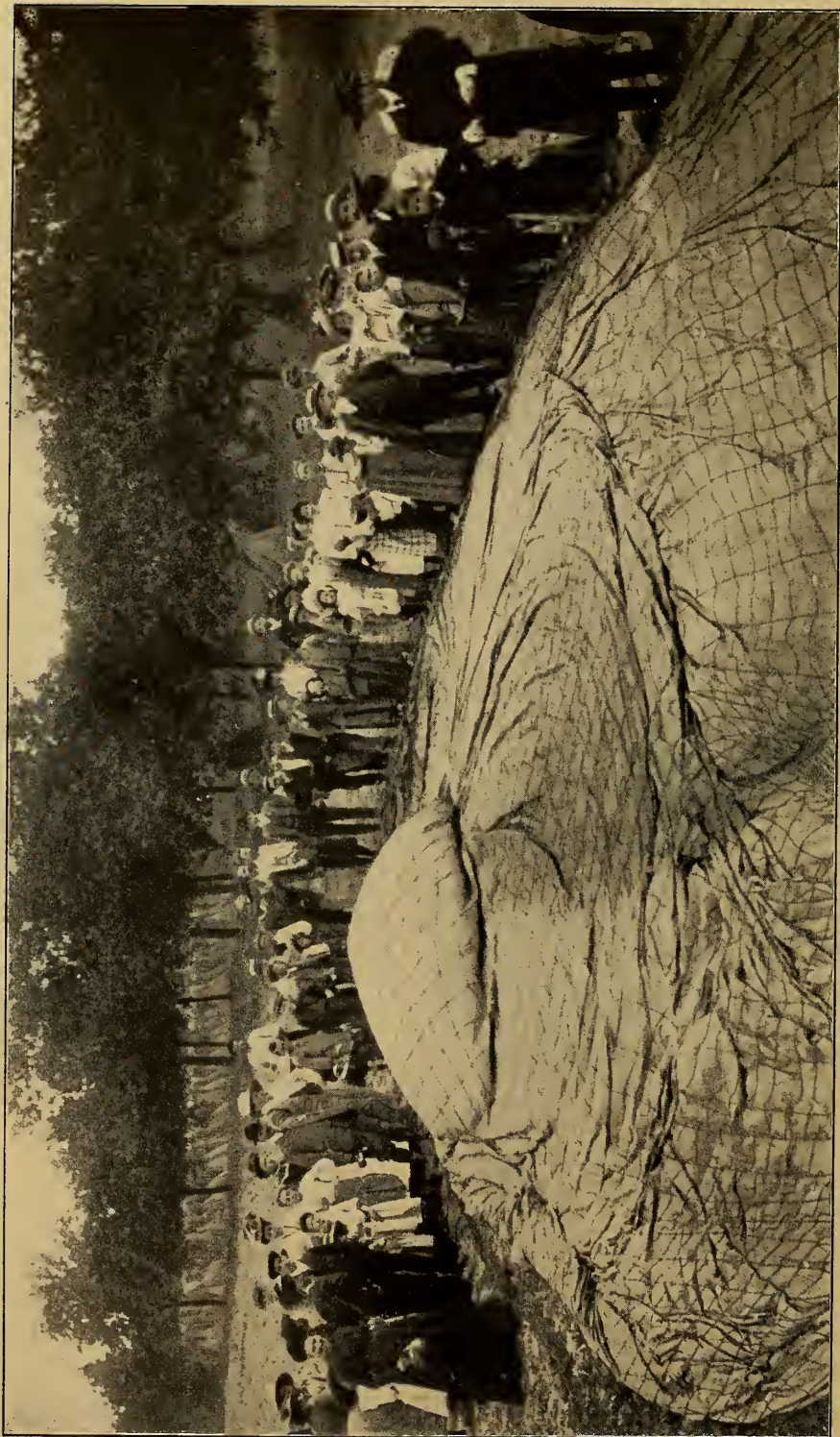
Champs Élysées, Paris, from a balloon.

covered mountain peak appearing above the clouds. The earth is gone entirely, not only from view but also from hearing. Suspended in the air and moving with it, you feel no motion whatever.

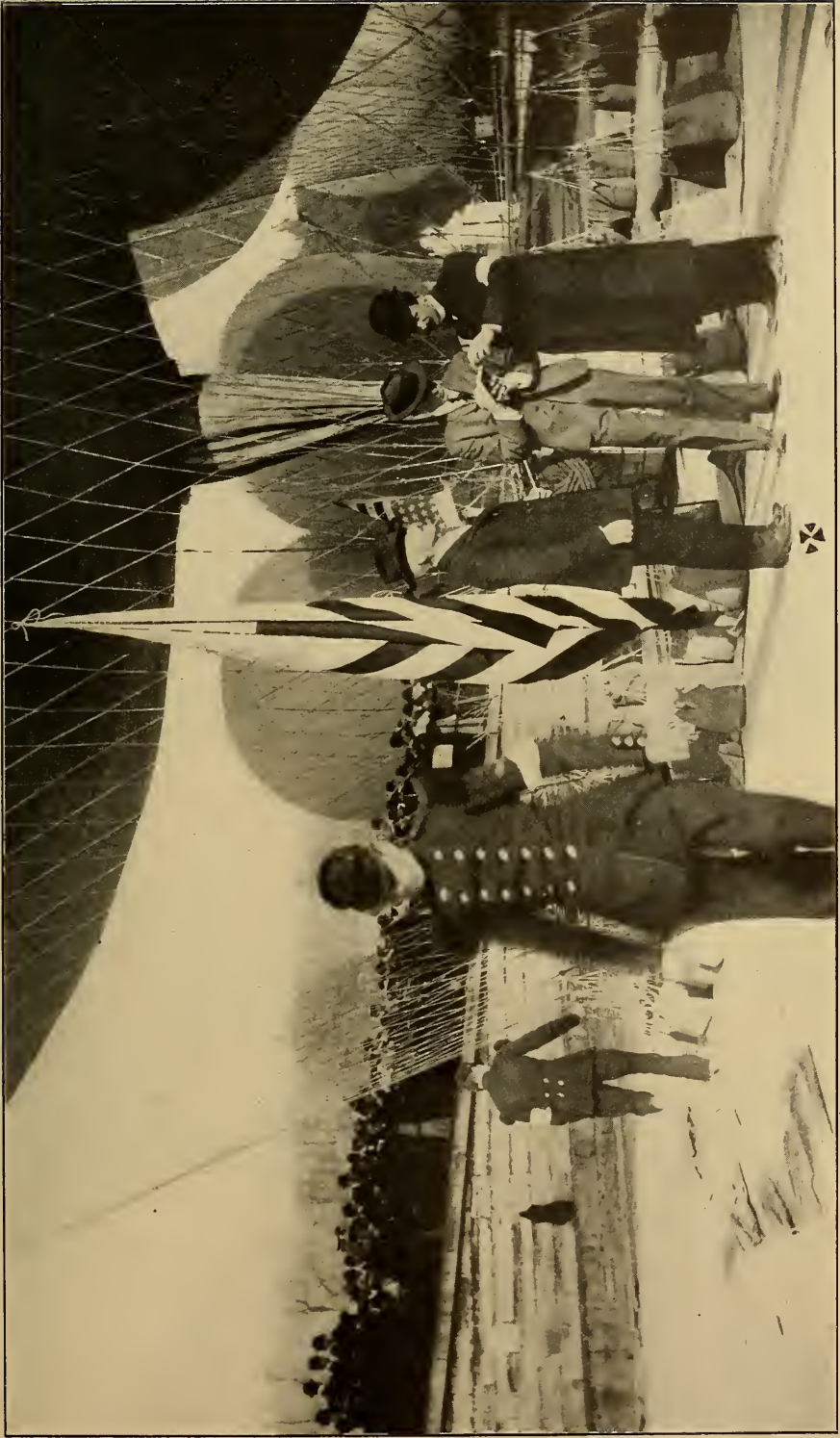
The most strikingly beautiful effect the *aéronaut* can have, is the aurora of the balloon on the clouds. Sometimes the shadow of the balloon and car appears actual size—sometimes many times larger, and generally with several bright and distinctly marked rainbows around it.

A short pull on the valve rope and you float down through the clouds back to the world with its noise and movement, but with a promise to repeat your experience another day, for, "once a balloonist, always a balloonist."

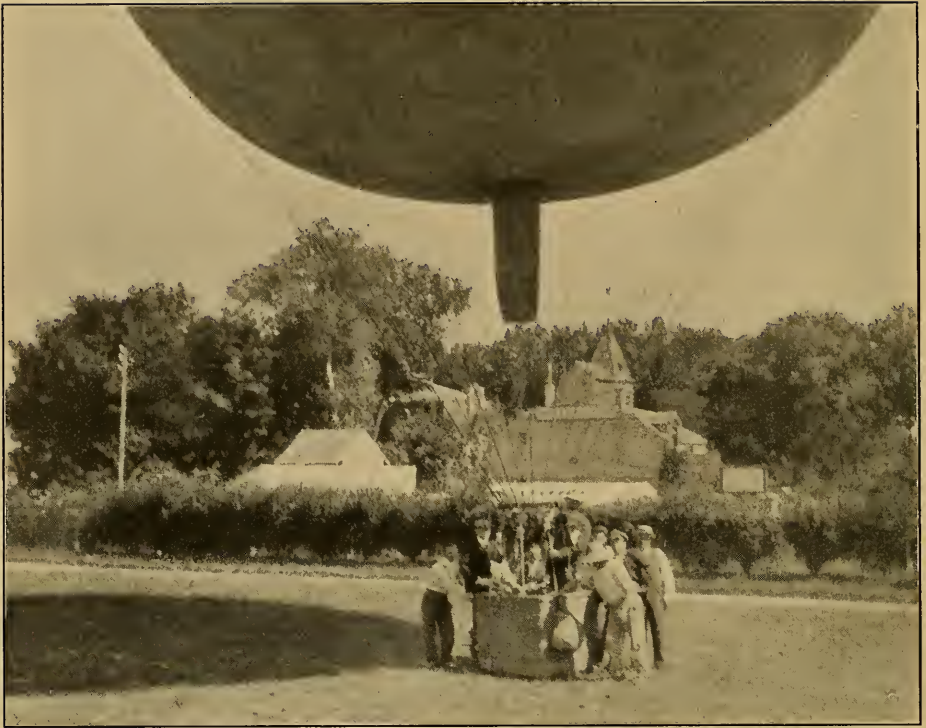
The balloon has been used in warfare ever since it was first invented. Napoleon's troops used a captive balloon for obtaining information of the enemy at the battle of Fleurus. The Confederates sent a free balloon out of Richmond in 1865. France



The victorious American balloon three minutes after landing, four hundred and two miles from its starting point.



The "United States," ready to start in the international cup race.



All ready for a flight.

found it of inestimable value during the siege of Paris in 1870 in her war with Germany. All the railroad stations were turned into balloon factories. Seventy-four balloons were sent out during the siege, carrying dozens of passengers and tons of mail. Each balloon was provided with carrier pigeons and these were afterward sent back with messages to the troops inside.

Most armies to-day have their balloons and balloon troops. On arriving in the vicinity of the enemy, the balloon is rapidly filled with hydrogen carried in tubes on wagons. A long rope, a windlass to wind it on, and a portable steam engine to operate the windlass, serve to let the balloon with its observers up to the desired height. They telephone the results of their observations, and when they are ready, the engine hauls them down.

In our army, the Signal Corps is charged with this duty. A new balloon of excellent quality has just been added to the equipment, and extensive experimenting

is to be carried on at Fort Omaha, Nebraska. Two officers of the Signal Corps were recently sent by the War Department to the balloon contests at Pittsfield, Mass., where they took part, as observers, in one of the contesting balloons.

Science has been, and is to-day, using the spherical balloon for studying the atmosphere at different altitudes. At least two scientists have sacrificed their lives in this study. Some years ago, three Frenchmen made an ascension from Paris to study the upper air. They reached a height of over seven miles, but at that altitude the air was so rare that they all lost consciousness. The balloon came safely to earth, but one of its occupants was still unconscious and the other two were dead.

Many notable trips have been made in balloons. In 1849, Mr. Wise started from St. Louis and came down in Henderson County, New York, having made about eight hundred miles. This stood as the world's long distance record until the Paris

Exposition of 1900, when the Count de la Vaulx sailed over into Russia. His distance was about twelve hundred miles and he was in the air over thirty-six hours. The present record for time was established by two German aëronauts last spring. They succeeded in remaining in the air over fifty-one hours.

The French had the first balloon and they have been in the lead ever since, though America is threatening to take away their laurels. Up to the present, Paris and the Aëro Club of France have been the center of ballooning. Almost any fair day, one has only to go to the club grounds outside the city to see at least one ascension. Many of the club members have their own balloons. The club always has several at the disposition of its members. It is only necessary to telephone to the one in charge and he prepares the balloon, fills it with gas from the city gas works and attaches the car. The aëronaut goes out, steps into his balloon and is off. When he lands, he folds up his balloon, loads it

on to a farmer's wagon, has it hauled to the nearest railway station and ships it back to Paris to be ready for the next ascension.

Less expensive than automobiling, less dangerous, and in many ways more interesting, is it remarkable that this sport should be winning its way so rapidly into favor?

In December, 1905, a number of members of the Automobile Club of America, who were desirous of taking up ballooning, organized the "Aëro Club of America." The first ascension under its auspices was made from the Military Academy at West Point, February 11, 1906. Since then, the number of members has multiplied, other clubs have been formed in various cities, and now it no longer surprises us to read in the daily papers of ascensions made by the members of these various clubs.

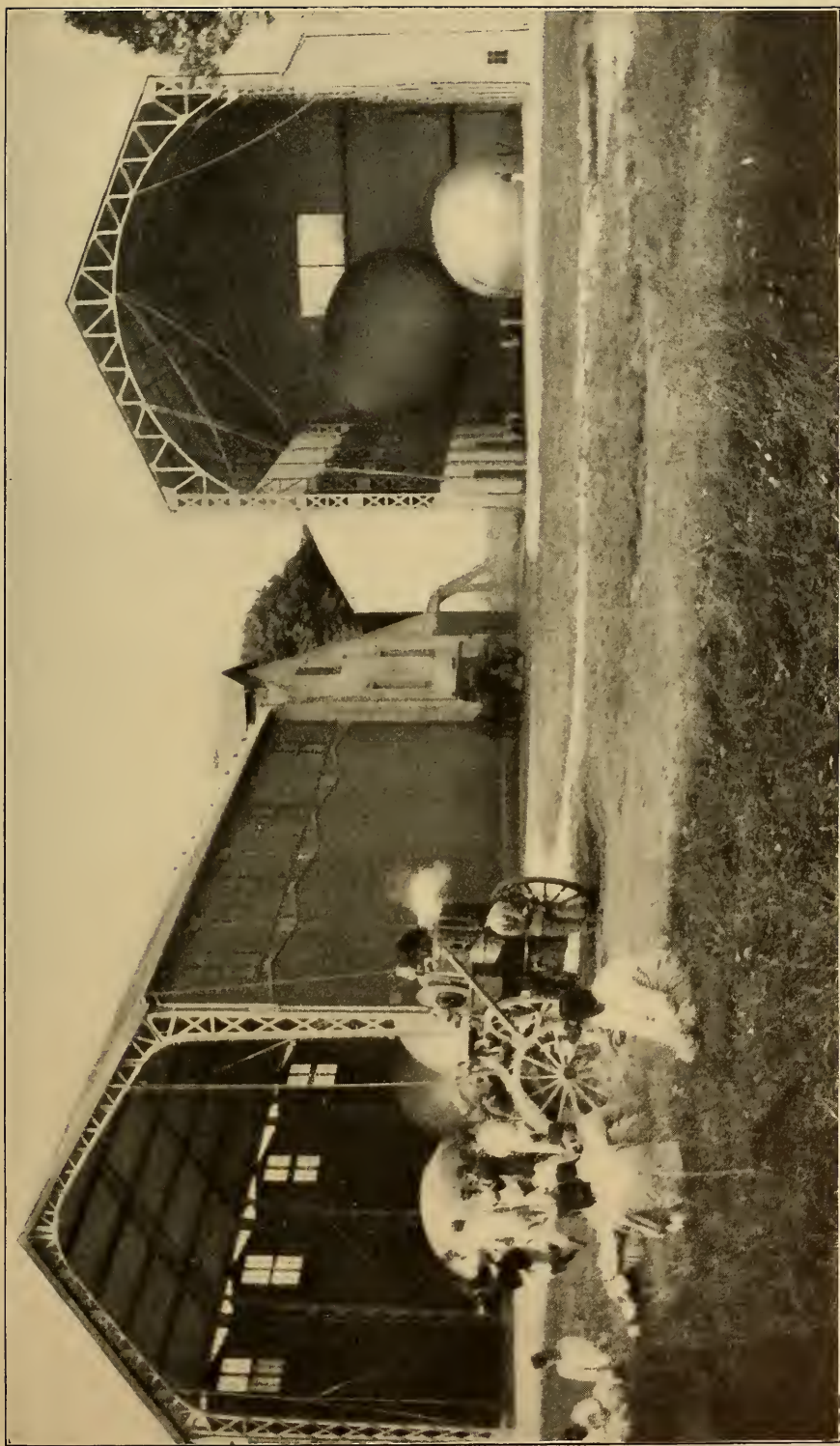
An American gave the final impulse which is making ballooning the common and popular sport of our day. A year ago, Mr. James Gordon-Bennett placed a cup in



French army balloon corps maneuvering a balloon at Versailles.



A town on the Seine, photographed from a height of 3,000 feet.



French balloon sheds and field engine for letting balloons up and down.

the hands of the French Aéro Club, to be contested for annually by balloons or other air-craft.

The first race for this Cup was held in Paris on September 30th. As it was a long-distance race, only spherical balloons were entered, because the dirigible balloon and the flying machine have not yet reached the point where they can cover long distances.

Sixteen balloons were entered, varying in capacity from fifty thousand to eighty thousand cubic feet. The following nations were represented: The United States, Great Britain, France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, and Spain. The start was made from the Tuileries Gardens in Paris at four P. M., before an enthusiastic French gathering of two hundred thousand people.

Nine of the sixteen starters landed on French soil the same evening; the remaining seven crossed the English Channel that night or early the next morning. The writer's balloon, the "United States," piloted by himself, ably assisted by Major Hersey of the Wellman Polar Expedition, succeeded in traveling nearly the length of England, landing near Whitby on the east coast. The distance from Paris in a straight line was four hundred and two miles. All the others came to earth farther south, so the "United States" was the winning balloon, and the Aëronautic Cup was awarded to the Aëro Club of America, where the race will be held next year. St. Louis will probably be the starting point. Already at this early date, three entries have been received from the French club with assurances from five other nations, that their representatives will be entered.

In the meantime, interest centers in the second annual exhibition of the Aëro Club of America and in the Jamestown Exposition. The former was held at the Grand Central Palace, New York, December 1st-8th. This exhibit included everything of interest to the aëronautic world, such as balloons, airships, flying machines, the Aëronautic Cup, moving pictures and photographs of the interesting events of the past.

The spherical balloon fills an important place in sport and in the army, but the final "conquest of the air" is not to be made by this balloon. It is through one of two other means that success lies.

First, is the airship or dirigible balloon, an elongated bag inflated with gas, like the spherical balloon, but driven by a motor and steered by a rudder. This is the type used by Mr. Santos-Dumont in 1901 when he circled the Eiffel Tower in Paris and returned to his starting point, having covered about six miles in thirty minutes. The startling effect produced by Mr. Kna-benshue when he sailed down from Central Park and around the Flatiron Building in the summer of 1905, makes us realize that we too have experimenters possessed with the necessary nerve and ability to build and navigate successfully one of these ships.

Many of this type of balloon exist both in our own country and abroad. They are being used experimentally, but one or two notable exceptions have passed this stage. The French government has an airship stationed at the fortified city of Toul near the eastern frontier, for use in defending that city. It is manned by balloon troops. A similar dirigible built by the same firm, the Lebandy brothers, is undergoing its trial trips now, and is soon to be delivered to the French army.

The final step, and the one that is arousing the greatest interest among scientists to-day, is the flying machine or aëroplane. This is the "heavier than air" type, and does not depend upon a gas bag to hold it up. Like the bird, which it imitates, it is able to rise from the ground, balance itself and propel itself forward by means of its own effort. The propelling force is a light petroleum motor and its flight is directed by means of a rudder.

The honor of being the first to solve this last and most difficult problem in the "conquest of the air," is due the Wright brothers of Dayton, Ohio. Several years ago they started in on the study of this subject. First they built gliding machines, formed of two parallel flat surfaces, forty feet long and four feet wide. The operator would jump off an elevated point with this machine and glide down in a slanting direction till he reached the ground. In this way, they gradually worked out the problem of equilibrium. Then they attached a motor to their machine, and finally, in October, 1905, they were able to fly a distance of twenty-four miles in thirty-eight minutes. Since then, they



have been working on new machines and new motors for the purpose of arriving at one that will not only fly when mounted by an experienced operator, but that will be practicable and capable of development into something useful.

On the other side of the Atlantic, Mr. Santos-Dumont has turned his attention from the airship to the *aéroplane*. Recently he succeeded in building a machine, which, propelled by a sixty horse power motor, rose from the ground and covered a distance of over eight hundred feet before striking the earth.

France is more generous than we are in encouraging this new science, and for accomplishing this feat, Mr. Santos-Dumont won a cup and a substantial money prize.

The fact that the Wright brothers in Dayton and Mr. Santos-Dumont in Paris, working entirely independently, should both arrive at a solution of the difficult problem of balancing and driving a machine weighing in one case nearly a thousand pounds, in the other about five hundred, shows that the practical machine is not far off.

Interest is growing on all sides. The *Daily Mail* of London offers fifty thousand dollars to the first one who will fly from

London to Manchester, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. Mr. Deutsch de la Meurthe, a Frenchman, offers a similar prize to the one who will fly a kilometer (about five-eighths of a mile) returning to the starting point.

The spherical balloon is now finding its true place in the world of sport and in the army. The dirigible balloon is finding an important place to fill in warfare. But the *aéroplane*, now just crossing the threshold of possibility and rapidly advancing on the road to practicability, is the most interesting branch of *aërial* science. In a very few years we may expect to see this machine developed to the point where it will be used as a means of rapid transportation over long distances. Like all other *aërial* craft, it will find one of its first and most important uses in warfare, and we may expect to hear of specially trained troops which will mount *aëroplanes*, reconnoiter the enemy, drop explosives on his most strongly fortified positions, from an altitude which will guarantee safety from his rifles and projectiles.

Steam and electricity have done wonderful things in the last century, both on and above the earth's surface. Now the *aëroplane* has come, the latest product of this scientific age, to give us new surprises.

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## OCTOBER

BY ELEANOR C. HULL

Wrapped in their summer dreams, the maples stood  
 Forgetting that the year was growing old,  
 That swift and sure the days were slipping by,  
 Till, from the shining clearness of the sky,  
 The flame-breath of the Autumn swept the wood,  
 And all the maples trembled into gold.



NEWLY FLEDGED HERON—Every hour is dinner hour.

Photograph by T. E. Marr.

# ROUND-UP DAYS

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

DRAWINGS BY J. N. MARCHAND

I

## THE DRIVE



CRY awakened me. It was still deep night. The moon sailed overhead, the stars shone unwavering like candles, and a chill breeze wandered in from the open spaces of the desert. I raised myself on my elbow, throwing aside the blankets and the canvas tarpaulin. Forty other indistinct formless bundles on the ground all about me were sluggishly astir. Four figures passed and repassed between me and a red fire. I knew them for the two cooks and the horse wranglers. One of the latter was grumbling.

"Didn't git in till moon-up last night," he growled, "might as well trade my bed for a lantern and be done with it."

Even as I stretched my arms and shivered a little, the two wranglers threw down their tin plates with a clatter, mounted horses and rode away in the direction of the thousand acres or so known as the pasture.

I pulled on my clothes hastily, buckled in my buckskin shirt and dove for the fire. A dozen others were before me. It was bitterly cold. In the east the sky had paled the least bit in the world, but the moon and stars shone on bravely and undiminished. A band of coyotes were shrieking desperate blasphemies against the new day; and the stray herd, awakening, were beginning to bawl and bellow.

Two crater-like dutch ovens, filled with pieces of fried beef, stood near the fire; two galvanized water buckets, brimming with soda biscuits, flanked them; two tremendous coffee pots stood guard at either

end. We picked us each a tin cup and a tin plate from the box at the rear of the chuck wagon; helped ourselves from a dutch oven, a pail, and a coffee pot, and squatted on our heels as close to the fire as possible. Men who came too late borrowed the shovel, scooped up some coals, and so started little fires of their own about which new groups formed.

While we ate the eastern sky lightened. The mountains under the dawn looked like silhouettes cut from slate-colored paper; those in the west showed faintly luminous. Objects about us became dimly visible. We could make out the windmill, and the adobe of the ranch houses, and the corals. The cowboys arose one by one, dropped their plates into the dish-pan, and began to hunt out their ropes. Everything was obscure and mysterious in the faint gray light. I watched Windy Bill near his tarpaulin. He stooped to throw over the canvas. When he bent, it was before daylight; when he straightened his back, daylight had come. It was just like that, as though some one had reached out his hand to turn on the illumination of the world.

The eastern mountains were fragile; the plain was ethereal, like a sea of liquid gases. From the pasture we heard the shoutings of the wranglers, and made out a cloud of dust. In a moment the first of the remuda came into view, trotting forward with the free grace of the unburdened horse. Others followed in procession; those near, sharp and well defined, those in the background, more or less obscured by the dust, now appearing plainly, now fading like ghosts. The leaders turned unhesitatingly into the corral. After them poured the stream of the remuda—two hundred and fifty horses—with an unceasing thunder of hoofs.

Immediately the cook-camp was deserted. The cowboys entered the corral. The horses began to circulate around the edge of the inclosure as around the circumference of a circus ring. The men, grouped at the center, watched keenly, looking for the mounts they had already decided on. In no time each had recognized his choice and, his loop trailing, was walking toward that part of the revolving circumference where his pony dodged. Some few whirled the loop, but most cast it with a quick flip. It was really marvelous to observe the accuracy with which the noose would fly, past a dozen tossing heads and over a dozen backs, to settle firmly about the neck of an animal perhaps in the very center of the group. But again, if the first throw failed, it was interesting to see how the selected pony would dodge, double back, twist, turn and hide to escape a second cast. And it was equally interesting to observe how his companions would help him. They seemed to realize that they were not wanted, and would push themselves between the cowboy and his intended mount with the utmost boldness. In the thick dust that instantly arose, and with the bewildering thunder of galloping, the flashing change of grouping, the rush of the charging animals, recognition alone would seem almost impossible, yet in an incredibly short time each had his mount, and the others, under convoy of the wranglers, were meekly wending their way out over the plain. There, until time for a change of horses, they would graze in a loose and scattered band, requiring scarcely any supervision. Escape? Bless you, no, that thought was the last in their minds.

In the meantime the saddles and bridles were adjusted. Always in a cowboy's "string" of from six to ten animals the boss assigns him two or three broncos to break in to the cow business. Therefore, each morning we could observe a half dozen or so men gingerly leading wicked looking little animals out to the sand "to take the pitch out of them." One small black belonging to a cowboy called "The Judge," used to more than fulfill expectations of a good time.

"Go to him, Judge!" some one would always remark.

"If he ain't goin' to pitch, I ain't goin'

to make him," the Judge would grin as he swung aboard.

The black would trot off quite calmly and in a most matter of fact way, as though to shame all slanderers of his lamb-like character. Then, as the bystanders would turn away, he would utter a squeal, throw down his head and go to it. He was a very hard buckner, and made some really spectacular jumps, but the trick on which he based his claims to originality consisted in standing on his hind legs at so perilous an approach to the perpendicular that his rider would conclude him about to fall backward, and then suddenly to spring forward in a series of stiff-legged bucks. The first maneuver induced the rider to loosen his seat in order to be ready to jump from under, and the second threw him before he could regain his grip.

"And they say a horse don't think!" exclaimed an admirer.

But as these were broken horses—save the mark—the show was all over after each had had his little fling. We mounted and rode away, just as the mountain peaks to the west caught the rays of a sun we should not enjoy for a good half hour yet.

I had five horses in my string, and this morning rode "that C S horse, Brown Jug." Brown Jug was a powerful and well-built animal, about fourteen-two in height, and possessed of a vast enthusiasm for cow-work. As the morning was frosty, he felt good.

At the gate of the water corral we separated into two groups. The smaller, under the direction of Jed Parker, was to drive the mesquite in the wide flats; the rest of us, under command of Homer, the round-up captain, were to sweep the country even as far as the base of the foothills near Mount Graham. Accordingly we put our horses to the full gallop.

Mile after mile we thundered along at a brisk rate of speed. Sometimes we dodged in and out among the mesquite bushes, alternately separating and coming together again; sometimes we swept over grassy plains apparently of illimitable extent; sometimes we skipped and hopped and buck-jumped through and over little gulches, barrancas and other sorts of malpais, but always without drawing rein. The men rode easily with no thought to the way nor care for the footing. The air came



A mad mother cow is a very demon at times.

Drawing by J. N. Marchand.

back sharp against our faces. The warm blood stirred by the rush flowed more rapidly. We experienced a delightful glow. Of the morning cold only the very tips of our fingers and the ends of our noses retained a remnant. Already the sun was shining low and level across the plains. The shadows of the cañons modeled the hitherto flat surfaces of the mountains.

After a time we came to some low hills helmeted with the outcrop of a rock escarpment. Hitherto they had seemed a termination of Mount Graham, but now when we rode around them we discovered them to be separated from the range by a good five miles of sloping plain. Later we looked back and would have sworn them part of the Dos Cabezas system did we not know them to be at least eight miles distant from that rocky rampart. It is always that way in Arizona. Spaces develop of whose existence you had not the slightest intimation. Hidden in apparently plane surfaces are valleys and prairies. At one sweep of the eye you embrace the entire area of an eastern state, but nevertheless the reality as you explore it foot by foot proves to be infinitely more than the vision has promised.

Beyond the hill we stopped. Here our party divided again, half to the right and half to the left. We had ridden directly away from camp; now we rode a circumference of which headquarters was the center. The country was pleasantly rolling and covered with grass. Here and there were clumps of soapweed. Far in a remote distance lay a slender dark line across the plain. This we knew to be mesquite, and once entered, we knew it too would seem to spread out vastly. And then this grassy slope on which we now rode would show merely as an insignificant streak of yellow. It is also like that in Arizona. I have ridden in succession through grassland, brush-land, flower-land, desert. Each in turn seemed entirely to fill the space of the plains between the mountains.

From time to time Homer halted us and detached a man. The business of the latter was then to ride directly back to camp, driving all cattle before him. Each was in sight of his right and left hand neighbor. Thus was constructed a dragnet, which contracted as home was neared.

I was detached when of our party only

the cattleman and Homer remained. They would take the outside. This was the post of honor, and required the hardest riding, for as soon as the cattle should realize the fact of their pursuit, they would attempt to "break" past the end and up the valley. Brown Jug and I congratulated ourselves on an exciting morning in prospect.

Now wild cattle know perfectly well what a drive means, and they do not intend to get into a round-up if they can help it. Were it not for the two facts, that they are afraid of a mounted man, and cannot run quite so fast as a horse, I do not know how the cattle business would be conducted. As soon as a band of them caught sight of any one of us, they curled their tails and away they went at a long easy lope that a domestic cow would stare at in wonder. This was all very well, in fact we yelled and shrieked and otherwise uttered cow-calls to keep them going, to "get the cattle started," as they say. But pretty soon a little band of the many scurrying away before our thin line, began to bear farther and farther to the east. When in their judgment they should have gained an opening, they would turn directly back and make a dash for liberty. Accordingly, the nearest cowboy clapped spurs to his horse and pursued them.

It was a pretty race. The cattle ran easily enough, with long, springy jumps that carried them over the ground faster than appearances would lead one to believe. The cow-pony, his nose stretched out, his ears slanted, his eyes snapping with joy of the chase, flew fairly "belly to earth." The rider sat slightly forward, with the cowboy's loose seat. A whirl of dust, strangely insignificant against the immensity of a desert morning, rose from the flying group. Now they disappeared in a ravine, only to scramble out again the next instant, pace undiminished. The rider merely rose slightly and threw up his elbows to relieve the jar of the rough gully. At first the cattle seemed to hold their own, but soon the horse began to gain. In a short time he had come abreast of the leading animal. The latter stopped short with a snort, dodged back, and set out at right angles to his former course. From a dead run the pony came to a stand in two fierce plunges, doubled back like a shot, and was off on the other tack. An un-



Hold hard along the river banks.

Drawing by J. N. Marchand.

accustomed rider would here have lost his seat. The second dash was short. With a final shake of the head, the steers turned to the proper course in the direction of the ranch. The pony dropped unconcernedly to the shuffling jog of habitual progression.

Far away stretched the arc of our cordon. The most distant rider was a speck, and the cattle ahead of him were like maggots endowed with a smooth, swift, onward motion. As yet the herd had not taken form; it was still too widely scattered. Its units, in the shape of small bunches momentarily grew in numbers. The distant plains were crawling and alive with minute creatures making toward a common, tiny center.

Immediately in our front the cattle at first behaved very well. Then far down the long gentle slope I saw a break for the upper valley. The mannikin that represented Homer at once became even smaller as it departed in pursuit. The cattleman moved down to cover Homer's territory until he should return, and I in turn edged farther to the right. Then another break from another bunch. The cattleman rode at top speed to head it. Before long he disappeared in the distant mesquite. I found myself in sole charge of a front three miles long.

The nearest cattle were some distance ahead, and trotting along at a good gait. As yet they had not discovered the chance left open by unforeseen circumstance. I descended and took in on my cinch while yet there was time. Even as I mounted, an impatient movement on the part of experienced Brown Jug told me that the cattle had seen their opportunity.

I gathered the reins and spoke to the horse. He needed no further direction, but set off at a wide angle nicely calculated to intercept the truants. Brown Jug was a powerful beast. The spring of his leap was as whalebone. The yellow earth began to stream past as water. Always the pace increased with a growing thunder of hoofs. It seemed that nothing could turn us from the straight line, nothing check the headlong momentum of our rush. My eyes filled with tears from the wind of our going. Saddle strings streamed behind. Brown Jug's mane whipped my bridle hand. Dimly I was conscious of soapweed, sacatone, mesquite, as we passed

them. They were abreast and gone before I could think of them or how they were to be dodged. Two antelope bounded away to the left; birds rose hastily from the grasses. A sudden *chirk, chirk, chirk*, rose all about me. We were in the very center of a prairie dog town, but before I could formulate in my mind the probabilities of holes and broken legs, the *chirk, chirk, chirking* had fallen astern. Brown Jug had skipped and dodged successfully.

We were approaching the cattle. They ran stubbornly and well, evidently unwilling to be turned until the latest possible moment. A great rage at their obstinacy took possession of us both. A broad, shallow wash crossed our way, but we plunged through its rocks and bowlders recklessly, angered at even the slight delay they necessitated. The hard land on the other side we greeted with joy. Brown Jug extended himself with a snort.

Suddenly a jar seemed to shake my very head loose. I found myself staring over the horse's head directly down into a deep and precipitous gulley, the edge of which was so cunningly concealed by the grasses as to have remained invisible to my blurred vision. Brown Jug, however, had caught sight of it at the last instant, and had executed one of the wonderful stops possible only to a cow-pony.

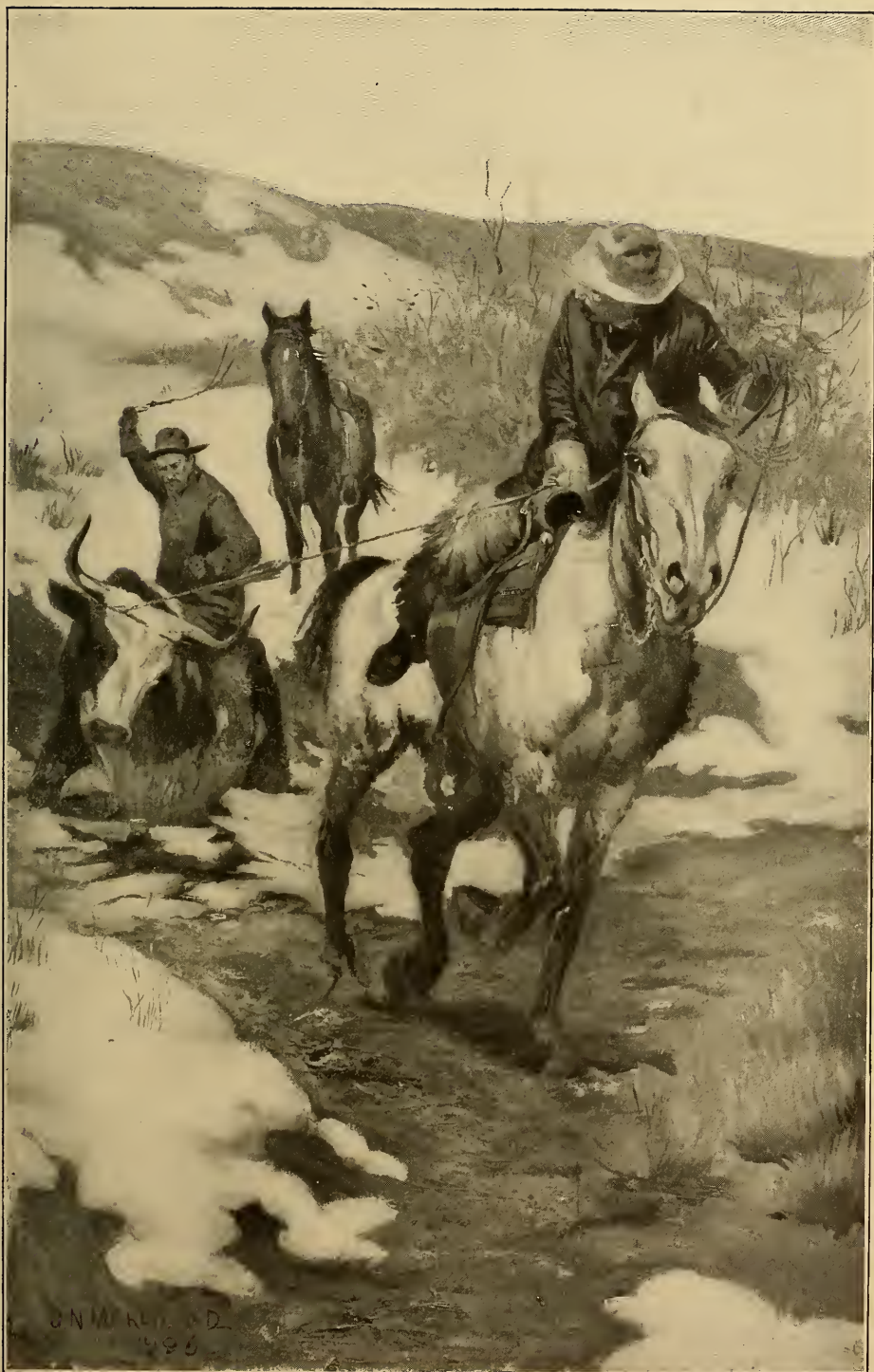
But already the cattle had discovered a passage above, and were scrambling down and across. Brown Jug and I, at more sober pace, slid off the almost perpendicular bank, and out the other side.

A moment later we had headed them. They whirled, and without the necessity of any suggestion on my part Brown Jug turned after them, and so quickly that my stirrup actually brushed the ground. After that we were masters. We chased the cattle far enough to start them well in the proper direction, and then pulled down to a walk in order to get a breath of wind.

But now we noticed another band, back on the ground over which we had just come, doubling through in the direction of Mount Graham. A hard run set them to rights. We turned. More had poured out from the hills. Bands were crossing everywhere, ahead and behind. Brown Jug and I set to work.

Being an indivisible unit, we could chase only one bunch at a time; and while we





One mired steer gives more trouble than a hundred on the loose.

Drawing by J. N. Marchand.

were after one, a half dozen others would be taking advantage of our preoccupation. We could not hold our own. Each run after an escaping bunch had to be on a longer diagonal. Gradually we were forced back, and back, and back, but still we managed to hold the line unbroken. Never shall I forget the dash and clatter of that morning. Neither Brown Jug nor I thought for a moment of sparing horse-flesh, nor of picking a route. We made the shortest line, and paid little attention to anything that stood in the way. A very fever of resistance possessed us. It was like beating against a head wind, or fighting fire, or combating in any other way any of the great forces of nature. We were quite alone. The cattleman and Homer had vanished. To our left the men were fully occupied in marshaling the compact brown herds that had gradually massed, for these antagonists of mine were merely the outlying remnants.

I suppose Brown Jug must have run nearly twenty miles with only one check. Then we chased a cow some distance and into the dry bed of a stream, where before we could stop she whirled on us savagely. By luck her horn hit only the leather of my saddle skirts, so we left her, for when a cow has sense enough to "get on the peck," as I shall tell you later, there is no driving her farther. We gained nothing, and had to give ground; but we succeeded in holding a semblance of order, so that the cattle did not break and scatter far and wide.

The sun had by now well risen and was beginning to shine hot. Brown Jug still ran gamely and displayed as much interest as ever, but he was evidently tiring. We were both glad to see Homer's gray showing in the fringe of mesquite.

Together we soon succeeded in throwing the cows into the main herd; and, strangely enough, as soon as they had joined their fellows, their wildness left them.

As my horse was somewhat winded, I joined the "drag" at the rear. Here, by course of natural sifting soon accumulated all the lazy, gentle, and sickly cows, and the small calves. The difficulty now was to

prevent them from lagging and dropping out. To that end we indulged in a great variety of the picturesque cow-calls peculiar to the cowboy. One found an old tin can which by the aid of a few pebbles he converted into a very effective rattle.

The dust rose in clouds and eddied in the sun. We slouched easily in our saddles. The cowboys compared notes as to the brands they had seen. Our ponies shuffled along, resting, but always ready.

Thus we passed over the country, down the long, gentle slope to the "sink" of the valley, whence another long, gentle slope ran to the base of the other ranges. At greater or lesser distances we caught the dust, and made out dimly the masses of the other herds collected by our companions and by the party under Jed Parker. They went forward toward the common center with a slow ruminative movement, and the dust they raised went with them.

Little by little they grew plainer to us, and the home ranch, hitherto merely a brown shimmer in the distance, began to take on definition as the group of buildings, windmills, and corrals we knew. Miniature horsemen could be seen galloping forward to the open white plain where the herd would be held. Then the mesquite enveloped us, and we knew little more, save the anxiety lest we overlook laggards in the brush, until we came out on the edge of that same white plain.

Here were more cattle, thousands of them, and billows of dust, and a great bellowing, and dim mounted figures riding and shouting ahead of the herd. Soon they succeeded in turning the leaders back. These threw into confusion those that followed. In a few moments the cattle had stopped. A cordon of horsemen sat at equal distances to ring them in.

"Pretty good haul," said the man next to me—"a good five thousand head."

Homer galloped down the line, designating rapidly the men who were first to change their horses while the others held the herd. He named me, so I rode away with the group to where the remuda, thrown together by the horse wranglers, was waiting.



Their former kingdom has been pre-empted.

Drawing by J. N. Marchand.

# THE AMERICAN TWIST SERVICE

BY J. PARMLEY PARET

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS OF ITS LEADING EXPONENTS IN ACTION

LOOKING back at the past ten years in lawn tennis, the two features that stand out above all others are the marvelous record of the Doherty brothers and the American twist service. The Dohertys are now out of the game and their withdrawal unbeaten marks the dearth of new material.

In England this particular stroke is known as the "American service," rather than the "twist," as we know it here, and the history of the stroke justifies its name. Malcolm Whitman has generally been credited with the invention of the overhand twist delivery.

But Whitman's "reverse twist," was a very different service from that which made the stroke so famous. Long before Whitman's day, the English had become past-masters in using the underhand twists, and they had many varieties, giving the ball peculiar bounds. They learned to use the twist in their overhand service, too, but always dragging down on the ball which made it twist and bound from the striker-out, and reduced the height of the bound. Whitman's delivery also bounded away from his opponent but it was made with the racquet traveling in the opposite direction, which was the more puzzling for his opponent.

It remained for Holcombe Ward to apply the same principle that Whitman had discovered to a straight overhand service delivery, and this new development was even more embarrassing to the opponent than Whitman's style. Its bound was in toward the striker-out, not away from him, which is always more difficult to handle, and the motion of the racquet in making the service allowed far greater speed than Whitman's "reverse twist."

Dwight Davis was close behind Ward in the use of the twist and he used even

greater speed than his partner, though he did not control its direction nor place it so well. Many other players have since learned the twist service, but none so successfully as Ward and Davis. Norman Brookes, the Australian expert, who by default has succeeded H. L. Doherty as the first player of the game, has adopted it to the very great strengthening of his play.

The secret of the overhand twist service lies in striking the ball with an upward motion, the glancing blow giving the ball a forward twist as well as the side motion, that makes the ball shoot ahead and take the angle from the ground in the opposite direction from the same side motion made with a downward drag of the racquet.

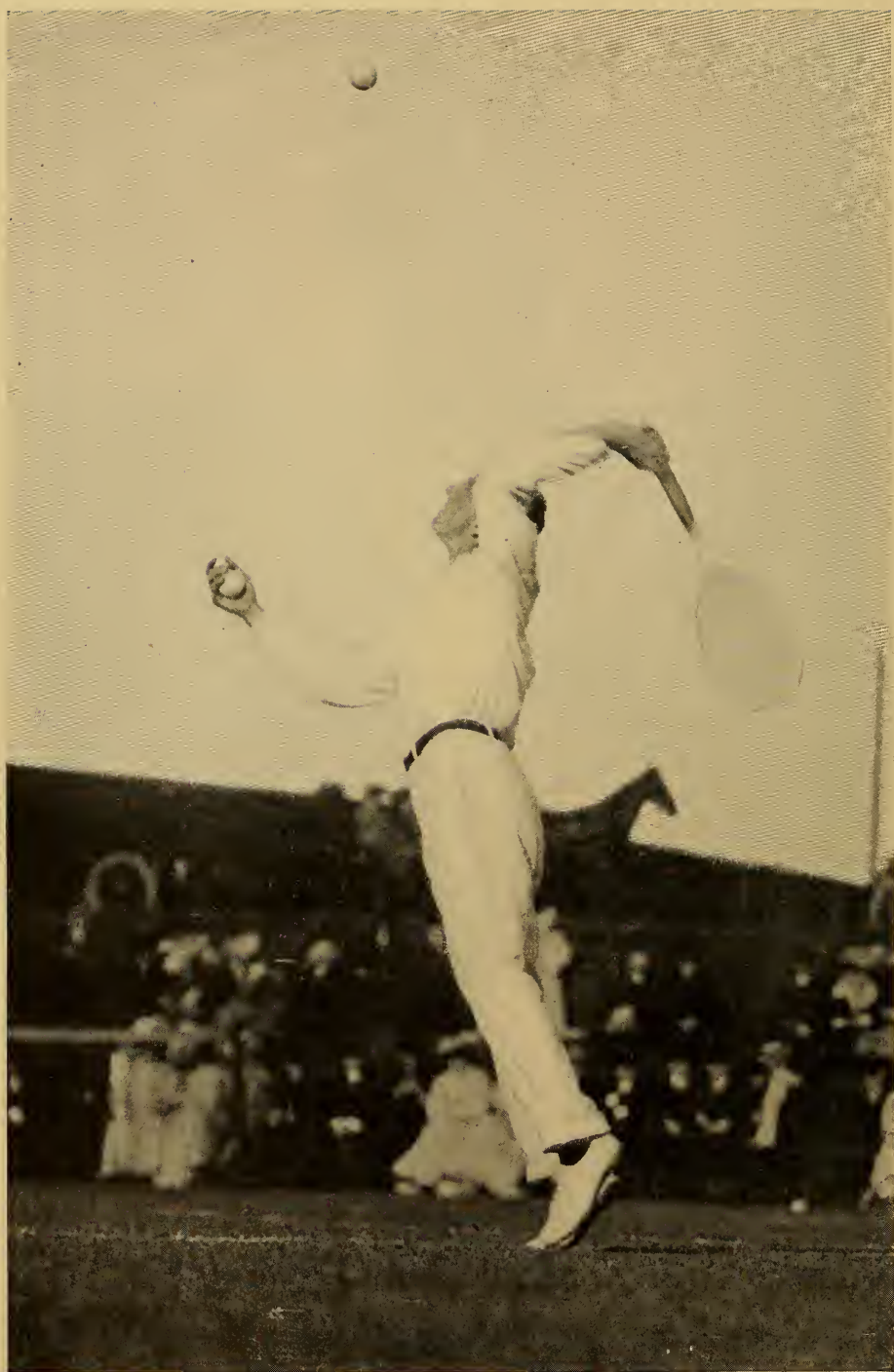
The twist service is of little or no advantage to a base-line player, and to make the best use of it, the server should run in close to the net behind this delivery. The spinning motion of the ball makes it very difficult to drive it accurately in return, although it is an easy matter to make a defensive stroke from it. Ward made it a practice to rush in always behind his twist delivery, and he even made his second service in the same way, although he then moderated his speed somewhat.

To pass a quick net player running in, takes a fast low stroke accurately placed, and such a shot from the twist service is specially difficult. Whitman, on the other hand, often served his reverse twist and stayed back at the base-line to wait for the return, losing much of his advantage.

But there are drawbacks to the twist service which temper the dangers of the stroke. It is a severe tax on the strength of its user, and in a hard five-set match, it takes a well-seasoned and enduring player to keep up his speed to the end. More than one match has been lost by the exhaustion of this pumping delivery.



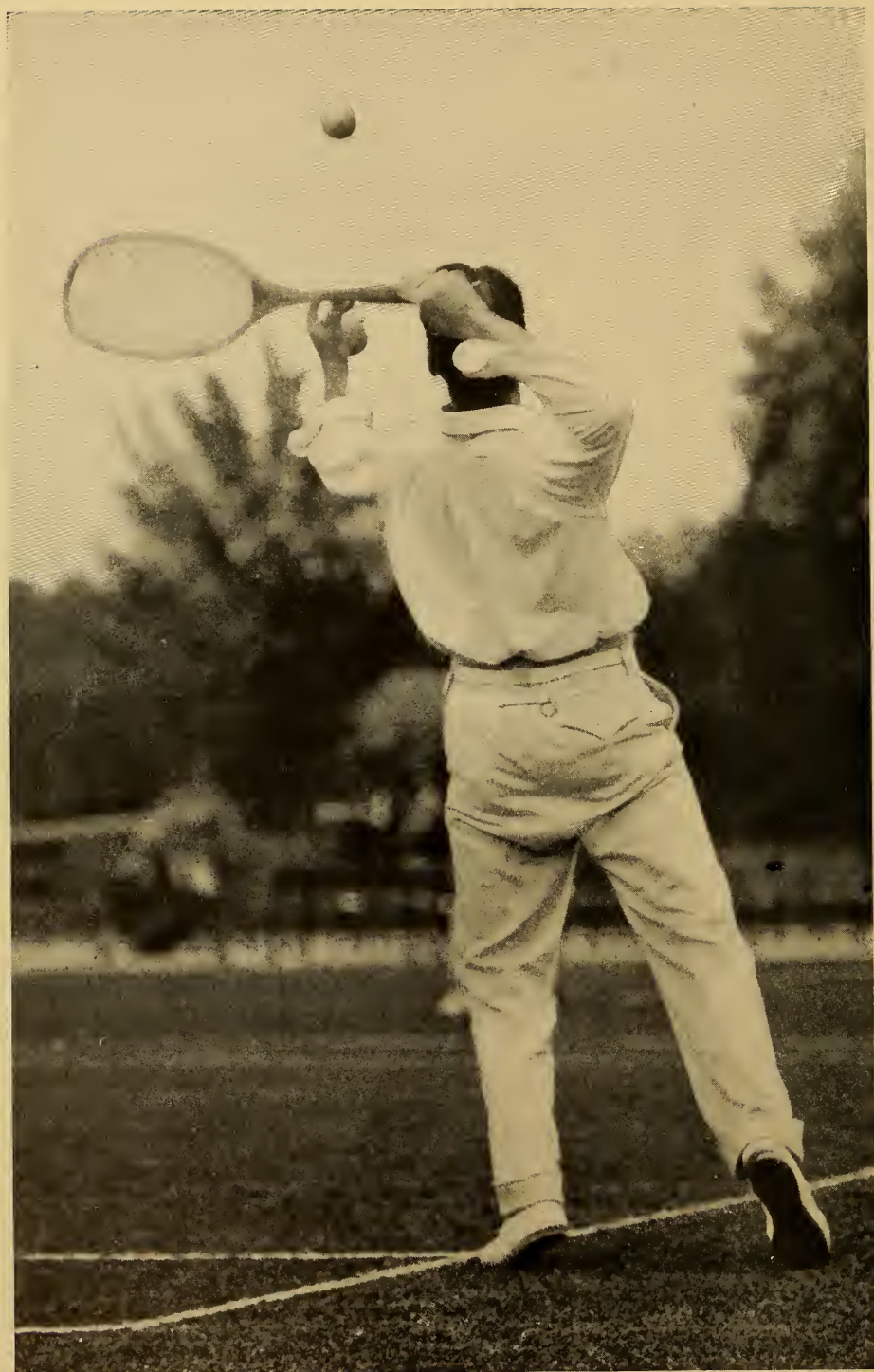
William J. Clothier making a twist service. Note the height of the ball.



Beals C. Wright using the twist successfully.

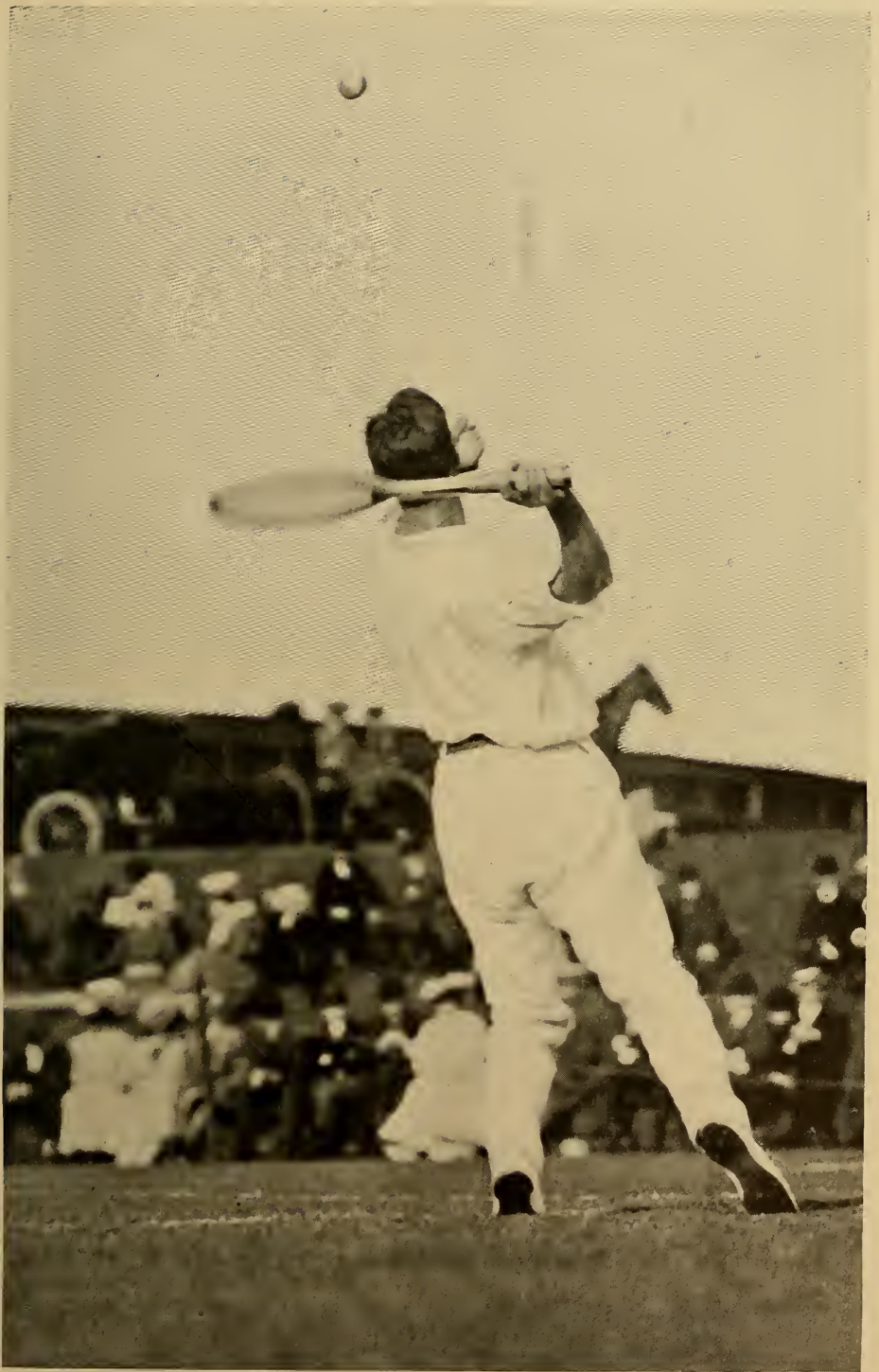


F. B. Alexander just after serving.



Holcombe Ward serving the twist. Note how low the ball hangs when hit.





William A. Larned in a powerful exhibition of the twist.

# HUNTING THE WILD HONEY BEE

BY DAVID ALMON



HONEY, or a colony for an apiary, is the usual object of bee hunting; but, even if one is not particularly desirous of these things, the outdoor exercise, the necessity of keen percep-

tive powers and a little excitement now and then, should prove sufficient recommendations.

Autumn is the best season for the sport, for then the supply of nectar runs low in the flowers, and the bees will be quick to take our bait. This consists of a pint bottle filled with honey that has been diluted with an equal part of warm water. For its use we have a specially-prepared wooden box about four and one-half inches square; it is bottomless, but at the top there is a piece of glass that slides in grooves. Fixed in the box so as to leave open spaces on two sides is what bee-keepers call a feeder, being an arrangement containing little troughs from which the bees can sip their syrup without danger of falling in.

Many hunters, it is true, use for this purpose devices less elaborate (your farmer's boy is generally content with an ordinary glass tumbler and a piece of honeycomb); but it is always well to use the best possible equipment.

The necessity for some kind of a trap containing sweets becomes evident when it is considered that a bee will not make a line for home until its honey sac is full, which means, when nectar is flowing the freest, a visit to seven or eight flowers and frequently in the fall to more than a hundred flowers—this, too, despite the fact that its honey sac has room for only a tiny drop, being less than one-seventh of an inch in diameter when extended to its limit.

So, with our bait and hunting-box and

a binocular field-glass, we sally forth. There are many other things we shall need when we have found our bee-tree, but, until we do, it would be foolish to encumber ourselves with them. It is a fine fall morning. The trees are beginning to robe themselves in their fiery foliage, and, although the country is bathed in a flood of genial sunshine, there is enough snap in the air to make walking a treat. Up the road we go, and then across country to the fields near the woods in which we have reason to suspect the existence of many colonies of bees.

As we approach, we see quantities of the little honey-makers flying around among the goldenrod, the plant from which, in most localities throughout the north, they draw their chief supplies during the fall. The time for action has come. We stop to pour a little honey into the feeder, then sneak up to a bee that is hovering on a flower, and cautiously clap the box over it. Immediately you close the bottom of the box with your other hand, and the bee, not a little startled, buzzes up against the glass. Soon, however, it smells the honey in the feeder, and, forgetting everything else, settles quietly down to sip. This gives you the opportunity to catch another bee in the same manner; and you soon have four or five prisoners in the box.

So far, so good. But the crucial moment approaches. We look hurriedly about for an eminence upon which to set the box. There are no stumps convenient, but that little knoll will do. You kneel down on one side of the knoll, with your head close to the box, and the glass slide is withdrawn. Watch closely now what direction the bees take when they come out. If possible, keep the sky for a background, and it will help you to discern their line.

One has taken wing. It circles about the box in order to fix the location firmly in its "mind" so that it may find it again without trouble—after working so hard to get a respectable load of nectar from the flowers the honey in the box must seem to it like a little gold mine. It is said that each circle the bee bears more to one side, in the direction of its home; but its oscillations are so eccentric that, with our limited experience, it is almost impossible to follow it.

It disappears, just as another bee issues from the box, and neither of us is sure of the line, but the failure of our first attempt does not discourage us. Two bees are now circling about the box. We are getting cross-eyed trying to keep track of them. A moment more, and another is gone. Again we missed it. Then the third one goes. This time we got the line, but, strange to say, instead of leading to the woods, it passes over a hill to the left. Perhaps the bee-tree stands comparatively alone. If so, it will be all the easier to find.

Closing the slide over our empty box, we hurry to the hill and eagerly ascend it. And then what a sad surprise! In an orchard behind a farmhouse we see eight or ten hives of an up-to-date apiary, which means that we have been dining domesticated bees. We should have made sure we were a mile or two away from the nearest apiary, bees ordinarily ranging that far from home.

However, our only course is to put a safe distance between us and the apiary we have stumbled across. As we force our way through the underbrush and go crunching over the dead leaves, I venture the remark that the owner of the apiary would not thank us if he knew we had caught some of his bees. There is always danger of bees demoralizing their comrades when they obtain honey as easily as those we caught did. In spite of the reputation they have of always improving the shining hours, bees are like men in the respect that they are prone to wander from the path of honest industry when the possibility presents itself of gaining wealth without rendering a due equivalent. To the credit of the bees, however, they usually become infected by the craze for "easy money" only when it is very difficult to obtain nectar from the flowers.

If we had waited where those we caught took wing, we should doubtless have seen them return with scores of others. It is not to be supposed that bees can directly communicate to one another anything save the simplest ideas such as joy, sorrow, anger, etc.—which ideas are associated with particular notes produced by the whirring of their wings—but in some mysterious way, possibly by their excited actions, those that got our honey let their comrades in the hive know that something good had been discovered.

If the matter ended there, it wouldn't be so bad; but the mischief is that, having had a taste of graft, bees, for all the world like humans, are likely to take to out-and-out robbery; which is to say that they are likely to go prowling around the apiary until they find a colony that has been weakened by the loss of its queen, its brood-comb, or by some other cause, and then proceed to overpower the sentinels stationed at the entrance, rush in and help themselves to all the stores. Let us hope that our innocent action led to no such fatal consequences.

There are bees on the asters on the other side of the woods, and we can take a chance on their being wild ones. We hasten over to the field, and trap several more in our box, and find a suitable stump to set the box on.

This time we manage to line the second bee out, and as the line leads to the woods, our hopes for a successful hunt are raised. We decide that the line passes by a tree with a blasted top about half a mile away. It is well to have some object to mark it by.

We wait for further developments. Presently one of our little friends we released with a load of honey comes buzzing back. Hear his high-pitched humming? That is precisely the same note robbers make when, having had a taste of graft, they hover before a strange hive preparatory to a raid. Our bee couldn't have been gone more than five minutes. That means its nest is only a short distance away, as it is said that bees, on an average, will take five minutes to fly a mile and spend about two minutes unloading. And our bee has brought others with him, which is more evidence of the nearness of the nest.

Felicitating ourselves on our luck, we close the slide of the box, and move for-

ward on the line so as to be nearer to the woods. Again we open the box, and soon it is fairly alive with bees that have rushed from their nest to get a share of the spoils. This practical demonstration of instinct excites our profound interest, and we cannot choose but marvel at the omnipotence of the Creator who packs so much intelligence in creatures so tiny and delicate.

Again we take a squint at a bee as it circles about the box before departing with a load. Having seen it bear for home, we are able to correct our line. We thought it led to the left of the blasted tree, but now we know it leads just to the right. Very good. We take the box and move off thirty or forty rods to one side. This enables us to start the bees on a cross-line; a line, that is, which will meet our original one at an acute angle. The object, of course, is to fix definitely the situation of the nest, which, as bees invariably take a straight line for home, will be at the vertex. It sounds simple, but we find that to make the calculation to a nicety out in the open is far from easy. In fact, after we have started two or three bees on the cross-line, we have only a hazy notion as to where the vertex of our angle may be. We advance, however, in the direction of where we think it is.

Just before plunging back into the woods, we stop to get another line work. We don't have to trap the bees now; for they are about us in great numbers, and the instant we withdraw the slide of the box they are at the honey. So much has been carried off that another filling of the feeder is necessary. Our latest line shows us we are heading in the right direction. We re-enter the woods and press on.

After we have put about half a mile between us and our original stand, we once more expose the honey, and make the important discovery that we have passed beyond the bee-tree; for our little friends are turning back on the line. We mark the spot, and hasten back some forty rods. Again we expose the honey. Good! the bees have resumed their original direction. In other words, we are very near to the bee-tree, as it must be between us and the spot where the bees turned back. The time has come when we can cross-line to great advantage. We leave the box where it is, and about ten or twelve rods to one

side pour some honey on the ground. Thus we have the bees flying into their tree from two directions. We eagerly seek the spot where we calculate that the two lines meet.

Arriving there, we find a cluster of trees, and we cannot be sure which one contains the nest. So we make a careful examination of them all, looking especially for hollows, and using our field-glass to sweep the tops. Suddenly we exclaim, "There they are!" Up near the top of a tall chestnut we can plainly see the bees passing in and out of a cavity in a limb. Our elation is pardonable; for not all hunters find a tree as easily as we did; sometimes they have to keep lining and cross-lining until they actually see the bees flying from the honey into the tree. Frequently this takes such a long while that the search has to be abandoned until another day.

But, now that we have found the tree, how are we going to get at the nest, fifty feet in the air? It is too fine a chestnut to chop down, and the only thing to do is to climb it. For this we shall need various implements, and, after marking the tree for identification, we return home. A young farmer to whom we confide our discovery is impressed by our statement that the bees seem to be pretty fair Italians, and volunteers to climb the tree, if we will permit him to capture the colony to start an apiary with. As we do not want the bees, nor have much zeal for the climbing job, we gladly close with his offer.

Accordingly, on the next afternoon, all three of us start for the bee-tree, formidably armed with a pair of steel-spurred climbers, an axe, saw and auger, long lengths of rope and clothes-line, a good-sized basket, bee-veils, and a bellows bee-smoker. This last object, borrowed from a neighboring apiary, burns rotted wood to create smoke to puff at bees when they show too enthusiastic a desire to get rid of their stings. Upon our arrival at the tree the young farmer straps the climbers to his legs, ties an end of the clothes-line about his waist and cautiously ascends. When he reaches the limb containing the nest, he puts on a veil and hauls up, by means of the clothes-line, the auger and smoker. Crawling out to the entrance of the nest, he takes the precaution to send in a puff or two of smoke. You may kill bees by the score and succeed only in stirring up the surviv-

ors to renewed fury, but a little smoke usually makes them as gentle as lambs.

Sometimes bee hunters slaughter the entire colony with brimstone; but such an unsportsmanlike proceeding is not to be tolerated, unless there is a good reason for the massacre, such as is presented when the woods are full of Germans and hybrids, and apiarists in the vicinity wish to keep their Italian colonies pure. An apiarist in Tennessee, it may be said in this connection, is now offering a substantial reward for every colony of German or hybrid bees taken "dead or alive" within four miles of his hives.

All the honey bees in this country having originally been imported from Europe or Asia, there is no racial difference between the wild ones and the domesticated; those that live in trees are simply the descendants of those that from time to time have taken "French leave" from their owners' hives and reverted to a state of nature. The vast bulk of the wild bees are of the German or black race, while the standard domesticated bee is the Italian; but that, however, is only because the Germans were the first to be introduced here. Just when the Germans came is in doubt, but it was sometime in the seventeenth century; certainly it was not until near the close of the eighteenth century that any bees were found west of the Mississippi. The Indians used to say they could mark the advance of the white man by the appearance of bees in the woods. The Italian bees were first imported in 1860. Better tempered and more industrious than the Germans, they have become very popular with apiarists; but as many still keep the German bee, and others have the hybrid formed by the crossing of the two races, while countless Italians now have taken to the woods, there to breed more hybrids, it is clear that there is no sure way of distinguishing between the wild bee and the domesticated.

When honey is the only object of the hunt, the custom is to open the hollow, cut out the combs and lower them in a basket or pail; but if you want the bees as well, it is advisable to obtain possession of the whole section of the tree containing the nest. Such a thing is not always feasible; but the young farmer has decided that it is in this case. First he bores holes in the limb with the auger, to see how far the hollow extends. Then we send him up the saw and axe. He cuts off the part of the limb extending beyond the hollow. Now he is ready for the rope, which he hauls up at the end of the clothes-line. He ties the rope about the limb, passes the free end of the rope over a limb a little higher up and lets it drop to the ground. There we keep tight hold of the rope until he saws and chops the desired limb free from the tree, and it is lowered gently to the ground.

We now have an opportunity to examine our prize. One of the delights of bee hunting is the uncertainty as to whether your work is to be rewarded with a hundred pounds of honey or practically none. It looks as if we should get about fifty pounds. Some of it probably will be the product of previous seasons, and it is all sure to be a mixture produced from the various kinds of flowers; but such is wild honey, and there has been joy in the finding of it!

The young farmer agrees that the bees are nearly pure Italians. He will leave the log where it is until toward dark. By that time all the bees will have found and returned to their nest. The entrance can then be closed with a screen, the log carried home and the bees transferred to a hive. Thus the little creatures will have a better home than they had before, and we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that they were not made to suffer because of our sport.





“STUNG!”—An exciting summer combat.

Drawing by Worth Brehm.

# LITTLE OUTDOOR STORIES

## JONES THE TRAVELER

BY WILFRED H. ALBURN



HAD met Jones before. In fact, meeting him had become a sort of habit. The first time I saw him he was hanging by his feet, an apoplectic, squirming mass, on the façade of Blarney Castle, kissing the stone of eloquence. My camera caught him in the act. "Gad!" he sputtered, when I told him that his feat was immortalized. "Is my face in it? Send me one, will you? That'll *prove* to the folks back in Zanesville that I did it."

I had run across him again in London, where all ways meet. I was sauntering around the Whitechapel ghetto, and through the window of an alley tavern I noticed two men drinking stout. One was a "bobby" in uniform. His eyes were bleared, and his face purple. The profile of the other looked familiar. I walked in, and beheld—Jones. The policeman, startled by my intrusion, brought himself together and wobbled out. Jones turned to me with a look of vast reproach.

"Glad to see you again, old man, but—why in the devil couldn't you stay away a little longer? I'd have *had* it in half an hour more."

"Had what?"

"Why, his club. Lord, what a souvenir that would have made!"

Our ways had parted again for a while. I was riding a wheel over the crest of the Black Forest, near Titisee, pumping slowly to the top of the long, white road. A pine cone struck my handle-bar. Another knocked my hat off, and I looked up. An aerial voice emitted a Tyrolean halloo with much unction, and I saw a swaying speck silhouetted against a cloud. My instinct told me it was Jones.

"Hey, old man!" he yelled, trumpeting

through his hand, "take my picture—quick—you're just in time—can't hold on much longer—camera's at foot of the tree—lost it half way up!"

His camera was smashed, so I used my own. "Were you expecting me?" I asked, when he shinned down, with barked hands and frayed trousers.

"No, not exactly. Look here—biggest pine cone in Germany, from the tallest tree on top of the highest hill in the Schwarzwald. *There's* something worth while!"

I admitted it, and we stood surveying the panorama of mounded hills, and deep-cut gorges full of the sound of falling water.

"Lovely!" I murmured.

"What?—Oh, yes, I s'pose it is. But say—I wonder if I couldn't find a bigger cone somewhere in these parts. Let's move on."

Then I ran across him in Meiringen—after it had happened. In the cool of the evening I found him, a swathed form on crutches, motionless in the middle of the main street, staring up at the mountains to the south.

"So it is all over, Jones? And you have survived. Come and tell me about it."

He lowered his gaze from the mountains and turned to me with a look of hopeless sorrow.

"You don't believe I'd lie about it, do you?" he asked.

"Certainly not."

I followed him to a table near by, and while we sipped the brew of Munich he told me his story, thus:

"Maybe I'd never have tried it—the trip across the Scheidegg—if I'd known what I was up against. Easy enough, with a good pointed 'stock.' But with a bicycle——"

"You don't mean to say you crossed that pass with a bicycle!"

"With it, on it, and under it!" he declared. "I wanted to do it—for the experience, you know. I guess no cyclist ever did it before. And that footpath was

the shortest way from Grindelwald to Meiringen.

"Ah, I groan yet when I think of that path. I started up, shovin' the old bike, slidin' on the bowlders and stickin' in the mud, and pluggin' up and up and up, and stoppin' for breath, and then up again, blowin' and steamin' and groanin', and always lockin' for the top. Every once in a while I'd see it, up under the clouds, and then when I got there it wouldn't be the top at all. After a while I got above the clouds.

"Then the wind turned, and a blast right out o' the ice-factory struck me, and snowflakes, hard like hailstones, beat up my face and hands. But at last I reached the top. I knew it was the top, because the clouds swung off to the left, and hung over the Faulhorn like washing on a line.

"Well, it was worse goin' down. And there was more of it. I slid and rolled and tumbled, and doubled up the bike and dragged it, and plunged down and down and down. After a while it got dark. No moon, no stars. Nothing but clouds and gray mountain above, and dark trees below, and black gorges, and roarin' floods, and the rocky footpath crawlin' down among 'em.

"At last I found myself on a smooth, solid highway. It was glorious coastin'—the road doublin' up sharp on the edge of cliffs and wrigglin' away in the blackness, just a faint, gray line. But hair-raisin'! No fences—rock wall on one side, and jumpin'-off places on the other. After I caught myself two or three times on the edge of a precipice, I got off and walked again. My eyes had begun to see roads in the air.

"Then the rain came on—a deluge. I crawled into a hole alongside the road and stayed there for an hour or two. Then it stopped rainin', and I moved on, scratchin' with my heel to feel whether I was on the road.

"But at last the lights of Meiringen sparkled up through the pines. I could see better now, and jumped on my bike, and slid down that old mountainside regardless. Then that hub-brake got red-hot—it always does goin' down mountain sides—and there was the cause of my catastrophe.

"When a hub-brake gets hot you've got

to pour water on it. I saw that cold, white column streakin' down from the tail of the Rosenlauri glacier, reachin' up out of sight and down out of sight—straight as the rain-pipe from the roof of a house where good sensible people live and are happy without traveling.

"I never thought of the force of that water. Just stopped with a jerk at the inside of the road, where an iron grating hung over the chute, and swung the bike over so the ice water would hit the hub.

"The water hit it all right. Grabbed the bike, and bent it double, and chucked it through the hole inside the grating—and me with it!

"It happened so quick, you see, I couldn't let loose. I remember bein' snatched and crammed through a hole, and then droppin' down—down—and sort o' wonderin' how long it would take that ice water to reach the boilin' point when we struck Hades.

"Well—I didn't land in Hades. I woke up in—the top of a tree! You needn't laugh. It wasn't funny! The top of a tree 'way down at the foot of the mountain—me hangin' limp and numb across the branches, kind o' wonderin' what had happened, and whether I was alive. After a while I noticed little stars twinklin' through the boughs up above, then a bunch of lights off to the left—and it dawned on me that there was a place called Meiringen.

"I rubbed some of the deadness out o' me, and felt myself all over. Then a few more clouds drifted off my brain, and I realized that cold spray was dashin' over me, and there at my feet was a white, roarin' basin, where that solid water column had chewed a hole in the granite and was hammerin' away like it wanted to bore clear to hell.

"I saw then what had happened to me. I'd slid down that toboggan slide like a wet spider, and instead o' bein' mashed on the rocks, I'd simply been ducked and tossed up into a handy tree.

"Then all at once a chill struck me that wasn't the chill of the water. It made me crazy, I guess, and I turned and ran—anywhere to get away from that horrible roar. I stumbled over bowlders, and thrashed through bushes, and scrambled and leaped and rolled. And so at last, somehow, I reached the town. And they dried me, and



doped me, and mended me—and here I am.”

“Jones,” I exclaimed, “your adventure is the crowning glory of your trip. A man might travel and look for trouble for nine lives, and not have such an experience. Think of the story you’ve got to tell your friends back in Zanesville!”

He looked at me with the sorrow deepening around his eyes, and said brokenly:

“The crowning misfortune! There’s a limit to all things. It’s God’s own truth—and *they won’t believe it!*”

## PICKING THE SPITZENBURGS

BY E. P. POWELL

ONE may easier fall in love with an apple orchard than with anything else Nature has given us. The trees grow up with us. The earliest joys of childhood are with Juneatings and Redstreaks. The apple is equally delightful to advancing age. It is associated with our school dinner baskets, our working days, when it wound up our lunches, and what more could we give to our boy loves than a red-cheeked, golden-hearted Pearmain? So, so! But was it not an apple that every morning we carried to our teacher, with which to buy a smile and pay for love. Those were golden days when the Sweet Bough covered the sod, and burst open with innate goodness. Why should one not love an orchard?

I remember well that by a little turn on the way home from school I could go through the old Kirkland orchard—the first one planted by white men on their westward way from New England across the continent. There I sat in the trees, among the Spitzenburgs, dreaming life dreams, and looking into a valley paradise, until the call of the cows warned me to drive them homeward for milking. Yesterday I sat at the foot of some of those same old trees, leaned my head against them, felt their broken arms with sympathy, and when the October sunshine called out the bees and the butterflies, in the midday hours, I kissed the dear old tree that was my boyhood favorite. Why not? It gave me cheerfully, liberally, capfuls, pocketfuls, of delicious apples.

The pickers are at work—home pickers, and they know what they are about. They do not toss, nor do they drop the apples, not even a few inches; but as true apple pickers should do, they lay each one gently into the basket. Rudeness is never more out of place than when picking fruit. Think you what Nature has done in packing together these balls of cells, each one delicately fitted to the other, and all inclosed with art finer than that of Apelles—who once deceived the birds. Handle each apple sympathetically, and then do not pour out the basketful into the wagon, but once more lay out the apples like eggs.

A basketful of Northern Spys! What can be more beautiful? Some have burst their sides in the process of growing, and you see the yellow-fleshed cells, full of nectar. The boys lay these aside for their own use—for to be sure nothing can be better to make fine boy flesh and soul—and if placed in a cellar they will not keep. They are like boys and girls that are crowded in school; they die early. The Swaar is a sly apple, for it is of a green russet color, and one would not know it to be the very standard of quality; yet if you do but know what to do, you will ask for a barrel of prime Swaars, and store them away to be used next May. The McIntosh and the Walter Pease are brothers of the most famous (Fameuse) family of apples ever created, and when you look at their glory you will hardly like to see them taken from the limbs. A tree full of either sort is so perfect a picture that only the freezing weather just ahead could induce me to despoil it. McIntosh is as white inside as it is red outside, and Walter Pease has a fragrance like a bed of lilies. And not long ago Mr. Burbank sent us the Winterstein, the very climax of science and art combined. Grimes Golden and Jonathan are not big apples, but they go a long way toward being perfect apples. They should be planted alternately, so that you shall see the gold of one and the perfect crimson of the other side by side.

But if I keep on at this rate you will know not only that I am a worshiper of the apple, but that I shall never get the picking finished. Only I do not like an apple grower who knows nothing about comparative values. He grows Greenings, Russets, Spys, and a dozen more sorts pos-

sibly, but in my orchard of eighty sorts he is lost. He knows no apple history, does not keep pace with progress in the gardener's creative art, and the new things that burst out of God's will and man's intelligent work—these he cares nothing about, because he does not understand them. He grows his apples without brains, and he picks them without brains, while the grandest harvest on his acres wakens no more enthusiasm than his turnips. His apples are tossed, poured, tumbled; and in midwinter he digs them for-use, out of a half-rotted bin of rubbish. All right work is poetry and religion; all wrong work is impiety as well as illiteracy. The most learned man I ever knew thought more of apple lore and rose lore than of his Greek hexameters. He said, "In my garden there is a greater poem than the Odyssey. The days write it, and the winds chant it, and as for me, I learn to see it and to hear it."

The load is ready for the cellar, only you may be sure that we do not put apples in a house cellar, with vegetables, where greasy odors or the smell of decay can taint them. In such a cellar all sorts of apples will taste alike before January. The apple deserves a cellar by itself, clean as a library and sweet as a chamber. There is no abomination in civilization worse than the ordinary cellar—a wicked resort of all sorts of microbes and bacteria. Then all winter you will know one apple from another by the smell over the bin. The aromas will blend in the middle of the cellar, much as they do over a keg of cider that was brewed yesterday. In this apple cellar of yours, which may be under your carriage house, well lighted and well ventilated, you will have bins on the side walls, and a brook running along the middle floor—a clean, fresh, drinkable brook; to keep the fruit from shriveling. The boys are placing the apples in these bins now. You do not hear the Golden Pippins rattle as they are poured—for indeed they are not poured, but they are lovingly transferred from the basket.

About one-fifth of each load is sorted out into boxes, and left outside of the cellar to be pressed into cider—every apple that is in the least defective. A true farmer should certainly have his own cider press and grind his own apples. It should

be a beautiful process and a clean one. Home-made and strictly honest cider would reform the most infamous drunkard. Every apple must be clean and without decay. It is not any more fitting to drink a rotten apple than to eat it. Ah, but you "never tasted cider before!" To be sure, but it pays to be decent. One trouble with much of our country life is that it is not decent. If you will make farm life attractive to the young let it have all the sciences. In the home shop there should be a gasoline engine, with lathes and all sorts of tools, and a cider press; these make the village saloon insufferably dull.

What an appetite! And yet I have sampled nearly every sort in the orchard, and there are over half a hundred—only a few of them however do not this year bear fruit. Yet a good appetite is an honest affair and wholesome, and we are glad to hear the call for supper. Do you know samp? Have you ever tasted it—the real old-fashioned samp? If not, you have so far missed the most perfect food man and Nature ever put their heads together to devise. Take the very finest ears, right from the husking. You must not wait for a flavor of mold to touch even the cobs. Dry the ears around the stovepipe—then persuade your miller to grind it alone, and to give you the result at once—it must not lie about the mill. Then sift out all the fine meal, and dry the rest on salvers in the kitchen. When thoroughly cured, put it on the stove in a kettle about half filled with water. Bring it to a boil. Then set it back to cook more slowly—all day. You will never forget it, if once you have heard samp boiling on a kitchen stove—the bubbles bursting with a pouff, pouff, pouff. Stir it gently, but you must not forget it for a moment. All day long it must be watched and stirred and thought of and smelled. It must go on at daybreak, and it must gently cook until night. The odor changes about noontime. It becomes tempting to the nostrils. It grows irresistible about four o'clock. At six the fragrance takes possession of the whole house; it becomes a mystery. The little mother has done nothing else for two hours but watch it and smell it. I assure you that a cook without a good nose is not worth having. Now the blue bowls are on the table. A pan of milk with solid cream is in the center. The

samp is yellow as gold, and it is still bursting open with little explosions of heated fragrance. Ye gods! your ambrosia and your nectar are nowhere compared with samp and milk—the real samp of our mother's day. It is a lost art, and for these forty years I have neither tasted nor smelled genuine samp. Afterward an apple pie! A pie of Spitzenburg apples! Our mothers would not cook any others, and they were right; and to this day there is no other such apple for pies. The Astrachan makes better jellies, and, for baking, the York Pippin and the Gravenstein are ahead; but not for the creation of that summation of kitchen art—the apple pie. Did you ever see one made? Well, I cannot say how it is done nowadays, only I suppose it is like everything else, by measure and by weight. But then, in my memory days, a woman did not follow any rules at all—that is six spoonfuls of this and two spoonfuls of that. Bless my soul! and she did it by instinct. How much? Why, just enough, and if you have not the cooking instinct, so that you know what is enough, you will not be a cook by going to a cooking school—not till you die. But the pie? Yes! It was a compound of goodnesses, but it had unity—and it was full of digestion.

I remember well when my father's orchard was almost the only one west of New England, and that was not a hundred years ago by any means; and then the boys came twenty miles to get a pocketful, in the night. During the last ten years the increased product of apples has been about seventy per cent. in the United States; that of its cousin, the pear, has been two hundred and fifty per cent.; while that other cousin, the plum, has multiplied three hundred and thirty-four per cent. I have four apple trees that are one hundred and sixteen year old, and all four are, this October, in full fruitage. They shall have justice and honor, and be enabled to bear for fifty years to come.

In my boyhood the old people scraped apples when eating them raw, to avoid indigestion. For a delicate stomach I could name you a half dozen sorts: the Wismer, the Delicious, the Stuarts Golden, the McIntosh, the Walter Pease, and the Danchy Sweet. These are creations of a recent day.

There are already seven thousand apples catalogued in the United States, and I

suppose a great many more varieties remain uncatalogued. What shall the future apple be? Not seedless, for a seedless fruit is at the end of evolution. We want seeds until perfection is reached. Tucked away in those germs are possibilities of improvement. "There!" says Nature, "take these and try for betterment. These little brown seeds are your pledge of possible progress. When I give you no more seed you are finished, and I shall take no more interest in your affairs." A seedless apple is the end, bah! The coming apple must be also red, not only to please the housewife, but to honor the artistic taste of Nature herself—her struggle for the beautiful. As for size I hardly dare to say, but I think a Northern Spy is just about right. One of these will fill a man's stomach and three will fill a boy's. We must learn when to stop.

## BILL'S BEAR

BY NORMAN H. CROWELL

UNCLE EZRA sawed a chunk off the salt cod with his jackknife and gently inserted it into his mouth. After a moment's quiet rumination he suddenly cast his eye at the cobwebs in the far ceiling corner and chuckled.



There ensued a disconcerting clatter as we drew chairs up within firing distance and crossed our legs expectantly.

"That there Bill Fikes had some o' th' most peculiar ideas for a human bein' I ever see," began Ezra, as he remarked the interest we exhibited with an air of conscious pride.

"Recollect onct me'n Bill was huntin' carryboo up on th' Waxahatchy. Hunted a few days an' Bill says to me:

"See here, Ez. What in thunder be we huntin' them carryboo for? They hain't worth nothin'. Let's hunt somethin' worth somethin'—carryboo be hanged!" says he.

"'What're ye thinkin' we better hunt, Bill?' I says.

“Bear, says he. ‘This here district is infected with ’em. An’ their hides is valuable. I can’t recall jest what they bring, but it’d pay a feller to drop everything else an’ hunt bear. I’ll start in to-morrow mornin’.’

“Ye enjoy skinnin’ bears, do ye, Bill?’ says I.

“He give a little snort.

“I’ve skun as many bears as ever you shot, Ez,’ says he, real indignified.

“‘Maybe ye have,’ I remarks, ‘I hain’t shot more’n a couple o’ hundred of ’em, though.’

“Well, after playin’ a few games o’ pee-nuckle we rolled in, Bill remarkin’ how terrible anxious he was to locate a bear bright an’ early in th’ mornin’, so he could show me what a wonder he was with th’ skinnin’ knife.

“Th’ next I recall is hearin’ Bill raise up in bed an’ emit a yell like a Comanche buck raidin’ a Sunday-school picnic.

“‘Is it colic, Bill?’ says I.

“‘Colic, nothin’,’ he snaps, ‘it’s one o’ them pot-hunters’ dogs tryin’ to get them trout I had cleaned fer breakfast. Guess I scairt th’ purp into a fit, though, when I—huh?’

“Jest then somethin’ shoved over our summer kitchen an’ th’ tinware raised petikelar cain with the solertude. Bill jumped out o’ bed an’ reached fer ’is boots.

“‘I’ll kick a field goal with that dog or my name is Mudd,’ says Bill.



“Ka-plunk—Bill landed with his boot.”

“There was enough moonlight leakin’ through a hole in th’ roof to show Bill up as a hideous affair in them red mackinaw undertogs o’ his.

“‘Goin’ to shoot the brute?’ says I.

“‘An’ cough up fifty dollars fer th’ carcass? Not for Bill. I’ll jest ingratiate myself into th’ critter’s society an’ crack a few ribs—you watch me!’

“Th’ moon slid behind a cloud then an’ Bill slid outside. For a minute everything was as quiet as a burglar swarmin’ up th’ front porch. Then ka-plunk—Bill landed with his boot!

“The dog never yelped—didn’t even ki-yi—but the growl he unbuckled sounded like droppin’ dumb-bells into a rain-barrel. Then I heard a woosh like a walrus comin’ up for fresh air an’ somethin’ come into th’ front o’ th’ tent an’ went out th’ back at a clip bafflin’ to th’ naked eye. Its color was red, though, an’ I took it to be Bill. Clost behind come somethin’ else—somethin’ that was all teeth an’ hair an’ toe nails, an’ judgin’ by th’ flavor I calculated it was bear.

“Th’ idee of Bill runnin’ away from bear when he wanted bear so powerful bad was too ludercrous fer me an’ I jest lay back an’ cackled like a Plymouth Rock.

“I was layin’ there, all doubled up an’ out o’ wind when—*woosh*—Bill went through agin. Right behind him was the bear, follerin’ pace like a perfessional. I took a look out an’ see Bill runnin’ with ’is chin up, elbows in an’ th’ bear a-reachin’ for ’im at every jump.

“‘Third heat, Bill,’ I yells.

“Bill put on a pint more steam an’ circled for th’ tent agin.

“‘He’s got a lovely pelt,’ says I, when Bill went through the next time. Bill gurgled.

“‘You can distance ’im with your boots off, Bill,’ says I, an’ I noticed Bill grindin’ ’is teeth.

“Next time Bill come by he thought he’d shove th’ bear off onto me an’ he made a dive under my bunk. But that bear was a regular Sherlock Holmes fer stickin’ to a clue an’ he dived under, too. Then me an’ th’ bunk went up to th’ top of th’ tent an’ got all disarranged afore we come down. Bill tore out with th’ bear in th’ same ol’ place right back of ’is shoulder blades.

“On th’ next trip was where Bill played

his heavy trum-p. As he went through he knocked out both tent poles an' th' tent come down, envelopin' th' bear real clost an' affectionate. If ye've ever seen a cat that has stepped onto a sheet o' fly-paper ye can imagine how mad that bear was. I was layin' there hug-gin' th' stove in my arms an' my head an' shoulders was rammed into th' flour chest.

"After th' bear had scattered things to his entire satisfaction I

blowed th' dust out o' one eye an' see Bill up a high tree lookin' like a big red turkey buzzard waitin' fer me to die. Th' bear was goin' off acrost the country with his head through a blanket an' howlin' every time he hit th' ground.

"Bill was that agitated he wouldn't come down till I threatened to saw off th' limb he was settin' on. Next mornin', after fixin' up camp, me'n Bill took our guns an' went carryboo huntin'.

"I neglected to mention that when Bill knocked th' tent down he broke a jug containin' two gallons o' th' best stuff that—eh? What? Sure thing—about four fingers an' a toe for me, Jim—thanks!"

Uncle Ezra then pointed his chin straight up at the ceiling.

## THE MAGIC BASS

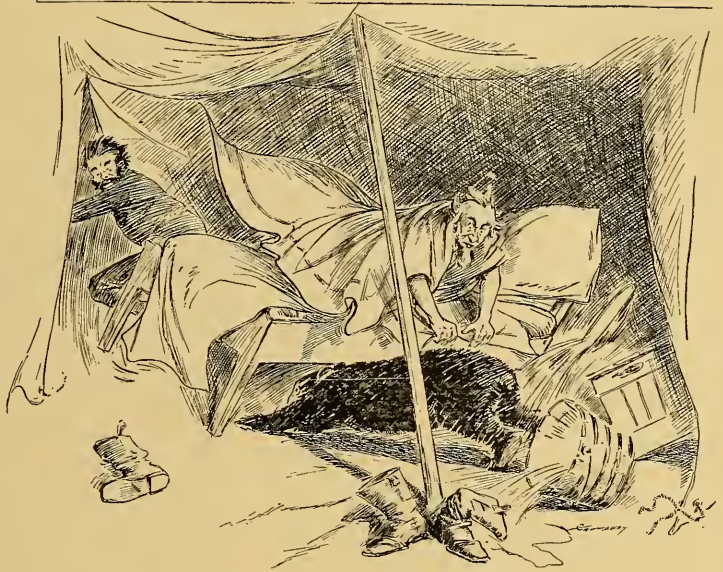
BY PAUL H. WOODRUFF

**I**T was along in the latter part of March that I dropped in on Jack one evening and found him inspecting a short, slimy looking fish-pole.

"You must have it bad," I observed, "to go fishing in March, with the ice not all out yet."

Jack looked at me in mild astonishment.

"Why, I'm not going fishing," he re-



"The bear was a regular Sherlock Holmes fer stickin' to a clue."

plied; "can't, you know. Bass season don't open 'til the 15th of May. I'm just looking over my tackle a bit, to be sure everything is shipshape.

"In fact," he added, "I may confess that I will probably do the same thing every day from now till the season opens."

"Well, I suppose you have nothing else to do with yourself," was my scornful comment. "It's a pity, Jack, that you haven't got a man's work to do, to make you remember you're not a kid. How a grown, one hundred and eighty pound man can spend valuable hours—yes, days in trying to fool and capture by strategy a little four-pound fish that he don't need is beyond me. But to idle away the best of the year in gazing at the tools he uses to delude and ensnare the slimy objects is—well, the limit."

"So you call a four-pound bass little, do you? Shows you know nothing about it. Pretty long remark for you though, Doctor," said Jack with a grin.

That's the trouble with Jack. When you get him with an unanswerable argument he grins. One might as well allow him his view of things, for he will take it anyway.

"Well, Jack," I resumed in a less indignant tone, "I will concede that you enjoy it. But I should see the point more

clearly if you fishermen were adding anything to the world's store of knowledge. If you were discovering new species of fish, or ways of propagating them scientifically I might be interested."

"We are adding to the world's store of simplicity, and contentment, and right living," he replied seriously. "But you bring something to my mind that I am very curious about. Perhaps you would catalogue it as a scientific discovery.

"The Indians call it 'Me-da Mon-nuh-she-gan,' which translated means Magic Bass. He is said to be much like other black bass in appearance. But his peculiar attributes are these:

"He must be caught by casting, with a surface bait, so that you can see him rise to it. He may be taken in running water where the clear current foams over mossy boulders and through gurgling, sunlit shallows; or in the silent pools where the forest hangs darkly over the stream. He may be taken at some still lake's grassy marge where the water lilies build him a green and white-and golden canopy; or in the open places when the west wind's magic turns the glassy surface into silver.

"But wherever you find him you will see that Nature rules supreme. And whether in brawling stream or quiet pool, in some peaceful lilled bay or just beneath the rippled broad expanse, where the wild beauty of the spot makes your heart beat faster, there may you find the Magic Bass.

"And this is his magic: That when you have fought him inch by inch, and have looked upon him as he lay exhausted in your landing net, you are his forever. For wherever you go and whatever you do there will come to you ever and often a dream of his first leap into the air, of the tugging line and of his body at your feet, and indistinct behind it all will lie the sparkling water, and the forest and the blue sky.

In the dead of winter you will of a sudden hear the soft splash of the bass rising to your fly; you will feel the sudden tautness of the line, and the snow outside your window will melt into a summer landscape. When you are busiest there will come to you the song of the reel and the smell

of pine and fir and balsam. That is the magic of the Me-da Mon-nuh-she-gan."

I had meant to laugh. But as I followed without conscious volition Jack's outburst of imagery, some elemental emotion, long forgotten, stirred within me and I seemed to see as he saw and feel when he felt.

"And how will you recognize the Magic Bass when you have caught him, if he so greatly resembles other bass?" I asked respectfully, even eagerly.

"You will know," answered Jack slowly, "because he will seem to you to be the most beautiful object you have ever seen."

"I am not a fisherman," I said gravely and without scorn. "But I know something of men, and the influence must be strong that will move a large man so easily. I am tempted to go with you."

Jack stuck out his hand.

"It's a promise, Doctor," was all he said.

There are many men who are born with the magic of Nature in their hearts, who grow up from childhood unconsciously believing that Heaven is a place of lakes and brooks, of hills and forests. There are others who gradually or suddenly attain to that sense after years of narrow life and cramped ideals. I was of the latter.

What a marvelous summer it was! Onward we paddled, through lake and stream and lake again; through foaming rapids where the trees hung darkly over, and through smiling rivers where the sun shone brightly on the meadowy shore. Through pleasant summer heat that once seemed unendurable, exulting in the storm that once seemed awful—ever onward, pursuing the Magic Bass. And when at last we were home again with the color of Indians and hearts of great content, I said to Jack:

"Well, old fellow, we didn't get our Magic Bass after all. The ones we did get were so beautiful that I almost forgot to look for him. But next spring we will go again, and I think we will find him. Here's to winter! May it pass speedily."

Jack was silent for a long time. Then with a smile:

"I think they were all Me-da Mon-nuh-she-gan, Doctor," he said.

# GENERAL ISAAC SHELBY

THE FIRST GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY

BY LYNN TEW SPRAGUE

DRAWING BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS



EARLY in the month of July, 1780, a band of mounted frontiersmen was pushing rapidly over the rough trail of the mountains that divide Tennessee from the Carolinas. They were dressed in fringed hunting suits, wore moccasins on their feet, and coonskin caps upon their heads. Each carried in his belt a big, keen-edged knife and a tomahawk, and had slung across his back a long-barreled rifle.

And the leaders of such companies of tried heroes were chosen because they were themselves arch-heroes, and the fittest to lead.

He who marched at the head of this band was still young, and though stern of visage, not far from handsome. His fine head was carried high; the large, strong and regular features were instinct with high spirit, intellectual force, quick resolution, and ready courage; the keen eyes alert with pride and penetration. He was tall and dark and spare and straight, long-limbed and clean-cut—not an ounce of useless adipose did his large frame carry. He was all suppleness and brawn. A man by his very aspect capable of high deeds. The name that he bore he was to make famous as soldier, conqueror, statesman, diplomatist, and commonwealth builder; already Col. Isaac Shelby, he was to become General Shelby, and the first governor of a new state.

This masterful man had been surveying deep in the forests of "Kain-tuck" when a messenger had reached him from Colonel McDowell in command of the few ill-equipped Whig militia in the western part

of North Carolina, telling him a bitter story of disasters. On May 12th Charleston had fallen, Lincoln and his army were prisoners. The British, often with the barbarity of vandals, were sweeping west. Lord Cornwallis' two ablest partisan leaders, the savage Tarlton and the eager, dashing Ferguson were rapidly subduing all resistance. Tory and Whig bands were engaged in a cruel civil war; the party of liberty was almost without means, organization or government. The fortunes of the patriotic cause were indeed desperate; the only hope lay in Gates, who was marching south to encounter the victorious British. Could the wilderness settlers send any aid?

The young surveyor, whose fame as a frontier fighter against Mingos, Iroquois, Shawnees, Delawares, Chickamaugas, Creeks and Cherokees had already won him the military command of the newly organized wilderness county of Sullivan with the rank of colonel, had only to read the piteous story before leaping into the saddle and galloping back to the border settlements. In a few days, pledging his personal credit for the sines of war, he was at the head of two hundred tried and desperate fighters threading the mountain passes. On the 15th of July he reported to McDowell, encamped on the Broad River in South Carolina, near what was known as the Cherokee Ford. In the rough country drained by the tributaries of that river, Shelby was to render dashing service in the next few weeks.

In different parts of the Carolinas brilliant partisan leaders, Marion, Sumter, Pickens and others, were fighting desperately and with stout hearts, but with

small results. McDowell in the west, like the others, faced tremendous odds. Not only was he outnumbered by the force of Tory regulars under Cruger at Ninety-Six, the British base in the west—so called because of the number of miles it lay from the chief war seat of the Cherokees—but the Tory guerrillas heartened by British success were all around him organizing bands equal to his own strength. Commanding them all was the experienced Major Ferguson, young in years, but the veteran of more than one European campaign. McDowell's men were undisciplined and half equipped. He worked zealously to bring order and effectiveness to his raw militia, but the frontier contingent was soon impatient of camp restraints, and having their own method of fighting were disdainful of the tactics of the manual.

Though Cornwallis had ordered the Royalists to await Ferguson's coming before any demonstration was made, it was learned at this juncture that some Tories of the region had concentrated under a Colonel Moore at a strong fort built some years before on the banks of the Pacolet River as a defense against Indians. From this point they made raids, plundering and maltreating patriots of the region.

A party of Whigs, from Sumter's command, under Colonel Clarke, had undertaken to capture this stronghold and Shelby now proposed that he and his command be allowed to go with them. McDowell acquiesced. The backwoodsman, loving surprises and keen of sense from long practice in following Indian trails, started on the night of July 29th. After a forced march the fort was approached at dawn. Shelby seems to have acted as chief, but his first revolutionary venture was not at all sanguinary. The frontier colonel demanded instant surrender. Captain Moore replied that his post would be defended to the last extremity. Shelby immediately invested the stronghold and prepared for battle. But before ordering the assault he again summoned Moore. The Tories had a wholesome fear of the rifles of the pioneers, and when Moore saw Shelby's men form within range his courage failed him. He now proposed capitulation on condition that his men be paroled not to serve again, and two hundred and fifty stand of arms and much ammunition thus fell into the

hands of the needy patriots by the bloodless victory.

But McDowell's position was becoming more precarious every day. Lord Cornwallis had ordered Major Ferguson to the district as soon as he learned of the capture of the Tory fort by Shelby. Ferguson, destroying the property and burning the homes of patriots as he marched, was soon approaching McDowell with a large force, and the American commander was compelled by the superiority of the enemy to be constantly on the move like a hunted fox.

Shelby and Clarke commanding hardy frontiersmen, who lived roughly and marched without baggage, were particularly fitted for a bushwhacking warfare, and they now acted largely independent of McDowell. They moved swiftly, fell upon Tory bands when they could, and annoyed and harassed Ferguson. They stripped the country of supplies before his advance, fought small detachments, captured his foragers, trapped his scouts and intimidated Royalists. Their life was full of midnight marches, sudden strokes, and romantic episodes. But they could not venture to meet Ferguson's regulars, superior in numbers, equipment, and discipline. The British major, who was also a general of militia, bent every effort to their capture, but the practical backwoods pathfinders proved almost as wily and adroit and dashing as the great Marion himself. At length on the 8th of August while Shelby and Clarke lay encamped on Fair Forest Creek, near Cedar Springs, they were apprised by scouts of the approach of Ferguson's main division with a vanguard of British dragoon and mounted Tory infantry four hundred strong, under a Major Dunlap, advanced some miles. Shelby and Clarke, having some three hundred men, fell back about a mile and chose a good position where they determined to await Dunlap. As the British advance guard came up, the patriots struck them suddenly with forest yells and the crack of rifles that seldom missed, repulsing them and inflicting heavy damage, and gathering in some thirty prisoners, among whom were three commissioned officers. The broken British were pursued some two miles, when the main column under Ferguson coming up, Shelby and Clarke beat so hasty a retreat



that though Ferguson in turn pressed the pursuit with vigor, they escaped.

And here we may insert an incident of the day and its sequence, which, to put it mildly, is extraordinary. A patriot soldier of the neighborhood named Culbertson, who subsequently became a captain, was at the time acting as a scout to Shelby's command, and while gathering information before the action he came suddenly upon a British dragoon, far from support, who was eating a peach. Both were startled by the meeting and the Britisher swallowed the fruit, stone and all, and reached for his gun. A shooting match ensued. The dragoon perished in the duel and was hastily buried by the scout in a shallow hole. Visiting the grave next year, Culbertson found a peach tree growing from it, and he boasted of living to enjoy fruit rooted in British soil, and fertilized by his adversary. The story, we may add, is Culbertson's very own. But who shall say that the patriot army lacked constructive imagination?

Though Shelby's force was feeble, his victories small and with only slight results, he had, after a few weeks' service, won distinction as a daring partisan leader, and was now on the eve of a real battle. He joined McDowell again and was sent with Colonels Williams and Clarke to attempt the capture of a large force of Tories at Musgrove's Mill on the Enoree River, distant about forty miles. On the evening of the 17th of August, the Americans, some four hundred strong, set out. Between them and the Tory stronghold lay Ferguson with his whole command. All night they rode through the woods as rapidly as the secrecy of their mission would permit, debouching to the left of their direct route some four or five miles to avoid Ferguson's camp. At dawn, when within less than two miles of the Tory stronghold and close to the Enoree River, they struck a strong patrol, and after a brisk skirmish chased it from the field. As they were pressing forward in pursuit, a patriotic countryman rode out of the woods and informed them that the day before the Tories had been reinforced by three or four hundred Royalist regulars under Colonels Innes and Frazier, who were on their way to join Ferguson. The news was disquieting. The patrol would give tidings of their approach, they were

now greatly inferior to the enemy, who would in all probability immediately march upon them, and after an all-night's tramp they were in no condition for swift and effective retreat. But there was heroic stuff in that rough backwoods band, and disdaining a suggestion that the command break up and each man seek safety for himself, their colonels resolved to remain and fight. A breastwork of logs was speedily constructed near a bend in the road and the accurate frontier riflemen took up their positions. In the meantime Captain Inman, of Williams' command, had proposed a stratagem that immediately found favor. He was to ride forward with his company to the river ford, meet and skirmish with the enemy as they crossed. He was to beat a hasty retreat when the action grew warm and attempt to lead his pursurers into the ambush. The plan put enthusiasm into the weary patriots. Shelby now threatened death to any man who should lose his head and fire before the enemy were well into the trap, and he bade them await the report of his own rifle. Some time had been consumed in preparations, and Inman, setting out from a force tense with courageous excitement, arrived at the ford scarcely a moment too soon. Shelby held the right of the battle line, Williams the center, Clarke the left, and each colonel, as was always the case in these mixed frontier forces, commanded his own men, who looked up to their leader as the legions of Trajan looked up to him.

Before long the backwoodsmen hear the brisk bark of rifles, then the bugles of the enemy sounding an advance, and now the pounding of the hoofs of Inman's horses, in rapid flight, growing louder with each second. Through their hidden line come flying the gallant captain and his squad, all yelling in derision to the shouts of triumph of an enemy in headlong pursuit of what they supposed the whole American force running for life. A minute more and the report of Shelby's rifle, that was accustomed to shoot wilderness game always through the heart, tumbles from his saddle the British officer in the lead, as a prelude to the blazing of all those accurate frontier guns. Frightened horses wheel and leap over the breastworks or charge their own lines as the wounded and dying fall

to litter the road. But though crumpled and checked those in advance are regulars and do not fly. They fall back to re-form. Now they know their mistake, but they also know their greater force. A battle fierce and furious rages. Again and again the breastwork is gallantly charged, the backwoods rifles doing deadly execution at each assault. Colonel Innes falls wounded; Major Frazier, second in command, drops dead; before long not a subaltern officer of the enemy is left alive. The Americans suffer comparatively little, but the gallant Captain Inman, reckless with heroic exultation in the moment of victory, is shot through the breast. And now the Americans rise from cover—Shelby's men first—with the war whoop they had learned from merciless red foes, and the British break and fly, leaving over a hundred dead upon the field.

Most of the remaining disciplined regulars escape across the river in good order, but many of the bewildered and terrified Tory militia are gathered in as prisoners. This battle of Musgrove's Mill was fought gallantly on both sides August 18, 1780.

Flushed with victory and well equipped with captured arms and munitions, Shelby, Clarke, and Williams were for pushing on to attack the celebrated post of Ninety-Six, some thirty miles beyond and in the direction that Ferguson would least expect them to move. If they could surprise and take it they felt assured they could hold this key to all the upper district. Shelby counted on the spirit of triumph that glowed through all the command. Forgotten were the trials and fatigues of the long night's march and the bitter conflict; forgotten too the perils ahead—their only thought was glory and new victories. But alas, the patriotic enthusiasm was short lived. Scarcely had the commanders mounted their troops when a messenger from McDowell arrived. He brought startling and bitter tidings. Two days before the vainglorious and blundering Gates had been utterly overwhelmed by Lord Cornwallis at Camden, and the American commander himself, miles ahead of his retreating troops, was racing toward Hillsboro. All that now remained to front the large force of victorious British and American loyalists were a few scattered partisan bands such as Shelby commanded. Already

Major De Peyster, Ferguson's second in command, was on Shelby's track, and the little army of McDowell was soon broken up and scattered by Ferguson himself. The only hope of safety for the victors of Musgrove's Mill lay in gaining the wilderness beyond the mountains. It speaks eloquently for the endurance of these frontier patriots that after the trying ordeal through which they had just passed, they marched for two days and a night without rest, over a difficult mountain trail, carrying with them one prisoner for every three men, and part of the time with a light column of mounted regulars in close pursuit. But they gained safety, for De Peyster dared not follow into the mountain fastnesses. Once over the ranges the colonels separated—Clarke making his way into Georgia, while Williams by a round-about route conducted the prisoners to Gates at Hillsboro.

And now Shelby disbanded his men and returned to his own estate, there to meditate on new means of aiding his unhappy country.

He came from heroic stock. He was the son of that Gen. Evan Shelby who won renown as a Revolutionary soldier in the service of Virginia. The general was of Welsh descent and the father of a large family. Isaac was born in Maryland, near Hagarstown, December 11, 1750. He received a fair education, became a surveyor and was twenty-one years old when, with his father, he came to the wilderness region west of the Great Smoky Range. He at once became a prince of pioneers, grew muscular and big as he labored, hunted, and explored, alert, courageous, strategic, and resourceful as he fought.

Father and son had taken up a large tract of land which they supposed lay in the western territory of old Virginia, but when some years later Isaac Shelby located the line, it was found that about one-half of the great Shelby estate was in the domain of North Carolina. The father became a magistrate and a military officer of Virginia; Isaac had office and titles from each sovereignty at various times. Old Evan distinguished himself as an Indian fighter; the son as an officer of his command. Both were friends and companions in arms of Nolichucky Jack and with him in many an Indian skirmish.

When, by the fall of Colonel Lewis in the bloody battle of Point Pleasant, Evan Shelby succeeded to the command of the regiment, Isaac, then twenty-five, took command of his father's company and distinguished himself for bravery. He campaigned against several Indian tribes and won a major's commission from Governor Jefferson of Virginia in 1779. He held the commission of colonel from North Carolina when McDowell's appeal reached him, and at that time Sevier alone equaled him in reputation on that mountain border.

For some weeks after the disbanding of McDowell's little army, Colonel Shelby remained at his frontier home. In the Carolinas every place of importance was held by the Royalists. To subdue the upland districts Cornwallis marched north into Mecklinburg County, N. C.—that county whose citizens were the first Americans to proclaim themselves independent of the British crown—and paused at Charlotte, which he pronounced “a most agreeable village in a damned rebellious country”; while his lieutenant, Major Ferguson, now commanding a large part of the force, turned west into what is now Rutherford County, embodying royal militia and dispersing patriotic, or as he called them, rebel bands. It was the darkest period of the revolutionary struggle. Even in the North, Washington's force had dwindled to “the mere shadow of an army.” The Continental finances were hopelessly depreciated and confused. This year a suit of clothes had cost Adams \$2,000—a pair of boots, \$500. It was impossible to clothe and feed and equip an army efficiently. The only fighting worthy of the name during 1780 had been done in South Carolina, and she was now prostrate. The brilliant and humane Marion, the dashing Sumter, the resolute Pickens had won marvelous partisan victories, but their resources were small, and their thrilling achievements of little effect.

Ferguson was deemed a gallant and able officer, merciful as compared with the assassin Tarlton, but toward the over-mountain men he cherished both contempt and anger. “Mongrels,” “banditti,” “the dregs of mankind,” he called those brave frontier fighters, whose spirit was soon to kindle a flaming light in this night of American disaster. Exploits like

Shelby's dashing partisan victories especially excited Ferguson's contempt. When practically all the country east of the mountains had submitted to the brutal might of the British, Ferguson liberated a prisoner and sent him across the Yellow and Great Smoky ranges with a message to the backwoodsmen. In it he declared that unless they at once lay down their arms and acknowledged King George, he would march his entire force over, lay waste their country, burn their homes, and hang their leaders. The insolent letter was delivered to Shelby. On reading it his dauntless heart beat high with indignation and a stern resolve. Mounting a horse he rode at once sixty miles through the wilderness to the home of Nolichucky Jack. That conference was pregnant with history. Men of the temper of Shelby and Sevier could ill brook such a threat. They determined that the British major should taste their mettle without his mountain march. Sevier set about organizing his mounted riflemen, stern Indian fighters all; and gathering the refugees of McDowell's shattered army, Shelby returned home to call out his command. He sent an appeal to grim old Col. Benjamin Cleveland, commanding militia in the mountainous northwest counties of North Carolina, and to Col. William Campbell, afterward a brother-in-law of Patrick Henry, and then colonel of those Virginia mountaineers who had settled around the head waters of the Holston. Neither Shelby nor Sevier had sufficient money to equip their forces, but each in a somewhat high-handed manner took the funds of the land office of his county, giving his personal written promise of its return should the seizure not be sustained by state authority. In all, the money amounted to but little over \$14,000.

The place of rendezvous was the sycamore flats on the Watauga River. Shelby and Sevier each commanded two hundred and forty men; McDowell had collected one hundred and sixty of his dispersed followers; Colonel Campbell led four hundred of the Virginia mountain men—in all a little over one thousand of these fiery fighters of the highland frontier.

On September 26, 1780, they started east over the mountains on what Shelby characterized as “the worst route ever followed by an army of horsemen.” On

the march the mien of these celebrated frontier colonels was characteristic. Ramsey, the authoritative annalist of that pioneer life, says the bearing of Campbell was "stern, authoritative and dignified." Shelby, the youngest of them all, was "grave, taciturn and determined," while the debonaire Sevier, Nolichucky Jack, was "vivacious, ardent, impulsive and energetic." They pushed on through every obstacle, including deep snows in the high mountain passes, and on the 29th they descended the eastern slopes of the Yellow Mountains. At Quaker Meadows, N. C., they were joined by the stern Cleveland—"Old Round About, the Terror of the Tories"—with three hundred and fifty of the western frontiersmen of his district. Cleveland had had some warm brushes with Tory bands on his march south, in which his brother, a captain, had been seriously wounded and crippled for life.

As there had developed some quarreling among the troops, and even some unruly acts, Shelby, though himself the originator of this bold campaign, proposed that as Campbell was the leader of the largest contingent he should be made nominal chief. But all plans were the result of a consultation of the officers, and in the fight that was to follow "each colonel led his own men in his own way." From time to time they were joined by a few refugee patriots. Shelby made the motley band a patriotic and glowing speech, telling them the perils of such a campaign against regulars, promising that their officers would take the lead and avoid no danger, instructing them when they came upon the enemy to fight in loose order as they had been accustomed to fight Indians, to press forward persistently, using all cover. If any man's heart failed him, now was the time to step to the rear. But not a man fell out of line. The mountain men, the "western army," as they elected to call themselves, then pushed on toward the Broad River and camped near its confluence with Cane Creek. They were now close to Gilbert Town (not far from the present Rutherford) where they hoped to find Ferguson. But that energetic officer had gone on a chase after the daring Colonel Clarke, who with hardly more than a hundred men, had made an attempt on Augusta. He did not catch the elusive Clarke, but while in

camp a little north of the Cowpens—where some three months later the gallant Dannie Morgan was to completely smash the force of the savage Tarlton—he learned of the swarming of the mountain men. Rendered cautious, but not alarmed, Ferguson sent a messenger to Colonel Cruger at Ninety-Six, asking reinforcements, and issued a call to loyalists to rally to his standard. In this call he denounced the patriots as rebels, cowards, and barbarians. He then marched to Cowpens and from that point sent a dispatch to Cornwallis asking aid. On October 5th he began a march north from Cowpens toward Charlotte where Cornwallis lay, fixing his camp on the evening of the sixth on a high plateau which he christened "King's Mountain." Ferguson's strength had been augmented on his march by Tory bands, and he expressed himself as more than satisfied.

The mountain men in camp near Gilbert Town were now fifteen hundred strong, but many of them had by this time become so worn and weakened, and many of the horses so exhausted as to be unfit for rapid pursuit. But these frontier colonels were in deadly earnest and were beside strengthened in the hope of victory by Ferguson's apparent flight. A council was held and it was determined to push on with about two hundred of the best conditioned of the men, leaving the rest to follow as rapidly as they could. McDowell was now dispatched to Gates at Hillsboro to ask for a general officer to command them—Morgan being the man preferred. They arrived at the Cowpens some time after sunset, October 6th, and were there joined by Williams, Hill, and Lacey with a very few men, and from them learned Ferguson's direction. Pausing only a short time to kill some beeves and feed the jaded men, they again selected the hardiest men and the strongest horses, and at nine in the evening set out on the hot chase—a little less than one thousand strong. It rained all night and during the forenoon of the next day. The men had little to eat except the green corn pulled in the field. As the frontiersmen had been in the saddle for thirty-six hours, with the exception of the brief stop for food at the Cowpens, and as several of the horses had fallen dead, a halt for rest was proposed by some of the colonels. But the intrepid and resolute Shelby swore

with a great round oath that "he would not stop if he followed Ferguson straight into Cornwallis' lines." When within a mile of the enemy a dispatch from Ferguson to Cornwallis was captured, in which he boasted that his position was so advantageous "that if all the rebels out of hell should attack him they could not drive him from it."

King's Mountain, named in honor of King George by Ferguson, is a long narrow ridge, more or less level at the top, whose outline on the map is not unlike that of a tennis racket, the handle a rocky spur, pointing a little south of west. On the widest part toward the northeast Ferguson's camp was pitched. The top of the plateau varies in height from 150 to perhaps 200 feet, is about 600 yards long and 60 broad. It then rose out of a large forest. The slopes are very steep and covered with flattening rocks and with trees. On the summit a few large trees also grew, and some large boulders were strewn. The patriot colonels had determined to surround and assault this eminence on all sides simultaneously, and they hoped to surprise Ferguson. They formed for action as they ascended the mountain. Dismounting, the men tied their horses to trees and advanced in four divisions, encompassing the heights. Shelby led the left center, Campbell the right center, Sevier and Winston the left wing, Cleveland and Williams the left. The backwoodsmen were ordered to "tie up overcoats, pick touch-holes, fresh prime, and be ready to fight." They were enjoined to combat in loose order, keep behind trees, and hold their ground as long as possible. The men went into action "fasting and half famished," but full of spirit. Not till they were within a quarter of a mile were they discovered by the enemy, who made ready to receive them. There is much dispute among historians as to the numbers on both sides, but Ferguson's force almost certainly exceeded that of the patriots, and most of his effective fighting strength consisted of American-born loyalists whom he himself had drilled and trained as regulars.

Shelby and Campbell began the attack on the southwest end of the mountain, Shelby ascending the slope from the north, Campbell from the south, at a little after three o'clock on the afternoon of October

7, 1780. The colonels led their men in person. "Shelby, a man of the hardest make," says Bancroft, "stiff as iron among the dauntless singled out for dauntlessness, went right onward and upward like a man who had but one thing to do and but the one thought—to do it." Near the top they were met by the enemy's fire and fell to cover, replying with their deadly rifles as they crept nearer and nearer. Then Ferguson charged them—Campbell first, then Shelby, with the bayonet, and they fell back part way down the hill. But the impetuous Sevier was now up the south side of the mountain and struck the British on the flank, and as they turned to meet him the men of Campbell and Shelby mounted again to the fight, and the ferocious old tiger, Cleveland, who had promised his men "I will show you by my example how to fight," was now up the northeast side, and hit the new flank of the British. Hemmed in on all sides the loyalists fought bravely and desperately, but in the excitement of the many-sided assault shot wildly, while the accurate aim of the backwoodsmen decimated their ranks. Ferguson and his second in command, De Peyster, showed great gallantry. With charge after charge they met the Americans, driving them a little way down the hill, only to find new foes in their rear. Their line was divided in an attempt to meet the frontiersmen on two sides. On the part of these backwoodsmen it was Indian tactics from first to last. "In this succession of repulses and attacks, and in giving succor to the parts hardest pressed," says Shelby, "much disorder took place in our ranks, the men of my column, of Campbell's column, and a great part of Sevier's, were mingled together in the confusion of battle." On all sides of the mountain the fighting was fierce. Shelby, always in the heat of combat, kept crying out, "Don't shoot, boys, till you see the enemy." Here and there were desperate hand to hand conflicts. Now and again personal enemies met, and on those rocky slopes fought out to the death their private feuds. It was in truth a battle of our first Civil War. "As the lines came close together, many of the Whigs recognized in the Tory ranks their former neighbors, friends, or relatives, and the men taunted and jeered one another with bitter hatred. In more than one

instance brother was slain by brother, or cousin by cousin. The lowland Tories felt an especial dread of the mountaineers, looking with awe and hatred on their tall, gaunt, raw-boned figures, their long, matted hair and wild faces. One wounded Tory, as he lay watching them, noticed their deadly accuracy of aim, and saw also that the loyalists firing from the summit continually overshot their foes." Toward the close of the action the assaulting patriots on Shelby's side of the ridge were driven down nearly to the foot of the slope so savagely that there was danger of panic and a rout. But Shelby quickly rallied them, and the enemy was in turn now driven back up the mountainside, across its top and down the other slope, upon that part of their line contending with grim old Cleveland. Two horses were shot under the brave British commander. A white flag was now lifted by a Tory, but Ferguson tore it down with his own hand, and fought on valiantly, desperately, at length hopelessly, against foes who from childhood had breathed danger and lived in an atmosphere of peril.

None can ever dispute Ferguson's bravery. In this ring of fire, amid smoke and dropping men, heroically wheeling to meet attacks on rear and flank, and blowing his shrill whistle to inspirit and direct his men, his courage never wavered "while death sleeted in upon the doomed." At length, facing Sevier's men, several rifle balls hit the gallant commander almost at the same time, one pierced his heart and he fell dead from his white horse. De Peyster rallied the panic-stricken men and continued the desperate fight for a time. But it was only to prolong the slaughter, and the white flag was soon raised. Some two hundred British foragers returned to camp at the moment of surrender, and so scattered were the American patriots that firing continued for a few moments yet on both sides. It was now that the American colonel, Williams, fell mortally wounded. Shelby called in a loud voice to the British to throw down their arms, and the terrible battle which had lasted just one and a quarter hours, was now over. Nolichucky Jack coming up to the battle-stained Shelby at this moment, cried out, "By God, Shelby, they have burned off all your hair!"

Shelby and his associates had achieved a unique and heroic victory. They had won what is perhaps the most picturesque and extraordinary battle of the revolutionary struggle. A veteran and able European officer had posted his men on what he deemed impregnable ground, and these frontiersmen had hunted him in two states, and annihilated him in scarcely more than an hour, with a fighting force probably inferior in numbers, and certainly not in excess of his. It was a victory that could only have been won by the backwoods method of fighting, and its effect upon the cause of liberty was immediate. The Tories of North Carolina were cowed and dared not rise. Cornwallis had dispatched Tarlton to Ferguson's aid, but learning of the battle he instantly recalled his brutal lieutenant and, thoroughly alarmed, beat a hasty and confused retreat into South Carolina, there to remain until lured to his destruction by the skillful strategy of Greene.

King's Mountain was in point of fact the turning point in the tide of disaster; the spirit of these mountain men a torch that kindled the funeral pyre of British military success and glory in America. Lossing declares that "no battle during the war was more obstinately contested than this. It completely crushed the spirits of the loyalists, and it weakened beyond recovery the royal power in Carolina." "Day is at hand," exclaimed an old patriot, when he learned of the victory.

Bancroft says it changed the aspect of the war, while Jefferson eloquently declared the victory "the joyful enunciation in the turn of the tide of success that terminated the revolutionary war with the seal of our independence." Yet Isaac Shelby, out of whose conception the triumph resulted, whose iron resolution made it possible, is scarcely more than a name to the youth of our land.

The battle of King's Mountain was Shelby's greatest service in the war for independence, but by no means his last. Sevier to the south, Robertson to the west, Clark to the north and west, were holding the Indians in check, and Shelby's intrepid soul was filled with desire to march east once more. A few months later General Greene summoned him, and leading a troop of his backwoodsmen over the mountains,



Brother was slain by brother when tory and patriot met.

Drawing by Stanley M. Arthurs.

he joined Marion. He led a stirring life during a brief service under that romantic general. He was in several skirmishes, but no desperate fights. He won a second bloodless victory at this time when detached with Colonel Mahan to attempt the capture of the British post at Fair Lawn. Arriving at the stronghold before daylight, Mahan demanded its surrender and was defiantly answered. Preparations for assault being made, Shelby, doubtless remembering a former experience, and realizing how courage ebbs as danger nears, proposed another summons to be made by himself. Mahan assented, and Shelby met the British commandant. The bitter and sanguinary feeling of the time, caused by mutual outrages of patriots and loyalists, is illustrated by the parley. Shelby told the British officer that as the storming of the fort must be accompanied by loss of life to his men, he could promise no quarter to the garrison at the hands of his fierce Indian fighters, if forced to assault. He said he regretted it, but could not control his men in the hour of such a victory. The British commander's valor now oozed away. He inquired if Shelby had artillery. Shelby is reported to have answered with prompt evasion, and in sulphurous terms, "We have guns enough to blow your post to toothpicks and every man of you to hell." The frightened officer wavered and at length surrendered his post, and his action led to the fall of an adjacent one—the Americans capturing one hundred and fifty prisoners and three hundred stand of arms with much ammunition.

Shelby's services as a soldier of the revolution were now over. Cornwallis surrendered October 19, 1781, and Shelby obtained leave of absence from the army in November and took his seat in the North Carolina legislature. He was now to enter upon a career of statesmanship of the highest importance to the whole West, but a sketch of his civil services is not within the scope of our brief study. In

1783 he was appointed one of the commissioners to make treaties with the Indians, and later having become a resident of "the Virginia back country" he was instrumental in securing its separation from the old Dominion.

In May, 1792, he became the chief executive of the new state of Kentucky. As Governor Shelby and General Shelby he entered the war of 1812 with his usual ardent spirit and glowing patriotism, and commanded four thousand Kentuckians under Harrison. He was at the battle of the Thames, where he so distinguished himself for bravery that Congress voted him a gold medal. As chief executive he served from 1792 to 1796, and then refused re-election. But when the second English war broke out, and the West was threatened, the people of his state instinctively turned to him, and he again served as governor from 1812 to 1816. His ability, honesty, and energy made him one of the most popular men in that great and growing West, whose fortunes he did so much to further. In 1818 President Monroe appointed him Secretary of War, but he declined the high office on the score of age. He died July 18, 1826, of apoplexy, passing peacefully away in his seventy-sixth year.

Kentucky has not always been kind to her early pioneer heroes—perhaps just because there were so many of them. Clarke died in bitterness and poverty; Boone, self-exiled and poor; Kenton on a starving pension in another state. But on Shelby honors and fame were happily bestowed. In a letter wherein he showed himself a master of expression, written when "he felt he was almost as nearly connected with the dead as with the living," and "standing beside his grave and between two worlds," he declared that his country "had appreciated his services perhaps too highly, and with a bountiful and generous hand heaped upon him rewards and honors beyond his poor deserving."





The lone fisherman enthusiast.

## LIFE WORTH LIVING

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. B. PHELAN

**A** MOMENT before there had been absolute stillness—suddenly came the morning greeting of the birds, the chattering of squirrels, and far off the crashing of some larger animal through the underbrush. An instant later the first rays of the sun touched the topmost branches of the trees. When nature wakes there is no dallying about it; no stretching and yawning. Every sense is at once healthily alert. But on the lake the mist was rising slowly, reluctantly, as a tired traveler rises from his bed.

A quick plunge, a rush back to the camp, clothes thrown on, and possibly the rapid

application of a brush, and the camp toilet is completed for the day; then one is ready for beans and bacon and cakes, hot from the hands of the guide. And what a guide! When the man first arose from his bed is a mystery; how his fires so quickly leap into practicable existence remains hidden. He is one of those willing, silent, companionable creations whose avocation is the practice of omniscience; whose vocation is hard work.

We are accustomed to laud the artisan whose skilled fingers work a miracle; or the scholar whose quick memory comprehends an incredible space of time. Yet

it is a common phenomenon for a mind bent forever in one direction to simulate perfection therein. But what of the Perfect Guide?—and there are not a few of him about. He is eyes and nose and hands for as many others as you will; he is a skilled cook, washerwoman, seamstress, navigator, and physician, and whatever else is needed. The majority of guides are less than this, but any good one is superhuman, smiling down on our boasted civilization which wanders helpless in the midst of a primitive world.

No, good reader, I will not forward his name and address.

After breakfast and the chores done, there comes a slight dispute as to "what next," which sounds noisy and out of place in the quiet around us; generally it ends in two going off with a guide, and the rest taking to canoes or even more primitive craft, if fish be the object. One must be independent to enjoy the vast freedom of the woods, mighty and protecting yet unfettering, gathering myriads of living things in safety within their shelter. It is a wonderful experience—and familiarity cannot lessen the wonder of it—to choose some unfrequented trail that the forest has half reclaimed and follow it for a time; then suddenly to stop and listen. The underbrush, the trees, the broken thread of path, which had seemed only to echo our footsteps and frame a human form, now in our silence give forth all the voices of the woods—elusive, intermittent, but alive—life everywhere, whispering warnings of an interloper who may have come for evil or for good; and one feels, without seeing, myriad eyes upon him.

Have you ever been afraid in the woods? Not that mysterious awe of the first twilights that all know who have camped, when the silence is absolute, when shadows have swallowed up the distance and the light has almost faded from the sky, when one feels dimly the vast, latent power of nature around him, with which some time or other he must struggle and conquer or be crushed. This fear of the forest was different. I was alone and lost. I had taken a false trail at some unblazed turn, and of a sudden realized the truth. For

a long moment I could think of nothing, see nothing, hear nothing, only be conscious of the fact of my utter helplessness; I felt the heart-deadening panic of the trapped animal, wanting to run against my barriers on every side. Only a moment, I say, and then my reason was alert to solve the problem of return; but the mental experience left a vivid impression, and I can understand the despair of the really lost, wandering endlessly in aimless circles.

The life worth living to my mind does not include hunting; in the first place I am too indolent, and in the second place I dread the sound of a gun in the woods. It is so insolent, so blatant. Yet I am grateful for the variety given to our otherwise monotonous camp fare by those who bring in fresh meat. My objections, you see, have not even the moral ground of Hindu philosophy. To me life in the woods means laziness. I think of that old-time opponent of Hercules who, every time he was thrown to the ground, rose up stronger. Nature's unhewn places are left to us for our body's and soul's regeneration. Civilization's wear and tear puts us at least annually in need of the services of the great Renovator, if we did but know it. Laziness, I call it, but a glorified laziness.

"You must," says Stevenson, "be open to all impressions and let your thoughts take color from what you see. You should be as a pipe for any wind to play upon."

"For who would gravely set his face  
To go to this or t'other place?  
There's nothing under Heav'n so blue  
That's fairly worth the traveling to.

"On every hand the roads begin,  
And people walk with zeal therein;  
But wheresoe'er the highways tend,  
Be sure there's nothing at the end.

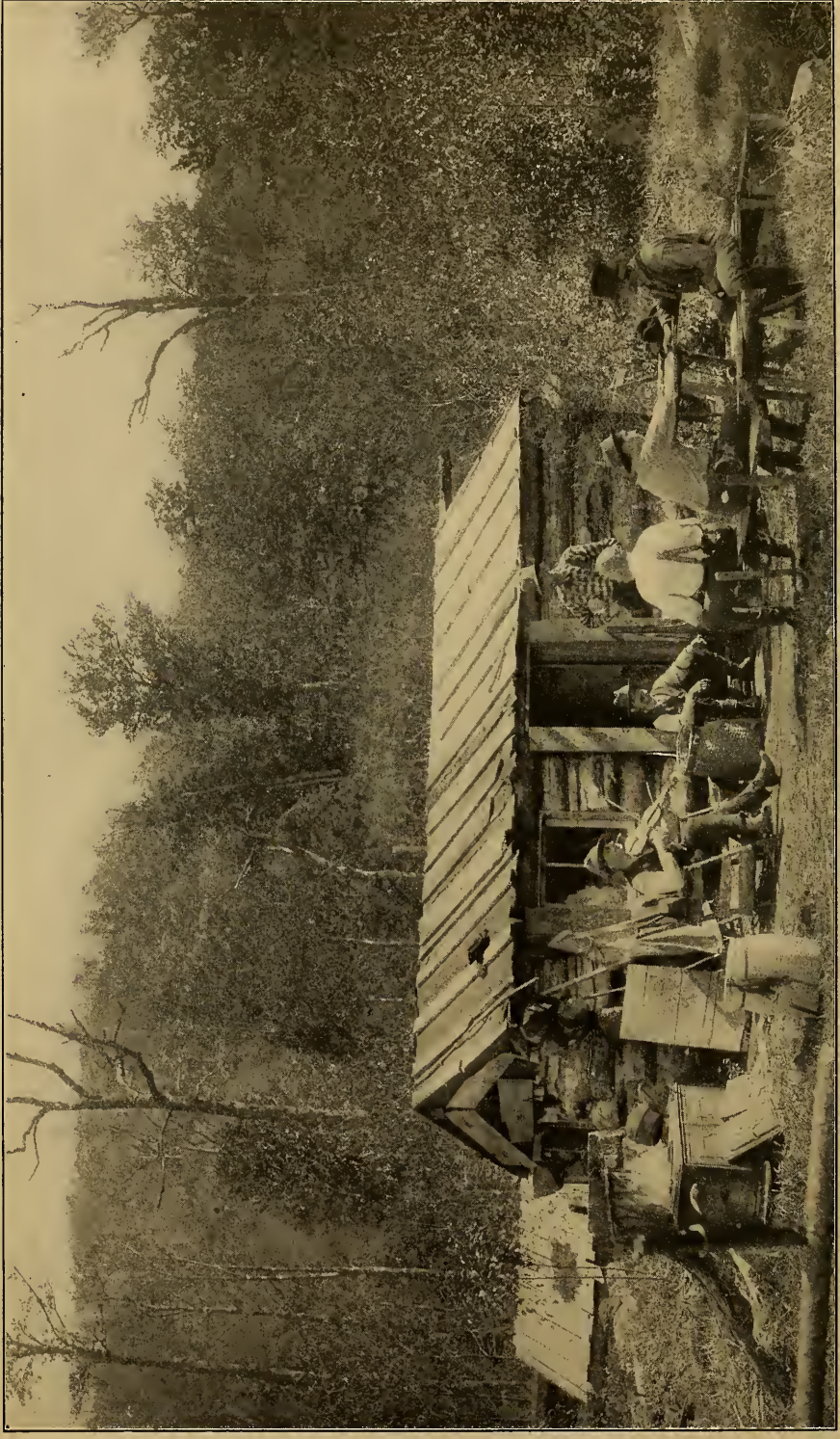
"Then follow you, wherever heie  
The traveling mountains of the sky.  
Or let the streams in civil mode  
Direct your choice upon a road;

"For one and all, or high or low,  
Will lead you where you wish to go:  
And one and all go night and day  
*Over the hills and far away!*"

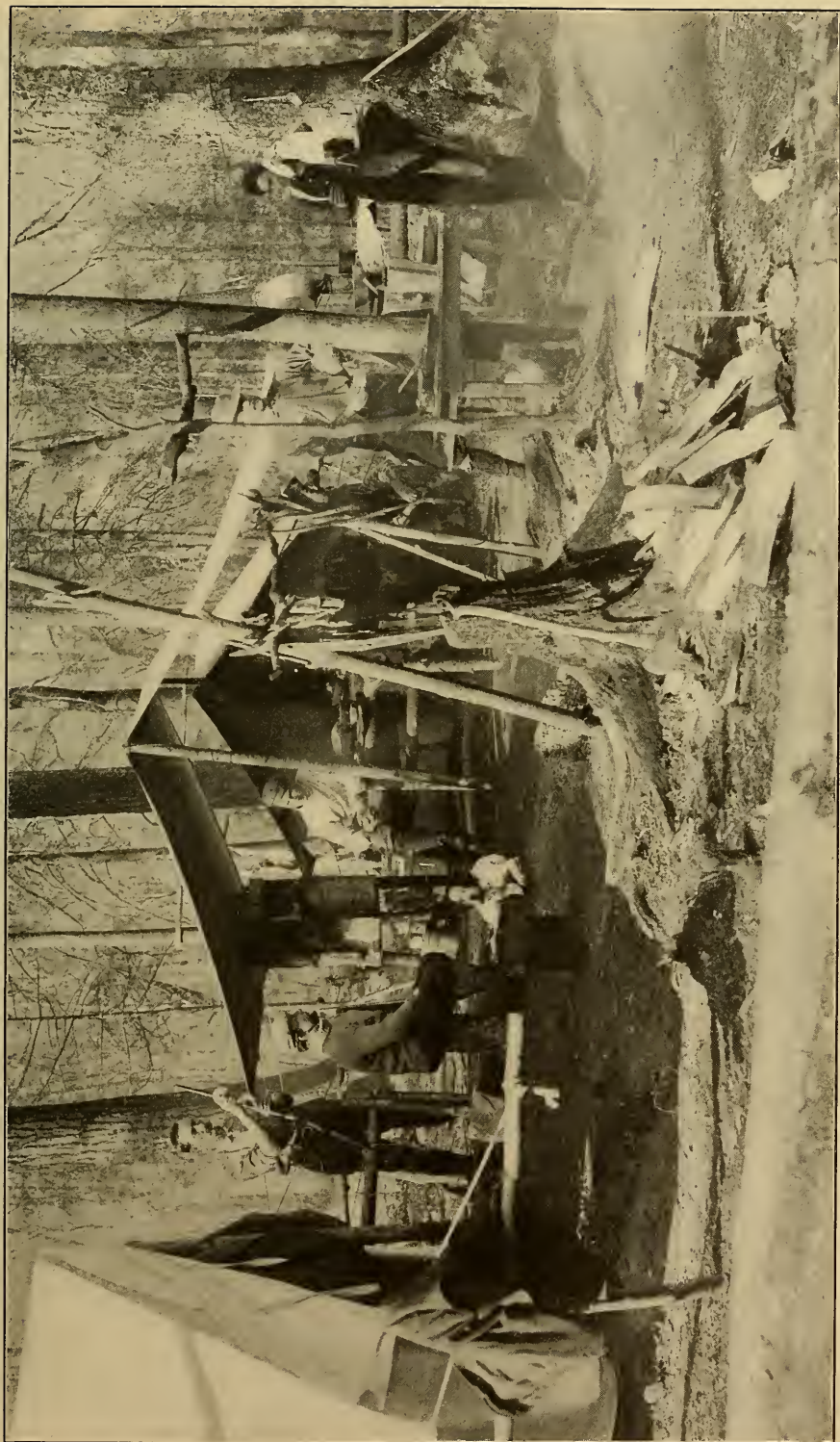
And the woodland nights! Nowhere else does such sleep come to a man, thorough, life-restoring, leaving him with no sand in his eyes, fit for a new full day.



A movable home, pitched near the fishing grounds.



On the off days there is always a fiddle and a fiddler for the asking in the log camps near at hand.



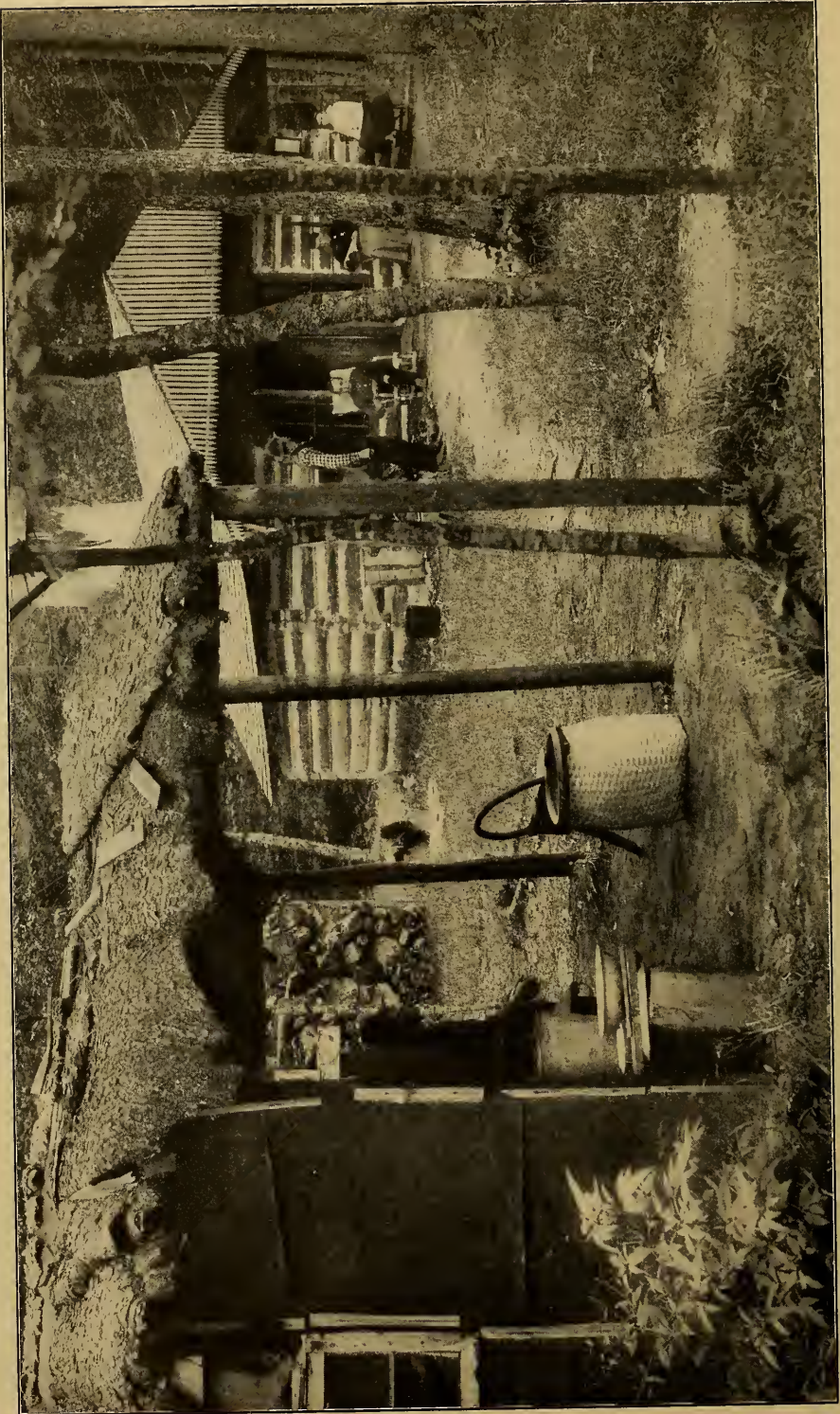
And when no other diversion offers, there is the cleaning of guns and the mending of tackle.



When the camp is a permanent one cooking becomes a luxury.



Canoeing is far from laziness, for there is always the "carry"—and it is a short trip indeed which does not demand one.



Perfect peace broods over all—especially when most of the men have gone fishing.



# THE WAY OF A MAN

BY EMERSON HOUGH

DRAWING BY GEORGE WRIGHT

## CHAPTER XXII

IN SICKNESS AND IN HEALTH



O the delirious or the perishing man, time has no measuring. I do not know how we spent the night. Some time it became morning, if morning might be called this gray and cheerless lifting of the gloom, revealing to us the sodden landscape, overcast with still drizzling skies which blotted out each ray of sunlight.

We sat draggled and weary at the shoulder of the little ravine, haggard and worn by the long strain. Her skin garments, wet through, clung tight to her figure, dankly, uncomfortably. Now and again I could see a tremor running through her body from the chill.

She turned to me after a time and smiled wanly. "I am hungry," she said.

"We shall make a fire then," I replied. "But we must wait until my coat is dry. The lining is wet and we have no tinder. The bark is wet on the little trees; each spear of grass is wet. I fear we must wait a while."

Then I bethought me of an old expedient my father had once shown me. At the bandolier across my shoulder swung my bullet pouch and powder flask, in the former also some bits of tow along with the cleaning worm. I made a loose wad of tow, kept thus dry in the shelter of the pouch, and pushed this down the rifle barrel. Then I rubbed a little more powder into another loose wad of tow, and fired the rifle into this. As luck would have it, some sparks still smouldered in the flax, and thus I was able once more to nurse up a tiny flame. I never knew before how comforting a fire might be.

So now again we ate, and once more, as the hours advanced, we felt strength coming to us a little more. Yet in spite of the food, I was obliged to admit a strange aching in my head, and a hot fever coming in my bones.

"See the poor horse," she said, and pointed to our single steed, humped up in the wind, one hip high, his head low, all dejection.

"He must eat," said I, and so started to loosen his hobbles. Thus engaged, I thought to push on toward the top of the next ridge to see what might be beyond. What I saw there half caused my heart to stop. I dropped quickly to the ground.

There, on a flat valley nearly a mile away in its slow descent, stood the peaked tops of more than a score of Indian teepees. Horses were scattered all about. From the tops of the lodges little dribbles of smoke arose. The wet of the morning kept most of the occupants within, but here and there a robed figure stalked among the horses. It was, no doubt, an encampment of the murderous Sioux.

As I dropped to the ground, I gazed through the fringe of grasses at the top of the ridge, feeling that now indeed our cup of danger was well-nigh full. I turned as I heard a voice at my shoulder. "What is it?" she asked me, and then the next moment, gazing as I did over the ridge, she saw. I felt her cower close to me in her terror. "My God!" she whispered, "what shall we do? They will find us—they will kill us!"

"Wait now," said I. "Hurry down and put out the fire. They have not yet seen us. They may go away in quite the other direction. Do not be alarmed."

All at once the men among the horses stopped, looked and began to hurry about,

began to lead up their horses, to gesticulate. At first I thought we were discovered. Then, far off upon the other side, I saw a blanket waving.

"It is the buffalo signal," I cried. "They are going to hunt, and in the opposite direction from us. That is good. We are safe."

We crept back from the top of the ridge, and I asked her to bring me the saddle blanket while I caught the horse. The blanket I bound fast around the horse's head. "Why do you blind the poor fellow?" she asked. "He cannot eat, he will starve. Besides, we ought to be getting away from here as fast as we can."

"I tie up his head so that he cannot see, and so fall to neighing to the other horses," I explained to her. "As to getting away, our trail would show plainly on this wet ground. All the trail we left yesterday has been wiped out, so that here is our very safest place, if they don't happen to run across the head of this little draw. Besides, we can still eat, and besides again——" Perhaps I staggered a little as I stood.

"You are weak!" she reproached. "You are ill. What is wrong? Is it a fever? Is it your wound again?"

"Fever," I answered thickly. "My head is bad. I do not see distinctly. If you please, I think I will lie down."

I staggered plainly now as I walked, and my wits grew muddled strangely. I felt her arm under mine. She led me to our little fireside, knelt on the wet ground beside me as I sat, my head hanging dully. I remember that her hands were clasped. I recall the agony on her face.

I remember but little after that, and recall only that my head throbbed very heavily—that I wanted to lie down and rest. And so some time during that morning I suppose I did lie down, and once more I laid hold upon the hand of Mystery.

I do not wish to speak of what followed then—not for one day, but many. For me, a merciful ignorance came. But what my companion, now my guardian, must have suffered hour after hour, night after night, day after day, alone, without shelter, almost without food, in such agony of terror as might have been natural even had her solitary protector been possessed of all his faculties—I say I cannot

dwell upon that, because it makes the cold sweat stand on my face even now to think of it. So I will say only that one time I awoke. She told me later that she did not know whether it was two or three days we had been there thus. She told me that now and then she left me and crept to the top of the ridge to watch the Indian camp. She saw them come in from the chase, their horses loaded with meat. Then, as the sun came out, they went to drying meat, and the squaws began to scrape hides. As they had abundance, they did not hunt more than that one day, and no one rode in our direction. Our horse she kept concealed and blindfolded until dark, when she allowed him to feed. This morning she had removed the blanket, because now, as she told me with exultation, the Indians had broken camp, mounted and ridden away, all of them, far off toward the west. She had cut and dried the remainder of our own antelope meat, and so a little food had been saved. Brave, resourceful, calm, she had done all I could have done, all any savage woman could have done for her share.

I looked at her now, dully. Her belt was drawn tighter about a thinner waist. Her face was much thinner and browner, her eyes more sunken. The white strip of her lower neck was now brick red. I dared not ask her how she had gotten through the nights, because she had given me the blanket. As I realized this I put my hands over my face and groaned aloud. Then I felt her hand on my head.

"How did you eat?" I asked her. "You have no fire."

"Once I had a fire," she said. "I made it with flint and steel as I saw you do. See!" She pointed to a ring of ashes, where there were bits of twigs and other fuel.

"Now you must eat," she said. "You are like a shadow. See, I have made you broth."

"Broth?" said I. "How?"

"In your hat," she said. "My father told me how the Indians boiled water with hot stones. I tried it in my own hat first, but it is gone. A hot stone burned it through." Then I noticed that she was bareheaded. I lay still for a time, thinking as best I could, on the wit and pluck of this girl of the cities, who in this new

and hard situation saved her life and my own. At last I looked up to her.

"After all, I may get well," I said. "Go now to the thicket at the head of the ravine, and see if there is any little cottonwood tree. Auberry told me that the inner bark is bitter. It may act like quinine."

So presently she came back with my knife, and with her hands full of soft green bark which she had found. "It is bitter," said she, "but if I boil it, it will spoil your broth." I drank of the crude preparation as best I might, and ate feebly as I might at some of the more tender meat thus softened. And then we boiled the bitter bark, and I drank that water, the only medicine we might have.

"Now," she said to me, "I must leave you for a time. I am going over to the Indian camp to see what I can find."

She put my head in the saddle for a pillow, and gave me the remnant of her hat for a shade. I saw her go away, clad like an Indian woman, her long braids down her back, her head bare, her face brown, her moccasined feet slipping softly over the grasses. My eyes followed her long as she remained visible, and it seemed to me hours before she returned. But she came back laughing and joyful.

"See!" she exclaimed. "Many things! I have found a knife, and I have found a broken kettle, and here is an awl made from a bone, and here is something which I think their women use in scraping hides." She showed me all these things, last the edged bone, scraping-hoe of the squaws, used for dressing hides, as she had thought.

"Now I am a squaw," she said, smiling oddly. She stood thoughtfully looking at these things for a time. "Yes," she said, "we are savages now."

"But you do not despair?" said I. She shook her head. A faint tinge came to her cheeks. "It is strange," said she, "but I only feel as if the world had come to an end." She sat silent for a time, a faint pink, as I said, just showing on her cheeks.

"John Cowles of Virginia," she said simply, "now tell me how shall I best mend this broken kettle."

## CHAPTER XXIII

WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS, I THEE  
ENDOW

Poor indeed in worldly goods must be those to whom the discarded refuse of an abandoned Indian camp seems wealth. Yet such was the case with us, two representatives of the higher civilization, thus removed from that civilization by no more than a few hours' span. As soon as I was able to stand, we removed our little encampment to the ground lately occupied by the Indian village.

I know not what thoughts came to her mind as we sat that morning looking out on the pictures of the mirage which the sun was painting on the desert landscape. But finally, as fate would have it, there appeared among these weird images one colossal tragic shape which moved, advanced, changed definitely. Now it stood in giant stature, and now dwindled, but always it came nearer. At last, it darkened and defined and so disappeared beyond a blue ridge not half a mile away from us. We saw that it was a solitary buffalo bull, no doubt coming down to water at the little coulee just beyond us.

I turned to look at her, and saw her eyes growing fierce. She reached back for my rifle and I arose. "Come," I said.

Now I could stand, indeed could walk a short way, but the weight of this great rifle, sixteen pounds or more, which I had never felt before, now seemed to crush me down. I saw that I was starved, that the sap was gone from my muscles. I could stagger but a few yards before I was obliged to stop and put down the rifle. She came and put her arm about me firmly, her face frowning and eager. But a tall man can ill be aided by a woman of her stature.

"Can you go?" she said.

"No," said I, "I cannot, but I must and I shall." I put away her arm from me, but in turn she caught up the rifle. Even for this I was still too proud. "No," said I, "I have always carried my own weapons."

"Come, then," she said, and so caught the muzzle of the heavy barrel and walked on, leaving me the stock to support for my share of the weight. Thus she preceded me, and we carried the great rifle between

us; so stumbling on, until at length the sun grew too warm for me, and I fairly dropped with fatigue. Patiently she waited for me till I could rise, and so we two, partners, mates, primitive, the first, went on our chase.

I knew that the bull would in all likelihood stop near the rivulet, for his progress seemed to indicate that he was very old or else wounded. Finally I could see his huge black hump standing less than a quarter of a mile away. I motioned to her and she crept to my side, like some desert creature. We were hunting animals now, the two sexes of Man, nothing more.

"Go," said I, motioning toward the rifle. "I am too weak. I might miss. I can get no farther."

She caught up the barrel at its balancing point, looked to the lock as a man might have done, and leaned forward, eager as any man for the chase. There was no fear in her eye.

"Where shall I shoot it?" she whispered to me.

"At the life, at the bare spot where the shoulder rubs, very low down," I said to her. "And when you shoot, drop and lie still. He will soon lie down."

Lithe, brown, sinuous, she crept rapidly away, and presently was hid where the grass grew taller in the flat beyond. The bull moved forward a little and I lost sight of both for what seemed to me an unconscionable time. She told me later that she crept close to the water and waited there for the bull to come, but that he stood back and stared ahead stupidly and would not move. She trembled when at last he approached, so savage was his look—indeed, even a man might be smitten with terror at the fierce aspect of one of these animals.

But at last I heard the bitter crack of the great rifle, and raising my head, I saw her spring up and then drop down again. Then, staggering a short way up the opposite slope, I saw the slow bulk of the great black bull. He turned and looked back, his head low, his eyes straight ahead. Then slowly he kneeled down, and so died, with his fore feet doubled under him.

The girl, abandoning the rifle, came running back to me, full of savage joy at her success. She put her arm under my shoulder and told me to come. Slowly I went with her to our prey.

All the next day we worked as we could at drying the meat, and taking the things we needed from the carcass. We were not yet skilled in tanning as the Indian women are, but we saw that now we would have a house and a bed apiece, and food, food. We broiled the ribs at our fire, boiled the broken leg bones in our little kettle. We made fillets of hide to shade our eyes, she thus binding back the long braids of her hair. We rested and were comforted. Each hour now, it seemed to me, she rounded and became more beautiful, young, strong—there, in the beginning of the world.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### TILL DEATH DO PART

Hitherto, while I was weak, exhausted and unable to reason beyond vague anxiety and dread, she had cared for me simply, as though she were a young boy and I an older man. The little details of labor in our daily life she had assumed, because she was still the stronger. Without plot or plan, and simply through the stern command of necessity, our interests had been identical, our plans covered us both as one. At night, for the sake of warmth, we had slept closely, side by side, both too weary and worn out to reason regarding that or any other thing. Once, in the night, I know, I felt her arm across my face, on my shoulder her hand—she still sleeping, and millions of miles among the stars. I would not have waked her.

But now, behold the strange story of man's advance in what he calls civilization! Behold what property means in what we call laws and customs. We were rich now. We had two pieces of robe instead of one. We might be two creatures now, a man and a woman, a wall between, instead of two suffering, perishing animals, with but one common need, that of self-preservation. There were two houses now, two beds; because this might be and still allow us to survive. Our table was common, and that was all.

I grew stronger rapidly. In spite of my wish, my eyes rested upon her, and thus I noticed that she had changed. My little boy was no longer a little boy, but some strange creature, I knew not what—like

to nothing I had ever seen or known; like no woman of the towns, and no savage of the plains, but different, inscrutable. She was sweet, yes, but very sad. Often I saw tears in her eyes.

I say that I was growing stronger. At night, in front of her poor shelter, I sat and thought, and looked out at the stars. The stars said to me that life and desire were one, that the world must go on, that all the future of the world rested with us two.

But sometimes, worn out by watching, I, too, must lie down. Once again, in her sleep, I felt her arm rest upon my neck. She had crept to me in fear, and so fallen asleep also. Now God give me what he listeth, but let not this thing come to me again.

For now, day by day, night by night, against all my will and wish, against all my mind and resolution, I knew that I was loving her with all my heart and all my soul, forsaking all others, and until death should us part. I knew that neither here nor elsewhere in the world was anything which could make me whole of this—no principles of any duty or of honor.

## CHAPTER XXV

### THE TREE IN THE GARDEN

I can promise, who have been in place to know, that in one month's time civilization shall utterly fade away from the human heart, that a new state of life shall within that space enforce itself, so close lies the savage in us always to the skin. This vast scheme of organized selfishness which is called civilization, shall within three weeks be forgot and found useless; shall be rescinded as a contract between remaining units of society. This vast fabric of waste and ruin known as wealth shall be swept away at a breath within one month. Ah, and then shall endure only the great things of life. Above those stand two things, a woman and a man. Without these, society is not, life is not—these two, a woman and a man.

Once she came and sat by me, as I was looking out over the Plains at the shimmering pictures. "What do you see?" she asked.

"I see there," I said, and pointed it out

to her, "only a garden, a vast, sweet garden. And there arises a tree—one tree."

"Ah," she said, "you are full of visions." And so swiftly left me.

But now we made ready to depart, whither I recked not, for this now was my world. She, looking out over the Plains, saw with the eye of yesterday. Upon woman the imprint of heredity is set more deeply than with man. The horrible commands of society are wrought upon her soul, and she accepts as right, and to the last, through many extremities, retains as right, that which the artificial ages have told her is right. New worlds and new philosophies were not for Ellen. It was she who first said we must make ready to resume our journey to the westward. We agreed to push on west that day.

As we were after breakfast putting together our small belongings, I looked up and saw what I took to be a wolf, stalking along in the grass near the edge of our encampment. Advancing closer toward it, as something about its motions attracted me, I saw it was a dog. It would not allow me near, but as Ellen approached, it lay down in the grass, and she got close to it.

"It is sick," she said, "or hurt," and she tossed it a bone.

"Quick," I called out to her, "get it! Tame it. It is worth more than riches to us, that dog!"

So she, coaxing it, at last got her hands upon its head, though it would not wag its tail or make any sign of friendship. It was a wolfish mongrel Indian dog; one side of its head was cut or crushed, and it seemed that possibly some squaw had struck it, perhaps with intent to put it into the kettle, but with aim so bad that it had escaped.

"I think," said Ellen, "that I shall call you Peter, doggie. You are very, very homely, Peter." And I was glad to see that Peter followed her closely.

To savage man, a dog is of nearly as much use as a horse. Now we had a horse and a dog, and food, and weapons, and shelter. It was time we should depart. But whither?

"It seems to me," said I, "that our safest plan is to keep away from the Platte, where the Indians are more apt to be now. If we keep west until we reach the moun-

tains, we certainly will be above Laramie, and then if we follow south along the mountains, we must strike the Platte again, and so find Laramie, if we do not meet any one before that time."

"My father will have out the whole army looking for us," said Ellen. "We may be found any day."

But for many and many a day we were not found. We traveled westward day after day, she upon the horse, I walking with the dog. We had a rude travois, which we forced our horse to draw, and our little belongings we carried in a leathern bag, slung between two lodge poles. The dog we did not yet load, although the rubbed hair on his shoulders showed that he was used to harness.

At times on these high rolling plains we saw the buffalo, and when our dried meat ran low I paused for food, not daring to risk waste of our scanty ammunition at such hard game as antelope. Once I lay at a path near a water hole in the pocket of a half dried stream, and killed two buffalo cows. Here was abundant work for more than two days, cutting, drying, scraping, feasting. Life began to run keen in our veins, in spite of all. I heard her sing that day.

Now our worldly goods were increasing, so I cut down two lodge poles and made a little travois for the dog. We had hides enough now for a small tent, needing only sufficient poles.

"Soon," said she to me, "we will be at Laramie."

"Pray God," said I to myself, "we never may see Laramie." None the less, we came one day to a spot whence we saw something purple like a steady cloud, far off in the northwest. This we studied, and so at length saw that it was the mountains. At last our journeying must change, perhaps terminate ere long. Two or three days would bring us within touch of this distant range, which, as I now suppose, must have been a spur of what then were called the Black Hills, a name applied to several ranges far to the west and south of the mountains now so named.

But now came a thing hard for us to bear. Our horse, hobbled as usual, for the night, and moreover, picketed on a long rope that I had made from buffalo hides, managed to break his hobbles and in some

way to pull loose the picket pin. When we saw that he was gone we looked at each other blankly.

"What shall we do?" she asked me in horror. For the first time I saw her sit down in despair.

I trailed the missing horse for many miles, but could only tell he was going steadily, lined out for some distant point. I dared not pursue him further, and an hour after noon I returned and sullenly threw myself on the ground beside her at our little bivouac. I could not bear to think of her being reduced to foot travel over all these cruel miles. Yet indeed it must now come to that.

"We have the dog," said I at length. "We can carry a robe and a little meat, and walk slowly. I can carry a hundred pound pack if need be, and the dog can take twenty-five——"

"I can carry something," she said, rising with her old courage. Smiling, I made her a pack of ten pounds, but soon seeing that it was too heavy, I took it from her and threw it on my own.

"At least I shall carry the belt," she said. And so she took my belt, with its flask and bullet pouch, the latter now all too scantily filled.

Thus, sore at heart, and somewhat weary, she with feet bruised through her moccasins, we struggled on through that afternoon, and sank down beside a little water hole. And that night, when I reached to her for my belt, that we might again make our fire, she went pale and cried aloud. "I have lost it. Now indeed we must die," she sobbed. I could hardly comfort her by telling her that on the morrow I would certainly find it. I knew that in case I did not our plight indeed was serious.

She wept that night, wept like a child, starting and moaning often in her sleep. I, being now a savage, prayed to the Great Spirit, the Mystery, that my blood might not be as water, that my heart might be strong—the old savage prayers of primitive man, brought face to face with pitiless nature.

When morning came I told her I must go back on the trail. "See now what this dog has done for us," I said. "The scratches on the ground of his little travois poles will make a trail easy to be followed.

I must take him with me, and run back the trail. For you, stay here by the water, and no matter what your fears, do not move from here in any case, even if I should not be back by night, or for two nights."

"But what if you should not come back!" she said, quavering, her terror showing in her eyes.

"But I will come back," I replied. "I will never leave you. I would rise from my grave to come back to you. But the time has not yet come to lie down and die. Be strong, and we shall yet be safe." So I was obliged to turn and leave her, sitting alone there, the gray sweep of the merciless Plains all about her. Then, indeed, I prayed.

But it was as I said. This dog was our savior. Without his nose I could not have traced out the little travois trail; but he, seeing what was needed, and finding me nosing along and doubling back, and seeking on the hard ground, seemed to know what was required, or perhaps himself thought to go back to some old camp for food. So presently he trotted along, his ears up, his nose straight ahead; and I, a savage, depended upon a creature still a little lower in the order of life, and that creature at last proved a faithful servant. We went on at a swinging walk, or trot, or lope, as the ground said, and ate up the distance at twice the speed we had used the day before. Two weeks of good food had made me strong. In a couple of hours I was close to where she had taken the belt, and so at last, I saw the dog drop his nose and sniff at some object on the ground. There were the missing riches, priceless beyond gold—the little leaden balls, the powder, dry in its horn, the little rolls of tow, the knife swung at the girdle. I knelt down there on the sand, I, John Cowles, once civilized, now heathen, and I raised my frayed and ragged hands toward the Mystery and begged that I might be acquit of the great crime of thanklessness. Then, laughing at the dog, and loping on tireless as when I was a boy, I ran as though sickness and weakness had never been mine, and presently came back to the place where I had left her.

She saw me coming, ran out to meet me, holding out her arms. I say, she came, holding out her arms to me.

## CHAPTER XXVI

THEY TWAIN

"Sit down here by my side," I commanded her. "I must talk to you. I will—I will!"

"Do not," she implored of me, seeing what was in my mind. "Ah, what shall I do? You are not fair."

But I took her hands in mine. "I can endure it no longer," I said. "I will not endure it."

She looked at me with her eyes wide—looked me full in the face with such a gaze as I have never seen on any woman's face.

"I love you," I said to her. "I have never loved any one else. I can never love any one again but you."

Yes, I say that I, John Cowles, late gentleman of Virginia, well born, taught to keep sacred his word of honor, had at that moment utterly forgotten all earlier life, all of the world except this, then and there. "I love you," I said over and over again to her.

She pushed away my arm. "They are all the same," she said, as though to herself.

"Yes, all the same," I said. "There is no man would not love you here, or anywhere. I think I have loved you from the first."

"To how many have you said that?" she asked me, frowning.

"To some," I said to her honestly. "But it was never this way before."

She curled her lip, scorning the truth which she had asked, "And if any other woman were here it would be the same. It is because I am here, because we are alone, because I am a woman—ah! it is neither wise nor brave of you."

"No, that is not true. I love you because you are Ellen. If I could choose from all the world, it would be the same."

She listened with eyes far away, thinking, thinking. "It is the old story," she sighed.

"Yes, it is the old story. It is the same one, the old one. There is no other story."

"John Cowles, I cannot be loved so—I will not be. I will not submit that what I have sometimes dreamed shall find itself so narrow as this—when I—when all girls—dream it so big and beautiful. John

Cowles, a woman must be loved for herself, not for her sex."

"I loved you the first time I saw you—the first time, there at the dance, for yourself."

"And forgot, and cared for another girl the next day."

"That other girl was you."

"And again you forgot me."

"And again what made me forget you, was you yourself. Each time you were that other girl, that other woman. Each time I have seen you you have been different, and each time I have loved you over again. Each day I see you now you are different, Ellen, and each day I love you more. How many times shall I solve this same problem and come to the same answer. I tell you, the thing is ended and done for me. I love you. I always shall, now, always."

"It is easy to think so here, with only the hills and skies to see and hear us," she spoke slowly, frankly.

"No, it would be the same anywhere," I said. "It is not because of that."

"It is not because I am in your power?" she said. She turned and faced me, her hands on my shoulders, looking me full in the eye. I thought the act a brave one.

"Because I am in your power, John Cowles?" she asked. "Because by accident you have learned that I am a woman fit to love, not ill to look at? Because a cruel accident has put me where my name is jeopardized forever—in a situation out of which I can never, never come clean again—is *that* why? Do you figure that I am a woman because you are a man? Is that why? Is it because you know I am human, and young, and fit for love? Yes, I know that. Ah, I know that as well as you. But I am in your hands—I am in your power. That is why I say, John Cowles, that you must try to think, that you must do nothing which shall make me hate you, or make you hate yourself."

"I thought you missed me when I was gone," I murmured dully. "When I saw you again, it was like heaven."

"I did miss you," she said. "The world seemed ended for me. I needed you, I wanted you——" I turned toward her swiftly. "Wanted me?"

"I was glad to see you come back. While you were gone I thought of you.

Yes, you have been brave and you have been kind, and you have been strong. Now I am only asking you to be brave, and kind, and strong."

"But do you love me, will you love me,—can you——"

"Ah, but suppose you only ask that because we are here? Very well. Because we are here," she said, "I will not answer. What is right, John Cowles, that we should do?"

My hands fell to the ground beside me. The heat vanished from my blood. I could not smile without my mouth going crooked, I fear. But at last I smiled as best I could, and I said to her, "Ellen! Ellen!" That was all I could find to say.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE BETROTHAL

Summer was now upon us. The heat at midday was intense, although the nights, as usual, were cold. Deprived of all pack animals except our dog, we were perforce reduced to the lightest of gear, and discomfort was our continual lot. Food, however, we could still secure, abundant meat and sometimes the roots of plants which I dug up and tested, though I scarce knew what they were.

At times we lost the buffalo for days, more especially as we approached the foothills of the mountains, and although antelope became more numerous there, they were far more difficult to kill, and apt to cost us more of our precious ammunition. I planned to myself the making of a bow and arrows for use on small game, which we could not afford to purchase at the cost of precious powder and ball. I was glad, therefore, when we saw the first timber of the foothills; still gladder, for many reasons, when I found that we were entering the winding course of a flattened, broken stream, which presently ran back into a shingly valley, hedged in by ranks of noble mountains, snow white on their peaks. Here life should prove easier, the country offering shelter and fuel, perhaps game, certainly change from the monotony of the Plains. Here, too, our westward journey ended. It would be bootless to pass beyond Laramie into the mountains, and our next course must be toward the south.



For the time, however, it seemed wise to tarry. At the mouth of the valley I threw down the pack. "Here," said I to her, "we rest."

"Yes," she replied, turning her face to the south, "Laramie is in that way now. If we stop here my father will come up and find us."

"But how could he find us?" she asked, startled, presently. Then again, "Suppose they *never* found us!"

"Then," said I, "we should have to live here forever and ever."

She looked at me curiously. "Could we?" she asked.

"Until I was too old to hunt, you too weak to sew the robes or cook the food."

"What would happen then?"

"We would die," said I. "The world would end. It would have to begin all over again, and wait twice ten million years until Man again was evolved from the amœba, the reptile, the ape. When we died, this dog here would be the only hope of the world."

She looked at the eternal hills in their ancient snows, and made no answer. Presently we turned to our duties about the camp.

The next day she came to me as I sat at our meager fireside.

"What is marriage, John Cowles?" she asked of me abruptly, with no whit of preface.

"It is the Plan," I answered apathetically. She pondered for a time.

"Are we then only creatures?"

"Yes," I said to her. She pondered yet a while.

"And what is it then, John Cowles, that women call 'wrong'?"

"Very often what is right," I said to her dully. "When two love who are fit to love, then the crime is that they shall not wed. When they do not love, the crime is when they do wed."

"But without marriage," she hesitated, "the home——"

"It is the old question," I said. "A home means property, and property means married faith, and lack of that is what women call 'wrong.' But really virtue is an artificial thing, born of compromise, and grown stronger by custom of ages of property owning men."

I saw a horror come across her eyes.

"What do you say to me, John Cowles? That what a woman prizes is not right, is not good? No, no! That I shall not think."

"Because you do not think so, I love you," I said.

"Yet you say so many things. Now I have never thought out these things. I have taken life as it came, just as other girls do. It is not *clean* that—that girls should—I say. That is not right."

"No, that is not right," said I dully.

"Then tell me, what is marriage—that, one thing a girl dreams of all her life. Is it the church?"

"It is not the church," I said.

"Then it is the law."

"It is not of the law," I said.

"Then what *is* it?" she asked. "John Cowles, tell me, what makes a wedding between two who really love? Can marriage be of but two—they and no one else?"

"Yes," said I.

"But there must be witnesses—there must be a ceremony—else there is no marriage," she went on. Her woman's brain clung to the safe, sane groove which alone can guide progress and civilization and society—that great, cruel, kind, imperative compromise of marriage, without which all the advancement of the world would be as naught. But for me, I say I had gone savage. I was at the beginning of all things; whereas the established world of society remained for her as she had left it.

"Witnesses?" I said, "Look at those." I pointed to the mountains. "Marriages, many of them, have been made with no better witnesses than those."

I was astonished at her strange boldness, her fearlessness. She seemed curiously intent upon pursuing a line of philosophy altogether new to her. "What was it you said you saw, back there, a while ago?" she asked. "You said you saw the garden."

"Yes," I answered, "and in the midst of it a tree."

My heart stopped when I saw how far she had jumped in her next speech. She sighed. "I wonder if I am Eve!" she murmured, her hands on her breast. I did not speak.

"Then we two are all the people left in

the world, John Cowles. Now I see. But when I am old, will you cast me off? When another woman comes into this valley, when I am bent and old, and cannot see—ah, you will cast me off, and being stronger than I am, you will go and leave me!" I still could not speak at first.

"We have talked too much," I said to her presently. But now it was she who would not desist.

"You see with a woman it is for better, for worse—but with a man——"

"With a Saxon man," I said, "it is also for better, for worse. It is one woman."

She sat and thought for a long time. "Suppose," she said, "that no one ever came?"

In her intentness she laid hold upon my arm, her two hands clasping. "Suppose two were here, a man and a woman, and he swore before those eternal mountains, witnesses, that he would not go away any time until she was dead and laid away up in the trees, to dry away and blow off into the air, and go back——"

"Into the flowers," I added, choking.

"Yes, into the trees and the flowers—so that when she was dead and he was dead, and they were both gone back into the flowers, they would still know each other for ever and ever and *never* be ashamed—would that be a marriage before God, John Cowles?"

What had I brought to this girl's creed of life, heretofore always so usual? I could not answer. She shook at my arm. "Tell me," she said. But I would not tell her.

"Suppose they did not come," she said once more.

"It is true, they may not find us," I admitted at last.

"Yes. Now suppose we two were to live here alone, all this winter—just as we are now—none of my people or yours near us. Could we go on?"

"God! Woman, have you no mercy?" I walked away, but she sat and pondered for yet a time, as though seriously weighing some question in her mind.

"But you have *taught* me to think, John Cowles. It is *you* who have begun my thinking, so now I must think. I know we cannot tell what may happen. I ask you if we were here all alone, and no one came, and if you loved me—ah, then would

you promise, forever and forever, to love me till death *did* us part—till I was gone back into the flowers? They cling one to the other, forsaking all others, till death do them part. Could you promise me—in that way? Could you promise me, clean and solemn? Because, I would not promise *you* unless it was solemn, and clean, and unless it was forever."

We sat, silent, and watched the sun shine on the distant white-topped peaks. I turned to her slowly at length.

"Ellen," I said, "do you indeed love me?"

"How can I *help* it, John Cowles," she answered, bravely.

"You have helped it very long. But now I too must know. Would you love me anywhere, in any circumstances, in spite of all? I love you because you are *you*, not because you are here; and I must be loved in that same way, always."

She looked at me now silently, I leaned and kissed her full on the mouth.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### THE COVENANT

She did not rebel or draw away. There was that on her face which left me reverent. Her hand fell into mine. We sat there, plighted—plighted in our rags and misery and want. Though I should live twice the allotted span of man, never should I forget what then came into my soul.

After a time I turned from her, and from the hills, and from the sky, and looked about us at the poor belongings with which we were to begin our world. All at once my eye fell upon one of our robes, now fairly white with much working. With a swift impulse, I drew it toward me, and with her still leaning against my shoulder I took up a charred stick. So, laboriously, I wrote, upon the surface of the hide, these words of our covenant:

"*I, John Cowles, take thee, Ellen Meriwether, to be my lawful, wedded wife, in sickness, and in health, for better or for worse, till death do us part.*" And I signed it, and made a seal after my name.

"Write," said I to her. "Write as I have written."

She took a fresh brand, blackened at the end, and in lesser characters wrote slowly, letter by letter:

"I, Ellen Meriwether, take thee, John Cowles, to be my lawful, wedded husband——" She paused. I would not urge her. It was moments before she resumed—"in sickness and in health, for better or for worse——" Again she paused, thinking, thinking—and so concluded: "till death do us part."

"It means," she said to me, simply as a child, "until we have both gone back into the flowers and the trees."

I took her hand in mine. "When you have signed that, Ellen," I said to her, "we two are man and wife, now and forever, here and any place in all the world. That is a binding ceremony, and it endows you with your share of my worldly goods, small or large as they may be. It is a legal wedding. It holds us with all the powers the law can have. It is a contract. It can never be broken or evaded."

"Do not talk to me of contracts," she said. "I am thinking of nothing but our—wedding."

She was looking at the hills. Still mystical, still enigma, still woman, she would have it that the sun, the mountains, the witnesses, and not ourselves, made the wedding. I left it so, sure of nothing so much as that, whatever her way of thought might be, it was better than my own.

"But if I do not sign it?" she said at length.

"Then we are not married."

She sighed and laid down the pen. "Then I shall not sign it yet," she said. I caught her hand as though I would write for her.

"No," she said, "this shall be only our engagement, our troth between us. This will be our way. I have not yet been sufficiently wooed, John Cowles."

I looked into her eyes, and it seemed to me I saw there something of the same light I had seen there when she was the masked coquette of the Army ball. But I saw also what had been in her eyes each time I had seen her since that hour. I left it so, knowing that her way would be best. I did not urge her to sign.

"When we have escaped," she went on, "if ever we do escape, then this will still be our troth, will it not, John Cowles?"

"Yes, and our marriage, when you have signed, now or any other time. I shall make a ring—of horn, perhaps. I had none now."

"But if you had ever signed words like these with any other woman, then it would not be our marriage nor our troth, would it, John Cowles?"

"No," I said. Ah, God! I felt my face grow ashy cold and pale in one sudden breath of remembrance too long delayed. Now, for the first time, *I remembered Grace Sheraton!*

"But why do you look so sad?" she asked of me. "Is it not well to wait?"

"Yes, it is well to wait," I said. She was so absorbed that she did not look at me closely.

Again she took up the charred stick in her little hand, and hesitated. "See," she said, smiling, "I shall sign one letter of my name each week, until all my name is written! Till that last letter we shall be engaged. After the last letter, when I have signed it of my own free will, and clean, and solemn—clean and solemn, John Cowles, then we will be—— Oh, take me home—take me to my father, John Cowles," she broke out. "This is a hard, hard place for a girl to be."

Sobbing and sobbing, she hid her head on my breast, disturbed, but seeing that she might now be more free; needing some manner of friend, but still—what? Still woman. Poor Saxon I must have been, had I not sworn to love her fiercely and singly all my life, in spite of all.

I looked at the robe, now fallen loose upon the ground, and saw that she had affixed one letter of her name and stopped. She smiled wanly. "Your name would be shorter to sign a little at a time," she said, "but a girl must have more time. She must wait."

She was weary and strained. A pathetic droop came to the corners of her mouth. The palm of her little hand turned up loosely, as though she had been tired and now was resting. "We must wait," she said, as though to herself. I took her hand, and kissed it in the palm.

But what of me that night, when I had taken my own house and bed beyond a thicket, that she might be alone? That night I found myself breathing hard in terror and dread, gazing up at the stars in agony, beating my hands on the ground at the thought of the ruin I had wrought, the crime that I had done.

I have said that I would tell simply the

truth in these pages. This is the truth, the only extenuation I may claim—the strength and sweetness of all this present life had utterly wiped out my past, had put away, as though forever, the world I once had known. Until the moment Ellen Meriwether began the signing of her name, I had forgotten that ever in the world was another by name of Grace Sheraton. I may not be believed—I ought not to be believed, but this is the truth.

A forsworn man, I lay there, thinking of her, sweet, simple, serious and trusting, who had promised to love me till she should go back into the flowers. Far rather had I been beneath the sod that moment. For I knew, since I loved Ellen Meriwether, *she must not in ignorance complete the signing of her name.*

## CHAPTER XXIX

### THE FLAMING SWORD

The question of food ever thrust itself into first place for settlement. Early the next morning I set out upon a short exploring expedition through our new country, to learn what I might of its resources. We had barely two dozen bullets left; and few hunters would promise themselves over a dozen head of big game for two dozen shots.

I cast about me in search of red cedar that I might make a bow. I searched the willow thicket for arrow shafts, and prowled among little flints and pointed stones on the shores of our stream, seeking arrow points. It finally appeared to me that we might rest here for a time and be fairly safe to make a living in some way. Then, as I was obliged to admit, we would need to hurry on to the southward.

But again fate had its way with us, setting aside all plans. When I returned to our encampment, instead of her coming out to meet me as I expected, I found her lying in the shade of the little tepee, unable to stand.

"You are hurt," I cried. "What has happened?"

"My foot," said she. "I think it is broken!"

As she could, catching her breath, she told me how the accident had happened. Walking along the stony creek bank, she

had slipped, and her moccasined foot, caught in the narrow crack between two rocks, had been held fast as she fell forward. It pained her now almost unbearably. Tears stood in her eyes.

So now it was my turn to be surgeon. Tenderly as I might, I examined the foot, now badly swollen and rapidly becoming discolored. In spite of her protest, although I know it hurt me more than herself, I flexed the foot and found the ankle at least safe. Alas! a little grating in the smaller bones, just below the instep, told me of a fracture.

"Ellen," said I to her, "the foot is broken here—two bones, I think, are gone." She sank back upon her robe with an exclamation as much of horror as pain. "What shall we do!" she murmured. "I shall be crippled!"

"No," I said to her, "we shall mend it. You will get well. In time you will not know it has happened." (Thus always we gave courage to each other.)

All that morning I poured water from a little height upon the bared foot, so that presently the inflammation and the pain lessened. Then I set out to secure some flat splints and some soft bark, and so presently splinted and bound the foot, skillfully as I knew how, and this must have brought the broken bones in good juxtaposition, for at least I know that eventually nature was kind enough to heal this hurt and leave no trace of it.

Now, when she was thus helpless and suffering, needing all her strength, how could I find it in my heart to tell her that secret which it was my duty to tell? How could I inflict upon her a still more poignant suffering than this physical one? Each morning I said to myself, "To-day, if she is better, I will tell her of Grace Sheraton; she must know." But each time I saw her face I could not tell her.

Each day she placed a clean white pebble in a little pile at her side. Presently there were seven.

"John Cowles," she said to me that morning, "bring me our writing, and bring me my pen. A week has gone. To-day I must sign another letter." And she did so. Had the charcoal been living flame, and had she written on my bare heart, she could not have hurt me more.

Of course all our simple duties now de-

volved upon myself. I must hunt, and keep the camp, and cook, and bring the fuel, so that much of the time I was by necessity away from her. Feverishly I explored all our little valley, and exulted that here, at least, nature was kind to us. I trapped hares in little runways, and very often I killed stupid grouse with stones or sticks as they sat in the trees; and in bark baskets that I made, I brought home many berries, now beginning to ripen fully. Roots and bulbs as I found them I experimented with, though not with much success. Occasionally I found fungi which made food. Flowers also I brought to her, flowers of the early autumn, because now the snows were beginning to come down lower on the mountains. In two months winter would be upon us. In one month we would have snow in the valley.

Little piles of white stones at her side grew slowly, slowly. Letter by letter her name grew in visible form on the scroll of our covenant—her name, already written, and more deeply, on my heart. On the fourth week she called once more for her charcoal pen, and signed the last letter of her Christian name!

"See there," she said, "it is all my girl name—see: "E-l-l-e-n." I looked at it, her hand in mine.

"Ellen'!" I murmured. "It is signature enough, because you are the only Ellen in the world." But she put away my hand gently and said, "Wait." And in agony and suspense and fear, I waited.

She asked me now to get her some sort of cut branch for a crutch, saying she was going to walk. And walk she did, though resting her foot very little on the ground. After that, daily she went farther and farther, watched me as I guddled for trout in the stream, aided me as I picked berries in the thickets, helped me with the deer I brought into camp.

"You are very good to me," she said, "and you hunt well. You work. I think you are a man. I am satisfied. I love you. John Cowles—I do love you."

But hearing words so sweet as these to me, still I did not tell her what secret was in my soul. Each day I said to myself that presently she would be strong enough to bear it, and that then I would tell her. But each day passed and I could not speak.

I could not endure the thought of losing her. I say that I could not.

We were busy one of our days, at this work, when all at once we stopped and looked at each other in silence. We had heard a sound. To me it sounded like a rifle shot. We listened. It came again, with others. There was a volley of several shots, a sound certain beyond any manner of question!

My heart stopped. She looked at me, with alarm, as I thought, written upon her face. It was not joy, nor exultation, nor relief. Her eyes were large and startled. There was no smile on her face. These things I noted. I caught her bloody hand in my bloody one, and for an instant I believed we both meditated flight deeper into the wilderness. Yet I reasoned that since these shots were fired on our trail, we must be in all likelihood found in any case, even were these chance hunters coming into our valley, and not a party searching for us.

"It may not be any one we know," I said. "It may be Indians."

"No," said she, "it is my father. They have found us. We must go! John"—she turned toward me and put her hands on my breast—"John!" I saw terror, and regret, and resolve look out of her eyes, but not joy at this deliverance. No, it was not joy that shone in her eyes.

## CHAPTER XXX

### THE LOSS OF PARADISE

Silently we made our way toward the edge of the thicket where it faced upon the open valley. All about me I could hear the tinkling and crashing of fairy crystal walls, the ruins of that vision house I had builded in my soul. At the edge of the thicket we crouched low, waiting and looking out over the valley.

Almost as we paused I saw coming forward the stooping figure of an Indian trailer, half naked, beleggined, moccasined, following our fresh tracks at a trot. But before I could estimate his errand, or prepare to receive him in case he proved an enemy, I saw approaching around a little point of timber, other men, white men, a half dozen of them, one a tall man in dusty garments, with boots, and hat, and gloves.

And then I saw her, my promised wife,

leave my side, and limp and stagger forward, her arms outstretched. "Father!" she cried.

They gathered about us. I saw him look down at her with half horror on his face. Then I noticed that she was clad in fringed skins, that her head covering was a bit of hide, that her hair was burned yellow at the ends, that her foot gear was uncouth, that her hands and arms were brown, where not stained red by the blood in which they had dabbled. I looked down also at myself, and saw then that I was tall, brown, gaunt, bearded, ragged, my clothing of wool well-nigh gone, my limbs wound in puttee bands of hide, my hands large, horny, blackened, uncouth. I reeked with grime. I was a savage new drawn from my cave. I dragged behind me the great grizzled hide of the dead bear, clutched in one hairy hand. And somber and sullen as any savage, brutal and silent in resentment at being disturbed, I stared at them.

"Who are you?" demanded the tall man of me sternly, but still I did not answer. The girl's hands tugged at his shoulders. "It is my friend," she said. "He saved me. It is Mr. John Cowles, father, of the Virginia Cowles family." But he did not hear her, or show that he heard. His arm about her, supporting her as she limped, he turned back down the valley, and we others followed slowly.

Presently he came to the rude shelter which had been our home. Without speaking he walked about the camp, pushed open the door of the little ragged tepee and looked within. The floor was very narrow. There was one meager bed of hides. There was one fire.

"Come with me," he said at length to me. And so I followed him apart, where a little thicket gave us more privacy.

His was a strong face, keen under heavy gray brows, with hair that rose stiff and gray over a high forehead, so that he seemed like some Osage chief, taller by a third than most men, and naturally commanding.

"You are John Cowles, sir, then?" he said to me at length quietly. "Lieutenant Belknap told me something of this when he came in with his men from the East." I nodded and waited.

"Are you aware, sir, of the seriousness

of what you have done?" he broke out. "Why did you not come on to the settlements? What reason was there for you not coming back at once to the valley of the Platte—here you are, a hundred miles out of your way, where a man of any intelligence, it seems to me, would have naturally turned back to the trail. Hundreds of wagons pass there every day. There is a stage line with daily coaches, stations, houses. A telegraph line now runs from one end of the valley to the other. You could not have missed all this had you struck south. A fool would have known that. But you took my girl—" he choked up, and pointed to me, ragged and uncouth.

"Good God! Colonel Meriwether," I cried out at length, "you are not regretting that I brought her through?"

"Almost, sir," he said, setting his lips together. "Almost!"

"Do you regret then that she brought me through—that I owe my life to her?"

"Almost, sir," he repeated. "I almost regret it."

"She is a splendid girl, a noble being," I said to him slowly. "She saved me when I was sick and unable to travel. There is nothing I could do that would pay the debt I owe to her. She is a noble woman."

"She is like her mother," said he quietly. "She was too good for this. Sir, you have done my family a grievous wrong. You have ruined my daughter's life."

Now at last I could talk. I struck my hand hard on his shoulder and looked him full in the eye. "Colonel Meriwether," I said to him, "you lie!"

"What do you mean?" He sternly shook off my hand.

"I brought her through," I said, "and if it would do any good, I would lie down here and die for her. If what I say is not true, draw up your men for a firing squad and let us end it. I don't care to go back to Laramie."

"What good would that do?" said he. "It is the girl's *name* that's compromised, man! Why, the news of this is all over the country—the wires have carried it both sides of the mountains; the papers are full of it in the East. You have been gone nearly three months together, and all the world knows it. Don't you suppose all the world will *talk*? Did I not see—"

he motioned his hand toward our encampment.

I interrupted long enough to tell him briefly of our journey, of our hardships, of what we had gone through, of how my sickness had rendered it impossible for us to return at once, of how we had wandered, with what little judgment remained to us; how we had lived in the meantime.

He shook his head. "I know men," said he.

"Yes," said I, "I would have been no man worth the name had I not loved your daughter, and I admit to you that I shall never love another woman, not in all my life."

In answer he flung down on the ground in front of me something that he carried—the scroll of our covenant, signed by my name and in part by hers!

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"It means, sir," said I, "what it says; that here or anywhere, in sickness or in health, in adversity or prosperity, until I lie down to die and she beside me in her time, we two are in the eye of God married, and in the eye of man would have been, here or wherever else we might be."

I saw his face pale; but a somber flame came into his eyes. "And you say this—you, after all that I know regarding you!"

Again I felt that old chill of terror and self-reproach strike to my heart. I saw my guilt once more, horrible as though an actual presence. I remembered what Ellen Meriwether had said to me regarding any earlier covenant. I recalled my troth plighted earlier to another, before I had ever seen her. So, seeing myself utterly ruined in my own sight and his, I turned to him at length with no pride in my bearing.

"So I presume Gordon Orme has told you," I said to him. "You know of Grace Sheraton, back there."

His lips but closed the tighter. "Have you told her—have you told this to my girl?" he asked finally.

"Draw up your file!" I cried, springing to my feet. "Execute me! I deserve it. No, I have not told her. I admit everything you say—I accept every epithet. Oh, I should have told her. I planned to do so—I should never have allowed her to sign her name there before I had told her everything—been fair to her as I could.

But her accident left her weak—I could not tell her—a thousand things delayed it. Yes, it was my fault. It was wrong."

"Why did you not tell her long ago?"

"Sir, I forgot it," I said to him truthfully. "I had run wild. It is the truth."

He looked me over with contempt. "You are not fit to touch the shoe on my girl's foot," he said slowly. "But now, since this thing has begun, since you have thus involved her and compromised her, and as I imagine in some foul way have engaged her affections—now, I say, it must go on. When we get to Laramie, by God! sir, you shall marry that girl. And then out you go, and never see her face again. My girl is too good for you."

I seated myself, my head in my hands, and pondered. He was commanding me to do that which was my dearest wish in life. But he was commanding me to complete my own folly. And he was forgetting her.

"Colonel Meriwether," said I to him finally, "I love her, and I love no one else. But her father can neither tell me how nor when my marriage ceremony runs; nor can he tell me when to leave the side of the woman who is my wife. I am subject to the orders of no man in the world."

"You refuse to do what you have here planned to do? Sir, that shows you as the cad you are. You proposed to—to live with her here, but not be bound to her elsewhere!"

"That is not true!" I said to him in somber anger. "I proposed to put before her the fact of my own weakness, of my own self-deception, which also was deception of her. I propose to do that now."

"If you did, she would refuse to look at you again. She would not marry you, and then her reputation would be gone!"

"I know it," I said, "but it is right, and it must be done. I must take my chances."

"And your chances mean this alternative—either that my girl's reputation shall be ruined, or else that her heart must be broken. This is what it means, Mr. Cowles. This is what you have brought to us."

"Yes," I said to him slowly, "this is what I have brought."

"Then which do you choose, sir?" he demanded of me.

"I choose to break her heart!" I said.

"Because that is the truth, and that is right. I only know one way to ride, and that is straight."

He smiled at me coldly in his frosty beard. "That sounds well from you," he said bitterly. "Ellen!" he raised his voice. "Ellen, I say, come here at once!"

It was my ear which first heard the rustling of her footsteps at the edge of the thicket as she approached. She came before us slowly, halting, leaning on her crutch. A soft flush shone through the brown upon her cheeks.

Then, lovable in her rags, beautiful in her savagery, the gentleness of generations of culture in all her mien, in spite of her rude garb, she stepped up and laid her hand upon her father's shoulder, one finger half pointing at the ragged scroll of hide, which lay upon the ground before us.

"I signed that, father," she said gently. "I was going to sign it, little by little, a letter each week. We were engaged—nothing more. But here or anywhere, some time, I intend to marry Mr. Cowles."

I heard the groan which came from his throat. She sprang back. "What is it?" she said. The old fire of her disposition again broke out.

"What!" she cried. "You object? Listen, I will sign my name now—I will finish it—give me—give me——" she sought about on the ground for something which would leave a mark. "I say I have not been his, but will be, father—as I like, when I like—now, this very night if I

choose—forever! He has been clean—he has done everything for me—I trust him—I know he is a man of honor——" But her voice broke as she looked at my face.

"What—what *is* it?" she demanded, in her own eyes something of the horror which sat in mine. I see her picture now, tall, straight, sweet, her hands on her lifting bosom, eagerness and anxiety fighting on her face.

"Ellen, child, Mr. Cowles has something to tell you." Thus said her father.

Then some one, in a voice which sounded like mine but was not mine, told her—told her the truth, which sounded so like a lie. Some one, myself yet not myself, went on cruelly, blackening all the sweet blue sky, for her.

I saw her knees sink beneath her, but she shrank back when I would have reached out an arm as of old.

"I hate her!" she blazed. "Suppose she does love you—do I not love you more? Let her lose—some one must lose!" But at the next moment her anger had changed to doubt, to horror.

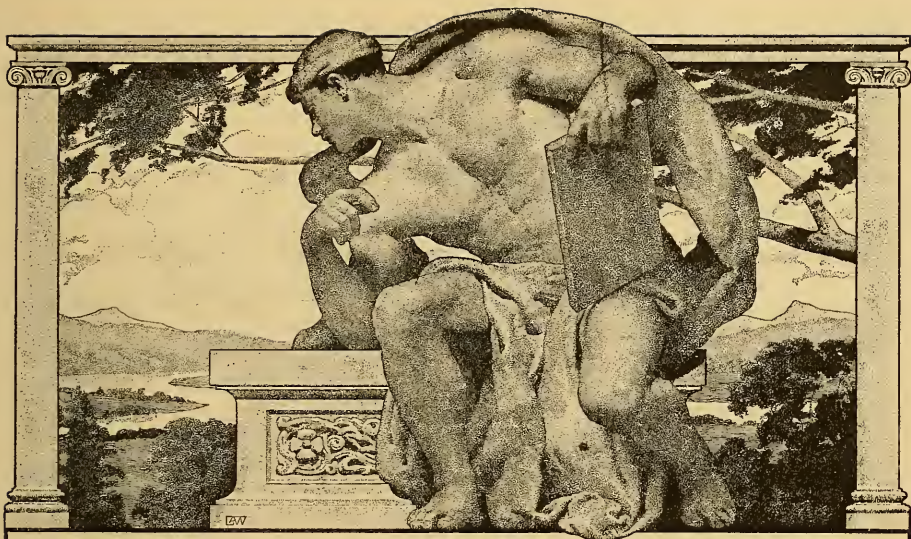
"It is not that you loved another girl," she whispered, "but that you have deceived *me*—here, when I was in your power. Oh, it was not right!"

Then again she changed. Once more the flame of her thoroughbred soul came back to her and saved her from shame. Her face flushed, she stood straight. "I *bate* you!" she cried to me. "Go! I will never see you again."

(To be continued.)







## THE VIEW-POINT ~ BY CASPAR WHITNEY ~

### Put Out Your Fire

Be sure to put out your camp fire before you abandon it in the morning to take up the trail. Do not leave the task for one of your camp servants, not even for your guide whose interest in keeping the woods free of devastating fires being a matter of bread and butter, is therefore the keenest of any of your camp followers, but who, none the less, is apt to be careless. See to it yourself; leave no smoldering back-log of the night's "friendly fire"; leave no smoking coals that have served to broil (so deliciously) the breakfast trout—for such relics so often are fanned into the tiny flame which, feeding upon near-by leaves or moss or bush twigs, grows within two days to a devouring blaze that consumes acres of forest before its withering touch is stayed. If you are close to a brook use its water plentifully, and if water is scarce knock the live ends of the larger sticks until not a spark is left; and scrape dirt over all the coals—not a few handfuls of dust that the wind may scatter at its first breath—but dirt that will bury and smother.

No doubt my average reader thinks I am writing a lot to deliver one small message, but let him consider that hundreds of acres of forest land worth thousands, measured

by dollars, and of inestimable value reckoned as among the industrial resources of the country, are annually destroyed from just such insignificant beginnings as the camp fire which was not put out beyond the power of the passing breeze to resuscitate. Therefore the warning appeal cannot be too much emphasized; nor is the message made too important since we as a nation are using up from three to four times as much wood every year as the country is producing.

Two worthy exhibits of genuine Americanism are (1) not to add to forest destruction by carelessly leaving fire around; and (2) always to plant a new tree—young tree—for every one you destroy. And plant it where it will do the most good.

### As You Like It

This has been a fruitful season for the lawn-tennis critics, but for my part I feel that the tournament exhibitions have just about reflected the *laissez aller* attitude of players and officials of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association—to give its distended title at length—which has the care of the game in keeping. Freely translated *laissez aller* means—let it go; in the vernacular—let things slide; in Bostonese, whence the

U. S. N. L. T. A. takes inspiration for its every act and very being—wot t'ell. Indeed, the latter colloquial classic may be said to now correctly represent prevailing official Association spirit whether the individual has his habitat along the banks of the academic Charles or on the commercial Hudson or beside the limpid, sweet waters of the Chicago. Whether it be as I say, within the bailiwick of the majority of these luminaries, or the issue one of state, or sectional or national significance, the watchword, wot t'ell, appears to be the same and unchanging. So there you are, "wot t'ell"; and what are you going to do about it?

Why do anything about it? Why give yourself any concern whatsoever over it, you, my outdoor loving readers, who play the game for joy of it and for the fun and the splendid exercise it gives you? It is entirely up to the tournament players of state and greater pretensions. If wot t'ell satisfies their desires, well, then—wot t'ell.

**Well  
Mated**

From time to time there is agitation among lawn-tennis players over the question of moving the annual national championship event away from Newport where it is now held, and recently I have seen it positively stated that a new scene of action is to be chosen for 1908. With the present password to the inner, not to say upper, Association circles unchanged, I do not quite see how outsiders, who have no earthly excuse to offer for intrusion save their interest in the game itself and their desire to improve its conditions and to widen its benefits, are going to get even an audience with the all-powerful and self-centered Executive Committee; or if they are permitted to speak, how they are going to square themselves for presuming to think of the interest of the game itself as of more concern than the pleasure of the gentlemen of the Committee. But those are questions which must be left for answer by the courageous who venture upon the preserves where the signboard "no trespass" gives fair warning to the weak of heart and the strong of ego. If, however, among such reckless bravery a dissenting voice will not bring instant annihilation to its owner, I should like to hazard the query of why beard the Association Cerberus in its den? Why not give it rope?

You must be familiar with the traditional result where the supply of rope is unstinted! It is amazing what tragic ends, may, with unruffled serenity, be brought about by this less valiant course; besides, the roaring one, even though tethered, does roam over quite an acreage which saves you a big bit of subsequent pioneering.

Under present Association conditions, Newport with its casual amusement-seeking summer-timers, seems to me to supply precisely the appropriate setting for the championship tournament of a game occupying the place of lawn tennis in the estimate of its official sponsors. Newport is the most congenial environment they could find for one of equal social aspirations and sporting torpidity. Where else would the morning display of gowns be so notable? Where else would the game itself exact so little of time or thought from the tournament officials? Where else could a referee neglect his patent duty so flagrantly and persistently—and hold his job? Where else would an umpire be permitted to attempt scoring a match and writing copy for his newspaper at one and the same time? Move from Newport with all its good dinners, and its social ladder, and its beautiful turf parade ground, and its care-free referee, umpires and linesmen? Why the Association would go to pot; and perhaps be boiled, thoroughly boiled, to lose in vapor all the charming insouciance and exacting provincialism and destroying paternalism which now mark it for their own and make the game so useful to the summer colony of Newport and to the officials of the National Association: and such a boiling would mean freedom for lawn tennis of its old man of the sea, flourishing health, and present Association officials out of a job.

Can the lawn-tennis players of this America, subscribers to the support of the Association, face that momentous possibility with a placid countenance and a calm heart?

**Players  
Catch the  
Spirit of the  
Association**

The tournament at Newport this year showed among the players a wider and readier reflection of Association spirit than has been revealed at any previous championships I have witnessed—which serves to illustrate the force of

example. To start off fittingly—there was no contest in the doubles, the title having been defaulted by Wright and Ward holders, to Alexander and Hackett who, although both Eastern men and by all sporting traditions due to defend the Eastern title which last year they won, went mug hunting in the West where they captured the Western doubles and subsequently, from Clothier and Larned winners of the Eastern doubles, the right to challenge for the national event at Newport. This was followed by the announcement that Beals Wright, who had been one of the team sent to England to make an unsuccessful attempt for the Davis Cup this last summer, was off on an automobile touring New England and having too much fun to make good his entry; then R. D. Little, who has been doing the Eastern circuit rather thoroughly, as well as successfully, this season, also failed to make good his entry; and on the heels of these came the statement that the champion, Clothier, who had shown poor form all season, finally had fallen heir to a bad knee and would not defend his title. To these add the further facts that neither Alexander nor Hackett played (although they could journey one thousand miles west for a cup for which they had no residential right to compete), that of the one hundred and fifteen entries or thereabouts, nearly one hundred should have not ventured off the farm, and it becomes evident that the tournament was one eminently suited to its surroundings. If I still further add that the players in the early rounds had to rely upon one another or good-natured spectators, for judgment on line balls, and that linesmen throughout the tournament right up to and including the semi-finals were mostly wanting, I shall complete the summing up of what we may call a typical Newport Association tournament, of a character, no doubt, to rejoice the hearts of Dr. Dwight, president U. S. N. L. T. A. and the Casino governors.

**Sport  
Spoiling  
Epidemic**

Defaulting, by the way, seems to have been epidemic the past season. Apart from those I have mentioned as incidental to Newport, several other tournaments furnished their delinquent sportsman; and perhaps the most exasperating exhibitions were

given by Hobart who, at Longwood, defaulted the challenge round to Larned, holder, after having beaten LeRoy; and by Alexander in the Western championship singles, who in the semi-finals defaulted to Waidner after he had won two sets; and by Larned and Clothier, who as holders defaulted at Orange to Little and Hackett challengers. There ought to be some penalty attaching to defaults which have no reason other than whim of the offender, but probably none will be exacted by the present Association Committee; the deflection seems rather to fit in with the Association spirit.

**Mediocre  
Tennis**

As to the play, there was not much worth writing about. The defeat, by R. H. Palmer in the preliminary round, of Behr, one of the Davis Cup team and a young man of supposed high promise in this game, side tracked one of those who had been thought most likely to dispute settlement of the All-comers title, and brought to notice another who was, as is customary at Newport, forthwith hailed as a "comer." The quality of the new one's work may be gauged by his defeat at the hands of LeRoy, the intercollegiate champion, who reached the semi-finals to be then put out with great ease by Larned.

The truth is that with Little, Wright, Alexander, and Behr out, the tournament became merely a time server with no especial excitement likely to result or the result of any contest likely to influence the final analysis of the ten-day outing. It was inevitable that W. A. Larned and Clarence Hobart and Robert LeRoy would come through their respective divisions and it was just about as inevitable that both LeRoy and Hobart would be beaten as they were by Larned, who at his worst is still a class or two above either of these two, while at his best he is beyond even their vision. Larned was about middling good when he met LeRoy and Hobart last month; he showed neither his worst nor his brilliant best, but what he did show was good enough to unhesitatingly walk through both his final opponents in three straight sets. Both Larned and Hobart are to be commended for staying in the game, and they literally saved the Newport tournament from being positively mediocre.

**"Grand Old Men"  
of the Game**

I hear talk of Larned's retirement from the game, but I hope it is merely speculation, and I would point to him the praiseworthy example of Clarence Hobart, who has put to shame all the other so-called "old timers" by playing continuously since he was ranked sixth among the leading ten in 1890. It is somewhat indicative of the progress of American lawn tennis to note that in 1891, Hobart won the All-comers from F. H. Hovey, and in 1892 the same Hovey won the same event from Larned. That was about the first year of Larned's prominence in the game and he has been among the first ten from that time until now, fifteen years; shorter in years than the public career of Hobart, but with a high rank longer sustained than any player on either side the Ocean has yet put to his credit. He has never been but once each so low as fifth and sixth on the first ten, and for the larger number of times his place has been second or third. Curiously he won his first national title by the default of the holder (Whitman in 1901), who in the previous year had beaten him after he had earned the right to challenge through winning the All-comers. He successfully defended in 1902 against R. F. Doherty the title he had taken the previous season; and now this year for the third time he has attained to national honors and for the second time through the default of the holder (Clothier). Among American champions, R. D. Sears still bears the palm for length of incumbency—he having held the title from 1881 to '87 inclusive, at a period when the game was making its first appearance in this country, and there were not half a dozen fair players in the entire land. R. D. Wrenn comes next with four wins to his credit, and he had to fight for every one of them, for his was the most active and the most plentifully supplied period of the game's history in this country. O. S. Campbell, who may be said to have been the forerunner of the present day game, and M. D. Whitman, who introduced the twist service which set in motion a little revolution of its own, each has three winnings of the national championship title to his credit.

**Only a  
Few Left**

It certainly is to be hoped that Larned will not retire, for he is the one solitary man playing to-day whose best form touches what we know as high class; a class to which the Dohertys, Campbell, R. D. Wrenn, Whitman, and Larned have rightful title—a class too small and choice to afford loss of one of the most brilliant if most erratic of them. There were none at Newport this year or outside of it that have given evidence of knocking for admittance on the door of this class. Little, LeRoy, Behr, and Alexander appear to be about the only ones of the season's players to whom the first class is possible if they keep on working and improving (W. F. Johnson is promising); but reaching the "first class" in the Association ranking is not necessarily real first-class tennis form. As for the high class of which Larned is the sole survivor—there are no candidates in sight.

**Damaged  
Goods**

As to where we stand internationally in the matter of lawn-tennis form—Wilding, the poorer of the Australian pair that carried the Davis Cup off to the Antipodes with them, beat Behr three out of five sets, and Brookes the Australian crack, went through Wright in three straight. Under the circumstances we think the Newport tournament would have afforded Wright needed practice; or maybe he also is to retire. Defaulting or retiring appears to be the vogue where for one cause or another apparently justifiable in the eyes of the defaulter, an impending issue is to be dodged. We had the first exhibition of the tendency when the effort was making to send a team after the Davis Cup, and the national championships closed the season's show with the rarest exhibit of them all.

It must be recorded for the year that tournament tennis players, as distinguished from that great body who play for love of the game on small town, club, or private courts, have indulged in antics which have brought no credit to them, to the Association or to the game; the spirit revealed by some of these players and the spirit long displayed by the Association is no credit to sportsmen or to the sportsmanship of America.

# LOOKING FOR QUAIL

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY

TEN birds a day is a good limit for the quail-shooter everywhere to set for himself. With a little self-restraint and some practical precaution as to wintering the birds and providing for their nesting, roosting, and playing grounds, quail can be raised on any farm where the winters are not prohibitory of their existence. They often nest close to a village, and may be seen in some of the small inland towns, running through the gardens in the outskirts. But they must have cover, and the destruction of cover all over the country is one of the most insidious causes for the scarcity of these birds.

Quail are farm-loving birds, susceptible of being raised easily and successfully with a moderate amount of care. The outlook for quail shooting for the future depends entirely on the unselfishness and enthusiasm of the shooting fraternity more than on legislation, however valuable it may be. The killing of hawks, crows, weasels, skunks, and feathered or furred vermin of whatever sort always will be of vast benefit to quail life, no matter what the sentimentalists urge to the contrary.

Resolve to do something to make the sport last out in your particular state. Send birds out into the country for breeding each spring, and talk with your farmer friends about saving cover and even planting it for the quail. It is wonderful how little cover will suffice where corn or wheat and oats are grown, and an old orchard may be made a veritable treasure-trove.

Ravines in corn fields, hazel brush along the fences and on creek bottoms are where quail love to resort, and they are safer there from hawks and owls than anywhere else. Plant willows in the damp spots, for willows grow like weeds, and a willow thicket is not only a good place for the birds to nest in, but it's a mighty tough place to shoot them in as they rise over the tops of the cover almost like a woodcock.

Personally I prefer a sixteen-gauge gun to shoot quail with, although a twelve-gauge will answer. As the average quail is killed within a range of forty yards, and oftener at fifteen to twenty-five yards, a cylinder-bored gun will give the best results. To use a full-choke gun in quail shooting is often to reduce the bird to a pulp with the shot. Even a modified choke in the left hand barrel is not necessary. A cylinder-bored gun shoots very "wickedly," as there is nothing to retard the velocity of the shot, and will kill the birds clean without tearing them. A quail is a remarkably soft and tender bird, and the practice of using choked and modified choked guns on them is a great mistake. Number eight shot is the best.

I prefer a pointer where the country is not too rough, and where water is plentiful, but where there is much work among briars and scrub a setter dog will stand the going best. Water is a necessity for either, and where water is scarce, it should be brought along in a rig of some kind. A dog may run for hours without finding birds, and he will "play out," especially in warm weather, if he cannot get water. Remember quail seldom fly straight away when they are flushed, and that you are more likely, if the cover into which they have gone is about the same, to find them to the right or left rather than straight ahead of you. Their natural instinct is to curve sharply to the right or left just as they are about to alight, rather than to drop down like a grouse. Remember also their trick of hugging under overhanging banks, diving deeply into brush piles, lighting in trees, running into hollow logs, burrowing into corn shocks, hiding under fallen logs and even concealing themselves under fallen leaves in apparently bare ground. Don't hurry a dog when birds have been started, but hunt slowly. Don't hurry to shoot unless you only have a second to shoot in. Quail very often rise right under a man's feet. Insist on your companion hunting even with you, not ahead or behind. Never at any time shoot unless you know exactly where your companion or companions are.

Likely places for quail will be found in brushy slue in corn fields, and in the fields themselves, especially after the corn has been shucked and scattered grains are in evidence between the corn rows; along brushy and thickety fences; along sag arranged hedges; in blackberry thickets in old wheat fields; in buckwheat patches, or in patches where peas have been planted; in old orchards—one of the most promising of spots; in ravines in the timber where there is brush and grass along the sides, and logs and bushes in the bottom; in willow thickets close to the timber or in corn fields; in the stubbles in the evening where they will come out to roost, or where they may be found in the daytime, feeding on scattered grain, particularly in wheat stubbles. In the morning they will generally be found running about feeding, unless the day is misty or rainy; in that case look in the thickets and along the hedges and fences. Learn to shoot with both eyes wide open, and get a gun that fits you like a glove. A straight-stocked gun is my favorite for this kind of shooting, for most shots will be on birds that have a rising tendency, and the straight stock will help to align the gun best.

# THE USE AND ABUSE OF THE CHECK-REIN

BY FRANCIS M. WARE

WHILE most parts of any harness, as manufactured at the present time, have their important and evident uses, there is one item which is responsible for much acute suffering to its unfortunate wearers; which is in very general use, and almost as general abuse; which is applied without thought or reason in most cases; which is, handled with discretion, a most valuable invention; with callous indifference, an instrument of ingenious torture—and this implement is the check-rein, whether for heavy or light harness work, whether in the ordinary form of side-check or of the over-draw type. Not one man in ten can give a good sensible *reason* for checking, and not one horse in one hundred needs—*really needs*—any such appliance. True the colt in training is the better mouthed and the more quickly maneuvered if the check is worn, and drawn up to a point where he must steady his balance, carry himself well, and through it learn to bend himself, and to deport himself generally as a harness horse should; but even here a naturally well-balanced animal will “make himself” to satisfaction without the use of any such contrivance.

Most youngsters are not thus well-poised by nature, and the check has, in early training, its valuable points, but once maturity is attained the more liberty the head and neck can have, in most cases, the better the horse endures and the longer he lasts—so that there is a cash equivalent to be considered, aside from the matter of mere humanity to animals which apparently has nowadays so little *practical* interest for the average citizen. With *sentimental* interest we are nauseated. Any wayfarer upon our city streets, or along park drives or speedways, will see hundreds of cases of the most outrageous abuse of the check-rein, every day and all day, passing unrebuked by complacent owner, indifferent spectator, or purblind official paid for and delegated (presumably) to the purpose of preventing it. We are daily indorsing and ourselves possibly ignorantly perpetrating one of the most ingenious cruelties known to man by cramping the muscles, and hampering the breathing powers of defenseless animals day after day, year after year—and this not for a few moments at a time, but for hours and hours—and in the months when insects swarm and the sun glares down, as when winds blow and the sharp sleet drives. You know the sensation of one fly crawling

on the hand for an instant; of biting wind and rasping hail and snow. Fancy what it is to afford, on head, neck, and shoulders, a pasture to countless insects for hours in the one period, meanwhile glaring helplessly up at the blazing sun; and in the other months to face the stinging and rasping of the elements upon your defenseless body, while your head and neck, in the grip of a tight check and sharp bit [reinforced by the whip when needful (?)] is immovably pointing straight up and into the tempest which harasses you. Or, in the case of the light-harness horse—the road-horse—to find that the tension of the check which, when that fast record was made, was tightened only for the brief period of fast work, now continues throughout a long afternoon's drive of from two to three hours, because the owner is too thoughtless or too ignorant to permit any change from what has been found necessary in speeding, or from what some one told him was the proper elevation of the head for the animal in question—information usually as worthless as it was carelessly given.

The private owners are the most deliberate and outrageous offenders in this respect, and that they leave these matters to their coachmen and grooms so generally in no way excuses them for such sins of omission. John and James know that they are expected to maintain the proud appearance of the bays or browns which Mr. Croesus purchased at such a long price, and Mr. Dealer also knew that upon his presenting these luckless animals to their present owner in an airy and animated attitude, both moving and standing, depended his securing that corpulent check which Mr. C. exchanged for the paragons in question. Mr. Dealer, while he severely “bore up” these horses with the checks, rarely or never thus put them in irons for longer than fifteen or twenty minutes at a time, and would never dream of driving any horse thus hampered for his own use. Imagine what the long calling and shopping hours—the tedious waits at the ball, opera, or play—must be to such luckless quadrupeds; the dreadful stress for *hours* upon the tired muscles. Movement will somewhat relieve the strain, and during it, the horse naturally carries a more elevated front, but the flat-footed wait—notice how the men upon the box, though sitting quite at ease, shift and squirm about on their seats, and judge therefore in some feeble degree of the agony of the motionless horses. Remem-

ber, for instance, that you ordered the carriage at say 7.30 P.M. to go to the theater. It arrives five or ten minutes ahead of time. After leaving you at the playhouse the horses return to the stable, probably to wait until time to return to the theater to convey you home. Now, during these long hours they not improbably are *left checked up* to prevent rubbing the blinkers or pulling the bridles off on the pole-head; but even if not, they must, to get a good place in the line, be on hand at the theater by ten o'clock, or thereabouts, and wait there for from thirty minutes to an hour. Now, reader, your horses are probably thus checked up from *three to four hours* without *one moment's* ease or rest, and in the average calling or shopping tour from one to three hours more of confinement is inflicted. Are the checks ever loosened? Are the horses' heads let down? Do you know "of your own knowledge" whether they are or not? Have you looked at your check-reins recently and noticed how every hole *but the one* on each horse's bridle is innocent of the imprint of buckle-tongue, but on the contrary showing, by their filling of soap or "compo" that they have never been used? Don't you think that such investigation comes fairly in the line of your responsibilities, and that you have no business to own dumb animals if you are too indifferent to care for them? "Oh, bother," perhaps you say, "my man is paid to attend to that." Well, so is your book-keeper to look after your business details—do you not oversee him a little? Both precautions find due equivalents in results, and have similar cash values.

Bad as may be the effects and severe as is the punishment of the usual heavy-harness bridoon side-check, the almost universal "overdraw" variety used on our light-harness horses is assuming the proportions of a national calamity, and so far as conformation and carriage goes, is apparently working lasting injury to our light-harness horse, and to his heavy-harness compeer who graduates from the light apparel to the heavier leather if his physical attributes chance to make him desirable for such work. Our native horse possesses two very radical, and general defects—first, ewe-necks (shortness and straightness of what should be the crest, and overdevelopment of the throat-curve, as if the neck were upside down; second, the hocks too far behind the body, both at rest and in motion, accompanied by a lightness of second-thigh, and narrowness of the thigh itself which is most marked and yearly becoming more pronounced. Now if we put a tight overdraw check upon any horse and let him wear it long enough to get thoroughly tired—and that will not take many minutes—we shall find him to assume this attitude in so far as his personal shape admits—*i.e.*, as to neck and hocks. May not, therefore, this very implement, in universal use for nearly fifty years, worn

by every colt and by most horses all their lives, have developed certain muscles for generations and released others until the existing distortion has become hereditary? Ewe-neck is common *in no other breed* but our trotting horse; neither thoroughbred, Percherons, Hackneys, or any coach or draft breed show it to any extent, and when the harness families do, it is in the grades which descend from some trotting-bred mare. Why is this? And are we not trifling with a most important factor in our national prosperity in thus heedlessly perpetuating the many misshapen brutes which we find on every road and trotting track, and in every trotting stud? The chief value to-day of our trotting-bred horse lies in his adaptability in make, shape and action to the purposes of heavy harness, or under saddle when (possibly) crossed with other blood. As a race horse (trotter) he is finding less of a market every year. Neither trotting as a sport, nor speedway driving rank high in popular favor, much as every one would like to see them do so. The three-cornered, slab-sided, spindle-shanked, spliced-legged brute that can be so twisted up in outlandish contrivances that he *must* stay on a trot or pace or fall down and kill himself and his fool driver has less value every minute, and *no value whatever* in any country but this. The toppy, full-made, active, round-turned, bold-fronted roadster with good substance, fair action and as much level pace as possible will always be in demand the world over, and always at remunerative rates. If we can breed such animals in quantity, good enough for our own and foreign markets in every respect but the two named, surely it is well worth while to ponder if these failings are not, in a measure at least, caused by the persistent use for years of a mechanical appliance which had, and has, its merits in certain cases, but possesses by no means the general advantages which we are wont to accord it.

Not only does the check-rein often cruelly elevate the head and neck, but its very stringency enforces a pressure of the head-stall upon the crown and about the ears which is most uncomfortable, and frequently acutely painful to thin-skinned horses. In addition the bridoon bit is (in heavy harness) drawn very tightly up into the mouth-angles, forcing the cheeks against the teeth, and often severely wounding them. Not a few horses are made to drive upon one rein, and to become heavy-headed "luggers" by the effect of the short check and its action upon the bridoon bit. If, in addition, the unfortunate subject chance to be short-necked, or narrow of jowl and broad of throat, or possessed of a naturally low-hung neck, he is offered a choice of torments, and may either suffer from the tight rein, or hang his head full weight upon it, and by thus deadening the circulation in his mouth find

in the numbness of the lower jaw a surcease to his misery by learning to pull, and thus to develop a "dead" and probably uneven mouth. Notice the congestion of the tongue and lower jaw of such a poor brute, and figure what sensation can possibly remain, after an hour or more in its empurpled, bruised, and benumbed membranes. It is doubtful if any puller was ever born—they are all "made" by the deft mismanagement of man—aided by the infernal ingenuity of the check-rein; yet in the same breath it must be said that no horse in the world possesses the even, delicate, responsive mouth of the animal educated by the American trotting-horse developer, who *uses* and does not *abuse* the check; who suits the driving bit to the mouth and tongue and the animal's fancy; who allows, or compels, the animal to keep his mouth always closed, and that organ and the lip-angles consequently moist—without which no horse can either "make" or maintain that most valuable attribute—a "good mouth." How many of these ends could be as readily attained without any check at all, few handlers strive to discover, the pupils who escape being the few determined youngsters who *will not* submit to it, and are allowed to develop without it—in most cases to the perfect satisfaction of both parties. The high side-check—the loops sewn upon the *crown-piece*—was at one time in much favor, and would be so to-day were it more generally in use in light harness. For a fast horse which takes a hard hold at speed such checks would probably not answer well, as the overdraw usually prevents such an animal from choking however hard he pulls, but, at all events for road work, hard pullers nowadays are not driven, and in fact so generally good are the mouths of latter-day fast horses that most of them take merely a pleasant grip of the bit at any pace, and even then most may be coaxed to drive more and more lightly in hand until finally an almost slack rein will answer. Light-mouthed horses will always, after they have become a little used to the change from the familiar overdraw, go most pleasantly in the high side-check, and, with it, precaution should always be taken to use a nose-band to keep the mouth closed. Had the side-check no other advantage, the fact that the horse's attitude is, with it, far more natural and graceful than when awkwardly straining in the overdraw, should make the former far more acceptable before any gentleman's equipage. Moreover proper shoeing and balancing will do much to offset the need of any check, or at least a tight one, and many a luckless race- or road-horse is being

checked up until his vertebræ creak, and his eyes roll in his head because of an unsteadiness which proper balancing of his four corners with shoes, toe-weights, protecting boots and other contrivances would both quickly and permanently correct.

Checks are needed in any kind of double harness, and no pair of horses is safely "put to" without them. There can be no worse runaway than that where an animal has lost his bridle, and especially in warm weather, horses are prone to rub their heads against anything to allay the irritation caused by heat and swarming insects. Thus any bridle may be pulled off, or the rein, or some other part, caught in a most dangerous manner, if the heads of the animals are not kept from going too low by checks. They also serve to steady a pair in a way, not as holding them in a vise, but as defining limits of relaxation beyond which they may not go—and these limits may be very generous. The *very* straight-shouldered draught horse also needs, if, as usual, he is very low-headed, a moderate check lest he, by his posture, bring the draft so low upon the points of his shoulders as to badly chafe them. A slight elevation of the head prevents this and keeps the collar up in a better place.

No one at all familiar with horses and their vagaries could object to the *use* of the check-rein—but all must deprecate the *abuse* of it which is continually increasing. An occasional spasmodic effort to regulate matters is made by the Society which has charged itself with such matters, but as with the much-discussed "burrs" on bridle-bits, practically nothing whatever is done. Horses need all the freedom they can get in order to navigate the city streets at all, now that asphalt is so general, and motor grease is making its footing even more precarious. Tight checks, large and close blinkers, tight pole-pieces, and wet, greasy asphalt make a desperate combination for the hapless creatures, and in a few months we shall again be holding our breaths and gritting our teeth as we watch them floundering and falling on the icy pavements—and, as usual, do nothing to stop it! If every horse working to-day could be allowed, no matter how loosely his check lies, from four to six holes more, he would last longer, wear better, do more work more cheerfully, and prove in each instance that the merciful man had not wholly forgotten the patient beast which had no one else in all the world to look to for care and consideration, but had realized and fulfilled his obligations actually—and at such a trifling personal cost! This is *one* evil we can all correct—why not do it?



# HORSE, MULE, OR BURRO FOR THE TRAIL

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

## MULES

A GOOD riding mule, when you can get him, and provided you intend to use him only for trail travel in the mountains, is about the best proposition. A mule is more sure-footed than a horse, and can subsist where a horse would starve. On the other hand, he is not much good off a walk, never acquires the horse's interest in getting around stubborn stock, and is apt to be mean.

None of these objections, however much they may influence your decision as to saddle animals, will have any weight against a pack beast. For the latter purpose the mule is unexcelled. But probably in the long run, you will prefer to ride a horse.

## BURROS

Burros are an aggravation; and yet in some circumstances they are hard to beat. They are unbelievably slow, and unbelievably stubborn. When they get tired—or think they do—they stop, and urging merely confirms their decision to rest. You cannot hurry them. They hate water, and it is sometimes next to impossible to force them into a deep or swift stream. They are camp thieves, and will eat anything left within their reach. Still, they can live on sage brush, go incredible periods without drinking, make their way through country impassable to any other hoofed animals excepting goats and sheep. Certain kinds of desert travel are impossible without them; and some rough mountaineering is practicable only with their aid.

At times you will be driven to the use of them. In such an emergency gird your soul with patience; and buy big ones.

Pack mules are almost impossible to get, and are generally very high priced. A good pack mule does not mean any old mule that comes along. The animal should be rather small, chunkily built, gentle as to the heels and teeth, accustomed to carrying and taking care of a pack, trained to follow the saddle horses, and not inclined to stray from camp. Such perfection costs anywhere from seventy-five to one hundred and fifty dollars. It is worth the price to one who does much packing; but as perfectly adequate pack horses can be had for from twenty to forty dollars and are easy to find, you will in all likelihood choose them.

## CHOOSING A HORSE

Now I know perfectly well that I can tell you nothing about choosing a horse. If you are a New Englander you will know all about the trade; if you are a New Yorker, you could give me points on every horse in the ring; if you are middle west, you probably have raced or worked or traded or raised more horses than I will ever ride. But in selecting a mountain horse, his mere points as a physical specimen are often little in his favor, while glaring defects may concern his usefulness hardly at all.

Never mind, at first, how the horse offered for your inspection looks. Examine him for blemishes later. You must first discover if he is sure-footed and courageous. An eastern horse would not last five minutes on a western trail. A western horse, no matter how accustomed to mountain work, is worse than useless if subject to ordinary horse-panics at suddenly rustling leaves, unexpected black stubs, and the like. He must attend to his footing, keep his eyes for the trail, and *be wise*. Next you must inquire if this steadiness carries over into other things. He must stand when left without hitching, and must be easy to catch. Often you will have to dismount for the purpose of clearing trail, helping the pack train, tightening ropes, or reconnoitering. At such junctures iron hitching posts are not always at hand. Nothing is more aggravating than the necessity of searching everywhere for a place to tie; or worse, to be forced to chase down and coax quiet a horse that has promptly decamped when left for a moment to himself. Nor does it add to your joy to get up at four for the purpose of making an early start, only to spend the extra hour filched from sleep in an attempt to catch some snorting fool horse.

The picture I have sketched looks to you somewhat like what is known as an "old cow," doesn't it? But in reality good horses of the quality named are not difficult to find. Equine intelligence is of a higher grade West than East, mainly because a western horse is all his life thrown on his own resources. It is perfectly possible to find a horse both handsome and spirited, which will nevertheless permit himself to be directly approached in pasture, and will stand until further orders on the trail.

But the point is that it is much better—

oh, infinitely!—to get an “old cow” than a horse without these qualities. The “old cow” will carry you, and will be there when wanted. That is the main thing in the mountains. While as for the other horse, no matter how well bred he is, how spirited, how well gaited, how handsome, how appealing in every way to a horseman’s eye, he will be worse than no horse if you have to keep your hands on him; if he must be picketed at night; if he is likely to shy on a bad trail; if he may refuse to tackle a rough place or to swim a river.

Of course it is nice to ride a good-looking horse; but in the mountains most emphatically “handsome is what handsome does.” The horses I now own are fine animals and fine mountain ponies; but some of the best I have ever ridden a horseman would not look at twice. On a time, being under the absolute necessity of getting a pack quickly, I purchased a bay that I promptly named Methuselah. He was some sixteen years old, badly stove forward by hard riding, and not much of a horse anyway. For three months he carried a pack. Then one day I threw a saddle on him to go a short distance on some little errand. Methuselah, overjoyed, did his best. The old horse was one of the best mountain saddlers in the outfit. He climbed surely and well; he used his head in negotiating bad places; would stay where he was put. The fact that he was not sound was utterly unimportant, for not once in a week was he required to go faster than a walk.

On the other hand, I once owned a Bill-horse, mountain bred and raised. He was a beautiful beast, proud, high-stepping—one you would be glad to be seen on. He would have been worth considerable money and would have afforded much solid satisfaction if I had wanted him for cow work, or pleasure riding in the lower country. But it was absolutely impossible to catch him, even hobbled, without a corral. One day I saw him leap from a stand, and with hobbles, over a fence and feed trough. So I traded him for another, not nearly so much of a horse as a horse, but worth two dozen Bill-horses.

#### GUN-SHYNESS

One other thing you must notice, and that is whether or not the beast is gunshy. A great many stampede wildly at the report of firearms. I once owned a pack horse named Sam Fat on which for some time I congratulated myself. He was a heavy animal and could carry a tremendous load; and yet he was sure-footed and handled himself well on rough country. He was gentle and friendly. He took perfect care of his pack. And he followed perfectly. No one needed to ride behind him to keep Sam Fat coming. I used to turn him loose when I started, and pay no more attention to him until I stopped.

No matter how rich the feed through which we passed, Sam Fat was always on hand when the halt was called. And, very important point, he was a good rustler—he kept fat and sleek on poor feed when other horses gaunted. Altogether Sam Fat was a find. Then one day one of the party shot off a harmless little twenty-two caliber pop-gun. Sam Fat went crazy. He squatted flat, uttered a terrified squeal, and departed through the woods, banging his pack against trees and hanging limbs. We chased him a mile, and finally brought him back, but all the rest of the day he was panicky. I tried to get him accustomed to shooting by tying him near our target practice, but it was no use. Finally, though reluctantly, I sold him.

So when the natives bring in their horses for your selection, blind your eyes to the question of looks and points until you have divided the offering into two parts—those that are sure-footed, courageous, gentle, tractable, easy to catch, good grub rustlers; and if pack horses, those that will follow and will take care of their packs, and those that lack one or more of these qualifications. Discard the second group. Then if the first group contains nothing but blemished or homely horses, make the best of it, perfectly sure that the others might as well not exist.

#### QUALIFICATIONS

In general, a horse just from pasture should have a big belly. A small-bellied horse will prove to be a poor feeder, and will probably weaken down on a long hike. The best horse stands from fourteen hands to fourteen two, and is chunkily built. There are exceptions, both ways, to this rule. A pack horse is better with low withers on account of the possibility of sore backs. Avoid a horse whose ears hang sidewise from his head; he is apt to be stubborn. As for the rest, horse sense is the same everywhere.

#### WHAT A HORSE SHOULD CARRY

A pack-horse can carry two hundred pounds—not more. Of course, more can be piled on him, and he will stand up under it, but on a long trip he will deteriorate. Greater weights are carried only in text books, in camp-fire lies, and where a regular pack route permits of grain feeding. A good animal, with care, will take two hundred successfully enough, but I personally always pack much lighter. Feed costs nothing, so it is every bit as cheap to take three horses as two. The only expense is the slight bother of packing an extra animal. In return you can travel farther and more steadily, the chances of sore backs are minimized, your animals keep fat and strong, and in case one meets with an accident, you can still save all your effects on the other. For the last

three years I have made it a practice to pack only about a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five pounds when off for a very long trip. My animals have always come out fat and hearty, sometimes in marked contrast to those of my companions, and I have not had a single case of sore back.

#### SORE BACKS

The latter are best treated by Bickmore's Gall Cure. Its use does not interfere in the least with packing; and I have never seen a case it did not cure inside ten days or two weeks.

#### HOW FAR A HORSE SHOULD TRAVEL

In the mountains and on grass feed twenty miles a day is big travel. If you push more than that you are living beyond your income. It is much better, if you are moving every day, to confine yourself to jaunts of from twelve to fifteen miles on an average. Then, if necessity arises, you have something to fall back on, and are able to make a forced march.

#### MOUNTAIN TRAVEL

The distance may seem very short to you if you have never traveled in the mountains; but as a matter of fact you will probably find it quite sufficient, both in length of time and in variety of scenery. To cover it you will travel steadily for from six to eight hours; and in the diversity of country will be interested every step of the way. Indeed, so varied will be the details, that it will probably be difficult to believe you have made so small a mileage until you stop to reflect that, climbing and resting, no horse can go faster than two or two and one-half miles an hour.

#### DESERT TRAVEL

On the desert or the plains the length of your journey must depend entirely on the sort of feed you can get. Thirty miles a day for a long period is all a fed-horse can do, while twenty is plenty enough for an animal depending on his own foraging. Longer rides are not to be considered in the course of regular travel. I once did one hundred and eighty miles in two days—and then took a rest.

#### TIME TO TRAVEL

In the mountains you must keep in mind that a horse must both eat and rest, and that he will not graze when frost is on the meadows. Many otherwise skillful mountaineers ride until nearly dark, and are up and off soon after daylight. They wonder why their horses lose flesh and strength. The truth is the poor beasts must compress their twenty-four hours of sustenance into the short noon stop, and the shorter even-

ing before the frost falls. It is often much wiser to get a very early start, to travel until the middle of the afternoon, and then to go into camp. Whatever inconvenience and discomfort you may suffer is more than made up for by the opportunities to hunt, fish or cook afforded by the early stop; and the time you imagine you lose is regained in the long run by the regularity of your days' journeys.

On the desert or the plains where it is hot, to the contrary, you will have better luck by traveling early and late. Desert journeying is uncomfortable, anyway, but has its compensations. We ordinarily get under way by three in the morning, keep going until nine, start about six again—after supper—and travel until nine of the evening. Thus we take advantage of whatever coolness is possible, and see the rising and the falling of the day, which is the most wonderful and beautiful of the desert's gifts.

#### CLIMBING

Going up steep hills in high altitudes you must breathe your horse every fifty feet or so. It need not be a long rest. Merely rein him in for eight or ten seconds. Do the same thing *always* before entering the negotiation of a bad place in the trail. Do this no matter how fresh and eager your animal may seem. Often it spells the difference between a stumble and a good clean climb. An experienced pack-horse will take these rests on his own initiative, stopping and also starting again with the regularity of clockwork.

It does not hurt a horse to sweat, but if ever he begins to drip heavily, and to tremble in the legs, it is getting time to hunt the shade for a rest. I realize that such minor points as these may be perfectly well known to every one likely to read these articles, and yet I have seen so many cases of ignorance of them on the trail that I risk their inclusion here

#### UNSADDLING

Every hour or two loosen the cinches of your saddle horse and raise the saddle and blankets an inch or so to permit a current of air to pass through. Steaming makes the back tender. When you unsaddle him or the pack animals, if they are very hot, leave the blankets across them for a few moments. A hot sun shining on a sweaty back causes small pimples which may develop into sores. It is better to bathe with cold water the backs of green horses; but such a trouble is not necessary after they are hardened.

#### TO PICK UP A HORSE'S FEET

Two more things I will mention, though strictly speaking they do not fall in the province of equipment articles. When you pick up a horse's hind foot, face to the

rear, put the hand nearest the horse firmly against his flank and use the other to raise the hoof. Then if he tries to kick, you can hold him off sufficiently to get out of the way. Indeed, the very force of his movement toward you will thrust against the hand on his flank and tend to throw you to one side.

#### TO MOUNT A BAD HORSE

If you are called upon to mount a bad horse, seize the cheek piece of his bridle in your left hand and twist his head sharply

toward you, at the same time grasp the pommel in your right hand, thrust your foot in the stirrup and swing aboard. Never get on any western horse as an easterner mounts—left hand on pommel and right hand on cantle. If a horse plunges forward to buck while you are in this position, you will inevitably land back of the saddle. Then he has a fine leverage to throw you about forty feet. A bad pack-horse you can handle by blindfolding. Anchor things for a storm, take off the bandage, and stand one side.

## CHANGING THE MAP OF THE WORLD

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS

THE suggestion by two or three men prominent in polar research that the automobile may be used to advantage in striving for some part of the unknown, has of course elicited from many writers sarcastic comment rather than approval. There is reason, however, to believe that the automobile may not be valueless in the particular field where the experiment is advocated—on the vast ice sheet whose northern front is the great wall of ice stretching eastward from South Victoria Land for at least 400 miles and known as the Great Ice Barrier.

This vast flat glacier, pushed off the land edge somewhere, and afloat on the sea though not drifting, according to the view of Captain Scott, is the road southward on which the specially constructed British and Belgian motor cars will be tested, if present plans are carried out. It is not the purpose here to outline the many scientific phases of the coming Antarctic work, but merely to show that the proposed use of motor cars and Siberian ponies is probably worth a trial, for they may help explorers southward to still unknown coasts of Antarctica.

The greatest geographical problem in south polar regions is that of the Antarctic continent, and we shall soon see a renewal of effort to solve it. All that has been done strengthens the view that Antarctica exists, but its outlines are not known and we have the vaguest idea of the extent of the continental mass. The problem therefore is to find new stretches of its coast line and thus gradually determine the shape and extent of the land.

Charcot, who expects to lead the next French expedition, will endeavor to trace

the coasts of Graham Land southward and discover whether that land is an island or a great promontory of the continent. The plans of the British and Belgian expeditions, under Shackleton and Arctowski, is to use the flat ice surface behind the barrier wall to reach the coast of Antarctica further south or discover whether a wide strait extends through the land cutting it into islands.

We know that this vast expanse of ice is flat because Scott's long journey of over 300 miles to the south, was along a level surface without ridge or crevasse, everywhere a monotonous, even plain of snow, excepting within ten to fifteen miles of the land, where it was broken and lumpy; because Royds had the same experience during his journey on this ice to the southeast and because the balloon ascensions and other investigations along its northern edge have revealed only the same flat expanse.

Dr. Rudolf Pösch of Vienna has shown again that many valuable results of exploration are acquired by the long and patient efforts of solitary travelers. For two years (1904-1906) he wandered with four or five native carriers, three-fourths of the way around New Guinea, the second largest island in the world. He was engaged in anthropological and geographical study, chiefly back of the coasts, in regions where little as yet is known of the country and its inhabitants. All his time was spent in five districts of German, British, and Dutch New Guinea; and it seems surprising that only twenty to forty miles inland, especially in the German territory, he reached virgin fields that no white man has visited. In his long report, published in the *Zeitschrift* of the Berlin Geographical

Society, he gives reasons why much of inner New Guinea is still little known.

Dr Pösch walked only two days inland from Potsdamhafen to reach villages and mountain valleys that had never seen white men, though the Germans have lived years at this port. Many similar instances occur in New Guinea, and Dr Pösch's explanation is found in the great difficulty of travel and the unfriendliness of the natives. In a short march inland from Potsdamhafen, for example, the native paths climb steep slopes, fall into deep and narrow valleys, or run along the sharp edge of ridges; and all the while the pedestrian feels swathed in straw, the grass that chokes the foot-wide path rising above his head, no movement of air among those giant growths, and above him, the blazing sun with its unmitigated outpouring of discomfort. This, he says, is the outline of many a pioneer journey in the great island as relates to physical misery; and none but a man of unusual tact and patience can fare safely among the natives.

The explorer found new illustrations of the fact that natives in one district may differ greatly in physical characteristics, in methods of house building and other rude arts and especially in speech from other tribes living only ten to fifteen miles away. He found two tribes that, while engaged in their traditional dances, sing the same songs, the text of which conveys no meaning to them. One tribe say they got these songs from the other tribe, who assert in turn that the songs were handed down by their fathers. These words of old tradition, in Dr Pösch's opinion, are words of a dead speech.

The facts he has added to our knowledge of the coastal regions in the southeastern part of Dutch New Guinea are noteworthy, because this is one of the least known parts of the world. The Dutch have only recently placed the military station Merauke there near the British border to keep in order a strong and greatly feared tribe of head hunters whose raids into British territory have been the subject of serious protests. Neither the station nor any river mentioned by Dr. Pösch, one of them the Bian River, a majestic stream, as the explorer's photograph shows, is yet found on any map. The entire eastern part of Dutch New Guinea is a white, untraversed space. The wild character of the natives and the unfavorable conditions of navigation have kept Malay traders wholly out of south-east Dutch New Guinea. In this region the widely spread Malay hen is still unknown. As the traveler looks north from a tree top or the deck of his vessel he sees only a flat alluvial plain, spreading to the horizon. Through this plain flows the mighty Digoel River, coming from the east, whose recent discovery was heralded as a geographical surprise; and Dr. Pösch believes that pioneer explorers here will make other discoveries of large importance.

Seven months ago *La Géographie*, the organ of the Paris Geographical Society, expressed regret that the French government still saw fit to bury the Morocco maps of Captain Larras among the "secret" documents of the Geographical Service of the Army. The ban has now been removed and the publication of Larras' extensive surveys has begun. It is an event of much geographical interest, for his careful work covers a large part of eastern Morocco, the country that is now more inadequately represented on the map of Africa than any other part of it excepting some regions of the Sahara. These surveys, the result of five years of almost uninterrupted labor, were completed in 1903, and though of the greatest interest to physical geographers, geologists, and travelers generally, they have been hidden until this year. M. de Flotte was permitted to use some of Larras' data in the production of his large map of Morocco, and a few geographers of France were permitted to see some of the beautiful survey sheets, as M. Gentil calls them, but cartographers were not allowed to use this great collection of data to improve their maps.

An attaché of the French Military Mission in Morocco, Captain Larras, improved the opportunity, between 1899 and 1903, to survey a large number of itineraries in the Makhzen regions, or those subject to the authority of the Sultan of Morocco. Here he could travel freely and in comparative comfort, and the Sherifian government gave him its countenance; but he ran into peril too, for his zeal often led him into regions where the Sultan's authority was defied. His immunity was not due to courage and sang-froid, but to the unusual quietude that then prevailed in Morocco.

Larras surveyed and mapped 5,270 miles of routes, about one-third in north and two-thirds in south Morocco. His surveys extended from Tangier on the Strait of Gibraltar to Agadir, nearly the southern limit of the Moroccan coast. They were pushed far inland to Fez, Xenat and Morocco City. His methods were simple but effective. His compass, sextant and a chronometer giving him the true time of the Paris meridian, were his only instruments, but he fixed the astronomical position of many places. Eminent as a cartographic surveyor, his work lacks, however, the useful data which geological collaboration would have given him, but the large service he has rendered will not escape the attention of geographers.

We have to thank the German Survey Ship *Planet* for the revelation just made of abyssmal depths in the Pacific only a few miles off the east coast of the Philippine Archipelago. The *Planet*, in January last, ran lines of soundings up the east coast from the south end of Mindanao to Luzon and discovered that here, as to the east of Japan, is a deep trough in the sea floor whose bottom is from 9,000 to 10,000 feet

below the average depths in the Pacific far to the east of it. It was a most unexpected discovery. The trough begins close under the east coast of Mindanao and its deepest part is near its northern termination off Samar. In the thirty-six soundings the greatest depths were about 26,160, 27,195, and 28,103 feet. The north and south extent of the trough is about 600 statute miles. This deep, narrow, submarine valley is nowhere more than twenty-five miles from the island shores, and the sea floor slopes very steeply from the coasts to the bottom of the trough, on an average about eleven feet in every one hundred feet of extension seaward. This is the most striking illustration recently adduced of the progress of submarine surveys in the Pacific which has been so rapid in recent years that no chart of the ocean bed has long remained up to date.

The conquest of the Tuareg bandits of the Sahara has entirely changed the aspect of life in the desert, for it has removed the terror of brigandage. It was only four years ago that the French humbled this predatory race. At first the whites could not catch them, for the Tuaregs train young camels to fleetness, so that they lope along in a sort of gallop and are worth three to four times as much, in the camel markets, as the ordinary baggage animal. Then the French trained fleet camels of their own and the Tuaregs were at the mercy of the newcomers in the desert.

The reign of the razzia has ceased. The Tuareg, unknown to ethnological study ten years ago, is now an exhibit in the colonial show at Versailles, and scientific men are invading his stronghold among the Ahaggar Mountains, in the heart of the desert, to study him at short range. Maurice Benhazera has lived six

months among them, and the completeness of their subjection is shown by the journey of Motilinski, professor of Arabic at Constantine, who last year wandered at will in all parts of their mountains, with only ten men in his party, collecting their inscriptions on the rocks and studying the language and people.

Motilinski's report on this peculiar desert folk is not yet at hand, but Maurice Benhazera had filled 120 pages of the *Bulletin* of the Algerian Geographical Society with the rich results of his observations, only a few facts from which can be given here.

The veil they wear, hiding their features below their eyes, was not adopted, he says, as had been conjectured, to screen their faces from the burning sun, but because they believe it lends dignity to their appearance and conceals the mouth, which no man should show to a stranger. The razzia originated in their desire to add to their meager means of living, and they came to regard it as the noblest of pursuits. They made it the means also of another source of income, for many caravans purchased immunity from their raids, and if by mistake a protected party was raided, it was a point of honor to pay full indemnity. The mountains catch considerable rainfall, and there among their valleys they have pasturage for a large number of camels and cattle. They have commerce with many oases, and formerly one of their chief articles of exchange for firearms, cutlery and other commodities was slaves captured from caravans that were taking them north to the markets.

The old occupation is gone and the Tuareg is settling down to the humdrum life of tilling the soil and tending his herds.

## GUN-SHY AND BLINKING DOGS\*

BY JOSEPH A. GRAHAM

**T**HERE are inventive reasoners who ascribe gun-shyness to peculiar nerve troubles of the nature of disease. In some cases there does seem to be a neurotic quality; an instability of nerve action; a tendency to unreasoning fright; resembling the piteous fear that affects certain men and women in a thunderstorm, though they exhibit normal judgment in the ordinary circumstances of life. I have heard handlers explain blinking on a similar

theory; telling how an excessively acute nervous system cannot stand the shock of strong scent and shrinks from it as from something disagreeable.

Better leave this theory of causation to the neurologists. It may be accepted as true to the extent of granting that the dogs most likely to be gun-shy are of the kind we call nervous and sensitive. But, while the gun-shy one of to-day may be naturally timid, the one of to-morrow may

\* The Editor will be glad to receive from readers any questions within the field of this article. While it may be impracticable to answer them all, yet such inquiries will undoubtedly suggest the scope of future contributions to the department. Letters should be addressed to the magazine.

be a rough, resolute, good-humored fellow. In dealing with the subject for practical purposes, it is more resultful to take the hypothesis that any young dog may become gun-shy or a blinker through accident or mistaken treatment. And these misfortunes come in ways too numerous to be worth cataloguing. Bird dogs take to blinking because they are punished for chasing poultry; or because they are whipped for flushing, or from seeing punishment meted out to other dogs in connection with birds or poultry. A boy's firecracker, exploding at an inopportune moment, may implant the fear of sudden loud reports. A falling plank or piece of structural iron may have the same effect. In short, unexpected sharp noises are many, and any one of them may start the trouble, especially if the animal is unlucky enough to be hurt at the same time.

Another part of the correct working hypothesis is that any dog can be cured if you take enough trouble and exercise enough patience. The process proceeds on the inference that, since he is alarmed because of memory or fear of disagreeable circumstances, he must learn to associate the gun with the agreeable.

It is best to apply the treatment when the dog is on game. In probably four cases out of five, he will quickly learn to disregard the gun, or like it, if you let him hunt up the game and chase it, shooting when he is at a distance and in hot pursuit. Often gun-shyness disappears the very day he makes his first solid point and becomes deeply interested in the business. In the midst of this new delight, he disregards and forgets other matters.

Sometimes the fear is too strong, and a regular treatment must be undertaken. Oftener the owner will have a short shooting season and does not care to take chances on a quick cure. His dog must be ready for business when the season opens. So, it is necessary to know the systems which have been successful in dealing with this trouble.

Once before in OUTING I told about the man who put his bird dog to chasing cats. When the cat was treed, he would clap his hands and "sick" the dog into excited attack. At this psychological moment he would fire blanks from a small pistol. Two or three treatments usually sufficed.

In the days of percussion caps, it was common to snap them while the gun-shy dog was ranging around at a distance, or when he chased or when he was intent on food. The same principle applies now. The worst case I ever cured was that of a pointer bitch which was naturally timid, sulky and apprehensive of human attentions. She had been abused and neglected until you could send her skulking to her refuge by snapping your thumb and finger. The first lesson, or series, was to give her a bit to eat whenever I spoke to her. For this purpose, her saving grace was that she

was a glutton. Next I got a toy pistol which exploded little paper detonaters. Each time I fired she would try to escape but I would follow her to her corner with my scrap of raw meat. When she gained a wavering confidence, I took her to the woods and fields with a buggy, cracking my little paper caps and calling her in for her tidbit each time. It took a lot of patience, because her impulse was to start for home at every report. Many a time she ran off a few hundred yards and lay down, refusing to let me get any closer. But she finally succumbed and began to come to the buggy at the sound, without waiting to be called. At that point I advanced her to the next class in the dog school, using twenty-two caliber blanks. It was all to do over again, but the time required was short. From that to the gun was easy. I doubt whether any dog is worth the trouble I took with her, and she was by no means a world-beater, but I consoled myself with the thought that I was improving my own character, besides establishing the fact that no case of gun-shyness is hopeless.

That brings me to say that one dog, belonging to a kennel at that time noted, was given up as incurable by a skillful handler. All the approved methods were tried. The owner even went to the expense of having a set of traps placed near the kennel, where he practiced by the hour at claybirds. The dog was a handsome one, a good hunter, a bench winner and full brother to a field trial winner. The kennel expected to have in him a fashionable stud dog. Apparently, every idea was exhausted, but they finally threw up the job and sold him for a song. If this disproves my statement that any case can be cured, let it go at that. It surely proves that some cases are deep-seated and persistent.

When you have several dogs in an inclosed kennel, where the patient cannot run away, a plan usually successful is to take along your firearm when you feed, beginning with the toy pistol and the paper caps. Fire a few times as you approach with the food, and while the other dogs are eating. The timid one won't enjoy seeing the others eat while it is hungry, and will discover that a gun doesn't hurt. If you have hardness of heart to compel it to reach the verge of starvation unless it will eat in spite of the gun, you will not be a humane man but you can cure the trouble.

As long as a dog will follow you in the field you can be certain that you can overcome the complaint. Just go along, pay no attention, shooting as usual over the other dogs, and it will come around to its work sooner or later. The discouraging ones are those which turn tail and start for home at the noise of the gun. Such a dog is out of business for the day and in good shape to be worse the next time. For a dog of this kind the handler some-

times uses a cord to enforce its attendance; but I like better to find other devices, because it will happen often that the restriction of the cord makes the dog more apprehensive than before. As you are probably dealing with a case which is not only shy of the gun but timid in ranging, you certainly do not wish to be making difficulties for yourself in both directions; and that is what you often do when you shoot with a shy dog on a cord. But the method often works well and may be worth trying, though common sense is with the principle of encouraging enthusiasm after game and introducing the gun when the dog is at liberty and intent on sport.

Beagles and other hounds used in shooting rabbits, are more prone to gun-shyness than bird dogs, because they seldom have the setter's and pointer's absorbed, eager interest in game, and as seldom have the bird dog's devotion to human beings. The rules of treatment are about the same. By shooting small loads when they are in full chase, you usually get them accustomed to the report.

Water spaniels and other retrievers may be expected to come around under the practice of Captain Charley Smith, the shooting crony of J. D. Mallory and other Chesapeake Bay dog men and duck shots of the palmy days. He taught his young things to retrieve and like the gun at the same time. He used to throw objects to be retrieved and snap a cap at each throw. His dogs quickly learned to look eagerly for something to be retrieved whenever the gun was discharged. In summer, if you have water handy, it is not bad to try the scheme with bird dogs. A dog is pretty busy when he is swimming toward you with a stick in his mouth. He will not notice light reports. Heavier charges can be gradually put into operation. But this

comes under the head of prevention rather than under that of cure. I should not expect a great deal of it in the case of a confirmed victim.

Blinking—which may be a refusal to point, when birds are found, or leaving a point after it is made—is a miserable exhibition, but not often a persistent trouble. Nearly always it is a result of unwise punishment by word or blow when the young dog is after what he thinks is game. Ordinarily, it disappears with experience and encouraging treatment. Special methods can be applied only when the dog is on game. Take him up quietly, petting and fondling him, when another dog is pointing. Let him get the scent, if possible, and hold him as long as you can on the cord while the pointing dog remains rigid. If he makes a point himself and leaves it, take him back to the spot and put him in pointing position, even if it is ten minutes later. For a blinker, it should be an invariable rule to be quiet and gentle in all movements when he is on game. If he flushes, encourage him to chase and get all the fun he can. His instinct will get him to solid pointing after a time. Whenever he shows signs of recognizing game, keep him at it until he points, if you have to sit down and wait a quarter of an hour. Very rarely will he leave game entirely. He may go a considerable distance but the temptation will bring him back if you help to inspire him with confidence. It may seem heretical, but in a bad case of blinking progress is often stimulated by letting him chew a few birds of his own finding and eat the heads.

The broad lesson is that these faults caused by timidity and nervous apprehension are to be treated by substituting anticipation of the agreeable for dread of the painful.

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## SOME POPULAR FALLACIES CONCERNING RATTLESNAKES

BY FRANCIS METCALFE

IT is a very common fallacy concerning rattlesnakes that each segment of the rattle indicates a year of the serpent's existence, and it will probably be accepted until some one devises a safe method of examining the teeth. One has only to stand for a half hour in front of the rattlers' cage at any zoölogical garden or museum to hear it repeated several times, together with many other bits of misinformation which make the average "Nature Story" seem a statement of bald fact by comparison.

The rattlesnake is the commonest of the half-dozen species of venomous reptiles inhabiting America—under the head of *Crotalus horridus* fifteen varieties are described by herpetologists, and one or more of these is found in every part of the country—but neither its appearance nor its habits commend it as a domestic pet, and very little is commonly known as to its life history, while most of the things which are known in localities where it is abundant are not so.



Although the young rattlesnake comes into the world equipped with but a single button on the end of its tail, when a year old it may have as many as a half-dozen segments, while three a year may be taken as a fair average development. In hunting, crawling over rough country and through tangled brush, the rattles are apt to be injured or lost, and occasionally a very large specimen is seen with but two or three segments, while one of the banded variety procured in Pennsylvania for the Bronx Zoo, was less than three feet in length and possessed seventeen perfect rattles, the absence of the terminal congenital button demonstrating that one or more pieces had been lost.

A segment is added to the rattle each time the snake casts its skin, and this may occur every month of the snake's active season, which in the northern states lasts from early May until the first severe storm of winter drives it to the den for its long hibernation. This casting of the skin, which is common to all serpents and many of the lizards, is a curious provision to protect the reptile from disease and discomfort and, like most of Nature's provisions, it is a wise one. Since the day when the serpent was condemned to crawl abjectly on its belly, instead of wriggling gracefully upon its tail, as a punishment for whispering suggestions for the Fall into the eager ear of Eve, it has been peculiarly liable to injure its sensitive integument, and spending its existence in close contact with the ground it becomes the unwilling host of many ticks and parasites which are harbored by the decaying vegetation. Any unfortunate who has accumulated a few wood ticks and laboriously removed them from his hide with the point of a knife and ammonia will appreciate how much easier it would be to grow a new skin and envy the serpent the ready means at its disposal to rid itself of the unwelcome pests.

One of the premonitory symptoms of this periodical casting is responsible for another popular delusion: that the rattlesnake is blind through the month of August. In observing a snake in captivity—and really the most comfortable way to study a live rattler is through a piece of heavy plate glass—it will be noticed that at varying periods it becomes sluggish, refuses to eat and lies coiled in a corner of the cage or hides under such protection as may be afforded. The skin loses its luster, and the eyes, whose brightness is a characteristic of all serpents, become dim and clouded by a whitish film which renders the reptile blind. Close examination—and it is well to make this with one of the harmless varieties—will show that this is due to an exudate under the crystal-like plate which protects the eye, loosening it from the rapidly developing new plate. The snake may remain in this condition for several days, and then the eyes clear, it becomes active, rubbing its nose against

rough objects until it loosens the skin at the borders of the lips. It then literally crawls out of its skin, which is turned inside out, as a glove which is stripped from the hand when held by the wristlet, and the snake, shining and resplendent in its new dress, is restless and, if it is in good condition, immediately starts a search for food.

More snakes are seen by the rural population during August than in any other month, for farm work is slack and the roads are more traveled, while the ripening berries attract children to the hunting grounds of the rattlers. Many of those found are lying in the lethargic condition which precedes casting, the more active ones usually escaping observation, and the film-covered eyes are very much in evidence.

Snakes may exist in great abundance in a given locality, and their presence be unsuspected by their human neighbors, for they are essentially retiring in their habits, and the aversion to serpents which is inherent in the human race causes their privacy to be respected. The "protective coloring," which makes a wild animal inconspicuous in its natural environment, and which has prevented the extinction of so many species of woodland creatures, is especially marked in reptiles, from the tiny chameleon which assumes the color of the object on which it rests, to the great python, barely distinguishable from the branches of the tree where it waits for its prey. This is one reason for the continued existence of the rattlesnake in the midst of enemies who would exterminate it, for, contrary to the general belief, the rattler rarely gives its characteristic note of warning until actually attacked. In fact, the sharp, vibrant ring of its terminal appendage is probably designed more to assist this very sluggish serpent to obtain its food than to sound defiance or warning. In the first place, serpents possess but the most rudimentary traces of auditory apparatus and are practically deaf, the deficiency in the sense of hearing being compensated for by an extreme sensitiveness of feeling which makes them aware of the approach of moving objects by the vibration of the ground.

Hunters, treading cautiously upon a soft carpet of moss or leaves to avoid alarming game, will often step close to or over a rattler without disturbing it or receiving warning, and while many snakes are seen and killed by them, it is probable that a far greater number are passed by unnoticed. All snakes are timid and would rather run than fight, and the rattler is not inviting certain destruction by advertising its whereabouts in the brush. The fact that snakes are rarely seen even when they are abundant, was impressed upon the mind of the writer recently while waiting for a train at a small station in New Jersey. A near-by culvert, where a small stream flowed under the junction of the railway and a well-traveled public road, seemed a

favorable place for them; the stone wall, laid up without mortar, which supported the approach to the bridge had a southern exposure; the chinks afforded ample hiding place, and the reedy borders of the stream promised good hunting for the species which live upon small fish, frogs, toads, and earthworms.

The flagman, who for several years had passed ten hours a day at his leisurely occupation there, denied that there were snakes in the vicinity. "No more than there be in Ireland, an' it's not me as would be tendin' this crossin' if there was," he asserted; but a few minutes search in the gutters and grass revealed four specimens which had been under his very eyes: a garter, a worm, a DeKay and a newly-hatched milk snake. A new flagman was installed there the following day, but crowds of people, many of whom would become hysterical at the sight of a snake, continue to pass within three feet of the wall, blissfully unconscious that they are walking over a den of serpents.

Mr. Ditmars, the curator of reptiles at the New York Zoological Park, in his interesting pamphlet issued by the Museum of Natural History, describes fourteen varieties of snakes which exist in the immediate vicinity of New York, and yet it is safe to say that the thousands of picknickers, mushroom hunters and natural history students who frequent the wooded environs of the great city do not in the aggregate see five hundred snakes in a year.

Most people who run across a specimen of the rattlesnake have no desire to make a close study of its life habits, but content themselves with getting out of the way as soon as possible or reducing the serpent's body to pulp and carrying off the rattle as a trophy. The powers of invention of a fisherman fade into insignificance when compared to the stories of a man who has killed a snake, and the inhabitant of a rattlesnake infested country is considered a very poor liar indeed if he can't tell about encountering a specimen "onct when I wuz a boy, that wuz as big around as that there stovepipe, six inches wide between the eyes, an' had forty-one rattles—not countin' the button. An' thar uster be hoopsnakes in this yere country, too, an' many's the time I've seen 'em grab their tail in their mouth an' go a-rollin' down hill faster 'n a horse can trot." These cheerful liars may believe much of what they relate about the size of the rattlers, for there is nothing more deceptive in its apparent size than a live, wriggling serpent. The writer once asked a professional snake collector, who has captured thousands of rattlers, the length of a yellow specimen which lay coiled between them on the road, and the collector guessed "close to five feet." Much to the surprise of both of us, it only measured two feet and eight inches with the tape. A small, harmless snake appears like a large serpent to a nervous person

when seen crawling through the grass. Another common misconception which is apt to lead to serious accidents is the belief that a rattler is rendered perfectly harmless, so that it can be handled with impunity, by the removal of its poison fangs. These fangs, two in number, are situated on the upper jaw and lie flat except when the serpent strikes, when they become erect and the closing of the jaws compresses the poison glands and injects the venom through minute openings in them. In striking its prey (for whatever charm the serpent may employ to get its victim within easy reach, it relies upon the venom to give the *coup de grace*), these fangs may often be broken, and Nature has provided a full supply of reserve weapons which lie dormant in the gums, and which within two weeks will develop and replace the injured fang. An acquaintance who returned from a hunting trip with twenty-five full-grown rattlers in a box, kept them in his office for two months, confined behind a coarse-meshed wire screen. He handled them most carelessly, believing them harmless, as he had extracted the poison fangs, but when shown that each of them had developed a perfect pair of new ones there was a sudden rise in the local snake mortality. One was preserved and sent to the Bronx Zoo, where it shortly afterward gave birth to a large litter of young ones, which could have easily crawled through the screen behind which the mother had been kept. As each of them possessed the poison apparatus in full commission and was without the power to rattle, they would have been even more dangerous than adult snakes. Professional snake handlers are often ignorant of this power, to quickly replace fangs, possessed by rattlers, and this ignorance led to a serious accident to one of them at Bostock's at Coney Island last year. He was badly bitten and narrowly escaped death, his recovery being attributed to the generous amount of whiskey which was immediately administered to him, which illustrates another mistaken idea. It is a pity to shatter a pleasant illusion, but alcohol, except in very small doses, is harmful rather than beneficial as an antidote to snake-bite poison. As a matter of fact, although the symptoms of rattlesnake poisoning are most painful and alarming, an adult rarely dies from the bite of the variety common in the north. The diamond-backs of the south attain a much larger size, and consequently inject more venom, and their bite is proportionately more dangerous.

Another prevalent belief, which is absolutely without foundation in fact, is that a rattler protects its young by swallowing them in time of danger. No snake possesses the slightest maternal instinct, and the youngsters of such varieties as are viviparous are left to shift for themselves from the moment they are born. The

oviparous varieties never run across their young unless by accident, for they deposit their eggs where they will be hatched by the warmth of the sun or decaying vegetation and then proceed about their ordinary business. Large snakes have undoubtedly been seen to swallow small ones, but it is purely an alimentary and not a protective proceeding, for several of the varieties are cannibalistic and feed largely upon other snakes, although they rarely eat members of their own family.

The guides in a hunting country where rattlers are numerous will invariably assert that rattlers lay eggs, as do the milk snakes, black snakes, and many other varieties, and advance as a proof that rattlers killed by them in the early summer are found to contain them, each egg harboring an immature snake. They will further assert that the mother swallows the young after they are hatched and carries them to the hibernating den, and tell of killing rattlers in August and seeing young snakes crawl out of the body. They may be perfectly sincere and truthful in both statements, for the young snakes are developed in eggs, but they emerge from the shells in the mother's body and appear in the world perfectly developed and able to shift for themselves. Woodsmen are not gentle in their manners when disposing of a rattler, and it is probable that the eggs, which are just about ready to hatch in August, are broken by the violence used in killing the mother, and the youngsters, almost mature, are able to crawl out and wriggle around. This method of reproduction is common to the garter and several other varieties of serpents, and it is only faulty observation which has given rise to this popular fallacy as it has to most of the ridiculous assertions which find ready credence concerning serpents.

The guides in a rattlesnake region are probably sincere in their belief that the snakes hibernate with the first frost and never later than the middle of September, and as a result of their ignorance they expose the hunters who employ them to quite unnecessary risk. On October 20th, after there had been a week of cold rain and several nights when ice had formed, the writer questioned this assertion made by one of the most experienced guides in Pike County, Pennsylvania, a sportsman's paradise which the serpent has entered into in large numbers. It was in the evening when the sharp weather out-of-doors made the assembled guides, hunters and tired bird dogs huddle about the chunk stove at Tampier's for its comforting warmth. Greening, the guide, was upheld by his brethren, and cited in proof of his claim that no snakes were out, that he and the hunter whom he was guiding had come over the most notorious snake den in the county in the warmest part of the day accompanied by their dogs and had neither seen nor heard a snake. That seemed a con-

vincing argument, for to the hunter a good bird dog is above all price and not lightly to be placed in jeopardy, and a man who spends a lifetime in the woods is apt to have sharp eyes and ears for the doings and habits of all their living denizens. It was refuted in a most positive manner the following day, when the writer in less than a half hour captured nine full-grown rattlers which were sunning themselves in plain view on the rocks at this same den. Their angry buzzing in the bag which contained them impressed the fact that they were not hibernating on the minds of the guides in a most dramatic manner at the evening seance. These snakes were all found stretched at full length, not coiled as they are in the spring, and not one of them rattled until captured. They had all recently eaten, in fact one of them regurgitated a freshly killed chipmunk after arrival at the Bronx Zoo, and the stomach of one which was killed contained a small rabbit, proving that they must have left the den to forage. From this particular den, which is but one of hundreds within a small radius, more than fifty rattlers have been taken by one man during the present season, and he has visited it but three times. This will give some idea of the commonness of the variety, and there are many other localities within easy reach of New York City where they are equally abundant.

Owing to its secretive habits and the fact that it usually confines its movements to wild and unfrequented country, it is not commonly encountered, and in spite of its wide distribution it is but a slight menace to human life. Few cases of rattlesnake bite are reported in this part of the country, and yet the localities where snakes are most abundant are annually visited by thousands of "summer boarders," from the city. Some varieties of snakes have a decided economic value to the agriculturist, destroying countless numbers of field mice and insect pests, but the rattlesnake is vermin and should be destroyed wherever found, for it is not only dangerous to man, but it is a ruthless foe to game. Thousands of rabbits and small game birds are destroyed by it each year, and that it is a persistent and successful hunter is demonstrated by the thrifty condition of all specimens killed.

Rattlesnake oil, which is obtained by trying out the fat of the snake, is said to be of therapeutic value in the treatment of many of the ills which flesh is heir to, and although this may also be a fallacy, it is worthy of encouragement, for it may stimulate the destruction of the reptile. It would be a boon to the sportsmen if women would make the skin of the rattler fashionable as an article of feminine adornment and would, in a measure, compensate for feminine cruelty which has led to the practical extermination of the harmless and beautiful egret in Florida.

# MAKING THE COUNTRY HOME READY FOR WINTER\*

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

## A STRING OF REMINDERS

**M**AKE whatever repairs are needed about house, barn, sheep and poultry houses now, while there is pleasant weather to do the work in.

Have the chimnies inspected carefully before it becomes necessary to keep up continuous fires. Give especial attention to the attic or garret, if the chimney runs through them. If even a slight crack is found, do not lose sight of the fact that heaving of the walls of the house, later on, will be almost sure to enlarge it to dangerous proportions. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," remember.

Get out your storm-sash and have the glass in it thoroughly cleaned and polished before it is put in place. Wash with soap-suds, and rinse with water containing ammonia. Rub dry with a soft cloth, and polish with tissue-paper. This will make the glass so clear, and give it such a brilliant polish that you will hardly realize that you are looking out through double panes.

If you have new storm-sash put on, number each piece as it is fitted, and number the frame of the window in which it belongs to correspond. This will prevent much annoyance next season when it becomes necessary to put the sash in place again.

I find the most satisfactory method of fastening storm-sash in place is by little metal buttons attached to the edge of the window frame against which the sash butts. These buttons—which are put on with screws which act as a pivot on which they turn—clamp the sash securely in place, and admit of the easy removal of the sash in spring. Being fastened to the frame, and not to the sash, in any way, they remain in place all the year round, and consequently are ready for use at any time. This is a much more satisfactory plan than the common one of putting on the sash with screws. Any one can slip the sash into place and button it in, but it "takes a good man" to put it on with screws.

Do not neglect to provide for ventilation. Have at least one sash to each room arranged with an opening at the bottom, to admit fresh air. By opening this, and dropping the upper sash of the window an inch or two, a current is created which takes

the cold air up between the window and storm-sash and delivers near the ceiling, where it will mix with the air of the room and become warm before it comes in contact with the occupants of the room, thus making all direct drafts impossible. This opening in the storm-sash should be fitted with a cover which can be operated from the inside. Simply raising the lower sash of the window will enable one to get at it easily. Many persons are prejudiced against the use of storm-sash, because, they argue, it practically shuts off the supply of fresh air to such an extent that the health of the family will suffer in consequence. This will not be the case if ventilation is arranged for, and fresh air is admitted freely. On the contrary the standard of health will be raised, as the danger of taking cold from drafts about the windows is overcome. Double glass will prevent the radiation of cold air to such an extent that the saving of fuel made by its use will nearly, if not quite, pay the cost of it in one season.

Do not fail to provide a liberal quantity of road-dust for poultry to wallow in during winter.

Before cold weather sets in, go over the hen house and give it a thorough cleaning, for it will not be an easy matter to do this after cold weather comes. Whitewash the walls, adding carbolic acid to the mixture. Go over perches and all exposed woodwork with kerosene, applying it freely with a brush stiff enough to work it into every crack and crevice. If this is done in a thorough manner, insects will not be likely to cause much trouble during the cold season, as conditions will not be favorable to their rapid propagation. You will find that attention of this kind will greatly increase the egg-supply. Lousy hens are almost always poor layers.

Excellent litter for the hens' scratching-floor can be obtained from the settlings in the horse-manger. This is far superior to chaff or straw.

Leaves are good, also. Rake them up from the lawn, as soon as they fall, and pack away in barrels where they will keep dry.

In gathering apples, grade them carefully, especially if they are intended for market. Reject all that show the least blemish. Endeavor to have the contents

\*The Editor will be glad to receive from readers any questions within the field of this article. While it may be impracticable to answer them all, yet such inquiries will undoubtedly suggest the scope of future contributions to the department. Letters should be addressed to the magazine.

of each barrel as even as possible as to size. Handle the fruit with great care. A bruise is pretty sure to result in decay, after a little, and this condition will speedily be communicated to other apples in the barrel. It pays to be extremely careful about this work, especially if you have apples to sell and want to work up a reputation that will create a demand for your fruit.

For winter storage, leave your apples out of doors as long as there is no danger of their freezing. Then store in a cool cellar. Ventilate it well if you want your fruit to keep well.

Go over the asparagus beds and apply a liberal amount of manure. This not so much for protection as for fall feeding of the roots below.

Harvest your beets before the ground freezes much. Store in a cool place in the cellar, in boxes of sand, or bury in pits.

The best cabbage for winter use is that of late growth, fully matured. Those who do not have a suitable cellar for vegetables of this kind can easily make a place in which cabbage can be kept perfectly and be get-at-able at any time. Sink a barrel in a spot that is well drained. Fill it with heads from which the large outside leaves have been cut away. Cover with a piece of carpeting or something similar, and then heap dry leaves on top. It will be well to make a sort of pen of boards to hold the leaves in place. There should be at least two feet of them. Put something over them that will keep out rain. Of course, when winter sets in, the cabbage will be likely to freeze, but this will not matter if the head you remove is put into cold water before it has a chance to thaw. The water will extract the frost so gradually that the vegetable will lose none of its crispness or flavor.

Celery for winter use should be stored along toward the latter part of the month. A frostproof cellar with a damp bottom is a good place for it. Allow some soil to adhere to the roots. Set the plants close together, in upright position. Keep in mind the fact that celery, in the cellar, requires moisture at the root and dryness at the top.

Salsify and parsnips, if packed in boxes of sand and stored in the cellar will retain their freshness and flavor nearly all winter. For spring use, they can be stored in pits where the soil is well drained.

It is a good plan to store a supply of all winter-keeping garden vegetables in pits, for use in spring, as they will have a flavor at that season much superior to that of those wintered in the cellar. They will come through as fresh as when taken from the ground in fall.

Store squashes and pumpkins in a cool, but frostproof place. It must also be a dry one. Do this before the frost has a chance to get at them.

If you have bees, arrange, at once, for

winter protection. It may not be advisable to put this about the hives now, but it should be in readiness for use as soon as needed.

#### IN THE GARDEN

If the frost has nipped your dahlias, caladiums and cannas, choose a bright, warm day in which to lift their roots. Do this by inserting a spade at one side of them, running it down full depth, and then bearing down on its handle as a lever until the entire mass of earth containing the roots comes to the surface. Do this carefully that no roots may be broken. Spread them out on boards, soil and all, and leave them exposed to the sun. If this is done in the morning, the earth will most likely be dry enough, by night, to crumble away from them. But do not use any force to bring about this result. Cover with a blanket at night, and expose to sunshine again next day. Continue to do this until the roots are entirely free from soil. Then cut off the tops of the dahlias—none of which should have been removed at lifting-time—about two inches above their union with the tubers. Leave simply a stump of stalk on the cannas. All the old stalk of caladiums will dry up and detach itself from the tuber, after a little. This is also true of the gladiolus.

It will be of benefit to the roots of the plants mentioned above to leave them exposed to the action of the sun for several days, as they will ripen off under its influence, and part with a good deal of their moisture, which is excessive when they are first dug. Dig any of these plants and put them in the cellar at once, and the chances are that they will have begun to decay before winter has really set in. Especially will this be the case if they are bruised. Hence the necessity of careful handling.

When removed to the cellar, the roots of dahlias should be spread out on shelves or racks suspended some distance from the floor. A dahlia well ripened ought to keep well in a cellar where potatoes keep well. If it is a very dry one, it is advisable to pack the roots in boxes of sand. If it is a damp one, the best place for the tubers is close to the ceiling. They can be hung along a stick fastened to the timbers overhead. Do not break the bunch of tubers apart. Wait for spring before doing that.

Cannas and caladiums will not winter well in a damp cellar, because they are very susceptible to decay if kept where there is much moisture. It is a good plan to wrap each tuber in oiled paper and store them in frostproof rooms, if the cellar does not seem a safe place for them.

Gladioluses are better off in boxes of bran or sawdust, than anywhere else. Keep them where it is cool, but be sure they do not freeze.

Clear away all rubbish from the garden. Let it look as clean and tidy as in summer time.

Set a stake or something similar to mark the location of such plants as die off above ground. If this is not done you will be quite likely to injure them next spring when you begin work in the border.

Go over the grounds and plan for such changes as may seem necessary. Mark for removal in early spring such plants as seem to have got into the wrong place.

If there are any plants you do not care to keep longer, remove them at once, and thus save some work for next spring. You will find, if you look for it, that a good deal can be done now that is usually left until spring.

It is too early to do anything along the line of protection for roses and other tender shrubs, but it is well to get ready for this work now. Get together leaves and evergreen branches, and arrange for the litter you propose to apply to border plants which are not very tender, but which are greatly benefited by a good covering of something during the winter months. One of the pleasures of gardening grows out of having plenty of proper material at hand to work with when the time comes to use it. If you have to look it up then, the work is not only prolonged and delayed vexatiously, but is likely to be poorly done.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

*Ants on the Lawn.* (M. S. H.)—There are several methods for routing ants from nests they have made on the lawn. One is, to pour boiling hot water into them in such quantities that it will penetrate to a considerable depth. Repeat this operation several times. Another is, to pour kerosene into the nest. I prefer this to the hot-water plan, because the oil saturates the soil and leaves it in such a condition that the ants do not care to resume work in it right away. Another is, to dig into the top of the nest and put a quantity of powdered borax there, scattering it thickly all about the nest. Either of these methods will be found effectual, temporarily. But the pests are likely to come again next season, therefore it will be necessary to be on the watch for them and take measures to prevent them from re-establishing themselves in their old quarters. Of course such applications as hot water and kerosene will kill the grass about the nest, as well as the ants in it, but one can well afford to lose a little sward for the sake of getting rid of the disagreeable creatures.

*Fruit Storage Cellar.* (W. H. H.)—Such a cellar as you inquire about can be made any size or shape desired, provided you secure protection against frost and perfect ventilation. In localities where the winter temperature is likely to fall to 35° below zero, such a building must be carefully constructed. I think the following directions will enable you to construct

a building that will answer your purpose: Make the foundation of stone. Let it be at least two feet in width. For one story, set up 2 x 4's two feet apart on the foundation walls. Sheath up each side of these with good matched boards, two thicknesses, with building paper between. This will leave an air-chamber four inches wide and nearly two feet long the entire height of the wall. Then, inside, set another row of studding, same distance apart, and board up as directed for first wall. You will understand that there are to be two walls, one at outside of foundation, one inside, with air-space between walls as well as *in each wall*. Make the roof similar to one of these walls. Cover with shingles or waterproof paper. There should be two doors, one opening out, the other in, both fitting snugly into their respective frames. Extreme care should be taken to guard against the admission of frost at this point. If windows are required, let there be one set in each wall, opposite each other.

For ventilation, make an opening through the outside wall, a foot square, close to the foundation, and arrange a similar opening on the inside wall, close to the roof. Have these fitted with doors that will close so snugly that the wall will be as tight as if there was no opening in it. In the apex of the roof have a tube about ten inches square, running down five or six inches into the room, and extending three or four feet above the ridge, outside. Have this fitted with something that will enable you to close it whenever it seems advisable to do so. A little study of the matter will enable you to so arrange your ventilating doors, out doors and in, that you can keep the temperature about where you want it. Unless the outside temperature is above 35° it will be well to keep the outside ventilators closed. No positive directions about the management of these ventilators can be given. That is something that must be learned by personal observation and experiment. Build two houses exactly alike, so far as possible, and they will require a different management of the ventilating fixtures in order to produce the same results.

*A Hard Question.*—A correspondent writes: Do you think it likely that a town family could remove to a farm and make a living thereon without having had any experience with country life? This is one of the questions impossible to answer satisfactorily. Some families have done so. Others have failed, and gone back to the town in disgust. Much depends on the man at the head of the enterprise. If he is content to go slow, and feel his way, and is healthy and industrious, he ought to succeed. If he isn't strong, and is impatient of results, and isn't willing to *learn how to do things*, he had better stay where he is.

*Did you ever watch the camp fire  
When the wood has fallen low,  
And the ashes 'gin to whiten  
Round the embers' crimson glow,  
With the night sounds all about you  
Making silence doubly sweet,  
And a full moon high above you  
That the spell may be complete?  
Did you ever sit there thinking  
'Mid your pipe's gray, pungent breath,  
While the fire's last, feeble flicker  
Met a magic, glow-worm death—  
Tell me, were you ever nearer  
To the land of heart's desire,  
Than when you sat there smoking  
With your feet up to the fire?*

—Hector Donald



Triumphal Entry of  
ye Thanksgiving Bird



# THE OUTING MAGAZINE



## ROUND-UP DAYS

CUTTING OUT

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



Y somewhere near noon we had bunched and held in a smooth, wide flat, free from bushes and dog holes, the herd of four or five thousand head. Each sat at ease on his horse facing the cattle, watching lazily the clouds of dust and the shifting beasts, but ready at any instant to turn back the restless or independent individuals that might break for liberty.

Out of the haze came Homer, the round-up captain, on an easy lope. As he passed successively the sentries he delivered to each a low command, but without slacking pace. Some of those spoken to wheeled their horses and rode away. The others settled themselves in their saddles and began to roll cigarettes.

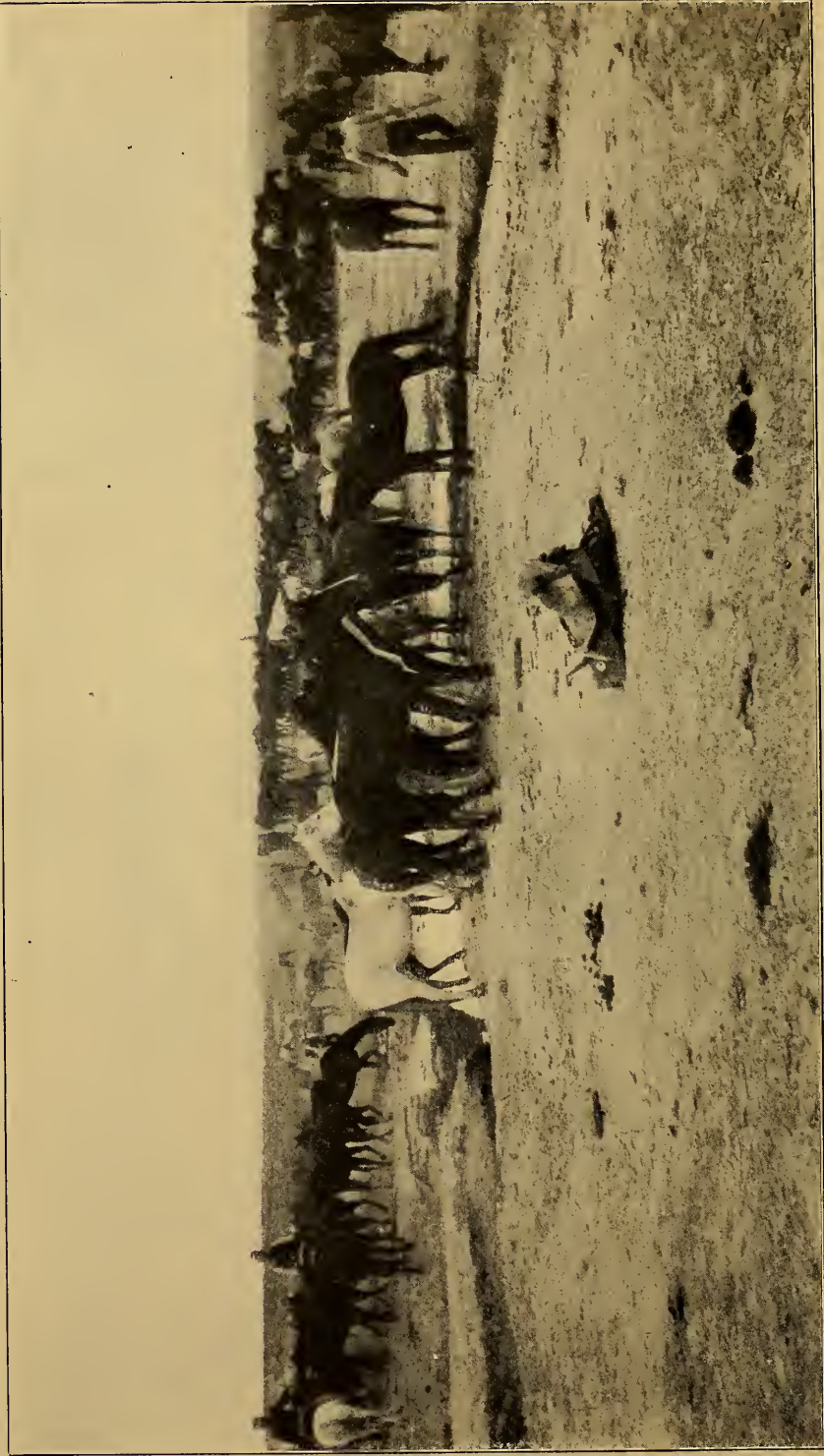
"Change horses; get something to eat," said he to me; so I swung after the file trailing away at a canter over the low swells beyond the plain.

The remuda had been driven by its herders to a corner of the pasture's wire fence, and there held. As each man ar-

rived, he dismounted, threw off his saddle, and turned his animal loose. Then he flipped a loop in his rope and disappeared in the eddying herd. The discarded horse, with many grunts, indulged in a satisfying roll; shook himself vigorously, and walked slowly away. His labor was over for the day; and he knew it, and took not the slightest trouble to get out of the way of the men with the swinging ropes.

Not so the fresh horses, however. They had no intention of being caught, if they could help it, but dodged and twisted, hid and doubled behind the moving screen of their friends. The latter seemed to know they were not wanted, made no effort to avoid the men, and probably accounted in great measure for the fact that the herd as a body remained compact, in spite of the cowboys threading it and in spite of the lack of an inclosure.

Our horses caught, we saddled as hastily as possible, and then at the top speed of our fresh and eager ponies we swept down on the chuck wagon. There we fell off our saddles and descended on the meat and bread like ravenous locusts in a cornfield.



The herd of cow-ponies—some have done their day's work and stand quietly; the others dodge about to avoid the rope of a rider.

The ponies stood where we left them, "tied to the ground" in the cattle-country fashion.

As soon as a man had stoked up for the afternoon, he rode away. Some finished before others, so across the plain formed an endless procession of men returning to the herd, and of those whom they replaced coming for their turn at the grub.

We found the herd quiet. Some were even lying down chewing their cud as peacefully as any barnyard cows. Most, however, stood ruminative or walked slowly to and fro in the confines allotted by the horsemen; so that the herd looked from a distance like a brown carpet whose pattern was constantly changing—a dusty brown carpet in the process of being beaten. I relieved one of the watchers, and settled myself for a wait.

At this close inspection the different sorts of cattle showed more distinctly their characteristics. The cows and calves generally rested peacefully enough, the calf often lying down while the mother stood guard over it. Steers, however, were more restless. They walked ceaselessly, threading their way in and out among the standing cattle, pausing in brutish amazement at the edge of the herd, and turning back immediately to endless journeyings. The bulls, excited by so much company forced on their accustomed solitary habit, roared defiance at each other until the air fairly trembled. Occasionally two would clash foreheads. Then the powerful animals would push and wrestle, trying for a chance to gore. The decision of supremacy was a question of but a few minutes, and a bloody top-knot the worst damage. The defeated one side-stepped hastily and clumsily out of reach, and then walked away.

Most of the time all we had to do was to sit our horses and watch these things; to enjoy the warm bath of the Arizona sun, and to converse with our next neighbors. Once in a while some enterprising cow, observing the opening between the men, would start to walk out. Others would fall in behind her until the movement would become general. Then one of us would swing his leg off the pommel and jog his pony over to head them off. They would return peacefully enough.

But one black muley cow with a calf as black and muley as herself was more per-

sistent. Time after time, with infinite patience, she tried it again the moment my back was turned. I tried driving her far into the herd. No use; she always returned. Quirtings and stones had no effect on her mild and steady persistence.

"She's a San Simon cow," drawled my neighbor. "Everybody knows her. She's at every round-up, just naturally raisin' hell."

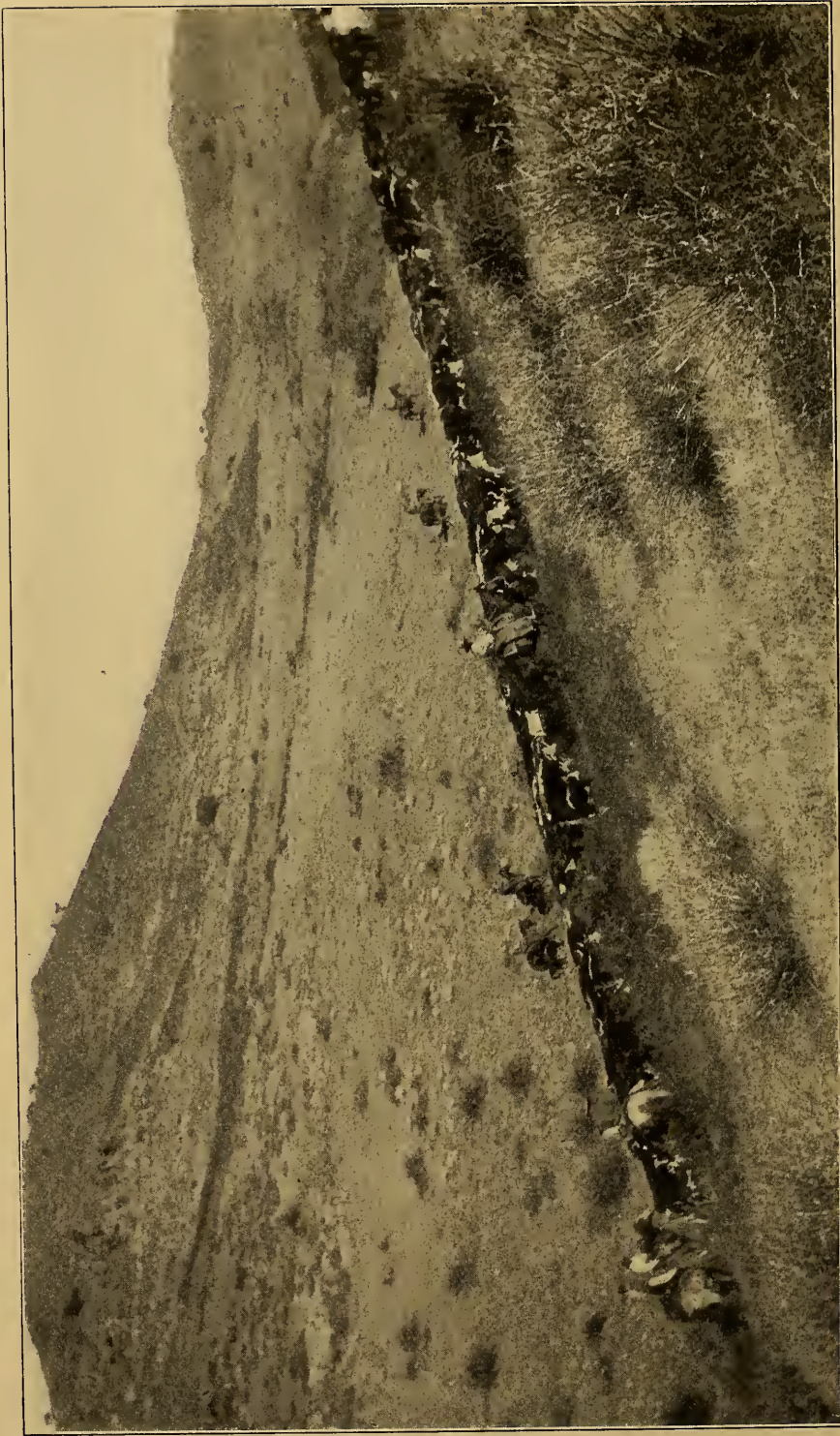
When the last man had returned from chuck, Homer made the dispositions for the cut. There were present probably thirty men from the home ranches round about, and twenty representing owners at a distance, here to pick up the strays inevitable to the season's drift. The round-up captain appointed two men to hold the cow-and-calf cut, and two more to hold the steer cut. Several of us rode into the herd, while the remainder retained their positions as sentinels to hold the main body of cattle into shape.

Little G and I rode slowly among the cattle looking everywhere. The animals moved sluggishly aside to give us passage, and closed in as sluggishly behind us so that we were always closely hemmed in wherever we went. Over the shifting sleek backs, through the eddying clouds of dust, I could make out the figures of my companions moving slowly, apparently aimlessly, here and there.

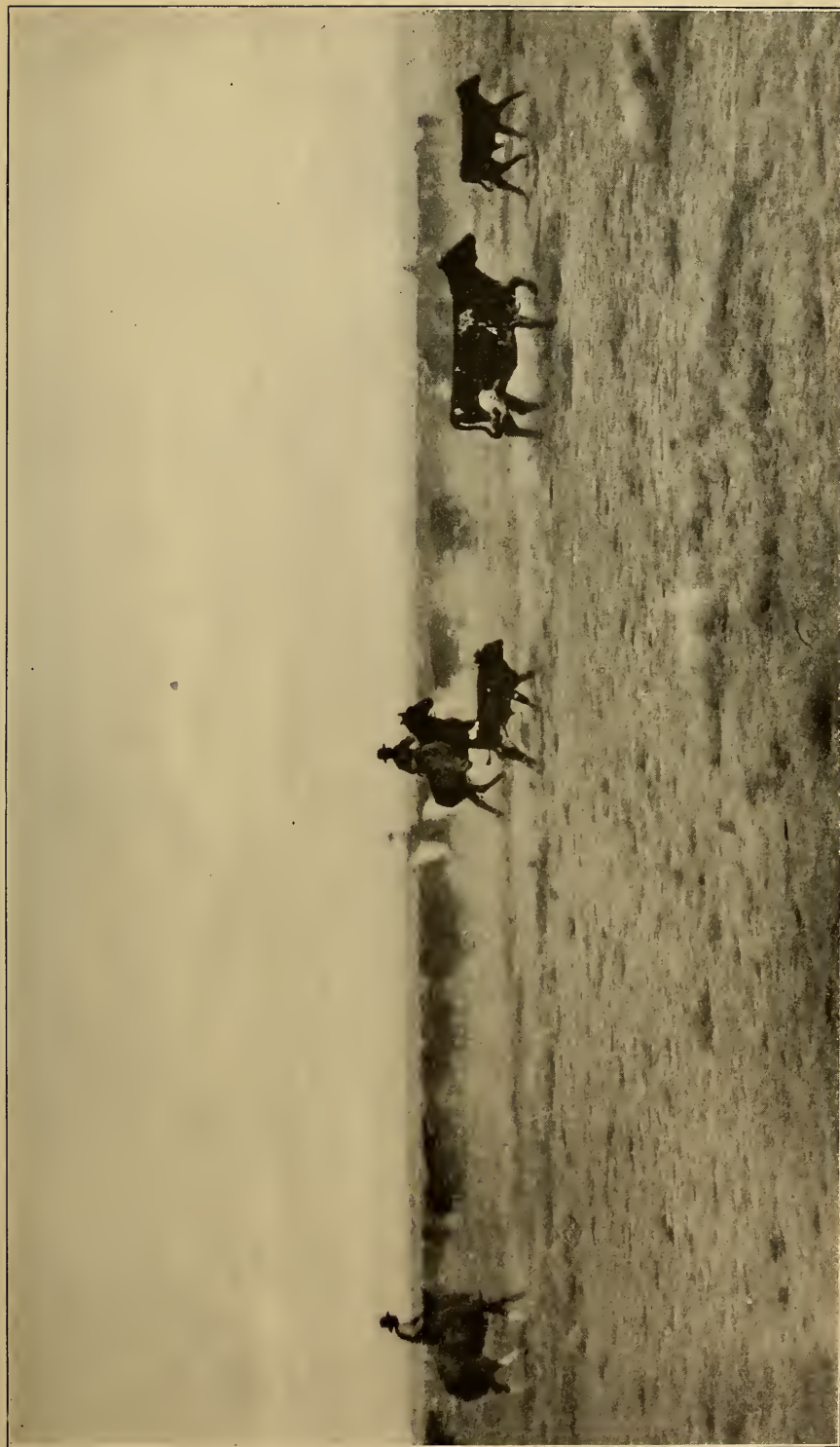
Our task for the moment was to search out the unbranded J H calves. Since in ranks so closely crowded it would be physically impossible actually to see an animal's branded flank, we depended entirely on the ear marks.

Did you ever notice how any animal, tame or wild, always points his ears inquiringly in the direction of whatever interests or alarms him? Those ears are for the moment his most prominent feature. So when a brand is quite indistinguishable because, as at present, of press of numbers, or, as in winter, from extreme length of hair, the cropped ears tell plainly the tale of ownership. As every animal is so marked when branded, it follows that an uncut pair of ears means that its owner has never felt the iron.

So now we had to look first of all for calves with uncut ears. After discovering one, we had to ascertain his ownership by examining the ear-marks of his mother, by



A final bunch of stragglers driven to join the main herd.



It takes untiring vigilance and a good pony to head off every independent-minded steer in the herd.



You can chase a cow just so far, and then it is as well to give up and turn back.



The cows with calves are cut out from the main herd and stand about lazily.



Moving that all-important center of interest, the chuck wagon.



whose side he was sure in this alarming multitude to be clinging faithfully.

Calves were numerous, and J H cows everywhere to be seen, so in somewhat less than ten seconds I had my eye on a mother and son. Immediately I turned Little G in their direction. At the slap of my quirt against the stirrup, all the cows immediately about me shrank suspiciously aside. Little G stepped forward daintily, his nostrils expanding, his ears working back and forth, trying to the best of his ability to understand which animals I had selected. The cow and her calf turned in toward the center of the herd. A touch of the reins guided the pony. At once he comprehended. From that time on he needed no further directions. Cautiously, patiently, with great skill, he forced the cow through the press toward the edge of the herd. It had to be done very quietly, at a foot pace, so as to alarm neither the objects of pursuit, nor those surrounding them. When the cow turned back, Little G somehow happened always in her way. Before she knew it she was at the outer edge of the herd. There she found herself, with a group of three or four companions, facing the open plain. Instinctively she sought shelter. I felt Little G's muscles tighten beneath me. The moment for action had come. Before the cow had a chance to dodge among her companions, the pony was upon her like a thunderbolt. She broke in alarm, trying desperately to avoid the rush. There ensued an exciting contest of dodgings, turnings, and doublings. Wherever she turned Little G was before her. Some of his evolutions were marvelous. All I had to do was to sit my saddle, and apply just that final touch of judgment denied even the wisest of the lower animals. Time and again the turn was so quick that my stirrup swept the ground. At last the cow, convinced of the uselessness of further effort to return, broke away on a long lumbering run to the open plain. She was stopped and held by the men detailed, and so formed the nucleus of the new cut-herd. Immediately Little G, his ears working in conscious virtue, jog-trotted back into the herd, ready for another.

After a dozen cows had been sent across to the cut-herd, the work simplified. Once a cow caught sight of this new band, she

generally made directly for it, head and tail up. After the first short struggle to force her from the herd, all I had to do was to start her in the proper direction and keep her at it until her decision was fixed. If she was too soon left to her own devices, however, she was likely to return. An old cowman knows to a second just the proper moment to abandon her.

Sometimes in spite of our best efforts a cow succeeded in circling us and plunging into the main herd. The temptation was then strong to plunge in also, and to drive her out by main force; but the temptation had to be resisted. A dash into the thick of it might break the whole band. At once, of his own accord, Little G dropped to his fast shuffling walk, and again we addressed ourselves to the task of pushing her gently to the edge.

This was all comparatively simple—almost any pony is fast enough for the calf cut—but now Homer gave orders for the steer cut to begin, and steers are rapid and resourceful and full of natural cussedness. Little G and I were relieved by Windy Bill, and betook ourselves to the outside of the herd.

Here we had leisure to observe the effects that up to this moment we had ourselves been producing. The herd, restless by reason of the horsemen threading it, shifted, gave ground, expanded and contracted, so that its shape and size were always changing in the constant area guarded by the sentinel cowboys. Dust arose from these movements, clouds of it, to eddy and swirl, thicken and dissipate in the currents of air. Now it concealed all but the nearest dimly outlined animals; again it parted in rifts through which mistily we discerned the riders moving in and out of the fog; again it lifted high and thin so that we saw in clarity the whole herd and the outriders and the mesas far away. As the afternoon waned, long shafts of sun slanted through this dust. It played on men and beasts magically, expanding them to the dimensions of strange genii appearing and effacing themselves in the billows of vapor from some enchanted bottle.

We on the outside found our sinecure of hot noontide filched from us by the cooler hours. The cattle, wearied of standing and perhaps somewhat hungry



At top speed the hungry band sweeps down upon the grinning cook and his steaming pots.

and thirsty, grew more and more impatient. We rode continually back and forth, turning the slow movement in on itself. Occasionally some particularly enterprising cow would conclude that one or another of the cut-herds would suit her better than this mill of turmoil. She would start confidently out, head and tail up, find herself chased back, get stubborn on the question, and lead her pursuer a long, hard run before she would return to her companions. Once in a while one would even have to be roped and dragged back. For know, before something happens to you, that you can chase a cow safely only until she gets hot and winded. Then she stands her ground and gets emphatically "on the peck."

I remember very well when, in South Dakota, I first discovered this. It was after I had had considerable cow work too. I thought of cows as I had always seen them—afraid of a horseman, easy to turn with the pony, and willing to be chased as far as necessary to the work. Nobody told me anything different. One day we were making a drive in an exceedingly broken country. I was bringing in a small bunch I had discovered in a pocket of the hills, but was excessively annoyed by one old cow that insisted on breaking back. In the wisdom of further experience, I now conclude that she probably had a calf in the brush. Finally she got away entirely. After starting the bunch well ahead, I went after her.

Well, the cow and I ran nearly side by side for as much as half a mile at top speed. She declined to be headed. Finally she fell down and was so entirely winded that she could not get up.

"Now, old girl, I've got you," said I, and set myself to urging her to her feet.

The pony acted somewhat astonished, and suspicious of the job. Therein he knew a lot more than I did. But I insisted, and like a good pony he obeyed. I yelled at the cow, and slapped my hat, and used my quirt. When she had quite recovered her wind, she got slowly to her feet, and charged me in a most determined manner.

Now a bull, or a steer, is not difficult to dodge. He lowers his head, shuts his eyes, and comes in on one straight rush. But a cow looks to see what she is doing; her

eyes are open every minute, and it overjoys her to take a side hook at you even when you succeed in eluding her direct charge.

The pony I was riding did his best, but even then could not avoid a sharp prod that would have ripped him up had not my leather *bastos* intervened. Then we retired to a distance in order to plan further; but we did not succeed in inducing that cow to revise her ideas, so at last we left her. When, in some chagrin, I mentioned to the round-up captain the fact that I had skipped one animal, he merely laughed.

"Why, kid," said he "you can't do nothin' with a cow that gets on the prod that away 'thout you ropes her; and what could you do with her out there if you *did* rope her?"

So I learned one thing more about cows.

After the steer cut had been finished, the men representing the neighboring ranges looked through the herd for strays of their brands. These were thrown into the stray-herd, which had been brought up from the bottom lands to receive the new accessions. Work was pushed rapidly, as the afternoon was nearly gone.

In fact so absorbed were we that until it was almost upon us we did not notice a heavy thunder shower that arose in the region of the Dragoon Mountains, and swept rapidly across the zenith. Before we knew it the rain had begun. In ten seconds it had increased to a deluge; and in twenty we were all to leeward of the herd striving desperately to stop the drift of the cattle down wind.

We did everything in our power to stop them, but in vain. Slickers waved, quirts slapped against leather, six-shooters flashed but still the cattle, heads lowered, advanced with a slow and sullen persistence that would not be stemmed. If we held our ground, they divided around us. Step by step we were forced to give way—the thin line of nervously plunging horses sprayed before the dense mass of the cattle.

"No they won't stampede," shouted Charley to my question. "There's cows and calves in them. If they was just steers or grown critters, they might."

The sensations of those few moments were very vivid—the blinding beat of the storm in my face, the unbroken front of horned heads bearing down on me resist-

less as fate, the long slant of rain with the sun shining in the distance beyond it.

Abruptly the down-pour ceased. We shook our hats free of water, and drove the herd back to the cutting grounds again.

But now the surface of the ground was slippery, and the rapid maneuvering of horses had become a matter precarious in the extreme. Time and again the ponies fairly sat on their haunches and slid when negotiating a sudden stop; while quick turns meant the rapid scramblings that only a cow horse could accomplish. Nevertheless the work went forward unchecked. The men of the other outfits cut their cattle into the stray-herd. The latter was by now of considerable size, for this was the third week of the round-up.

Finally every one expressed himself as satisfied. The largely diminished main herd was now started forward by means of shrill cowboy cries and beating of quirts. The cattle were only too eager to go. From my position on a little rise above the stray herd, I could see the leaders breaking into a run, their heads thrown forward as they snuffed their freedom. On the mesa side the sentinel riders quietly withdrew. From the rear and flank the horsemen closed in. The cattle poured out in a steady stream through the opening thus left toward the mesa. The fringe of cowboys followed, urging them on. Abruptly the cavalcade turned and came loping back. The cattle continued ahead on a trot, gradually spreading abroad over the landscape, losing their integrity as a herd. Some of the slower or hungrier dropped out and began to graze. Certain of the more wary disappeared to right or left.

Now, after the day's work was practically over, we had our first accident. The horse ridden by a young fellow from Dos

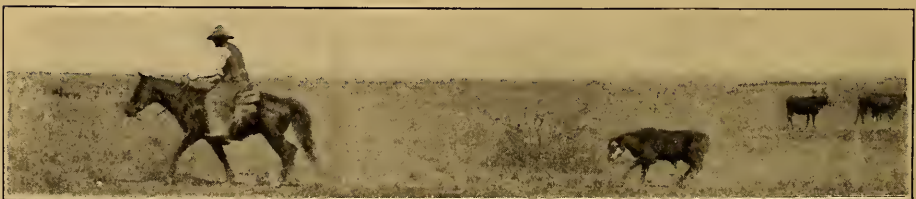
Cabesas slipped, fell, and rolled quite over his rider. At once the animal lunged to his feet, only to be immediately seized by the nearest rider. But the Dos Cabesas man lay still, his arms and legs spread abroad, his head doubled sideways in a horribly suggestive manner. We hopped off. Two men straightened him out, while two more looked carefully over the indications on the ground.

"All right," sang out one of these, "the horn didn't catch him."

He pointed to the indentation left by the pommel. Indeed five minutes brought the man to his senses. He complained of a very twisted back. Homer sent one of the men in after the bed-wagon, by means of which the sufferer was shortly transported to camp. By the end of the week he was again in the saddle. How men escape from this common accident with injuries so slight has always puzzled me. The horse rolls completely over his rider, and yet it seems to be the rarest thing in the world for the latter to be either killed or permanently injured.

Now each man had the privilege of looking through the J H cuts to see if by chance strays of his own had been included in them. When all had expressed themselves as satisfied, the various bands were started to the corrals.

From a slight eminence where I had paused to enjoy the evening, I looked down on the scene. The three herds, separated by generous distances one from the other, crawled leisurely along; the riders, their hats thrust back, lolled in their saddles, shouting conversation to each other, relaxing after the day's work; through the clouds strong shafts of light belittled the living creatures, threw into proportion the vastness of the desert.





“DON'T CARE IF I DO!”

Drawing by Hy. S. Watson.

# AN INTIMATE EXCURSION\*

OLD NORMANDY ROADS FROM A MOTOR CAR

BY FRANK PRESBREY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



THE idea of taking our motor to Europe and spending the summer in touring seems to have come as a simultaneous inspiration to both my wife and myself. Inspirations are usually infectious and are caught as one catches the measles or mumps. But just how or when we were exposed neither of us has ever been able to decide.

A well-developed case of real *automobolia foreignensis* shows the same characteristic symptoms in almost every instance. The patient almost immediately after the breaking out of the disease develops a mania for foreign road maps and books of travel. He can usually be found prowling around book stores earnestly asking for books descriptive of automobiling abroad. His fever is so high that nothing quenches his thirst for details. Any one who has toured abroad in an automobile becomes at once his chosen idol and he hovers near and over him until he has extracted all the information possible.

Then the patient is torn and worried over the question whether he ought to take over an American car or wait until he has landed and buy or rent a foreign one.

All these symptoms and doubts my wife and I had to the fullest degree. How we solved them and how we made our trip through Normandy, Brittany, the chateau country in Touraine, England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales may possibly be of interest to others who either have made or contemplate making a similar tour.

Hence, without further apologies—this story.

One of the particular delights of touring in an automobile is that one may indulge to the fullest extent in what may be termed a haphazard decision. Sudden whims to change the route or to visit this place or that may be indulged in without the annoyance of exchanging or redeeming railroad tickets. If you happen to be passing through some little village that strikes your fancy, or chance to come across an inn which looks particularly inviting, you do not have to ask the conductor for a stop-over check, nor hurry to the luggage van to get your luggage out. You may stop at will and start at will.

We made our entire trip, from start to finish, without definite plans for more than a day or two in advance, and even these plans were frequently changed on the impulse of the moment.

Everywhere through France and Great Britain there was manifest the kindest sentiment. We had been told that the feeling against American cars was so bitter that we would likely have trouble in garages in France where the chauffeurs were mean enough to loosen a bolt, puncture a gasoline tank or do other various small and petty tricks in order to put an American car out of commission.

We not only had no trouble of this sort anywhere in France but we found the men in charge of the garages uniformly courteous and obliging, and disposed to give us all of the assistance possible. And they did it graciously. We did take the precaution however, and this I would advise

\*The first of a series of papers describing an automobile trip through Normandy, Brittany, Scotland, Ireland, England and Wales. One paper will be devoted to practical notes and suggestions for the benefit of those who are planning a first motor trip abroad.



A typical Normandy road—one wonders it is not crowded with touring cars.



Chart of the continental section of the tour.

every one to do, of having a strap with a lock on it put on over the hood of our car so that no one could open the hood and get at the engine without leaving telltale traces. Mere curiosity to see the engine of an American car might prompt people in a foreign garage to open the hood and in that way some damage might be done.

We found garage facilities in every town and at almost all the hotels. The charges were very small in independent garages—generally about three francs for storage, washing and brassing, often not over two francs—and in the hotel garages there was seldom any charge for storing. Gasoline or petrol, or essence as it is called in France, we found under its various names for sale everywhere, even in the smallest villages and often at farm houses. It cost from forty to fifty cents for five gallon cans, and in England it was as cheap as it is in the United States.

We encountered uniform courtesy, not only in the garages, but along the country roads. In fact it was so much the custom for the peasants in the field to wave to us

as we passed along the road that we began to look for these pleasant little salutations, and to take the initiative ourselves, to show that we did not propose to be outdone in civility.

We left the *Amerika* at Cherbourg, the port of call for France and the Continent, and with a brief stop in Paris, were in Havre within two days.

Our friend, the shipping agent, with his customary desire to do everything possible for our pleasure and comfort, had delegated one of the young men in his office to ride with us to the outskirts of the city of Havre and put us on the right road to Rouen. It is in Havre, as in all French cities, a troublesome thing to find one's way through the labyrinth of streets and out of the town. Very often the streets of a little place of a few thousand inhabitants will be so tortuous and so utterly without system that it is almost impossible to go into the city at one side and come out anywhere near where you wish to, in order to continue your trip beyond on the proper road.



Our guide appeared at the hotel just as we were leaving, rigged out in his dust coat and goggles as if he was ready for a long tour and without ceremony climbed in at the side of the driver. He directed us through the main part of the city to the suburbs, where we supposed he would leave us, but, evidently the joys of automobiling with an American party, the beauty of the day and the magnificence of the scenery were such that he felt he could sacrifice for the time being his duties in the dull routine of the shipping office. He calmly settled himself as we struck the open country and apparently was to be our companion, for how long we did not any of us know nor could we even speculate. As it was he went all the way to Rouen with us and really added to the pleasure of the trip by his enthusiastic descriptions in broken English of the various places which we passed and we all felt that if we had offered the least encouragement he would have made the entire French tour with us.

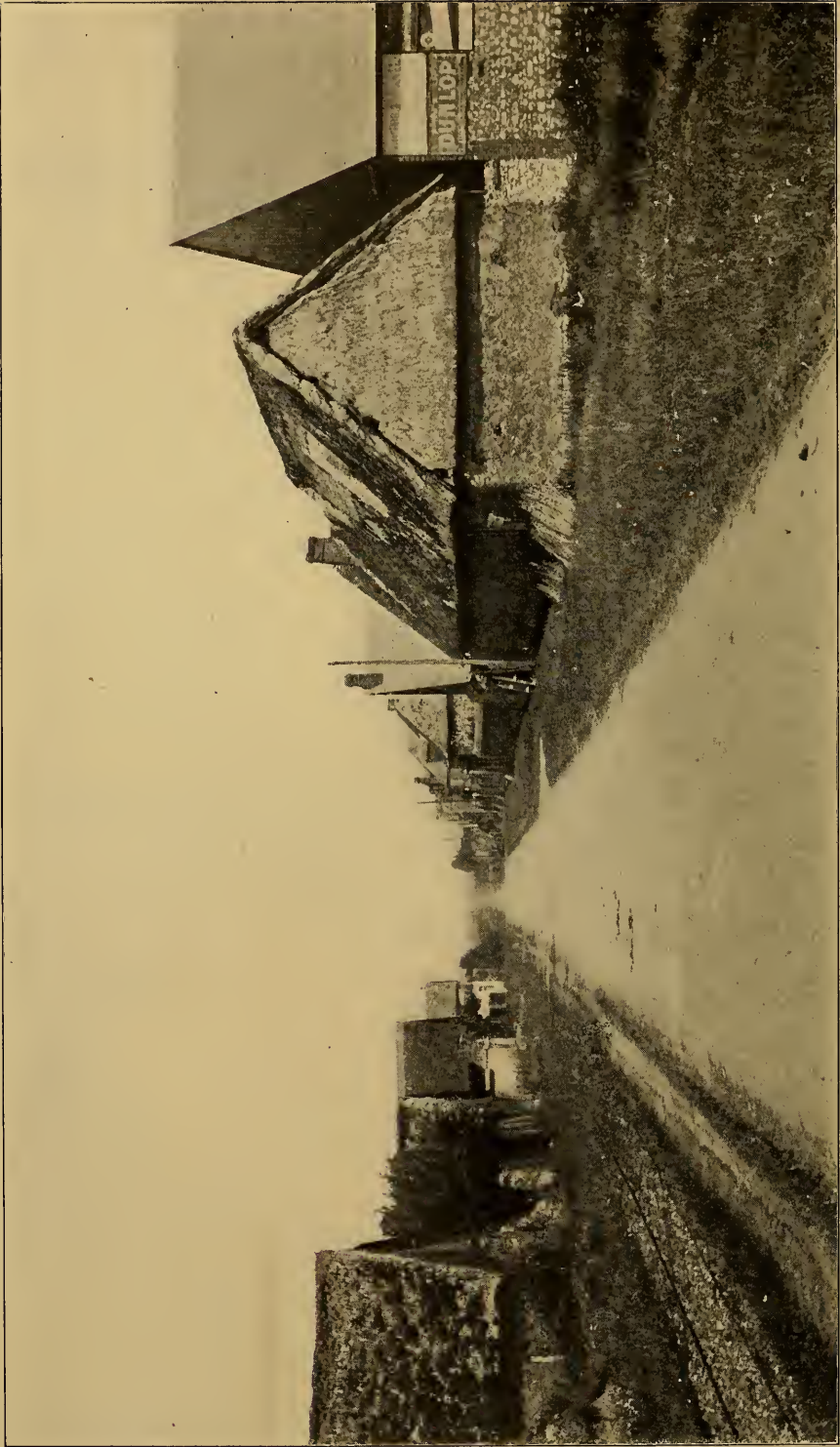
None of us will ever forget the beauties

of that first afternoon's run. It is about sixty-five miles from Havre to Rouen by the Route Nationale and the entire trip is along the valley of the Seine. If there is a more beautiful valley in the world none of our party had ever seen it. It was almost one uninterrupted stretch of fields of waving grain, beautiful forests, superb chateaux set far back from the road and approached between great avenues of trees, picturesque villages and long reaches of one of the fairest rivers in the world. The air was sweet with the fragrance of the fields, the wheat was just in head and soon to be harvested, and waving in the breezes were great patches of the bright red poppies, which are found everywhere through the fields of France.

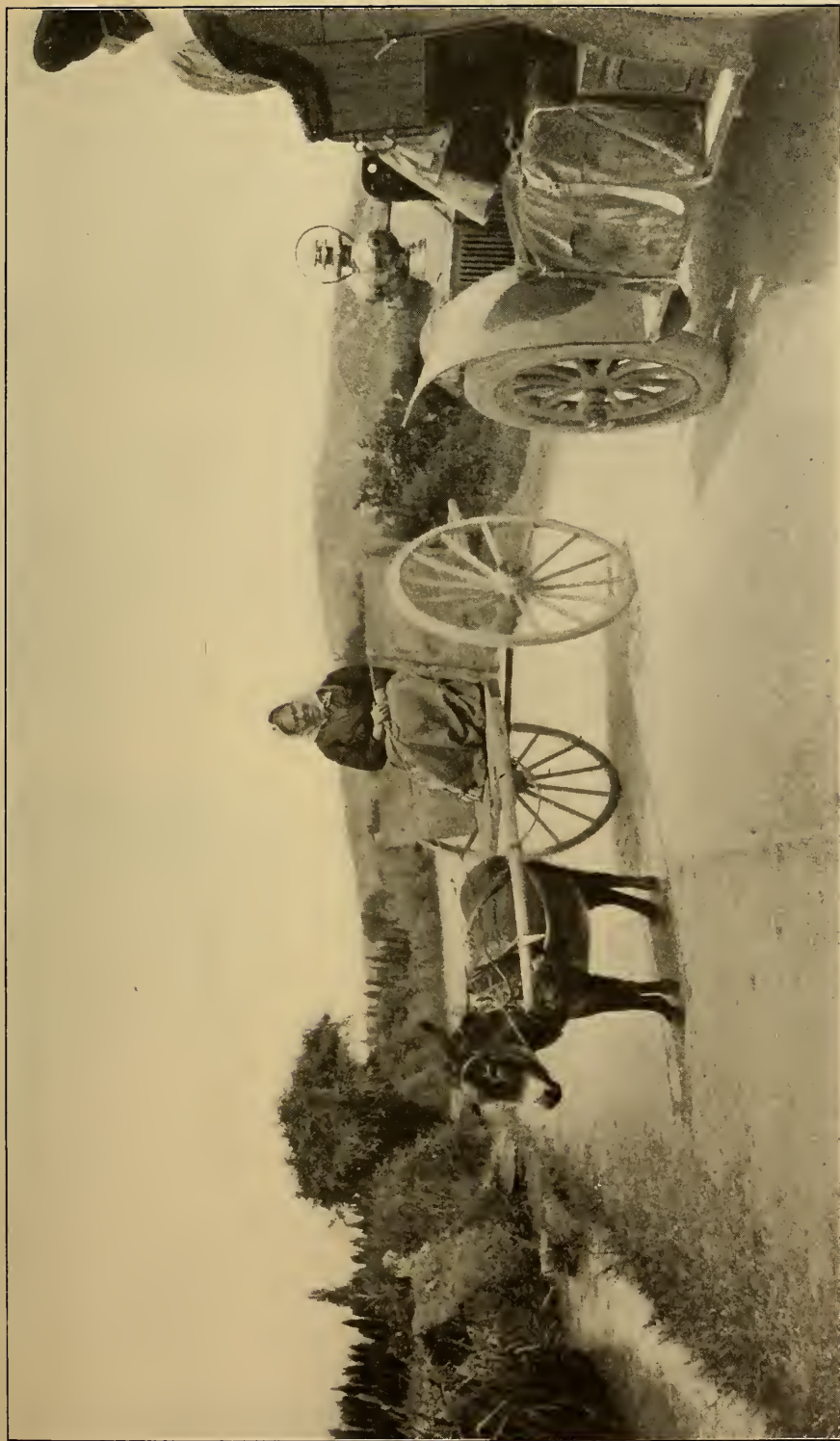
Our route out of Havre was through the shaded boulevard to Graville-Ste-Honorine, thence by St. Romain and Lillebourne, where we had a glimpse of the ruins of the old Roman theater, to the quaint little town of Caudebec, where we made our first stop. The main street of this town, after wandering around past the old church with



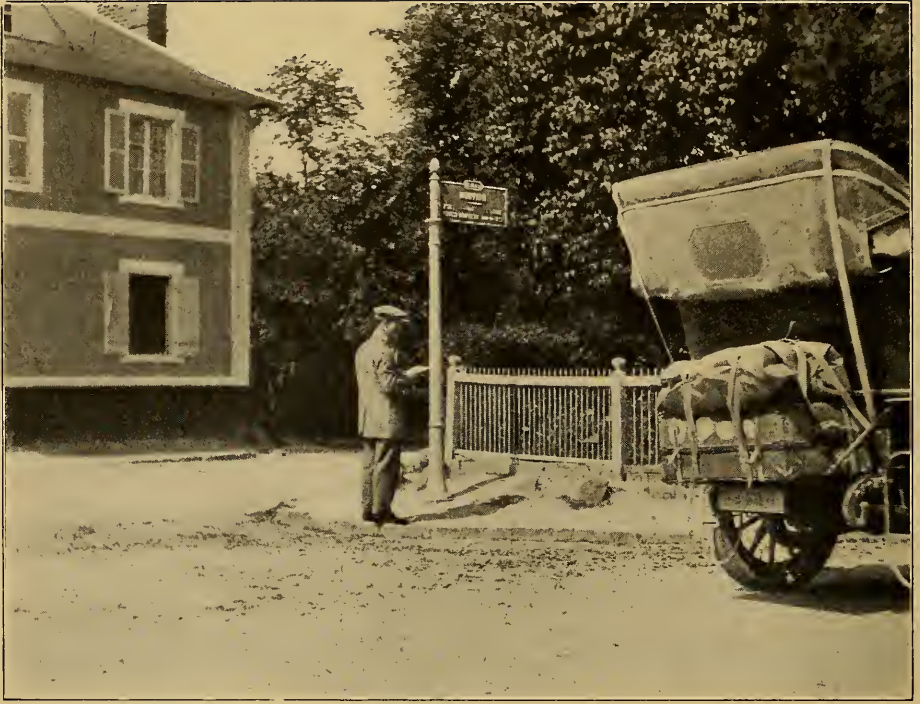
Every little town has its garage, where one may stop for "essence."



One of the small villages where speed laws are not enforced.



There is no unkindness, though they love the center of the road.



Everywhere are neat guide-posts for the benefit of motorists.

its classic tower, leads directly to the river bank where it intersects the boulevard running up and down on the very shore of the river and fringed with a double row of great trees. As we were going down this little street we discovered a peasant selling cherries, so we stopped and purchased, for a few coppers, a couple of quarts of the largest and most luscious cherries we had ever seen. We ran the car down to the river bank and sat there eating, much to the apparent amusement of the natives, and taking in the magnificent view which has been perpetuated by many artists in oil and pastel.

On the opposite side of the river we could see seated under umbrellas the always present fishermen patiently waiting a bite. The French fisherman is a type. It seems to be a national pastime. The average Frenchman will sit listlessly on a river bank all day and if he is rewarded by a few little fish by evening time he is evidently satisfied and happy with the day's sport.

From Caudebec to Rouen the scenery

began to be more varied, and the hills and grades more noticeable, probably because we were drawing farther away from the Seine.

We approached Rouen in the late afternoon through a heavily wooded, park-like country. From the edge of the uplands, over which we had come to the city, it is a long, steep, tortuous descent over a road from which we had glimpses here and there through the trees of the city with its many spires and the hills beyond.

This view as we had it just before the red sun sank beyond the western hills was so superb and impressive that we sat in the car and enjoyed it for a long time before winding our way down.

You cannot anywhere in Rouen get away from the history of Joan of Arc. There is a great monument to her in the suburbs, another in the market square and near it a marble slab in the side walk records the place where she was burned at the stake in 1431. There are souvenir spoons of her and emblems of some sort or other in every shop, and we even saw gin-

ger cakes in a baker's window so perfect in likeness that you would recognize her. We commented, incidentally, on the fact that we had always understood that ginger was noticeable in her make-up.

As there is no opportunity of crossing the Seine, except by ferry, between Havre and Rouen, and as Honfleur was our next destination, we turned back toward the sea at Rouen but on the other side of the Seine. Either place may be seen from the other, and from our windows in the Frascati Hotel in Havre we had looked by night at the lights of Honfleur just across the bay; and yet to reach it by motor we had to make a trip of one hundred and thirty miles.

The road from Rouen to Honfleur is direct and too interesting to be omitted. It takes one through Port-Audemer out past the Church of St. Germain and thence through a rich country to St. Maclou and Fiquefleur where we caught another magnificent view of the mouth of the Seine, with Havre and its mass of spires and forest of masts set like a silhouetted jewel in the red glow of the evening sun.

Honfleur, which has a history that runs back to the time of the Conquest, was a great commercial center in the years now grown musty. But the sea was unkind and gradually filled its harbor so that only the smaller boats can reach the wharves, and its rival, Havre, seven miles across the estuary of the Seine, has stolen away its commerce, leaving it a haunt of ancient peace, glorying in a past which is dead and gone.

Like all these Normandy and Brittany towns upon the sea, Honfleur maintains its fishing industry and the return each evening of its fleet of quaint boats, each laden with its shining cargo, is a picture full of keen human interest and romance. The coming of the fleet awakens the town, which an hour before was apparently lazily idling the afternoon away, into the keenest activity. Every one seems to be alert and the human tide sets for the beach as the boats with bright-hued sails filled, slide easily up the sloping sands. Once grounded they are surrounded by the women, young and old, rugged, strong-



The narrow village streets make passing difficult.

limbed and serious, who with their baskets quickly filled start across the wide-reaching beach for the packing houses from which the catch is shipped to the markets of Paris and London.

The streets of Normandy towns, especially those along its coast, are not laid out for motor thoroughfares. Those which lead to the sea are steep and without method or width and many of them end abruptly in a series of stone steps. The lateral ones wind in every direction, and we went through several in some of the small towns so narrow that the gables of the houses lean toward each other until they almost meet, while people had to step into doorways to let our car pass.

Villerville was a hopeless tangle to us, that is the old town where the Inn de la Plage which we sought was located, and we were just about to give up finding it when we discovered a lady and a gentleman sipping a liqueur in front of a little, unpretentious café. As if by instinct we felt that they could speak English and could direct us. "Oh, yes," they said,

they knew where it was and were at that time on their way to take tea with the author. Curious how small the world is! After a brief chat with them we walked down the narrow, steep street toward the sea, leaving our car in charge of a diminutive girl, who climbed up into the chauffeur's seat with all the pride and confidence imaginable. Our directions had been so definite that we were soon seated in the garden of the Inn enjoying the fragrance of its multitude of flowers and the picture of the sea spread like a great panorama before us. In the immediate foreground far below us at the bottom of the cliffs was the wide beach, dotted with striped, gay-colored awnings and white umbrellas under which were the artists from the Quartier Latin of Paris who come in great numbers to these Normandy shores every summer to find subjects for their canvases. Beyond them were the fishing boats from which there passed a steady stream of bare-legged fisherwomen bearing away the results of the day's haul.

It was one of the times and places in this



The Inn of William the Conqueror—one of the quaintest hotels in the world.



One may sit outside the Inn at a little table and eat delicious things.

garden where we did not care how many minutes Madame la Mere took in preparing the meal. True, the aroma which drifted over to us from the coffee which Pere was roasting in an out-of-door oven just over the hedge of roses, invited an even greater appetite, but there was so much to admire, so much of enchantment in the exquisite setting that we hardly took thought of the hour we waited for the steaming omelette, the poulette en creme, the delicious peas, artichokes and the potatoes all done to a turn. We could have stayed in Villerville for a week and enjoyed every moment; but we argued that this would be true of almost every place we saw, so bidding our hosts farewell in our best French—which they were too polite to smile at—we wandered back to the car, around which was gathered a large delegation of the juvenile friends of our little maid, all apparently jealous of the great privilege she had been enjoying, but too well-mannered or too timid to climb in themselves or to tamper with any part.

It is but three and a half miles from

Villerville to Trouville, the one spot where the boulevards and cafés of Paris are best reflected by the sea. The road is fringed with villas of the rich, but there were few of these which were sufficiently attractive in architecture or setting to merit attention. We had decided, before leaving Honfleur, to stop at Trouville only long enough to get a glimpse of it because it is distinctly a show place, resplendent in gaudy hotels and without special interest except as a type of fashionable resort. Its one great feature is its beach, said to be the finest in France, which, when we passed through, was thronged with holiday makers and bathers in gay French attire.

From Trouville we followed the ocean road which reminds one of the famous Corniche Road from Nice to Cape Martin on the Riviera, so perilously near does it follow the cliffs overlooking the sea. We passed without a stop through Deauville, Benerville, Villers-sur-Mer, Auberville, Beuzeval, Houlgate and Cabourg in rapid succession, and reached Dives-sur-Mer in less than an hour. It is here that the Inn

of Guillaume-le-Conquerant is located, the Inn which, by common accord among travelers, is the most attractive and unique in the world. The first impression is one of disappointment, for there is nothing in the architecture of its exterior to attract one. But once within its arched portal the fascination of the place is instant and everlasting.

We had a jolly dinner party at the Inn that evening, our friends from Waterbury and ourselves, and we ate it at a table set under a rose-covered archway in the garden.

From Dives we followed the sea as far as Sallenelles and then the shores of the River Orne inland to Caen, arriving there in time for luncheon at the Hotel Place Royale. At Caen, which is a place with a history running back into the earlier centuries, we remained only long enough to visit the Abbaye-aux-Dames founded in 1066 by Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror, and the Abbaye-aux-Hommes, founded at the same time by the Conqueror himself as an expiation for marrying each other against the laws which prohibited the marrying of cousins. These two churches are at opposite ends of the city and aside from their historical features are not unusual.

The history of William the Conqueror and Matilda is so closely interwoven with Normandy that it is impossible for even the passing motorist to escape the taking of more or less interest in them and their lives. There is scarcely an important town in which the Conqueror did not construct a convent—twenty-three are credited to him—a church, or some building which in reconstructed form still remains.

Leaving Caen we followed the Route Nationale to Bayeaux, a run of twenty-four kilometers (fifteen miles). We made it in about thirty minutes because the road was perfect and there was nothing of particular interest aside from the numerous little settlements or villages and the walled farms so frequent in this section of Normandy to detain us.

Bayeaux is a sleepy, old mediæval town celebrated the world over for its much talked about and badly faded tapestry. Of course, we had to see the tapestry, for nobody would think of going to Bayeaux without seeing it; thousands of tourists

every year travel to the town for that purpose.

Between Bayeaux and St. Lo, our next point, we traveled for many miles through a great forest absolutely devoid of human habitation save only the little sentry boxes a mile or two apart for the use of the gendarmes. It would have been a dreary place for a breakdown, especially as night was approaching and the drizzle of the afternoon was settling down to a steady rain. Our car, however, was dependable and we pulled up at the Hotel de l'Univers at St. Lo, in good shape, where we remained for the night.

From St. Lo to Avranches, by way of Coutances, is a run of about thirty miles. In order, not only to shorten the distance but to have an opportunity of studying the lesser thoroughfares of Normandy and to get further back into the country, we followed the smallest roads, many of them taking us actually through the dooryards and barnyards of the peasants. Motors were evidently far more of a curiosity here than on the roads which we had previously traveled and the tooting of our horn generally brought everybody in the thatched-roofed cottages to the doors, which we passed so close in many instances that we could have jumped into the house from the car, or shaken hands with the people. In every instance, however, while the motor attracted a great deal of attention we had nothing but pleasant salutations and greetings, notwithstanding we frequently made the flocks of geese and chickens scatter to right and left, and hurried the bunches of protesting pigs out of our way.

At Avranches we overtook our friends from Waterbury, who had gone on the night before from Bayeaux through to Avranches instead of stopping, as we had, at St. Lo. We had much difficulty in finding the Grand Hotel de France at de Loudre, a little house with a big name, where we had agreed to meet, as it was tucked in around the corner of a narrow street and was approached through an entrance which gave no indication whatever of its being the approach to the largest hotel of the place.

We adopted on the outskirts of Avranches our usual plan of hiring a small boy to ride with us on the car and direct us to





In old St. Lo, where we paused to inquire our way.

the hotel. We found this the best way in every place where we desired to reach a particular spot, or even go through the town. There are always small boys to be found and their delight at riding in the motor is doubled by the few coppers which they accept with many expressions of "*Merci, Monsieur.*" In several instances, however, we found that the small boy was up to his pranks or else was trying to get a longer ride. In one town in particular a little chap whom we had employed for the purpose took us no less than four times across the town, and each time, when we got to the outskirts, would protest that he did not understand us, although from the merry twinkle in his eye once or twice discovered, I imagine that he was putting up what he thought was a most excellent and well executed joke, by which he secured a long motor ride and became the envied of all of his chums.

After an hour spent in the attractive flower-filled courtyard of the hotel at Avranches we started for the great show-place of Normandy, Mont St. Michel, accompanied by our friends from Waterbury in their motor.

The road from Avranches is without special features. As all roads lead to Rome so all roads in this part of Normandy lead to Mont St. Michel. It is the one great tourist and excursion center to-day, as it was the one great citadel of ancient times.

The first view of the Mont from the mainland is not impressive because of the distance from which it is seen. It looks like a huge spire out in the water, but as you get near to it and look up at it in all its majesty the impression is magnificent and indelible. It has an individuality entirely its own, but its charm is largely neutralized by the fact that it is overrun by thousands of excursionists and tourists, and from the moment you put foot inside the *Porte du Roi* until you leave you are being importuned to buy all sorts of knick-knacks and souvenirs, postal cards, or photographs. Its restaurants are all represented by "barkers" who stand on the outside and try to get your patronage, and even after you escape from the single street at the base of the mountain and

climb far up toward its summit, where you begin to get out of the atmosphere of trade and commerce, you are cajoled into a museum and not allowed to escape without being importuned to buy cheap jewelry and other novelties.

But, despite all these distractions, despite the hard climb which every one who visits the Mont must take, the view from its summit and the magnificence of its Abbey fully compensate for the time and labor. It is a wonderful spot which no one going to Normandy should fail to see, and while the fame of the omelettes still made and served by the gracious Poulard Aine divides the fame of the place with its architecture and history, there still remains so much of beauty, so much of historical glamour that one could remain for several days and enjoy every hour.

As there was so great a crowd at Mont St. Michel we decided to push on to St. Malo that night, a run of only about two hours, and so retraced our steps to the garage where we had left our car. This consists of a narrow strip of beach outside of the old stone gate of the Mont. The automobiles for some reason are not allowed to remain on the causeway which ends at the Mont, but are compelled to go down and park on the sand. We did not discover why this was necessary unless it was to enable the keeper of the garage to exact from us a tip of a franc for his supposed watchfulness of our motor, lest it should sail off into the ocean while we were within the walled town.

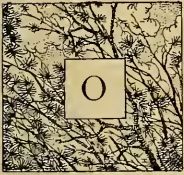
The run from Mont St. Michel took us back over the causeway to Pontorson on the mainland, and thence through the quaint little city of Dol, which was the first city we entered in Brittany, for the River Couesnon, which we crossed at Pontorson, is the dividing line between the two provinces, Normandy and Brittany.

We approached St. Malo just at evening and it made one of the most pleasant impressions upon us of any of the towns visited on our trip. The rain, which had been nothing short of a downpour during our run, had ceased and the evening sun was setting all the windows of the town ablaze.

# BEARDING THE BURMESE TIGER

BY W. A. FRASER

DRAWING BY CHARLES SARKA



ONE morning Emir Ali came to me as I waited in Dan's bungalow at Kyouk Pyhou and said the Burmese boat was ready to take us to Pahree Island.

Ostensibly we were going to recover my boat that had sunk in the cyclone; in reality I knew that Dan hungered for the gold-and-brown coat of *Sher Bagh* the tiger.

Next morning we started. Of all the buoyant, crazy-hearted craft with which a man ever essayed twisting currents and witch-like winds that chopped around island points, that Burmese conception of a vessel was the most flippant.

As an ark of no destination, and designed to ride the waves, it would have been all right; it was as skittish as an air ship. According to the boat and the wind we desired to visit seven different islands, which we did; but in three days, in the way of a miracle, we came to the village of Myoboung on Pahree Island.

When we asked for men to search for my sunken boat the Burmese talked of the prodigious plowing and rice planting that was at hand. Even then they were resting up their muscles for the toil; and presently, when the padouk tree had flowered three times, when its great purple clusters festooned it like Chinese lanterns, they would go down into the terraced rice plots in the flats with their water buffalo and plow with diligence—also with the little wooden crotch of a tree which was a rudimentary plow.

Dan laughed ironically; for these men of toil were sleeping and eating, and vying with the lilies of the field in idleness.

"What is it—why do they not jump at the chance to earn money?" I asked Emir Ali.

"It is because of *bagh*, sahib; they are afraid. They sit here, and the sun opens their hands in the morning that they may work; but they smoke cheroots, even opium, and in the night the cold closes their hands and they sleep."

"Ask them of the tiger," I said.

Yes, of him there was talk beyond all recording. There was the lord of the jungle, and the lady of the jungle, tiger and tigress, to say nothing of the cub; the same fierce family that had stalked me as I slept by the fire after the boat wreck. The tigers had killed at Myoboung, at the village of Shwetha, at Tharetprin—in fact the whole island of Pahree was in toll to them. Even there at Myoboung they had mauled Pho Tha in broad daylight as he herded his hairless buffalo in the grove of wild mango trees close to the village.

And now these accursed destroyers would be with them all through the rains perhaps. The tigers had come from the mainland, swimming to the island, and now that the water was rough they would not go away again. All night the villagers sat up and burned fires, and fired off their guns to keep *bagh* away.

"Guns! Who had guns?" I asked.

At my question, the myook (headman) coughed, blinked his eyes, and rolled the huge wad of beetel-nut in his mouth nervously. Guns were prohibited to the natives, except by license.

Yes, to be sure, he meant one gun, which he, as headman, might possess. That the other guns he had inadvertantly spoken of were necessary to these simple village folk when they took up their occasional role of dacoit, I knew full well; but that was not my line of work, so we continued on with the subject of tiger.

Yes, if we would bag the tiger and his

hungry wife and child, the villagers would go with us to grapple for the boat. They would even accept twice their ordinary wage, which was little to extort from a sahib.

And knowledge of the tiger's whereabouts was most explicit. According to one villager, *bagh* was at Tharetprin; another knew where he was in hiding at Shwetha; he had also made a kill the night before at a village six miles from either of these places. It was confusing—absolutely oriental. When in doubt give it up and pray, is the method of the Buddhist; and instead of keeping track of Huzoor Stripes, they had been hanging festoons of wax-petaled jasmine on the little pagoda near the village, and sticking patches of gold-leaf beside the placid stone Buddha that sat, all indifferent, a square-fingered hand idly in his lap.

But amongst all the villagers there was one sane man—Lah Boh, the huntsman: Of course he had no gun; we as sahibs were to believe that, because he said so. But still, as we had guns most excellent, and, being sahibs, had not livers that would turn to water when the fierce tiger curled the bristles of his mouth at us, he would most absolutely bring us in the way of making a kill of the dreaded beast.

He alone knew where the tiger would sup that night; the others who chattered like moon-faced monkeys, were eaters of opium, and men who had dreams.

At Shwetha we would surely find *bagh*, for he had brought the matter of his kills to a routine. He circled the Island, passing from village to village, even as a carp feeds in a pond. Yes, he was due that night at Shwetha.

Lah Boh spoke in the manner of one announcing the arrival day of a steamer.

Shwetha was two hours by footpath, and we could make it before dark.

So to Shwetha we went by the way that a path should have run if there had been one. Lah Boh gathered his *putsoe* about his loins till the dragons tattooed in blue on his thighs were laid bare, and slipped through the jungle unerringly. But the handicap of our slower going made it three hours of trail, and a peacock from a lofty banyan tree was bidding good night to the setting sun with discordant "Miow," when we reached Shwetha.

Now it would be too late to carry out our plan of a tied-up bullock, and a *machan* in a tree, too late to build the *machan*, Lah Boh said.

But Dan had a plan of exceeding craziness. Nothing but a brilliant success would have removed the stigma of idiocy from his proposition. We could do without the *machan*, Dan declared; many times we had shot wild pigs together in just this *machan-less* way, concealing ourselves on the ground under a cover of leaf branches—our Express rifles would surely stop Stripes if he essayed our hiding place.

I objected—it was too risky.

When we appealed to Lah Boh, the Buddhist was indifferent. Who was he, a slave of the sahibs, to interfere if they took the risk. The white men were gods who accomplished all things, only—and he spoke in a whisper—this tiger traveled in company with an evil spirit that told him everything; else how had he left a kill half eaten when the villagers had sat in a tree over it with guns, waiting for his return the second night.

Dan had his way, and a bamboo cart-cover was placed on the ground where the rice fields met the jungle, and over this was thatched a leaf cover in the way of deceit.

Lah Boh advised a goat for the tie-up; the goat would call out of fear, and *bagh* would surely come to the summons.

The nanny was tied to a small tree twenty yards up wind from the open end of our ground *machan*.

In the village all the cattle, even the pariah dogs, had been carefully gathered into a stockade, so that the tiger should not have a chance to pick and choose.

"*Bagh* will come first to the village," said Lah Boh; "then when he finds no kill he will circle through the jungles in his hunger, and hearing the goat, will come for his small carcass. Perhaps only the one tiger will come, for they do not hunt together always. I think *baghni* (tigress) takes the cub away with her lest *bagh* will kill him, for that often happens in a tiger family. If you hear the tum-tums and the gong at the village, sahib, you will know that the men are frightening away the jungle king.

Then Lah Boh and Emir Alli went back to the village, leaving the two sahibs, Dan

and myself, who were the originators of this mad scheme, to crawl into the shelter that was like a dog's kennel, where we lay side by side, our double-barreled Express rifles trained on the goat.

"I hope the tiger turns up," Dan said, as he lighted a cheroot.

"I hope he doesn't," I replied; "and he won't while you smoke."

"You've been reading stories of tiger hunts written in Fleet Street by penny-liners," Dan retorted. "The man scent—in this case the sahib scent—will carry farther than the tobacco; besides, do you think that this striped highway robber, who has bottled up all the natives in their huts night after night, cares a snap for the smell of a cheroot. Perhaps the tobacco taint will kill the sahib odor, which these jungle dwellers dread, though God knows how they have come to that knowledge."

"We'll be caught like rats in a trap if *bagh* turns rusty," I replied.

"More big game literature; the charging tiger is a *rara avis*. Doesn't Higgins of Chittagong go out and shoot them in broad daylight on foot. Weren't we with him when he bagged the black leopard that was the worse kind of a cat."

All this was very logical; but logic has little to do with the state of one's nerves, cooped up in a hen crate in the edge of a jungle with the possible enmity of two offended tigers hanging over one.

Then the heavy Burmese night came down upon us with sensuous fullness. The struggle of the approaching monsoons seemed to have beaten the life out of the air—it hung like a dead thing, almost without current.

Our cover was pitched under a padouk, whose blossoms die the day they are born, and now, like falling dew, the petals dropped about us with their smothering incense; and from the untilled rice fields beyond a ghost-like mist was rising.

From the village came the warning cry of the disconsolate pariahs; and over in the jungle a jackal pack was lamenting the everlasting hunger pains that was their lot.

Everything animate was articulate, even to the shrill tree crickets, except our goat. He that should have been luring the tiger to us, was browsing in sweet content.

As I trained the night sights of my

rifle—which were knots of white cotton—on the complacent beast, I felt tempted to pull the trigger.

For two hours we lay, our straining ears gleaning nothing but the discordant sounds of the jungle. Then suddenly things commenced to move in the village; it was a great noise—it was louder than a Wagner concert.

"The tiger!" Dan whispered.

Even the goat, startled, bleated.

"I'm going to tie that beast up on his hind legs—he's too happy," Dan muttered, as our bait relapsed into silence. My comrade slipped out, and when he came back the nanny reproached him persistently.

The uproar in the village died away; the jackals were hushed; and there was only the pathetic bleat of the goat.

"The tigers are working this way," Dan whispered, "for the jungle is hushed in fear."

For half an hour we waited, not speaking, our limbs stinging because of their rigid quiet.

Presently Dan's elbow telegraphed a warning at my side. I also heard a stealthy step. It was just the leaves or the grass whispering that something of dread passed.

"Sp-f-f-ff—sp-f-f-f—sp-f-f-f," long intervals between each slipping sound, as though the animal balanced its weight before the next foot was placed.

Even the goat had heard, and fear strangled its voice to a faint whimper.

I knew not from which side the prowling one came; there was just the stealthy creep so impossible of location. My eyes made out nothing in the moonlight, but the goat, grotesquely waltzing on its hind legs like a faun.

The creep, creep, creep of the cautious steps continued; it seemed an age since I had heard the slip of the tiger's huge pads.

But it was coming nearer; more distinctly spoke the rustling grass. And now I could locate the prowler; behind our hiding place, and toward our feet, the deliberate visitor approached.

Much better to be out in daylight with Higgins than there with a tiger taking us in the rear, I thought.

It seemed as though the animal crept by inches. It was impossible to turn in our narrow cover; and yet nerves were

almost mastering reason, threatening to yank me right-about-face to the tiger.

I could hear his breath now and then; he was certainly clawing at our leaf cover.

Dan had not moved a muscle; his composure was all that restrained me from an insane turn.

I tried to reason out the extraordinary movement of the tiger. If he had caught our scent—he couldn't see us—why had he not cleared out; that would be more natural. Probably he was stalking the goat from behind what he took to be a bush, for it's always the same with a tiger—he would carefully stalk even a chicken.

I hardly know what happened; perhaps my nerves, grown irresponsible, twitched a foot, but at the side of our cover there was a rip-p of the branches, a hoarse, gasping bark, and we both laughed out of sheer relief of the strain.

Our stealthy tiger was poor, foolish little Barking Deer, coming, out of tribal curiosity to see why the goat bleated. For me the ribbed-faced horned one had held the terror of a nine-foot man-eater.

We waited all night, but in vain, for the coming of Stripes. And in the morning the villagers declared that *bagh* had been at their cattle corral. Their profuse oriental story bore testimony to the fact that seven tigers of the size of elephants had come and sought to devour all their cattle; and one, the leader, was guided by a fierce-looking spirit.

But Lah Boh, the sane one, said that perhaps no tiger had come at all; it might have been jackals, or a hyena, that set the *pariahs* barking.

However, we started to build a *machan* in a spreading tree; but at noon word came that *bagh* had killed at Tharetrpin.

"We must go to Tharetrpin at once," Dan said.

But Lah Boh consulted the mental timetable he had compiled of the cattle killer's movements, and said: "*Bagh* will pass my village, Myoboung, in two days, or in three days. We will go there to meet him."

It seemed reasonable. It was certainly better to be all prepared with a kill waiting for the hungry tiger, than to be following him up.

At Myoboung we built a *machan* in a tamarind, and again Lah Boh was possessed of unlooked-for wisdom.

"Tie up under the *machan*, sahibs," he said, "and rest in happiness here in the village. The spirit that is with *bagh* will think that the villagers have made a peace offering to the jungle king, and he will take the kill. Then when we know he is here, we will tie up another *goru* (bullock) and this time we will slay *bagh* from the *machan*."

We were given an empty *zyat* (priests' rest house) to sleep in. Our *machan* was a short distance in the jungle.

The first night nothing happened; the second, we were awakened from sleep by the sound of a fierce chase circling about our bungalow.

A lantern hung on the veranda, and on the outer edge of its radiance we dimly made out two huge animals tearing through the jungle growth. Twice they circled the *zyat*, and I could hear the pounding hoofs of the bullock and the sucking breath of some animal in chase.

We hastily grasped our rifles and rushed out; but the disturbers of our rest swept on down through the paddy fields at a terrific pace, and into the jungle beyond.

In the morning our tied-up bullock was gone, the rope broken, and his hoof tracks, followed by the pugs of a huge tiger, led to our *zyat*, and then away from it.

Lah Boh read the riddle that was easy of solution.

Because of fear *goru* broke the rope that was not a new one, then he passed swiftly to the sahib's light, thinking that *bagh* would be afraid of the men people.

With Lah Boh and some villagers we followed the pugs, and came to the spot where tiger had made his kill. From there the bullock had been dragged a hundred yards into a little *mullab* (ravine) lined by myriad growing bamboos.

The bullock's neck was broken, and the hind quarters gone.

"They will come back to-night for the rib roast," Dan said; "we will sit in a tree over the drag, and polish off Huzoor Stripes."

"This *bagh* is not like other *baghs*," Lah Boh declared; "because of the spirit that guides him, he will not come again to the drag, for he will know that the sahibs have been here because of the man scent. Also, if there is chance of a new kill of *goru*, he will not eat this part of the body; always



“ Even in broad daylight as he herded his hairless buffalo in the grove of wild mango trees they had come upon him.”

Drawing by Charles Sarka.

*bagh* eats the hind legs, and but sometimes the front legs. We will cut with our *dabs* (knives) the bamboos here, and the killer will think perhaps it is a trap. We will tie up a new *goru* at the *machan*, and the sahibs will pass into the tree and wait there for *bagh* who will surely come."

At once Dan concurred in this arrangement. Lah Boh was possessed of much hunt knowledge; also was he skilled in diplomacy. Dan and I would pay for the new bullock, as we had for the other, and presently, when we had gone to our *zyat*, the simple villagers would come and retrieve for their own flesh pots the beef that Stripes had left for his next meal.

At four o'clock Lah Boh brought two cart bullocks for us to ride to the *machan*, saying that we would thus leave no scent on the earth for *bagh* to bother over.

"For us black men the tiger cares nothing," the Burman said plaintively; "but if he smells the sahib's footsteps he will be afraid. And if the sahibs go now, they can become quiet before dark, and also the scent will have died a little."

We rode the led bullocks to the tamarind, and from their backs clambered to our *machan*.

It had been made with skill, large enough for us to lie at full length, and well screened with leafy branches.

"Early to bed makes a man healthy," muttered Dan, "but in this case it means unlimited jungle fever."

On the tied-up bullock's neck hung a wooden bell, and as he chewed the cud of content, quite oblivious of the heroic part he was playing, its three wooden tongues clacked musically at every twist of his head.

I had quite objected to the ornament, but Lah Boh had answered that the tiger took the cattle with bells as cheerfully as those without; it would draw his attention to the *goru*.

We had come prepared for hours of dreary night waiting—cheroots, a flask, and a bite to eat. Dan growled at the unnecessary early start we had made, while I, content in the safety our elevation afforded, stretched myself at full length, and philosophically advised him to take a nap.

A family of monkeys, the quaint, black-faced, white-whiskered hanuman, shot into

the tamarind from a neighboring tree, and evidently meant to camp there for the night.

"These jungle fool-people will upset everything," my comrade growled. "As soon as Stripes shows himself, they'll jabber and kick up a row, and put him all on edge."

Our *machan* caught the eye of the monkeys, and they proceeded to investigate. Suddenly a wrinkled frowsy head was thrust in at the opening fair into Dan's face. Then they both swore at being startled—Dan and the monkey:

The intruder communicated his fright to the others, and they scuttled back to the tree under which was tied the *goru*, scolding us from grotesque faces.

The row started up a cloud of parakeets that were settling down for the night, and we were promised a heritage of unrest.

"What are they up to now," Dan exclaimed, for the monkeys had suddenly shifted their abuse of us to something in the jungle, and their excitement had increased tenfold.

"Look at the bullock," I whispered.

"Gad! I believe that cheeky swine of a tiger is coming in broad daylight," Dan whispered back.

It must be the king of the jungle; the anger of the monkey people said it, and the terror in the eyes of the bullock pictured it. He was straining back at the strong rope that held him, and from his frothed lips issued a low moaning bellow of fear. His fawn-colored skin, soft as silk, was as tremulous as shaken water.

Neither of us spoke again. It is the unexpected that always happens. But such luck! A shot in the daylight! And he was indeed a bold one, this eater of bullocks and mauler of natives.

The bullock was a watch that timed accurately each yard in the tiger's advance. His abject terror filled me with pity. It was a strange inexplicable thing, this intuition of the animal world that taught them wherein lay great danger.

Now I knew that Stripes was close, for the monkeys, running nimbly to the top of their tree, shot away with downward swoop to the branches of another, scolding and calling to each other as they fled.

The bullock had almost ceased to bellow, and stood, fore legs wide apart and



head lowered to the ground, transfixed in terror.

Suddenly through the bushes, ten yards from our *machan*, was thrust the sneering yellow muzzle of a tiger, and his red-brown eyes glared with horrible cupidity at the animal that was now fascinated to silence. Atop this face of evil, the rounded ears, black rosetted, were twitched back angrily.

It was almost a shot; but the sloped forehead angled sideways to me, and the thick skull would deflect my bullet like a steel shield. Also his quick eye would catch the slightest move on our part.

For two minutes or more *bagb* inspected the *goru*; then the head slipped back between the leaves, and we heard the puff-puff of his pads as he circled in the bushes.

Presently there was a gleam of yellow to the left, on the edge of the abandoned paddy field that reached almost to our tamarind. Gradually the yellow shadow crept into the open, keeping close to the fringe of bush. Then another form followed the first—a half-grown cub. It was the tigress that had come for the bullock.

Even in its dreadful menace—in its suggestion of brutal ferocity, the stealthy approach of the tigress was beautiful to see. A creep of a yard or two, then she crouched, head low to earth, and tail lashing from side to side with vicious jerks.

The cub was evidently being schooled. Close behind his mother the youngster skulked, his young, foolish eyes shifting

from point to point as though he did not quite know what it all meant.

As we lay side by side, both our rifles were trained on the tigress.

She was head-on to us, and either the brain shot, or the point of the shoulder, or the vertebræ of the neck were there to choose from.

I knew that Dan would nudge me when we were to fire, and I waited, finger on trigger, and my eye lying along the sights.

The tigress crouched, and turned her face toward our *machan*, though her eyes still rested straight ahead.

I felt the soft push of Dan's knee on my leg, and pressed my trembling finger to the lever of death.

There was a roar of both rifles, a little cloud of smoke, a sulphurous breath in our nostrils, and below in the barren paddy field many devils were tearing up the earth with great noise.

"Bagged her!" Dan ejaculated; for the great beast, tawny-and-black striped was on her side, clawing viciously at the sod.

Again our rifles spoke, and the bullets sped home.

Slowly the huge head fell flat to earth, the red eyes lost their ferocity—or was it only a glint of pity for the dying that fancied this—the breath sucked and sputtered through the blood that oozed from mouth and nostrils, and, waiting with impatience for a little in our *machan*, we saw death come and put the seal of silence on the battered form of beautiful strength.



# TALES OF A COLLECTOR OF WHISKERS

BY J. ARCHIBALD MCKACKNEY, MUS. DOC., F.R.G.S., ETC.

(EDITED BY RALPH D. PAINE)

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

## VI.—THE SHIPWRECKED PARENT



WAS enjoying a quiet afternoon with my notebooks in my London lodgings. I had been in England only three weeks and already my researches had been rewarded by the discovery

of two very uncommon species or patterns of the Human Whisker. The portraits of their wearers were in process of being painted by competent artists, and I was in the midst of cataloguing these treasures according to my own system of classification and nomenclature when a commotion in the street caused me to hasten to the window.

A four-wheeler was maneuvering near the curb in the most surprising manner. Now the vehicle would sweep a circle and approach the door, then it would halt and back a few yards, while from within issued a series of shrill commands that fairly crackled with profanity. I was able to hear the turbulent passenger cry with formidable fury:

"Hard a-starboard, you swab. Now easy with your helleum. Don't you know enough to let her come up into the wind when you're making a landing?"

The harrassed cab made another dizzy circuit, and finally stopped at the curb. The door was flung open and there emerged a huge beard of Titian red followed by its sturdy owner, Hank Wilkins, my faithful assistant and the companion of my wanderings. He beckoned to the driver who handed him down a bit of plank and a coil of rope. Then Mr. Wilkins carefully

moored the horse, stern and bow, to the foot-scraper on the door-step, after which he laid one end of the plank inside the cab and the other on the curb, thus making a little bridge. Touching his hat with a sailorly salute he addressed the interior of the cab:

"All's made fast, ship-shape and proper, father. Hawsers' ashore and gang-plank out. Come ashore, if you please."

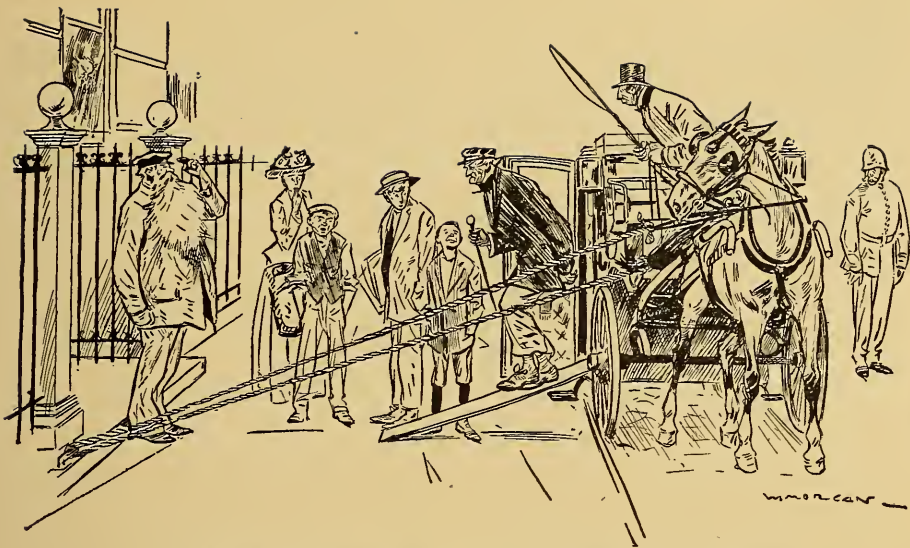
A sprightly old man darted into view and ran down the gang-plank. He was so gaunt that his clothes fairly flopped about his withered frame. His weather-browned face resembled a shrivelled pippin and his hawk-like nose swooped down to meet his concave chin.

"All taut, my boy," he piped in a voice like the wind singing through a ship's rigging. "If I hadn't been along, that lubber on the poop 'ud have smashed us into smithereens, hey, boy."

Mr. Wilkins grasped his fellow-voyager by the arm and led him indoors. I met them in the hall and Wilkins explained with some embarrassment:

"This is my aged parent, sir. I ran afoul of him by accident, unfortunate or otherwise. The only way I could fetch him up from the docks was to let him play he was cruisin' ashore. I hadn't seen the old codger for twenty-odd years, and thought he was lost in the wreck of the Australia clipper *Hyder Ally*. I knew him the second I clapped eyes on him, but I was a bit puzzled because he used to wear a beard, and now his face is as shy of hair as a china nest egg."

I coaxed the pair into my sitting room,



“All’s made fast, ship-shape, and proper. Come ashore, if you please.”

and placed the briny parent behind a scotch-and-soda. He dipped his beak in the glass, threw back his head and slid the drink down his wizened throat without blinking. His offspring commented:

“He steams by fits and starts, sir. His safety valve is pretty near due to blow off again and then you’ll hear him waste language at an awful rate. Where have you been, dear father? You haven’t squandered any postage stamps on your only child.”

The parent slapped the table with his skinny hand, smacked his lips and began to drone as if the lever of a phonograph had been released:

“The *Hyder Ally* was foundered in the Injun Ocean and I was the only man of her crew that drifted ashore. And me and the bit of plank I was clinging to like a barnacle was tossed on the beach of an island that wasn’t down on any charts at all. I discovered it, and named it Lemuel Wilkins, his island, by gum. And there was people on this Lemuel Wilkins’ Island, big brown savages with no more manners or morals than this big red-whiskered son of mine. And the men of that island, *they* had whiskers too, tropical luxuriant whiskers they was, oh, such wonderful growths. When they came down to the beach to pick me up, they was truly a rare and noble sight.

“It was the fact of my wearin’ a fine

upstanding beard that saved my life. They gave me a hut and fed me up, and I was treated with respect. It wasn’t a month before I was beginnin’ to talk their lingo and pick up their ways. One of the first things I noticed that was awful curious was that every morning all the men sat in the sun and dressed their whiskers most particular with combs made out of shark’s teeth. Then they washed ’em and holly-stoned ’em with some kind of ointment and little fiber brushes and spread them out to dry.

“I figgered that it was healthy for me to follow the majority as long as I had to sojourn on Lemuel Wilkins’ Island. While my whiskers wasn’t as fine and silky and luxurious as the savages, they was pretty fair for a fo’ksle growth. So I borrowed a comb and a squeegee and began to tend my chin-warmers as careful and assiduous as my neighbors. This made a hit with ’em from the start.

“Bime-by I learned that among my islanders rank and office was decided by reason of the longest, bushiest whiskers. It was like this, do you understand. The King-held his berth until some other man of the tribe happened along with a finer set of whiskers. Then the unfortunate ruler had to climb off his perch and make way for a new monarch.

“It might ha’ been one year and it might ha’ been a hundred and forty-seven years

for all I know, when I found by measurin' my whiskers every morning that they had reached their limit. They had sprouted every last blankety blank sprout there was in 'em. Then with fear and trembling I signified my intention of entering the next competition for office, which was held every six months. It was something like Civil Service examinations. I played in hard luck that trip, for this here competition brought out the finest collection of prize whiskers ever seen on Lemuel Wilkins' Island. It had been fine growin' weather, lots of showers and sunshine, and them native-bred tropical varieties took to it kindlier than my brand which was reared in the temperate zone.

"When the Royal Surveyor came along the line with the official measurin' rods I was all et up with excitement. I didn't have no show to be a King, but there was several snug berths that I had an eye on and it was going to be a close finish between me and the other mejium growths. Halle-lujah, I won by an eighth of an inch and was made Captain of the Royal Body Guard.

"There was only one sorrow in my year and a half at that job. An Italian barber was washed ashore from a wrecked liner and when we found a razor in his pocket I was foolish enough to tell the King, what it was for. He ordered the poor castaway

to be stoned to death with green cocoanuts, for there was no reasoning with His bloodthirsty Majesty. The royal notion was that any man that dare lay hand on a whisker with felonious intentions was a hidjus monster and had ought to be exterminated quicker 'n scat. The barber was a heretic, a blasphemer, a menace to law and order, and several other things, and I couldn't save him from his fate.

"I disremember how many years it was before there came to pass what is called in the history of Lemuel Wilkins' Island, 'The Red Whisker Rebellion.' There was a tradition that some day a man with a red beard would come from Heaven or appear in some kind of astonishin' manner and he would be the great and exalted King and reign forever and ever, amen. I used to set under a cocoanut tree and mourn that all the brains of the family went to the inside of my head and all the red hair to the outside of my boy Hank's.

"That didn't help none, me being a bloomin' brunette by profession, and I logged it along on my humble but happy course until the man from Maaloo Island come sneakin' ashore with his dam conspiracy.

"The man from Maaloo Island had me sized up as the abiding place of the cankerin' worm of Ambition with a big A. And when me and my crew that was divin' after pearls was blown into Maaloo Island harbor by a gale of wind, he renewed his hellish overtures and unfolded his plot. Him and a pal of his had discovered an herb which would make a red dye-stuff that was warranted not to fade.

crock or get rusty in three life-times. It was their copper-fastened secret and they had tried it on several sets of false whiskers. These appendages they had hung in the scorchin' sun and left out in the rain and towed behind 'em at sea for four years. And the crimson tint of them whiskers hadn't altered enough to be visible to the naked eye.

"The man from Maaloo Island had a brother that hadn't been home since he was a boy. Being a perfect stranger to all hands in them



"When the official surveyor came along I was all et up with excitement"

waters, the plot was to dye the brother's whiskers, he having the most wonderful bunch in all the Injun Ocean. Then they was to land him on Lemuel Wilkins' Island with some kind of flimflam and deludin' ceremonies like he had hopped off a passin' cloud.

"It looked all right. My poor islanders had never seen no dye-stuff of any kind and they didn't know that red whiskers growed anywhere except where their gods come from. It was as easy as stealing the handles from your grandmother's coffin.

"I was to help the game along all I could, usin' my pull with the police in case of trouble, and this dyed-in-the-wool King swore he'd make me his right-hand man and executive officer. But I didn't have to lift a finger when his Sacred Red Whiskers landed. He was discovered at sun-up chumming with the wooden gods of the tribe as if he had fell among a bunch of long-lost brothers. The Lemuel Wilkins' Islanders flopped on their knees and surrendered, hook, line and sinker, body soul and breeches which they didn't have none. The cheap human being of a King that was in power was tapped on his royal head and the Red Whiskers god took the throne without a murmur. Then he picked me as the spoiled darling of his muster-roll, and nobody dared whimper. Oh, but them were brief but beauteous years.

"It was a fifty pound case of plug tobacco that ruined Lemuel Wilkins. It was cast ashore from some wreck or other, and I welcomed it with songs of rejoicing. And being grateful to the Red Whiskered King I taught him how to chew. He took to it like a seaman to rum. And we'd pass the warm, star-lit evenings clampin' our jaws on chunks of good old 'Bristol Navy' and feel our hearts expand with love for our fellow men. He wasn't a neat chewer, being strange and uneducated, and he used to trickle some when he spit. He had hopes of bein' able to hit a knot-hole at ten feet like me, but he was a mere apprentice, so to speak.

"We went to bed in the dark on that fatal night after an exciting round of target practice at the knot-hole and I had no chance to warn him. At daylight he strode forth to meet the head men and petty officials of the tribe for a sacred

pow-wow. The rays of the rising sun lit his Heaven-descended whiskers like a bonfire of tar barrels.

"There was a wild roar from his followers. I heard the hell-raisin' racket and rushed to the scene. There was a streak of brown and another of gray runnin' half way down his beard. I dassent believe my eyes. The petty chiefs was crowding in around him utterin' shrill cries. Alas, it was too true. The dye-stuff from Maaloo Island hadn't been made proof against the continued and corrodin' effects of tobacco juice. It had done its deadly devastation over night. The Sacred Whiskers had begun to crock and run.

"The Head Groom of the Bed Chamber was summoned on the jump. His acute and expert vision could not be fooled. He pronounced the whiskers a harrowing imitation that might have been made in Germany. Then the chiefs held a formal trial. I wasn't there. I was wildly searchin' for a seagoing canoe when they dragged me back from the beach. Five hours later the bogus god had been beaten to death with war clubs and a bona fide human or home-grown set of Whiskers was reigning in his stead. He had confessed all, miserable wretch that he was, and I was accused and tried for conspiracy.

"No, they didn't kill me, but they done me much worse. I was condemned to have my whiskers pulled out with pincers, every last hair of 'em. Do you fathom what that meant? With a face as clean as a billiard ball I was no longer fit to be with men. I was disrated, cast out, dishonored, fit only to do wimmin's work. And they made me do it. It was that or starve. *They put me to work in the laundry*, doing up the royal whisker-covers what was put on by the King and his Cabinet at night, same as we use nightcaps. There is things worse than death, just as the Good Book says that the bite of an ungrateful son is more grievous than the sting of a serpent."

The unfortunate parent let his head sink between his shoulders like a mournful old bird on its roost, and wiped one beady eye with the cuff of his sleeve.

"Doomed to wander whiskerless over the face of the earth was I," he went on, "though I wasn't allowed to wander to any extent. Humiliations was heaped

upon me, full and overflowing.

"The King used to saunter down to the laundry and sit on a tub carved from a solid log and laugh in his bushy beard till the tears ran down into it and hung there like diamonds. Years and years and ages I toiled in this disgustin' manner and there was no balm nor whisker-restorer in Gilead for the wreck of what had once been the high-step-



"The king used to saunter down to the laundry and laugh in his bushy beard."

pin' and proud-spirited Lemuel Wilkins.

"At last I escaped from them torments. It was in a Dutch gun-boat that discovered the island and sent a boat in shore to chart the reefs. Disguised as a tubful of washing I made my way to the beach by night and swum off to the Dutchmen. If there had been one red-whiskered man aboard the vessel, I'd ha' made a desperate attempt to lead a rebellion with him and upset the ruling dynasty. But there was no such luck, and they landed me in Batavia without a penny, yes, even poorer by the length of my whiskers than when I had been washed ashore on Lemuel Wilkins' Island. On my way home I picked up a monkey that had been owned by a deaf and dumb man in Borneo. He had taught the intelligent animal to talk the sign language to him, usin' its hands and feet with surprisin' fluency. That there double-ended monkey, Four-handed Jacob, is the only friend I've got in the world. I'm teachin' him how to conduct dialogues with himself and——"

I was impolite enough to break into the rambling monotone of the shipwrecked

parent. I told him that it had occurred to me that Lemuel Wilkins' Island was waiting for his son Hank as its lawful and predestinated sovereign. Nor did I feel that I ought to stand in the way of such glittering advancement. Here was this fine fellow, Hank Wilkins, owner of the most superb Titian beard in the world if I knew anything about whisker values. And in the Indian Ocean was a

throne that belonged to him by virtue of his whiskers. And more than that, I hoped to be able to accompany him to Lemuel Wilkins' Island. If Hank Wilkins had been shown the way to a throne by the revelation of his shipwrecked parent, then I had been privileged to discern a new and wonderful opportunity for extending my researches among the rare species of the Human Whisker. To think of visiting this island where whiskers were encouraged and cherished by custom, tradition and the stimulus of ambition fired my soul with unbounded ardor. And with Hank Wilkins as ruler by grace of his peerless Titian beard, there would be no limit to my novel investigations. I hastened to console the shipwrecked parent and my voice rang with enthusiasm:

"Never fear, old Lemuel Wilkins. You are the sire of the Hair Apparent. We sail for the Indian Ocean on the first steamer out of England. And when Hank Wilkins has come into his kingdom, you shall be made Prime Minister, and you shall be allowed to boil the deposed monarch to death in a laundry tub."

# THE SPANISH BANDIT AND THE MOTOR CAR

BY LOUISE CLOSSON HALE

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER HALE



It was a wilful excursion—this motoring over the Sierras and along the untrammelled ways of southern Spain—our plan shaping itself more and more positively as our friends advised against it. As they waxed voluble, we became set, and when, at last, as a triumphant finish to a dark prophecy, they dangled the prospects of bandits alluringly before us, we booked our passage.

Among our acquaintance was one young man who developed the habit, unassisted, of calling nightly before our departure, and offering practical suggestions From One Who Knows. He had meandered much in Spain, or strictly speaking, his mule had meandered, for he employed this means of transit to be “near to the people,” and during his peregrinations he had been attended by two of the civil guard, like a man under continual arrest, which course he advised us to follow.

As, in doing so, we would be obliged to dispense with our small trunk, which was to be strapped to the sloping rear of our runabout, and in its place rope-up the *guardia civil* to keep them from slipping off, we decided in favor of an occasional change of linen. We did not offend him by admitting this peculiarity, but conjectured as to the possible indignant attitude of the Spaniard at large upon discovering two of his policemen tied to an American car, and the One Who Knew saw the wisdom of this reasoning. “They are a proud race,” he vouchsafed.

He did much to sweep away the infor-

mation we had culled from the Astor Library as to what dangers we might reasonably hope to encounter, although he admitted the four grades of gentlemen engaged in *bandolerisimo* that we had already discovered. First comes the *ladron en grande*, the robber king who lives in castles, and sometimes inns, killing his guests for their gold, and yet continuing in the business without exciting the smallest suspicion. His kind is almost extinct, although, according to a Spanish writer with a caustic pen (probably a disappointed office seeker), a species of his type are still holding positions of public trust. Next are the *salteadores*, small bands of men who go into the villages to glean news of the travelers, and wait upon them on the road; while the third grade is the *ratero*, a man of no social position as a brigand, but who with a certain daring infests the mountain ways, and whom, with luck, we might “meet up” with. Last of all is the *raterillo*, the little rat, who is nothing better than a skulking footpad, and as good game for an active motor car as the chicken who crosses the road.

“After all,” said the One Who Knew, at the last hour of the last meeting, “it is not the real brigand whom one is apt to encounter in this day, but the poor starved farmer, who, owing to heavy taxes and the failure of crops, has been driven to the road to take by force from those who travel in luxury that which they and their children require. And I must say,” he concluded, eyeing our gleaming car enviously and mindful of his plodding mule, “I must say I don’t blame them.”

Our start from Malaga was propitious;



The mountain country is just the place for lurking bandits.



at least for the bandit, or to specialize, from the point of view of the *saltadores* who "go into the villages to glean news of the travelers." For hours the street in front of our hotel was blocked with a curious crowd. Our itinerary was discussed, our car and baggage inspected, and our tires kicked by the international small boy. In the hotel the artist was surrounded by eager Malagites who were offering revolvers of all varieties, for it had been discovered that *el señor* was traveling without firearms, and, while no Spaniard would admit the necessity of carrying a gun, all acknowledged that they did so.

In the end we departed without one, which must have been great news for the lurking *saltadores*, but the weapons proffered, while attractive for cosy corners, were so wobbly about the trigger that a premature explosion in the hip pocket would be the only certain outcome of the purchase; and in this unarmored condition, we took to the trail, defenseless save for a stock of courteous phrases, two smiles glued to two faces, and two beating hearts bounding with diplomacy. Now, at the end of the journey, we realized how complete was our equipment for the crossing of Spain.

"Good luck!" cried the American Consul from the pavement; *buena fortuna!* called the landlord from his balcony, and *buena fortuna!* shyly echoed the *saltadores* lifting their panamas for all the world like peaceable citizens.

We started late in the afternoon instead of early in the morning as we had expected, but the American Consul thought us remarkable for getting away the same week that we had planned—in Spain. We had not intended to travel by night through the mountain country, and we watched the lengthening shadows with some apprehension, for the hills that rose straight up from the sea were so steep that our speed was limited, and we soon knew to a certainty that we could not make Loja until long after sundown.

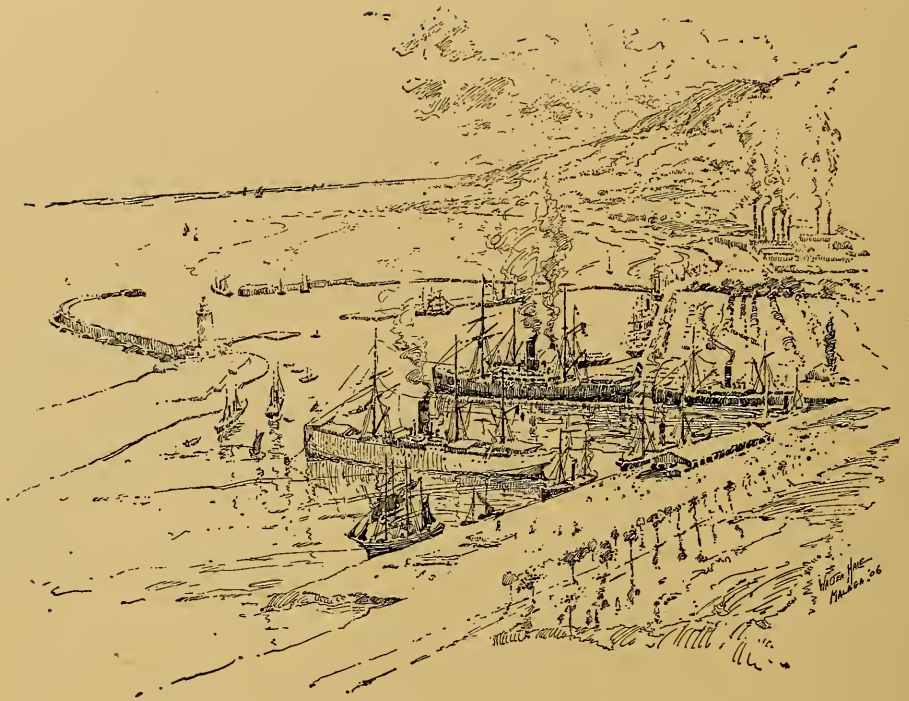
Still, when one has realized the inevitability of loitering along a Spanish road it becomes pleasant. It is not the road itself that is pleasant. After two minutes we found its bed to be as bad as predicted, but apart from the view, which is unfailingly magnificent, there is a chain of small

drinking places which do beguile the sojourner and give to him an insight into Spanish interiors (as well as an opportunity for his own) which is denied the tourist who goes by train.

There was nothing bloodthirsty about the *señoras* of the drinking places nor the *habitués*. They were all intently curious, immensely proud, and enormously vain; they also were a confusing people. In the vernacular, it was difficult to decide just "how to take them." Our hostess would overcharge us for a bottle of poor pop, but her servant would shake his head sullenly at the offer of money for pouring water into the radiator. When this happened we would expostulate civilly with the *señora* and shake hands with the servant, which caused her to respect us and pleased the boy beyond the gift of gold. Handshaking was incorporated that day along with our other weapons of defense.

At one of the little huts we asked for food, and after an endless delay the landlady appeared with a large, clean towel half concealed under her arm. Immediately we saw her agony of indecision: whether or no to spread the piece of linen as a cloth upon the table. She had heard of these things, and yet if we should laugh! For a quarter of an hour she dragged herself about the room cutting the bread and bits of salt pork that were to form our meal, her eyes fixed warily upon us. The loungers, too, were watching anxiously. They wished the thing well done, still—should we laugh! At last she accidentally dropped the towel, when, without comment, I seized and opened it as though to help her in her task, and so together we laid the cloth for supper.

At this same hut a man who sat huddled over a torn alphabet while a little girl taught him his letters, flushed shamefacedly when he feared we had discovered him, yet openly refused to be photographed with the rest until he had arranged his hair. The mule drivers, our only companions along the road, who at first alarmed me with their grim faces as they coaxed their strings of wheeling beasts past our car, were found to be good fellows when we met them—one might say—socially. They would not drink with the *señor*, but they smiled and nodded appreciatively when we offered to the children of the house



The harbor of Malaga, where our car and ourselves were put ashore.

gifts of chocolate, and, one and all, they loved a joke—when it was not on them.

They will be a long time talking of the foreign lady who drank the mild looking *aguardiente* which she thought must be for her, while her husband downed the syrup in wonder at the insipidity of the famous beverage. They laughed also with the strangers when they discovered, nailed to the bar, the pieces of bad money that the hostess, once less wise, had taken in; and they laughed, and must be laughing still, when the unsuspecting foreigners accepted a handful of loose change which could be well nailed down upon *their* bar—did they possess one.

It was dusk when we came across the first *posada* of any pretension. It stood squarely on the road as did the others, but it was more commodious and more promising for the *ladron en grande* than any we had yet seen. It was of that fashionable class of hostelry such as we have in our country that bears no name, but the brigand Boniface was perfect in his style. He wore a gray beard and a grand air, coming to greet us as we descended from

our car, and we were grateful that we had found, at last, the best of his kind. He had a delightful way of slapping his hands together, this robber chief, which would immediately bring a servant or two flying from around the corner of the house. Even his guests obeyed him, for he summoned a handsome woman with large pearls in her ears who offered to make with her own hands a cup of tea. New guests of the hotel appeared, and, at the suggestion of the brigand, French was spoken. One could see he was a man of culture. It was all very interesting, and, as we sipped our cognac and water and ate many little cakes, my eyes were fastened on the large pearls in the ears of the lady guest, and I wondered if that very night they would be wrenched from her.

It was the little cakes that saved us from eternal shame, for they were very good and we were wishful to take some on the road with us, but, prefacing the request with a word or two of condescending praise (just as the artist was about to reach into his pocket and demand the bill) the robber in response to me, nodded toward the lady

of the pearls exclaiming proudly: "Ah yes, my wife keeps well the house; here in our country place I am but the husband of the countess."

Then in the twilight of the deep portico where we were sitting, we discovered the coronet upon the plates and glasses, deciphered the stone coat of arms over the door and fitted to its proper place the air of simple breeding which only creatures of one idea, and that one landlord bandits, could associate with any class but the Latin aristocracy. Trembling with horror at the thought of what we might have done, we wrung the hands of the *conde* and his family, who, all unsuspecting the reason for our descent upon them (so customary is the extending of such hospitality) walked up the road that they might wave farewell to us.

The night settled down upon us. The moon rose and on we climbed across a mountain chain. There was no herbage on these mountains, only great twisted piles of rock gleaming bone white in the moonlight like skeletons of dead tortured gods; there were no hamlets, few habitations, and few wayfarers on the road. At one small hut we stopped for water, but in answer to our call, there was only the hurried barring of doors and windows; the pedestrians, muffled to their ears in long capes, to whom we called a cheery greeting

(mindful of the soft answer that turneth away wrath, or inversely put) flew to the roadside at our approach, and those on horseback dismounted, rushing their animals from off our path. Still we did not lose heart, still we watched eagerly for *salteadores*, or, grown more humble, peered wistfully behind the rocks for a *ratero*—of no position, socially, to be sure, but still a Spanish bandit.

Since this story has to do with The Road—Its Dangers—one cannot dwell upon the polite brigandage as practiced in Spanish towns, although our stay at Loja and Granada gave further proof that the robber chief while modernized and minimized in his *modus operandi* still found innkeeping profitable.

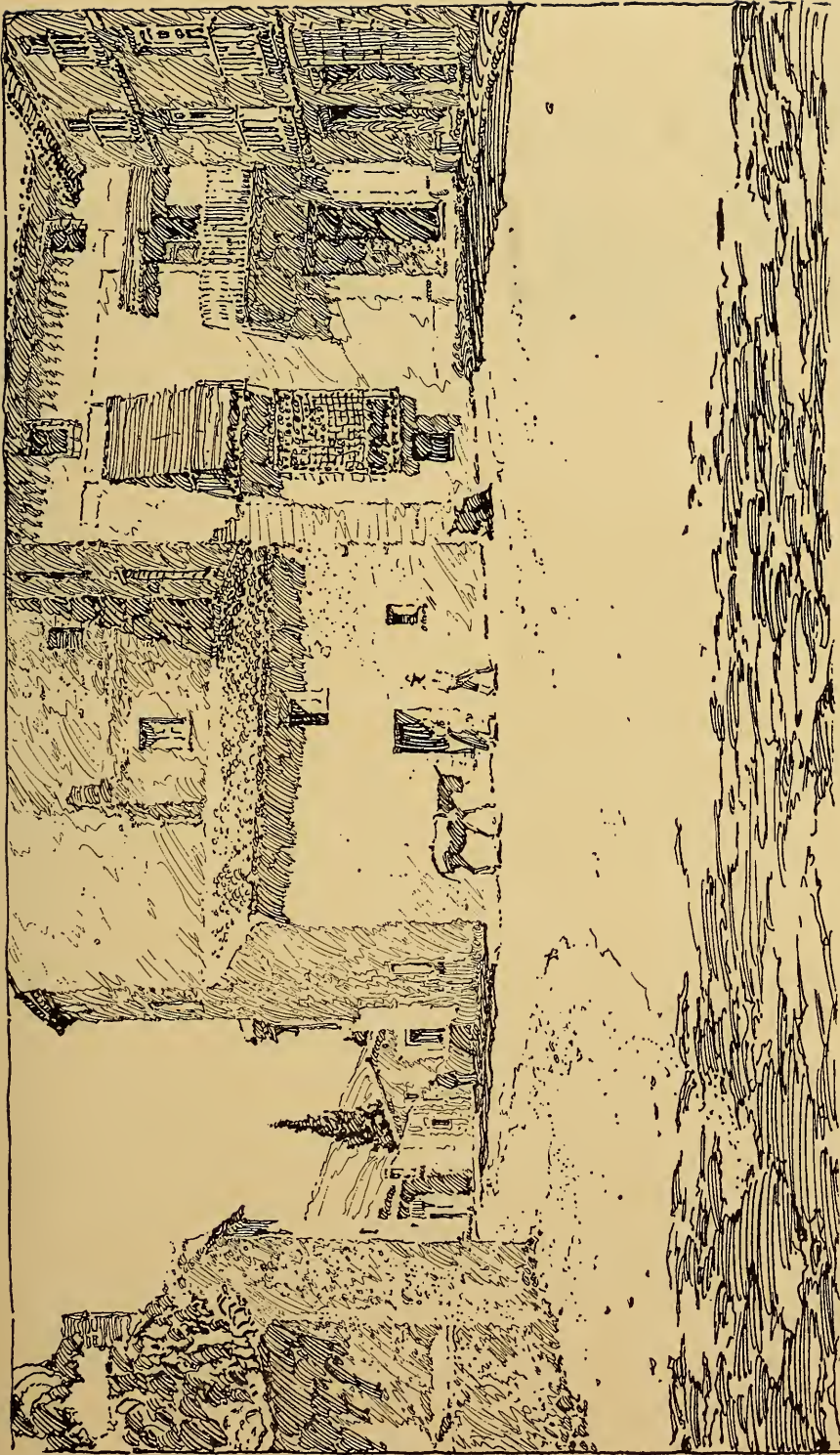
There is nothing so glorious as Granada except the way that leads to Alicante. On the morning of our departure, we felt that at last the day for happenings had arrived. Everything was conducive to the worst. Immediately upon leaving Granada we were as isolated as though in a dead country, except for the muleteers and the occasional passing of a brace of *guardia civil*, their red facings to their uniforms and foolish patent leather hats radiating heat.



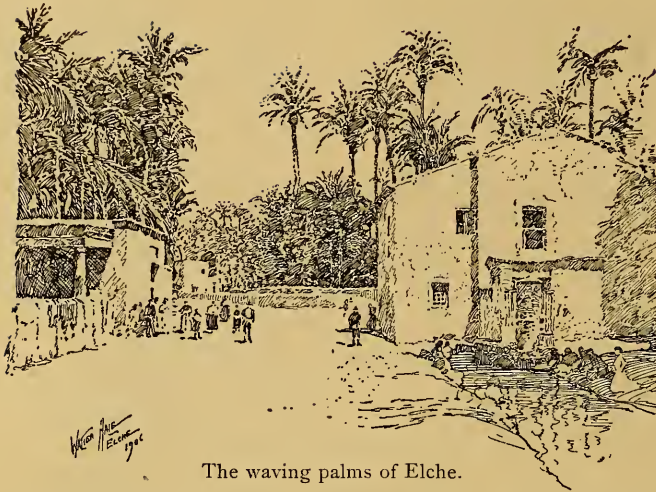
The Valley of the Darro, Granada. Here, too, we miraculously escaped.



The Quadix plateau, where well-dressed and ever-courteous people live in cave-dwellings.



The Plaza at Velez Rubio—the center of the town's life and activity.



The waving palms of Elche.

Two and two they march, patrolling the lonely mountain highways, brave fellows, of course, but maddening to those in search of the thing that they would quell.

At five we arrived in Guadix, after two hours of travel across a vast plateau that we had climbed four hours to reach. Now that we look back upon the wondrous glory of that plain, and on the doings in that plain, we feel that it could have been but a prolonged siesta full of colorful dreams. The plateau was peopled and, at first glance, dotted with mansions of red stone in Queen Anne style; as we drew nearer, we found that they were caves in tiers, some single storied ones had white-washed doors and chimneys against which the family goat rubbed herself comfortably as she grazed from off the roof. *Señoras* issued from the caves, neat, well dressed, with hair, as usual, beautifully coiffed. Children, literally speaking, sprang out of the earth, and, as usual, shrieked in terror at the sight of our mild selves. It was magnificent for highwaymen, but, *as usual*, the road was left to us.

At Guadix while we waited for late luncheon Pepita flew around the table and mistaking us for English, worked vigorously for an extra *pourboire*. She told us of the people's joy that they had at last an English queen. A French queen would not have done, Pepita said. An American queen, ho, ho! An American queen they would despise. Even a Spanish queen would not have been acceptable, but ah, a British queen! There was luck for them. She

brought the daily rain! She brought the harvest! She—Pepita paused, eyeing us doubtfully. The *señor* and *señora* of course were English? We swallowed hard. We were adventuresome, but Guadix was a tiny village and the plateau vast, and we had many miles to go that evening. We were adventuresome, but still discretion is the—Yes, we assured Pepita, we were English! God save the Queen!

And just for that denying of our birth-

right, at nightfall something happened. Of course we would not have had it otherwise. Still twenty miles from Guadix and fifteen miles from Baza with the daily rain storm that our English princess had brought about, drenching us to the skin—under the circumstances it was a poor place for our tired car to take a rest. We argued with the car but it refused to answer back with so much as an explosion. Night was descending rapidly. So was the rain, and at this stage of misery, just as it should have been, the *raterillo* came upon us.

One may notice I had grown more humble in my demands as to the kind of bandit we would meet. Reluctantly I had slipped down the various grades, and yet when the velvet toreador hat and long-barreled gun appeared above the rocks, I quite preferred the "little rat." He approached in a manner that to a poor observer would suggest timidity, but we put it down to cunning. However, it was not the course of action generally employed, and, after an instant of embarrassment, I took the initiative. With a certain tremulous eagerness I extended half of my umbrella, prefacing the offer with the enlightening phrase, "It rains."

At this the *raterillo* pulled off his velvet hat and edged away from the umbrella saying strange things which the artist construed into an offer of assistance—a trait peculiar to his kind—and, without further parley, set the man to work. To do so the brigand placed his gun with infinite trust into my arms and, glowing in my pride, I

paced the road—the bandit's friend! Their concerted efforts, too, were useless, and in our wet despair, we flung ourselves upon our new found comrade and begged him to look after us. In the natural order of things this would have pleased a brigand; had he possessed the smallest appreciation of the position he could have seen what opportunities were offered him, but our *raterillo's* eyes bulged with awe at the thought of housing us. Still he did not deny our plea. He was a poor man, he said simply, but he could give us something for our supper, and we could sleep at the hut of a neighbor a mile further on, who possessed a bed. He did not say an extra bed, but bed.

The obstacle that now confronted us was the disposal of our inactive car. We could not take it with us, for the bandit's home was back among the rocks, nor would he guard it, claiming (artfully) that he must sleep at night. On the other hand the highway seemed a foolish place to leave a vehicle with attractive trimmings in the shape of lamps, cushions, and a trunk, and we looked sternly at the man for help. After some investigation he discovered at the foot of the hill a clump of trees and suggested that we push the car behind the sparse cover and take the chance of robbery.

Of course the bandit, since it was not his car, could take the chance more serenely than could we, but I was helped into the

driver's seat to steer the course, while he and the artist put their shoulders to the wheel. Once it had started the car leaped forward and, eluding their grasp, began descending with greater speed than their legs could carry them. We had not calculated on this, I was a novice at the business; and the artist, paddling through the puddles far behind, lifted his voice and begged me to set the brake.

"Which is the brake?" I called back, zigzagging my machine along the road like a drunken sailor.

"Good heavens! Any idiot would know a brake!" came faintly to me from the running artist.

It was a poor time for a man to show his temper, and his far off voice acted as the climax of a highly colored scene. Here was one of the intrepid ones, careening over a dark road in a motor car she did not understand, the wind whistling around her and the rain dashing in her face, running away from her protector, all in the heart of the bandit country. For the next few seconds, peals of maniac laughter floated back to greet the ears of the panting artist and the plodding robber, and when the car had settled at the bottom of the hill, they found her still delirious from mirth.

The clump of trees was there for the car to hide behind, although no one but a blind man could pass it by unnoticed, and



The Court House at Lorca—The smallest town contains its bits of rare architecture.

he would smell it; and to further mark the spot a rude cross of wood had been lately thrust into the ground. When we asked the reason for the blessed emblem the *raterillo* shrugged his shoulders with the *quien sabe* which we hear in plays, and before we could question him further, just as we started toward our resting place, suit case in hand, the bells of the diligence to Baza jangled within hearing. The artist climbed up with the whip; I shared the gloom inside with four young priests; the little rat, as might be expected in this topsy-turvy land, disdained our offering of coin but shook our hands with vigor, and on we lurched to Baza.

It was after we had eaten supper at the *fonda* that the spokesman of the village club asked what assistance the citizens of Baza could offer us. The village club, we took it, was the room where we were supping, for the villagers dropped in one by one during our meal; liquors were brought in by the traveling barkeeper, who, tray in hand, carries his stock from door to door; but beyond a silent toast to us as they drank, we were not disturbed until the *fonda* boots had laid the toothpicks at our places.

The questions were first put to the spokesman by the landlord, a man strangely fat for Spain, but they came to us in French, and our replies were again translated into Spanish. The artist asked continually for advice, which pleased the village club if it did not clarify our plans. However, by midnight, we had all agreed that a mule, a strong one, harnessed to a cart, a light one, should convey the *señor* and the hotel boots, with the driver, to the scene of our collapse; and we had also, with some opposition I must admit, decided that one dollar instead of ten would be a wage suitable for such a mule and such a cart.

It was at noon of the next day as I sat in the *señora's* kitchen gloomily admiring her fine copper, and wondering, if the motor could not be repaired, how long a mule, a strong one, would take to haul it and the cart, a light one, to the town, when the joyful whirring of a faithful engine played sweet strains up the street.

"Automobile!" I exclaimed to the landlady, as arm in arm we hurried to the balcony.

"*Voilà le moteur!*" called the spokesman from the club.

"Automobile!" yelled the village street, following up the car as it stopped before the *fonda*.

The bandit sat in my place, gun over shoulder. At his feet was the hotel boots, and, beaming from the driver's seat was the artist, explaining to the crowd that the difficulty had been caused by the fording of deep rivers. In the midst of all this joy I bethought me of the mule, but the Spanish word escaped me, and making big ears with my flapping hands, I called down to them: "Where is the ong-ee! ong-ee!" The village street with a concerted gesture, waved up the road, and with one voice supplied the word: "*Mula, señora, mula!*"

Late in the afternoon the *raterillo* came to say good-bye, and burst into our rooms. The fact that the *señora* was taking a siesta and that the *señor* had but lately laved himself, carried no weight with him. In provincial Spain they do not knock on doors. We shook hands sorrowfully. He was parting with the biggest happening life had granted him. We were bidding a long farewell to our only Spanish bandit. Once more the artist pressed a piece of money on him, "for the children," but he refused it smilingly, and clumping down the stairs, started on his long tramp home.

We were of one kind that night in the village club. The traveling bartender did a thriving business, and the air was blue with friendly smoke. It was then we asked the meaning of the rude cross which had marked the place where our car lay. It was then we learned that ten days before a wayfarer had been shot and killed upon that very spot—on a dark night while the rain fell. "Bandits? Ah, no, *señora*, in Spain never! Probably for love!"

"But," we persisted, "we left our motor car upon the road. It was untouched. We have traveled without firearms and with money on us. We had no maps to guide us and little knowledge of the way. Are there no men bad enough to turn bandit even for a night?"

There was a moment's silence as the spokesman turned into Spanish our lament. Some laughed, others shrugged their shoulders, but a tall, bronzed muleteer, smoking upon the balcony, flicked the ashes from his cigarro and sonorously murmured:

"*La Muerte, que mata, no se puede matar.*"





Wending our way through Baza, whose streets remind us of country roads at home.



Catching the sentence, which was meaningless to us, we repeated it in interrogation, but the spokesman as though the driver had overstepped the bounds of courtesy, led us on to other subjects. For the night we forgot it, but with the first whirr of the engine the next day, it came back to us, beating itself out rhythmically as we journeyed toward the coast.

Within a few miles of Murcia, "a city with a bath tub," as it had been described in Baza, we met a little girl in Sabbath best leading a small donkey. Fascinated, they stood motionless at our approach, but

clumsily in unwieldy shoes, I panting but persistent with the *peseta* clutched in my hand. Suddenly they dropped beyond the horizon and were lost to view. We never found a trace of them afterward, and, a half hour later, the artist, scouting carefully along, picked me up, lamenting that our kindly intentioned selves could cause so much distress.

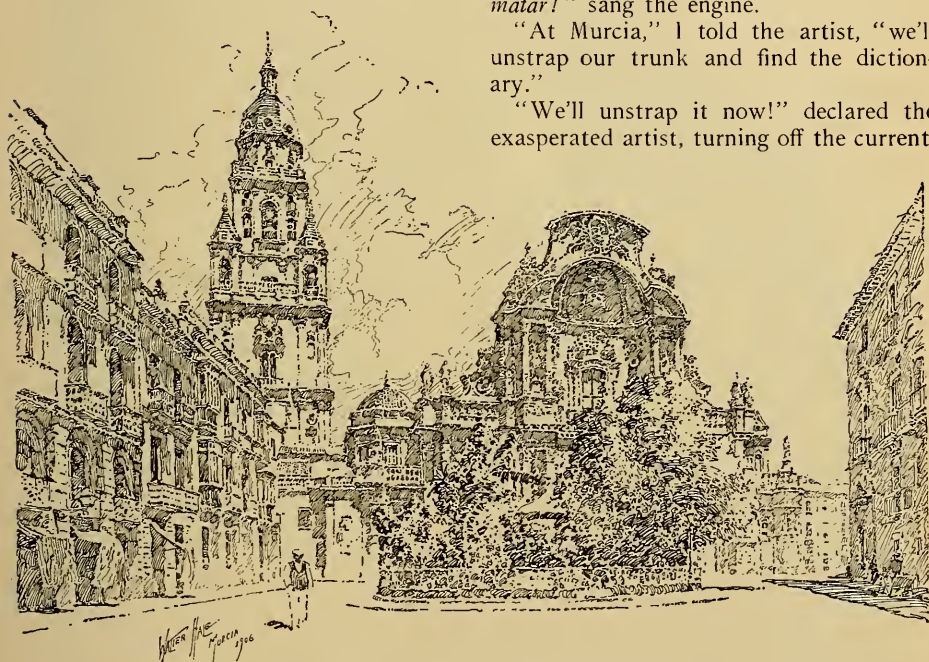
"*La Muerte, que mata, no se puede matar!*" I muttered half unconsciously, as I took my place once more.

"*La Muerte, que mata, no se puede matar!*" repeated the artist.

"*La Muerte, que mata, no se puede matar!*" sang the engine.

"At Murcia," I told the artist, "we'll unstrap our trunk and find the dictionary."

"We'll unstrap it now!" declared the exasperated artist, turning off the current.



The Cathedral of Murcia, facing the Plaza de Palacio.

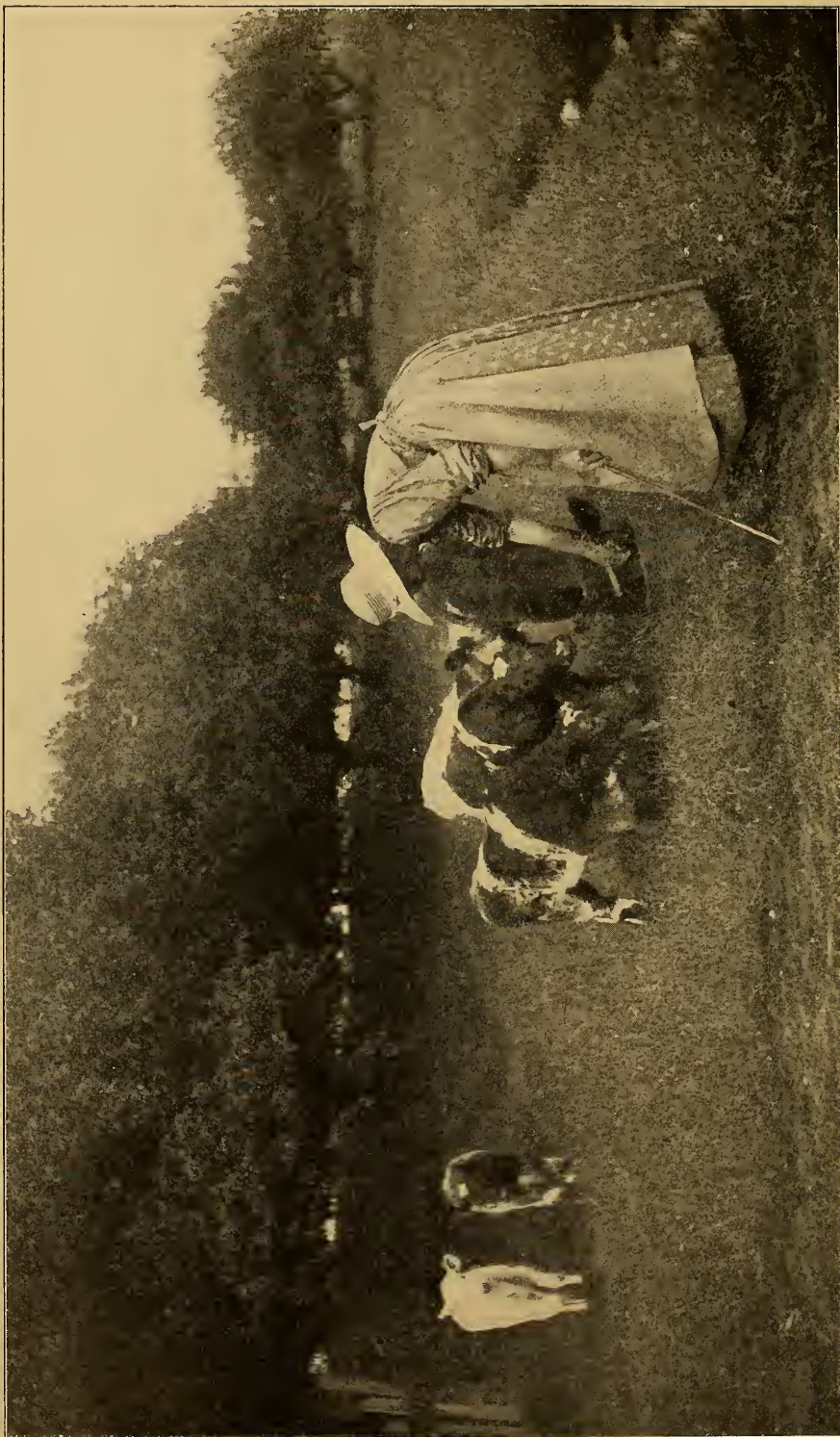
as we were about to slowly pass them, the donkey jerked the rope from the child's hand and started back over the course.

"Santa Maria!" cried the little girl, invoking her protectress, and "Roberta!" she pleaded to her beast. But Roberta was fleet of hoof. The car was stopped, and, digging hastily for a propitiatory coin, I started in pursuit. As I would reach the top of one low hill, Roberta and her exploiting mistress would be seen disappearing over the crest of another. On raced we three, Indian fashion, Roberta kicking up her heels joyfully, the child running

Again I descended, and in the foothills of the Sierras, we undid our baggage, distributed our effects upon the roadway, and brought forth the book of knowledge. After ten minutes, we climbed into the car again, silent, reflective, the motor beating out the wisdom of the muleteer:

"Death the destroyer, cannot be itself destroyed."

And in this fashion we rushed on to civilization, well content that the old Terrors of the Road should become pleasurable fiction since the new Terrors of the Road have become pleasurable facts.



Photograph by R. R. Sallows.

IN THE BACK PASTURE.—Feeding the calves.

# MOTORING TO THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

BY WILLIAM N. PARKER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY N. LAZARNICK



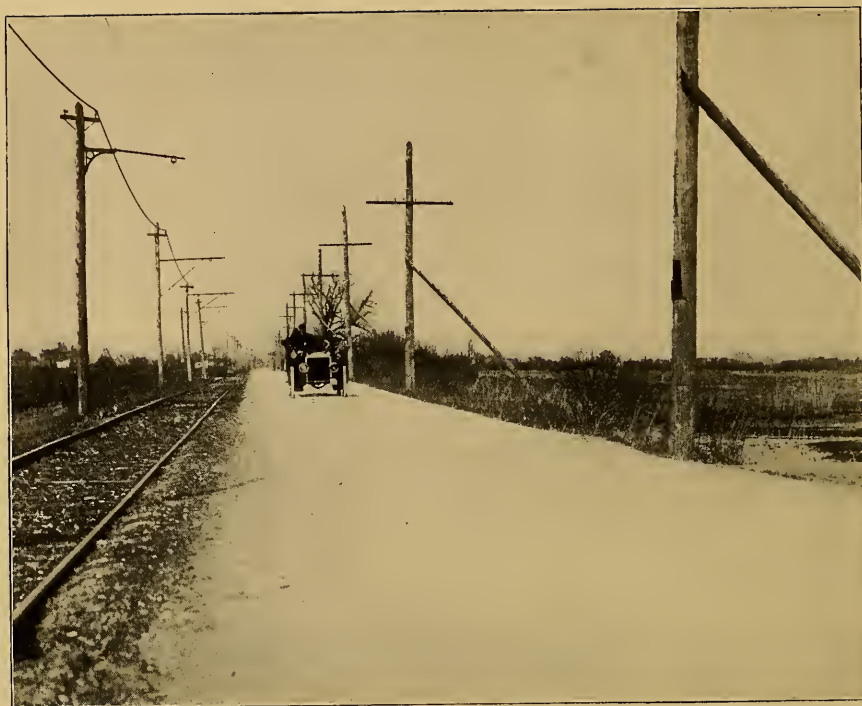
PERHAPS no one but a motorist thoroughly understands the abyssmal difference between consulting a train schedule and examining a road map, though on the face of it the latter is the more complex. The fine simplicity of the former is at best a tainted thing in which intellect and free will have no place and slavish dependence becomes a necessity and almost a virtue. Just so many hours to travel, with no delightful deviations five minutes here and there "allowed"—save the mark—for changing trains or making connections. But the map with its glorious intricacies fills one with a sense of freedom; true it may be the freedom of the lost sheep, but we felt that Norfolk would rejoice over us more than over the ninety-nine who had never strayed from the sanctity of their parlor-car.

In this cheerful frame of mind and accompanied by a forty horse power machine, well stored with tools and supplies, we left the Battery by the Staten Island ferry en route for Philadelphia, the first night's objective. We had provisionally decided on the new direct route to Cape Charles as out of the beaten track and considerably shorter than by the main roads, the distance being only a little over three hundred miles from New York to that point. The ninety-two miles to Philadelphia is of course well-known ground.

As the skyscrapers of Manhattan faded into the summer haze across the Bay we discussed the merits of the rival routes through Staten Island and decided on the

southern road from St. George via New Dorp to the Tottenville ferry, a distance of about fifteen miles. The road winds pleasantly through numerous small villages, the undulating surface is good and with the exception of several grade railroad crossings there is nothing to fear from traffic. A half-hourly ferry service operates between Tottenville and Perth Amboy and we made the six mile run from there to Metuchen over New Brunswick Avenue with fine paving all the way. Another five miles brings one to New Brunswick itself and the rest of the run to Trenton, about thirty-two miles, is over one of the finest roads in New Jersey, which means that it is very good indeed. On this Cranbury Turnpike we managed to infringe the speed laws without exciting comment, propitiating the fates meanwhile by calling down blessings on the shade of old Scotch Macadam, whose good works have truly followed him and who, it is to be hoped, is in blissful ignorance of the state of our New York streets to-day. This route is about four miles longer than that via Princeton, but the latter road is far from good in parts. This was confessed even by our Princetonian on board, who is at all times a motorist first and a 'Varsity man afterward, and treats his tires "as though he loved them," to misuse the words of Isaak Walton. True sign-manual of your real motorist.

It may be news to the provincial New Yorker to hear that hunger can be appeased, nay, satisfied, at Trenton, but such is the case; there are a couple of excellent hotels and a garage where we took on a supply of gasoline and got an expert opin-



On the road to Wilmington—in happy ignorance of other roads to come.

Photograph by N. Lazarnick.

ion on the choice of routes to the Quaker City. "Keep to the Jersey side of the Delaware," said the expert; "Go via the Bristol Turnpike on the Pennsylvania side," said the map. The latter looked much shorter certainly, but the blessed word macadam turned the scale in favor of the former. The expert declared that the Bristol Pike was sandy and rough in parts; he was born in Hoboken, he said, and he knew. After this Washington himself could not have induced us to cross the Delaware, at this particular point at least, and we set out for Philadelphia by Burlington and finally through Camden, taking the Market Street ferry over the river and so completing our first day's run.

The wheel at times had been relinquished to our amateur; like all amateurs he took it with avidity, and equally like all amateurs he had a somewhat checkered career. We watched him crank the motor with mixed feelings; he touched the carburetor needle and flooded the chamber in a highly professional manner—the result came promptly but not quite in the

way he expected, for the ignition had been left somewhat far advanced and when the inevitable back-fire did take place he received a staggering shock which dampened his enthusiasm for several seconds. Once fairly started things went well as long as the clutch was engaged, but only then; at every re-engagement there was a bang which literally drove the tires into the road surface. Some little time was lost in explaining to him that clutches, even of the metal-disc variety, are constructed to slip as well as hold, and that spur gears are the work of mortal hands and therefore liable to extinction unless the left foot is pressed well down before handling the change-speed lever. Traces of his driving education were also noticeable in his free use of the accelerator pedal, which with amazing perversity he always advanced before putting in the clutch, "so that the engine would take up the load," he said. "That's all right for ten horse power," we informed him, "but you've forty under you now"; he smiled and understood.

Our first real *contretemps* arose shortly

after leaving Trenton, when two of the cylinders began to miss. "Are you monkeying with the clutch?" said a warning voice. "I am not," said the poor amateur, "'tis the engine." The motion became more and more irregular and we finally stopped to locate the trouble. Guessing the real cause from the first we nevertheless, with the motorist's usual fatuity, went through a general process of diagnosis, assisted by the amateur who performed his original stunt with the carburetor without effect; we tried the coil—the vibrators were certainly all right, so were the wires and terminal connections, then the commutator came in for more than a passing notice—nothing wrong there. Finally, having begun at the wrong end of the alphabet we worked our way back to the A B C of the question and traced the trouble to the plugs, two of which had become so sooted up that no spark passed the points. "Too much oil" was the immediate verdict. It was then that the amateur confessed he had felt it his duty to give a couple of left turns to the oil-feeds

while we were lunching and had hoped for better results. Then it was conveyed to him that lubricating oil, though an excellent thing in moderation, carbonized if fed to excess, sooting up the combustion chamber and plugs and destroying the insulation of the latter.

Meanwhile we received five distinct and separate lessons on the amenities of the road from as many motorists, who, when they saw us apparently holding a post-mortem, slowed up and proffered their help in resuscitating the corpse. This brotherly offering of first aid to the injured is still sufficiently novel to excite comment, but the day is evidently at hand when all good motorists will also become good Samaritans. It is only the boor who passes by on the other side when he sees others in trouble. The morals of motoring will some day demand a volume to themselves in the library of our social ethics.

Leaving Philadelphia next morning we started for the South, with Wilmington, Delaware, as our first stop, some twenty-



Near Harrington, Delaware—where real ruts are to be found.

Photograph by N. Lazarnick.

eight miles distant. The road as far as Chester via the Darby Pike is finely macadamized and though the surrounding country is flat the scenery is far from monotonous; broad cultivated acres and tree-sheltered farms spreading contentedly away into the middle distance, with stretches of river coming into view every now and then. The route here skirts the Delaware for some miles to Chester, where it leads into the broad Wilmington pike. By all accounts this was to be our last

question. We had brought only two spare inners with us and the worst of the journey was yet to come. Grudgingly we fished one out from its dust-proof receptacle, as men who are drawing a check against half their earthly possessions and do not know how soon the other half may have to go too. The precious tube was soon pushed inside the cover with an all too liberal allowance of French chalk administered by the irrepressible amateur. It was shaken out in time, however, the tube partially



A Maryland lumber wagon—part of the team is not easily frightened.

Photograph by N. Lazarnick.

stretch of good road and we determined to make the most of it. But man merely proposes, the car is the real arbiter. Down went a tire on the off driving-wheel and we were in for a repair. Off came the cover, a stiff brand-new cover it was too—but the inner tube lay revealed at last and we set to work to find the puncture. We blew the tube up, filled it with water even, in our effort to find where the trouble lay and finally discovered it lurking close to the valve where a patch was out of the

inflated and in a few moments the beaded edge was safe within the rim, the tire blown up, the wing-bolts tightened and we were ready for the road again.

What is there in a puncture that exhilarates your true motorist? Nobody but a motorist can explain the paradox and he will not tell; perhaps one is grateful that worse has not happened—a broken ball-bearing or a cracked cylinder for instance. However that may be we started off in the highest spirits and made record time



into the little town of Belleview, thence across the Brandywine Creek bridge to Wilmington, without further mishap, though we did have a narrow escape in the town itself where the pavements had just been watered and we side-slipped heavily on a down grade corner. The expert at the wheel, however, managed to "keep her head in the wind," by maneuvering the wheel dextrously with one hand while he threw out the clutch and touched on the hand-brake just sufficiently to check

of historic Delaware where close by the present Wilmington, Peter Minuit, the Swede, first settled and built and held Fort Christina until Peter Stuyvesant came over from the Battery (New York) about 1671 and turned it into a Dutch colony.

Steering south from Wilmington the country spreads out to the horizon flat on every hand, dotted here and there with cultivated farms, picturesque, and far from monotonous, with every now and



Near Eden, Maryland—where soft sand is cheap and plentiful.

Photograph by N. Lazarnick.

the differential action. Not even a lamp was touched and a few minutes later we were seated at lunch discussing our itinerary which was now for the first time to diverge from the beaten track and take us direct to Cape Charles by comparatively unfrequented ways.

We finally settled on Dover, as our stopping place for the night, a total run of about seventy-five miles from Philadelphia; an easy schedule, but time was unimportant and we wanted to see something

again a tree-bordered canal threading its way sleepily through low-lying lands. Umbrageous little villages crop up by the roadside with their inevitable "general store," and signs of rural industry are everywhere apparent. The fields are cultivated right up to the road which meanders through meadows without fencing in many parts. The roads themselves are mostly bad, the surface heavy with loose sand and worn into deep ruts by the farmers' wagons which follow their chan-

nels faithfully for miles. To steer clear of these ruts, straggling along as they did in irregular lines, was a task far from easy and one always successfully accomplished with a resulting heavy strain on the distance-rod and knuckles. Moreover, we had forgotten to cover the steering joints with leather and the grit ground into the open joints to such an extent that by the time we reached Cape Charles the wheel had a "backlash" that five thousand miles of ordinary road would not have given it.

Under these conditions we naturally made no attempts on road-records and reached Dover late in the afternoon, with dust covered car and a pinch of sand in the carburetor, as we half suspected, for we had been firing rather irregularly, but the dead level of the roads enabled us to pull through on a mixture which was far from perfect.

Dover will never be found written on our hearts. After a short delay employed in cleaning the carburetor and fitting it with



Nearing Cape Charles—a breath of the pines in old Virginia.

Photograph by N. Lazarnick.

Evidently cars as yet are few and far between in this part of the country, for the honk of our horn brought folks to their doors and horses and mules resented our approach by backing away, and performing other antics discreditable to their sagacity. We often stopped in deference to their feelings while the driver made a detour into the fields to avoid us or stood at their heads while, with a maximum of caution and a minimum of gasoline, we slowly passed.

a rough and ready dust shield, we started for Seaford about forty miles further on, and made first acquaintance with the perfectly even and almost dustless surface of the shell road. Its construction is simple—oyster shells and plenty of them, spread evenly over the road. Time and traffic do the rest. Passing over the border into Maryland the scenery became more diversified and we now began to run through fine stretches of pine timber, which was welcome after the monotony of plow-

ing through the flats under a pitiless sun. Here we initiated the amateur into the mysteries of "coasting," with clutch out and the engine running free, and also showed him how to save his brakes on a down grade by cutting off spark and gas and running against the cylinder vacuum, leaving the clutch in engagement; a practice which seemed to afford him intense gratification.

The quaint and colonial little town of Princess Anne was our next stopping place

you can—vary the throttle instead of the speed-lever.

A ten horse power car takes more handling than a Vanderbilt racer; it's like a small income and wants eking out.

Be very sure to push your clutch well out when changing from a low to a higher gear—the reason is obvious.

In changing back it is not so necessary for reasons equally obvious — think it over.

If you can run "free" over a rough bit



A shell road in the making—it pays to wait for the finished product.

Photograph by N. Lazarnick.

and a delightful one it proved. We ambled happily about the decorous streets and what we heard of our route convinced us we could go farther and fare worse, so we decided to spend the night here, and, having dined, occupied the evening in drawing up and presenting to the amateur a list of driving instructions:

Don't drive on too rich a mixture, the hotter the day the more air your motor needs.

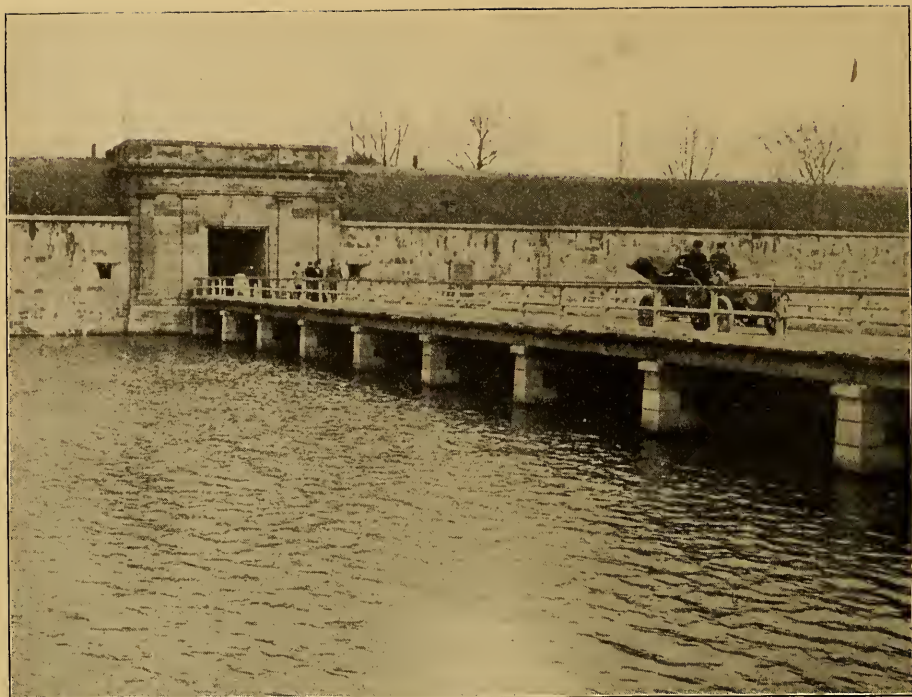
Keep in your top speed notch as long as

or a patch of new metal, do so—tires are expensive.

Don't put your reverse in till your car has come to an absolute stop, even steel has an ascertained breaking-point; it may be too low to meet the occasion.

Don't run on half-inflated tires or you may have to run on a deflated one before you get home.

Don't let your tires stand unprotected in the sun—Solar heat does not improve vulcanized rubber.



A peaceful invasion of old Fortress Monroe.

Photograph by N. Lazarnick.

The rule of the road is the same as the rule of the sea—the slower and weaker has the right of way.

Don't lean desperately over your wheel—the policeman will add ten miles an hour to your speed.

The fact that you have a couple of brakes fitted to your car does not in itself annihilate the laws of Momentum—"Festina lente" is an excellent motorist's motto, though it is antique.

Don't break speed laws; respect the local restrictions you encounter; slow down at all cross roads; come to a stop at all unguarded railroad crossings.

Lubrication is the second law of Nature. You are not likely to forget the first.

*Man sometimes forgets but Machinery never forgives. Don't outrage it.*

Some fifteen miles south of Princess Anne, over indifferent and very crooked roads we crossed into Virginia which necessitated our hanging out a new license number. We passed a number of small villages on our way, most of them monotonously alike and merely interesting as milestones to show that the end of our journey was

approaching. The country again grew low-lying and flat and the roads varied greatly, sometimes heavy and sandy and occasionally showing a mile or two of excellent surface. Luckily from time to time we came upon stretches of shell road which improved our average speed and our spirits at the same time.

We finished the ninety mile run between Princess Anne and the Cape, with an hour's stop-over for lunch at the little town of Bellehaven, arriving in time to catch the afternoon boat for Norfolk. The car was stowed on board and we disembarked at Old Point Comfort, which we finally decided to make our headquarters.

This is beyond question the best spot from which to visit the Exposition; Norfolk, Portsmouth and all spots on Hampton Roads being readily accessible by ferry. Fortress Monroe lies close by and the great shipbuilding yards at Newport News are but a few miles to the west along the coast. As to the Peninsula itself there is Jamestown to see, Yorktown—the scene of Cornwallis' surrender, the charming old Colonial town of Williams-



Jamestown at last—the Pennsylvania Building at the Exposition.

Photograph by N. Lazarnick.

burg and a hundred spots famous in Revolutionary times and in the later days of the Civil War. With Old Point Comfort as a base these are all easily reached, most of them in a short day's run.

Our amateur left us here, called back "to Wall Street and worry," as he expressed it. His last words had reference to speed-levers and clutches—"I've got it bad," he said.

We laughed and bade him a cheery "Good-bye."

That was a week ago. Yesterday he was arrested, pleaded guilty and was fined ten dollars for exceeding the speed limit in Fifth Avenue. He sent us the wire himself.

"He'll win the Vanderbilt Cup yet," said the expert.

"He will," said I, "Let us drink his health."

## THE RIDE

BY HENRY FLETCHER HARRIS

Heigho for the shock of space  
And the thrust of the wind in my face,  
And the hot and earthy smell  
That my heart remembers well!

How the javelins of rain  
Hiss on the ringing plain,  
And the furious Dawn comes up  
O'er the bowl of the Devil's Cup!

So—riding with level mind,  
I have cast the world behind,  
While under my horse's feet  
The red miles roar and fleet.

So—for a day divine  
I shall drink the winds like wine,  
And taste the unslaked mirth  
Of the first days of the earth!

Then when the night returns,  
Through a west that smokes and burns,  
And the moon's red pageant fills  
The shaggy and couchant hills,

I shall come to the End of Lands  
Where the last trail dies in the sands;  
I shall baffle and lose the Past  
In the solitudes—at last!

# THE HARP HE LOVED TO PLAY ON

BY EDGAR L. VINCENT



FEW years ago a private telephone line was put along the highway that ran past our country home which stood at the crossing of two roads. Just on the corner near the house one of the poles was planted. From this lines of wire stretched away in four directions.

One spring a gray woodpecker alighted on the top of this pole and with the instinct of his nature began to rap his tattoo. There seemed to be something about the sound that pleased him; and there he sat by the half hour, drumming away. About twice a minute he would strike up his tune and whack away lustily. We could not help hearing him and went out to see and to listen.

The moment he saw that we were watching him, away the shy fellow went. He did not go far, however, before he alighted on another pole and went to pounding again. From one pole to another he went until he had tried almost every one within sight of the house; but none seemed to give the good results he was seeking, and it was not long before he came back, peeping carefully about to see if any inquiring eyes were upon him. Settling down at his old post near the top of the pole on the corner he drummed as heartily as before, stopping

now and then to listen with every possible sign of enjoyment.

We wondered what there was about that particular pole that had such charms to our feathered friend, for he came back, not simply that one day, but day after day and week after week all through the season and the next year as well, and so on through all the years since. And it took some little investigation on our part to discover the secret. When the men had cut and trimmed that pole, they had made a long sliver of wood, split down from the top. This had been there when the pole was raised and was there yet. Quite by accident, no doubt, the bird had discovered that when he sat on that sliver and drummed it acted as a sort of sounding board to the harp which the wires running out in every direction formed, and made his tune last the longer and sound so much sweeter to his ear.

That the woodpecker loves the music of his thrumming, no one who knows the bird can doubt; and I am sure that this particular little fellow had a really artistic ear. After a time he got so that he was not disturbed if we went to the door and watched him as he performed his matutinal marches and rounds and hot-footed jigs. We should be sorry to miss him now and we do all we can to encourage our little friend to come again.





THE ROBBERS' CAVE—they could teach their grandmother to suck eggs.

Photograph by R. R. Sallows.

# THE WAY OF A MAN

BY EMERSON HOUGH

DRAWING BY GEORGE WRIGHT

## CHAPTER XXXI

### THE YOKE



RECALL little of the journey from our Secret Valley toward the settlements, save that after a day or two we swung out from the foothills into a short grass country, and so finally struck the steady upward sweep of the valley along which lay the great transcontinental trail. I do not know whether we traveled two days, or three, or four, and so dulled was I by these late bitter experiences that I was indifferent when finally we drove down across a dusty plain, and so presently came to the old frontier fort of Laramie.

I was still guarded as a prisoner. I was approached by none and had conversation with none. When I ate, it was at no gentleman's table, but in the barracks. I knew I deserved nothing, but I resented judgment, sentence and punishment, thus executed in one.

Evening gun had sounded, and the flag of the frontier had been furled on my second day at Laramie, when finally Colonel Meriwether sent for me to come to his office quarters. He got swiftly enough to the matters on his mind.

"Mr. Cowles," said he, "it is time now that you and I had a talk. I cannot try you by court martial, for you are a civilian. In short, all I can say to you is to go, with the hope that you and I may never meet again."

I looked at him silently, hating not him personally as much as I hated all the world. But presently I asked him: "Have you no word for me from her?"

"Miss Meriwether has no word for you," he answered sternly, "nor ever will have.

You are no longer necessary in her plans or ours."

"Ah, then," said I bitterly, "you have changed your mind mightily in regard to myself!"

He set his lips together in his hard fashion. "Yes," said he, "I have changed my mind absolutely. I have just come from a very trying interview."

"Then she has sent for me?"

"She will never send for you, I have said. I have to tell you that there is no longer the ghost of a chance for you even as a last resort. It is my duty to inform you, sir, that a proper suitor long ago applied for her hand; that he has renewed his suit, and that now my daughter has accepted him, with my full approval."

For a time I sat staring stupidly at him. "You need speak nothing but the truth with me," I said at last, "and I tell you, Colonel Meriwether, I have never given bonds to be gentle when abused."

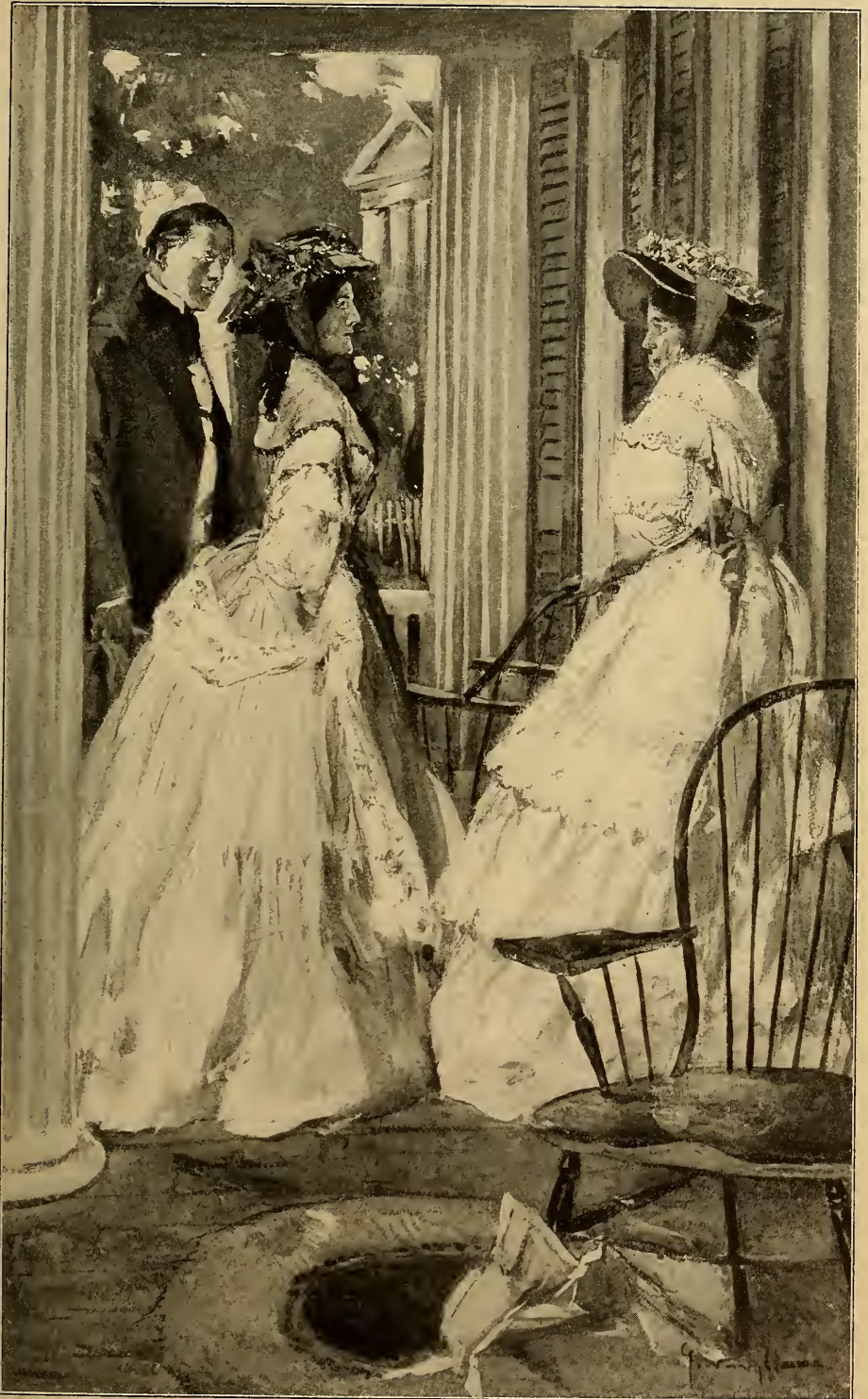
"It's no use showing your teeth here. You frighten no one. By God! sir, I have the honor to announce to you the engagement of Miss Meriwether to Lieutenant Lawrence Belknap of the Ninth Dragoons! You feel your honor too deeply touched? Perhaps at a later time Lieutenant Belknap will do himself the disgrace of accommodating you."

All these things seemed to dull and stupify me rather than excite me. I could not understand.

"If I killed him," said I finally, "how would it better her case? I have no quarrel with him, nor he any with me. Moreover, I must go back to Virginia. My mother needs me there most sadly."

"Yes, and Miss Grace Sheraton needs you there most sadly, as well," he retorted. "Go back, then, and mend your promises, and do some of those duties which you now





“With eyes that flickered and glittered as I have never seen them, she approached the girl who stood there shrinking.”

Drawing by George Wright.

begin to remember. You have proved yourself a man of no honor. I now stigmatize you a coward."

"You speak freely to your prisoner, Colonel Meriwether," I said slowly at length. "There is time yet for many risks—chances for many things. But now I think you owe it to me to tell me how this matter was arranged. I brought your daughter back to you. I claim justice of an Army officer."

"Very well, then, Mr. Belknap asked me for my permission to try his chance before I came West to Laramie. He came in here half crazed at my daughter's disappearance. He has been out with parties all the summer, searching for you both, and has not been back now at Laramie more than ten days.

"Oh, we all knew why you did not come back to the settlements," he resumed, striding up and down the room. "When we came in he guessed it all straight enough. He knew that all the world would talk. I needed no more than look at him, before he asked the right to silence all that talk forever. He's one of my boys. And he's a gentleman."

"And she agreed? Ellen Meriwether accepted him on such terms?"

"It is arranged," said he, not answering me directly, "and it removes at once all necessity for any other arrangement. As for you, you disappear. It will be announced all through the Army that Miss Meriwether and Lieutenant Belknap were married at Leavenworth before they started West, and that it was *they*, and not *you* and my daughter, who were lost."

"And Belknap was content to do this?" I mused. "He would do this after Ellen told him that she loved me——"

"Stop!" thundered Colonel Meriwether. "I have told you all that is necessary. In case my daughter asked it, he would leave her at once, until she asked him to return. There is abundant opportunity for swift changes in the Army. What seems to you absurd will work out in perfectly practical fashion."

"Yes," said I, "in fashion perfectly practical for the ruin of her life. You may leave mine out of the question."

"I do, sir," was his icy reply. "You have already chosen to break her heart. I have chosen at least to mend her name."

"Yes," I said dully. "There is no punishment on earth great enough to give me—except this, that I can have no word from her."

"No, you are to go at once. I put it beyond you to understand Belknap's conduct in this matter."

"He is a gentleman," I said, "and fit to love her. I think none of us is to blame for that. I think we all love Ellen, your daughter."

He choked up. "She's my girl," he said. "She's all I've got. Yes, everybody loves her—all my boys in the Army love her—there isn't one of them that wouldn't be proud to marry her on any terms she would lay down. And there isn't a man in the Army, married or single, that wouldn't challenge you, and kill you, if you breathed a word of what has gone on between you and her."

I looked at him and made no motion. It seemed to me so unspeakably sad, so incredible, that he should so underestimate his own daughter's worth. As to her estimate of me, and the punishment it carried, I could not in my heart deny their justice. Suddenly I was old. Suddenly the world was old and gray and outworn for me."

"Now, finally," resumed Colonel Meriwether, after a time, ceasing his walking up and down, "I must close up what remains between you and me. My daughter said to me that you wanted to see me on some business matter. Of course you had some reason for coming out here."

"That was my only reason for coming," I rejoined.

"Well, well, if you have any favor to ask of me, out with it, and let us end it all at once sitting."

"Sir," said I, "I would see you damned in hell before I would ask a crust or a cup of water of you, though I were starving and burning. I have heard enough."

"Orderly!" he called out, "show this man to the gate."

## CHAPTER XXXII

### CHANGED FORTUNES

It was at last borne in upon me that I must leave without any word from Ellen. I cannot express what this meant for me. For weeks now, for months, indeed, we

two had been together each hour of the day. I had come to expect her greeting in the morning, to turn to her a thousand times in the day with some query or answer. I had made no plan from which she was absent. Now, in a twinkling, all that had been subverted. I was robbed of her exquisite dependence upon me. I was to miss now her fineness, her weakness and trustfulness, which had been a continual delight. Her voice was gone from my listening ears. Always I waited to hear her footstep, but it came no longer, rustling in the grasses. It seemed to me that by some hard accident of fate I had been deprived of all my senses, for not one was left which did not crave and cry aloud for her.

It was thus, dulled, bereft, that I, having lived, now dead, turned away, and began my journey back to the life I had known before I met her, back to a world in which I no longer had or cared to have a place.

As I passed east by the Denver stage, I met hurrying throngs always coming westward, a migratory population, now even denser than it had been the preceding spring. It was as Colonel Meriwether said: the wagons almost touched from the Platte to the Rockies. They came on, a vast, continuous stream of hope, confidence and youth. I, who stemmed that current, was unlike it in all ways.

One thing only quickened my laggard heart, and that was the all-prevalent talk of war. The debates of Lincoln and Douglas, the consequences of Lincoln's possible election, the growing dissensions in the Army over Buchanan's practically overt acts of war—these made the sole topics of conversation. At times, I say, these things caused my blood to stir once more, not all in patriotism.

At last, after weeks of dreary travel across a disturbed country, I finally reached the angry hive of political dissension at Washington. Here I was near home, but did not tarry, and passed thence by stage to Leesburg, in Virginia, and so finally came back into our little valley and the quiet town of Wallingford.

I got me a horse at Wallingford barns, and rode out to Cowles Farms. At the gate I halted and looked in over the wide lawns. It seemed to me I noted a change

in them as in myself. The grass was unkempt, the flower beds showed little care. The very seats upon the distant gallery seemed unfamiliar, as though arranged by some careless hand. I opened the gate for myself, rode up to the old stoop and dismounted, for the first time in my life there without a negro boy to take my horse. I walked slowly up the steps to the great front door of the old house. No servant came to meet me. I, grandson of the man who built that house, my father's home and mine, lifted the brazen knocker of the door and heard no footstep anticipate my knock. The place seemed empty. Finally there came a shuffling footfall and the door was opened, but there stood before me no one that I recognized. It was a smallish, oldish, grayish man, a stranger, who smiled in query at me.

"I am John Cowles, sir," I said hesitating. "Yourself I do not seem to know——"

"My name is Halliday, Mr. Cowles," he replied. Then a flush of anger and humiliation came to my face.

"Yes. You were my father's creditor."

"Yes, sir, my firm was the holder of certain obligations at the time of your father's death. You have been gone very long without word to us. Meantime, pending any action——"

"You have moved in?"

"I have ventured to take possession, Mr. Cowles. That was as your mother wished. She waived all her rights and surrendered everything, said all the debts must be paid——"

"Of course——"

"And all we could prevail upon her to do was to take up her quarters there in one of the little houses."

He pointed with this euphemism toward our old servants' quarters. So there was my mother, a woman gently reared, tenderly cared for all her life, living in a cabin where once slaves had lived! And I had come back to her, to tell a story such as mine!

"I hope," said he, hesitating, "that all these matters may presently be adjusted. I ask you to influence your mother to come back into the place and take up her residence."

I smiled slowly. "You hardly understand her," I said. "I doubt if my

influence will suffice for that. But I shall meet you again." I was turning away.

"Your mother, I believe, is not here—she went over to Wallingford. I think it is the day when she goes to the little church——"

"Yes, I know. If you will excuse me I shall ride over to see if I can find her." He bowed. Presently I was hurrying down the road again. It seemed to me that I could never learn to tolerate the sight of a stranger as master at Cowles Farms.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### A QUESTION OF DUTY

I found my mother at the churchyard of the old meeting house. She did not see me as I slipped down from my saddle and fastened my horse at the long rack. But when I called to her, she turned and came to me with open arms.

"Jack!" she said, "my son!"

Then I broke out bitterly and railed against our ill-fortune, and cursed at the man who would allow her to live in servants' quarters—indeed, railed at all of life.

"Thee must learn to subdue thyself, my son," she said at last. "I am quite content in my little rooms. I have made them very clean, and I have with me a few things of my own—a few, not many. But see, thee has a button off thy coat. And that scar—tell me."

"Not now—after a time, mother. But your neighbors, mother, the Sheratons——"

"Oh, certainly, they asked me to live with them. But I was not moved to do that. You see, I know each rose bush and each apple tree on our old place. I did not like to leave them."

"Besides, as to the Sheratons, Jack," she began again, "I do not wish to say one word to hurt thy feelings, but Miss Grace——"

"What about Miss Grace?"

"Mr. Orme, the gentleman who once stopped with us a few days——"

"Oh, Orme! Is he here again? He was all through the West with me—I met him everywhere there. Now I meet him here!"

"He returned last summer, and for most of his time has been living at the Sheratons'. He and Colonel Sheraton agree very well. And he and Miss Grace—I do not like to say these things to thee, my son but they also seem—to agree."

"Go on," I demanded bitterly.

"Whether Miss Grace's fancy has changed, I do not know, but thy mother ought to tell thee this so that if she should jilt thee, why, then——"

"I must go and find out," I said. But I swear that in my heart there was more lightness than I had known for days!

"Yes. Remember, Jack, whatever may be the Sheraton faith, thine is the faith of the Cowles family. When thy word is given, it is given. But if she does not love thee, surely she will speak that word."

We rose and walked down to the street of the little town, and at the tavern barn I secured a conveyance which took us both back to what had once been our home. It was my mother's hands which, at a blackened old fireplace, in a former slave's cabin, prepared what we ate that evening. Then, as the sun sank in a warm glow beyond the old Blue Ridge, I drew her to the rude porch of the whitewashed cabin. Then I told her—told her all my sad and bitter story, from end to end.

"This, then," I concluded, more than an hour after I had begun, "is what I have brought back to you—failure, failure, nothing but failure."

We sat in silence, how long I do not know. Then I heard her pray, openly, as was not the custom of her people. "Lord, this is not my will. Lord, is this Thy will? Is this Thy will?"

After a time she put her hand upon mine. "My son," said she. "Now let us reason what is the law. Let us see who has sinned. And if that be thee, then let my son have his punishment."

The edge of her words bit into my soul, but I could not speak. I knew the firmness of that gentle nature.

"But one thing I know," she concluded presently, "thee is John Cowles, the son of my husband, John, and thee at the last will do what is right, what thy heart says to thee is right."

She kissed me on the cheek and so arose.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

## A QUESTION OF HONOR

The next morning at the proper hour I started for the Sheraton mansion. This time it was not my old horse Satan that I rode. My mother told me that Satan had been given over under the chattel mortgages, and sold at the town livery stable to some purchaser, whom she did not know, who had taken the horse out of the country. I reflected bitterly upon the changes in my fortunes since the last time I rode this way, when the south wind was warm, and the roses were sweet along the wall.

At least I was not so much coward as to turn about. So presently I rode up the little pitch from the trough road and pulled the gate latch with my riding crop. And then, as though it were by appointment, precisely as I saw her that morning last spring—a hundred years ago it seemed to me—I saw Grace Sheraton coming down the walk toward me.

I threw my rein over the hook of the iron arm of the stone gate pillar, and hat in hand, hastened to meet her. I was an older man now. I was done with roystering and fighting, and the kissing of country girls all across the land. I did not prison Grace Sheraton against the stone gate pillar now, and kiss her against her will until she became willing. All I did was to lift her hand and kiss her finger tips.

She, too, was changed. I felt that rather than saw it. If anything, she was thinner, her face had a deeper olive tint, her eyes were darker. But what was it that sat upon her face—melancholy, or fear, or sorrow, or resentment? I was never very bright of mind. I do not know.

"I am glad to see you," she said to me at length awkwardly.

"And I to see you, of course." I misdoubt that we both lied.

"It is very sad, your home coming thus," she added, at which cue I caught gladly.

"Yes, matters could hardly be worse for us."

"Your mother would not come to us. We asked her. But now—we hope you both will come."

"We are beggars now, Miss Grace," I

said. "I need time to look around. I must make another home for myself, and for—"

"For me?" she faced me squarely now, eye to eye. I saw her cheek flush slowly, deeper than was usual with a Sheraton girl.

"As soon as that may be," I answered, as red as she.

"I learn that you did not see Colonel Meriwether," she went on politely—indeed, too politely.

"How did you know it?"

"Through Captain Orme."

"Yes," said I quietly, "I have heard of Captain Orme—much of him—very much." Still I could not read her face.

"He was with us a long time this summer," she resumed presently with indifference—too much indifference. "Some two weeks ago he left for Charleston, I think. He has much business about the country."

"Much," I assented, "in many parts of the country. But most of all with men of the Army. So Captain Orme—if we must call him Captain—was so good as to inform you of my private matters."

"Yes." Again she looked at me squarely, with defiance—too much defiance, it seemed to me. "I know all about that girl."

"I am very glad. It is not always that one has the good fortune of such early messengers."

"Go on," she said bitterly, "tell me about her."

"No; not if you prefer to hear my story from others than myself."

She only smiled enigmatically. "It was natural," she said at last, slowly, deliberately, bitterly. "Doubtless I would have done as she did. Doubtless any other man would have done as you did. After all, I suppose we are as we are. Opportunity is much, very much. Secrecy is everything."

Such philosophy may be true, but one does not like to hear it from a girl, far less from a fiancée. I found nothing which suited me to say, but presently she went on.

"Why, there was she, addressed by Mr. Belknap, as I am told, and there were you, engaged to a certain young lady by the name of Grace Sheraton, very far away. And you were conveniently lost—very conveniently. You found each other's

society agreeable—very agreeable. I presume you enjoyed yourselves, after your own little fashion—I do not blame you—I say I would have done the same. I should like to know it for a time myself—freedom—freedom! I do not blame you. Only," she said slowly, "in society we do not have freedom."

Her words horrified me.

"Miss Grace," said I, "I do not in the least understand you. You are not the same girl I left."

"No," said she simply, "I am not. But that is not my fault. Cannot a woman be free as much as a man? Have I not right as much as you?"

"One thing only I want to say," I rejoined, "and it is this, which I ought not to say at all. If you mean anything regarding Ellen Meriwether, I have to tell you, or any one, that she is clean—mind, body, soul—as clean as when I saw her first."

"Do you know, I like you for saying that," she said, smiling her little crooked Sheraton smile. "I would never marry a man who knew nothing of other women—I don't want a milk-sop, and I would not marry a man who would not lie for the sake of a sweetheart. You lie beautifully. Do you know, Jack, I believe you are quite a bit of a gentleman."

"But tell me, when is your wedding to be?" This last came from her with obvious effort.

"That is hardly for me to say. You have not advised me."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I meant your marriage with Miss Ellen Meriwether. I supposed of course you had quite forgotten me!"

"Ellen Meriwether is by this time already married," I said to her, with a calmness which surprised myself.

But what surprised me most was the change which came upon her face at the words—the flush—the gleam, as of triumph, as of surprise and satisfaction! I guessed this much and no more—that she had had certain plans, and that now she had other plans, changed with lightning swiftness, and by reason of my words. At once I was thrust into a labyrinth I could not solve.

"Lieutenant Lawrence Belknap and Miss Ellen Meriwether were married, I presume,

a short time after I started for the east," I went on.

"How like a story-book! So he forgot her little incidents with you—all summer—side by side—day and *night!* How romantic! At least, he kept his promise."

"There had never been any promise at all between them before then. Orme, Belknap, myself—we all were with her on the journey. She had not chosen then."

"What! Captain Orme? He also was *épris?*"

"Captain Orme does not trouble himself always to be accurate. Neither does he trouble to be scrupulous, perhaps."

"At least, then, you are unmarried, Jack?"

"Yes, and likely to be."

Now her face changed once more. Whether by plan of her own or not, I cannot say, but it softened to a more gentle—shall I say a more beseeching look?

"What do you mean, Jack?" she asked.

If there was not affection in her tones, then I could not detect the counterfeit. I reiterate, if I should live a thousand years, I should know nothing of women, nothing. We men are but toys with them. In life and in sex man is but an incident with them. They are the Sphinx-soul, the mystery of the world. Never shall man, even the wisest, fathom the shallowest depths of that mystery.

But now I know she changed once again, and I know that this time I read her look aright. It was pathos on her face, and terror!

"Jack," she whispered, "don't leave me! Jack, I shall need you!"

What did she mean? Before I could resolve any question in my mind, I heard the sound of approaching hoofs, and there rode up to the gate her brother, Harry Sheraton. He dismounted and hitched his horse near mine, saluting me as he pushed open the great gate. It was the first time I had seen him since my return.

"Is that you?" he asked. "I'm awfully glad to see you, Cowles—I heard below that you were home. You had a long journey."

"Yes," I answered, "longer than I had planned."

"I must say you look a bit tired. Have you been sick? And I say, you did meet the savages, didn't you?"

I knew that he also had seen the scar on the side of my neck, which still was rather evident. I did not care to repeat the story. "Yes," I answered a bit shortly, "rather a near thing of it. I presume Captain Orme told you?"

I turned to Miss Grace, who then admitted that she had heard something of the surgery which had thus left its mark. Harry seemed puzzled, so I saw it was news to him. Miss Grace relieved the situation somewhat by turning toward the house.

"I am sure you will want to talk with Jack," she said to him. "And listen, Harry, you must have him and Mrs. Cowles over here this very evening. I shall send Cato down with the carriage directly, and you may drive over after Mrs. Cowles." She held out her hand to me. "At dinner to-night, then?"

I bowed, saying that we would be very happy, by which I meant that we would be very miserable.

## CHAPTER XXXV

### A YOGI OUT OF PLACE

It is not necessary for me to state that dinner in the Sheraton hall, with its dull mahogany and its shining silver and glass, was barely better than a nightmare to me. At least there remained the topic of politics and war, and never was I more glad to plunge into such matters than upon that evening. Thus in some way the dinner hour passed. Soon afterward Miss Grace pleaded a headache and left us. My mother was next to ask leave, and presently our hostess and host departed. Harry and I remained to stare at each other moodily. I admit I was glad when finally he announced his intention of retiring.

A servant showed me my own room, and some time before midnight I went up, hoping that I might sleep. My long life in the open air had made all rooms and roofs seem confining and distasteful to me, and I slept badly in the best of beds. Now my restlessness so grew upon me that, some time past midnight, not having made any attempt to prepare for sleep, I arose, went quietly down the stair and out at the front door, to see if I could find more peace in the open air. I sat down on the grass with my back against one of the big oaks, and

so continued brooding moodily over my affairs, confused as they had now become.

By this time every one of the household had retired. I was surprised, therefore, when I saw a faint streak of light from one of the windows flash out across the lawn. Not wishing to intrude, I rose quietly and changed my position. Almost at that instant I saw a figure appear quickly from the shrubbery and walk directly toward the house, apparently headed for the window from which emerged the light. I watched him advance, and when I saw him reach the heavily barred trellis which ran up to the second gallery, I felt confirmed in my suspicion that he was a burglar. Approaching carefully in the shadow, I made a rapid run at him, and as his head was turned at the time, managed to catch him by the neck. His face, thus thrown back, was illuminated by the flare of light. I saw him plainly. It was Gordon Orme!

The light disappeared. The great house, lying dark and silent, heard no alarm. I did not stop to reason about this, but tightened my grip upon him in so fell a fashion that all his arts in wrestling could avail him nothing. I had caught him from behind, with a hand on each of his arms above the elbow. No man could escape me when I had that hold. I was far stronger than any Gordon Orme.

He did not speak, but struggled silently with all his power. At length he relaxed a trifle. I stood close to him, slipped my left arm under his left along his back, and caught his right arm in my left hand. Then I took from his pocket a pistol, which I put into my own. I felt in his clothing, and finally discovered a knife, hidden in a scabbard at the back of his neck. I drew it out—a long bladed, ivory thing I found it later, with gold let into the hilt and woven into the steel.

He eased himself in my grip as much as he could, waiting, as I knew, for his chance to twist and grapple with me. I could feel him breathing deeply and easily, resting, waiting, for his time, using his brains to aid his body with perfect deliberation.

"It's no use, Orme," I said to him finally. "I can wring your neck, or break your back, or twist your arms off, and by God! I've a notion to do them all. If you make any attempt to get away I'm going to kill you. Now come along."

I shoved him ahead of me, his arms pinioned, until we found a seat far away in a dark portion of the great front yard. Here I pushed him down and took the other end of the seat, covering him with his own pistol.

"Now," I said, "tell me what you are doing here."

"You have your privilege at guessing," he sneered, in his easy, mocking way. "Have you never done a little adventure of this sort yourself?"

"This is your last one," I said to him.

"Is it so," he sneered. "Then let me make my prayers!" He mocked at me, and had no fear of me whatever.

"In Virginia we keep the shot gun for men who prow around houses at night. What are you doing here?"

"You have no right to ask. It is not your house."

"There was a light," said I. "For that reason I do have a right to ask."

A certain change in mood seized him. "If I give you my parole," he asked, "will you believe me, and let us talk freely?"

"Yes," said I at length slowly. "You are a liar, but I do not think you will break parole."

"You gauge me with perfect accuracy," he answered. "That is why I wish to talk."

I threw the pistol on the seat between us. "What is it you want to know," I asked. "And again I ask you, why are you here, when you are supposed to be in South Carolina?"

"I have business here. You cost me my chance out there in the West," he answered slowly. "In turn I cost you your chance here. I shall cost you other things here. I said you should pay my debt." He motioned toward my neck with his slim finger.

"Yes, you saved my life," I said and I have hated you for that ever since."

"Will you make me one promise?" he asked.

"Perhaps, but not in advance."

"And will you keep it?"

"If I make it."

"Will you promise me to do one thing you have already promised to do?"

"Orme, I am in no mood to sit here and gossip like an old woman."

"You're done out of it all around, in any case, Cowles. Belknap, it seems, was to

beat both you and me. But now as to this little promise. I was only going to ask you to do as much as Belknap, or less."

"Very well, then."

"I want you to promise to marry Grace Sheraton."

I laughed in his face. "I thought you knew me better than that, Orme. I shall not even ask you why you want so puerile a promise. Tell me, who are you, and what are you, and what are you doing in this country?"

"Do you really want to know?" he smiled.

"Assuredly I do. I demand it."

"I believe I will tell you, then," he said quietly. "I am Charles Gordon Orme, Marquis of Bute and Rayne. Once I lived in England. For good reasons I have since lived elsewhere. I am what is known as a black sheep—a very, very black one."

"You are a retrograde, a renegade, a blackguard and a murderer," I said to him calmly.

"All of those things, and much more," he admitted cheerfully and calmly. "I am two persons, or more than two. I can't in the least make all this plain to you in your grade of intelligence, but perhaps you have heard of exchangeable personalities."

"I have heard of double personalities, and double lives," I said, "but I have never admired them."

"We will waive the latter. Let me say that I can exchange my personality. The Jews used to say that men of certain mentality were possessed of a devil. I only say that I was a student in India. One phrase is good as another. The Swami Haemadata was my teacher."

"It would have been far better for you had you never known him, and better for many others," was my answer to his astonishing discourse.

"Perhaps, but I am only explaining as you have requested. I am a Raja Yogi. I have taken the eight mystic steps. For years, even here in this country, I have kept up the sacred exercises of breath, of posture, of thought."

"All this means nothing to me," I admitted simply.

"No, it means nothing for me to tell you that I have learned Yama, Niyama, Asana, Pranayama, Pratyahara, Dharana, Dyhana and Samadhi! Yes, I was something of



an adept once. I learned calm, meditation, contemplation, introspection, super-conscious reasoning—how to cast my own mind to a distance, how to bring other minds close up to me.”

I only sat silent, wondering at this.

“But mostly,” he resumed, “I failed on Pratyahara, which says the senses must be quelled and set aside! All religions are alike to me, but they must not intrude on my own religion. I’d liever die than not enjoy. My religion, I say, is to play the great games—to adventure, and above all, to enjoy. That is why I am in this country, also, why I am in this yard.”

“And you now are playing some deeper game than I know?”

“How could you be expected to understand what it took me years to learn? But I suppose in your case you need a few practical and concrete proofs. Let me show you a few things. Here, put your hand on my heart.”

I obeyed. “You feel it beat?” he said. “Now it stops beating, does it not?” And as I live, *it had stopped!*

“Feel on the opposite side,” he commanded. I did so, and there was his heart, clear across his body, and beating as before. “Now I shall stop it again,” he remarked calmly. And it did stop, and resumed when he liked!

“Put your hand upon my abdomen,” he said. I did so. All at once his body seemed thin and empty, as a spent cocoon.

“I draw all the organs into the thorax,” he explained. “When one has studied under the Swami, as I have, he gains control over all his different muscles, voluntary and involuntary. He can, to a great extent, cut off or increase the nerve force in any muscle. Simple tricks in magic become easy to him. He gains, as you may suppose, a certain influence over men, and more especially over women, if that be a part of his religion. It was not with the Swami. It *is*, with me.”

“You are a strange man, Orme,” I said, drawing a long breath. “The most dangerous man, the most singular, the most immoral I ever knew.”

“No,” he said, reaching for his cigar case, “I was only born without what you call morals. They are not necessary in abstruse thought. Yet in some ways I retain the influence of my own country. For

instance, I lie as readily as I speak the truth, because it is more convenient. I am a liar, but I do not break my word of honor. You have caught that distinction.”

“Yes, I would trust you,” I said, “if you gave me your word of honor.”

He turned full upon me. “By Jove! old chap,” he said, with a queer note in his voice, “you touch me awfully close. You’re like men of my own family—you stir something in me that I used to know. The word of a fighting man—that’s the same for yours and mine, and that’s why I’ve always admired you. That’s the sort of man that wins with the best sort of women.”

“You are not worth the best sort of woman,” I said to him. “You had no chance with Ellen Meriwether.”

“No, but every fellow is worth his own fight with himself. I wanted to be a gentleman once more. Oh, a man may mate with a woman of any color—he does all over the world. He may find a mistress in any nationality of his own color, or a wife in any class similar to his own. But a sweetheart, and a wife, and a woman—when a fellow even like myself finds himself honestly gone like that—when he begins to fight inside himself, old India against old England, renegade against gentleman—I say, that’s awfully bitter—when he sees the other fellow win. You won—”

“No,” said I, “I did not win. You know that perfectly well. There is no way in the world that I can win. All I can do is to keep parole with—well, with myself, I suppose.”

“You touch me awfully close,” he mused again. “You play big and fair. You’re a fighting man and a gentleman and—excuse me, but it’s true—an awful ass all in one. You’re such an ass I almost hesitate to play the game with you.”

“Thank you,” said I. “But now take a very stupid fellow’s advice. Leave this country, and don’t be seen about here again, for if so, you will be killed.”

“Precisely,” he admitted. “In fact, I was just intending to arrange a permanent departure. That was why I was asking you to promise me to—in short, to keep your own promise. There’s going to be war next spring. The dreams of this

strange man Lincoln, out in the West, are going to come true—there will be catastrophe, trouble. But war, one of the great games, is something that one must sometimes cross the globe to play. I will be here to have a hand in this one."

"You have had much of a hand in it already," I hazarded. He smiled frankly.

"Yes," he said, "one must live. I admit I have been what you call a secret agent. There is much money behind me, large politics, great commercial interests. I love the big games, and my game and my task—my duty to my masters—has been to split this country along a clean line from east to west, from ocean to ocean—to make two countries of it! You will see that happen, my friend."

"No one will ever see it happen," I said to him soberly.

"Under which flag, then, for you?" he asked quickly.

"The flag you saw on the frontier, Orme," I answered him. "That is the flag of America, and will be. The frontier still is free, and it will make America free always."

"Oh, well," he said, "the argument will be obvious enough by next spring—in April, I should guess. And whatever you or I may think, the game will be big, very big—the biggest until you have your real war between black and white, and your yet bigger one between yellow and white. I imagine old England will be in that with you, or with one of you, if you make two countries here. But I may be a wandering Jew on some other planet before that time."

He sat a time, his chair dropped on his breast. Finally he reached me his hand.

"Let me go," he said. "I promise you to leave."

"To leave the state?"

"No, I will not promise that."

"To leave the country?"

"Yes, unless war should bring me here in the course of my duty. But I will promise to leave this town, this residence—this girl—in short, I must do that. And you are such an ass that I was going to ask you to promise to keep your promise—up there." He motioned toward the window where the light lately had been.

"You do not ask that now?" I queried.

"You are a fighting man," he said. "Let

all these questions answer themselves when their time comes. After all, I suppose a woman is a woman in the great game, and one takes one's chances. Suppose we leave the debt unsettled until we meet some time? You know, *you* may be claiming debt of *me*."

"Will you be ready?" I asked him.

"Always. You know that. Now may I go? Is my parole ended?"

"It ends at the gate," I said to him, and handed him his pistol. The knife I retained, forgetfully, but when I turned to offer it to him, he was gone.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### MIXED PLEDGES

During the next morning Harry Sheraton galloped down to the village after the morning's mail. On his return he handed me two letters. One was from Captain Stevenson, dated at Fort Henry, and informed me that he had been transferred to the east from Jefferson Barracks, in company with other officers. He hinted many changes in the disposition of the Army of late. His present purpose in writing, as he explained, was to promise us that, in case he came our way, he would certainly look us up.

The other had more importance. I glanced it over quickly, and presently found occasion to request a word or so with Colonel Sheraton. We withdrew to his library, and then I handed him the letter.

"This," I explained, is from Jennings and Jennings, my father's agents at Huntington, on whose advice he went into his coal speculations."

"I see," said Colonel Sheraton, "and their advice seems to have been rather disastrous."

"At first it seemed so," I answered, "but now they advise me by no means to allow foreclosure to be completed if it can be avoided, for that the lands are worth many times the price paid for them."

"I see—and they have some sort of an offer as well—eh?"

"A half loaf is better than no bread," I assented. "I think I ought to go out there and examine all this in detail."

"One thing I don't understand about this," began Colonel Sheraton. "Your

father's partner, Colonel Meriwether, was on joint paper with him. What did he say to you when you saw him?"

"Nothing," I replied. "We did not discuss the matter."

"What? Not discuss business of this sort? That was the sole reason why you went out to see him!"

"Other matters came up," said I. "This was not brought up at all between us."

Colonel Sheraton looked at me keenly. What are you trying to cover up in this?" asked he bluntly.

"Nothing from you of a business nature, sir, and nothing from Miss Grace of any nature, which I think she ought to know."

He turned on me swiftly. "Young man, what do you propose to do in regard to my daughter? As it stands now, you two are engaged to be married. I feel it is time to mention these matters with you."

"It is more than time," I answered. "Has she spoken to you in any way leading you to think she would prefer our engagement to be broken?"

"No, sir. Nothing has been said by anyone in contemplation of any change. There has only been a vagueness and indefiniteness which I did not like."

"Had my affairs not mended, Colonel Sheraton, I could not have blamed her for breaking the engagement. If now conditions shall prove to be practically the same as then, then it is she who must decide her course and mine."

"That is perfectly honorable. I have no criticism to offer. I have only her happiness at heart."

"Then, if you please, sir, since I am rather awkwardly situated here, I should like very much to see Miss Grace this morning. It seems probable that I shall have to go to Huntington at once."

"I hope you will not forget why you have gone there after you have arrived," he commented grimly. "But it will give me very great pleasure to learn if my daughter will receive you this morning." He bowed in his lofty way and left me. Within the half hour a servant brought me word that Miss Grace would see me in the drawing room.

She was seated in a wide low chair near the sunny window, half hid by the leafy plants that grew in boxes there. She was clad in loose morning wear, spreading over

a wide crinoline. Her dark hair was drawn in broad bands over the temples, half confined by a broad gold comb, save two long curls which hung down her neck at either side. It seemed to me she was very thin—thinner and darker than ever—and under her wide eyes were heavy circles. She held out her hand to me, and it lay cold and lifeless in my own. I made some pleasant talk of small matters as I might, and soon as I could arrived at the business of the letter I had received.

"Going away again?" She looked up at me startled.

"For a couple of weeks or so. It certainly seems a very happy journey to make. And when I come back, Miss Grace——"

So now I was up to the verge of that same old, definite question so long deferred.

She sat up in the chair as though pulling herself together in some sudden resolve, and looked me straight in the face.

"Jack," she said, "why should we wait? You temporize. You are not glad. Yet you came to me only last spring, and you——"

"I come to you now, Miss Grace," I said.

"Ah, what a difference between then and now!" she sighed.

For a time we could find nothing fit to say. At last I was forced to bring up one thing I did not like to mention.

"Miss Grace," said I, seating myself beside her, "last night, or rather this morning, after midnight, I found a man prowling around in the yard."

She sprang up as though shocked, her eyes full of terror. "You have told!" she exclaimed. "My father knows——"

It was my own turn to feel surprise, which perhaps I showed.

"I have told no one. It seemed to me that first I ought to come to you and ask you about this. Why was Orme there?"

She stared at me. "He told me he would come back some time," she admitted at length. All the while she was fighting with herself, striving, exactly as Orme had done, to husband her powers for an impending struggle. "You see," she added, "he has business all over the country—I will own I believe him to be in the secret service of the inner circle of a number of Southern congressmen. For this reason Captain Orme could not always choose his hours of going and coming."

"Does your father know of his peculiar hours?"

"I presume so, of course. Do you expect me to tolerate suspicion from you?"

"I ask you to tolerate nothing," I said. "I am not in the habit of suspecting ladies."

"Jack," she said, flinging out a hand, "forgive me. I admit that Mr. Orme and I carried on a bit of a flirtation, after he came back—after he had told me about you. But how should that—why, he did not know you were here."

"No," said I dryly, "I don't think he did."

"I could love no other man but you, Jack, and you know it. After all, if we are quits, let us stay quits, and forgive, and forget—let us forget, Jack."

I sat looking at her as she turned to me pleading, imploring in her face, her gesture. I could not read the puzzle.

"Jack," she went on, "a woman needs some one to take care of her, to love her. I want you to take care of me—you wouldn't throw me over for just a little thing—when all the time you yourself—"

"The light shone for miles across the valley," said I.

"Precisely, and that was how he happened to come. He thought we were still up about the place. My father has always told him to make this his home, and not to go to the tavern. They are friends politically, in many ways, as you know."

"The light was that of some servant," I said. I tried bravely to speak as though with conviction.

"Certainly it was. I know nothing of it. It was only accident that you met Mr Orme. Tell me, Jack, did you quarrel? What did he tell you?"

"Many things. He is no fit man for you to know."

"I will never see him again."

"No, that is fairly sure. He has promised that, and he asked me to promise one thing, by the way."

"What was that?"

"To keep my promise with you. He asked me to marry you! Why?"

Infinite wit of woman! What chance have we men against such weapons? Coquetry sat on her face, and nothing else, when she answered. "So then he was hard hit, after all! I did not know that.

How tender of him, to wish me married to another than himself! The conceit of you men is something wondrous!"

"Mr. Orme was so kind as to inform me that I was a gentleman, and likewise a very great ass."

"Did you promise him to keep your promise, Jack?" She put both her hands on mine as it lay on the chair arm. Her eyes looked into mine straight and full. It would have taken more imagination than mine to suspect the slightest flickering in their lids. "Jack," she murmured over and over again. "I love you! I have never loved any other man."

"So now," I resumed finally, "I have come to you to tell you of all these things, and to decide definitely and finally in regard to our next plans."

"But you believe me, Jack? You do promise to keep your promise? You do love me?"

"I doubt no woman whom I wed," I answered. "I shall be gone for two or three weeks. It would be folly for either of us to do more than let everything stand precisely as it is until we have had time to think. I shall come back, Miss Grace, and I shall ask your answer."

"If there is a big soul in all the world, Jack, it is your own, I'm sure of that," she murmured. "It is a grand thing for a woman to have the promise of a man who knows what a promise is."

I winced at this, as I had winced a thousand times at similar thrusts unconsciously delivered by so many. "No," said I, "I think Orme is right. I am only a very stupid ass."

She reached out her hand. I felt her fingers close cold and hard on mine, as though she was loath to let me go. I kissed her fingers and withdrew, myself at least very glad to be away.

I retired presently to my room to arrange my portmanteaux for an early journey. And there, filling up one-half of the greater valise, was a roll of hide, ragged about its edge. I drew it out, and spread it flat upon the bed before me, whitened and roughened with bone, reddened with blood, written on with rude stylus, bearing certain words which all the time, day and night, rang, yes, and sang, in my brain.

—"I, John Cowles—I, Ellen Meriwether—take thee, for better, for worse—till death—" I saw *her* name; E-l-l-e-n.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE SECRET OF GRACE SHERATON

Presently once more I departed, this time for western Virginia. My mother also ended her visit at Dixiana, preferring to return to the quiet of her two little white-washed rooms, and the old fireplace, and the sooty pot-hooks which our people's slaves had used for two generations in the past.

As to what I learned at Huntington, which place I reached after some days of travel, I need say no more than that I began to see fully verified my father's daring and his foresight. The matter of the coal land speculation was perfectly feasible as to business handling. Indeed, my conference with our agents made it clear that little remained excepting the questions of a partition of interests, or of joint action between Colonel Meriwether and my father's estate. The right of redemption still remained, and there offered a definite alternative of selling a part of the lands and retaining the remainder clear of incumbrance. We wrote Colonel Meriwether all these facts from Huntington, requesting his immediate attention. After this, I set out for home, not ill pleased with the outlook of my material affairs.

All these details of surveying and locating lands, of measuring shafts and drifts, and estimating cubic yards in coal, and determining the status of tenures and fees, had occupied me longer than I had anticipated. I had been gone two days beyond a month, when finally, somewhat wearied with stage travel, I again pulled up at Wallingford village.

As I approached the little tavern I heard much laughing, talking, footfalls, hurrying, as persons came or went on one errand or another. A large party had evidently arrived on a conveyance earlier than my own. I found my eyes resting upon a long figure at the farther end of the gallery. It was apparently a woman, tall and thin, clad in a loose, stayless gown, her face hid in an extraordinarily long, green sunbonnet. Now and then there came a puff of smoke from within the caverns of the sunbonnet, accompanied with the fragrant odor of natural leaf, whose presence brooked no debate by the human nose. I looked at this stranger again and yet again, then

slowly walked up and held out my hand. There was no one in all the world who could counterfeit Mandy McGovern, even under conditions seemingly impossible for her presence!

Mandy's pipe well nigh fell from her lips. "Well, good God A'mighty! If it ain't you, son!" she exclaimed.

"Aunt Mandy," I interrupted. "Tell me, what in the world are you doing here?"

"Why, me and the folks just come down to look around."

"Who came with you, Aunt Mandy?"

"Still askin' fool questions, like you didn't know! Why, you *know* who it was—the Colonel and the gal. He's ordered to jine his rigiment at Fort Henry. Gal come along o' him, o' course. I come along with the gal, o' course. My boy come along with me, o' course."

"Your son, Andrew Jackson?"

"He's somewheres 'round, I reckon. I see him lickin' a nigger a few minutes ago."

"What—he's getting spunky, after all?"

"Spunky! Huh! He's worse'n that. That boy's done come out to be the fightenest feller I ever did see. Him allowin' he got that there Injun, day we had the fight down on the Platte, it just made a new man out'n him. 'Fore long he whupped a teamster that got sassy with him. Then he taken a rock and lammed the cook 'cause he looked like he was laffin' at him. Not long atter that, he killed a Injun he 'lowed was crawlin' 'round our place—done kilt him and taken his skulp 'fore I had time to explain to him that like enough that Injun was plum peaceful, and only comin' in to get a loaf o' bread."

"Bread, Aunt Mandy? Where was all this?"

"Where d'ye suppose it was, unless at our hotel? My man and me seen there was a good openin' there on the trail this side o' the South Fork, and we set up a hotel in a dugout. Them emigrants would give you anything you asked for a piece o' pie, or a real baked loaf o' bread. I got over three hundred dollars right here in my pocket."

"But I don't quite understand about the man—your husband——"

"Yep, my latest one. Didn't you know I married ole man Auberry? He's 'round here somewheres, too, Colonel Meriwether 'lowed there'd be some fightin' 'round

these parts afore long. My man and my son 'lowed the West was gettin' right quiet for them, and they'd just take a chanct down here, along o' him. Besides, I got to take keer o' *her*."

"I had not heard of this last marriage of yours, Aunt Mandy," I ventured, not venturing to ask her what question was clamoring in my heart.

"Oh, yes, me and him hooked up right soon atter you and the gal got lost. I was tired of that lazy husband o' mine back home, and Auberry he couldn't see nothin' to that woman o' his'n atter he found out how I could bake pie and bread—we both seein' the chanct there was there on the trail, we set up in business. Preacher come along in a wagon one day—broke, like most preachers is. We kep' him over night, free, and he married us next mornin' for nothin'. Turn about's fair play, I reckon."

"Where is Colonel Meriwether?" I asked her at last.

"Inside," she motioned with her pipe. "Him and the gal, too. *Why* don't you go in—but say, who's that a-comin' down the street there in that little sawed-off wagon?"

I looked. It was my fianceé, Grace Sheraton! By her side was my friend, Captain Stevenson, and with him the loquacious Kitty, now all parasol and gesticulations. I guessed at once that Stevenson and his wife had come on during my absence, and were visiting at Dixiana Farm with the Sheratons. No doubt they had driven down now for the evening mail.

Kitty seemed first to spy me, and greeted me with an enthusiastic waving of her gloves, parasol, veil and handkerchief, all held confusedly, after her fashion, in one hand. "Prrrrrrrrrrt!" she trilled, school-girl-like, to attract my attention meanwhile. "Howdy, you man! If it isn't John Cowles, I'm a sinner—— Matt, look at him, isn't he old, and sour, and solemn?"

Stevenson jumped out and came up to me smiling as I passed down the steps. As I assisted his vivacious helpmeet to alight, I caught from her a quick whisper, warning me that she must talk with me over something which I must hear.

Her warning came too late to prevent what now was doomed to follow. I knew that all this tangle would presently force

itself one way or the other. So I only smiled, and urged her and her husband, rapidly as I might, up the steps and in at the door, where I knew they would immediately be fully occupied. Then again I approached Grace Sheraton where she still sat, somewhat discomfited at not being included in these plans, yet not unwilling to have a word with me alone.

Presently I heard Stevenson's voice raised in surprise. I heard Colonel Meriwether's voice answering, and Kitty's clamoring. I heard another voice!

"Who is in there?" asked Grace Sheraton of me, curiously, scarce pausing to greet me. I looked her slowly and fully in the face.

"It is Colonel Meriwether," I answered. "He has come on unexpectedly from the West. His daughter is there also, I think. I have not yet seen her."

"That woman!" breathed Grace Sheraton, sinking back upon her seat. Her eye glittered as she turned to me. "Oh, I see it all now—you have been with them—you have met her again! My God! My God! I could kill you both—I could—I say I could!"

"Listen," I whispered to her, putting a hand on her wrist firmly. "You are out of your head. I have not seen or heard from either of them. I did not know they were coming."

"Oh, I say, Cowles," sang out Stevenson, at that moment running out, flushed and laughing. "What do you think, here's my Colonel come and caught me at my furlough! He's on his way over to his home in Albemarle. We're all to be at Henry together. But I suppose you've met them——"

"No, not yet," I said. "I've just got in myself."

We both turned to the girl sitting pale and limp upon the seat of the wagonette. I was glad for her sake that the twilight was coming.

But the courage of her family did not forsake her. I saw her force her lips to smile, compel her face to brighten as she spoke to Captain Stevenson, when he turned to her, inquiring.

"No, I have never met any of the Meriwethers," she said. "Will you gentlemen present me?"

I assisted her to alight, and at that time

some servant came and stood at the horse's head. Stevenson stepped back to the door, not having as yet mentioned my presence there. There came out upon the gallery as he entered, that other whose presence I had for some moments known, whom I knew within the moment I must meet—Ellen!

Her eyes fell upon me. She stepped back with a faint exclamation, leaning against the wall, her hands at her cheeks as she stared. I do not know after that who or what our spectators were. I presume Stevenson went on into the house to talk with Colonel Meriwether, whom I did not see at all.

The first to speak was Grace Sheraton. Tall, thin, darker than ever, it seemed to me, and now with eyes which flickered and glittered as I have never seen them, she approached the girl who stood there shrinking. "I believe I should know you, Miss Meriwether," she began.

"This is Miss Grace Sheraton," said I, and stopped. Then I drew them both away from the door and from the gallery, walking with them to the shadows of the long row of elms which shaded the street, where we would be less observed.

For the first time in my life I saw the two together and might compare them. Without my will or wish I found my eyes resting upon Ellen. She had not as yet spoken.

"Miss Sheraton," I repeated finally, "is the lady to whom I am engaged to be married."

The vicious Sheraton temper broke bounds. There was a glitter and a sneer on my fiancee's face. "I should know who this lady is," she said. "You both used me excellently in my absence, did you not?"

Ellen would have returned to the gallery, but I raised my hand. Grace Sheraton went on.

"You two, as I am advised, lived as man and wife, forgetting that we two were already pledged as man and wife. You were the nearer, I presume. And so you both—"

"It was Gordon Orme that told her," I said to Ellen.

She would not speak, except to shake her head, and to beat her hands softly together, as I had seen her do before when in distress.

"What she says is true," I went on to Ellen. "It is just as Gordon Orme told your father, and as I admitted to you. I was engaged to be married to Miss Sheraton, and I am still so engaged."

Still her small hands beat together softly, but she would not cry out, she would not exclaim, protest, accuse. I went on with the case against myself.

"I did not tell you what it was my duty to tell you out there. I forgot my duty as a gentleman. I had no excuse except that I loved you. I am here now for my punishment. You two shall decide it. I do not dread anything any more."

At last Ellen spoke. "It is true," said she to Grace Sheraton. "I thought *myself* engaged to Mr. Cowles. I did not know he had deceived me. But fortunately, my father found us before it was too late."

"Let us spare ourselves details," rejoined Grace Sheraton. "He has wronged both of us."

"He has done wrong," I heard Ellen say. "Perhaps all men do—I do not want to know. Perhaps they are not always to blame—I do not want to know."

The measure of the two women was there in those words, and I felt it.

"Could you want such a man?" asked Grace Sheraton bitterly. I saw Ellen shake her head slowly. I heard her lips answer slowly. "No," she said, "could you?"

I looked to Grace Sheraton for her answer, which was also my answer, and as I looked I saw a strange and ghastly change come over her face. "My God!" she exclaimed, reaching out a hand against a tree trunk to steady herself. "What is to become of me!"

"You wish him?" asked Ellen. "You are entirely free. Nothing exists between Mr. Cowles and myself, nor ever can, as he knows. This is a matter wholly for you two. But now, if you please, since it does not interest me, I see no reason why I should trouble you both. Please, now, I shall go."

But Grace Sheraton sprang to her side as she turned. I was amazed at her look. It was entreathy on her face, not revenge, not anger! She held out her hands to Ellen, her face strangely distorted. And then I saw Ellen's face change, soften wondrously. She put out her hand in turn.

"There," she said, "time mends very

much. Let us hope——” Then I saw her throat work oddly, and her words stop. No man may know the speech with which women exchange thought. I saw the two pass a few paces apart; saw Grace Sheraton stoop and whisper something to her.

It was her last desperate resource, a Sheraton hazard, handsomely taken. It won, as courage should, or at least, much as a lie may win at any time; for it was a lie she whispered to the woman whom I loved.

As Ellen's face turned toward me again I saw a slow, deep scorn invade it. “If I were free,” she said to me, “if you were the last man on earth, I would not look at you again. But she—indeed she may ask what will become of her!”

“I am tired of all these riddles,” I broke out, my own anger now arising, and myself not caring to be made thus sport of petticoats.

“Your duty is clear,” went on my new accuser. “If you have a trace of manhood left, then let the marriage be at once—tomorrow. How dare you delay so long!” She choked in her own anger, humiliation, scorn, shame—I know not what.

Orme was right. I have always been a stupid ass. It took me moments to understand the amazing truth, to understand the daring stroke by which Grace Sheraton had won her desperate game. It had cost her much. I saw her standing there trembling. She turned to me, waiting for me to save her, or to leave her. With horror I saw what grotesque injustice was done to me. I broke out into a horrible laughter.

I had said that I had come for my punishment, and here it was for me to take. Ellen, Orme, Grace Sheraton, all had their revenge on me. If this girl had not sinned

with me, she had done so by reason of me. It was my fault, and a gentleman pays for his fault in one way or another. There seemed to me, I say, but one way, one terrible way, in which I could pay. I, John Cowles, without thinking so far as the consequences, must now act as the shield of the girl who had confessed to her rival her own bitter sin!

“It is true,” I said, turning to Ellen. “I told you I deserved no mercy, and I ask none. I have not asked Miss Sheraton to release me from any engagement. I shall feel honored if she will now accept my hand. I shall be glad if she will set the date early as may be.”

Night was coming swiftly now in our little valley.

Ellen turned to pass back toward the door. “Your pardon!” I exclaimed to Grace Sheraton, and sprang after Ellen.

“Good-bye,” I said, and held out my hand. “Let us end all these heroics. Where is your husband? I want to congratulate him.”

“My husband!” she said in wonder. “What do you mean?”

Night, I say, was dropping quickly, like a shroud.

“Belknap——” I began.

“Ah,” she said bitterly. “You rate me low—as low as I do you!”

“But your father himself told me you two were to be married!” I broke out, rebellion now in every fiber of my body and soul.

“My father loves me,” she replied slowly. “But he cannot marry me to any man until I wish. Good-bye.”

Again I heard my own horrible laughter. Now, indeed, I had my punishment.

Night had fallen thick and heavy from the mountains, like a dark, black shroud.

(To be continued.)





# THE GROWTH OF THE AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY IN AMERICA

BY DAVID T. WELLS

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



At the Columbian Exposition in 1893, there was on exhibition a two-seated buckboard. The only differences between it and the other carriages of that time were that on its common wooden wheels it had a set of hard rubber tires, the "box" behind the rear seat was covered over and, the greatest difference of all, it had no shafts in front. It excited some curiosity among the persons who happened to visit the building where Harold Sturges, its maker, was exhibiting it, because it moved of its own power, which was transmitted from electric batteries in the inclosed box.

It did not move very swiftly, very surely, or very comfortably, but it did move and was "a horseless carriage." It could hardly be called an automobile. Except that one other man had experimented slightly with vehicles propelled by their own power, this queer carriage of Sturges' was the automobile industry of America, at the time America was showing what progress

it had made since Columbus found it four hundred years before.

Thirteen years later, in 1906, the cost of the annual American output of automobiles was \$65,000,000. There were 146 concerns in business, which represented a capitalization of probably \$25,000,000, and were giving employment directly and indirectly to an army of men which reached well up into the hundreds of thousands.

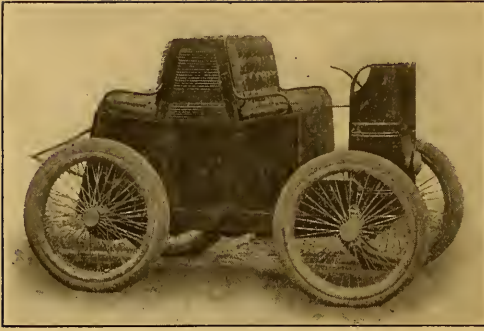
That, in brief, is the history of the automobile industry in America. The car which Sturges built, battery, rubber tires and all, could not have cost much more than \$500, and certainly would not have sold for more than that. The gasoline car which Charles Duryea was experimenting on at the same time could not have cost more than \$500 more. So the increase in

the annual output of American made motor vehicles in twelve years was \$64,999,000.

The increase in the demand has made men who were engaged in manufacturing everything from railroad locomotives to clothes wringers and watches, go from their original field



The only American-built motor-car on exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair, 1893.

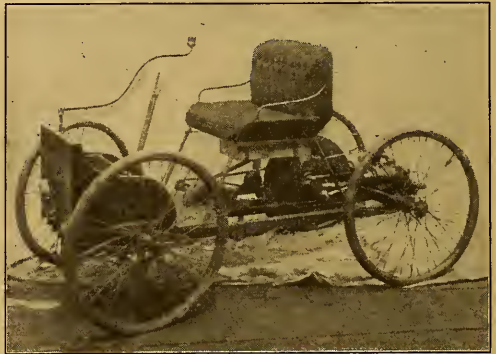


Winton's first car, 1896. The first in the United States to combine vertical cylinders and shaft drive.

to take up the manufacture and improvement of this wagon without shafts. The process of making it has increased the population of one city alone, Detroit, some 75,000 souls, has added \$5,200,000 to the capital invested there, and has raised its annual output of manufactured goods \$27,000,000.

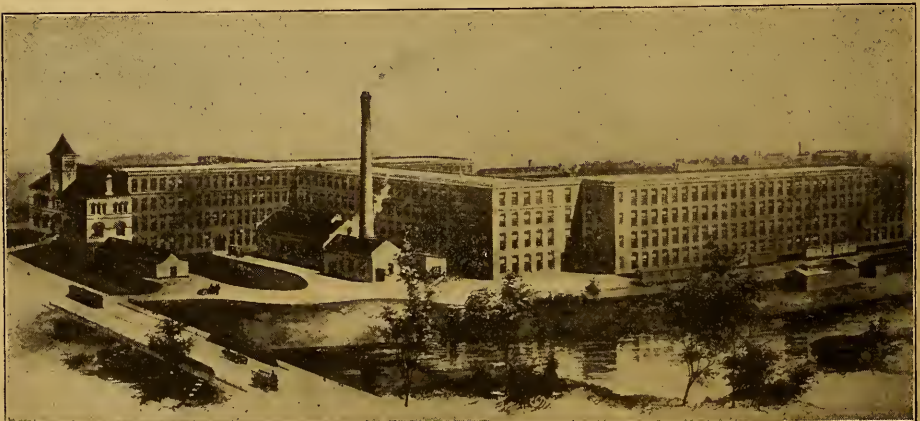
That is the story of the commercial growth of the automobile industry in America. The synopsis of the other story of the automobile is contained in the difference between the slow, uncomfortable, and uncertain "horseless carriage" of 1893, with its difficulty of management, its straight-backed seats, its hard-tired, jouncing wheels, and the motor car of 1907, roomy, luxurious and capable of traveling sixty miles in as many minutes—not a wagon without a horse, but a parlor car without a track or a cinder. The story of

the progress, gradual but unbelievably swift, from one extreme to the other, is the history of the American automobile business. It is the history of struggles of men of brains, ingenuity, and perseverance, not only to solve the difficulties which confronted them, but to solve them better and more quickly than other men of brains, ingenuity, and perseverance, who were working along different lines toward the same solution. In the swiftness and sureness with which difficulties of construction and marketing have been overcome, the American automobile industry is typically American. In the time it takes a boy to develop from knickerbockers to shaving cup, the American automobile has de-



Henry Ford's first car, built in 1893.

veloped from a cart whose lack of a horse was sadly felt to a distance-annihilating



Plant of the Electric Vehicle Company, Hartford.

machine, which even our progressive older brothers who went to the Columbian Exposition while we stayed home to disturb the quiet of the swimming pool, would not have believed possible.

To the lay mind, the difficulties which had to be overcome to make the difference between 1893 and 1907 are so many and diverse as to be almost incomprehensible. The objects which had to be attained were comfort, ease of handling, speed, and durability, and each object involved a maze of difficult interdependent problems which kept an army of experts in all lines of mechanical production busy, working, puzzling, and experimenting. How well their work succeeded is shown by the contrast between the little shaftless wagon of Sturges's, alone in one corner of one of large numbers of great buildings, and the long procession of powerful machines of all conceivable models and makes which made a solid line on the Jericho Turnpike from Mineola to Long Island City on the day of the last Vanderbilt cup race.

While Sturges was the first to publicly exhibit the results of his experiments in the



Charles B. King, one of the first motor car builders in America.

building of a horseless vehicle, it is not fair to say that he was the first American in that field which afterward grew into the automobile industry. In 1888 Charles Duryea, in Massachusetts, had begun to experiment with motor vehicles, and in 1892, one year before Sturges's car was exhibited, Henry Ford had begun to experiment in Detroit, which was within ten years to become one of the great centers of the industry.

Duryea's car, like Sturges's, was simply a wagon built for a horse with an engine placed in it to give the driving power. This automobile, if it could be called an automobile, was probably the first gasoline car produced in America. It came into being in 1891. Ford's car was practically a remodeled bicycle. The engine which drove it was originally built from a bicycle, and the car itself was a sort of buggy mounted on bicycle wheels. It did not seem to enter the minds of the makers that the kind of a wagon suitable for a horse to draw was not the kind that could be best propelled by an engine, so new was the



The factory of the Packard Motor Car Company, in Detroit.



Moris and Salom "Electrobat"—first electric car commercially produced in the United States, 1894.

idea of self-propelled vehicles. The gradual evolution from the carriage to the car came when competition in the new industry began to get hot and the appearance of a car became a great factor in its salability.

And the original movers in the industry did not have long to wait for competition. As soon as the first cars came on to the market for sale and the public was found willing to spend money to experiment with them, men began to flock into the new industry to try their hands at making the horseless vehicle. The period from 1893 to 1906 contains the names of a dozen pioneers in the business, names that are still among the leaders of the industry as it has grown to its present great proportions. To these men in no small part is due the credit of the present perfected American automobile. Most of the men who were prominent figures in the industry at that time are still among the foremost figures in it. Charles Duryea was even earlier than that period. He built his first car in 1888. Henry Ford came into the industry in 1893; Col. Albert Pope in 1895, and in the following year Alexander Winton and Ransom Olds began the manufacture of automobiles. Haynes and Jonathan Maxwell also began to make gasoline cars during this period, and the air-cooled car introduced the Knox and Franklin into the automobile building industry during these years. The Whites and the Stanleys in the steam car field, and Andrew Ricker in the perfection of the electric

vehicle, were also members of the trade who came in during these years which covered the greatest progress of the automobile.

The first gasoline car which was put on the market, that of Duryea, had a single cylinder engine. Ford's, which came a year later, had two cylinders. That was one line of development. As the engines improved there was a tendency toward more cylinders to produce the power, until the makers of cars got to putting in two, four, and six cylinders, the numbers which are used in most of the cars of to-day. Duryea, in the second model which he built in 1893, also adopted the double cylinder engine and later was the first to apply a multiple cylinder engine to the commercial cars. Ford, however, is given the credit of producing the first engine with double cylinders opposed to each other instead of being placed horizontally.

It is hard to follow the improvement of each part of the car. New features came so fast in almost every part of the machines, which were put out from year to year, that they fairly overlapped each other. Very often on several models of the same year would be found almost identically the same improvements. It was not that one maker had stolen the plan of another, but that both had happened to hit on the same solution of a very apparent imperfection at the same time. Often, too, one model would solve several difficulties at the same time.

In 1894 George W. Lewis, of Chicago,



The Stanley Brothers, in the first locomobile car invented and built by them.

produced a car on which the power was transmitted by a series of friction discs. The cars which had been made before transmitted the power of the engine to the wheels either through belts as does a stationary engine to the machines of a factory, or through chains like that of a bicycle. The changes of speed were accomplished by the shifting of the belts in one case or different sized sprocket wheels in the other. The friction disc method of transmitting the power of the engine to the wheels was introduced in 1894. Two years later Alexander Winton, who had just entered the business, brought out a fourth method of transmitting the power. His system consisted of a propeller shaft from the engine and bevel gears on the rear axle of the car. Within three years after the first car was built four methods of solving the transmission difficulty, each of which claimed to be an improvement on its predecessor, had been produced.



Col. A. A. Pope, whose bicycle business developed into automobile manufacturing.

The perfection of the original solution of the transmission difficulty followed slowly. The secondary difficulty was to change the speed of the car by the transmission system, so that it could attain full speed on level ground; use a smaller gear on a grade, and be able with a low gear to climb the steepest hills. Winton's second model had three speeds forward and one reverse, and the other makers also improved their methods of managing the speed of their products. From the first car which had to

maintain the same speed whether it was trying to climb Pike's Peak or running on a race course, the modern engine which can go forward at three different speeds and backward at two was evolved. While the difficulties with the two main parts of the car, the engine and the method of the transmission of power, and speed regulation were being solved, improvements were constantly being made on all the other parts of the car. The clutch which is used

to connect and disconnect the transmission was improved. In about 1895 Charles King invented an air clutch and a system of air brakes which proved successful. In 1898 J. W. Packard brought forward a spring clutch of original design, and in 1903 Jonathan Maxwell adopted a multiple spring clutch.

The other improvements and solutions of difficulties and inconveniences followed one another quickly as the competition grew and the field expanded.

Almost every new model of almost every car brought out something which made the running and care of it more convenient and easy. There were improvements in the arrangement of the levers and treads which governed the engine. There were improvements in the valves which automatically admitted the gasoline to be vaporized and exploded. The nearer right the proportion of gasoline and air for the explosion, the greater efficiency and less odor and smoke as a result of the explo-

Photograph by Marceau.



A Duryea Car of 1894; on the left Charles E. Duryea, pioneer motor manufacturer in the United States; with him his brother, J. F. Duryea. This is the model of car that won the first auto race in America—1895, and the only American car ever first in an international run, October, 1896.

sion. The material of the cars, too, had to be improved. It was a search for the alloy that would be the strongest and would best withstand the vibration, and yet be the lightest, and the experiments in this line opened a larger field for another industry, the making of steel.

Another trade was made larger by the attempt to stop the vibration and with

connecting rods and transmission could be reached with the least possible difficulty and still would be least likely to get into trouble from rough roads or other causes of breakdown.

All these improvements came gradually but swiftly: Each year larger and larger corps of skilled men worked to overcome objections that might be made to the

the adoption and improvement of pneumatic tires the rubber industry, which the bicycle had somewhat helped, received a great boom. In 1896 Ransom Olds introduced a new spring frame construction which decreased the vibration on the engine. He used two long springs instead of reaches, and the engine was placed between the centers of the two springs. Later the engine which had been placed under the frame or beneath the seat began to appear in front, so that in case repairs had to be made the driver would not have to grovel in the earth beneath, but could stand up to do his repairing like a self-respecting mechanic. The arrangement of the chassis was also improved, so that the



Where the White Steam Cars are made in Cleveland.

model of the year before. It was competitive work, for as the field grew larger, there was a greater and greater prize for each puzzle solved. Each improvement, even the slightest, which caused a car to run swifter or surer, meant thousands of dollars in the pockets of the firm which perfected it.

Lack of improvement meant more than temporary stagnation. It meant failure. Firm after firm which went into the business and failed to improve on the models which then existed, had to stop work, while the companies which had men who could solve the problems which each new season presented, continued to expand with wonderful rapidity. Between the years of 1902 and 1907, two hundred and eighty-seven companies began the making of gasoline automobiles, and because of the lack of puzzle-solving brains or ability to please the public, failed of success and gave it up. In accordance with the law of the survival of the fittest others tried, succeeded and helped to add to the magnitude of the industry.

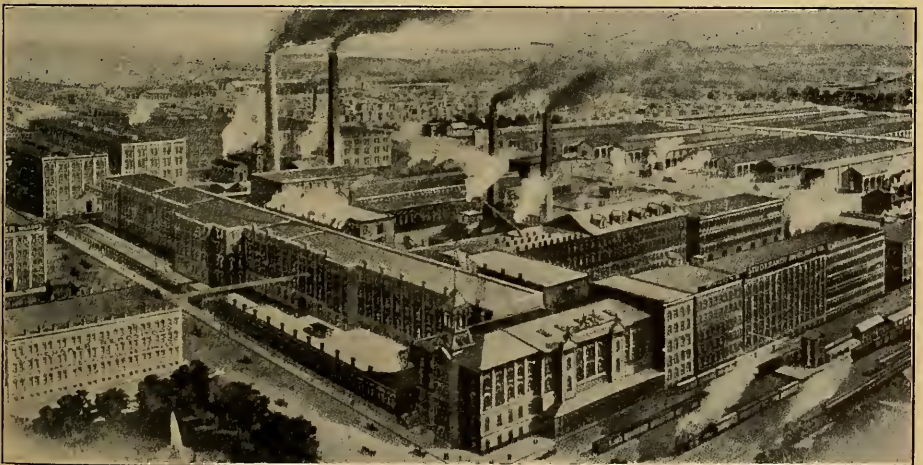
One problem which confronted the makers of gasoline cars and the solution of which made the greatest division in the gasoline machine was the problem of how to cool the engine. Its parts were bound to get hot from the constant explosions and friction, and the problem of how to keep them cool without adding greatly



The first car built by Haines and Apperson in 1894, containing Mr. Haines, the Apperson brothers, and Mr. J. D. Maxwell.

to the weight of the car and consequently decreasing its speed and durability was one which was constantly in the minds of the manufacturers. As early as 1894 George Lewis invented a system of water cooling which proved successful, but in the years which followed almost every maker of cars tried to make improvements in this regard.

Several of the men experimenting on the problem of how a cooling system could best be adapted to the needs of the industry, believed that the engines could be cooled without a water jacket by the air which the car stirred up as it moved. In other



The Studebaker plant in South Bend, where automobiles have been added to the carriage business.

words, they thought that instead of applying a cold water bottle a larger window would do the trick as well. The makers who finally solved the difficulty at almost the same time did it in entirely different ways. Henry Knox, in Springfield, Mass., kept his engine cool by substituting threaded pins for the flanges which had previously been used. In this way he got a broader surface of his engine exposed to the air or opened a wider window. The solution of John Wilkinson of the Franklin Company of Syracuse, was even simpler. He divided his engine into four small elements and gave it a larger radiating surface to keep it cool. He also invented an auxilliary escape valve and expelled a larger per cent. of the burned out gases which tended to heat the engine. All these improvements were made on cars driven by exploded gasoline.

At the same time men were bringing to perfection cars propelled by other means—steam and electricity. Up to 1901 or 1902, in fact, steam carriages were in the majority. Aside from the construction of the boilers and the use of fuel steam cars went through much the same evolution as did the gasoline wagons. Their special problems were how to make the boilers light but strong, and the method of using fuel to heat the steam.

After the first really modern steam carriage built by George S. Whitney, in Boston in 1895, almost every subsequent model showed lighter and stronger boilers, quicker methods of getting up steam and improved methods of burning fuel. Whitney discovered a vaporizing gas burner which afterward saw general adoption. In 1897 Francis Stanley, who was another pioneer, designed a boiler which, instead of being made of boiler plate, got its strength from three windings of piano wire, which successfully did away with weight and added strength. Soon after this Rollin White brought out a boiler which was so constructed that it could generate steam very quickly and produced a special water supply system and a number of automatic appliances which increased efficiency and safety. Another improvement came from Frederick Grout, of Orange, N. J., who perfected a condenser by which all the water which had been made into steam was condensed and returned to the boiler for use again.

The problem which confronted the makers of electric vehicles was to get a battery which would carry the car the greatest distance without being unwieldy and too heavy for use. This is a difficulty which has never been fully solved, but John T. Rainier successfully got around it. Because of the difficulty in the giving out of batteries the electric vehicle trade received a decided blow when, in 1900, two \$25,000,000 companies went into liquidation, and another reduced its capital from \$25,000,000 to \$5,000,000. Rainier obviated the difficulty by organizing a chain of garages, especially in New York, so that a car could get prompt and skilled assistance whenever it was in trouble.

All this time while the automobile was growing from a horseless carriage to a machine which worked with such speed and certainty that almost the only use for a horse was in the computation of its comparative power, the business which it represented grew with a rapidity that gave it the power almost to make or unmake the prosperity of cities, and to such an extent that its sudden failure would materially affect the prosperity of the whole nation. At the Columbian Exposition the entire automobile output of the country, one car, was contained in one small obscure corner of one building. When the automobile manufacturers of 1907 wanted to exhibit in New York they had to rent not only Madison Square Garden to hold the exhibition cars of the makers who rest upon the Selden basic patent, but also one of the largest armories in town to hold the overflow of what are known as the independent makers. And the floor space of both great halls was crowded full of the different types of machines which the country had produced.

The manufacture of automobiles first began to assume the proportion of being one of the country's greatest industries in 1902. Figures compiled showing the great progress since that time make clear what a great place it has taken in America's industrial life.

Twenty-one concerns now in operation were doing business in 1902; 52 concerns were in the business that year, 18 of which discontinued before 1903.

In 1903 there were 71 new concerns in the business and 30 discontinued the same year. There were 106 in all doing business in that year.



In 1904 there were 54 new concerns in the business, and 40 discontinued the same year. There were 106 in all doing business in that year.

In 1905 there were 51 new concerns in the business, and 38 discontinued the same year. There were 141 in all doing business in that year.

In 1906 there were 43 new concerns in the business, and 29 discontinued the same year. There were 146 in all doing business in that year.

In 1907 there were 51 new concerns in the business, and about 168 concerns in all. There have been several discontinuances.

The following table illustrates the growth of the output of the American automobile industry since 1903 by the cost of the cars which were manufactured during those years :

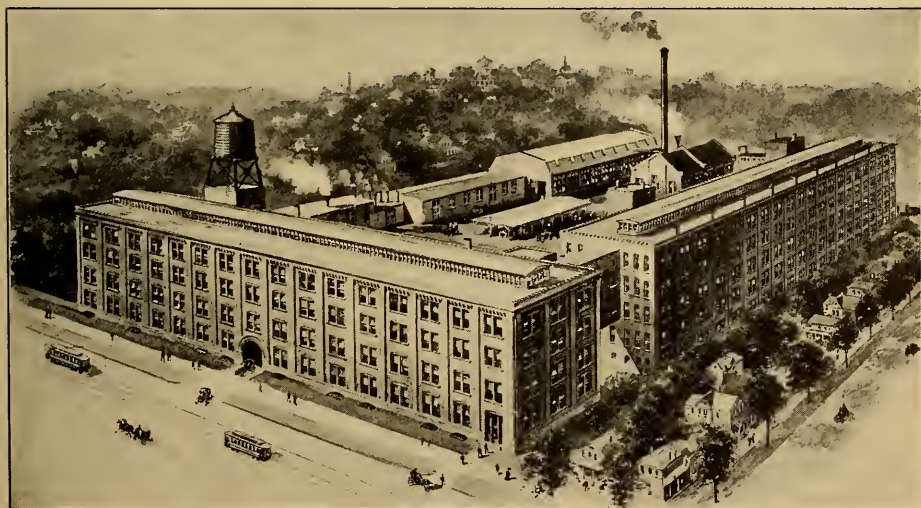
In 1903 the output cost .....	\$16,000,000
In 1904.....	\$24,500,000
In 1905.....	\$40,000,000
In 1906.....	\$65,000,000
In 1907.....	\$89,000,000



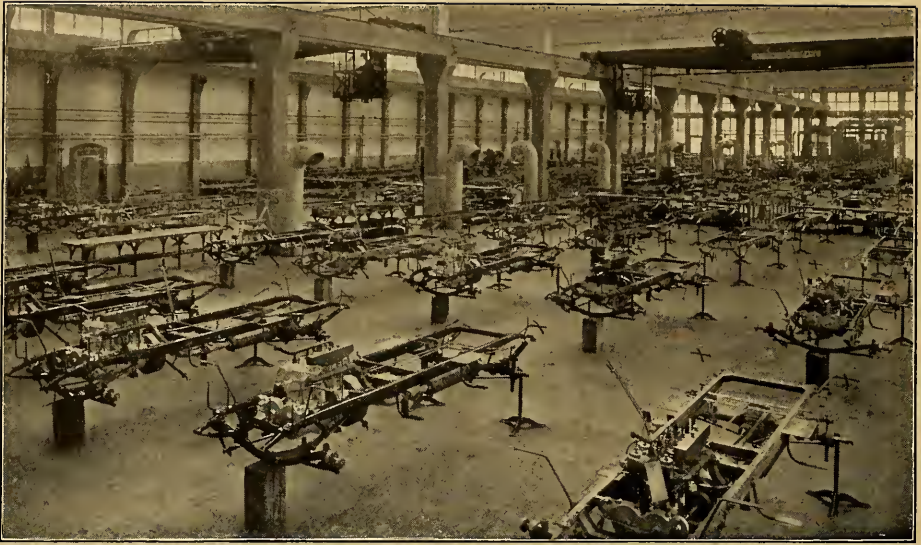
Rollin H. White, who designed the White Steam Car.

To sum the figures up: Since 1902 America's output of automobiles of the gasoline type alone has cost \$234,500,000. At least one-quarter more, \$58,600,000, can be added for the vehicles propelled by other means of locomotion, making the total output for five years equal \$293,100,000. With a productive power like this no one can deny that the automobile trade in the short space of time in which it has existed has become one of America's greatest industries.

If there is nothing else to prove it, a list of the hard-headed business men who have either abandoned businesses which they have built up to begin the manufacture of automobiles or have become convinced that the making of motor cars would be a profitable addition to the industry which they were already carrying on, shows what a



The factory of the H. H. Franklin Mfg. Company, of Syracuse.



An assembling room in one of the great factories.

hold the automobile trade had taken on the business interests of the country. The Studebakers, who make wagons and built the prairie schooners that took the Mormons over the plains to Utah, added the making of automobiles to the building of shaft carrying vehicles. Rauch & Lang of Cleveland and the Columbus Buggy Com-

pany also added automobile building to carriage making.

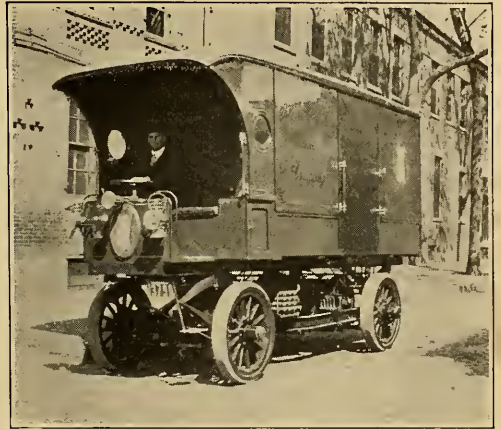
The American Locomotive Company added the building of the road carriage to that of the rail carriage. Stevens went from the making of arms and tools to the building of automobiles. White added automobiles to sewing machines to make a



Another view of a great assembling department.

bigger concern. The Stanleys jumped from the making of dry plates to the building of cars, and the Peerless Company abandoned clothes wringers for motors. These are only a few who have heeded the call of the automobile and have helped to add to the greatness of the industry.

The description of a modern automobile factory alone would consume the space of a long article, for each is an army under a roof, where speed is a game for a great prize, and organization, machinery, and brains mean stacks of dollars that would dazzle Monte Cristo. There are executive officers, general officers, departments to make each part, annealing departments, assembling rooms for



One of the practical uses of the automobile. A Knox Truck.



An up-to-date rapid delivery of newspapers to the trains by Locomobile.

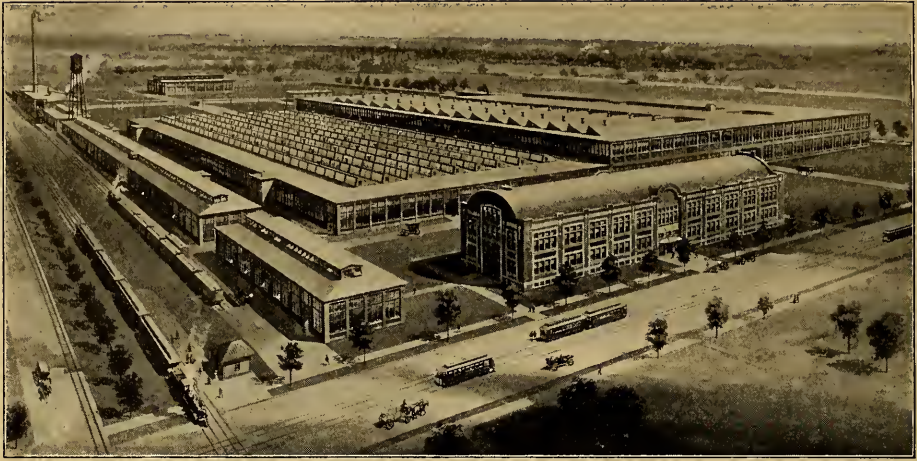
engine and chassis, painting departments, upholstering-departments, testing rooms, and inspection departments. A score of trades are welded into one in the making of a single machine. While the army is working the shop, the sales department is sending out scouts to pick the way. The publicity department is sending forth a covering fire of catalogues, advertisements and billboards, and arranging tests and races to show the durability, speed, and efficiency of the cars. When their preliminary campaign is over the output is ready to cover the country.

But by this time the minds of the general and the executive officers have evolved new plans and the army under the roof goes to work again to fill the demand of the season to come.

The growth of the business is shown by the success of some of the men who have gone into it. Henry Ford began the manufacture of automobiles in 1903. Now the concern which he started has to have a floor space of six acres for its manufacturing alone. Ransom Olds, who in 1896 built a car for his own use which was the "joke of Lansing, Michigan," has in ten years since that time organized two companies, each with a capital of



A 4-wheel driven electric wagon on a twenty-five per cent grade, one of the most powerful trucks ever built.



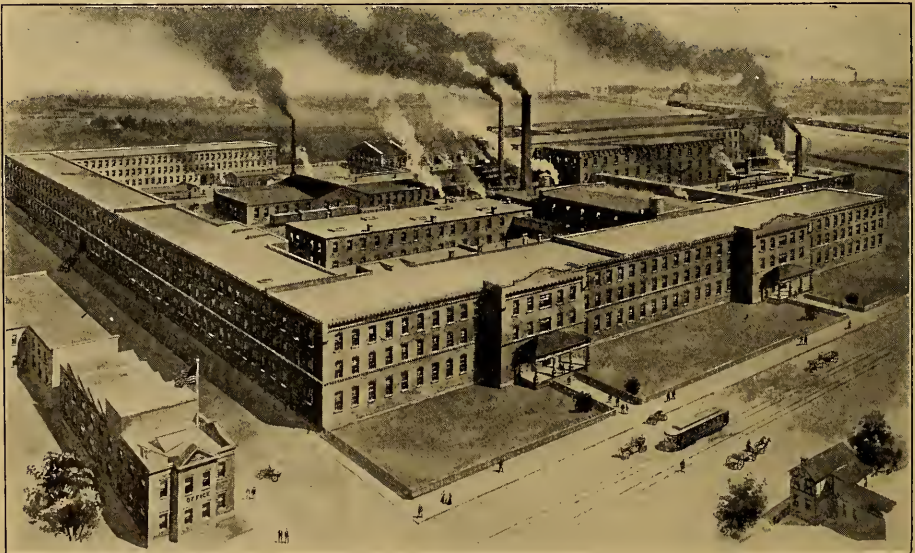
Factories of the George N. Pierce Company.

\$1,000,000. The second of these has a six-acre factory to complete its output. The Maxwell-Briscoe Company, which was organized in 1903, has two factories, each of which employs 600 men, and one of which occupies 117,000 square feet of the town where it is built. George Pierce, who organized a company in 1901, has to have seven and one-half acres for his manufacturing plant, and the Thomas Company, which in 1905 produced 420

cars, in 1907 had almost tripled its production to 1,200 cars.

Col. Albert Pope, who came from bicycles to motor cars in 1895, now heads the company, which has six factories in as many different cities. The factory at Hartford, Conn., alone has a floor space of 400,000 square feet, and engines which have a total of 775-horse power.

A score of cities have become greater factors in the business world because of



The Pope Manufacturing Company plant in Toledo.



An American four-wheel driven gasoline truck, drawing thirteen tons in trailers.

automobiles. Cleveland, Syracuse, Hartford, Tarrytown, and Toledo are only a few. Ten important automobile companies have helped to make Detroit one of the great business centers of the West. They aggregate a capital of \$5,200,000 and an annual output of more than \$27,000,000. They furnish employment to 15,000 persons, which means an increase in population of at least 75,000, and the bringing to the city of other industries which have increased its population 25,000 more.

In hardly more than the space of ten years, from nothing but a desire to make speed, has grown an industry whose factories are measured by acres, whose output is reckoned in tens of millions, and whose employees and devotees make an army capable of carrying on several Spanish-American wars. Most of these dollars, acres, and men are used for the manufacture of a commodity which adds to the pleasure of the lives of its owners. The bicycle which rose in somewhat the same way had its fall because it could find no great place in the country's commercial life. The automobile, on the other hand, even if the time should ever come, which seems unlikely, when the demand for it as a pleasure vehicle is gone, still has a future before it greater than its past. The field of auto-

mobiles for commercial purposes has hardly been scratched. While many firms are manufacturing delivery wagons and trucks to the capacity of their plants, the possibilities for commercial vehicles have hardly begun to be exploited.

The horse, in spite of the romance that clings around "Black Beauty" and "Billy, the fire hero," is too slow and too expensive a means of locomotion to do the business of the world when one machine can do the work of "Billy," "Black Beauty," and several others better and quicker. "Black Beauty" very prettily noses into his master's pockets for sugar, but the sugar costs, so do the oats, and the groom, and the veterinary, and the horseshoer. A hard cold will reduce "Billy" to a simple figure in the profit and loss column. It is cheaper if less romantic to put in his place a car which does not eat, costs little for a physician and does ten times the work. The figures show that the demand for pleasure automobiles is increasing instead of diminishing, and to this industry which has been the mushroom among the industrial plants, is almost sure to be added a larger and even more healthy growth when the brains and energy are scattered over the fertile field which awaits the development of the commercial automobile.



A stretch of public highway near Michigan City, Ind. It would be wise to turn back if one could only turn around.

Photograph by Lazarnick.

# GOOD ROADS FOR THE PEOPLE

BY W. PIERREPONT WHITE

EVERYONE is interested in the improvement of the highways, but the residents of the towns want to put the expense on the county, and the residents of the county want to put the expense on the state, and the residents of the state want to put the expense on the nation; but the nation uses its surplus for the improvement of the rivers and harbors, and so everyone commences all over again, trying to find someone who will stand the expense of road improvement. The men in the cities say that the man in the country should pay for the roads, and the man in the country says that those in the cities should aid in paying for the roads, and with much show of justice.

About twelve years ago a State treasury was first called upon to contribute aid to the country districts in maintaining their roads, on the ground that not a ton of freight comes to the cities which had not at some time passed over a country highway, and since the city consumer paid a tribute to the neglected condition of the country roads, therefore State aid was general aid to all. The streets within incorporated cities and villages are maintained entirely at the expense of the incorporated area, and it is barely thirty years ago that the cities and villages in this country began to improve their streets. Private corporations operating steam roads, trolley roads and steamships, owing to the tremendously increased volume of freight and passengers to be moved by them, have had to build and rebuild, investing more money in terminals, bridges and culverts, heavier iron, better ties, ballasting and the straightening of the roads; the work is still going on, and approved methods of only twenty years ago are all ready to be abandoned. *Our States and counties are rushing into*

*highway improvement with the same lack of foresight, not profiting by the common experience of private corporations.*

## STATE AID

It is only about twelve or fifteen years since New Jersey adopted the proposition of State aid. This means that the State contributes from its revenues a certain amount of money for the improvement of the highways in any locality, on condition that plans as approved by the State Superintendent of Highways are complied with. An examination of the table printed with this article showing the wealth and mileage of your State, will show which States will make the fastest progress in highway development by granting State aid, and which States, while passing the necessary legislation, will find no response on the part of the local communities. "It's money makes the mare go," and there are many years of muddy roads ahead, unless more intelligent work is secured under stronger systems than those now in use, and efforts devoted to spending money almost entirely in securing better drainage.

Table I on page 228 treats the highway question as though it were a State issue, and as if the States were responsible for the condition of the highways, when as a matter of fact, the present laws provide that the maintenance of the bridges and highways shall be a county or a town charge. It shows that even the States with their vast millions of property could not maintain their highways if they were called upon to spend much money upon them. There is no doubt but that \$100 a mile spent upon each mile of highway in your State, would do wonders, but if you will multiply the total mileage of highways in your State by \$100 a mile, then



Laying a Telford foundation for a hillside highway.

compare this figure with the amount of money that your State is raising for State purposes, and see how much this would increase your State tax, and then make it an annual expenditure, you will have some idea of what the proposition means. It will also show why the railroads are in need of such immense sums of money for the development of their properties.

#### GENERAL PLAN

No large amount of money should be provided by any town, county, State or the nation, until a general plan is laid out for a completed highway system. The first thing to do is find out the area of square miles to be opened up with highways. Next, the tonnage to be carried over the roads. Third, the population to be accommodated. Fourth, the miles and location of the main highways to be improved, and fifth, the amount of money to be expended annually in the improvement, which amount however raised and made payable, must not create a burdensome tax rate upon the people.

#### RULE FOR OPENING UP FARMING LANDS WITH HIGHWAYS

The rule established by the Federal Government for making farm lands accessible is, that it takes two miles of highway to open up one square mile of area. That is, in one square mile you have one mile of highway running north and south, and another mile of highway running east and west, the two crossing each other at right angles in the center of the area. This makes each farm 160 acres, and is known as a quarter section. If the country is all farm land, 100 square miles of tillable soil would, under the above plan, require 200 miles of highway to divide it into quarter sections, and make each farm accessible. This rule changes when you come into timber belts, sandy stretches and mountainous sections. Here one mile of highway to each square mile of area is ample development, and frequently a less mileage will do. While the highway mileage per square mile of area is less, the one road running through is of greater importance in carrying tonnage and people, because



it is the only method of ingress and egress, through to more settled territory. For instance, New York State has in round numbers 50,000 square miles of area. If it were all farm lands, it would have 100,000 miles of highways. It actually has 74,000 miles of highways, from which the deduction is that one quarter of the State is undeveloped, and the report of the Fish, Forest and Game Commission, which says that one-fourth of the State is still in forest, bears out the correctness of the statement. The highways leading into the Adirondacks and the Catskill sections are called upon to carry an excessive tonnage of freight, and accommodate all the people because everything must go over the one road.

#### RULE FOR CITIES AND VILLAGES

As the density of the population increases, it requires more miles of highway to the square mile of area to accommodate the wants of the people. And as the miles of highway increase in each square mile of area it is because it becomes thickly settled and then the people lay out a village with

streets, and if the conditions warrant, it grows to a city. The rule in the city of New York after it had grown away from the Dutch village at the Battery, is that twenty blocks constitute a mile,\* which roughly speaking provides that streets shall cross each other at right angles every 264 feet. In the cities, the concentration of values is so great that few people are able to own more than one lot, with a frontage of from twenty to fifty feet to the lot. They are responsible for the care and maintenance of the paving and repaving in front of their particular property. This permits a city to pave and charge up to the property owners immensely expensive pavements of stone, wood or asphalt, or other suitable material, which, according to the width of the street costs from \$20,000 to \$50,000 a mile, and this without being particularly burdensome to the lot owner, because it is apportioned upon so many pieces of property and also made payable over a term of years. These conditions do not exist in the country, because in many places, a man owns from a quar-



A decent bit of road for the man in the lead. An application of crude oil would lay the dust.

ter to a mile of property fronting on one or both sides of the road, and in many instances it is miles of highway that pass in front of one man's property.

PROFITABLE LENGTH OF HAUL OF FARM PRODUCTS

Railroad officials state that in a fairly level country such as Indiana or Ohio, a steam railroad will have sufficient freight to haul to make it a safe financial investment if it receives the freight produced from

macadam and establishing proper grades, each wagon, in place of carrying one ton, will be enabled to carry with the same team three or four tons in less time than the one ton was formerly carried the ten miles to market, and that, too, for the same price of \$2.50 for the haul, thus reducing the cost to six cents or eight cents per ton per mile. The following table shows the cost of hauling product five miles, which gives readily to the eye the reason why a longer haul than five miles is not profitable unless



An unimproved highway in Clinton County, Pa.

the farms for a distance of five miles on either side of the steam road, and the road is long enough. In other words, steam roads in rich agricultural sections are profitable investments if located ten miles apart, and will not disastrously interfere with the business of each other in securing local freights. The cost of transportation on dirt roads is figured at \$2.50 for the hauling of one ton ten miles, or a cost of twenty-five cents per ton per mile, and by improving the highways with gravel or

the product hauled is of a greater than ordinary value to the usual product carried.

\$1.25 will haul a ton	Cost per Mile
5 miles on a common road. . . . .	.25
12½ to 15 miles on a well made stone road. . . . .	.12
25 miles on a trolley road. . . . .	.05
250 miles on a steam railway. . . . .	.005
1,000 miles on a steamship. . . . .	.00012

It can be mathematically demonstrated and actually shown to the eye by the use of highway maps that the improvement of from 8 per cent. to 16 per cent. of the total highway mileage of a State, being the main

highways which follow the natural valleys or are arbitrarily established in level sections, will, when improved, leave no farm further away than five miles from the main highways. Therefore, the improvement of a comparatively small percentage of the total mileage is of a certain and positive value to the entire agricultural interests of the State, and it is proper that these roads should be built and maintained at State expense, as rapidly as may be permitted without

incorporated cities and villages. In other words, the steam and trolley development following the main valleys and thoroughfares through the mountain passes, and connecting the centers of population as shown by our railroad maps of the United States, have done so by the improvement of practically a little less than one mile of steam and trolley road to each thirteen and two-thirds square miles of area. Table II on page 228 will illustrate this.

It has taken nearly eighty years to build



In Crawford County, Pa., after the State Highway Department has been at work.

the creation of a burdensome tax rate upon the people.

TIME IN WHICH TO COMPLETE

There are 2,728,780 square miles of area in the States admitted to the Union, and the agricultural department estimates that this area has 2,745, 392 miles of public highways, or an average of one mile of highway to each square mile of area. The same area had in 1905, 199,704 miles of railroad, and 6,816 miles of trolley roads outside of

and develop this system of steam roads. It has taken millions of capital. It has created in that eighty years the best railroad engineers in the world, and in the same period, the burial of the mistakes of these engineers has been enormous. Traffic has doubled and increased so that bridges, trestles and culverts have been abandoned, built and rebuilt again, iron rails converted to steel, and steel rails increased in their carrying capacity more than 100 per cent. Grades have been reduced and curves



Farmington Road, in Connecticut, treated with a coal tar preparation to prevent formation of dust.

straightened. Engines and cars, both freight and passenger have been hurled into the scrap heap at an enormous loss, and yet the ever increasing earning power of the road as tonnage has increased, has permitted the continued increase of the capitalization and the obtaining from the people of additional money to develop and improve the facilities in carrying of freight and transportation as offered to the public. And still at this moment, greater accommodations, and greater carrying capacity is required and additional funds for its creation needed. Looking, therefore, at the millions of money, and the time required for the development of our steam road system, it would seem that starting now, we are approaching a distinctively historical era in improved road building. And this improvement, using the greatest intelligence of each State, and all of the energy and force of the respective sections of the country, can not have the total mileage now in existence (estimated at 2,745,392 miles) completed in less than one hundred years of deliberate, well planned and effective work.

The completion in the respective parts of the country of 6,000 miles a year, not of cheap but of expensive and durable highways, improving the main highways only, would take fifty years to complete and this would be barely more than 10 per cent. of the present total mileage of the States.

#### MAINTENANCE

*Not one cent of money should be expended in the creation of these expensive highways unless, at the same time, a system of careful maintenance and repair is established.* Steam roads when first built were permitted to run down, ties to rot, the ends of the iron rails to flatten, bolts in the fish plates to become loose, until a general overhauling was ordered, and an excessively expensive amount of repairs were made, owing to the neglect. To-day well managed roads do not permit this. But each road is divided into sections under engineers, under assistant engineers, under section bosses, with men passing daily up and down the road, giving it constant repair and attention. This we are familiar

with. In Europe highways are patrolled in the same way. Men, usually old, patrol the roads under their care, each in charge of a section, each responsible for its condition, and the slightest hole in the wearing surface is detected, repaired and filled in immediately after it commences. Ruts are detected and filled, sluices and ditches kept open, the washing of the sides stopped, and only by this constant care, are roads kept in good condition. This same system must come to this country and be inaugurated at the time that the general improvement is made, otherwise the people's money will be thrown away.

#### COST

No one can tell what a highway will cost per mile for its improvement, without knowing the actual conditions. The first element is grade, for the nearest grade to a level secures the carrying of the largest tonnage, with the least power, making the cheapest hauling cost. The second element of cost is drainage. The third is the obtaining of the necessary material for construction. The fourth is labor. Railroads that are built and bonded for \$30,000 a mile are considered cheap. Some miles cost \$125,000 a mile and are cut in solid rock. Stone or macadam roads that are built at an average cost of \$10,000 a mile are considered expensive. But every stone road, or road with a hard surface is built for the express purpose of gathering freight from the agricultural products on either side of the highway. And it must be built strongly, because if the road is fifty miles long and receives the freight from a five mile area on either side, it would receive freight from 500 square miles of land. This makes a territory of 320,000 acres, and if one ton an acre should go to market, there would be 320,000 tons going over this highway to market each year. If as much as ten tons an acre should need to go to market, there would be 3,200,000 tons going in a year one way only. If the wagons carry a ton to a load, with a two-inch tire, the wear on the road is less than if the load is made five tons on a two-inch tire, and the road cut to pieces. All of these elements must be considered, because stone roads are for freight, and must be used with wisdom and wide tires.

#### THE AUTOMOBILE

Arrogant and insulting as some of the owners of automobiles are, still they do not represent the greater part of the class now interested in the running of motor cars. The development of the automobile will shortly bring about its adoption in the carrying of passengers between centers of population, just as the old stage coach was used. It will also be used as a single freight car, going from the cities and villages to take freight to the farm houses, delivering at the door, or being called to receive freight to go to one of the present shipping centers. No resident of a city unless he is on a trolley line, has the privilege of stepping off from the street car in front of his own door. Residents of other streets must walk to and from the cars. No manufacturer has the privilege of receiving freight in car load lots, unless his business warrants it, and he has room and sufficient business to have a switch put at his disposal. The conditions in a country of good roads, capable of carrying automobiles for the transportation of freight and passengers without excessive wearing, will provide the farmers with greater accommodations than the residents of the cities, because the individual automobile can carry its passengers or its freight directly to the point of destination or the source of its origin. The possibilities in the creating of values in the country are beyond conception, because the highways will be built and maintained at the expense of the State, the county or the nation, and the owner of the automobile will differ from the railroad corporation, whose chief expense is the maintenance of its own road bed, and right of way, in that the automobile owner will have his road bed provided for him at the expense of the public, and will only have to provide the vehicle needed.

#### BEST SOLUTION

*Road legislators are running mad with the idea that State aid statutes with State supervision is the solution of the road question.* A hundred years ago it was settled in Europe by Napoleon, and followed on the continent and in England, with the result that they have constructed and maintained roads for a century which are the envy of the world. The plan is simple. The main highways are set aside to be



# LITTLE OUTDOOR STORIES

## A GRIZZLY SCRIMMAGE IN THE BLACK RANGE

BY HENRY G. CLARK

WE were prospecting the famous Black Range and following one of the steepest trails in all New Mexico. We had with us, packed to the limit, a great big overgrown mule named Pete, which was formerly owned by the United States Government, but was condemned and sold cheap for his cussed meanness. Pete was no angel, simply a mule in every sense of the word, and known all over the range for his unmitigated stubbornness and for the dexterity with which he could handle his heels without provocation. His face carried an expression of dove-like innocence, almost a pleading look, which was very effective in luring a victim within range, then man or beast, Pete would let fly and turn to gaze in injured surprise.

We got started about sun-up, Price, with the one rifle of the party, in the lead—Pete in the rear where he had plenty of space in which to exercise his kicking tendencies should he feel so disposed. Our two burros, Florence Nightingale and Maximillian, were in between, and they saw to it that there was plenty of room between them and the mule, for they had about as much use for Pete as he had for them. The trail wound in and out among the great pines, wide spreading oaks and bushy cedars, and on each side was an almost impenetrable jungle. Our progress was slow, the steep and hilly ascent working the packs back on the animals. Now and then one of the burros just out of pure cussedness, would go out of his way to jam a pack under the low limb of a tree and cause us trouble in renewing the diamond hitch; but we finally reached the summit of the ridge, and commenced to work our way along until we reached a low hogback from which the trail sharply descended on the Iron Creek side. Here we stopped to

gaze on the beautiful view spread out before us.

In the background lay Kingston, its tents glistening among the pines; in front, away in the distance, we could just discern Silver City, the gem of the mountains, nestling among the peaks; while far below through the beautiful valley flowed the clear sparkling waters of the river Mimbres.

Iron Creek cañon is one of the wildest and most picturesque in the Black Range. Deep and narrow at the summit, with great forests on either side, it cuts its way through the heart of the majestic range, gradually broadening, until finally lost in the valley below. Deep tangled underbrush and luxuriant vegetation of all kinds grow down to the water's edge, affording excellent shelter and hiding places. Wild cereals and berries of all kinds, together with the succulent grass and piñon nuts, provide food for game of every description, and here the lover of big sport can revel to his heart's delight—bear, deer, mountain lion, quail, down even to the cottontail rabbit, make sport for rifle and shotgun.

Dark shadows darting here and there among the deep recesses of the cañon, a faint haze of purple and gold slowly settling over the mountains, and the quick, sharp breeze coming up from the valley, warned us that the short December day was fast disappearing before coming night. Quickly dropping through the saddle of the divide, we started on a four-mile descent to our cabin at the mouth of the cañon. All around us the quail were calling to each other from out the long grass. Now and then a covey would scurry across the trail, or if too closely pressed there would be a *w-h-i-r-r* and the beautiful birds would precede us down the trail.

We had reached a little grassy nook in the lower end of the cañon where the foliage grew thick and berries were plentiful. Price and Foster with the two burros were ahead and just behind me came a great

raw-boned Irishman, Jim Kern, leading the irrepressible Pete. Suddenly and without warning, Price fired back in our direction, but in toward the creek.

"Turkey, Jim," I said, looking back.

The Irishman was standing with his mouth wide open, watching for turkey, when to his terror and amazement a great silver-tip grizzly with a cub at her heels, broke savagely through the brush and made directly for him.

"Be all that's howly, phats that?" exclaimed the terrified Irishman. Then, not waiting for an answer, Jim made one wild bolt up the mountain, closely pursued by the infuriated beast. Had she struck at him she would have had him, but she kept snapping, and in that way he managed to keep a little ahead of her. If Jim had only known enough to run along the side of the mountain he would have stood a better chance, as the weight of the bear would have gradually pulled her down, while he worked up the steep ascent—but this was Jim's first bear and he wasn't thinking, just running and for all he was worth. How he did go! but the silver-tip was also going some, and the race would have been her's in a very short time if Jim hadn't spied a limb on a small pine tree, which he succeeded in catching with a flying leap and drawing himself up by. The bear, just a moment too late, savagely clawed the air.

All this time Price was so excited, that I think he could not have hit one of the big pines had he tried. He was rushing from one place to another, trying to extricate a shell, which he afterward claimed stuck in the gun; but at the time I don't think he really realized that he had a belt of cartridges around him and that the gun was empty. Not one of the stock moved a hoof, but they were trembling with fright. Pete stood still also, but kept his eye on that grizzly and watched every movement she and the cub made. Finally the cub came straight toward us, closely followed by the old one. Seeing her coming in my direction, standing on her hind paws, with frothing jaws, red lolling tongue, fierce, red, small eyes, her great front paws beating the air, I didn't wait for any invitation, but just fell off that horse and made for the nearest tree, where in my pardonable zeal for urgent flight I skinned my face and hands, and barked my shins, but

succeeded in going up—as it was necessary that I should.

From my vantage point I looked for stirring events below, and they came. Price stood on the edge of the creek, holding the gun in his hands, seemingly ready for anything. The old lady paused a moment, looked up at me, licked her wound, and went for Price. He stood for a moment, but the sight of that big grizzly coming at him open-mouthed was a little too heavy for him. Dropping his gun, he turned and jumped into the deep and ice-cold waters of Iron Creek. It might yet have gone hard with him, but at this moment the cub concluded to find out just what Pete was by rubbing against his heels, and the dear old "ornry" mule right there and then won our undying love and gratitude. He hunched, then straightened, and the cub sailed, lit and rolled over and over howling with pain. With a snarl of rage the grizzly jumped for the mule. Pete knew that he was not dealing with a cub this time, and bided his time and watched that bear like a hawk. The pack seemed to bother the grizzly, as she kept circling around him at a lively pace, and seemed little inclined to close in, while Pete whirled like a spinning-wheel, with his heels always presented to the foe.

Finally both combatants paused a moment for breath, but still hearing the pitiful wailing of the cub, the bear gathered herself together and made a grand rush, and a powerful, raw-boned mule and a silver-tipped grizzly mixed things up generally. To a man up a tree, the whole air seemed full of bears, mules and packs. But the pace was too hot to last and much to our relief the bear beat a retreat before the unerring precision of those terrible heels, seized her cub in her teeth and, still growling, viciously disappeared up the cañon.

We quickly gathered around the gritty mule. The pack undoubtedly had saved him, as the heavy canvas was literally torn to pieces, but his sides were pretty well ripped, though not so seriously but he was yet ready to kick Max. The burro knew him better than the bear did and got out of the way in a hurry.

"The ruling passion, strong in death," spoke Foster, coming from his perch away up the mountain, where he had quietly watched the whole proceedings.



Quickly as possible we repacked what remained of our now thoroughly dilapidated belongings, and leading the lacerated mule, made our way to the cabin as fast as the darkness of the cañon would permit. We soon had a glowing fire in the old fireplace and it looked good to see the coffee pot and kettle of frijoles in the old accustomed place over the fire.

"Let me tell you, boys, there is no place like home after all," said Price as he cut up some chili peppers and stirred them in with the beans.

"You are right there, sweetheart," replied Foster, slicing some bacon preparatory to frying. Jim and I were deep in the intricacies of yeast powder biscuit, and said nothing.

## OLD SOLDIER YARNS

### HIS DUTY

BY LLOYD BUCHANAN

**A** WHILE ago there appeared in the papers a short cablegram announcing that a certain regular regiment had lost fifteen men and two officers killed in a fight in Mindanao. There is a story of that event which is not often told, because to those who know it seems commonplace, yet as I heard it by the Club fire months afterward it appeared as an affair worth repeating.

A small party was marching through a swamp in the Rio Grande Valley. The mud and water in the trail were knee deep. On each side rose the cogon grass, fifteen feet high, and so coarse and strong that a man could hardly break through it without a bolo. The head of the column struck an ambush of hostile Moros. A storm of bullets killed or wounded the men in front. Others were rushed forward to fill their places. These in turn went down. Advance was impossible. A retreat was ordered.

One of the wounded, shot in the head, fell back up a blind trail. Before he found out his mistake the opening by which he had entered was surrounded by the Moros. He could not push through the cogon to the column which was falling back farther and farther from him, as he knew by the receding calls and shots. About him rose

the cries of the savages—horrible in the joy of the newly found dead. He knew that all he could expect when they discovered him was merciless murder. A faintness overcame him. He sank down, worn with exertion and loss of blood. He believed he was dying—alone, where no friendly eye should ever see his bones, and none should know whether he went out as a man. Yet his last clear-minded action was to destroy his only chance of self-defense. With trembling fingers he twisted the bolt from his rifle and threw it over the high grass to sink in the mud, lest the Moros when they found him should use the weapon against his old comrades. Then he fainted away.

A miracle saved his life. But to my mind that does not lessen the honor of this private soldier who, for his simple duty, forgot himself in the very Valley of the Shadow.

## BILL'S KODAK

BY N. H. CROWELL



**U**NCLE EZRA BOGGS threw back his head and pulled thoughtfully at the brindle goatee that depended from his chin. We edged closer.

"'Twas in '98," said he, as he flipped up the tip of his whiskers and stared at them. Then he started guintly, lowered his voice and added, ("Or was it '89?")

Although this was placing a rather heavy responsibility on the audience we remained quiet, awaiting the decision.

"Ah-h-h!" remarked Ezra, sitting up in his chair, "I recall now. 'Twas '97—fall o' '97. Unbeknownst to me Bill Fikes had got inokerlated with th' picter-machine habit an' he had it real bad, Bill did. First I knows I run agin 'im comin' out of th' express office luggin' a box under one arm.

"Hi thar, Ez!" he hollers, "I got 'er at last!"

"When's she arrive?" says I, thinkin' he meant his mother-in-law, who was billed to appear.

"Jest a minute ago," says Bill, tappin' th' box.

"What's in that package, Bill?" I asks, steppin' back a bit.

"Kodak!"

"Ko—er—what?"

Bill grinned, seein' I didn't know more'n th' law allowed about kodaks an' he drug me down to th' hardware an' begun breakin' an' enterin' that box. After rippin' off a cover or two he hauls out a contraption that looked some promisin' an' he says that's it.

"What does it cure?" I says, thinkin' maybe it was some sort of a battery.

"Cure?" says Bill, snortin' as if he'd been stung, "Cure—oh yes, its a cure all right. Fills th' lungs with th' pure air o' th' forest, chucks th' heart to th' muzzle with red blood, loads th' brain with—er—noble ideas an' fills th'—er—er——"

"Pocketbook?" I adds, seein' Bill was nigh run down.

Bill wiped his chin an' took a hard look at me.

"Hain't you never heard of a kodak, Ez?" he asks.

"Well, yes," I says, "Come to think I used to know a feller by that name—he was a Bohemian section hand."

Bill nearly swallowed his tongue at that an' tried to kick but I dodged.

After pesterin' at th' thing a spell he says he has plans all drawn for creatin' th' whalin'est stir among them sportin' fellers back east that ever was.

"Why!" says he, "I'm goin' to do some o' th' tallest kodakin' ye ever laid eye on—s o m e t h i n ' that'll make 'em set up an' ketch their breath. None o' these here p i c t e r s o' stuffed a n i-



"I shall first take a profile, then a bust."

miles—no sir—I'll get 'em right in their lairs!"

"You be?" says I, feelin' a little incredulous.

"I sure be an' when you see a picter of a grizzly readin' "Took from th' live bear by William Fikes, th' celebrated animile-kodaker" you can bet it 'll be genuine!"

"Goin' to begin on bear?" says I.

"Why not?" he snaps, "Ain't it an object to get your name up as a grizzly kodaker right at the start? How'd my name look on a row o' them picters hung up in th' capitol, eh?"

"Purty durn ludercrous," I remarks, knowin' Bill's repertation for bravery.

Well, in them days I was about as big a fool as Bill was an' three days found us two idgits in camp up in th' mountains lookin' for bear. Far as I was concerned I wa'n't losin' no appetite pinin' to see one but I was present for that general purpose.

We drug that kodak about a hundred mile all told afore we located our bear. An' he happened to be th' father of all th' grizzlies that ever wore corn-knives for toe nails. I took one look at 'im an' sized him up as bein' a trifle bigger 'n a yoke o' oxen. He was up on a big stump a-reachin' his paw in like he'd lost somethin' important.

Bill was so tickled he didn't 'pear to notice me goin' up a mighty tall an' well-come lookin' tree close by. After I'd got up fifty or sixty foot I see Bill had th' kodak all spraddled out an' was trainin' it onto th' bear. Purty soon he straightens up an' looks aroun' for me.

"Don't worry, Bill!" I yells, "I'm safe!"

He threwed me a look that made me feel small enough to make a full meal off 'n a hazel nut.

"I shall first take a profile—then a bust!" Bill announces.

"Lovely, Bill!" I responds, "I want to see that bust!"

Then he selects a big jagged rock, rolls up his sleeve, and hurls it at th' victim. Bunk—right agin his spare-ribs. I went up ten foot further.

"Ow—oo—urr-r—oof—oof!!!"

Talkin' about exclamations of surprise, impromptu speeches an' sech like, that grizzly had 'em all distanced before they'd started. It was terrible. He stood up on

that stump an' grabbed his ribs in his front paws like a human.

"There's a nice big walnut tree right behind you, Bill!" I hollers, "You've got about two seconds yet!"

Jest then I noticed about ten thousand bees a-comin' out o' th' hole th' bear had been reachin' into, an' I knowed by th' looks of 'em they was madder 'n Jim Bull was when th' ladies tarred an' feathered 'im.

Bill was jest raisin' one hand to request th' bear to be still a moment when one o' them bees speared 'im on th' nigh shoulder-blade an' he jumped all o' two foot. He got th' encore jest as he lit an', of course, had to make another jump. Then a couple o' ol' mossbacks lit onto his collar an' th' next I see o' Bill Fikes he was goin' round that stump about two jumps in front o' th' crossest grizzly west o' Peoria, Illinois. Bill's head was goin' through a streak o' bees a yard wide reachin' all th' way round th' stump.

"Good boy!" I yells, "Be you winnin' or losin'?"

He give me a glance that made my watch gain five minutes.

"Get down an' kodak us!" he yells, on th' fifteenth lap.

A cold sweat broke out all over me but, seein' how handsome Bill was doin' I cal-c'lated I could assume a triflin' resk.

"Can you jest hold them positions a second?" says I, as I picked up th' rubber dudad an' got ready to squeeze.

"If nothin' breaks I will!" says Bill, as he went by.

I took in a deep breath an' closed down on th' rubber.

Clickyclick! Th' next thing I see was that grizzly stoppin' dead still right in front o' me. He'd got that click an' made up his mind somebody was cockin' a cannon. Soon 's he saw that kodak a-starin' at 'im, his knees begun to wobble



"We lost a gallon of the finest snake remedy."

an' in a minute his teeth was chatterin' till it sounded like hail on a tin roof. Then he gives a great big, over-growed whine, tucks in his tail an' jest naturally tears a hole in th' atmosphere gettin' a way from there. I got Bill stopped after a few rounds an' explained wh a t

I'd done. He was mighty pleased.

"It 'll be immense! Unapproachable!" he says, an' o' course, I swelled up considerable.

Soon's we hit camp Bill pitched in to finishin' up that picter an' jest afore bedtime he calls me out.

"There it is, Ez," he says.

I took it. It was great. There was th' stump right in th' center an' th' rest o' th' picter was jest leg—Bill's hind leg goin' round that stump at forty miles per hour! An' he had a foot that looked about th' size an' complexion of a rowboat.

Well, me 'n Bill both reached for th' liquor jug at th' same time an' in th' ensuin' mix-up th' cork came out an' we lost a gallon o' th' finest snake remedy that ever—what? Why, jest as soon as not, Jim—soon as not. I *was* some dry!"

## FLITTING FOR FLORIDA

BY E. P. POWELL

I ALWAYS envied the birds when I saw them starting for warmer climes in October. I wished for wings. What a shrewd move on their part, to enjoy everlasting summer and never be short of food. But I have learned that we human folk can do quite as well as the birds, and with little addition to our annual expenditures. A Northern family may go to Florida in late autumn or early winter, and have a home there, as well as in Massachusetts or New York. The railroads and steamers so

closely link the States at the ends of the Union, that we may call Florida the other end of New England. I do not propose to sing the praise of touring, for I am not quite incapable of sympathy with Burroughs, when he speaks of a certain section as tourist-infested. As a rule this class of peripatetics get little knowledge of the lands which they traverse. They see only those sections which are bizarre with vast hotels and resorts, and as a rule they can only tell you where they caught big fish, in some sluggish stream strung with swamps.

Now it so happens that Florida is nearly as large as all the New England States together, and so it is naturally gifted with a considerable variety of scenery and soil. The coast counties are flat and wet, as well as mosquito-infested. But up and down the center of the State there is a strip of land one hundred and fifty miles long and fifty wide, which is made up of rolling land, that sometimes becomes quite hilly, and is sprinkled everywhere with small lakes. It is a marvelous place, this central Florida, where you find few palms, and not very much to remind you that it is tropical. The dominant tree is the pine, standing eighty to one hundred feet in height, and sixty feet to the first limbs. You do not travel along dusty roadsides, between fences, but you follow trails through the forest, from opening to opening. Your neighbors' homesteads are oases of gardens and orchards, orange groves and potato fields. But these trees do not stand like a northern forest; they are more like one of our parks, and one may not only drive through them, but may see in all directions, and so we call them parks instead of forests—where the grass grows abundantly. Once a year this is burned over, to allow a fresh growth for cattle. The lakes are frequently exquisite gems, and are not seldom set in basins, among bluff knolls, and high slopes that pass well for hills. In the winter the oaks and other deciduous trees drop their foliage, for two or three months; but there is always good shade from the predominant pines. Here is the land for homes. It is not a place to exploit with orange groves and a get-rich-quick style, for it is a very primitive country, with a good deal to be done, and to be enjoyed in the doing. Those who first invaded this section, came with money borrowed at

twenty per cent., made their openings and planted their orange groves, but Nature froze every tree to the ground in 1895, and shooed the whole crowd out of the State. It was a terribly forlorn procession, that left tens of millions of dollars thrown away on an experiment. A different class, the real home-seekers and home-builders, are now coming in, and they will not only be patient workers but will reap abundant wealth as well as comfort.

The average Northern farmer has his year's work fairly well wound up by November first to the tenth. That is, he may have it finished by that time, and about the same time his coal bills begin to pile up, and the influenzas knock at his door. The birds have gone, and they will escape the cold; why not he and his family? Is there any insuperable difficulty to prevent him from dividing his farm work and his home life between the North and the South? If he reach Florida by the early days of November he will be on time for his oranges. It is then that they begin to ripen, and the last are gone about the first of April—when he is needed at the northern end of his farm. Gardens can be made as soon as he reaches his destination. November is a first-rate time to plow and plant; yet it is nearly as well if seed be put in a month later. My own winter garden seldom gets started before Christmas, and our sweet potatoes and melons considerably later. The cold spell, if one occurs, is generally about Christmas, and if the beans are not up at that time there will be no damage. Sweet potatoes are always in the ground, and dug when needed—the surplus selling in the local market for seventy-five cents a bushel. Irish potatoes, if planted for the Northern market, can be put in the soil during January. They will be ready for shipment ahead of the Georgia potatoes, and will command from one dollar to two dollars a bushel. We always have new cabbages, turnips, carrots, as well as lettuce and celery early in the first month of the year. At the same time we have eggs from hens that run loose all winter, and mostly take care of themselves; while our bees are buzzing in January flowers, and making honey nearly every day of the year.

It looks inviting, especially when you are shivering with zero weather and a solid

earth. It looks rational also, so far as we have gone, but let us look farther into the matter. The cost of board runs from five dollars a week to ten. That, however, is not what we propose to do. By all means buy a few acres of land and create a home. Even the best pine land is still cheap. I paid from five to fifteen dollars per acre four years ago, and now it is worth more than double that. You can get a good homestead, however, at the cost of ten to twenty dollars per acre, and there are homes created by the orange planters that can be obtained at a very low price. The pine land, where we are locating, as you observe, will furnish you your wood as freely as you may desire. No coal or coal bill is ever seen. A driven well gives you abundant flow of pure water at a depth of eighty to one hundred feet, and a cost of forty to sixty dollars for driving. Your cow can be pastured, like the Crackers' cows, in the common woods, but this is a terrible waste of milk and manure. Your clothes are light weight, and one overcoat will last you forty years. Meat you will rarely see, except your own chickens and calves. Fish can be obtained for the catching, or the best can be bought at five cents a pound. In other words you will live on your own vegetables, fruit, eggs and cereals. Butter will cost you thirty cents a pound if you buy it, and will bring you that if you sell it—just as you please. You have cut off your Northern grocers' bills, but these must be renewed to some extent at the South. The sandy soil is so easily worked that you need far less hired help. As for crops you can grow all sorts of Northern vegetables as well as cassava and many other vegetables not known in the North. Strawberries and blackberries are at home with you, and I am not yet certain that raspberries and currants cannot be made to grow, with proper adjustment of shade. Oats and corn thrive, and carloads of melons are shipped that average over forty pounds to a melon. Almost anywhere you may plant in the openings peaches, quinces, pears, as well as loquats, oranges, grape fruit, and figs. Hothouse grapes, like Black Hamburg and Sweetwater, I am planting in my garden; they will stand the climate as well as Concord.

Let us discuss this matter a little in items. It will cost a New Englander

thirty-five dollars for a round trip ticket on a Clyde steamer, from New York to Jacksonville. From Jacksonville he may go up the St. John's River, a delightful trip, as far as Sandford, and from there may pass by the railroad into the region I am describing. The trip is safe and novel, and is rarely stormy. Reaching his destination he will purchase a home of choicest land at about twenty-five or thirty dollars per acre. A house of eight rooms can be built of the choicest pine, for eight hundred dollars—ceiled throughout with pine, and with two big fireplaces. His barn will cost him, if he makes concrete out of his own sand, not to exceed one hundred and fifty dollars. He will cultivate a garden of fruit, flowers and vegetables at a cost of fifty dollars a year, or he can keep a horse and do his own work. This garden need not be stinted at all in size, and it will furnish the better half of all his food. His bees will be at work for him all the time, and his hens will be cheerfully cackling in midwinter.

But a Yankee must always ask the question how shall one be able to make money? What are the market advantages, and what can we sell? Supposing a Northerner locates, with two or three thousand dollars at his command, can he keep his store intact, or will he have to spend the whole of it, and then live on chances? The only answer to this is that a man who succeeds in one place will succeed in another, but failure is a matter of character. We have of late years gone far toward losing the knack of our old New England fathers for creating homes in the wilderness. They grew their homes; raised nearly all that they wanted from the soil; swapped products, and when they had a surplus managed to sell it. Those who go to a locality to get rich constitute a class by themselves. I am considering only home-makers, and in Florida they must be for the most part those who till the soil. For such there is room, if possessed of health, common sense and adaptability. Florida alone could house and support for the winter every farmer from the Penobscot to the Mississippi. The sandy soil is for the most part full of capabilities, and nowhere else in the world has Nature provided such a vast material for soil-making and soil-improvement. The cow peas grow twenty feet in a season, and the velvet beans grow twice that. Both

of these must be mowed two or three times for hay, then foddered, and finally plowed under, to add humus and nitrogen to the soil. Hardly less important is the soy bean and the beggar weed—all legumes, of the highest value for feed, and all possessing the wonderful faculty of taking nitrogen from the air, and turning it over to the earth. There really is no reason why the most barren sand shall not be transformed into good garden land.

The towns of the South are not attractive, because they look like street boys with one broken suspender, and the other stitched together with a ten-penny nail.

But things go quick nowadays, and in much less than fifty years the South will be at even step with the North in every way conceivable. The sportsman will locate near the St. Johns River, and on these flat lands also will be found the proper locality for truck-growers. Here, in the center of the State, we have little to invite the pure sportsman, although our lakes are fairly well stocked with fish. The white egrets protected now by law, sit on the trees in front of my house, after fishing their breakfast from the lake. Blue herons nest in my orchard, and Bob White runs about my feet everywhere.

During winter the thermometer sometimes goes down to forty-five or fifty at night, but at midday ranges from seventy to eighty-five—as an average. In January the heat is measured at eighty-seven or even ninety, during the noon hours, but there is a breeze constantly blowing from either the gulf or the ocean. We may anticipate, however, that about once in a year there may be a record below thirty. Now if you wish for a clean and honest sensation of comfort, sit down on your veranda, some day in midwinter, with coat off and the thermometer at seventy-five; then let the mail man bring you a letter from Illinois or Ohio or Maine, telling you of the thermometer marking twelve below zero, while the writer shivers in his penmanship. You read a few lines, then look at the rippling lake and listen to a mocking bird; you read a few more lines, and look to the right through your neighbor's orange grove, full of golden balls and green leaves. It seems to be a matter of enchantment. You

can scarcely take things as they are. Winter seems an impossibility, and snow is as much a puzzle as it was to the Hindoo prince.

Your neighbors are largely from the North, some of them having been here for many years, while new comers are constantly adding themselves. The Cracker, or native, element is like any other provincial class, but many of them are becoming well informed and splendid farmers. The negro question is slowly but surely solving itself. It is in one aspect, a strictly Southern problem, and the less Northerners meddle, the better. Our migratory farmers will not feel inclined to interfere. I find there is very much to study, while the negro serves admirably as a workman, and is not generally an uncomfortable neighbor. My plowman is a negro preacher, and a capable old man. He refuses to mix in politics, believing, as he says, that everything will come out all right for both black man and white man. I asked him what he preached about.

"Well, suh," he replied, "for sure now, I don't know exactly where I get my best texts. Most anywhere, I thinks, suh. They's printed all over things. It's one thing, suh, to read books, suh, and another to read things—trees and animals and the goings on. But when I gets a good text I just puts it in my mind, and nurses it, suh, while Billy and I plows on. And I tell you what, Mr. Powell, after singing and plowing four or five furrows, I gets mighty nigh the Lord, and the Lord, He gets mighty close, too. Then, suh, I feels like preaching. I carries that, suh, as well as possible down to the church on Sunday."

Lying before me are letters from Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, Maine, Massachusetts and New York; all inquiring concerning the possibility of escaping the severity of Northern winters. My answer to all such letters is, Go and look over the ground for yourselves; never buy property until you have seen it. You cannot see through other people's eyes. Spend a few weeks in Florida, not as a tourist, in costly resorts, but as a home-seeker in the heart of the land. As to your success, the problem is as complex in one place as in another. Failure is a heart disease; it begins inside a man.

# THE VIEW-POINT

## BY CASPAR WHITNEY

Where  
Ignorance  
Is Bliss

Sir Thomas Lipton is a shrewd advertiser. This is not to speak unfriendly nor to deny his possession of sportsmanly qualities, but to declare that before all else he stirs my admiration as one of the cleverest of press agents even in this day when the thirst for "mention in the newspaper" is widespread and feverish. He understood perfectly the conditions governing racing for the *America's Cup*; he knew full well that the New York Yacht Club could not accept his challenge of last month without violating the precise provisions of the Deed of Gift under which it was made guardian of the famous trophy. But Lipton reckoned on a certain support because of the glad hand he has unfailingly hung out for the newspaper "boys," and because of the superficial (yachting) knowledge and ready sympathy of the American people—and he got it; good and plenty, as his "boys" would say.

. . . "Sir Thomas Lipton is a better sportsman than the governing members of the New York Yacht Club. . . ."

. . . "We believe that there can be fully as exciting racing with a 68-footer as with a 90-footer; and that so long as it is an international event, the exact size of the boat, within reasonable limits, makes comparatively little difference."

. . . "A reduction of the cost of the races has long been as desirable as the return to a type of boat which shall not merely be a racing machine so frail that it cannot 'buck into' a heavy sea without running the risk of twisting its bow, but shall have some value after the contests are over."—*N. Y. Evening Post*, September, 26.

Here in brief we have the essence of the stock argument which prevails where the conditions of racing for the *America's Cup* are either not understood or are deliberately misrepresented. As for exalting the horn of the genial Irishman at the expense of the governors of the N. Y. Y. Club—none would be quicker, I am sure, to resent that endeavor than Sir Thomas himself,

because he knows how very fair, even indulgent, treatment he has received; and he knows and we all (except the myopic *Post*) know that our best sportsman's blood has coursed through the veins of those who from *America to Reliance*, have defended this world renowned cup.

There is no trophy in all the world of sport to compare with it in point of age or distinction, or one which so significantly stands for the very highest development in the skill of designing, building and sailing wind driven racing yachts. With such reckless misuse in the editorial room of plainly recorded data, it is not at all surprising that there is general ignorance concerning the *America's Cup* and the conditions of racing for it; but it seems to me that the national quality attaching to the Cup event and the character of the sportsmen who have been identified with its defense entitle the general subject to intelligent study by those who seek to understand for their own gratification, and certainly by those who set themselves up as public censors. Those who do approach the matter with an open mind and a degree of intelligence will at once realize that instead of criticising the gentlemen of the N. Y. Yacht Club, who so wisely and so correctly interpreted the Deed of Gift, they should be commended for saving this time-honored trophy from the tinkering to which it might have been subjected one of these (future) days by some committee or other of less individual force and a lower appreciation of their sporting heritage.

**What the  
America's Cup  
Stands for**

The *America's Cup* stands now as it always has stood for the fastest yacht that can be built on a given water line length; it is a champion not a handicap class as those would make it who clamor for acceptance of a challenge under this, that or the other rule. It is the

blue ribbon of the highest class of yacht racing; and the highest class it must remain. Undoubtedly 68-footers would provide just "as exciting racing" as 90-footers; the academic editorial writer could pursue the comparison further with even more truth, for 30-footers make more exciting racing than the sloops twice their dimensions, and the Knockabouts make perhaps the most exciting racing of all. And it is a fact, also, that the international racing for this Cup has for the greater part been not "exciting racing" at all on account of the immeasurable superiority of the American defender making the contest so one-sided! It is also true that a one-hundred-yard foot race between two ten-second sprinters makes as exciting a struggle as a contest between two athletes with world's record aspirations; a mile between two evenly matched horses in the 2:10 trotting class furnishes as much excitement, so far as the contest is concerned, as one between horses several classes higher; two park hack saddlers will make as exciting a brush for a short burst as the swiftest thoroughbreds; two ten-knot steamers will make quite as exciting a struggle and have a heap sight more fun than the swiftest launches ever built. And so we might go on with the comparison *ad infinitum*, to indicate that merely to provide "exciting racing" is not the underlying principle of the *America's* Cup Deed of Gift, or of horse racing, or yachting, or sprinting, or of any athletic contest in which man is engaged.

Excitement is furnished by any two evenly matched individuals, or horses, or boats; but the evolution, the progress in any field of human or brute endeavor, whether it be work or play, running or sailing, building yachts or breeding horses, driving trotters or writing editorials, is only made possible by assembling those that are swiftest, or most intelligent, or most studious, or most skillful, or strongest, into groups of comparative mental, or physical equality—classifying them, in other words. It is "class" which properly and which distinctively rates a man, a horse or a yacht; and according as we build and as we maintain class, so our quality of men, horses, and yachts develops or retrogrades. With man, class may relate to physical, mental or moral attributes, but in yachts, with which we are presently

concerned, it has to do only with the physical; and the physical means either strength or speed.

### "Racing Machines"

The criticism oftenest on the lips of the unthinking and at the pen point of the unknowing, is that these yachts which have defended the Cup are "merely racing machines," and that the water line length rule makes for the building of that type only. The claim is perfectly true on both counts, fortunately for the Cup. Of course they are racing machines—every boat or animal attuned for racing only may be called a "machine"—for this is a racer and not a cruiser class; and you cannot combine even to a limited extent, the structural features of both and get the highest type of either. The highest type of the racer is what the Deed of Gift calls for and what the *America's* Cup custodianship implies; and the water line length rule which places no restrictions other than that, is the only one under which the Deeds suggestion can be realized, for it is the only one to give free hand to the talent and ingenuity of the most advanced designing skill.

The rules which the N. Y. Yacht Club put into effect recently were for the definite purpose of encouraging racing among all boat owners and to enable different classes of boats to race together on fairly even terms as well as to encourage the building of a wholesome or all-round model among general yacht owners. But encouraging home yachting with a view to filling up classes so as to make the sport more general, more economical, is one thing, and meeting a challenge for a trophy which represents the highest racing class in the world, is quite another. It would have lowered the class to accept a challenge under any other than the water line length rule; and to have lowered the class would have been to take from the *America's* Cup its present distinctive position.

Beside, there is no dearth of international racing for smaller classes; for example there is the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Cup for the little boats, and the *Canada's* Cup for the middle size (incidentally it is interesting to note that the latter cup was won for America this past summer by a boat designed and built under those much touted new rules, by Herreshoff, beating a



boat, also built under the new rules, which had defeated a Fife boat in the trials; and it was Fife who was to design the 68-footer with which Lipton wanted to try for the Cup). Also there is the Emperor's Cup race across the Atlantic strictly for cruisers.

The racing machine is not a "wholesome" model, and *per contra* the wholesome model is not and never can be a racer of the first quality, any more than a sprinter can be a Marathon Run ideal. But just as racing automobiles, and thoroughbreds, and men and steamers, makes for the flawless engine, upstanding horseflesh, enduring men, and perfected machinery, so the racing of yachts built without restrictions and for the sole purpose of attaining the highest speed, makes for the furtherance of marine architecture. Those who see no value in these racing machines simply announce their own lack of discernment.

#### The Real Difficulty

As to Lipton's statement, of which much capital has been made by the academicians, that he would not be willing to trust the lives of his men in another "freak" boat built under the water line length rule as were his three *Shamrocks*—that of course is specious reasoning all of a piece with the completed correspondence, private and public, which stamps the fourth challenge as "publicity making."

It may, indeed, be that Lipton's builders cannot put together a boat on the prescribed lines which is sea-worthy; to judge by the second *Shamrock* which laid up in Erie Basin, I think it was, for so long, the Irishman's fears appear to be well grounded. The American builders seem to have no such apprehension. The talk about "twisting" bows has its origin in the difficulties which befell one of those 70-footers built by way of experimenting along certain lines a few years ago. The Cup defenders have been, would have to be, marvels of structural strength, not for freighting or general knockabout cruising, but for the purpose for which they were constructed. *Vigilant* crossed the ocean and back again. All the Cup racers have been stiffer than their opponents, and *Reliance*, the last of a wonderful series, is the strongest of the lot, and carries a drier deck in dirty weather than most boats of the wholesome type.

As to the cost of the Cup boats, it seems to me that is the business of the generous sportsmen who have contributed to the building fund. Naturally the cost has increased with the evolution in yacht construction, from wood to bronze, from hemp to steel. The greater the speed the more urgent the necessity for sound structure and unbreakable rigging. The glib talk of "flimsy machines" does not merit a second's thought; such a combination of lightness, compactness and strength as these Cup racers have exhibited has never been seen elsewhere in yacht construction, and was not believed possible until the racing for the *America's Cup* evolved it. And that is just the matter with the international racing from Lipton's point of view; we have beaten them to a standstill, and they know it. In designing, in construction, and in handling, the defenders of the *America's Cup* have, as a rule, literally out-classed the challengers; hence the attempt to make a handicap class of this championship of the yacht racing world.

The thanks of all Americans are due the gentlemen of the New York Yacht Club for preserving the traditions of this Cup, and for interpreting the letter of the Deed of Gift in accordance with the spirit of the sportsmen who originally handed it over to their custodianship as the highest emblem of speed on a given water line length.

We are content to wait the challenge which is sure to come so soon as the foreign designers and builders catch up. Certainly the class of the *America's Cup* is not to be lowered; to Lipton and others who seek to do so we commend the *Canada Cup* event, or, why not offer a new cup on the exact terms desired?

#### Significant Shooting

Far and away the most pleasing element in the winning, by the United States rifle team, of the Palma Trophy, was the splendid shooting of all the competing teams. Not only did the American team excel its previous efforts, but the fourth team in the match this year at Ottawa, beat the winning figures of the first team at the last match in 1903 in England! And the figures of the winning American team, *viz.*, 1712 out of a possible 1800—are not only a record score for this trophy, but the record for all team shooting at targets

at 800, 900, and 1,000 yards; the previous highest score under similar conditions being 1,696 points made by a Scotch team in 1892 for the Elcho Shield.

The Palma Trophy scores for the last three matches show a gratifying increase in excellence of American marksmanship; and, indeed, improvement is notable in all the contesting teams save those of Great Britain. In 1902 Great Britain won the match with 1,459 as against 1,447 of America and 1,373 of Canada; in 1907 America won with 1,712 against Canada's 1,671, Australia's 1,653 and Great Britain's 1,580. So it seems that it is not only in the designing and the building of racing yachts that the mother country is being distanced! But there are others—the score of the French team in the 1903 match for the Palma Trophy was 1,240.

Conquest of the Palma Trophy is, however, the least significant of the rifle shooting matches of this year. The annual tournament of the National Rifle Association which was held at Camp Perry and excellently managed, showed not only an appreciable increase in entries, but a big improvement in marksmanship. This is to be attributed to the considerable increase in rifle shooting interest which is apparent on every hand. Civilian rifle clubs are becoming a fact instead of merely a theory, the school boys are organizing for target practice and the scores of the National Guard on the range this year indicate that this body also has secured a more intelligent grasp of the deeper reason for its being. There is a message here which should reach every citizen; the surest way to preserve the peace is to be ready and able to fight—not a new message, but as true now as it was the day of its first delivery.

Do You  
Likewise

Every citizen should be an active supporter of the Rifle Association, and of the civilian rifle clubs; both the discipline and the knowledge he acquires are invaluable. President Roosevelt said the other day, that he believed it to be most desirable for every man of this America to qualify himself so as to be able to do his own voting and his own fighting; putting his theory into practice, as usually he does, the first thing he did

on being graduated from Harvard, was to join a political club, and the second thing was to join the National Guard. A worthy example for us all.

Let us have some evidence of your interest in the work being done by a few devoted citizens for the Association and for the civilian rifle club movement; and begin by subscribing to *Arms And The Man*. This little journal and its owner, General Drain, are entitled to a large share of credit for the activity which impelled the practice which helped to win the Palma Trophy.

The Up-to-Date  
Fool Killer

The thought may or may not be original, but I feel sure no one will deny its truth, if I venture to remark that the

automobile appears to be quite putting the traditional fool killer out of business; unfortunately the selected culprit so often has innocent, and otherwise fairly intelligent, friends, with him in the hour of his call!

People who drive automobiles at the rate of forty miles the hour along unfamiliar winding roads, or race heedlessly across unguarded railroad crossings, are not to be argued with; their trouble is too deep-seated to be reached so readily, and those of them that survive the earliest indications of affliction, should be impounded in an asylum—not so much for their own sake, as for the safety of their good-natured friends.

For that other class of scorers, who know better, but like the excitement of whirling past crossroads and through way-side towns—there is just one cure for their mania, *i.e.*, jail; and it should be administered on first symptoms in doses varying with the malignancy of the disease.

I urge upon all automobilists coöperation in stopping outrageous disregard of others and the illegal and dangerous speeding, which may be seen in every direction.

I urge also upon the manufacturers and the dealers cessation of the present discount given chauffeurs which results in collusion between them and the garage and costs the owner heavily. It is a black graft which is harming the trade and robbing the owner.

Jail for reckless scorers, and a special tax on all automobile owners with which to oil the roads—are the urgent needs of the hour.

# POINTERS IN BLACK BASS FISHING

BY CLARENCE DEMING

IF we set aside the lore of places in the taking of game fish, no factor is so effective as attention to details and many of them small details. Collectively those details and *minutiae* of fishcraft spell the difference between the angler miscalled "lucky" and the man whose catch is at best variable, with the balance very often dropping on the "unlucky" side. With no game fish living is this element of small detail so important as with the black bass whose whimsical moods and tenses in biting accent by their mysteries the value of "pointers" any one of which may span the gap between a day's good sport or the exact reverse. This is true even in the lakes or streams where black bass are abundant; it is doubly true in the much more common waters where bass are relatively few and a good catch the sequel only of knowledge, skill, hard work, careful catching and care of bait and what we may call "particularity" all combined.

Black bass vary much in shyness. Studying their habits in very clear water and when not on their spawning beds, one betimes may find the fish very bold, swimming slowly to and fro near the boat and now and then even passing below it; at other times they move away—though not usually at a fast pace—as the boat draws near. When "still" fishing for them near the edges of weeds it is always wiser, therefore, to approach the anchorage from the weedy side, fixing the boat very quietly and without hard impact of the anchor on the bottom at a point not less than ten feet—twenty is better—from the edge of the weeds. So far as getting bites is concerned, the edge of the weeds is preferable or even slightly inside of them and casting outwards; but this plan means the loss of many a good fish in the weeds and must be discarded. The other alternative is to anchor far outside in deep water and cast toward the weedy shallows. This is satisfactory if the bottom slopes gently; but if, as is often the case, it slopes quickly, the too near approach is apt to scare the fish. As a rule, therefore, particularly if the water is not rough, take the boat well inside the weeds and then push out to the anchorage. It is a simple enough device, yet not half a dozen times in the lifetime of the writer has he seen even skilled bass fishers adopt it in "still" fishing. Seemingly they grudge the few minutes of extra time needed to obtain the "in and out" anchorage.

Not one bass fisherman in ten, skilled or unskilled, pays due attention to the point of the hook in its relation to the bait. Whether that bait is minnow, or crayfish, or frog or helgramite, the point of the hook should always be free for a distance not less than a quarter of an inch. If the bait is lively, it has a persistent way of "turning in" on the point of the hook—especially so in the case of frog and helgramite. The bass takes hold, you allow him due time, give the orthodox "twist," strike, and away comes the hook with its point deep buried in the neck shield of the helgramite or the jaw of the frog. To hook a bass under such conditions is as impossible as though the point were buried in a cork. Yet the great majority of anglers noting that the bait is "on" fish right along, sometimes for an hour without questioning that the bait is "on" right and examining it every few minutes. When, as is often the case, the bass bite only once every hour or two, the angler's habit of carelessness of course grows.

When the bass refuse to bite, or bite very slowly and fastidiously, a trick worth the trying is "dressing" a helgramite or crayfish. Twist off the head of the helgramite or—somewhat better—the nippers and strip the hard-neck shield; and, in the case of the crayfish, tear off a part of the lower shell so as to expose the white flesh. A well-fed bass dislikes the hard covering of the bait and may be lured to bite by removing them. For the same reason the soft shell crayfish will also be found in the long run much more alluring than the more common hardshells. An incidental advantage, if the angler cares for it, is that dressing the helgramite or crayfish makes it much more attractive for "vulgar" fish, notably the perch.

Another pointer too much ignored in bass fishing is the landing net and method of handling it. The great majority of fishers will be found using the common short handled landing net, large meshed, with an oblong diameter of say, ten inches—the type of light portable net generally used for trout. But the landing net for bass should have a light handle four feet long; a hoop diameter not less than eighteen inches; the wire of the hoop as small and light as possible consistently with fair strength and rigidity; and the material, while of strong thread, should be very small meshed. This makes a landing net and scoop net blended and very useful for

double purposes. The handling of the net in taking a bass, notably if the fish is big, is of the utmost importance. Net him *deep*—from a foot to two feet or even three feet below the surface. Don't wait until he is *quasi* "killed" and quiet on the water.

It is near the close of the killing that there is an acute danger point. The hook has, under the long strain, often torn the mouth either to the edge or so that it is loose, the instant the strain is relaxed. The skillful and quick deep netting averts that crisis as well as the danger of a sudden final "flop" or leap near the surface. Often the fish can be successfully "speered" into the deep-placed landing net and, indeed, sometimes seems to take to it as a port of refuge. Again and as another bit of advice resting on many years of experience, handle the landing net yourself with rod in one hand the net in the other, and the one hand knowing what the other hand doeth and plans to do. Many a great bass has fallen at the critical moment, between the divided counsels of two brains and a double set of unsympathetic hands.

"Drop the tip of the rod when the bass leaps," is advice too commonly offered in playing the fish. The writer refuses to accept it with emphasis on the "not" and gives personal advice exactly the reverse. Play the fish constantly with a high rod held firmly taut and with ample curve—the idea being to have the rod automatically take up slack and hold the hook firmly against the mouth tissues. A loose line at any stage of the play means instant danger. The general style of play should be to allow at first freely the hard rushes on a pretty stiff line and rod, using extra force only to steer the fish past danger points, especially when nearing the boat and its anchor rope. This excludes the too familiar see-saw movement in which it is astonishing to see some bass fishermen, otherwise expert, persist. The see-saw method not only by its constantly reversed action tends to tear flesh and loosen hook, but also by its short line policy invites the loss of a big fish by a sudden rush—saying nothing of the obvious peril of playing a big bass near the boat.

If the fish are fairly abundant and biting freely, use a single rod held in the hand,

making long casts and drawing in very slowly with bait near the bottom, hauling for a few minutes as the line becomes perpendicular or almost so near the boat. Then cast in a new direction and repeat. But in waters where the bass are scarce use two rods with ordinary corks somewhat smaller than anglers generally choose and, indeed, as small as possible provided they float and are not drawn down by sinker and bait. The corks let you cover more ground, signal the bite instantly, and picturesquely, resist the fish but little and give more time for the strike. It is not so necessary to adjust them on the line very accurately to depth as most bass fishers think. Ten feet above the hook is their limit, greater distance preventing the final playing of the fish for reasons obvious.

Final and heavy emphasis must be laid on the strength test for the line before each day's fishing for a distance of at least twenty feet from the hook, using a pretty hard strain between the hands held some three feet apart. The danger on this fore part of the line is not so much from any general weakness as from an accidental rush on a rough edge of the boat, rod, bait pail or other part of the equipment. Wet black bass lines should be dried instantly after each day's fishing. It not only prevents loss of fish but triples and even quadruples the life of the line. How vital is the watch against a flaw in the black bass line, let a single recent example attest. The writer may, perhaps, be allowed to vaunt the fact that but once in a dozen years through his own oversight has he broken tackle on a black bass. The exception came last summer. The "biggest bass" of the season, with a swirl like a shark's, had run out the line seventy feet when, in forcing the fish, the silk parted thirty feet from the hook. Tests of the broken terminal disclosed four feet of weak line. Then, too late, it was recalled that the rod and line had been used all day in "skeetering" for pickerel a few days before. The weak section came on the line at the extreme limits of the cast and a little rough nick in the tip of the rod told the rest of a tale that suggests what external and forecasting vigilance is the price of trustworthy bass tackle.

## VARIATIONS IN RETRIEVING DOGS

BY JOSEPH A. GRAHAM

**R**ETRIEVING has always been regarded as an important, if not essential, part of a gun dog's education; but nothing exhibits in practice so many degrees of im-

perfection, so many uncertainties, so many ineptitudes. The ducking man's dog, naturally, being nothing but a retriever, either finds and fetches fairly well or is left

at home; but even the water dog is more than likely to be an unreliable performer. For quail, grouse and woodcock the perfect retriever is rare. When the bird dog is a perfect retriever, he is not seldom worthless in other respects. He may be too old for good covey finding or constitutionally too friendly and lazy. At times we see a fine, eager hunter converted into a sneak by the hacking, discouraging, nagging labors of the trainer who perseveres, not wisely but too well, in forcing the habit of recovering dead birds.

Many sportsmen have decided that unless a dog retrieves of his own accord it is a loss rather than a gain to fool away time in compelling a forced obedience. A few Americans have obtained English retrievers, a breed kept exclusively for that purpose, in order not to interfere with the searching business of the setter or pointer. Quite a large number of other Americans reckon it up that the few birds saved for the bag by retrieving are not worth the trouble of training and keeping up training—do not compensate for the faults which the dog is likely to acquire in the course of a retrieving education.

If you do desire a retrieving pointer or setter, how do you go about it? The theory of a mechanical system of forced retrieving is expounded elaborately in a dozen books. It is so simple that most of the elaboration is nothing but superfluity. The teacher would come up against the details and deal with them, whether he had read about them or not; that is, if he had the coolness and patience to go through to the end, and without the coolness and patience his experiment will in any case be a failure. The whole theory of forced retrieving can be told in a sentence. You put a cord, say of from twenty to forty feet in length, on the dog's collar, for the purpose of retaining control of his movements; make him hold a stick or pad in his mouth until you take it out; then make him pick it up at different distances and bring it to you; all the time having him associate the act with some distinct word or order.

It is more interesting to consider the variations of dog nature and dog opportunity which do not appear in the books. For example, though natural retrieving, according to the book authorities, is considered imperfect and unreliable, it is rather comfortable to the exasperated amateur who has spent some weary hours in hacking away at reluctant pupils, to discover that one of his dogs will of its own accord bring in a dead bird. All he has to do then, is to get the dog to obey the order to come in and hunt up the fallen game. The animal, to be sure, may chew up the bird more than is seemly, but the force system is not exempt from that danger, and in either case more or less of vigilance and sharp reproof may be required.

One example of extreme difficulty was solved by a simple device. I saw a trainer

reach in two days an advanced stage of the business when a month of the usual course had made no impression. The dog was one of those eager, restless, intense hunters which are impatient of human control and indifferent to human orders. As such dogs are generally the best in hunting energy and stamina, they are valued highly. This dog had been whipped not a little and jerked about on a cord a great deal. He had not been induced to even hold the pad in his mouth. Efforts seemed to merely excite him and increase his rattle-headedness. The trainer noticed him dash at a crippled sparrow, and conceived the idea of utilizing that nuisance of the farm yard. He killed a sparrow and threw it down before the dog. The scheme worked from the first. The dog dashed at the bird and was fiercely concerned. Doubtless he would have eaten it or, at least, have chewed it to a pulp, but the trainer was quick to tighten the cord instantly and rapidly draw the dog to him. The chewing could not proceed. The bird would be forcibly taken from the dog's mouth before it was fairly ruffled or dampened. All the time, of course, the trainer was using his commands, "hunt 'em up," and "fetch." It was one of the quickest educations I ever saw. Instead of disliking, the dog enjoyed the sport. I think that my memory is not wrong when I say that he was ready for the field in four or five days, for the conditions of the teaching were so nearly those of the field that there was nothing new in transferring from the yard to work on game. I cannot say how far the plan would apply to average dogs, but am inclined to believe it better as a regular practice than the pad system. It seems to accord more naturally with the dog's instinctive methods.

Suppose what occurs with every dog at the opening of every season, unless the excellent rule of sending for a month beforehand to a professional trainer is followed, your retrieving setter has once been well taught but has for nearly a year done little but run around at liberty. How do you get him settled down again to his retrieving? If he is naturally docile and you have kept him well under command in his long vacation, it is easy. But that is not the more frequent case. He is probably rusty, rank and disobedient. Then there is nothing to do but devote a little time to special training. Put the cord on him and force him to obey orders. If possible, hunt him with an old, steady dog and get the cord on him while the other dog makes a point. Dismiss the gun and shooting, if there is another man to do it, while you devote yourself to compelling the searching closely for the dead bird and recovering it. Two or three times ought to restore the dog's usefulness and your peace of mind.

There is all the difference in the world between the careful finding of dead birds and the retrieving of them. The former is

the really important function. In ordinary cover not many birds fall where you cannot pick them up yourself, while lots of them fall in places and in ways which puzzle you to find them. Every bird dog should be taught to come in close and search carefully for dead and crippled birds. That does not belong properly to the art of retrieving, but to the general obedience to orders without which a dog is not trained at all. It will be found, I think, that a dog which comes in and "hunts 'em up" thoroughly will not lose you a dozen birds in a month's shooting through not actually retrieving. I know that I should rather work with one good finder of dead birds than with three half trained, slobby retrievers.

Does training a retriever call for the whip, or for severity of any kind? Answer that question by abruptly dismissing the doubt and turning a deaf ear to cheap and fanciful talk of humane methods. It certainly does call for a degree of severity, and a light whip is the most humane of instruments, even if you have also a check cord. If human beings cannot be carried to efficiency without rewards and punishments meted out by superior authority, as they cannot, surely it is foolish to try it on dogs. You must force a dog to subordinate his will to yours; to pay instant attention to your commands. The rule ought to be that necessary severity should be applied peremptorily and remorselessly, and that unnecessary severity is a shame and reproach. A dog can stand a severe punish-

ment; sometimes must have it to realize that there is a hereafter. Spike collars, choke collars, clubs and kickings are abominations. They are unnecessary and therefore disgraceful. The light whip and the check cord are necessary and therefore merciful. Another merciful plan is to let a dog have his run for ten minutes, if he is kennel-kept, before the lesson of the day begins, though there comes the period when that very moment of freshness and eagerness is the point to teach that commands must be obeyed, regardless of his honest joy of liberty. You can tell when that time comes.

People will tell you that a retriever should bring in a crippled bird before touching a dead one; should point a live single bird with a dead one in his mouth; and do all sorts of such acts for you to brag about. Maybe so, but you will waste trouble by trying to teach these feats. Most dogs will go after a struggling cripple before picking up a dead bird. So would you in a similar situation. You see it first and want it most. Any dog will point a live bird if he catches scent while a dead bird is in the mouth. There is nothing remarkable about it, rather it is the obvious thing to do. But no dog can be depended upon to catch the scent. So let that happen as it will. Also, be gratified if a dog retrieves two birds on one trip, but do not expect it. Be satisfied if a dog is a fairly decent, clean, cheerful retriever, for there are precious few of them, in spite of all you read and hear.

## SOME REMARKABLE SHOTS

BY C. H. MORTON

INTO the life of every sportsman comes some tenderly cherished episode of the field to leave the day forever after sketched upon his memory in glowing colors. Some brilliant bit of work with both barrels, some great achievement of his favorite pointer, or a difficult snapshot of his companion may top the pinnacle of the day's enjoyment. Happening less often, the opportunity for an unusual shot is presented, and whether accidental or not, its consummation is a thing to be remembered, and in its remembrance the hunter but renews his offerings upon the altar of his devotion.

There is always more or less poetry in the make-up of the true sportsman. He loves the fields and streams with a healthy Nature-love, a nomad gift handed down from primitive Adam, and possibly the best of our ancestor's legacies. Perhaps the sportsman may be unconscious of this divine instinct, but by its presence the sea-

sons call to him and he must respond. Each day afield, therefore, is not a going forth to kill, but rather a little journey through the hills and valleys of Nature's sacred ways, and the day's sport is made wholesomer by reason of the unexpected that so often happens.

A sportsman friend of mine hunting grouse near the foot of that favored mountain bearing the great Cross of perpetual snow could with difficulty keep the business of the day in mind, so engrossed was he with the wildness and beauty of the scenery. Finally a bird flushed at a short distance and flew to the left, passing him in good range. As the light gun flashed in line, that wonderful white Cross gleamed just beyond in the gathering dusk. Timing nicely the flight of the bird until the whirring wings brought it in conjunction with that stately token, he pressed the trigger. The stricken bird hung suspended

for a thrilling instant against the dusky mountain, sharply defined upon the background of that wonder of Nature, the snowy Cross. The memory of that moment shines fresh and clear throughout the years that bring forgetfulness.

On Thanksgiving Day everybody goes shooting. At least one would so imagine from hearing the fusilade that startles the countryside. I have forsworn hunting on Thanksgiving Day because it has become rather a dangerous pastime. My last experience proved that fact, different parties having peppered me with bird shot three times in one morning. They seemed to think the fault was mine, somehow. One Thanksgiving, years ago, I found myself in company with an enthusiastic crowd of farmer boys shooting rabbits along a dense hedge in a lane partly filled with piles of old hedge tops, an ideal place for bunnies. I had the only shotgun, a hammerless, the boys being armed with target rifles. They were expert shots, however, and soon had a little pile of rabbits lying at the end of the lane. When a boy missed a shot he carried the next rabbit killed to the general pile, and as we wandered down the hedge the distance became quite a tax on the victim's patience. There were hundreds of rabbits in that thick hedge, and they jumped in and out almost continually. The shotgun had been idle, but now a rifle got out of order, and the owner begged the loan of the "scatter-gun." As I handed him the gun, some one called out: "Let's make Bill tote the rabbits; he can't use a shotgun." While Bill was stoutly arguing the point, a rabbit broke cover and scooted up the lane. Like a flash Bill had him covered, but no report sounded. He pulled the other trigger, but no result. The boys were yelling with laughter at Bill's predicament. I said: "Push up that safety," but Bill did not know what a "safety" was, so I reached out and clicked the safety-button. Bill took a frantic snapshot at that flying bunny, and incredible as it seems, killed it cleanly. The rabbit rolled over and over, his last revolution landing him neatly across the pile of rabbits lying in the middle of the lane, just one hundred and one yards from Bill's firing point. The laughter ceased as Bill coolly asserted that "it was lots easier to drop them on the pile than to carry them that far." Bill was a hero, and that shotgun's killing powers are still talked about whenever I meet a friend of that day's sport.

One beautiful November afternoon I was hunting with a companion along a grass-grown ditch, or "draw," as Westerners call it. The dogs were working the heavy cover eagerly, and we were expecting a shot at quail with every step. Off to our right, about two hundred yards, in the edge of a cornfield, was a gang of bush-whacking negro boys with five dogs to every boy. Their battery consisted of army muskets at the ratio of three boys to

each musket. Suddenly my friend literally stepped upon a rabbit in its bed in the grass where it had lain snugly hidden. I do not know which of the two was more startled. Away fled bunny straight down the draw, neither of us caring to shoot; our dogs watching his tremendous leaps with vivid interest, but held in restraint by their own good training. After going straight away for nearly two hundred yards, bunny turned sharply to the right and fled toward the cornfield. When he reached it he made the mistake of his life, for he turned again to the right and came flying back until he appeared unceremoniously among the bunch of dogs and boys, who greeted his sudden advent with loud yelps and a totally useless discharge of musketry. The confusion caused the rabbit to turn again and here he came, right toward us, under full steam with a miscellaneous assortment of dogs stringing out behind.

"He's coming back to his bed," I shouted to my friend, who replied: "See me put him in it," and fired. The rabbit rolled, as a shot rabbit will, and his limp little form stopped in precisely the identical bunch of grass he had so hastily quitted only a few short moments before, and still warm from his recent occupation. He had traveled nearly a mile around the sides of a gigantic square, only to fall, riddled with shot, into the very bed from whence he started.

A month later snow covered the ground. It was fine "rabbit weather," and armed with a little 16-gauge, I was tramping along the bed of a narrow creek while my dog was tending to business in the underbrush above me. Suddenly I saw a rabbit dart from the grass and come bounding in great leaps toward the creek. He was within easy shot, but as I swung the light gun on him, it occurred to me to see if he really intended to jump the creek or come in my direction. He had his mind made up for the leap. The dog was above him, I was below, and safety lay across the ditch. It was a fifteen-foot leap, but he took it without halting, and as he rose, I "took" him with a load of sixes, broadside. Turning end for end in the air he sailed onward, striking the snow fully twenty feet from the "take-off," and sliding several feet with the force of impact. It is the only instance, to my knowledge, of shooting a rabbit "on the wing."

One sometimes notes queer results from shots fired over the traps. I remember seeing two clay birds broken by a single shot, although thrown from traps fifty feet apart. Also at another time, a clay bird broken and a live pigeon killed with one shot, and a clay bird and a swallow killed at one discharge.

During a tournament at Kansas City, a fine misty rain was falling, although the sun was shining brightly in the western sky. While the rain lasted, such was the peculiar

conditions of the atmosphere and brilliant light effects, that the path of every shot fired could be distinctly traced for many yards through the moisture laden air. Each discharge cut a hole through the rain-drops, clearly defined. It was a remarkable and interesting experience.

I am reminded of a wonderful shot I witnessed at a large Western shooting park where a championship match between two prominent wing-shots was in progress. One rarely sees a really remarkable shot during a pigeon match, because the birds are usually killed quickly and cleanly before they have attained any great distance from the sprung traps. A quick and clever shot gains applause for his brilliant, snappy work, but his birds are gathered very close to the traps. On the occasion mentioned, J. A. R. Elliott stepped to the score, called "Pull," the trap opened and the bird refused to fly. Whereupon the referee declared it a "no-bird," and the pigeon flew away unharmed. Elliott's next bird was killed promptly with the first shot, but before he lowered the gun he caught sight of his "no-bird" circling near the ground far out in the field. He aimed carefully, fired and killed the pigeon dead. It was eighty measured yards from where he stood to the boundary line, and the bird was picked up several paces beyond that. As an exhibition of marksmanship, that shot evidenced the touch of the master, the consummate knowledge of the craft, and the skill that goes with practice, for it was not an accident, not a scratch shot, but carefully planned and executed in the twinkling of an eye.

Possibly the most remarkable of shots was achieved by a reckless farmer boy who favored me with his company one November afternoon. He possessed an abominable "Zulu" single-barrel, and conversed loudly and interminably of his prowess with that weapon. Having already expended his stock of ammunition, he borrowed my heavy nitro-powder loads as occasion required, although I urged the extreme hazard of using them in a Zulu.

One of his pet methods for slaying game consisted in cutting a cartridge around the powder wads. Thus the shot, encased in the upper half of the shell, would leave the gun like a projectile, the case forming a sort of concentrator. He illustrated by firing at a chicken hawk perched on a haystack a hundred yards away. Nothing happened, apparently, although I anticipated the disintegration of the Zulu. Farther on, however, we were met by an irate farmer, whose door had been punctured by a missile which expended its force upon the cottage organ, seriously impairing the questionable usefulness of that instrument. The house was in direct line with that haystack, but a very long distance beyond. My farmer boy was distressed at the result of his shot—he had missed a hawk, but had hit his own home square in the center.

My own pointer once assisted me in a rather astonishing way to secure a quail I had shot. The mere fact of my hitting the bird was almost enough in itself to make memorable the event, for I was in the beginner's class, and rarely knew just when to pull the triggers of my little sixteen-bore. I shot around and over and under the quail so many times that I felt genuinely sorry for myself. Finally a quail flushed at a distance, and escaping the shots of adjacent gunners, came hurtling toward me. I went through the entirely perfunctory process of cocking the hammer, aiming the gun, and pulling the trigger, but the result was entirely unlooked for. The quail was killed cleanly, and, as he came whirling out of the cloud of feathers, the old pointer sprang from the ground and gathered him in. It was as neat and clever a catch as could be imagined. Since then my marksmanship has improved, and I can give a fairly good account of myself at game or at the traps, but I would willingly give all my skill and the nonchalant confidence gained by long experience for the uncertainties and heart-stopping thrills of the days when the most remarkable shots were the ones that found their marks.

## THE WORST ROADS IN AMERICA

DISCOVERED BY THE MOTORISTS WHO WERE CONTESTANTS IN THE RECENT FOURTH ANNUAL TOUR OF THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

BY M. WORTH COLWELL

MANY parts of this country have already gained reputations for their bad roads and since the motor car has grown to be an institution, highway building has be-

come a topic of national interest. The writer has traveled thousands of miles by automobile, through various parts of the country, over all sorts of roads, but the



worst fifteen hundred miles of highway he has ever seen, was that encountered by the automobilists in the recent Glidden Tour, which ran from Cleveland and Chicago to New York, finishing July 24th.

When eighty-one motor cars left Cleveland, O., on the morning of July 10th, carrying some three hundred passengers, few of the motorists realized what a tough contest was ahead of them. This fourth annual tour of the American Automobile Association, for the Glidden and Hower trophies, run for a short distance over some of the finest roads in the country and for the bulk of the 1,570 miles, over the worst roads imaginable, was the most stringent test to which motor cars could be subjected. While the run was a triumph for some of the cars entered, it proved a Waterloo for most of them and at the finish, the majority of the machines were fit for the junk-heap.

Road conditions were such that of the eighty-one starters in the big tour, thirty-six of the cars survived the trip and arrived at New York. Twenty-one of them had "perfect scores" at the finish, *i.e.*, none of these had to replace parts throughout the trip and always reached the night controls on schedule time. Of the remaining fifteen survivors, eleven were contestants who had received penalizations at various times and the balance were official and press cars. Contestants did not drop out because of mechanical troubles with their machines. They withdrew when forced to do so by the bad roads.

The itinerary of the tour was mapped out to include every possible road condition, such as sand, clay, level and mountain country, that would prove to a certain extent, what cars were best suited to general touring in America. The route was arranged to occupy two weeks, making night stops at the cities of Toledo, O.; South Bend, Ind.; Chicago, Ill.; Indianapolis, Ind.; Columbus, O.; Canton, O.; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Bedford Springs, Pa.; Baltimore, Md.; Philadelphia, Pa.; in the above order, winding up at New York City. Twelve running days were arranged, there being a rest on Saturday and Sunday at Chicago and another Sunday vacation at Bedford Springs, or "Bed Springs," as the tourists dubbed it. The longest day's run was 175 miles from Indianapolis to Columbus and the shortest, 97 miles, from Pittsburgh to Bedford Springs (over mountains). The other daily runs averaged between these figures. A time schedule was drawn up that tried automobiles more severely than they had ever been tried before. It was a schedule that was harder on passengers and drivers than any run on record and was entirely due to the horrible roads. No one but a person who actually made the entire run can ever realize the sensations and frequently agonizing conditions that were met by contestants in the struggle to reach the goal.

A happier crowd was never assembled than that in front of the Hollenden at Cleveland, which awaited the signal to start that Wednesday morning on the great space-annihilating grind. It was beautifully clear weather and the day was apparently ideal, but before five miles had been covered, the air was so thick with dust that it was often impossible to see ten feet ahead on the road through the choking clouds of dirt. It was the dustiest day of the whole tour and was terribly hard on throats and nostrils, which combined with the heavy sun-burning that every tourist received, made the riders feel pretty well parched by the time Toledo was reached. Dust was never like this!

The country in this part of Ohio is extremely flat and the roads remarkably straight, like the ancient Roman roads, only not nearly as good. The roughness told on tires and a number of contestants were obliged to change tubes before the tour had scarcely started.

Just as deserts of dust were the features of the run through the Ohio towns of Elyria, Norwalk, Monroeville, Stony Ridge and others, so oceans of mud were the characteristics of the second day. A heavy rain had fallen over night at Toledo and the soft, pasty mud which that powdered dust made, was a study in physics and chemistry. It was slippery, slimy, treacherously dangerous ooze, the like of which, the contestants had never seen before. The road-bed itself, was hard, and this covering of slime from a foot to two feet deep, made just the correct combination for fancy skidding. The cars floundered around in it like so many mired pigs. For miles, this mixture of wet clay caused each one of the cars to skid and slide practically every inch of the way. The State road was full of great holes, the depth of which could not be ascertained until the car plunged right into them. Frequently they were deep enough to force the driver to back out and try to sail around them. Between the towns of Java, Swanton, Delta and Bryan, the car the writer rode in, continually skidded around at right angles to the road and into ditches, although a most expert driver was at the wheel. This alone accounted for the car not upsetting, when a turtling seemed unavoidable in several instances, and all passengers were ready to jump.

All four wheels on most of the cars were equipped with anti-skid chains, which helped to give traction, but did not prevent all sorts of "skating" and swaying from one side of the road to the other. To get mired and have to pull out with the aid of a team of horses, was a common thing that day. The distance from Toledo to South Bend, Indiana, is 166 miles and the time schedule set for the Gliddenites, to cover it in nine hours or be penalized, would have been a fast schedule under clear weather conditions. Attempting to do it in that

time, in view of the mud, was suicidal. This time-limit was responsible for the sad accidents to Kenneth R. Otis' party and T. J. Clark's car. In the former, the car upset, while skidding into a ditch, pinning the occupants under the car and injuring Mr. Otis, his wife and sister, very seriously. Several days after the bad upsetting of car No. 6, Mr. Clark died in a Toledo hospital. Had the roads been such as the average under wet weather conditions and not covered with slime, these accidents would not have happened.

Mr. Charles J. Glidden, the donor of the trophy, who holds the world's record for automobile mileage and who has traveled in nearly a dozen countries, a distance of more than sixty thousand miles, declared that never in all his touring here or abroad, had he encountered such execrable mud road conditions as those in Ohio and Indiana on the road to South Bend. Speaking on this subject he said:

"Seventy per cent. of the roads encountered on this tour would, by any European government, be closed to travel and marked 'Use at your own peril.' One of the things that this tour has accomplished, is that it has revealed some of the deplorable conditions of the highways of a prosperous nation. The accidents on the tour were due wholly to the bad roads, which were unknown to the drivers. They were the worst trails imaginable."

The following day, on the run from South Bend to Chicago, the roads were much better. Sometimes there were really fine stretches that were a pleasure to ride upon. However, there was a mile of nasty mire near Crocker, Ill., which was agonizing. Then the road from Hammond into South Chicago (about twelve miles) was another execrable path. The roads about Toledo took the prize for bad rural highways, but I have never seen or even imagined that there were such streets in any city, as the black, oozing filth and foul smelling mud of South Chicago. It was not on account of bad weather—it is a regular thing. The natives are used to it and the children wallow in it. It is hard to believe that such conditions of hub-deep filth in the regular highway can exist in such a large city, when only a short distance from this stretch, the parks present roads as fine as any in the world. One of the tourists likened the pestilent morasses and delightful boulevards, to a transition from Hades to Paradise and the simile was indeed fitting.

The roads to Columbus and Canton, O., were not so bad, but the country, from the latter place to Pittsburgh made the hardest going of the tour. This was on account of the water-breaks or thank-you-ma'ams, which were encountered by the thousands. In fact, throughout the rest of the trip, until Philadelphia was reached, these agonies tormented the life out of the tourists. Between Pittsburgh and Bedford

Springs, Pa., through the Chestnut Ridge, Laurel Ridge and the Allegheny mountains, the road was just one long series of bumps and rocks. From Bedford, over the Scrub Ridge and Tuscarora Mountain, into the historic Maryland country, through Baltimore and from thence up to Philadelphia, these waterless water-bars continued without ceasing, at intervals of anywhere from twenty to one hundred feet apart.

These water-breakers are said by the inhabitants of that part of the country, to be the same identical ones that were placed there before the Revolutionary War. In the early days, when road crowning and grading of highways was unknown, these bumps were made by placing large rocks across the road at intervals and covering them with piles of slag and dirt. Sometimes logs were laid across and stones heaped over them, with the result that these rises in the road became permanent and will remain until Doom's day, unless the roads are rebuilt. They were evidently invented with the idea of draining the hilly country and perhaps to prevent teams from going down hill too fast. This drainage idea was anything but brilliant. In most cases the roads are flat, with no ditch at the side and the object of the water-breaker was to carry rain water or mountain torrents into the adjacent fields and "break the stream up," instead of carrying it to some suitable outlet in accordance with modern ideas. When originally built, these barriers were undoubtedly much higher than now, but at present they range anywhere from six inches to two feet in height, some of them much more choppy than others.

These are the things that play havoc with the springs and brakes of a motor car. They cannot be negotiated with anything like high speed. No sooner has the driver gotten over one of them and fairly-started, than he has to throttle down again and put on brakes for the next one. It is necessary to cross them diagonally and as slowly as possible, for by their very nature, they seem designed to break the best springs made. Few of the cars survived the lumps in the Alleghenies without breaking spring leaves and bending axles. The car the writer was in, bent the rear axle, so that the wheels inclined at such angles that the tires rubbed against the tonneau body.

As for brakes, half the contestants practically burned them up. The bands and hubs would get red hot, sparks fly and the metal would literally burn away. Many times the tourists would go in search of mountain streams for water to cool the brakes and sometimes would take water from the car's radiator for this purpose. In the heart of the Alleghenies, the brakes on R. G. Kelsey's "Yellow Kid" car, gave out entirely, and as far as emergency brakes or even ordinary brake bands were concerned, they might as well never have been put on the car. The car that carried

the writer had brakes that burned until the bands looked like strips of sheet tin and were no more protection than paper would have been. Numerous contestants descended the steep mountains in safety, only by shutting off the ignition system and causing the momentum of the car to push its own engine. This process was extremely hard on the gears and transmission and more than one car was injured by it.

And the passengers in the rear seats—what did they think about the bumps? Ask some of them why they got out and rode on the running boards of the car, or frequently walked up hills. It takes a pretty hard bump to throw a person out of the tonneau, but that is what happened several times, when cars would jounce down a steep mountainside with its brakes all gone. The wonder of it all was that there were not more accidents. It was the expert driving by those at the wheel, that

prevented casualties. Between Philadelphia and New York the delightfully smooth macadam seemed too good to be true.

None of the foregoing is exaggeration. Anyone who made the tour will vouch for it. There were automobilists on this run who had been in every tour of any importance, including the three previous Glidden Tours, and all agree that the fourth annual tour of the A. A. A. was the most severe and hardest motoring test, both to passengers and cars alike that was ever held—all of which was due to road conditions.

Some of the tourists talked in a nearly serious way of raising a fund for the widows and children of the non-survivors of the last Glidden tour, but others have suggested that it would be a greater charity to raise a fund for rebuilding the fifteen hundred miles of awful roads that broke their bones.

## FALL WORK ABOUT THE COUNTRY HOME

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

NOVEMBER has some hard work in it for the owner of collections of plants which require protection during the winter season. This work should be done before the ground freezes to *remain* frozen. Of course one cannot tell the exact date when settled cold weather will set in, but it is safe to take it for granted that it is likely to come any time after the tenth of the month. The work of winter protection should be completed before that, if possible, for after cold weather is upon us it will be difficult to do it well, and this is a kind of work that cannot be slighted if you would look for the best results.

If you have roses to deal with, provide yourself with leather gloves that their thorns cannot penetrate, before beginning to work among them. Bare-handed work will be poor work among this class of plants.

If care was not taken, during the season, to keep the bushes properly pruned, it will be well to go over them and remove all weak and superfluous branches, before laying them down. It isn't worth while to bother with branches which will have to be cut away next spring. It is also well to shorten most of the branches that you leave, for nine times out of ten the tips of later growth will not have ripened thoroughly, and will have to be cut back next spring.

The best method of protecting roses, all things considered, so far as my experience goes, is this: Gather the bushes together,

tie them into a compact mass with a string stout enough to resist all their efforts to break loose. Then bend them flatly down upon the ground, putting large pieces of sward across them, or strips of board that can be weighted with stone, to prevent them from resuming an upright position as soon as you relax your grip on them. If their canes are large and stiff, it is an excellent plan to remove a few shovelfuls of earth from the base of the plant, on the side toward which you propose to bend its branches. This will allow you to bend the plant over without breaking or cracking any of its stalks. Another method to avoid breaking of the stalks is this: Heap earth about the base of the plant, and bend the branches over the soil. This admits of curving each branch in such a manner that all abrupt bends and angles are avoided, thus doing away with all danger from careless handling. The first plan, however, enables us to flatten the bush out in a manner that makes it easy to cover every portion of it well, but the latter one elevates that portion of the stalk close to the base of the plant, hence especial care will have to be taken to heap up the covering at this point.

After the plants are bent down, and securely fastened to the ground by weights which will prevent them from rising, cover with dry soil. Put this on to a depth of five or six inches, taking care to have all parts of the plant covered, and see

that it is well settled among the branches. Then add five or six inches of coarse litter, and over this put something that will shed rain. If water is absorbed and retained by the soil about the branches of your roses they will be injured by it quite as much as they would be by full exposure to the severest weather of winter. The most important item of winter protection consists in keeping the soil with which you cover your plants as dry as possible. Old pieces of oilcloth make an excellent top covering. So does tarred paper, if securely fastened to prevent the wind from blowing it away. Or a roofing of boards can be made, laying them in such a manner that they overlap at the edges, like shingles.

If your roses are planted in rows, I would advise setting up boards a foot in height, on each side of the row, just far enough apart to accommodate the branches comfortably when they are laid down. Begin at one end of the row, lay the first plant down, then take the next one, and so continue until all the plants are prostrated. It will not matter in the least if the top of one plant overlaps the base of the one next to it. Then fill in about and between the branches with leaves, pressing them down well, and putting several inches of soil on top of them to hold them down. Provide a roofing board wide enough to project an inch or two over the boards at the side of the row. Nail it lightly, to make sure of its remaining in place, but do not attempt to make it fit tightly anywhere, as there must be a free circulation of air. Cover a plant with a box or barrel tight enough to exclude air, and you will kill it.

Hollyhocks are hardy enough to stand our severest northern winters if they can be kept dry. Often leaves will fall over them and settle about their crowns in such a manner as to keep out water. Plants thus protected come through in spring in the best possible condition. But allow water to settle about the plants and their thick, soft foliage will absorb it almost like a sponge, and decay will be almost sure to set in. This will soon be communicated to the crown of the plant, and this means utter failure next spring. My method with this most excellent plant, which should be carried through the winter, if possible, is to invert a box over it, and bank up about it with soil. In this way we keep the foliage of the plant dry, the banked-up soil turning rain aside, and preventing the accumulation of water about the crown of the plant in spring, when the snow melts. If this is done, the hollyhock will do duty for several seasons. If it is *not* done, it is generally necessary to procure new plants each season.

Bulb beds should always be covered to a depth of eight or ten inches with coarse litter, hay, or straw. Litter is best. This covering will prevent alternate freezing and thawing which takes place in a soil not protected from the sunshine of winter.

Ordinary bulbs are quite hardy enough to stand severely cold weather, but the expansion of the soil in which they are planted, under the action of frost, tears them loose, and injures their roots to such an extent that quite frequently they prove failures. The covering provided does not keep the cold out. On the contrary, it is calculated to keep it in, once it has effected an entrance, by keeping the warmth of the sun out. If a very tender plant freezes in fall, and can be kept frozen until frost is extracted gradually in spring, it will survive the coldest weather, but let it thaw out to-day and freeze to-night, and let this alternation of conditions take place repeatedly, and its tissues will be ruptured beyond the possibility of recovery.

Most herbaceous perennials and biennials are able to stand our northern winters without protection, because they have roots elastic enough to resist the strain caused by expansion of the soil under frost. But this strain, while not sufficient to cause death, tells strongly on their vital force, therefore I always advise giving even our hardiest plants a covering of litter. It pays richly to do so. Next year's growth of stalk and flower will convince you that it is well worth while to expend a little labor on this class of plants every fall.

Heap coarse manure about the peonies. In spring spade it in about the roots.

Pansies should be covered lightly. Just enough, in fact, to shade them well. Throw some leaves about the plants, and place branches of evergreens on top to hold them in place. Or, lacking the evergreens, lay a piece of wire netting over them. Cover this plant deeply and it will smother. It is well to cover all seedling perennials in the same manner.

Many vines trained up against the house walls cannot be removed for laying down. These should be provided with something that will shade them from winter sunshine, which often is intense during the middle of the day. Boards can be set up against them, or straw mats can be fastened in front of them. Fortunately, most of our hardy vines are so strong of constitution that they are able to withstand the frequent and often pronounced changes of temperature during winter, but some, like the Boston ivy—*ampelopsis Verichii*—are not, especially when young, and these must be given a protection of some sort until they have acquired the hardiness which comes with age. I know of many amateur gardeners who protect their plants by tacking sheathing paper over them. Others set cornstalks up against the walls where they grow. Neither is a very sightly method, but this does not greatly matter if we can save our plants by it.

Snow is an ideal covering for all plants, if we could have it throughout the season. But generally it fails to come early enough to be depended on. Should there be an early fall of it, I would advise banking it up

against tender plants of all kinds. I have, on several occasions, wintered tea roses out of doors, under snowdrifts. They were covered early in the season, remained covered until April, and came through with only a loss of last year's branches.

#### FALL SUGGESTIONS

Clear the garden—and all the grounds, for that matter—of dead plants, leaves, stakes, and everything that does not belong there in winter.

Mark the location of all plants that die down completely, so that injury to them in spring may be avoided.

Thin places on the lawn can be improved by applying a good top-dressing of fine compost. A broadcast sowing of wood ashes and bonemeal will bring about excellent results. Scatter lawn grass seed thickly over all places requiring a thicker sward after applying compost, raking it in well. This will get an early start next spring, and by midsummer your uneven lawn will have taken on the richness and uniformity of sward which it must have to be wholly satisfactory. Many persons defer the application of fertilizers until spring, but experience has convinced me that fall fertilizing is a matter of great importance.

Cover the asparagus beds with a heavy mulch of coarse litter, or manure.

Take up strong roots of this plant for winter forcing in the cellar.

Also of rhubarb. This delicious vegetable is never so much appreciated as in winter. Forced rhubarb has a delicacy of flavor that the spring-grown article is lacking in. Set strong roots in large boxes, or in broad frames, on the cellar-bottom, packing soil between them, or sphagnum moss. Keep dormant as long as possible, but as soon as growth begins water well. Of course you will not get such a profusion of growth as you get out of doors, under natural conditions, but you will secure enough to give you many treats during the season when delicacies of this sort are few and far between.

Lay down the blackberry bushes. If the canes are not pliable enough to admit of this without breaking, remove a shovelful or two of soil from one side of the plant. This will allow you to bend the bush over easily and safely. Put a shovelful of soil on the tips of the bushes to hold them in place, and throw coarse manure or litter about the roots of the plant.

Store away a goodly quantity of celery in the cellar for winter use. Keep the roots moist, and the tops dry. This is the general rule observed by all who attempt to carry this plant through the winter. Set the plants close together on the cellar-bottom, with considerable earth between them.

Keep apples in a cool, dry place, where the air has free circulation. Never allow any showing the least bruise or blemish to get among those you want to keep well. Perfect fruit must be selected for this purpose.

Fall plowing of the garden is advisable, if many worms were found in it during the summer. Exposure of larvae to severe freezing will often result in great benefit to garden-crops the coming season.

Mulch the strawberry bed with straw or coarse litter after the ground has frozen slightly. Spread whatever you use thinly and evenly over the surface. A heavy covering is not needed. Use something that is free from weed-seeds if possible.

It is an excellent plan to provide several boxes or barrels of sand to scatter over the floor of the hen-house in winter. This will do much to keep the air in a healthy condition, as it will absorb the liquid from droppings, and can be easily removed when necessary. Do not throw it away, when removed, but store it up for use on the garden next spring.

Also provide a liberal supply of road-dust for the fowls to wallow in, in winter.

#### ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

*Moss on the Lawn.* (M. S. S.)—Moss on the lawn indicates lack of fertility in the soil. Put a heavy dressing of rich compost over the spots where the moss grows, and re-seed them.

*Poison Ivy.* (W. D. T.)—I have been successful in killing out this plant by sprinkling kerosene over it during the growing season. Mow off its shoots close to the ground, and then apply your oil. Of course the application will kill everything else in the vegetable line that it comes in contact with, but you can well afford to make the sacrifice if, by so doing, you get rid of this dangerous plant. Let some one work among it who is not susceptible to its poisonous influence.

*Wintering Dahlia Tubers.* (Miss D. J. K.)—Dahlia roots can generally be wintered safely where potatoes do well. I would advise ripening off the tubers thoroughly before storing them away, by exposing them to strong sunshine for several days after digging them. Do not separate the roots now, but do that in spring when it comes time to put the plants out in the garden. It will be well to examine them from time to time, during the winter, to make sure they are keeping well. If you find any tubers decaying, remove them at once. If the tubers seem to be drying up, give them a slightly damper location. If they are molding, put them in a place free from moisture, where there is a free circulation of air. Racks or shelves close to the ceiling are good places on which to store dahlias in a very damp cellar.

# SELECTING A CANOE

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

I suppose I have paddled about every sort of craft in use, and have found good qualities in all. Now that I am called upon to pick out one of them and label it as the best, even for a specific purpose, I must confess myself puzzled as to a choice. Perhaps the best way would be to describe the different sorts of canoe in common use, detail their advantages, tell what I consider the best of each kind, and leave the choice to your own taste or the circumstances in which you may find yourself.

## KINDS OF CANOES

Practicable canoes are made of birch bark stretched over light frames; of cedar, of basswood, of canvas, and of canvas cover over stiff frames.

### THE BIRCH BARK

The birch bark canoe has several unassailable advantages. It is light; it carries a greater weight in proportion to its length than any other; it is very easily mended. On the other hand it is not nearly so fast as a wooden canoe of sweeter lines; does not bear transportation so well; is more easily punctured, and does not handle so readily in a heavy wind. These advantages and disadvantages, as you can see, balance against one another. If it tends to veer in a heavy wind more than the wooden canoe, it is lighter on portage. If more fragile, it is very easily mended. If it is not quite so fast, it carries more duff. Altogether it is a very satisfactory all-around craft in which I have paddled many hundreds of miles and with which I have never been seriously dissatisfied. If I were to repeat some long explorations in the absolute wilds of Canada I should choose a birch canoe, if only for the reason that no matter how badly I might smash it, the materials are always at hand for repairs. A strip of bark from the nearest birch tree, a wad of gum from the next spruce, some spruce roots, and a little lard and a knife will mend a canoe stove in utterly.

### SELECTION OF A BIRCH BARK

In selecting a birch bark canoe the most important thing to look after is to see that the bottom is all one piece without projecting knots or mended cracks. Many canoes have bottoms made of two pieces. These, when grounded, almost invariably

spring a leak at the seam for the simple reason that it takes very little to scrape off the slightly projecting gum. On the other hand a bottom of one good piece of bark will stand an extraordinary amount of raking and bumping without being any the worse. If in addition you can get hold of one made of the winter cut of bark, the outside shell will be as good as possible. Try to purchase a new canoe. Should this be impossible, look well to the *watab*, or roots, used in the sewing, that they are not frayed or burst. The frames should lie close enough together as fairly to touch. Such a canoe, "two fathoms," will carry two men and four hundred pounds besides. It will weigh about fifty to seventy pounds and should cost new from six to eight dollars.

### CEDAR AND BASSWOOD

A wooden canoe of some sort is perhaps better for all smooth and open water sailing and all short trips near home. It will stand a great deal of jamming about; but is very difficult to mend if ever you do punch a hole in it. You will need to buy a larger craft than when getting a birch. The latter will run from twelve to fourteen feet. A wood canoe of that length would float gunwale awash at half you would wish to carry. Seventeen or eighteen feet is small enough for two men, although I have cruised in smaller. Cedar is the lighter material, and the more expensive; but splits too readily. Basswood is heavier, but is cheaper and tougher.

### FOLDING CANVAS

The folding canvas boat is an abomination. It is useful only as a craft from which to fish in an inaccessible spot. Sooner or later it sags and gives, and so becomes logy.

### CANVAS COVERED

A canoe is made, however, and much used by the Hudson Bay Company, exactly on the frame of a birch bark, but covered with tightly stretched and painted canvas. It is a first-rate craft, combining an approach to the lightness of the birch bark with the sweeter lines of the wooden canoe. All ordinary small tears in its bottom are easily patched by the gum method. Its only inferiority to the birch rests in the facts that it is more easily

torn; that a major accident, such as the smashing of an entire bow, cannot be as readily mended, and that it will not carry quite so great a weight. All in all, however, it is a good and serviceable canoe.

#### PORTAGING

In portaging I have always had pretty good luck with the primitive Indian fashion—the two paddles lengthwise across the thwarts and resting on the shoulders, with perhaps a sweater or other padding to relieve the pressure. It is possible, however, to buy cushions which just fit, and on which you can kneel while paddling, and also a regular harness to distribute the weight. I should think they might be very good, and would certainly be no trouble to carry. Only that makes one more thing to look after, and the job can perfectly well be done without.

#### PADDLES

The Indian paddle is a very long and very narrow blade, just as long as the height of its wielder. For use in swift and somewhat shallow water, where often the paddle must be thrust violently against the bottom or a rock, this form is undoubtedly the best. In more open, or smoother water, however, the broader and shorter blade is better, though even in the latter case it is well to select one of medium length. Otherwise you will find yourself, in a heavy sea, sometimes reaching rather frantically down toward water. Whatever its length, attach it to the thwart nearest you by a light, strong line. Then if you should go overboard you will retain control of your craft. I once swam over a mile before I was able to overtake a light canoe carried forward by a lively wind.

#### SETTING POLES

On any trip wherein you may have to work your way back against the current, you must carry an iron "shoe" to fit on a setting pole. Any blacksmith can make you one. Have it constructed with nail holes. Then when you want a setting pole, you can cut one in the woods, and nail to it your iron shoe.

#### KNAPSACKS

The harness for packs is varied enough, but the principle remains simple. A light pack will hang well enough from the shoulders, but when any weight is to be negotiated you must call into play the powerful muscles lying along the neck. Therefore, in general, an ordinary knapsack will answer very well for packs up to, say, thirty pounds. Get the straps broad and soft; see that they are both sewed and riveted.

#### TUMP LINES

When, however, your pack mounts to above thirty pounds, you will need some sort of strap to pass across the top of your head. This is known as a tump line, and consists of a band of leather to cross the head, and two long thongs to secure the pack. The blanket or similar cloth is spread, the thongs laid lengthwise about a foot from either edge, and the blanket folded inward and across the thongs. The things to be carried are laid on the end of the blanket toward the head piece. The other end of the blanket, from the folds of which the ends of the thongs are protruding, is then laid up over the pile. The ends of the thongs are then pulled tight, tied together, and passed around the middle of the pack. To carry this outfit with any degree of comfort, be sure to get it low, fairly in the small of the back or even just above the hips. A compact and heavy article, such as a sack of flour, is a much simpler matter. The thongs are tied together at a suitable distance. One side of the loop thus formed goes around your head, and the other around the sack of flour. It will not slip.

#### PACK HARNESSSES

By far the best and most comfortable pack outfit I have used is a combination of the shoulder and the head methods. It consists of shoulder harness like that used on knapsacks, with two long straps and buckles to pass around and secure any load. A tump line is attached to the top of the knapsack straps. I have carried in this contrivance over a hundred pounds without discomfort. Suitable adjustment of the head strap will permit you to relieve alternately your neck and shoulders. Heavy or rather compact articles can be included in the straps, while the bulkier affairs will rest very well on top of the pack. It is made by Abercrombie & Fitch and costs \$2.75.



Tump Lines

# SCHOOLING THE HUNTER

BY FRANCIS M. WARE

A GOOD hunter is a horse which carries his rider easily and safely across country, and over the ordinary obstacles found thereon. The task is his; the responsibility of the safe conveyance we expect rests upon him; his risk is at least as great as ours; like ourselves, he has special personal reasons for his acts and certain methods of performing his tasks. These facts being all indisputed, it has always seemed an astounding want of consideration and courtesy upon our parts that we will persist in trying to make him achieve the undertaking after our ideas, and not his; neglecting the just conclusion that, as riders, we occupy the position accorded to every passenger, and that as the carried, we will do well to interfere not at all with the mental or physical processes of the carrier. Usually no sooner do we land safely on the far side of the initial fence, and separate our maiden clutch from our mount's mane or ears, than we forthwith find surging within us very definite (?) ideas as to how the feat is best to be accomplished, and go through all the mental processes of the art of "lifting him at his fences," "making him take off at an exact spot," "putting in the handy half-stride or two," "leaning well forward, or sitting far back," etc., etc.—all the rest of the tommyrot about which we read and hear so much—when the good horse, could he but speak, would say: "Oh, man! oh domineering and purblind biped! For goodness' sake, once you are on board, leave my mouth alone; show me which way you want to go; keep your heels out of my ribs, elbows and shoulders; sit any old way you like *but sit still*, and if it is in horsehide to accomplish it, I will carry you unscathed over any country that it is fair to ask any of my species to go!" This and this only does any gee-gee, with ordinary conformation, and a fair amount of good blood, expect of his rider, and when in addition, he has learned that fences must be jumped and not broken, he is about nine-tenths a finished hunter, and the odd fraction is not important. Furthermore he rarely discovers, except through some *faux pas* on the part of his rider, that any fence can be broken, nor attempts it, if he is not in some way unbalanced so that he blunders into or through it in the effort to steady himself.

We used to think, when hunting first began in the days of old Joe Donahue and his mess of bow-wows over Guttenberg and Hackensack ways—alas, that was thirty years ago!—that any horse which was a failure at everything else *must* be a hunter—and the almost universal escape from

injury which such haphazard purchasing recorded may be offered as a fair proof that, broadly speaking, we were right.

Not for a good many years were preliminaries more formal than docking a tail, pulling a mane, trimming heels—and going a-hunting forthwith—even these attempts at ornamentation being not infrequently neglected; nor does one notice the up-to-date hunters, schooled to the minute, perform any more safely and even brilliantly than did these nondescripts after a few days' experience at the "real thing."

Horses may be schooled in a "chute," or round a ring over immovable fences, and learn to jump clean and well, but no more dangerous contraption was ever handed over to the ordinary groom or owner than either of these contrivances, since the invariable temptation is to try to make an animal do more than he has already done; to keep raising the fences; to try five feet if he cleanly and cleverly jumps four; to let the last "highball" at lunch cut too much figure in the proceedings, and never to be satisfied with the clever performance and perfect form which mark a horse jumping good-naturedly and well within his powers. Form is everything in such feats, and the horse which is perfect in the ring at four feet in cold blood, will, once his blood is up, attempt at least any fence which his rider has the hardihood to face him at—and it is his form, and the courage and confidence derived from never having been knocked about or given hard falls that will make him coolly attempt and safely compass it.

Spurs have thrown down more horses than they ever helped; no horse needs rowels; any animal that requires (?) spurs is no hunter (or hack either). You can, in any show ring, pick out, three strides from a fence, any horse that has been schooled or ridden with sharp spurs, or sharp bits. No greater hindrance to good horsemanship was ever invented than the sharp rowel; one man in one thousand knows how to use (and not abuse) spurs—and that individual because of his knowledge, never wears them. More falls and other accidents are caused by them than by all other means combined, and the slug, or the rogue, which really needs them is no mount for an amateur any way. Sharp biting causes almost as much trouble, and the weight of a heavy man thrown suddenly upon a horse's lower jaw—that exquisitely designed, and delicate member—not only causes acute agony, but must cramp effort and balance in every way. This is bad enough even with the single, smooth snaffle, but with



the nearly universal "full bridle"—bit and bridoon—the punishment is enhanced many fold, and dozens of horses refuse resolutely, simply because they fear or are too high couraged to endure, that horrible jab in the mouth at the moment of supreme effort. Thus rushers, refusers, and heavy-headed horses are "made to order"—and in every such case man and man only is to blame. Look at any photograph of a horse jumping and see what is happening to his mouth—not always, when best ridden by our few really good riders, but when one of the average variety is at work, and imagine what pain that chain and bit must inflict—and you can hardly wonder that the poor creature smashes along anyhow, eager to get the torture over. In the same way ninety-nine per cent. of horses that refuse, whip round to the left, and this they do for three reasons. 1st. That they fear the whip which has been used on them. 2d. That in "getting up his whip," the rider has let go of the off-rein and by that very act pulls his horse round to the left. 3d. That all horses are either left- or right-handed, and that the larger percentage, will, as unbroken colts or galloping loose, "lead left," because they are strongest on that side, and develop those muscles. A horse which has been whipped up to and over a fence—severely whipped—takes a long, long time to forget it, and the impression may recur to him at some critical time to your personal discomfiture or damage. Furthermore, if few people know how to spur, no greater number know how to whip, or take the trouble to learn that it should fall not over a hand's breadth behind the girths, and not under the flank on the paper skin which it cuts and rips like a knife. Even our best jockeys have but vague ideas on the subject, and you shall find, after any close finish that even in their hands the horses are cut up horribly, and in the most stupid way from girth to flanks. The average lad or amateur who schools hunters generally "pulls his whip" because he himself is angry, and not because the horse really needs punishment. He slashes away as if beating a carpet until the luckless brute rushes over or through the obstacle, and then frequently hands him a few more licks for good measure, and to get square with the recalcitrant. Such an event has about half spoiled that particular horse, and he will never be as bold, willing and flippant a performer as he should have become had other methods prevailed.

Any school or training ground quickly becomes distasteful to a horse if he finds that all his exertions lead to no evident results; if he "gets no for'rarder," which the Cockney remarked was his chief objection to ginger beer. When his fences come naturally in the course of an outing, especially when an equine companion has hopped over in front of him, or the obstacle lies in the way of his return to his stable,

presto! he is on the other side safely to both of you, and no to-do about it. He sees a reason for the exertion—some sense in it—and cheerfully, carefully and invariably makes it; nor is any other way of schooling as common sense, satisfactory, and successful. Naturally the fences chosen should be within easy compass at first, and solid; and as naturally nothing over about four feet should ever be attempted. He no more "needs a fall" than you needed to be thrown downstairs in your babyhood to teach you that you might fall down, or be half drowned to show you how to swim. The horse which gets a bad fall in a ring or chute never forgets it, and it makes a coward of him at awkward times; the animal which never had a fall never thinks about it, and when hounds are running and his blood is up, if the two of you roll over, as roll you must at intervals, he will never think twice about it, but conclude it is all in the game and be as bold as a lion the very next fence you charge—except that discretion will prompt caution and, naturally, he is running over with that. A horse which never crossed a fence in his life will give you a surprisingly safe ride if you only have faith in him. Leave his head alone and let him see two or three others go first to "catch the idea." The sorriest old crock will, if not too decrepit, carry you a little way, and you have at all events the satisfaction of knowing that, if he does fall, he will try to get up, and not lie like a clod as more than one that has been cowed and hurt by heavy falls in a school or pen will do, especially if he is beaten at the time. When a novice knows the roads about his home, and the lay of the land so that he appreciates, when you turn off the road, that he is on the way to his stable; when he has been accompanied (preceded) for some days by a stable companion; when you find that between you both and the stable lie about six to ten moderate but strong fences, then pull into the next field, and "lark" home with every confidence that your horse is learning something every time he puts his foot down. One precaution is very necessary, and that is that the leader must be a temperate, steady, good jumper, sure not to refuse or dodge about or rush, and certain to jog temperately along between fences while your novice collects his wits, and has a chance to appreciate these strange proceedings. Don't talk to him or pat him, which tends to confuse him; caress him later, and never speak to him at all if you want him to keep his attention upon the work in hand. Let him jog or walk between fences; when a few strides off just feel his mouth and let him *trot* to them—thus he measures height better, gets his hocks under him, has time to see what his companion does, and to study things out. In the last stride or two, if going straight, turn his mouth loose, and sit tight—let him bungle, scrape, rap, or fall—remember you are a

passenger, and have only the privilege accorded every voyager—to disembark if you don't care for the trip. Should he refuse, turn him quietly round, and try again *but neither speak to nor pat him*—if you do he will take it that in refusing he did what you meant him to do, and you caress him for it. You meant to reassure him, but he doesn't know that, and wouldn't care for it if he did, since for you he has neither regard nor even recognition beyond the fact that such curious bipeds as yourself board and lodge him.

Be careful that whatever spots in the fences you select are fair and free from anything on the take-off side likely to disconcert him, but once you have taken him to a fence, *never let him leave it* until he jumps it, if you have to spend the day on his back. Return him again and again, patiently and quietly, and sooner or later he will yield and jump over or jump at it—which is all you want, and your quiet persistence will stand you in full value at the next and all subsequent fences, for even as he learns to jump he discovers also and as quickly that it is no earthly use to decline, and stubbornness only postpones the time for rest and food. Schooling of hunters in America is much simplified by the facts that we have so few varieties of fences, and that, from custom, we have no possible objection to timber. Rails, gates, etc., come under one head: stone walls possibly another; ditches and brooks our horses never seem to notice much any way, and in the ordinary drag-hunt, the dragman keeps clear of any wide or deep water for obvious reasons—any pony can follow where he leads so far as water-jumps go.

The manner in which a horse shall jump—*i.e.*, the rate of approach, and style of taking off—are matters for individual choice, though not generally variable and interchangeable in the same animal, and a temperate horse, once he learns his A, B, C's which, of course, are in the deliberate fashion, may be encouraged to perform in either the flying or the quiet style.

The flying style is becoming every day more popular in America, but it is questionable if it is really the most serviceable. A horse stands so far away from his fence, and puts so much needless effort to cross even a small obstacle, and so very little careless riding or overstimulating makes of him a hunter which may be hard to stop or to turn; nor can he readily be made to negotiate all sorts of cramped places quietly, or to permit the constant turning and following leader style necessary in not a few drag-hunting localities, without becoming frantic with impatience, and probably a puller and a borer. The hunter schooled to go quietly close into his fences,

and to take off rather near them; to land close to them; to even trot to them if time permits; to "lob over" awkward nooks and corners with just enough effort, and no more, will see as much of most runs as any horse; will even stand hustling and hurrying at an odd fence or two in perfect good humor, and return to his quiet style; takes a lot less out of himself and of you; is quite sure to be well-balanced, handy, and, in consequence of good balance, not a puller; and through his very temperateness, however artificial, more sagacious and careful of himself—and incidentally of you. You can make—anybody can make—most people do make—a rusher and a flying jumper out of any horse however temperate—it's a mere matter of spurs, whip, and folly—but it requires a *very good man* to make a rusher over into a temperate "lobbing" leaper, and one relapse, even if re-made, will spoil him.

Caress plays no small part in developing the best in any horse, but this is never to be by word of mouth—you may as well curse as bless for all your horse knows or cares. The caress of the hand addressed to the part with which the animal has just performed some feat is always appreciated—the expression shows that—and one loves to see a *good man*, as he lands safe over a big place, just reach back and give the clever horse a loving pat or two on that swelling muscular loin which has been the chief agent in negotiating the obstruction. Do not pat neck or shoulder, or any part not actively engaged in the undertaking. Caress *may* do no good, but it is pleasant to believe that it does, and as we are quite positive that the voice simply diverts attention, the former mode of address is at least worthy of trial, if only as a mark of appreciation between two gentlemen. The threatening tones appear sometimes serviceable, but this is so only when horses have been abused, and associate punishment with the stern voice. The wild horse is as indifferent to the voice of affection as to that of rage.

In short, breaking a horse into a safe hunter is an operation among the most simple in horsemanship, and consists so entirely in letting the animal work along his own natural lines that anyone with the ordinary nerve to sit still and leave the bridle alone will accomplish as much as the most expert. The idea is current, and carefully exploited by those in search of professional profit, that teaching or conditioning a horse to do anything is an occult process, possible only to ignorant grooms, or to other professionals. Nothing can be farther from the truth; no processes are more simple; no animals, within their limits, more easily educated.

## IN THE OPEN

By OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY

*Here's what I love—the blue sky above  
And the wide clear space,  
The mounting plain, the guiding rein,  
The Wind in my face.*

*To ride and ride, where the land spreads wide  
To the darkening hills,  
In a splendid race to the open place  
And the life that fills.*

*To ride and to rest on the hill's high crest,  
Under open sky;  
And to sleep without fear, where the stars are near  
And God close by.*



THE NORTHWEST FREIGHTER

Painting by H. T. Dunn.

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## THE WHISTLING BUOY

BY RALPH D. PAINE

DRAWINGS BY G. M. HARDING



HERE was something very melancholy in the aspect of the hulk that lay careened on the shore of the Inlet, within sight and sound of the blue water whereon she had once spread the towering splendor of her canvas to the winds of distant seas. Discarded even as a coal barge, dismantled and stained with rust and grime, her lines were yet eloquent of her noble lineage and worthy career. Belonging with the vanished age of the American square-rigger, she recalled a deep-water sovereignty won by a race of Yankee sailors whose ports also know them no more.

The Cape Horn clipper *Pathfinder* was not utterly unmourned. By the harbor mouth was the cabin of blind Abel Grant, the fisherman, whose grandson, Ethan, lived with him. Now and then these two rowed up the winding Inlet that slashed a silver ribbon across the gray marsh, and went ashore near the hulk. Then the old man was helped to clamber up the sloping deck, and seated on a hatch coaming he told the boy stories that were cast up to the surface

of his memory by the very smell and feel of the worn-out vessel.

Because he was sightless he was mercifully spared the pang of seeing the clipper as she was. But his inner vision held in bright perspective the picture of the *Pathfinder* of another generation as he had seen her sweep seaward from her home port and vanish hull down like a fleeting cloud. She had been built in Pine Harbor, only three miles from the Inlet, and the men who had filled her cabin and forecabin in the days of her glory were boys with Abel Grant.

His cabin faced the sea where the passage into Pine Harbor sheered past the frothing menace of the outer shoals. The whistling buoy had been moored near the Barnacle Rocks whence it sent afar its deep-throated message of warning in response to the swing and surge of the sea that pumped the briny air into its iron lungs. When the wind was asleep and the sea breathed with a sighing swell, the buoy moaned with long intervals between, as one stirs and murmurs in uneasy slumber. But when the gales swept down to fling the seas in shouting tumult far over the Barnacle Rocks, the buoy awoke and bellowed its appointed warning

as if it were sentient to perceive its duty. Year after year, by day and night, its voice had been calling to the fisherman. He was never lonely as long as the buoy was singing to him, and it was his one boast that in good weather he could row alone to the Barnacles and back, laying his course by the sound of the buoy without need of vision to guide him.

On a pleasant autumn morning, Abel Grant turned his blind eyes toward the north as he stood on the beach before his door, and said to the lad:

"Ethan, we're going to have a blow. I can smell wind as sure as guns. And old Foul Weather Jack out yonder is grumblin' more than he has any reason to, with pretty near a dead calm. He's peevish and uneasy, and he's tryin' to tell me to snug down and stay ashore to-day."

Ethan stared with squinting eyes at "Foul Weather Jack," the buoy, which was swaying and nodding as a black blob on the blue and misty sea. The air was warm with cloudless sunshine and the breeze was as soft as if this were a belated day of Indian summer.

"You and him generally hit it right, between you," he replied with a shade of doubt. "But the fish bite something fierce on a day like this, when we pull right up alongside the Barnacles. Are we really going to stay ashore?"

The old man thrust his fingers through his matted gray hair and seemed to hesitate as the sweet air caressed his face.

"Well, of course, you have eyes and my lights are out, sonny," he answered. "But the Lord has amazingly prospered my hearin' which is all I have to steer by, and Foul Weather Jack ain't never gone back on me yet. Listen to him now. No, I guess we'll give up fishin' to-day and we'll pull up the Inlet to see how the *Pathfinder* is standing her rheumatics and old age. She and I are holdin' together more by good luck than main strength."

When he had been led to the dory, Abel Grant shipped his oars with deft ease and commanding the boy to steer, he pulled away from the beach with the short and rhythmic fisherman's stroke, feeling for the water with unerring certainty. As they swung around the bend which hid the hulk from the open stretch of the Inlet bar, the old man asked:

"Has she settled any since we were here last?"

"No, grandpop, she's listed about the same and restin' easy on hard bottom. She ain't strainin' herself a mite."

Abel Grant paused to mop his face and the dory drifted with the flooding tide. The boy shouted with a note of excitement in his shrill voice:

"There's somebody aboard her. He just bobbed up on deck from down below. I wonder who it is?"

The fisherman picked up his oars and began to row with unusual vigor. So seldom had anyone from the village visited the forsaken hulk that the excursion began to savor of an adventure.

"What does he look like?" he asked as the dory neared the *Pathfinder*.

"Nobody I ever seen before, grandpop. He's wearin' store clothes and he ain't a fisherman nor a clammer nor a Pine Harbor man."

"Perhaps he's bought the *Pathfinder* and he's goin' to refit her for sea," suggested the old man with tremulous hope.

"Maybe so," replied the boy, but there was a little catch in his voice as he gazed at the sorry hulk whose real condition he had bravely tried to hide from his grandfather's knowledge. While he helped him ashore and they walked slowly toward the gap in the rail, Ethan told him:

"He's a strappin' big red-faced man with a white moustache, and he don't look a bit glad to see us. But I guess he don't mean no harm. He's climbin' down this way to meet us."

The grim and almost forbidding face of the stranger softened in a smile of recognition as a hearty voice shouted:

"Well, if it isn't Abel Grant, a man I haven't seen in years and years. Come aboard. I'm damn sorry to see you're shy your eyesight."

The fisherman put a hand to his ear and stood with head cocked as if intently listening. Then he nodded doubtfully as he replied:

"Your voice sounds as if I used to know it quite well. You were a Pine Harbor lad, but I don't quite recollect you yet."

Abel Grant detected the shade of bitterness in the voice of the other who returned.

"If you knew the old *Pathfinder* when she was afloat, you ought to remember the

master that sailed in her from this port when she was in her prime. I've come back to my ship, Abel."

"Why, as sure as God made little fishes, it's Cap'n Harry Hoster," shouted the blind man. "Cap'n Harry Hoster of the *Pathfinder*. Welcome back to your old quarters, sir. Are you goin' to take her to sea again? Ain't that what you've come back for?"

"Take this rotten old shell of a condemned coal barge to sea? You must be crazy," stormed Captain Hoster, and then he checked himself as he looked at the old man's sightless eyes and noted the hurt expression of the kindly weather-beaten face. "No, I've got other business on hand, and I'm done with seafaring," he muttered with an apogetic gesture. "Come aft and sit down, Abel. I wasn't looking for visitors, but you're an old friend that never did me any harm—like others I know."

There was an awkward silence while Ethan steered his grandfather to the break of the poop and helped him up the ladder to a seat on the cabin roof.

"Where have you been since you left us?" timidly ventured Abel after waiting for the other to speak. "We lost track of you and the *Pathfinder* for a good many years. And then she came back to us as you see her, and she couldn't tell us nothin' except that she was ready to rest her old bones for a while."

Ethan stared wide-eyed at Captain Hoster and nestled closer to his grandfather, for the face of the sailor had become so black and glowering that the boy was puzzled and afraid. Their host turned away and walked to the rail and back again before he hammered the cabin roof with his hard fist and thundered:

"I haven't come back because I love Pine Harbor, nor the *Pathfinder* either. I swore I'd never clap eyes on the old hooker again, so help me. Now I've come back to wait—to wait—until——" He halted with a violent effort and, evidently regretting his gusty burst of temper, tried to explain it away:

"I was talking a little wild about things that wouldn't interest you. The fact is, I heard the old ship was up here, so I took the funny notion of sort of camping out for a while."

"It's a great idea," smiled Abel Grant.

"It does you proud. Of course you'd want to come back and stay aboard the *Pathfinder*. It's like old times."

Just then the boy happened to look seaward and cried in alarm;

"You were dead right, grandpop. It's going to blow hard. The clouds are bankin' up to the north'ard and the sky looks awful bad."

"It's long after noon, Abel, and you'd better have a bite to eat," put in Captain Hoster. "And I doubt whether you can make the Inlet bar in the teeth of the wind if it comes down sudden."

This was a rare and shining day in the hard monotony of the fisherman's life and he yielded to the seductive invitation.

While they ate of the rough fare on the cabin table, a flurry of rain spattered through the companionway, followed by a rushing gust of wind. Young Ethan darted on deck and saw the marsh veiling in a driving mist while the might of the rising wind almost swept him off his feet. He could hear the surf booming on the Inlet bar, and he knew that it would be impossible to row home in such weather. Scampering to the beach he pulled the dory far above high-water mark and then hurried back to the shelter of the *Pathfinder*.

Down below it seemed almost as if the old vessel were at sea again. The wind was beating around her hull, and already a choppy swell was pounding against her ancient timbers which groaned as if protesting against their ignoble durance. The voice of the gale and its intimate nearness stirred Captain Hoster to match its mood with an increasing wildness and vehemence of speech as if stormy emotions were struggling to break their bonds. His elbows on the table and his chin in his hands he leaned toward Abel Grant with flushed and agitated features.

At length, as if carried away by the sound of the storm, and by the power of the associations which filled the place in which they were met, the shipmaster was moved to release the thoughts that tormented him.

"What have I been doing since I left this old ship?" he shouted as he thumped the table. "What have I been doing? I'm going to tell you, Abel Grant. And you'll keep your mouth shut, I know. As for the boy——"

He cast so terrifying a glance at Ethan that the lad bit his lip to hold back a cry of fear.

"You can trust him the same as you can me," reproved the old man. "No need to try and scare him, Cap'n. He ain't used to the ways of deep-water sailors."

"The ways of deep-water sailors," echoed Captain Hoster with a mirthless laugh. "Don't you go to sea, boy. Wait till you hear what happened to me."

The captain shook a stubby finger in the face of Abel Grant as if to fix his attention, and began to speak in a voice that quivered with passion:

"There was a man that sailed out of Pine Harbor in the *Pathfinder* as an able seaman. I won't tell you his name, for I don't want to put temptation in your way. I was mate in his vessel then, and that was a good many years ago. This man had brains and ambition like most of the Pine Harbor lads that followed the sea before the old town went to seed. But I didn't know that he was a cur with a yellow streak, ready to bite the hand that fed him. He worked his way up until he got his mate's papers, and I helped him get a berth in a ship out of Boston. Five years after that he came back to me as first mate of the *Pathfinder* when I was master of her."

The sailor sat with bowed shoulders, staring at Abel Grant with clouded vision and quivering lip, as if he had brooded over some huge wrong until it had mastered him as an obsession. On deck he had appeared to be hale and domineering, but now he seemed to the boy to have become an old man, wrinkled and broken. The wind thundered with greater fury, and seemed to veer the sailor away from his story to harken to the call of the sea whereon he had suffered the wreck of his fortunes. He heaved himself up in his chair and with a powerful voice roared a catch of an old-time chanty:

"Oh, blow my boys—I long to hear you,  
Blow—boys—blow.  
Oh, blow my boys, I long to hear you,  
Blow, my bully boys—blow."

Abel Grant passed a hand across his eyes and piped the salty refrain:

"Blow, my bully boys, blow."

"I used to hear 'em singin' that when they walked the capstan round right here

in Pine Harbor. But I ain't heard a real chanty in a good many years," said he. "Heave ahead, Cap'n Hoster. I'm livin' every minute to-day."

The sailor chewed his white mustache and growled:

"The sound of the wind went to my head. I haven't anything to sing about. Now I wish that this ship had been lost and me with her, before we should ever come to this—two derelicts rotting on the beach. I was a hard driver, and I had a smart ship, and the men that couldn't keep up to my gait got a dose of double-distilled hell and no mistake. Men jumped when I winked, and when I really got after 'em, they made their wills.

"In my last voyage from 'Frisco for New York, I ran into heavy weather in the South Atlantic. It was a living gale, and before it blew out a sea came aboard and stove me up and busted my leg in two places. Next day the mate reported that the *Pathfinder* was leakin' for'ard, and that her seams must have worked open. Sure enough the carpenter found three feet of water before night, and it was all hands to the pumps. The leak gained on them and four days later there was almost ten feet of water in her, and she seemed to be settling fast. Abandon her? No, by the Lord, said I. I never dreamed of leaving my ship as long as she'd float. But the mate wouldn't hear of standing by any longer. The *Pathfinder* was sinking under our feet, said he, and it was time to take to the boats. The men backed him up, because he had put his own rotten fear into them. I was helpless, half crazy, flat on my back like a bundle of dunnage. And they hoisted me into a boat—as I sit here, that's what they did—me, that would have gone to the bottom with the old *Pathfinder* sooner than abandon her afloat.

"Three days after that an English bark picked us up and landed us in Rio. I was clean out of my head, raving with fever. When I came to, a week or so later, I looked down the bay from the hospital window, and there was the *Pathfinder* just coming to anchor, riding high, all taut and trim, without a rope-yarn started—fit to go to sea at an hour's notice. I turned over and cried like a baby, and it took three nurses to hold me on my cot. When I got clear-headed again they told me that my ship





He hammered the cabin roof and thundered, "I've come back to wait—to wait."

Drawing by G. M. Harung.

had been sighted and boarded by a Brazilian man-of-war. A crew was put aboard and her pumps set going, and as I live to tell it, Abel Grant, the leak had somehow plugged itself. I've heard of something like that happening since, of an iron steamer, by —, that was abandoned as sinking, and when she was picked up it was found that a fish was jammed in the hole where her rivets had pulled out. Anyhow, it happened to me as I tell you. And a crew of black-and-tan niggers sailed my fine ship into port with the water pumped out of her. And I lay there and looked at her."

Abel Grant wrung his hands as he glimpsed the depths of the tragedy which this tortured man was fitting together. "It must ha' broke your heart, Cap'n Hoster," he ventured to comment. "I know how grand she must have looked when she came sailin' into Rio to find you."

"The — mate swore up and down that I'd given orders to abandon her," cried the shipmaster. "And he swore that *he* wanted to stand by. And he got the trash that called themselves a crew to back him up. They saw a chance to get even for the way I'd sweated the soul out of their worthless hides. I was too sick to move for weeks and weeks, down in that God-forsaken hospital. And after the salvage was adjusted, the mate took the *Pathfinder* home. By the time I was able to follow, his story had gained such headway that I couldn't overhaul it. And owners aren't easy to argue with when their pockets have been touched for a thunderin' big salvage bill. I was laughed at in every port as the skipper that had abandoned his ship and watched her come sailing into harbor as good as new. It was enough to wreck my good name, to put me under a cloud, to make men grin when I was mentioned.

"The mate had gone to sea as acting master of the *Pathfinder* when I got home again. I'd never tried to make friends and I found that I had damn few of 'em. I couldn't get a berth in command of another good ship. Why, for the last five years I've been stevedoring—niggering on a dock. I ran across a Pine Harbor man a little while ago, and he told me that this scum of perdition that called himself a mate of mine had bought a house in the village and was ready to quit the sea and come

here for good. I'll wait for him—and then—and then——"

"He did you a great wrong, Cap'n," broke in Abel Grant, "but I don't believe that after all these years you feel so desperate against him as you sound. I'll bet he's been feelin' miserable and unhappy ever since. It's curious, though, that you've never run across him."

"I heard he was lost at sea and I was fool enough to believe it," snarled Captain Hoster. "But I'm just as glad that he's been allowed to spend all his hard years afloat, and then make ready for a quiet and easy old age with the money he's saved. He has more to lose and he'll be fonder of living when I find him."

The fisherman had begun to surmise that long brooding over his misfortunes had at length loosened the sailor's mind from its moorings. "If he's a little loony now, he'll get worse by livin' in this old vessel all by himself," he reflected. Rather by way of diversion than with any conscious effort to preach the gospel of forgiveness, Abel Grant took advantage of the sullen pre-occupation of the shipmaster to remark consolingly:

"I felt awful bad when I lost my eyes, Cap'n. I've got used to it now, but it was a sore affliction, and I used to set and mourn same as you do. Of course, I was never cap'n of a fine ship, bein' nothin' but a longshore fisherman, and I didn't have so much to lose."

"How did you go blind?" asked the sailor, looking up from his painful absorption with a glimmering sympathy. "I was a brute not to ask you about it before."

"I was a reckless, two-fisted man when I was in my prime, though you wouldn't think it to look at me," slowly explained Abel. "And there was a seaman in our town that was as hot-tempered as you used to be. He's skipper of a schooner nowadays that trades between here and Martin's Island. We had a knockdown and drag-out fight on the wharf one time. He hit me with a capstan bar when I was down. Yes, he hit me when I was down, and tried to knock my head off. It was a powerful crack, and it splintered my head some, and parted the lashings of my optical nerve or something like that. When I got well I couldn't see, and the doctors said there was no mending my eyes."

"And you couldn't see to kill the swine that put your eyes out," growled Captain Hoster with an oath. "That must have been the toughest part of it. Why, I'd ha' found a way to kill him, blind or not. And you had to take it out in hating him, and wishing you could tear out his windpipe with your two hands."

"No, you don't understand," gently replied Abel, as if he were trying to explain a difficult problem to a child. "I was angry for a while, maybe for three or four years, and I used to toss around in the night watching the fiery rings that whizzed where my eyes used to be, and wishing the Lord would smite him and bring him low. Every time there was a gale of wind I'd hope he was caught outside and might be lost. But somehow I got over that way of thinkin', Cap'n Hoster. I ain't awful religious, but I found that a man was happier when he was forgivin' than when he coddled grudges that ate his heart out with bitterness. And seem' as I wanted to make the best of it and be as happy as I could, it was really selfishness that made me learn to forgive him. He was off my mind, do you see?"

"That crack on your head must have addled your brains," cruelly retorted Captain Hoster. "No, I don't mean that, Abel. But I don't see how a sane man could ever forgive a thing like that."

Abel's wrinkled cheek flushed and he threw back his head with a simple dignity of protest. He did not wish to wound the feelings of his host, but he could not refrain from speaking what was in his mind:

"Every man is entitled to his p'int of view, Cap'n. And my humble opinion is that a man ain't quite right in his mind when he talks as you've talked to me this last hour."

"We won't quarrel," said the sailor with a nervous laugh. "Every man must chart his own course."

"But I wish you'd kind of think it over my way," petitioned Abel. "And see if you can't figger it out the best way."

He was disturbed and disappointed. The *Pathfinder* had been stripped of her glamour of romance. This broken captain with his sinister ravings of a morbidly belated revenge was not in keeping with those sweeter memories of the stately vessel and the infinite sweep of the clean seas over

which she had wandered. Abel was glad when Ethan ducked below to report:

"The wind has shifted to the east'ard, grandpop, and it's stopped rainin'. We can row along under the lee of the shore and walk across the Point all right."

"Aye, aye, Ethan, I guess we'll try it. Thank you for the visit and the vittles, Cap'n Hoster. I hope you'll drop in on us often, seem' as we're your nearest neighbors."

The sailor did not try to detain them. He was beginning to regret that he had confided in a crack-brained old fool who could not comprehend a strong man's view-point. He watched the pair slide the dory into the water, and as soon as they were under way he went below to throw himself on his cot and stare at the grimy cabin ceiling with restless gaze and muttering lips.

## 11

A dory tossed in the fretting water not far from the edge of the Barnacle Rocks. The ebbing tide swirled so fast between the shoals which guarded the outer channel that the watchful Ethan became alarmed lest they might drag too close to the ledges. But the fish were biting briskly and as Abel Grant passed over his hooks to be baited afresh he called out reassuringly:

"We'll pull up after a mite and head for home. But I don't often get a chance to lay as near Foul Weather Jack as this. The old cuss sighs kind of contented and happy, don't he, as if he knew old friends was alongside."

The boy replied with serious mien as if the comradeship of the rusty whistling buoy was to be viewed in the most matter-of-fact fashion:

"He ain't tootin' as hoarse as usual, and I guess he's cheered up after such a spell of good weather. Does he really tell you things, grandpop?"

"Yes, he talks mighty serious and solemn sometimes, specially when I can't sleep at night for thinkin' of things that are dead and done for. I can't explain it, Ethan, but when you've growed up, you'll understand that there's thoughts a man can't put in words, and them's the kind of thoughts that Foul Weather Jack sings to me in that big, deep voice of his, like it was

the soul of the sea that had a message just for me."

"We've dragged again," cried the boy, shifting his gaze from the rapt and shining face of the old man. "It's haul up and pull away, or we'll pile up plump on the rocks."

Abel nodded assent, and the boy tucked at the tense anchor rope. While the dory danced toward the Inlet it occurred to Abel to say:

"It's been a week since we was up aboard the *Pathfinder*, and I ain't seen hide nor hair of Cap'n Harry Hoster. I hate to miss visitin' the old ship, but it's different since he came back to live in her. I wonder if he's still hatchin' wicked thoughts all by himself? It ain't pleasant to think of."

"When I went to town yesterday I cut across the marsh at low water," replied the boy, "and I thought I saw him walkin' up and down the deck and wavin' his arms. I was scared to go any closer. Do you think he's really loony, grandpop?"

"Well, it's this way," said the fisherman, turning his head aside as if steering his course by the voice of the whistling buoy. "Lots of people think I'm daffy when I talk about Foul Weather Jack. But the trouble with Cap'n Hoster is that he's hugged a grudge till he sees things all black and wrong. His notions is all tiptilted and skew-geed. I believe it's my duty to go up there and try to cheer him up."

"You won't have to," exclaimed the boy, "for there he is waiting for us on the beach."

"We must make him stay to supper," returned the old man anxiously. "Can you scramble up something good? It's an honor for Cap'n Harry Hoster to be visitin' me."

When the dory grounded the shipmaster helped to drag it up on the beach. Beyond a nod and a muttered word or two he made no attempt to greet the fisherman who groped with outstretched arms to find his guest and give him a welcoming hand. Ethan noticed that the captain's eyes were bloodshot and that he looked older and more haggard than when he had last seen him. The hand which he laid in Abel's questing palm was so tremulous that the blind man asked anxiously:

"I hope you're feelin' well and hearty,

Cap'n. You feel some feverish to me. Come up and set down."

"I got so all-fired lonesome I had to hunt you up," was Captain Hoster's evasive reply. "The *Pathfinder* isn't a cheerful ship these days. She's got a cargo of ghosts aboard, and they've been pestering me till I can't sleep."

Abel passed his sensitive fingers across the sailor's shoulders and gripped his arms.

"Why, you're a husky man yet, ain't you, Cap'n? You ought to be at sea where you belong, and leave the old *Pathfinder* to a useless contraption like me."

The two men seated themselves on a bench in front of the cabin while Ethan vanished within to wrestle noisily with pots and pans.

"Why don't you lay down in my bunk and rest for a spell, Cap'n Hoster?" he begged. "I can tell you're kind of shaky. Maybe it's malaria."

"I haven't slept a wink in four nights," said the other with a kind of muttered groan. "I'm not a patient man, and I'm afraid I'll wear out while I'm waiting. The inside of my head is burning up—burning up, I tell you, and if I don't sleep soon I'll let some ventilation in there with a bullet."

"It's them disturbin' thoughts, Cap'n. It's just as if you laid a red-hot coal on an oak plank. Give it time enough and it'll eat a hole plumb through and maybe set the plank afire. Get rid of the red-hot coal, I say. I was some scarred and blistered before I got rid of mine."

"I like to hear you talk, Abel, though you're tellin' me rank nonsense."

"You can hear better talk than mine, if you'll listen, Cap'n. Just lay down out here till supper's ready, and hark to the whistlin' buoy. Shut your eyes and try to go to sleep, and see if you can't fit words to the song of the buoy, pleasant, soothin' words, and you'll be snoozin' in a jiffy. No, it ain't foolishness, I know better."

The grizzled shipmaster pulled his hat over his eyes and shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. There was something very soothing, however, in the cadenced swash of the surf on the beach hard by, while the deep call of the buoy chanted a basso accompaniment. Abel Grant sat with folded hands and began to croon fragments of old sea songs picked up along

the wharves when Pine Harbor was forested with tall spars. After a little Ethan came to the door and whispered:

"Supper's most ready, and the captain looks as if he was fallin' asleep. Shall I wake him up?"

"Let him be," murmured the fisherman. "He needs sleep worse than meat and drink. Fetch out a tarpaulin and a couple of oars and we'll rig up a shelter so he can lay where he is."

Ethan obeyed orders and Abel softly droned:

"Oh, Stormy's dead, that good old man,  
To my way, you Stormalong.  
Oh, Stormy's dead, that good old man,  
Aye, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong."

"He's snorin', and I've tucked a pillow under his head," gently announced Ethan. "I'll keep some fish and potatoes and coffee hot for him."

The fisherman nodded approval and felt beneath the tarpaulin until he found the captain's wrist.

"Not near as het up and nervous as he was," he whispered to the boy. "Better get a blanket, for the wind is pretty sharp."

The enforced silence made the boy uneasy and he decided to walk as far as the bold headland that ran far into the open sea. He left his grandfather sitting placidly on the bench outside, mending a net with deft and busy fingers and still singing softly with many a quaint turn and quaver.

When Ethan scrambled up the rocky slope of the headland, the sea was dyed with the shifting splendor of a reddening sunset. As he stared seaward his mind became busy with the scene in the cabin of the *Pathfinder* when his grandfather had been moved to reveal the cause of his blindness. The boy clenched his fists and his lips quivered. He was inclined to agree with Captain Hoster's doctrine of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. How could his grandfather forgive such a thing? He had not been told the name of the guilty man beyond the fact that he was master of a schooner in the Martin's Island trade. Not many schooners fitted this description, thought Ethan, and he would make an investigation of his own. Oh, if he was only big enough to kill the coward!

His keen young eyes caught the shimmer

of a topsail far out at sea, at first glance no more than a fleck of white picked out against the shadowy skyline. He jumped to his feet and climbing higher along the towering ramparts of the headland waited while the sail crept farther above the horizon. When it became a penciled line and widened again into a shining triangle, the boy perceived that she must be beating for the coast against the offshore wind. He waited until he was sure that she was a schooner carrying a staggering press of canvas and with an unusual length of topmasts.

"None of the fishermen around here pile on all that cloth. They ain't rigged for it," he said to himself. "It looks to me more like Cap'n Joe Hard's vessel, and she's beating home from Martin's Island most likely. She's an awful long way out, but I'm almost certain it's him. A Martin's Island schooner—no, no, it can't be Cap'n Hard that grandpop meant. *He's* always been too good to grandpop and me. What's the sense of his carryin' all that sail when he'll have to stand off and on till morning? He won't dare to run in to-night."

The boy scudded down the beach, and found Abel Grant bending over a bunk in the darkened cabin.

"Captain Hoster roused up a little," he explained, "but I coaxed him to turn in here for a spell longer. He's come to the end of his rope, and it's God's mercy we got him calmed down so he can sleep it off. Better turn in, sonny. I'll set up a little while."

"Aye, aye, grandpop. Say, there's a schooner standin' in to make port in the morning. She's carryin' sail as if she was in an awful hurry. Why, it's blowing like the dickens outside."

"Did you notice anything special about her rig, or was she too far out, sonny?"

"Long topmasts, and spreadin' tops'ls and stays'ls like a yacht," said the boy. "I guess it's—"

"Hum-m, he'll lose some spars some day if he don't meet worse luck," interrupted the fisherman.

"Do you think it's Cap'n Joe Hard's schooner? Have you known him very many years? But it couldn't have been him that—that—" Ethan spoke breathlessly, his voice on edge with excitement.

"Why, we don't even know for sure what vessel you seen out there," said Abel. "And don't bother your head, boy, about what you heard in the *Pathfinder's* cabin, if that's what makes you so anxious about Martin's Island skippers."

The boy went to bed with a sense of being unfairly dealt with, and after he had fallen asleep, Abel Grant, sitting in the darkness, murmured to himself:

"I heard yesterday that Joe Hard is a granddaddy since he sailed over to Martin's. They got the news to him by the mail steamer, and his daughter was hopin' he'd make a quick passage and get home to-morrow to see that wonderful baby. Carryin' sail in half a gale of wind. That's Joe Hard. He must have left Martin's last night. That would fetch him offshore to-night sometime with the wind we've been havin'. It's him all right. And he's fool enough to try and run inside to-night."

The old man fidgeted in his chair as if his thoughts had power to fret him. At length he stole outside to feel the grateful wind in his face and to listen to the call of his old friend, Foul Weather Jack.

"It's blowin' some out yonder," said Abel to himself. "And it's an awful bad night to try to pick up inshore ranges. But it'll be Joe Hard all over to take a chance of gettin' in."

Carefully counting his steps, the fisherman found the cabin door, and spreading his blankets on the floor, was soon asleep. A little later he suddenly awoke as if some alarming tidings had been shouted in his ear. He sat up, still in a fog of sleep, wondering what had so profoundly disturbed him. Then as his wits cleared he held his breath and listened painfully. The call of the buoy came to him, but no longer from the direction of the Barnacle Rocks. There was no deceiving his hearing where Foul Weather Jack was concerned. The buoy was not where it ought to be. This was what had awakened him. Had it gone adrift? Its voice was too intimate a part of his life for him to be deaf to its phases, awake or sleeping.

The blind man arose and intuitively faced toward the Barnacle Rocks, sure of his bearings. Then the call of the buoy was heard again, and it filled him with fear and amazement.

The hoarse challenge came from far to the eastward of the Barnacles. Abel Grant ran across the beach until the surf splashed on his bare feet. Somewhere out in the night Foul Weather Jack was drifting off the harbor mouth, no longer a friend and guide for seamen afloat, but an unwitting traitor and a deadly menace. The fisherman shouted with a gesture of passionate appeal:

"It ain't your fault, Jack, if you've broke away from your moorings, but you're goin' to make trouble if I can't find some way to help you."

His distraught mind could see the errant buoy sweeping past the outer shoals, and then swinging back with the turn of the tide over toward the rock-bound headland. A vessel trying to make harbor at night would seek to find the buoy before running in past the shoals. Few skippers ever tried it, but Abel Grant recalled the schooner sighted at sundown.

"Joe Hard will aim to hear Foul Weather Jack," he muttered, "and then think he's all right to steer sou'west as hard as he can drive her. And if he strikes anywhere along here he'll jerk the bottom clean out of his vessel."

Abel stumbled along the beach until he tripped against the bow of the dory and fell sprawling. He was shaken and bruised by the mishap and climbed heavily into the boat to recover strength and get his bearings. His foot clattered against the big tin fog-horn which Ethan used for calling him back to the cabin when he was afloat by himself. A glimmer of suggested purpose was quickly focused into action while Abel Grant was saying to himself:

"No use of wakin' Ethan or Cap'n Hoster either. Me and the dory are pretty sure to be blown to sea as soon as the wind hits us. And it don't make much difference about me."

He stumbled back into the cabin, and fumbling along the wall until the clock was found, his alert fingers crept over the dial and finally rested on both pointers.

"It ain't much more'n nine o'clock," he whispered. "Of course Joe Hard ain't had time to make harbor yet, fightin' his way in the teeth of a nasty wind and sea."

The fisherman stole past the table and chairs until he felt the slim body of Ethan beneath a blanket in the smaller of the two

bunks. He laid a caressing hand on the boy's cheek, but was very careful not to awaken him. Then returning to the beach, Abel Grant shoved the dory across the sand with the strength of his sturdier years. Splashing into the surf until the dory began to pitch and twist in his grip, he knew that she was well afloat. Then as she reared, he tumbled inboard and found the oars and thole-pins.

As the dory sped away from the sheltering lee of the shore, the wind began to drive past her in heavy gusts. Abel pulled the bow around until his ears told him that he was heading as straight for the drifting buoy as a ruler on a chart. The call of the derelict was sounding from somewhere beyond the outer shoals, and the fisherman fancied that its hoarse tones were freighted with a singular melancholy as if it were crying out against the dastardly fate that had overtaken it.

The man in the dory gasped as he heard the roar of breakers close to starboard. He wrenched the boat around so desperately that a sea caught her broadside on, and her reeling gunwale scooped up a staggering weight of icy water. Then the far-flung spray from the Barnacles was dashed in his face and he spun past this danger, saved from destruction by a hair's breadth.

"You almost set me on the ledge, old partner," panted Abel, addressing the distant buoy. "But I'll find you yet. You didn't really mean to do it, did you?"

When the dory had cleared the last protecting lee of the headland, the sea raced and tumbled as the little craft was driven out into the upheaved emptiness beyond. The fisherman had no hope of being able to pull home again, and his voyage was becoming a most pitifully forlorn venture. He was steadily drawing nearer the buoy, however, and its call was louder and deeper. It seemed to be urging him on, and life or death had become a matter of the most trifling import to the blind seeker. He snatched a moment to fish up the battered fog-horn and grip it between his knees. It was time to let Foul Weather Jack know that he was coming.

"I'm a useless old hulk, anyhow. Even the boy will be better off without me," he muttered. "Me and the *Pathfinder* ain't got much excuse for hangin' 'round."

Fate guided the dory past the tail of the outer shoals and now the buoy had become fairly clamorous.

"I'm close onto him," thought Abel, "but I'm goin' to blow plumb past him like a shot out of a gun. Oh, if I could only see to make fast."

He twisted on his seat and groping forward with one hand, picked up the anchor and laid it beside him.

"Good Lord," he cried beseechingly, "I've tried to take my afflictions without murmurin' more than I could help, and if there's anything comin' to me in return, all I ask is that I can make a lucky toss and ketch hold of Foul Weather Jack by hook or crook."

A mighty roar from the buoy sounded in his ear, and he heard the wash of the waves against something adrift. Then the dory crashed against the huge iron shell of the buoy, and the fisherman turned and flung the anchor with all his strength up toward the massive wire cage which he knew shielded the whistle valve somewhere above his head. The missile clanged against the sloping side and rattled ominously as the dory spun round and was swept past the buoy. Then the rope jerked taut with a lunge that drove the bow of the dory clean under, and the old man was thrown against the bottom boards. Frantically recovering himself he strove to ease the perilous strain by snubbing the line and paying it out until at last the dory very sluggishly rounded to and plunged at the end of the tether which moored her to the whistling buoy.

"It couldn't happen again in a thousand years, my ketchin' the cage that way," faltered the exhausted man who lay doubled across a thwart. "But I might know that old Jack wouldn't go back on me in a tight pinch like this. I wish I knew where we're driftin' to."

The buoy flung a mocking bellow into the night and Abel Grant raised his fog-horn which weakly echoed a quavering contradiction. The buoy was telling seafarers that hither lay deep water and safe passage. It was a tragic lie and the battered fog-horn sought to send the truth abroad. The dory swam so low because of the weight of water in her that the fisherman knew she must founder before long, nor could he spare the time or strength to



Drawing by C. M. Harding.

He was able after cruel exertion to haul hand over hand close to the buoy and raise his fog horn to warn the schooner.



try to bale her. He was able, after cruel exertion, to haul her, hand over hand, close into the buoy, but there was no climbing or clinging to that slippery slope.

The struggle between the man and the buoy had become pitifully one-sided. As the wind piled up the sea with increasing weight, the tossing buoy shouted its false tidings with more infernal resonance. As the man became weaker the voice of the fog-horn carried a feebler message. The dory was almost awash and the curling water that broke over her sides benumbed and strangled the old man, and its icy chill stabbed his overtaxed heart. He fought a strange giddiness, and felt his strength go from him so that he was unable any longer to grip the thwart when a hungry sea broke over the gunwale like a toppling wall. There was a last, despairing wail from the fog-horn, and Abel Grant fell face downward in the bottom of the water-logged dory.

A few moments earlier than this, a gray-bearded man on the deck of a plunging schooner yelled in amazement:

"I'll swear I heard a horn blow right alongside the buoy. Let her come up. Lively, now. There's somebody adrift."

The schooner climbed into the wind and hung there while her master ran forward and leaned over the side, peering into the murk with spray-dimmed eyes. There was very faintly borne to him the last call of Abel Grant.

"There's something wrong here," cried Captain Joe Hard as he ran aft. "And I've a sneakin' notion that the buoy ain't where it ought to be. Burn a flare and sling a dory overboard, and come along with me. It's nasty sea, but I don't go past without investigatin'."

Strong arms drove the schooner's dory toward the buoy until its stentorian call told the crew to hold hard and beware. Then the bow man swung a lantern over the side and in its uncertain glimmer discerned a black object washing to leeward of the buoy. The dory was carefully brought up astern of the mysterious bit of flotsam and Captain Joe Hard shouted:

"Here's the man that blew the horn, but God help him, we've come too late."

The gunwale of the sunken dory grounded against the side of the schooner's boat for an instant while the men tried to

hold her clear. Then with a warning shout to keep her trimmed, Joe Hard leaned far out and caught hold of the shoulders of Abel Grant. With a wrenching heave he dragged the fisherman's body half aboard and held it doubled over the gunwale until he could shift his grip. One more supreme effort while the schooner's boat yawed wildly, and the burden slumped in the bottom, limp and lifeless. Joe Hard held the lantern close to the dripping face and exclaimed with a grunt of anguish:

"It's Abel Grant! Great God, to think of his doin' this for *me*, for *me* of all men in the world! It was him that warned us away from the driftin' buoy. But he couldn't have known *I* was out here! It's clean past all understandin'."

They headed the dory for the flare that burned on the schooner's deck, and when they pulled alongside, a line was tossed from above and looped under the arms of the fisherman. As tenderly as possible he was lifted aboard and carried below. Before Joe Hard hastened after, he told his mate:

"We won't try to run in to-night. We'll stand off and on till daybreak and be sure you've got plenty of sea-room."

Great sorrow clouded the bold and rugged face of Captain Joe Hard as he convinced himself that there was no bringing life back to Abel Grant. As he lay in the skipper's bunk the countenance of the fisherman was as of one who rested after much weariness and stress. Joe Hard straightened himself up and muttered with a long sigh:

"He was too damn good to stay putterin' around this wicked old world. *Now* you surely know I didn't mean to do it, Abel, God bless you."

The schooner anchored off the Inlet in the early morning and a boat went ashore bearing the body of Abel Grant to his home on the windy beach. Ethan ran down to meet them, and behind them hurried Captain Harry Hoster. The mystery of the night was unveiling. They had seen the half-masted flag on the anchored schooner, and they guessed that in some unknown fashion Abel Grant was coming back to them. The why and wherefore of it all were hidden until the dory grounded and Captain Joe Hard splashed ashore and picked the boy up in his arms.

"He saved us from pilin' up on the shoals, sonny, and there's the price he paid," said the master of the Martin's Island schooner as he nodded toward the dory. "And you're coming to live with me. He died forgivin' me, and I'm goin' to try to make it up by bein' good to you."

Stunned and bewildered the boy threw himself on the sand and wept as if his heart would break. Captain Harry Hoster had stood aside listening to these tidings with an expression of the most painful astonishment. Now as two seamen came ashore with the shrouded body of Abel Grant between them, he went to help them, walking like one in a dream. Then with bowed head he followed the little procession toward the cabin, saying nothing, but chewing his lip and wiping his eyes. When the fisherman had been returned to his home, Joe Hard held out a hand to the master of the *Pathfinder*:

"I heard you were back, Captain Hoster," said he. "You'll be a pall-bearer along with me and my crew, won't you?"

The shipmaster was at length moved to say what had been racking his thoughts:

"What do you mean by saying that he died forgiving you? You can't be the man that struck him blind? We guessed that he was up to something like that when we saw the buoy adrift this morning. But he couldn't have done it for the man that snatched away his blessed eyesight with a dirty, cowardly blow."

"He *did* know it was Captain Hard. I told him as much as that before I went to bed last night," wailed Ethan between his choking sobs.

"Yes, I'm the man," said Joe Hard very solemnly, as he faced Captain Hoster. "He did it all for me. The boy says he knew I was out there, and it would have been just like Abel Grant."

"Then he lived and died what he preached to me," was Captain Hoster's tremulous comment. "Forgiving them that have done you wrong. It was all true. A man couldn't make a finer finish than that, could he, Captain Hard?"

Captain Hoster's face twitched and he was so near to breaking down that Joe Hard tried to keep his own emotions from mastering him by remarking:

"You must come up to my house after

the funeral, Captain. And next week you won't be so lonesome. There's an old shipmate of yours coming back to Pine Harbor, Captain Thad Morris, that was your first mate in the *Pathfinder* and commanded her after you left her."

Joe Hard bent over the weeping boy and clumsily stroked his hair and patted his tear-stained cheek. Ethan pulled himself away with flashing eyes and doubled fists.

"I won't go home with the man that put out grandpop's eyes," he cried. "And when I'm big enough I'm going to kill you."

"You can't drive me away from you, sonny," said Joe Hard, drawing the boy to him. "And there's a wife in my house that's going to be a mother to you. I've been beggin' your granddad to live with me and let me take care of him for the last twenty years. But he wouldn't have it that way."

The stricken boy could not wholly withstand such affection as this in the hour when he most sorely needed it, and at length he slipped his hand in the hand of Joe Hard in token of a truce.

Captain Hoster had entered the cabin and was standing by the bunk in which Abel Grant appeared to slumber. The disordered mind of the sailor was slowly veering around to the course which this dead fisherman had tried to show him. There was no answering this argument in behalf of the doctrine of forgiveness. It possessed the majesty of absolute truth, splendid and flawless. After some time Captain Hoster said to himself:

"Thad Morris is coming back next week. And I've been waiting for him aboard the *Pathfinder*. Waiting for what, God help me, for what?"

He went out of doors and found Joe Hard and Ethan sitting on the bench. The call of Foul Weather Jack came to them from afar, mournful and insistent. Captain Harry Hoster stared seaward without speaking. At length he said in a tone of abrupt finality:

"I'll be here for the funeral, Captain Hard. But I'll be going back to my job of stevedoring in New York before next week. I—I won't be able to wait for Captain Thad Morris to come home. And if Abel Grant could come back to us, he might tell you the reason why."

# IN QUIET COVERS

THE STORY OF A NORTH CAROLINA TURKEY HUNT

BY MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

WITH A DRAWING IN COLOR BY LYNN BOGUE HUNT



JANUARY'S sun came riding over the edge of the distant hills, filling all this Carolina land with its bland and glowing radiance of cloudless dawn. Frost had fallen in the still, clear night; the fields gleamed with it, and in that quick air of early morning one looked far and near, every detail of the rolling landscape minutely shown—the acres of flowing broom, golden yellow; the browned, rusty scars of harvested cotton patches; the hollows chapped with the gullies of red, raw earth, and against this sweep of open country, a flank of the Hebron woods rising like a shore of cliffs—woods where the wild turkey ranged. An abandoned cornfield stood beside the woodland's edge, a piece of tilled ground now overgrown with ragweed and a few lean stalks springing from last year's crop; and toward this corner, in the growing light, Buell and I ranged our way, the far-famed 'Bijah padding onward in the lead.

"You'll excuse me, suh," said Buell, with a quick glance at the sky, "you suttently will, suh, if I ask you to hurry. Sun-time 'pears to be a little early this morning, and if you'll jest nudge up that jinny mule, suh, I'll be obliged to yuh."

I nudged, as requested, and clapping heels to his own mule, Buell forged ahead at a hand gallop. Behind us lay the last of habitations—a squalid negro cabin of logs, mud-chinked, a drove of lean, flea-ridden razorbacks rooting around the doorway on terms of intimacy with its flock of pickaninnies, and tied to the fence, a

mangy rabbit hound that yowled at Bije dismally. Buell, with his old-fashioned muzzle-loader slatting to and fro on the pommel, urged on down the slope, his clumsy mount brushing a way through the frost-glistening sweep of broom-straw; and I followed. For time and tide and turkey wait for no man; if we hoped to find our birds in the open we must hasten before the growing sunlight drove them deep into the almost impenetrable tangle of cane-brakes reaching along the river's oozy curves—blind covers chosen shrewdly by the all-wise turkey gangs.

We came to a tumble-down snake fence, and Buell drew rein. "If you'll alight, suh," said he, getting down, "we'll turn these yeah mules into the field, and let them shift. Yondah's where I saw the gang, there by that peaked 'simmon tree. Bije—hey, you—*Bije!*"

Bije, discouraged in his chase of an alert Molly Cottontail, came to heel, and with a lolling tongue, and sad, innocent eyes watched on his haunches while we unsaddled and turned out the mules. Then Buell, shouldering his piece and calling to the dog, struck down along the fence toward the ragged corner of tilled ground lying under the shadow of the trees.

"Yes, suh," he said, pointing forward, "there was seven in the party—one as large a gobbler as it has been my fortune to see. I failed to get him, however. Bije, you, *suh!*"

Bije, at command, ranged on ahead, and Buell, after another sharp scrutiny of the field before us, stalked on after him. "Yes, suh, a turkey cock with a baird as long as a yellow gal's pigtail. I assure you, suh."

But how and why Buell, a noted hand among the turkeys, failed to get his amazing fowl, I was not to learn. "I and Bije, suh, scattered the flock mighty nice, and at the first yearp from the blind, I heard and then saw him. Bimeby, I took aim, suh—careful aim, I declare, my fowling piece leveled right on— Hey—sshsh! *You—Bije!*"

The dog, plowing along the slope before us, evinced sudden signs of excitement. His tail, sprung high in the air, lurched back and forth above the tips of the ragweed, and circling broadly, he struck up for the edge of the woods. Game had been there; one glance at Bije told the story.

Buell, too, showed an answering alertness. "If I am not mistaken, the birds have been here, suh."

"*Oip!*" babbled Bije, suddenly giving tongue.

A hand gripped me by the wrist. "Down, suh—on the ground. Don't move!"

Buell, already had sunk to the ground, and with the grip of his hand on my arm, there was nothing but to plump down beside him. Turkey shooting I'd seen before, but Buell's method was peculiar to this section of the south. Bije, it appeared, was to have full swing for a while, to yoip and babble as he liked.

"Yi—oi—oi!" yelled Bije again.

A lone scrub oak was our cover. Buell pushed aside the stiff, prickly foliage and peered. "There they go!" he whispered suddenly, his grasp tightening excitedly on my arm, "three hens—there's another. See! See—there's the big gobbler—two more over there. See them run!"

I looked, and saw nothing at all.

"Look—over there, suh—by the peaked 'simmon."

I peered again. A sudden movement, a quick view of dark shapes sliding through the ragweed toward the woods.

"*Oip—yi-hi-hi!*" yelled Bije, and burst into full tongue.

A roar of wings answered. I saw a heavy shape of black lurch into the air; another followed, and with flapping wings lumbered toward the wood. Then all up and down the front of the wood, the air seemed filled with these flapping, clumsy shapes, a fresh clatter of song bursting from Bije as he viewed the cherished game.

"Four—six—seven!" counted Buell un-

der his breath, "there's another on the ground—see it run!"

Then the last bird, running like a shadow, gained its speed, and with another roaring flutter of wings sprang into the air, pumped across the interval, and clattering among the twigs and foliage was gone into the thickness of the woods.

Buell arose with twinkling eyes. "Indeed, suh, you are fortunate. If I am not mistaken, we shall have tukkey inside the hour. Is your piece loaded, suh?"

Yes, my piece was loaded. I assured him so, and Buell, arising leisurely, surveyed the front of the wood with a critical eye to pick and choose its likeliest point of attack. Far in its depths, Bije yapped finally; then silence fell, and shouldering the muzzle-loader, Buell moved slowly toward the trees.

For this was his method—fair or otherwise, I would not say. The willing Bije, turned loose upon the range, had routed up the game; the gang was scattered broadly, and now, in due time, we were to lurk behind the cover of a blind and yelp up, the timid yet—sometimes—credulous birds. Poor sport, you'd say—yes!—but if properly undertaken, the one legitimate way. You cannot stalk them openly—or may not, since the law discourages tracking on the snow as a means too brutally successful.

Then, again, it snows infrequently in this Carolina country, and on the bare, open ground there is a wide difference between a turkey track and the slot of heavy game—a white-tail, or a thousand-pound moose, perhaps. Nor is there much sport in marching through a turkey range, seeking to kick up some unwary bird at random. If you see him first, the chances make for a slaughter, but usually it is the other way—the turkey sees you and you do not see it at all; and, as in moose-calling, yearping has its merits, its forgiving refinements—a fair excuse if you match wit against wit—and I mean by that, if you do the calling yourself. So I was to call—to *yearp* them up, as Buell expressed it, and I will not tell you how many hours I had sat with Buell on the back porch, the long gallery overlooking the quiet evening fields, the sweep of rusty cotton land and the corn and beyond this stretch of dark and sleeping woods, Buell sucking at his corncob, and I, with a turkey bone, playing Pan-like the tune that was



“Revealed himself in his majesty . . . a princely egoist  
swollen in his self-admiration.”

Painting by Lynn Bogue Hunt.



—or *not*—to lure from their hiding the alert timid birds. All sounds came from that woodland pipe—notes too fine or shrill, or, on the other hand, sucked forth with a sudden, alarming coarseness—every note but the right one, till, in the end, the knock came of itself, suddenly, and Buell admitted dubiously it might do.

Buell strode along; the gobbler and a small hen had gone in at the crest of the rise some way to our right. Lower down, three others spreading out, had ploughed their way through the under branches, while still further down the rise, one other followed by the last bird rising, had swung in over a clump of laurel, and, after this short flight, had taken to their legs and scooted through the brush afoot.

“The hollow there seems good,” I ventured, suggestively, “it’s wide and clear of brush.”

Buell nodded. “Yes, suh, that’s a mighty good chance. But if you’ll pardon me, suh, we cain’t see down there as far as from the raise in yondah. There’s a draw at the foot, too, and it’ll be laike these yeah tukkeys’ll come along the aidge without trying to cross. That will bring them up to position, suh, if you’ll excuse me.”

I laughed. When Buell talked turkey, as the saying is, it was a good time to listen. I saw the logic of his choice. Bije, emerging from the wood, eyed us with a pensive, disappointed air—again, with the never-ending pain of it, Bije had failed to run down the flapping, tantalizing quarry, almost caught, yet always getting free. But Bije had never lost heart, and now, but for Buell’s sharp command, Bije would have plunged back into the cover to make another desperate, never-despairing effort.

“Bije—you, Bije, *suh!*”

Dejectedly Bije came to heel, and in silence we made our way among the trees.

The raise on which we stood, dipping sharply to the right, lifted from a gully into a broad, open sweep of hardwood, clear of brush, a solitary jack-pine at the crest, and beside it, a fallen log gray-green with its shield of moss. On the left, a scattering clump of laurel grew upon the incline; and beyond this, the hill plunged down abruptly, the canebrake at its foot and the circling wall of foxgrape raising its ropy barrier between.

Buell halted. “Well, suh, we cain’t do better. There’s a gunshot on every side, and if you laike, suh, we’ll try that gobbler right hereabouts.”

A few branches cut from the nearest jack-pine made a screen, and with this blind raised before us, Buell crouched down beside me, one elbow on the ground and his long legs stretched out before him. Then we waited, a long interval of suspense. We made no talk, but sat and listened, our ears strained for the lightest sound, and hearing many—the scurry of a mouse along the leaves—the scratching clatter of squirrels racing along the tree trunks—the thumping of a woodpecker busy on his morning’s quest. Far away in the broom straw a bob white called shrilly—*boy-see—boy-see—boy-see!*—then all was still.

“Hark!” said Buell suddenly.

He sat upright, his head fixed tensely.

“There! Do you hear that, suh?”

I heard it, too. “Keep close, suh!” warned Buell, peering over his shoulder toward the left. Again—*tuh—tuh—Tuh—TUH!* in rising inflection. It was close by, somewhere beside the screening wall of the canebrake. Buell shook his head as I lifted the bone turkey call toward my lips. “Too close,” he whispered, “there—down by the draw—a young bird!”

He had hardly spoken when the turkey showed itself, a small hen, as he said, lonely and agitated. It came out from behind the bole of a hickory, its snaky neck jerking back and forth, peering with beady eyes on every side, and one foot set carefully before the other. There was craft and suspicion and watchfulness, the matchless qualities that had saved it and its kind from extinction. For a while it strutted forward along the sunlit glade, and we let it go unscathed, slim, wary, suspicious. Then it dodged suddenly into cover, and was gone.

I called. The rasping notes of the cry yelped their summons loudly in that quiet, and Buell raised a warning hand.

“Not so coarse, suh. A little lower.”

We listened; nothing answered. A woodpecker beat his loud tatoo on a dead-wood below in the swamp; far away a quail piped jubilant, and Bije, curled up at our feet, stirred and breathed deeply.

“Try it again, suh,” advised Buell, after a long interval.

Again the pipe sucked out its scraping

note. Buell raised his warning hand. "Listen!"

We had the answer. Somewhere in the distance, the piping, rasping note of the call brought forth a quick response—or was it only echo? "Yearp him again," whispered Buell, "there's your gobbler."

After a long wait—a period of watching—of waiting in that same tense silence, it was time to yearp once more. The pipe held loosely between the opened hands, sent forth its softened, modulated *chirk—tchirk—tchirk*—a subdued, close seductiveness, low and confidential. It sounded on the woodland quiet appealing and discreet—ended echoless, and then with our ears sharpened for the first warning, our eyes watching sharply, we sat there motionless, waiting, listening, intent.

*There!* Above the hill something walked on the dry, noisy carpeting of the leaves. Buell's hand, outstretched, reached for his muzzle-loader—again that scuffling rustle among the fallen leaves, but on the side away from the coming gobbler. Then something stalked through the undergrowth, vaguely disclosed—paused, and stepped along the slope. "Sho!" exclaimed Buell, beneath his breath—only another hen, fat and plump, not the big gobbler we looked for in our eagerness.

*Tub—tub—Tub—TUH!*—in rising inflection—*tub—tub—Tub—TUH!* clucked the hen softly.

It was a strong temptation to see that fat, toothsome bird go stalking off unscathed, but we let her go. For a shot, rumbling through the woods at this stage of it, would have put an end to the game. *Tuh—tuh—Tuh—TUH!* she clucked again, and, as if in answer, a new scuffle below warned us to be on the lookout.

Bije stirred uneasily at our side. Buell, frowning, laid a hand on the dog's back, and again Bije lay close. A minute passed. I saw Buell straighten out a forefinger; he was pointing forward as if to draw my attention to the front. Then his lips moved in a half-heard whisper.

"Over there—behind the jack-pine."

A light scuffle among the leaves—a touch of moving color within that screen of foliage. *Tub—tub—tub—tub!* muttered the hen above us on the hillside. No need now, for the Pan-pipe to rasp out its cheating note—Nature was helping us more ably

to the appointed end than we could avail ourselves. Once again—and then into the open stepped our game!

He showed himself—suddenly—without noise. Turning the fallen log, one strut brought him into open view, cautious, slinking, almost mean in his crafty wariness. His snaky neck, lean and long, perked to and fro in watchfulness, and even at the distance, we could see his beady eyes shine as they spied nervously about him.

He paused—stood motionless a moment; then revealed himself in his majesty. One other strut forward brought him beneath the shaft of sunlight, and like royalty, his fears allayed, he thrust back his head with a bridling, swelling movement of pride, his feathered bigness inflating slowly and his head more haughtily withdrawn. There I had the picture to remember—the sun streaming down upon him through the wood's leafy roof, bland and disclosing, the great bird ruffling himself majestically, proud, overconfident, a princely egoist, swollen in his self-admiration, puffed out that others might admire. For the moment, he poised himself magnificently; then came the swift and abject change.

The dog, uneasy, stirred noisily at our feet. At the sound, the wattled head shot forward with a thrust of startled inquiry. One foot raised itself, and his feathers gleaming as if of bronze, smoothed abruptly into place, molding flatly against his long and lean, tapering gauntness of form. Then, with a sudden dart, a movement quick and swiftly unexpected, he fled for cover, streaking it along the leafy flooring, his head and neck stuck forward like a running grouse.

The gun, roaring upon that quiet air, filled all the wood with its thunder. Echo boomed crashing from the hill behind, and with a flurry of beating wings, he launched himself in flight. But again the gun roared; a cloud of feathers sprang upward, drifting slowly on the listless air, and in the depths of the canebrake below we heard the crash of breaking branches, a heavy thud, and then the beating flutter of heavy wings. Bije, leaning forward through the tangle, yapped once, then all was still.

"I believe, suh," said Buell, with a shining eye, "that Bije has yo' gobbler down yondah by the cane there!"



# THE FIELD TRIALS

A CHAPTER IN THE BREEDING AND MAKING OF DOGS

BY CHAS. B. COOKE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. M. ALBAUGH

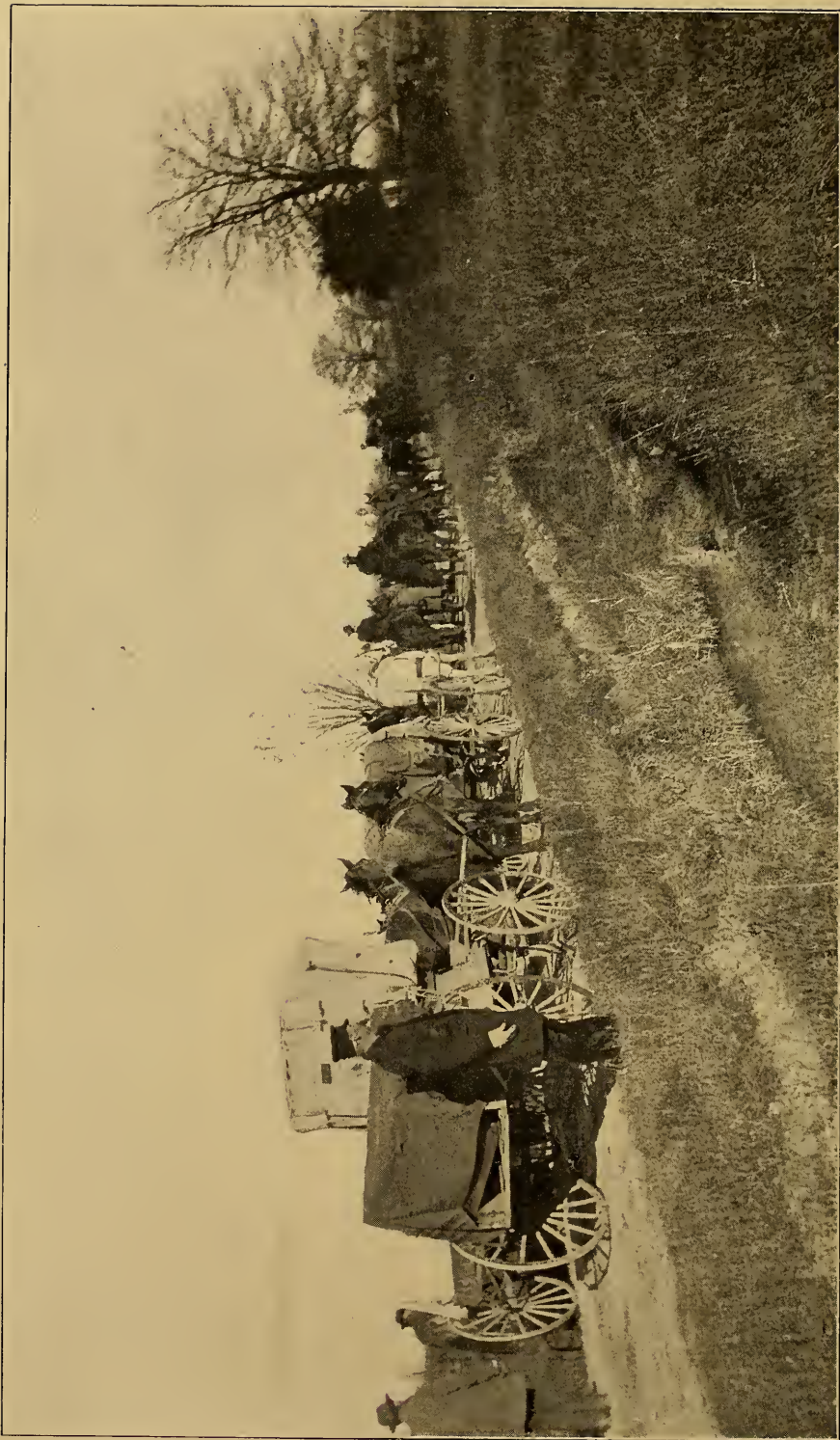
THE preliminaries all attended to, arrangements made for hotel accommodations, judges selected, horses and wagons all engaged, entry blanks printed and distributed and the entries all duly received with nomination fees properly attached, the all eventful day rolls around in the autumn, when the sportsmen gather with their dogs to "make good" with actual work the many boasts of superiority which have been made to fellow sportsmen throughout the year. It is a jolly good crowd and everybody is in for a good time. The Secretary, of course, is early on the ground, generally a day or two previous to the event, in order to see that everything is in shape for the opening day. The field trials are generally run adjacent to some country town which can furnish sufficient hotel and livery accommodations, and yet situated in a country sufficiently open and known to contain quantities of birds. The field trials are run on partridges, more familiarly known as quail or bob white. The object is to ascertain the best dog, the dog which has the best speed, range, style, stamina and bird-finding qualities. The judges selected have a very delicate as well as unenviable task in deciding these points.

The first duty of the Secretary is to send out about six weeks previous to the date on which the trials are to be held, an entry blank to all the members of the field trial association, and to all others who have applied. On this blank is entered the name of the dog, sex, pedigree, date of birth, and the stake for which it is entered—the Derby, the open All-age or Free-for-all, as the case may be. The nomination fee in

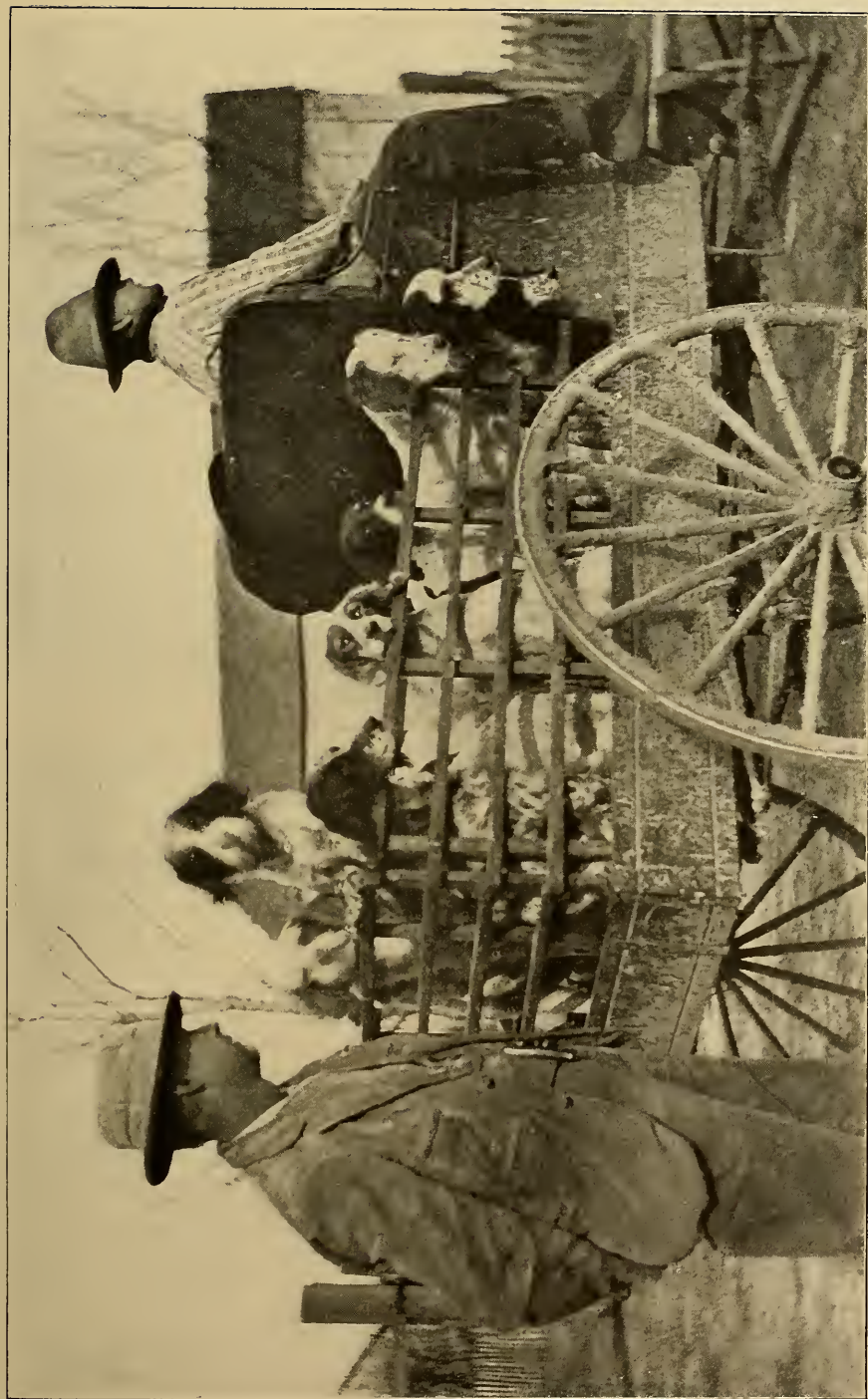
each stake is usually \$5.00, which must accompany the application for entering the dog. This being done, the next step is the assembling of the participants and professional handlers at the trials. On the night previous to the day on which the trials begin, those who have their dogs on hand ready to start are required to come forward and pay to the Secretary an additional fee, which is usually \$10.00, known as the starting fee. When this fee is paid the name of the dog for which it is paid is written on a slip of paper, carefully folded and placed in a hat. When all of the dogs which are present and ready to run in a specified stake have qualified, the names are shaken up and drawn out one at a time—the first name drawn out of the hat is run with the second, and so on until all of the dogs are paired off. The names are then posted in a conspicuous place in the hotel where all interested can copy them for reference next day.

The drawing of the dogs, as this is called, is always attended with much interest, for frequently stakes are won or lost in the drawing, owing to the time of day at which a dog is fortunate or unfortunate enough to be put down. Sometimes the morning is cold and the ground frozen, and the brace of dogs which goes down first is handicapped, and again dogs may be drawn so that they will fall in the heat of the day, between twelve and three o'clock, which again is a handicap. All of these points are considered for or against a dog in a professional field trial.

The drawing over, and many pleasantries exchanged between old friends, the crowd is soon off to bed to be up with the lark,



On the road to the trial grounds.



Loading the dogs preparatory to making a start—an unusual crate.

ready to get away from town at an early hour, the horses and wagons being ordered from the livery stable to be ready by seven o'clock A. M. Next morning everything is hustle and bustle getting breakfast, loading the dogs into the wagons, and selecting riding horses for the day's trip. As a rule the crowd is late starting, and it is more like nine o'clock than seven when the party moves in the direction of the grounds which are probably from two to five miles distant from the town. It is indeed a most inspiring sight to see a long cavalcade of horses and the various types of wagons and buggies loaded with all sorts and conditions of dog crates, nearly every one of which contains a yelping canine anxious to be let loose for his hour's sport. The grounds being reached, the judges call for the first brace. They are soon brought up and the command given "Let your dog go." The two dogs are then cut loose by their respective handlers and the fun begins. If the brace happens to be a fast, wide ranging pair, the excitement is the more intense, and the crowd in its anxiety

to see the dogs and watch their work is apt to become unruly. Here the field marshal comes into play; he commands the crowd to "hold back" and let the handlers of the dogs get out in front with their horses, if they happen to ride, for it is optional with them whether they ride or walk. The Judges follow the handlers on horseback, for their job is a tiresome one, and they must stay at it all day. The spectators are commanded to remain fifty yards in the rear of the judges, but this is seldom obeyed, and the marshal is continually yelling at the crowd to "hold back." All at once the thrilling, heart-piercing sound is heard, "point Judge" from a nearby covert. All hands make a break for the spot, throwing aside conventionality and forgetting the marshal's admonition of a few minutes before to "hold back." There stands the dog on a staunch point, his tail and head erect and every nerve tense; the other dog, which has made a wide cast in another direction, upon catching sight of the dog which is pointing, stops to a beautiful "back." The handler comes up, and when



"Keep off that wheat!"



“Are you ready? Let your dog go, Mr. Handler!”

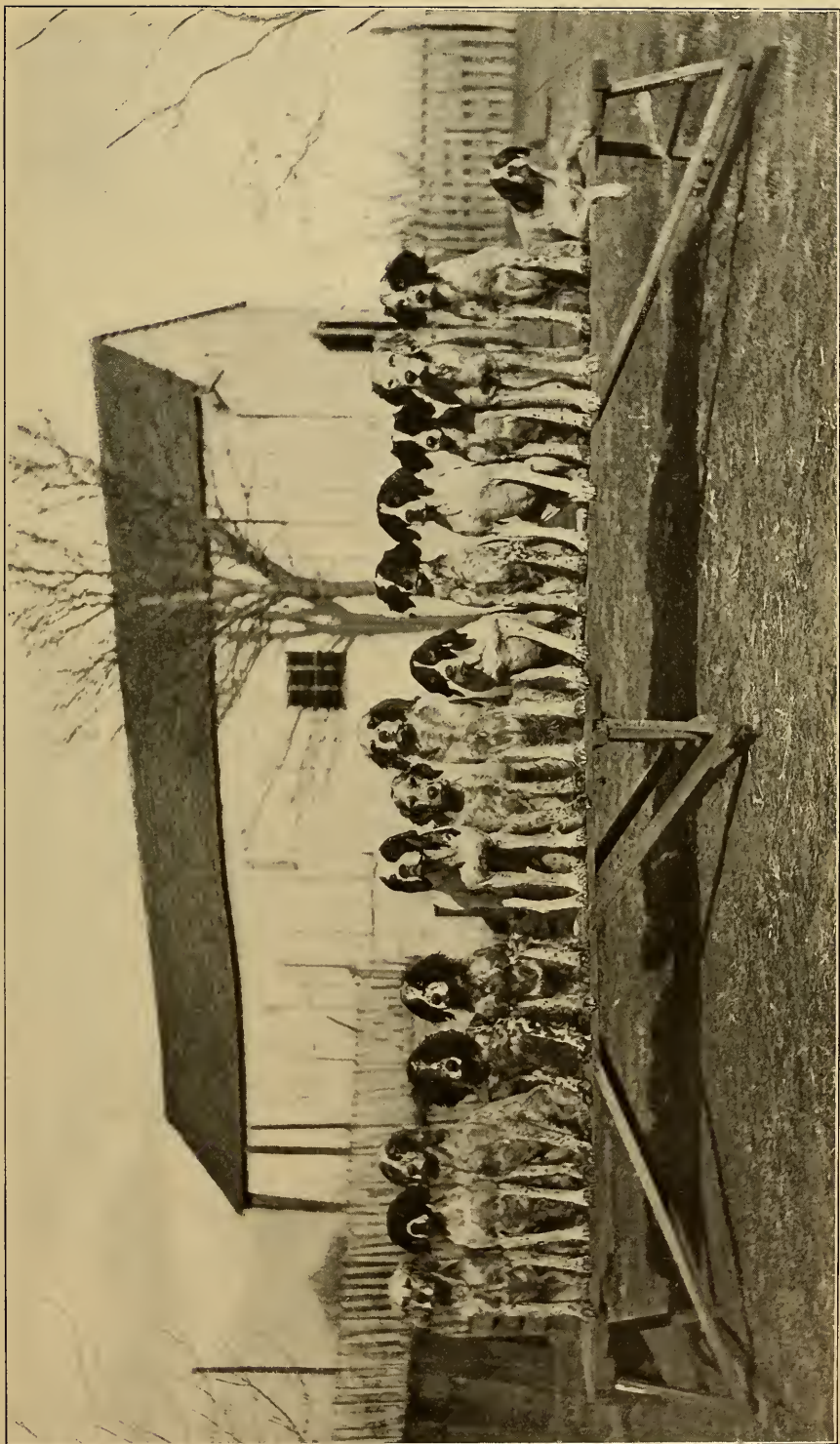
the judges order him to do so, he walks in front of his dog, keeping his eye strictly on his charge, for fear it will make an error. The dog must stand perfectly rigid when the birds are flushed. “There they go,” everybody cries, “watch ’em,” for they must be followed to work the dogs on “singles.” Both dogs behaved nicely when the birds were flushed and a gun fired over the point to ascertain if they be “steady to shot,” which means they must not run in or “break shot,” as such conduct is called. The gun is fired only for this purpose, for no birds are killed in a field trial. Retrieving is not a part of the training of a field trial dog; this may seem strange to the uninitiated, but it is a big item in running the trials. If each dog were required to retrieve a dead bird it would take weeks to pull off a meet, which now consumes four to six days. Any sort of a dog can be taught to retrieve, but it cannot be made to smell and point birds. The birds are followed and nice work is done on the singles, possibly one dog gets all of the points, possibly honors are even, or may be the good

work of a covey find is offset by a dog running over and flushing all the singles and spoiling its chances, or “cutting their throats,” as the expression goes. The judges look at their watches, for they have timed the dogs and if they have run their heat of forty minutes or over, they are “ordered up” and the second brace is called for. These may not be on hand, some wagon has been late getting started or taken the wrong road, and a wait is incurred until the wagon comes up, or is found.

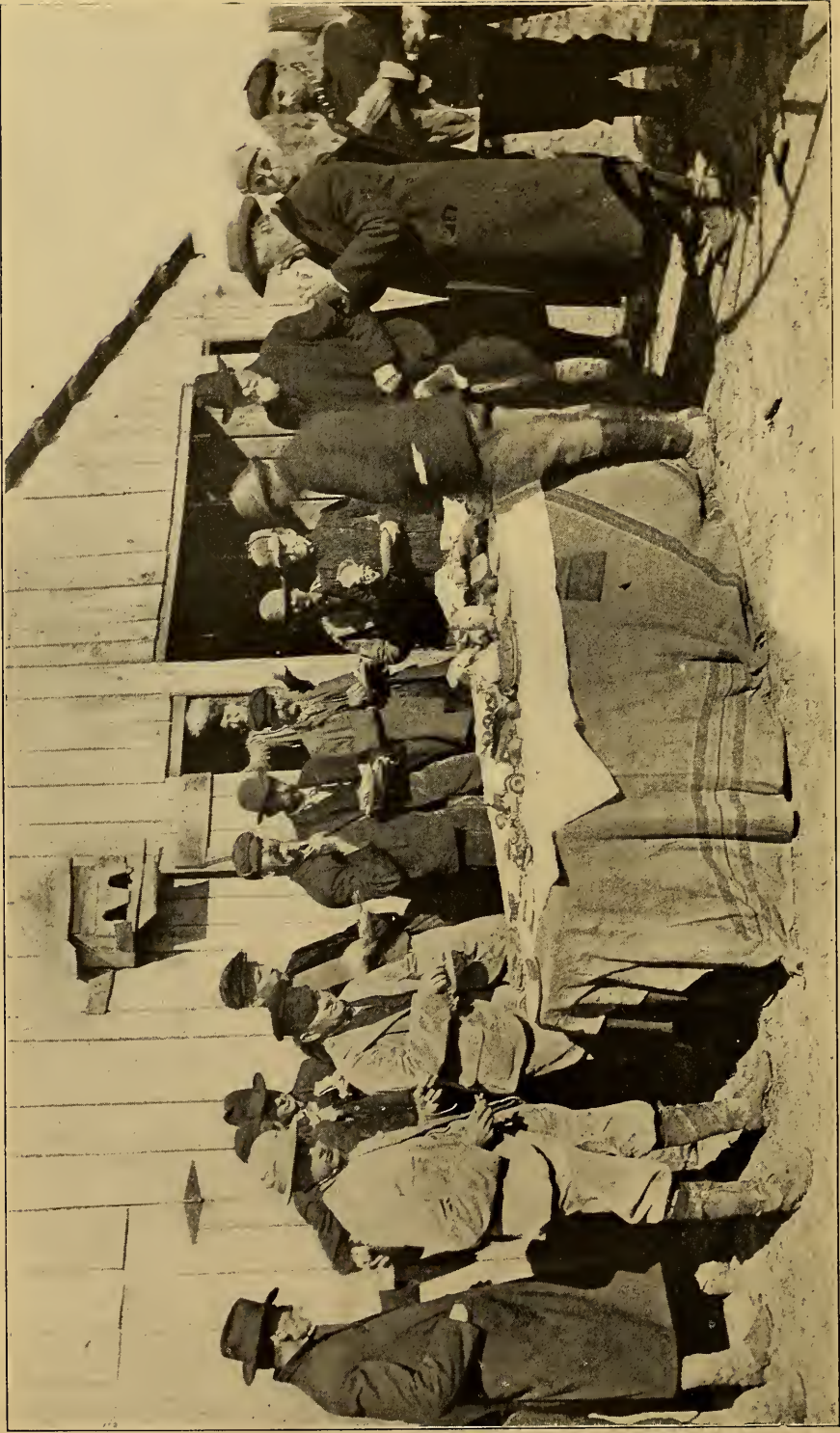
The braces of dogs are run one after another in the order drawn until all have had a chance on game; then comes the second series, in which the judges, after comparing their notes, and from keen observation, select the dogs which have made the best showing and drop the others. These winners are paired off according to the discretion of the judges to be run a second time. Of course some good dogs are left out, but they have had their chance, and either took advantage of the opportunity given them, spoiled their chances or were outclassed. Each pair of dogs is not in a



Waiting for the wagons to come up with the next brace.



A few participants in the trials—"Attention, boys!"



Lunch out in the lot on the warm side of the barn.

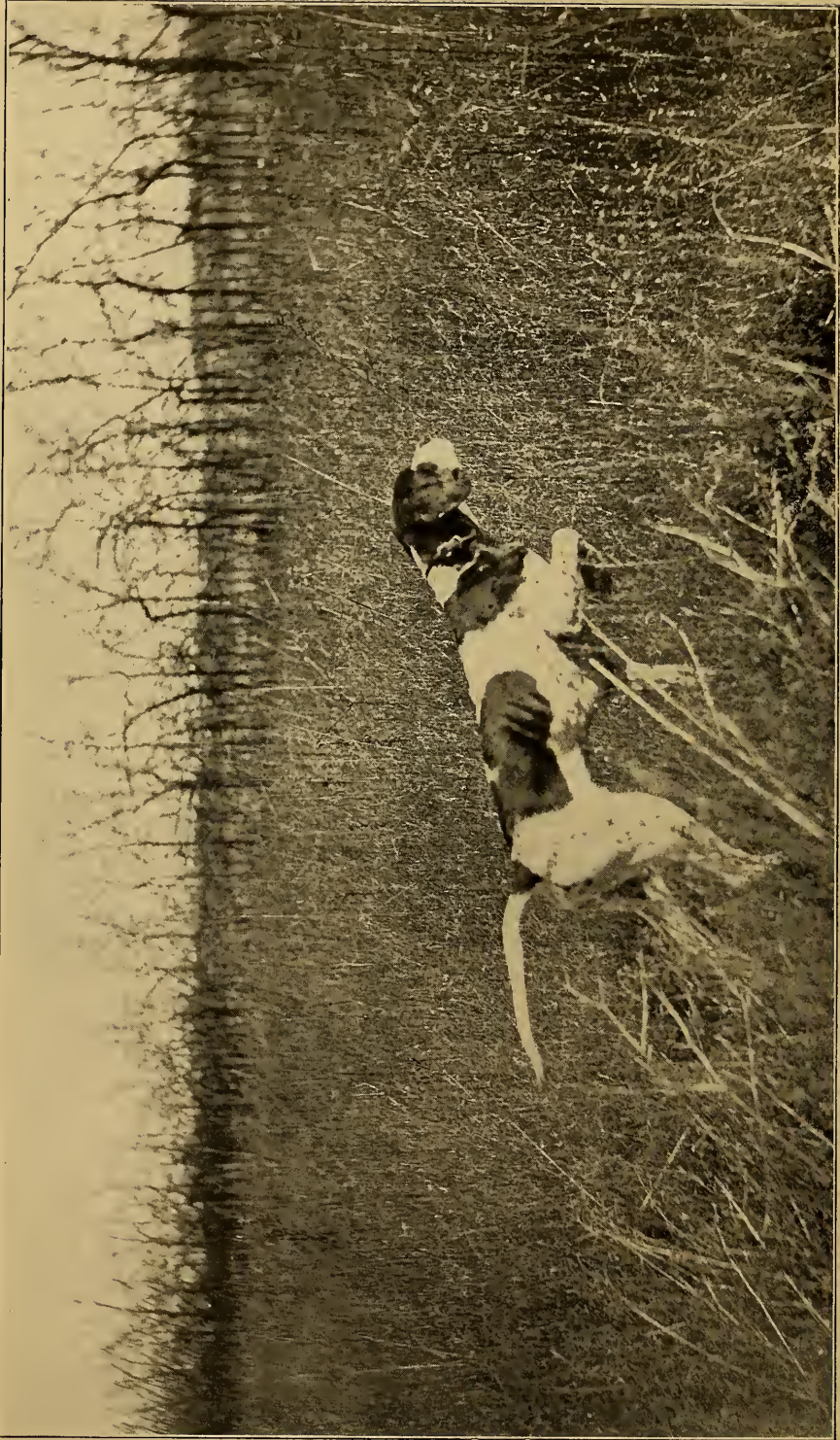


race by itself. Sometimes both are taken into the next series, while another brace is left out entirely. A good high-class, wide ranging dog may have hunted industriously and been unfortunate in not finding birds, while a less attractive dog may have done a lot of bird work and is carried on, and right here comes the disappointment. A man knows what his dog can do, for he has seen him do it before, and it requires all the fortitude and manhood in him not to "kick" when his good dog is left out of a stake and another, not near so attractive, is given a place. But dear reader, we must not forget this is a trial of bird dogs, which by a peculiarly endowed trait are gifted with the wonderful power of running at high speed and instantly detecting the scent of a bird, and that the dog is trained to point and hold his point until you or I can get there and shoot the game for our own use. It is of course very delightful to see the fast, wide ranging dog go, and equally distressing to some of us to see the "duffer," through a streak of good luck, placed above him, but we are hunting birds, and bird-finding is the first requisite.

The happiest time of the day is luncheon when the tired, hungry crowd all gallop up to the appointed farm-house where the lunch wagon is waiting, the Secretary having instructed the hotel keeper what to prepare and where to send it. An impromptu table is erected behind the barn, in the sun out of the cold, wintry wind, which has a habit of blowing in the beautiful autumn days when most field trials are held. Coffee, turkey, sausage, cakes, biscuits, and all the good things are devoured by the waiting guests, and then come the cigars. After luncheon, the horses are mounted for the afternoon race. The same plan is pursued in the second series as in the first, then come the finals, when the two best dogs are put down to run for first and second place. Sometimes this is decided in ten minutes, sometimes it takes an hour, and it may have taken two days running to get to the last brace. Frequently there are from eight to fifteen braces of dogs in a stake. When eventide rolls around, the crowd makes a break for town, which may be anywhere from five to ten miles distant. The ride back is truly a free-for-all race, going at a full gallop in their anxiety to get back to the hotel to a

warm fire and hot supper. At night, generally, the annual meeting of the Association is held, when matters of business are attended to and new members are elected, also the drawing for the next stake takes place. Some associations run four stakes—a Member's Derby and Member's All-age, for members only, as well as an Open Derby and Open All-age for professionals as well as members; then there is a subscription or champion stake which calls for the best dogs of all. The entrance money is usually paid out as prizes; the club, however, guaranteeing a purse of about \$400 to \$600 in each stake, hoping to be reimbursed from the entry and starting fees.

The Derby stake is limited to puppies whelped on or after January 1st of the year previous to holding the trials. In the breeding of dogs for a Derby prospect, it is always the ambition of the owner to get a puppy, whelped as early in the year as possible, for the reason that it is old enough to receive a good preliminary training the following fall, and by the next summer is ready to show what is in it on prairie chickens, and, later in the fall, to make or lose its reputation on quail. The prairie chicken trials, which are generally held in the west or northwest, are of immense value in the development of the field trial dog. The broad prairie and flat country being conducive to range, the puppy being able to see its handler for a greater distance, creates in it a greater degree of confidence which it cannot acquire in a close, brushy country. The first thing necessary in field trial prospects is range and independent hunting. If a puppy shows these qualities to any degree, it can be encouraged, with the proper training. Then, if it has a nose to back up the speed and range, and can find birds, it is a good prospect and worth spending money on. Thousands of pointer and setter puppies are tried out each season, any one of which would make what is known as a good shooting dog, but very few measure up to the high standard necessary to landing in a winner's place in the field trials. An honest, expert professional handler will not take a patron's money for the training of dogs for field trial purposes when there is no chance for the dog to win. Of course there are many conditions which enter into the field trial



“Point Judge!” A fine piece of work in the high grass by a prize winner.



The day's work over, supper is relished by the cracks that have produced the sport.

which make the best of dogs lose, but after the weeding-out process, and after sending back home many which have not come up to the standard, those which do compete in the field trials are generally of the highest order. These dogs are valuable—valuable because they have shown their intelligence and their high qualities by being able to hunt better, to go faster, to stay out longer, to hunt more independently, and to find more game than those which have been left at home. These dogs range anywhere in value from \$100 to \$5,000. Were it not for the field trial, for this weeding-out process, and the survival of the fittest, no such prices as these would ever have been heard of for a sporting dog, such as a pointer or setter. Strange to say, field trials are confined almost exclusively to pointers and English or Llewellyn setters. Very few Irish or Gordon setters have ever been able to stand up against these other breeds. Occasionally the Irish setter is seen in some small stake, but they have never seemed to develop the class, snap, and style necessary to make them of the winning breed.

The field trials which have been run in the United States for the last twenty-five years have developed the English setter and pointer to a high state of efficiency, and the field trials are on the increase. Nearly every season records the organizing of new associations, which form into circuits. These circuits are arranged with fixed dates as in horse racing, so that handlers may go from one to the other and participate with their string of dogs in a half a dozen different meetings, making it profitable for them in the winning of the purses put up by the various associations. As a rule, these purses range from \$300 to \$600 in each stake, and the money is divided into four parts, of which the first winner receives 40 per cent., the second place 30 per cent., the third place 20 per cent., and the fourth place 10 per cent. Should the handler be fortunate enough to have the dog which wins first in the Derby and first in the All-age, he has landed a nice sum of money. There are professional handlers, who have followed this business for years, whose income never falls below \$2,500 a year and sometimes as high as \$4,000. The usual charge for handling a dog is \$12.50 per month during the training season, which

includes feed and care, and if the dog is especially good, the handler may take him for a percentage of winnings, the owner to pay the nominating and starting fees which usually amount to \$15.00 in each stake. The running of field trial dogs is not an inexpensive amusement by any means, but when one has a good dog that is worth spending money on, he is almost sure to be able to realize a large price, besides all of the pleasure and honor attached to its winning. There are, of course, as in all other forms of sport, the disappointments which fall to the lot of those who persevere and stick at it; the sportsman, however, is found year after year in the winning column. The greatest disappointment to all breeders of high-class dogs is the death list, or mortality of puppies; this is something fearful. Where one is raised successfully, probably twenty-five die, and we do not think we exaggerate in making this statement. The field trial dogs of the present day are generally inbred and are, therefore, delicate. On the theory that like begets like, patrons of field trials have mated the dogs which have proven themselves winners, until we now have a composite, high strung, nervous animal, subject to all the ravages of the many diseases known to the canine world.

It is indeed discouraging to raise a lot of puppies to the age of six months or a year, bright, intelligent fellows, any one of which you would choose for a companion, which you have nurtured and cared for, then to see them drop off one by one, with that most dreaded of diseases, distemper, yet, like a child having whooping cough, it is best for them to take the disease and get over it, for then one can spend his money on a certainty. It is disheartening, after you have educated a dog and made him worth \$500 or \$1,000, to have the disease take him off just at the time when you begin to enjoy the fruits of your labor. The field trial has been a great method of bringing out these high-class dogs. Were it not for the field trials, they would never have been heard of, and a peculiar thing about the field trial business is that every man is an enthusiast, every owner has the best dog, which is bound to win, and he enters his dog and pays his expenses, feeling sure that he will certainly carry off the



The veteran reporter—"My, that was a bad break!"

prize, but out of seventy-five or eighty entries in a field trial, only eight of them can win, as there are only four prizes in each stake. Somebody must lose. There is an element of luck, but luck cannot always be against your particular dog, and certainly in a half a dozen of these field trials, under possibly a dozen or more different climatic and field conditions, it will have all the opportunity in the world to demonstrate whether or not it is made of the winning stuff. The field trials can not be successfully run in a small broken territory, or in a country which is too much wooded. It requires a large area, from ten to twenty thousand acres of good bird country, because the dogs as a rule are very fast, wide ranging individuals and cover an enormous amount of territory.

Some of the largest field trial associations in the country, which have excellent grounds, are the Independent Field Trial Club, S. H. Sockwell, Sec., Indianapolis, Ind.; Illinois Field Trial Association, W. R. Green, Sec., Marshall, Ill.; The Continental

Field Trial Club, John White, Sec., Hempstead, L. I.; The Eastern Field Trial Association, S. C. Bradley, Sec., Fairfield, Conn.; the United States Field Trial Club, W. B. Stafford, Sec., Trenton, Tenn., and, of course, our own Virginia Field Trial Association, which has possibly the largest individual membership of any association in the United States.

The running of field trials is the greatest and cleanest sport known to the lovers of outdoor life. There is nothing to compare with it. It has a certain fascination which no other form of outdoor amusement enjoys, and one out of which you get recreation and pleasure all the year round, for there is just as much pleasure in the anticipation as in the realization, and a business man can sit at his desk in any city in the United States and keep up day by day, week by week, with his dog as it travels from one point of the United States to the other, learning its lesson and receiving its education at the various field trials held between August 15th and February 1st.



“Caves, grottoes and tunnels challenge voice and hoof-beat.”

# THE DREAM ROAD

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO



DREAM ROAD may begin at any hour of the day; this one begins at seven o'clock in the morning. It starts to the sound of the mass

bell in the church with the leather curtain; it runs by a tufa wall over which hang oranges and camellias silvered with dew; it stretches away while globules of mist dim the Madonna in the corner shrine and all her little tin rosettes and leaden hearts show frostily.

Any kind of vehicle may travel over a dream road. Just now it happens to be an old-fashioned barouche that waits in front of the pink and lilac hotel. The supposedly blind beggar sitting on the curb tells the professedly deaf and dumb beggar reclining in the gutter, that he has seen this barouche convey many parties; he has, he remarks, gathered much coin from its differing occupants, and now regards it with superstition, nay, positive affection. "The saints protect it," responds the professedly deaf and dumb beggar, then these two unfortunates give over the pleasures of the senses, arrange their rags for more heart-rending effects and concentrate upon the business of the day.

The heads of the two be-feathered, be-pomponned little Italian horses shake in pretty restlessness. Paolo, their driver, draws his black brows together. He stamps his feet, and stalks about moodily. Come, what fatality is this? Though the sun has struck a signal across white balcony and cream-colored loggia, though the spring air twinkles like bubbles on a stirrup-cup, though plane and mulberry trees stretch out their arms in *Nunc Dimittis*, yet there is no sign of a start.

Dream roads may be traveled by vari-

ous sorts of people; prophets, priests and kings have come to their own at the end of them; poets, musicians, and writers arrive by their highways, but it is a curious and somewhat humiliating thing for them that of late years almost all the dream roads of the world have been given over to parties. A party is a thing that wears veils and overshoes and carries umbrellas. It is a party that at last issues from the doors of the pink and lilac hotel. It is to this party that *Americana*, the *Whimsical*, is attached.

The party is still somewhat sleepy, very chilly, and dark with doubts as to the weather and the integrity of the dream road. *Americana* is brisk and cheerful. She is the only one who does not survey the old barouche with disapproval. True, on a dream road, one rather looks for a pumpkin chariot with rats for coachmen, but what if this equipage does fall a little short of her hopes? She scrambles up to the shaky precariousness of the driver's seat while the party returns answer to "The *Signore* are satisfied?"

"First," the party wants to know, "are the horses safe?" Next, "is the road safe?" Above all "is the carriage clean?" True to an ancestry that has always excelled in painting lilies and gilding refined gold, the concierge returns fervid expressions. He has not spent his life giving halos to objectionable viands for nothing, this concierge. He bows and scrapes like a rheumatic butterfly hovering over the full-blown rose of the American fee; one antenna gesturing ardently, the other fixed in constant anticipation.

Ensconced in the old barouche the party next has an agony over the small luggage. Where is the party's brown bag? A heavy-eyed *facchino* produces the brown

bag, also the important bag, the bag with a pedigree and the bag without a pedigree. These things being done, the party, out of enormous reserves of foreboding now considers Paolo. "Is this cocchiere reliable?" demands the party, "Does he know what to do in emergencies?" Emergencies. . . . The concierge clutches nervously at his upturned mustache (which mustache Americana thinks must serve as a perpetual spiritual suggestion). He beckons to Paolo. "Per Bacco" growls that gloomy one, getting down from his seat. "What then is this foolery?" For answer the concierge drags him before the party. "Tell them thyself, Paolo," implores he of the spiritual uplift, "appease a discontent so ignoble."

There are some people who always carry with them the correct make-up and stage-business for their psychological moment. Paolo is one of these. The moment approaches, so does he. Out of his divinings he perceives the tendency of thumbs to go



"Swarthy little boys . . . turning cart wheels."

down. At once he calls up a face of trusting innocence and docility. He assures the party that they have with perspicacity picked out the only man in the town that knows how to drive, hints that the Dream Road is constructed chiefly of Genoese velvet and the wings of angels and vows that if he has a weakness that weakness is for parties and their prejudices. "Have the signore any alarms?" Paolo, hat in hand, blue shirt expanding over a magnificent chest, gives an instructive little talk on "alarms."

"Will the signore graciously trust all to me? Ecco, my horses, tender, patient and brave as my brothers (Paolo's brothers are all murderers and cutthroats). Ecco, the carriage, an affair luxurious to a degree." The tender liquid eyes of Paolo dwell upon the keen yet anxious tourist faces. He perfectly understands the effect of Italian fervor upon these cold new worldlings. "Per Bacco," he rants vividly, "I undertake it."

It is well for a party when it does not wholly comprehend situations and the geniuses that control them. No sooner has the party succumbed to Paolo's fascinations and signified its readiness to start than a complete transformation takes place in the character of the cocchiere. In spite of his early gloom and subsequent humility, Paolo is in reality a dashing sort of person, the glittering hero of his little Italian village. While he has been chafing at the top of the hill, his customary audience has been collecting at the bottom. Against the walls where the oranges hang are dark-haired girls leaning and laughing. Women lounge in squalid doorways; sleepy eyed men hang over loggias. Half-way down is a tall gendarme who halts stiffly to let the carriage pass. His spurs are very ferocious, his sword pokes up the fall of his cloak, he raises his hand to the scarlet rosette on his Napoleonic hat. But behind that military salute what a fiendish smirk! "Ha, Paolo, still favored of the saints? still driving thy superbly decayed carriage full of the hideous but golden Americane?" In like manner one and all convey greeting, as the favorite, in hat of volcanic outline, in corduroy coat and streaming red handkerchief, dashes by.

The Dream Road has begun. While the party peers anxiously into the dense haze



of the guidebook, Americana cranes her neck and looks over baffling walls into mysterious gardens. The village is neared. Rafts of swarthy little boys spring out from mellow tufa backgrounds. In twos and threes they dash at the barouche, running swiftly alongside, turning cartwheels, flinging out in ragged gestures their brown arms and chanting.

Americana would like to pause and learn the words of this Dream Road fragment, but not Paolo. He resents interference with his own spectacular progress, frowns down the little beggars and diverts Americana's attention to the conical mountain rising behind the village. On its top, silhouetted against the unwarmed morning sky, is a deserted monastery. The cross of iron stands out severe and black. Presently down from those cold heights floats the chime from bells of an unearthly sweetness. It is a long way for sound to travel from a wornout religion to a Dream Road! These delicate vibrations are weary, tremulous with their journey. Americana wonders if the bell-throats do not ache with fruitless accent, with hopeless reiteration.

But though the hoary bells tell of things past, of palmer and pilgrim left behind, Paolo in the living present jerks off his hat to every little wayside shrine, murmuring a devout something. These religious duties disposed of he squares his shoulders with a relieved air. "Ah—Ah—Ahhhhhhhh"—" he remarks in a severe tone to the jingling horses. This "Ah" is evidently intended to restrain and discipline, but Paolo utters it with an inflection curiously suggestive of disdain. "Ahhhhhhh" he ejaculates, louder and louder, in tones particularly swashbuckling and operatic. At last Americana understands and smiles. The carriage turns into "Via Vittorio Emanuele," Paolo is notifying more friends and admirers of his approach.

Now the Dream Road runs through a market place and the carriage threads a piazza full of gesticulation and vociferation. Smutty arcades, strings of onions and peppers and melancholy odors form a characteristic background for stalls of vegetables and merchandise. Here prevails intense bargaining and naive domestic activity. From her high seat Americana stares open-mouthed at the herds of she-goats tinkling in soft-footed companies



"They stop a man who is selling wines."

among the crowds in the arcades. "Like pictures on a raisin box," she murmurs, as a woman draws up to her balcony a basket of spring vegetables from the panniers of a donkey below; then, as the donkey rests his head on a large cheese and whisks his tail over pans of roasting coffee she gives vent to that old American woman-word "Cunning!" A word at which as they hear it, all donkeys all over the world invariably prick up their ears and wink.

Mingled in the market swarm is much red and yellow—the ocher of head handkerchiefs, the color of corals on thick brown necks. Some of the women turn away from the carriage full of Americane. They crook their fingers and murmur a saint's name: it is to avert the evil eye. Other women, less superstitious, hail the barouche with friendly smiles. They call out "Good-bye" (the word which to them means the prodigal strewing of centesimi). "Behold, Paolo conducts the Americane to Sorrento," cries a contadina with a big pansy-faced baby. She takes Pansy-Face's little hand and teaches him to wave a curious beckoning farewell. This is in order that

Pansy-Face, when he is big enough to run about barelegged may join the other children scampering in the dust, crying "Soldi, soldi."

Meanwhile Paolo feigning indifference to smiles and greetings, absorbs himself in a whipcracking solo, a theme of percussives with rawhide orchestration. "Ah-Ah—" he observes cynically. He jerks the horses in a sudden lurch to one side. This is to avoid collision with a terrible specimen of sore and diseased beggar. The specimen is left behind, his whining prayer changed to healthy swearing, whereupon Paolo commends himself enthusiastically and renders a chromatic from handle to lash.

During all this the party has kept its eyes glued upon the guidebook. The Dream Road being a highway that all tourists know and love, the party is determined to commit it to memory, to swallow it, data and statistic, head and tail. Americana on the other hand feels differently. Beyond a curious sense of approach and revelation, she permits herself no anticipation. Though the Dream Road be to her unknown territory yet she believes it will have a familiar side. To have thought about a thing long enough is to know that thing pretty well. Of course any Dream Road will have its tricks and surprises, but Americana believes that the only way to get the best of those tricks and surprises is to be an honest, unaffected dreamer without a fact in one's head: "The idea of a guidebook pretending to know what one will see on a Dream Road!" sniffs Americana. A Dream Road must loathe statistics and practical information; if this Road could talk there would be a dialogue something like this:

Dream Road to Tourist—"Who are you?"

Tourist to Dream Road—"Myself, with yesterday's seven thousand years."

Dream Road—"What do you come my way for?"

Tourist—"To find the end of a dream."

Dream Road—"Where did that dream begin?"

Tourist—"On a tea-cup, or perhaps a fan, or, stop, was it something some one told me, or a bar of music?"

Dream Road—"Anyway, that's the right answer, but where do you expect to find the end of your dream?"

Tourist—"One doesn't ever really find

the end, you know, that's why it's so nice to keep right on looking for it."

Dream Road—"I understand—well, now you're here, I suppose you're going to look at me through a guidebook?"

Tourist—"Not if you don't object to the old formula."

Dream Road—"Old formula? What's that?"

Tourist—"The thing that is in the mind of most persons when they first come to Italy."

Dream Road—"Repeat it."

Tourist (recklessly)—"Italy, pink boot on the map. Nero having dinners and fiddling. Dante, mournful, writing poetry. Volcanic regions, something may go off any minute. Alps, sublimity. Cæsars, Christians, lions. Something about Guelphs and Ghibellines and fisticuffs, don't know why. Mediterranean blue as the Monday tub. Garibaldi shirts hung on boundary lines. A ring of painters joining hands on the horizon and singing 'Trovatore.'"

Dream Road—"You'll do, pass on."

The Dream Road, as an eagle sees it, stretches up through the black mountains, looping like a silver chain. It is cut through cliffs of savage rock piled hundreds of feet in air, and winds above a bay whose waters are set like a gleaming lip to the azure bowl of the sky. Drawn in a sinuous band, the road passes up crag, down precipice and over ravine, striking between whites levels where small arcaded villages are strung interval after interval, like carved ivory pendants. Though the Road winds along stretches of coast and sea untamable, unbled of their natural wildness, and though it traverses regions full of legend and romance, yet the traveler's whole capacity is caught up in wonder at the road itself, the sublime triumph of its engineering, the revelation of what human minds may adventure, undaunted imaginations achieve.

There is for a time silence among the occupants of the old barouche. Americana is silent because on one hand is a forest that sends out in faint confusion, the fragrances of Spring, and on the other the silver sea-scroll on which comings and goings have been etched in water. Paolo is silent because there are many pedestrians and vehicles passing and occasions arise on which he must display his prowess as



“The Dream Road pushes out in rocky unevenness.”

cocchiere. The rock-walled ways are narrow, the turns sharp; lurching suddenly to one side of the now steep ascent, he avoids entanglement with a descending farm wagon. It is drawn by white bullocks whose broad foreheads and widespread horns give peculiar dignity to their low-hung, swaying heads. They move slowly, speculatively, in a strange drowsy grandeur, as if a sacred significance still hung over them. Their driver, lying asleep on a pile of sun-warmed bales, is a thing over which Paolo grows virtuously indignant. As he passes he finds expression in language perhaps classical, certainly critical. The other driver half opens his long-lashed eyes and hurls magnificent retort. “Santa Maria,” (and a choice assortment of saints and devils), “may a man not take his siesta when he pleases?” He is left behind with his oxen, looking back scowling and muttering. Paolo, on the other hand smiles sweetly and is content. He calls up a righteous expression. He commends himself enthusiastically.

And now the Dream Road begins truly to find itself. Sight and sounds half reality, half magic, flash on the eye and ear. Warm airs steal up from the smooth sand beaches. Far below on the waters of the Gulf, white sails spring like scimitars from a sapphire sheath. Against the horizon, in red and purple specks, blot the fishing boats. These

boats seem to cling like limpets to the purple skyline. Again they drift below the cliffs like seedpods floated up from the Italian gardens under the sea. Italian gardens where silver fishes roam silently, through what soft pink and lilac shrubbery, past what strange gleams of phosphorous, along what dim watered way of coral tombs and shell temples!

Occasionally the shoreline of the Dream Road pushes out in rocky eminences, headlands where long ago stood barbaric watch towers, where ruins now lift crumbled outlines. On these headlands are flights of stone-steps perfectly and sharply cut, that lead up and down from road to beach. From time to time fluttering figures with bundles of kelp and driftwood on their heads toil up these white stairs and sit on the sea wall to rest.

All along the way, this sea wall has held Americana’s attention. It is low and smooth and seems to separate sky and sea like a white dyke holding back the everlasting flow and wash of blue. As the miles stretch out, the color and character of this wall changes. Sometimes it has a faint lilac tinge, sometimes is weather-green, sometimes fretted with curious bronze stains.

In the sunshine now scorching it, are lizards that in an ecstasy uniquely lizardish, dart seemingly by hundreds over hot

white dazzle. These lizards are long and lithe and brilliantly green; watching them flash in and out of a hundred momentary geometrics, Americana is reminded of the Trinacria, of signs of the Zodiac, of spokes of green light flying from some dissolving mystery. She idly wonders if it is necessary for one land to have quite so many lizards to the square inch, reflecting: "At home we get along nicely with one lizard under the barn and two by the stone wall, but here in Italy there is a lizard for every idle word. I saw them wriggling around in the three temples at Paestum. I've seen them playing tag in sacred atrium and impluvium, but Americana revels in the unorthodox in meditation—"these are no ordinary lizards, these are undoubtedly princes, lizards of lineage—just think of seeing the great grand-lizard of a lizard that was knighted by having Julius Cæsar step on him!" It occurs to her to suggest this to the party. She turns and looks down on the occupants of the barouche. "Do you notice the lizards? Millions of them, like live emeralds. Wouldn't you just love to trim your hat with them, but I suppose they are too restless for that."

The party looks a little uncertain. Lizards? Of course. Vermin, or would you call them reptiles? Why should Americana be interested in the number? As for trimming one's hat with lizards—this is too harlequin. . . . However the party smiles indulgently. Fetching out the guidebook the party dilates upon the fact that the drive is hardly half over, Amalfi not yet in sight, Sorrento miles further on, and suggests that Americana save her strength and that she should not tire her eyes with lizards. "There will be other things to see," promises the party, "more improving things."

"More improving," murmurs Americana. "more improving? What could be more improving than emerald lizards flashing over a pink wall with a background of white road, sapphire sea, and the sun oriflaming along in a hepatica sky?" She sighs, wondering if the writers of guidebooks could be induced to add a paragraph on "Lizards of lineage."

As the road progresses, arched viaducts convey it over deep ravines. These bridged arms extend across rocky spaces where mountain streams rush to the sea. Round-

ing a curve of the road and looking back upon a chasm just passed one sees through these spans of vignettes a series of sliding pictures. An olive skinned goat-herd melts into two bright petticoated women washing clothes in the stream, a pink almond tree dissolves on its green slope, masses of rock change into groups of inky cypress. It is all simple, all unpremeditated, yet things like this and things like arch, terrace, loggia and pergola are what create for the superficial traveler his Italy. They spring from an undying fountain of beauty from which newer civilizations are continually drinking, but of which they have never discovered the mysterious source. They are the things that most effectually cast out the American fear.

It is against the American fear, against constantly recurring assertion such as "Venice is nothing but steamboats now," "Rome is as modern as New York," etc., that physical Italy seems unconsciously to have arrayed herself. It is to combat and lay low this fear that old memories and old dreams still hang about the life and color of an Italian spring. Glamor will never drift away from a land that lifts its new white roads by arches born of those dead forms drifting across the Roman Campagna. Dreams may still be where is perfume of golden fruit, where the sea is lapis lazuli, where nightingales sing in the ilex. But more than anything else it is the perpetual hauntedness that keeps the traveler subdued. "We have so few ghosts at home," says the American, seeing how the goldsmith ghosts of Italy keep touching up the wreck of their tarnished country. He marvels at that life-force that not only dares be so superb in waste of full-blooded living and unniggardly dying but still expends itself in such a tenacious haunting. "Ghosts of war and religion and love," thinks he. Proud, sensitive, aristocratic ghosts—must they not sometimes shrink before the cold, acquisitive, fact-lined face of that New World that walks about merely to see. "There is something in it," concludes the American, paying this (his highest tribute) with a sigh, and so dies the American's fear.

More mounting of steep passes to the diminuendo and crescendo of Paolo's whip and reflections. No verbal Italian has Americana, but the unconscious swagger of



“It is cut through cliffs of savage rock piled hundreds of feet in air.”

the cocchiere is the keynote that gives her the range of his thought. "The signore are fortunate that they have chosen me in my sincerity rather than the abandoned and dissolute Antonio who invariably presents himself. Swish—Swish—Crack, crack, crack— I please the signore and shall be well rewarded at Sorrento. La—La—Ah? Ah, ah—Crack!"

To be in a carriage traversing such heights is to lean orchid-like from the hanging basket of the sky. It gives an airy sway to one's reflections, the trapeze point of view. It pleases Americana, but it does not please the party. The party has looked up the number of feet above the level of the sea and is possessed of an array of facts and grim statistical knowledge that gives it uneasiness. The Dream Road has for the last few miles seemed to the party a nightmare road, a thing abnormal, immoral, in its wildness. So when there are no more masses of overhanging rock, no more peaks piercing the clouds, the party is relieved and sees with pleasure the prospect of downward slopes, villages girdled with groves, rippled with terraces.

Slowly the Dream Road winds down, where on either hand under roof of winter thatch, in a gloom deepened by their own dark leaves, hang pale yellow bulbs mysteriously pendant. As the carriage passes under a slope, its occupants may look up into this darkness where under miles of fairy trellis glimmers luminous fruit. Try as she may, Americana can see nothing commercial about this, no hint of lemons being grown for foreign markets. Rather it appears that one peeps into dark pagodas where jade idols grin, where oriental lanterns, white, green, and yellow, drop incense from their myriad lusters, lucent from their soft oils.

As if all this were not intoxication enough—what must the party do but stop a man selling wines, buy a fiasco of white "Ravello," and begin with a telescopic cup in one hand and a dead planet sandwich in the other to enjoy life—even to sit upon the guidebook. For with the lemon groves come more delightful things, and behold there is no time for statistics. More people and vehicles are met. Barefoot peasants lead strange teams. Donkey and horse, bullock and horse, goat and donkey, woman and dog. Villas twined with vines and

roses, little old churches, gardens with terra cotta urns, palms spiking the sky and fountains throwing water—these things delight the party. High-prowed boats are pulled up on the sands of Maori, at Minori silver nets are spread along the shore, at Positano the sea sweeps a clean beach, at Atrani the beach is covered with macaroni in golden squares of its different processes. At intervals Americana sees a road fountain with flowers floating in its waters, other flowers dazzle and flare on staring white walls. Red-embered scaldinos stand in low doorways, singing birds and gorgeous paroquets hang from loggias, the sign of the cross chalked on every gate and wall, strange paintings of the Virgin on the sides of houses. Detail by detail the people in the barouche comment on these things and try to connect them, but they all whirl by and are swallowed up. They vanish the unrealities of a Dream Road, subordinated to that climax at Amalfi, where sparkling amid oleanders and roses, white colonades and fluted stairways glitter.

So on and on the Road leads and on and on the old barouche winds until day begins to wane and purple shadows darken the water. Caves, grottoes and tunnels challenge voice and hoof beat, echoes spring up and die among the hills until at last a wistful feeling of loneliness and eeriness creep over things. The party is the first to feel this. The party begins to be drowsy and tired and wonders what is the time of day, to grieve over the creaking of the old barouche and to deplore that it has no springs. Americana, too, has become somewhat vague. One reason is that Paolo has given her the reins and she is endeavoring to guide the jingling horses without the knowledge of the party. Another reason is that she has for the last few moments been intent on the top of the last white hill a little further on. Either that white "Ravello" has gone to her head, or the scent of the lemons has had the effect of hasheesh. She sits like one in a trance, leaning forward listening, her eyes wide, fixed on the white summit. What is it she hears? Does she really hear anything? Once again it comes; clear, cool, half bird call, half flute note. It is a sound, Americana tells herself, that has traveled a million years to meet her. At first she thinks of speaking to the party about it, then



“Old churches, gardens with terra cotta urns . . . and fountains throwing water.”

shakes her head. It is no guidebook sound, no bird fluttering in the ilex, no hundred harness bells tinkling along Dream Road. It is rather—Americana has never taken her eyes off that white hill—rather, an ancient kind of piping, reedy, pastoral, suggesting fauns and graces in far-off glades; the pipe of Earliness, of the innocent Dawn of Existence, of happiness not of our day, beauty not of our ken.

As the carriage climbs nearer to the summit, Americana turns pale, breathing faster. It is foolish. It is a fancy born of the Greek temples seen the day before, of the frescoes at Pompeii. It is the result of too much Keats and Shelley. Of course such a thing couldn't be—yet, whence that free wild note, but from some one, sitting perhaps among the myrtles at the top of yonder hill. The old horned, furry Someone, the pagan god, with his pipe, his goat-hoofs and his gleaming sapphire eyes.

The white hill is steep. Paolo, to ease his horses, gets out and walks. He pulls from his shirt a lump of dark gray bread and begins gnawing at it. When the pipe sounds again he also hears, and as he trudges along, mocks it under his breath. Americana gasps. "Then it is real?" After all why not question Paolo. It is foolish, but she argues that it is a talent to be able to be foolish in a whole-hearted, ungrudging way, reflecting solemnly "I shall never have another chance to be as foolish as this." She leans forward, catching Paolo's eye. He is at once attentive. "The signorina wishes?" The signorina hesitates, then, nodding in the direction of the piping—"Pan?" she questions half-mischievously; again, this time wistfully, "Pan?"

Oddly enough this nonsense makes sense to Paolo. In Italian "pane" means "bread." He thinks the signorina inquires about his luncheon. "Si, Si," he answers indulgently. "Si, Si," with the understanding of his kind smile. At the same moment the carriage gains the hill-top, the curtain of sky lifts, and behold, Americana's hasheesh moment is over! But what if she does see only a blind beggar sitting with his back to the sea wall merrily playing a flageolet. True, he is no Pan with the Syrinx, yet even the blind beggars of life have the power to call up visions for others. It is the fulfillment of the Dream Road that comes to his piping.

The sunset flares strange fires on the stucco houses. A woman in a faded red dress with an Etruscan water-jar on her head, stands under the arch of an old wall. A dark-eyed girl holds out in an oval basket, fresh violets. She gazes after the carriage with the unsaid thing in her face, a wistful look that is haunting. Still sound the sweet wild notes, and passes a man like a troubadour with a long cloak almost covering his guitar, still the piercing pipe and the clattering by of two horsemen with sword, spur and floating feather. Women with haggard faces stand by the sea-wall and stare, old men of filth and disease reach out skinny hands clamoring for pity of their horror. Was ever pagan pipe stranger than this, to call up such color and dazzle, such abundance of fruit, flower and beauty, such mockery, sadness and greed?

Before the last faint notes die in the distance, three children leap out from behind a shrine and run close to the wheels. The party is impressed, because the eldest gives his name as "Michael Angelo," not realizing that in Italy Michael Angelo must be as omnipresent as in America John Smith is hydra-headed. But even to the party's consciousness it is borne in that no little John Smith ever looked like this Michael Angelo. Michael Angelo's dark curls cluster around a brilliant oval face, his bare brown legs end in beautiful feet. With a wild grace he gestures, smiles and waves a long branch of yellow jasmine. A tawny haired girl keeps up with him; she offers a bunch of purple anemones, and as she pursues the carriage with her soft coaxing impudence, looks back over her shoulder at the baby. He, almost naked little beggar, comes laughing on behind. His tiny feet beat the dust with incredible swiftness; he prattles, smiles and holds out an orange in either dimpled hand.

Now the Dream Road unrolls down to its last curve and forest, sky and sea slide by like plates of stained glass clouded in gold, rose, and purple. The party is silent with an entirely impractical and unstatistical emotion. Americana has no word to say. Long since has the pipe died away, but still as though around some classic vase, with gestures of joy indescribable, with bursts of high childishly bacchanal laughter, the three little figures keep on. They dance and smile as if for them Dream Roads



never ended, as if the sun never went down. When they fall back fading in twilight and echo and dust, they are no more three little beggars; they have become the embodiment of all hope and youth, the symbols of life, love and expression.

The party wistfully fingers the baby's oranges, wishing it had given even more than the absurd sum of one lira for those rather damaged souvenirs. Americana picks up the bunch of anemones and buries her face in their purple. So with clatter and struggle, the horses round the last curve, turn inland, and the Dream Road is

left behind, but not altogether. For Dream Roads keep right on. They run through human hearts and have forever their myrtles and almond trees, their notes of fairy pipe and their hundred harness-bells. And if one could see behind cold, indifferent faces that keep the door shut and the curtain drawn, into hearts that hold inestimable treasure, one would often gaze along stretches of Dream Road where forever dance children who wave branches of yellow jasmine, whose dimpled hands are full of fruit, who sing and smile and toss purple flowers.



The Dream Road sees many an odd caravan.

# LITTLE OUTDOOR STORIES

## MOOSE I HAVE KNOWN\*

BY KENNETH LEITH

A NUMBER of stories concerning the adventures of a United States geologist with a moose which have appeared in various places, prompt me to put the true version into print, notwithstanding the fact that the truth may seem stranger than fiction. It may have a disastrous effect on my reputation for veracity, but the stories already current leave little to worry about. In telling the story to friends I have been handsomely complimented on the courage shown, not in facing a dangerous animal, but in daring to spring such a story and to ask that it be accepted as true. I trust that the necessity for the repeated use of the first person singular will be understood. My experience was intensely subjective, however I may have desired to view it as an outsider.

In the course of an examination of an iron range north of Sudbury, Ontario, in the fall of 1902, it became necessary one Sunday morning to take an exceptionally long tramp through the unbroken pine forest of the Canadian interior. While it is customary in such work to travel with a compassman, this particular morning the compassman was left behind to help move camp. Also a revolver which I usually carried was left behind because of the weight. Abundant game was known to be in this area, as this was the "rutting season," but one so seldom sees the larger animals, that when interested in other matters he soon ceases to think of them and is indifferent about carrying firearms. I was armed with nothing more formidable than a geologist's pick.

We may dispense with the usual preamble concerning scenery and conditions. The exhilaration of a clear, cool fall morning in the primeval pine forest of our north country, with a faint pungent suggestion

of smoke in the air, will be understood by anyone who has been there, and for those who have not, words are not adequate to convey the desired impression.

The morning's incidents opened with the appearance of a cow moose, silhouetted against the sky, on a low ridge in the cut-out "lot" line about fifty yards ahead of me. Standing in a mule-like attitude she regarded me placidly while I approached a few steps and then moved off to one side and disappeared in the forest. With regret at having neither camera nor gun I proceeded on my course and soon forgot the incident.

A half hour later, when crowding through an alder thicket in the midst of a fairly open spruce woods, I was brought to a sudden standstill by a most blood-curdling yell, accompanied by an ominous crackling of the brush, directly in front of me. Thoughts of a man in agony, wild cats, and what not, flashed through my brain. Forced by sheer fright and nervousness to move somewhere, I walked forward a few steps to learn the cause of the commotion, and came face to face with a bull moose standing head down facing me. My first feeling was one of amazement that such a huge animal should be connected with the shrill nasal yell which I had heard, but my second thought, and not very long after the first, was that I was alone, unarmed, and within striking distance of an animal which, during the mating season, would not give ground for man or beast. If he wanted to be ugly, he knew how. The conclusion was not long in following that the safest place was up a tree, and in still shorter time I was scrambling as rapidly up a spruce as my heavy boots, specimen bag, and inaptitude for climbing allowed. On a comfortable perch in the branches my wild panic gave way to a sense of the ridiculous, enjoyed all the more perhaps because certain friends had not been privileged to observe the incident. I endeavored to imitate the calls of the animal below me and to start up a conver-

\* With apologies to Mr. Thompson-Seton.

sation, but in spite of my best efforts, he gave his calls when he felt like it and seemed to pay no attention to mine. Sometime previous I had heard Thompson-Seton imitate the various calls of a moose, and I endeavored to remember which of the calls the present moose was giving, deciding it was the challenge or war-cry, but let no one assume that if the call had been a love call I would have climbed down from my perch. The moose, which we may call number two, soon withdrew into the brush and walked rapidly away, giving a call now and then which enabled me to judge his distance. When he last called I judged him to be about a quarter of a mile away—about far enough to warrant me in returning to the ground.

Slipping down and shaking the bark from my clothes, the tramp was resumed. I thought over the experience with considerable satisfaction, and especially the opportunities for studying the animal close at hand and hearing his calls, but soon the matter passed from mind, the rocks of the area again becoming the important consideration.

Perhaps half a mile from the scene of my exploit the course ran over a low wooded spruce knoll in the open spruce swamp. In the midst of it a peculiar noise began to reach me, at first being felt as much as heard. Then several indescribable calls, neither cough, bark nor snort, but having resemblance to all, came sharp and clear. I thought of the shout of a teamster, but teams and teamsters were out of the question in this country. As the sounds were repeated and came rapidly closer at hand, the feeling developed (with accession of something akin to cold chills) that they belonged to something wild, and this feeling became awful conviction when looking anxiously forward to see what manner of beast was coming, *another bull moose* (number three) suddenly loomed up, walking rapidly toward me, giving an interrogatory challenge. To say that he seemed as large as the side of a house but feebly expresses my startled impression of him. The call was so different from that of the previous moose, and the idea of meeting three moose the same morning seemed so improbable, that I could scarcely believe my senses. After having traveled in the Lake Superior woods for many years and seeing



I had shown very poor judgment in the selection of my tree.

perhaps half a dozen moose during all this time, it was, to put it mildly, not reasonable to meet three the same morning. But this was no time for analyzing impressions and probabilities. The moose was giving his attention entirely to me, whom he evidently regarded as an invader in his domain, and furthermore, while not charging, was moving rapidly my way and might easily break into a charge if he decided it worth while. Again I scrambled incontinently up the nearest tree. By this time the situation had begun to work upon my nerves. There were too many moose, and this one was close at hand and meant business. The game law on men was evidently up in Mooseland. To add to my discomfort I soon realized that I had shown very poor judgment in the selection of my tree, for there were no branches of sufficient size to hold my weight, and my cramped muscles warned me that it would not be possible to cling to the thin and loose-barked trunk very long. The moose came up to within about fifteen steps and stood there moving his head slowly, evidently trying hard with his great sluggish brain to comprehend the nature of the animal he had treed. For a time I clung desperately,



"Several wild bounds saved me."

but it was of no avail. Whether moose or the black pit awaited me below, it was a physical impossibility to stay up any longer. Noting a tree with branches a few yards away I came clattering down, turned my back on the moose, made several wild bounds and on the last went fully half my length up the branched tree. Then came a wild scramble for a place of safety compared to which the former climbs were leisurely affairs. With every inch I gained the moose in imagination came a yard behind me. Anyone who has tried to get away from a wild animal or great danger in a dream will realize my feeling of futile endeavor. But at last the limbs were reached. I turned to size up the situation, only to find the old fellow standing in the same spot, looking fixedly at me with what I imagined to be an expression of amazement at my antics.

I was once more able to enjoy the situation and in the reaction of spirits felt great exhilaration in the novel experience. But this moose paid no more attention to such remarks and to all my calls than had moose number two, looking steadfastly at me without sound or motion. After a time, perhaps three minutes, he withdrew from sight into the brush. Beyond the crackling and rustling of the brush as he first moved, I heard nothing further of him, and concluded that he had left the field to me, but

whether he had left or not, it was a long way from camp and food, and it was necessary to break away. Slipping quietly down and peering from side to side I tiptoed along the "line," starting at the slightest sound and measuring distances to climbable trees. After proceeding perhaps thirty or forty steps without incident, I became reassured that the moose had really gone, when the sudden sharp thud of heavy hoofs close beside me, a sound such as made by any large animal when startled, put the finishing touches on my nerves, and—drove me up a tree. The moose had withdrawn into the brush for a few steps and was standing there quietly, and as I was stealing away was doubtless as startled as I when he found me so near at hand. So close was the animal, so terrifying his start, so addicted had I become to climbing trees, that this ascent was almost a matter of reflex action. But this was the straw that broke the camel's back, or, to be more exact, this was the climb that nearly broke mine. To be driven up four trees in one morning was no longer funny. In sheer exasperation, I slid down, turned my back on the moose, and walked rapidly away, frequently turning to make sure that the moose was not coming, but at no time condescending to run.

From this time geological work was a subordinate matter. My sole concern was to make camp, listen for crackling brush, and to judge the distance between good trees ("good trees" had a new significance).



"—the sudden sharp thud of heavy hoofs beside me."

It now took no great stretch of imagination to hear animals on all sides. But as before, the feeling of apprehension at length wore off.

I had come out into a brûlée, when once more there seemed to be a noise in the brush, and listening, there came clear and distinct the snapping of brush, evidently by some animal of considerable size. It was all up now, there being no trees within fifty yards or more. In a fright I walked rapidly forward, whistling and singing in an attempt to make myself like several men, when from the brush in front of me came a loud "hello." I had met our packers moving camp.

## OLD SOLDIER YARNS REQUIRING DISCIPLINE

BY LLOYD BUCHANAN

**W**AS I ivvir coort martialed av late?" Sergeant Sullivan repeated, "in-dade and I was, sorr—wanct. And found guilty at thot." His eyes twinkled at a thought unspoken. "But ut might hov been considherable wor-rse," he added slowly, thrusting the black bowl of his pipe into his sack of "the Bull."

We were sitting on the hill above the thousand-yard point while C troop ran its skirmish. Below us stretched the open green range, dotted by tiny red flags and little crawling figures in khaki. The crack of the rifles came to us faintly on the summer air.

"What was it?" I asked, scenting a tale, "Bino or women?"

The old man struck a match on his breeches leg and lit his pipe with extreme care before he answered.

"Nayther," he said. "'Twas absince widout lave—projooiced be too gr-rate a love av glory, an' be the fowl tongues av certain mimbirds av the Thirty-sicond United Sthates Fut, phwite."

"A fight?" I inquired.

"Yis—and no," he replied.

I knew him too well to press the battle, so I said nothing, but lay back on the grass and listened to the crackle of the Krag at two hundred yards. As the bugle sounded "cease firing," he continued.

"Phwin the Sixteenth Cavalry firrst landed in Manila in '98 the whole dom rigimint was naturally, bein' corn fed an' foolich, spoilin' for a scr-rap. Fr'm the Colonel down to the lathest rookie, the taste was univer-rsal, an' ye can picture to yersilf the howl av r-rage and morthification thot wint up phwin we worr put ignominious to doin' gar-rd duty over Commiss'ry an' Quarthermasrter sthores, an' to kapin' dhrunkin heroes in fr'm the fr-ront, fr'm shootin' out sthrate lamps an' murdherin' goo goos in broad daylight on the Escolta. Ivry other r-regular rigimint in Luzon was pilin' up campaigns, battles, skirmishes, an' materials for incredible lies on the firn' line not twinty mile away—phwile we was settin' in the walled city, the butt f'r the tongue av anny wag thot happened by, an' the soorce av all the dhirty details the Headquarters st aff cud devise. Howivvir, I might ov sthood ut, if the Thirty-sicond gravel scratchers had not been thrailin' their indacent thracks in my vicinity."

Sullivan paused a moment, and puffed venomously on his pipe. His hatred for the thirty-second infantry was a regimental tradition.

"Nor I nor anny av our pable cud sthand the jibes av thim dough byes—nor, anny more, cud we punch their heads. Oh, the hear-rt-breakin' sinsation av havin' a knock-kneed infantry privit ask ye politely 'Does the Luneta agr-ree wid your war hor-rses' fate?' or 'Ain't this dreadful campaign tellin' on the moril tone av your fightin' rigimint?' An' thot privit so sick or wounded thot ye cudn't punch his ugly mug!

"The natural raysults was thot our min got to goin' absint widout lave phwinivvir the chancet av a scr-rap seemed good, an' attachin' thimselves unofficial f'r wan or two days to wan av the rigimints on the firn' line. I was thin thot sargint av K throop, an' phwin the r-rumors w'd come in av a new advance or an intindid attack I cud nivvir r-rist assured thot at the nixt r-roll call I'd hov mor-re nor half me throop prisint—an' the rist hikin' out the r-road wid their car-rbines an' belts, lookin' f'r anny kind av throuble the Lord w'd pr-rovide.

"At last the sthate av affairs gr-rew little short av a scandal, an' wan day,

afther a yarn av Giniral Jakey Smith's proposin' to carry the trinchis av San Lazro be assault h'd come in be bamboo wireless an' deplated K throop be two intir-re squads, the Colonel's orderly kem to quarthers an' towld me the owld man wanted me at wancet.

"Phwin I arrived at the office, ther-re he was, settin' mighty black in the face, wid a young Captain aid av Giniral MacArthur's settin' hablarin' to him. I saluthed an' stud attintion.

"Sargint Sullivin,' says th' owld man, 'her-re are sixteen min av thot dom K throop alone absint widout lave agin,' he says, 'an' it's no new thing,' he says, an' thin, widout givin' me a chancet to reply: 'You go out to the lines, an' arrist ivery mother's son av thim,' he says, 'an' br-ring thim in here in arrist at wancet,' he says. 'The Commandin' Giniral,' he says, 'has sint me special orders,' he says.

"So off I sthart wid me kit an' me car-rbine, an' all the ammunition I cud tote—f'r fear av matin' wid rasistance."

The old man winked at me knowingly, and stopped talking long enough to knock the ashes from his pipe.

"Phwin I rached the advance, the fir-rst man I met," he resumed, reaching in his pocket for the Bull, "was Sargint Duffy av K throop, an' you may say thot unanimous wid him was the fifteen others av me min. I found thim in a tienda in Santa Lucia, along wid a bunch av the Sivinteenth Infantry to which they had hitched thim-silves f'r bacon and coffee.

"Sargint Duffy,' I said, 'you're arristid, an' all the rist av ye, too,' and I waved thim out av the shack.

"The Sivinteenth, av coorse, put up a thremindous cackle, but thot made no difference. Ordhers is ordhers. Not f'r no pack av snarlin' dough byes w'd I budge an inch. But Sargint Duffy led me aside.

"Sully,' he says, 'Sully, I'm no man to argue. Say go, an' I go, av coorse,' he says, 'but, oh, Sully, to-morrow mor-rnin' th' assault comes on yon hill,' he says, pointin' to a hill at which two mountain guns was busy chuckin' shells in the distance, 'an' if ye could wait,' he says, 'twill be a gr-rand affair,' he says, 'an' ye c'd hov the lovely chancet to be in ut yer-silf,' he says, pokin' me in the ribs an'

grinnin'. 'Ut ain't the Sullivans nor Duffys will be dodgin' a pr-rize like thot,' he says.

"Well, to make a long sthory shor-rt, I got thinkin' things over, an' I at last decided to obey the spirit an' not the lether av me ordhers. There's no argymint so gr-rand f'r follyin' your own swate will as thot, an' ut wasn't long befoore I had a feelin' av rale virtue f'r decidin' to stay in the hopes av dhrumin' up a few mor-re av the rigimint who might be asthray. How much throuble, I thought, will ut save the Colonel! Yit—well, nixt mor-rnin' be the gr-race av God I had thirty-odd min av the Sixteenth settin' on their ha'nches in a gap av the line, waitin' f'r the wor-rd to move. The Mausers were a singin' over our ears an' burstin' bamboo horrible above our heads, an' we worr all huggin' cover norr achin' to move, phwin along comes a officer mounted, down behind the trees.

"Who's in there?' he calls sharp.

"I jumps up.

"Thirty min av the Sixteenth Cavalry, sorr,' I says.

"Av phwat?' he yells.

"The Sixteenth Cavalry, sorr,' I answers.

"Come here,' he says. An' out I walks—plump into Giniral MacArthur's young Captin aide!

"The divvil an' Tom Walker,' he says.

"Not knowin' phwat ilse to do, I saluthed.

"Weren't ye sint to gather absintees?' he asks, snappy as a whip.

"There they ar-re, sorr,' I answers, pointin' behind me, 'thirty av thim.'

"I ought to put ye in arrest,' he says, 'an' I will. You—'

"Bang!

"A Mauser bullet cr-racked a big bamboo right over me cabeza, an' the thing shplit wid a roar like a cannon.

"Do ye like thot?' he asked, as I sthraightened mesilf out an' thried to look unconcerned.

"No, sorr,' I says.

"I don't ayther,' he says.

"Just thin a bugle blew forward. I heard a yell behind me.

"They're off!' I says, 'Captin, sorr,' an' I jumped away an' lift him. He was laughin' at somethin'—I nivvir knew phwat.

"We had a nice hot time goin' up the hill—two dead an' two wounded besides meself, who got a clip in the leg.

"The little Captin aide come to see me in the field hospital.

"Ar-re ye hur-rt?" he says.

"Nothin' to shpake av; sorr,' I answers, 'I'll be for duty in a wake or two.'

"I'll hov to put in char-riges aginst ye f'r your insubordinate an' unsoldierly conduct' in gettin' in thot fight,' he says.

"Yis, sorr,' I answers.

"But if ye've no objection I'd like to act as your counsel. phwin the case is thried,' he says, wid a funny shmile, in his mouth.

"Thank ye, sorr,' I says.

"He laned over an' shook me be the hand.

"I'd rather be coort martialed f'r gittin' in a fight like thot thin given a medal av honor f'r kapin' out av ut. I've Irish blood in me meself,' he says."

"And they tried you?" I asked as the old man settled back on the hillside with the air of one whose task was ended.

"They did," he answered, "an' the findin' was guilty," he added with a twinkle in his eye, "but the sintince was a wan dollar blind. The little Captin aide was sure a fine counsel," said Sergeant Sullivan.

## AROUND THE FIRE-PLACE

BY E. P. POWELL

**A**MONG primitive people fire was a supreme mystery. All we know about it now is, that heat is a mode of motion. To suppose that that explains matters is nonsense. What is motion? Whence is it? And why is it heat? Yet one can be very happy over definitions, for if he only has enough of them in his memory he may be considered well educated. I am absolutely undisturbed by the fact that I don't know why those pine knots go off into flame and ash. But if I thought I could not reel off all about the combination of oxygen and carbon, I should be miserable. I know that the fire is warming my shins, and I know that carbon will be deposited on my chimney, while the oxygen will be given out to purify the air that I breathe, and carbon

gases will be woven into fuchsia blossoms—there in my window—all of which makes all the world a poem. That pleases me. I do not like so much prose as you have in your chemistry and geology, for if you will only let these things loose they fly away to become beautiful things. Touch a real fact, and it at once begins to sing; just as a bird when touched by the morning. The other side of all prose is poetry.

"One harvest from your field  
Homeward brought your oxen strong;  
Another crop your acres yield,  
Which I gather in a song."

Emerson's mathematics and psychology are wonderfully potent because he translated them into poetry. Which will teach a boy more of nature, Linnæus, or Bobby Burns? Asa Gray or Thoreau? As you please about it, but I wish my boys to study Emerson and Burns. Do you know why all the older thinkers, even as late as Thales and Anaxagoras, wrote philosophy in verse? Simply because they lived close to nature, and heard the world rhyming and singing everywhere. But poor Socrates and Plato got into Athens, and invented prose, and ever since we have been trying to find out what they were talking about. Real thought is as clear as a brook; right philosophy is as transparent as the sky at noon.

There is nothing finer in Spring time than a bonfire. It should be spelled *bonne* fire, that is a good fire, as it is in every sense of the word. Of course you know all about this. They are full of all sorts of sweet odors, and the smoke has a tricky way of chasing you about, and puffing memories into your face. It doubles back, and tumbles over itself to get at you, sending up your nostrils little sniffs that recall every year of your life. Twenty years ago you smelled exactly that odor, and sixty years ago you were in the old Blount lot, kindling stumps. Bless my soul! How the pictures rise! Will it always be so? Will the trifles of eternity call up every forgotten scene and thought of the past? Will we sit on the knolls of memory, while the hemlock fragrance rolls up the slope, out of the hollow, where the dear father is boiling maple sap? I can smell at this moment, in memory, the old straw bee hives that were kindled each Spring of my boyhood, on the asparagus bed. The little mother would

say: "Be spy there, my lad, and bring the litter before the fire burns low—for the sparrowgrass needs ashes, or it will grow slim and tough."

In summer I live mostly out of doors. But when there is an apology for it, I like a camp-fire. The shadows and the ghostliness of the affair are fine. Almost anything can be true then. I think my mind has a different logical process altogether, something as it has in dreams. The hard logic of broad day-reasoning mellows, and world problems do not propound themselves. But in this semi-darkness crime becomes absolutely natural. You talk about going back to Nature; if you will only go back far enough you are a savage. I never feel quite safe from some barbaric inheritances in my blood. Why not go trekking, or trailing, in key with the darkness and silence? At least why not invade a corn field for ears to roast, or a neighboring barn for eggs? Why not have a turkey from the Northfield roost? I have full sympathy with Billy, whose imagination is so big that he dare not go to bed in a dark chamber. He is afraid of the ancestors in his blood. Do not ask it of a boy. But as for me, this camping out is different. I enjoy its unnaturalness. I feel like a Mohawk—at least I suppose I do. My scalplock is uncovered.

But my friend Lanier's camp-fire is a wholly different thing. It is lighted with beneficence. It is an effort to go back to Nature and take all the world with him. He has tucked up his charges—boys of the age that kick off clothes; he has pegged down the flapping doors of a dozen tents, and now sits by the open fire under the pines. The flames dart up as he pokes the brands, and, really, I would not be profane, but that man is thinking how much he will succeed in putting out the fires of Gehenna. He will save coal bills for Satan. He is plucking brands from the burning. Well, he is right about it, for if you will get near to Nature's heart, and take the boys with you, my dear Lanier, you will have gone a long ways to save them.

It is December now, and close down to Christmas, and as for me I am in Florida. My Northern readers can have neither camp nor bonfire, although I may have both. But a fireplace they may have, and to me the wonder is that our civilization has

abolished the very soul from our Northern homes. Fire is no longer the joy of the household, but the slave, imprisoned in the cellar. Ah, but it was delicious, when the old-fashioned family sat together in the great kitchen, around the huge fireplace. All the evening we told stories, ate dough-nuts, drank cider, all the time paring apples, and hanging the long festoons of quarters from the beams. But the dear little mother, she it was who told the best stories, while she was knitting mufflers and socks, or mending our well-worn clothing. There were no parlors at all in those days, and as for thrummed pianos, we had not yet heard of them. At nine o'clock, honest and drowsy, we knelt and thanked God for life and love and home. Our bunks and beds and trundle beds were all in close proximity, and from every one of them we could see the flames, still jumping up the chimney while the big firelog was slowly eaten through. There was not one millionaire in all the world, and indeed we were not worried over the affair.

By-the-way, why should a house be cut all up into bedrooms? The original Anglo-Saxon house was an All. Now the All or Hall, is a bit of a place for umbrellas, overshoes and hats. The rest of the All is one room for this, and another for that, until there is no unity at all. We are too much differentiated. But I do like these new-fangled bedsteads that one may trundle about. With a veranda ten feet wide, I have drawn them up under the sloping roof with pulleys, by day time, and they are let down for hammock beds at night. Here, out of doors, under the blinking stars, in full companionship with the pines, and looking down upon the lake, which whispers good-night to us, we go to sleep. Sometimes we waken with the cry of a fox in the distance, and once in a while an alligator will bellow his good morning, but the thermometer stands at fifty-five at midnight, or possibly sixty, and we are happy.

I am sitting now before the fire in one of my open fireplaces. I say one of them with a distinctive pride, for I am not bound to any one of them. At five o'clock, when these Florida days grow a bit cool, I throw a few pine knots on the hearth, or a half dozen huge cones of the turpentine pine, and in two minutes there is a big, laughing



blaze jumping up the chimney. The sun, going down on the other side of Lake Lucy, kindles its own fire—a rich crimson column, half a mile long, across the water. To-day we will kindle our fire in the study, for it is cozy and still here, and one may even hear a thought—at least so it sometimes seems, while they troop about in an unconventional way just as the pine trees stand around the house. Nature is utterly unconventional, and it takes all of our logical drill to put thoughts and memories into anything like consecutive order. Trees she will not plant anywhere in rows, and when the colleges get us mentally trained, as they call it, she tumbles us about in life till our training counts for nothing at all. There is too much order and too much regulation in the world; too much of “whispering” and “keep off the grass.” The best school I ever saw was one where every pupil’s tongue was let loose, and Peter Prim stood aghast—only each one must talk to the point—and that itself was education.

Yes, yes, do not be impatient! The fire is blazing, and we are going to sit by it as long as we please, with our legs high up, and our feet toasting hot, in *old* slippers. You may go to sleep if you get drowsy, while I talk—only let me talk. I have a friend who will sit by a fire like this, or out in a sunny corner, and talk to himself by the hour. At first I thought it uncanny, but why not? I have listened to him often, and find that he talks sense. He was a terribly dull preacher in harness, but with the bits taken out, his ideas are really worth the while. I do not mind his laughing at his own jokes, for they are really good ones. What ails the fellow to come out bright in this way? Folks speak deprecatingly of the habit. But really, if people should be turned out to pasture in this way oftener, instead of being groomed by custom and method, would not we get more sense in the world? The secret of good writing is that it should be more like talking, so you will let me talk with my pen.

I was saying that conventionalism should be tossed out of the window, where Thoreau tossed his bric-a-brac. Benson tells us, in one of his last year’s (six) books, that one can carry about with him nothing more lumbering than a lot of useless erudition—call it learning if you please. I find that

our college boys have mostly no other notion about education but to be filled up with facts. These soon grow old, and are mostly too old for use when acquired. This going around the world all of one’s life, trying to sell or barter a quantity of out-of-date information is sorry work. One should not make an old newspaper of himself, fit only to file away, and referred to on rare occasions. Anything up-to-date, anything that pertains to stores, or farms, or offices, is better than the most choice collection of classical uselessness.

Please throw on a few cones from that basket! Get up a big blaze, as the sun goes down—or drops rather, for it makes quick work of it in this latitude. There are no evenings, only days and nights. You can close the windows also if you like, but I do not like it. I like to hear the cow bells, as the procession goes homeward to be milked. You may sit here with your back to them, and yet you can tell just what they are doing, stopping to nip a bunch of grass, or wade into the lake for a drink. Now one is ahead, and then another, but in a careless, free and easy way, they are all moving homeward.

This I say: Go back, and pick up lost good habits—the omitted amenities of life. Especially put back into your houses the fireplace. It is the one thing that helps most to make a home homely. Build it big and broad. Let there be no jim-cracks of fancy woodwork anywhere near it. Let it be only brick or stone. Then let the hearth be broad and wide. Make it so large every way that you need never fear for a snapping coal. Away with mats, for they are combustible. But a stool!—that is another thing. Here you can forget the stocks, and the office, and the store! Here you can dream of rest and peace! Here it is possible that some of you have Tom and Harry and Bessie about your knees. There is no better way to reconstitute the family. It is the chief want of these modern days. The world is never quite so independent, or we quite so care free, without a fire. There is a vastness and lack of outline to a summer day. We get our feelings mixed up with the cosmos. The fireplace narrows our lives somewhat, but it completes and unifies things. We are happy to be just a part of the little warm home circle. Did anybody ever commit suicide who had a fireplace?

# ANIMAL AND PLANT INTELLIGENCE

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I



WHEN I hear a person expatiating on the reasoning powers of the lower animals, as I very often do, I want to tell them of the wonderful reasoning powers of the flies that pester our old cow in summer. Those flies have measured the length of old Brindle's tail so accurately that they know the precise spot on her body where the tail cannot reach them; on these spots they settle and torment her. Their behavior reveals great powers of calculation and reasoning. By what means they measured the swing of that tail so accurately I do not know. When I come slying up with a switch in hand, they dart away before I can get in a stroke because they know I can reach them; they take the measure of my arm and switch on the instant—on the fly as it were.

Now is not that reasoning just as good as much of the reasoning of Our New School of Nature Writers? Or, take the wit of the old cow herself. Yonder is a very steep hillside, the high, abrupt bank of an old river terrace. Along this bank the cattle have made a series of parallel paths; level as the top of the terrace itself. The paths, I should think, are about four feet apart, just far enough so that the cow walking along one of them can graze at her ease over all the strip of ground that lies between the two paths. When she comes to the end she steps up into the next path and repeats the process and so on till the whole side of the terrace has been grazed over. Now does not this show that the cow is very level-headed, that she can meet a difficult problem and

solve it as rationally as you or I? Without the paths how awkward and difficult the grazing would be! Now it is done easily because it is done from level paths; it is done thoroughly because it is done systematically. If you or I were going to search that hillside over daily, would not we adopt similar or identical tactics?

In Idaho I saw that the grazing sheep had terraced the grassy mountain sides in the same way. Their level paths were visible from afar. How inevitable and free from calculation it all is! The grazing cattle take the easiest way, and this way is horizontally along the face of the hill. To take the hill by a straight climb or diagonally, would be labor, so the animal moves easily along its side, cropping the grass within reach. Then she takes a step or two upward and grazes back the other way, and this process is repeated till a series of level parallel paths are worn in the side of the hill. They are as much a natural result as is the river terrace itself.

The cow has always been a famous engineer in laying out paths; sheep are, too. They take the line of least resistance; they ford the streams at the best places; they cross the mountains in the deep notches; they scale the hills by the easiest grade. Shall we, therefore, credit them with reason?

When I was a bucolic treasury clerk in Washington, the cow of an old Irish woman near by, used to peep through the cracks in my garden fence at my growing corn and cabbage till her mouth watered. Then she saw that a place in the fence yielded to me and let me in, so she tried it; she nudged the gate with her nose until she hit the latch and the gate swung open and let her in. There was an audible crunching of succulent leaves and stalks that soon

attracted my attention. I hustled her out and sent a kick after her that fell short and nearly unjointed my leg. But she was soon back and she came again and again till I discovered her secret and repaired the latch so that nudging or butting the gate would not open it. How surely such conduct as this of the cow's evinces reason to most persons. But shall we not rather call it the blind gropings of instinct stimulated into action by the sight and odor of the tender vegetables? Many of the lowest organisms show just as much intelligence about their food as did the old cow. Even the American sun dew, according to Mrs. Treat, will move its leaves so that it can seize a fly pinned half an inch from it. The method of the old cow was that of hit and miss, or trial and error. She wanted the corn, and she butted the gate, and as luck would have it, when she hit the latch the gate swung open. But shall we conclude that the beast had any idea of the principle of the gate? Or any idea at all but the sense impression made upon her hunger by the growing vegetables? Animals do not connect cause and effect as we do by thinking the "therefore"; they simply associate one thing with another. Your dog learns to associate your act of taking your hat and cane with a walk, or your gun with the delights of the chase, or with its report, if he is afraid of it, and so on. Without this power of association the birds and beasts could not get on in life; the continuity of their experience would be broken. It is a rude kind of memory—sense memory. A sense impression to-day revives a sense impression of yesterday, or of the day before, and that is about all there is of it.

While I am harping on old Brindle let me allude to another point. Most farmers and country people think that the "giving down" or "holding up" of the milk by the cow is a voluntary act. In fact they fancy that the udder is a vessel filled with milk and that the cow releases it or withholds it just as she chooses. But the udder is a manufactory; it is filled with blood from which the milk is manufactured while you milk. This process is controlled by the cow's nervous system. When she is excited or in any way disturbed, as by a stranger, or by the taking away of her calf, or any other cause, the process is arrested and the milk will not flow. The nervous

energy goes elsewhere. The whole process is as involuntary as is digestion in man and is disturbed or arrested in about the same way.

Why should we not credit the child with reason and with a knowledge of the law of gravity when it is learning to walk? See how carefully it poises itself on the feet and adjusts itself to the pull of the invisible force. It is a natural philosopher from the cradle and knows all about the necessity of keeping the center of gravity within the base if it would avoid a fall! But there is probably less calculation in all this than there appears to be, since Huxley tells us that a frog with most of its brain removed will keep its position on the top of the hand while you slowly turn it over. It, too, feels the pull of gravity and knows all about the importance of keeping the center within the base. Throw this brainless frog into the water and it swims as well as ever it did. So it is doubtless true that all creatures do many reasonable things without possessing the faculty of reason. Much of our own conduct in life is the result of this same unconscious, unreasoning obedience to natural forces or innate tendencies.

The dog is, no doubt, the most intelligent of our domestic animals, and I yield to none in my affection for him. I can almost eat and sleep with a fine dog winter and summer. But I try not to deceive myself about his intelligence. It seems to me that if the dog had the least spark of wit akin to our own, that is, power of reason, his long association with man would have fanned it into a flame, however small. But after all these thousands of years of human companionship and love, he has less wit in some respects than his wild brothers, the fox and the wolf. Having been spared the struggle to live that falls to their lot, his cunning and sagacity have deteriorated. The same is true of the horse, which has less intelligence than the wild stallion of the plains, and for the same reason. These animals do not grow wiser as they grow less wild. They do not civilize or develop. We train them into certain ways that make them serviceable to us; we humanize them without adding to their mental capacity. In other words we cannot cross our intelligence upon theirs and make it fruitful in them. The germ will not take.

Of course the dog can be trained to do

almost anything, but what I want to know is, can he be so developed that he can take even the first step in independent thinking. With a magnet you can so charge your knife blade that it will pick up a needle, but not for a very long time. You can do something analogous to this to your dog, but can you permanently graft any power of your own mind upon his?

I was told that in the zoölogical park in Washington a monkey (I forget the species) was seen trying to get at some insects through a crack in its cage. Not being able to reach them it selected a stiff straw from the bottom of its cage and with it dislodged the coveted insects. This is an illustration of what I mean by the first step in free intelligence or reasoning. If the monkey had been trained to do this—that alters the case, but if it met and solved a new problem on the instant in this way, it showed a gleam of reason. Has the dog ever been known to do anything like this? If when he runs a chipmunk into a hollow tree he were to take a stick in his mouth and try to punch it out, he would show the same intelligence as did the monkey.

When a young bird in the nest cries, it is either hungry or alarmed, but in neither case does it think "food" or think "danger," for what can it know of either? In the one case it is disturbed by an inward craving of the body, and in the other by an outward condition. When the dog whines for his master, he does not, I fancy, think "master," or visualize him, as you or I would do under like conditions, but he feels a craving which nothing but his master will satisfy. The dog that rushed out of the house in pursuit of his master who had started down town on a street car, and looking up and down the track saw the receding car and gave chase must, it will seem to many, have had some sort of a mental process akin to thinking. But did not association do it all? The dog's master had doubtless left him many times that way before, and he had come to associate the fact with the street car. Such thinking, if it may so be called; as this involves, the dog is capable of.

The German psychologist, Wundt, says that "the entire intellectual life of animals can be accounted for on the simple law of association." And this is the opinion of an expert.

A friend of mine saw two cats approaching each other on the top of a board fence. There was no room for them to pass each other and he wondered what would happen. When they were near each other one of them stopped, turned around and retreated till it came to another board fence that joined at right angles the one they were on. The cat stepped off on this fence and waited there till the other went by. My friend thought this act showed an appreciation of the problem beyond the reach of instinct. No doubt those cats had met before and one was master of the other. What more natural than that the defeated cat should retreat before the superior, and when it came to the other fence step off upon it and let the victor pass? The action involved no mental process, any more than when two inert bodies in motion meet each other and one gives way. There was no other course open to the cat. If she or he had turned back and taken to the side fence solely to accommodate the other cat, why, that were another matter.

The Gordon setter that met a train of cars upon a railroad bridge, and stepped down upon one of the timbers of the bridge and stood there while the train passed, gave no proof of reasoning powers. It was the only thing the dog could do. Nearly all animals know enough to get out the way of danger. If they did not, what would become of the race of animals?

The English psychologist, Hobhouse, gives an account, in his work on "Mind and Evolution," of the experiments he tried with cats, dogs, monkeys, an otter and an elephant, to test their intelligence. Their food was placed in boxes or jars or tied to a string in such ways that to get at it the animal had to do certain definite concrete things that it could not have been called upon to do in the ordinary course of its natural life, such as pulling strings, working levers, drawing bolts, lifting latches, opening drawers, upsetting jugs, etc., always stimulated by the prospect of food. After many trials at the various tricks a little gleam of intelligence seemed to pass through their minds. It was as if a man without power to move should finally feebly lift a hand or shake his head. The elephant was taught to pull a bolt and open the lid of a box, only by her keeper taking her trunk in his hand and guiding it through

each movement, stage by stage. She learned to pull the bolt on the seventh trial, but could not learn the three movements of drawing bolt, opening lid, and holding it open, till the fortieth trial, on the third day. Sometimes she tried to lift the lid before she drew the bolt, sometimes she pushed the bolt the wrong way. Another elephant learned to draw the bolt on the fourth trial. The otter learned to draw the bolt after seeing it drawn twelve times. Jack, the dog, learned to do the trick in his pawing, blundering way after many trials. A bolt furnished with a knob so that it could not be drawn all the way out worried all the animals a good deal. The dog had ninety lessons, and yet did not clearly understand the trick. The monkeys and the chimpanzee learned the different tricks more readily than the other animals, but there "appeared to be no essential difference in capacity to learn between the dogs, the elephants, the cats, and others." None of the animals seemed to appreciate the point of the trick, the dependence of one thing upon another, or the *why* of any particular movement. Poor things! their strenuous intellectual efforts in drawing a bolt or working a lever used to tire them very much. Sometimes under the tutelage of their trainers they would seem to show a gleam of real intelligence, as when you fan a dull ember till it glows a little. The next hour or the next day the ember had lost its glow and had to be fanned again. Yet they all did improve in doing their little stunts, but how much was awakened intelligence, and how much mere force of habit, one could not be quite sure.

Hobhouse is, no doubt right when he says that intelligence arises within the sphere of instinct and that the former often modifies the action of the latter. The extent to which the lower animals profit by experience is a measure of their intelligence. If they hit upon new and improved ways spontaneously, or adapt new means to an end, they show a measure of intelligence. I once stopped up the entrance to a black hornet's nest with cotton. The hornets removed the cotton by chewing off the fibers that held it to the nest and then proceeded to change the entrance by carrying it farther around toward the wall of the house, so that the feat of stopping it up was not so easy. Was this an act of intelli-

gence, or only an evidence of the plasticity or resourcefulness of instinct? But if a dog in stalking a wood chuck (and I have been told of such things) at the critical moment were to rush to the woodchuck's hole so as to get there before it, this were an act of intelligence. To hunt and stalk is instinctive in the dog, but to correlate its act to that of its prey in this manner would show the triumph of intelligence over instinct.

## II

Huxley thought that because of the absence of language the brutes can have no trains of thoughts but only trains of feeling, and this is the opinion of most comparative psychologists. I am myself quite ready to admit that the lower animals come as near to reasoning as they come to having a language. Their various cries and calls—the call to the mate, to the young, the cry of anger, of fear, of alarm, of pain, of joy—do serve as the medium of some sort of communication, but they do not stand for ideas or mental concepts any more than the various cries of a child do. They are the result of simple reactions to outward objects or to inward wants, and do not imply any mental process whatever. A grown person may utter a cry of pain or fear or pleasure with a mind utterly blank of any ideas. Once on a moonlight night I lay in wait for some boy poachers in my vineyard. As I suddenly rose up, clad in a long black cloak, and rushed for one and seized his leg as he was hastening over the fence, he uttered a wild, agonized scream precisely as a wild animal does when suddenly seized. He told me afterward he was simply frightened out of his wits. For the moment he was simply an unreasoning animal.

A language has to be learned, but the animals all use their various calls and cries instinctively. What a clear case is that of the hen when she brings off her first brood. She speaks a language which she never spoke before, and her chickens hear a language which they never heard before, yet understand it instantly. When the mother hen calls them they come; when she utters her alarm note, they hide or run to her for protection. Young birds may learn the song of another species, but they do not learn it as a boy learns his lesson—by a conscious effort—but spontaneously;

it seems to be early stamped upon them, and to become a part of their growth. In other words, it is not like a thing learned, as it is like an infection that is passively received. I do not suppose that our various song birds learn their songs of their parents or their kindred by attentively listening to them and making an effort to acquire them. That is the human way. In the first place, the bird's anatomy invites to song, and then the song of its kindred so modifies the brain cells, or so impresses itself upon its nervous system, that when the time comes, and the sex instinct is active, the bird sings the song of its kind spontaneously. The cow bird does not catch the songs of any of its foster parents, probably because its throat anatomy is not suited to their utterance. Then there must be a congenital tendency in every species of bird to the song of its kind, else it would be as likely to repeat the songs of other species of birds which it is constantly hearing about it. That is, the song is to a large extent a matter of inheritance and not of acquisition.

The various calls and cries of the animals have just about the same significance as do their gestures of bristling, arching, pawing, and so on. They are understood by their fellows, and they are expressive of emotions and not of ideas. The loud cackling of a rooster which I hear as I write expresses in a vague way some excitement, pleasurable or otherwise. Or he may be signaling to the cackling hen to guide her to the flock, an instinct inherited from his jungle fowl-ancestors.

The parrot, of course, does not know the meaning of the words it repeats so glibly; it only associates certain sounds with certain acts or occasions and says "Good-bye," or "Come in," at the right time because it has been taught to connect these sounds with certain sense impressions through the eye and ear. When a child is in pain it cries; when it is pleased it laughs—always are its various sounds expressive of some immediate concrete want or experience. This is the character of all animal language; it does not express ideas, but feelings—emotions then and there experienced—the result of an inward impulse or an outward condition.

With ourselves, emotion arises spontaneously and is not the result of will. We

cannot be angry, or joyous, or depressed, or experience the emotion of the beautiful, or of the sublime, or of love, or terror, by mere willing. These emotions arise under certain conditions that are not matters of will or calculation. If a man does not flee from danger, real or imaginary, like an animal, it is because his reason or his pride has stepped in and stopped him. Man's reason shows itself in checking or controlling his emotion, while the lower animals have no such check or stay. A man may think about the danger from which he flees, or about the scene that thrilled him, or of the woman that moved him, but the thinking always follows the emotion. But the horse or the dog flees without stopping to think.

Without doubt, to me at least, man has climbed up from some lower animal form, but he has, as it were, pulled the ladder up after him. None of man's humbler kindred, even if man were to reach them a hand, or a dozen hands, could now mount to the human plane.

As there must be a point back along the line of our descent where consciousness began—consciousness in the animal and self-consciousness in man—so there must be a point where reason began. If we had all the missing links in the chain, no doubt we might, approximately at least, determine the point or the form in which it first dawned. The higher anthropoid apes which are, no doubt, a lateral branch of the stem of the great biological tree that bore man, show occasional gleams of it, but reason, as we ascribe it to the lower orders, is more a kind of symptomatic reason, a vague foreshadowing of reason rather than the substance itself. For a long time the child is without reason, or any mental concepts, and all its activities are reactions to stimuli, like those of an animal; it is merely a bundle of instincts, but by and by it begins to show something higher and we hail the dawn of reason, and its development from the animal plane into the human.

### III

If it be charged that in denying reason to the lower animals I am unwittingly admitting a break in the process of evolution and opening the door for the miraculous of the theologians to step in, I reply

that there is no more break here than one meets with elsewhere in nature: There are no breaks in creation, but there are those sudden and striking changes and transformations which we call metamorphoses, and the reason of man arising out of brute instinct seems like one of these metamorphoses, as startling as that of the change of the grub into the butterfly, or when the egg becomes a chick, or the seed becomes the plant or the tree; or in the mechanical world when force and motion are turned into light and heat; or in the chemical world, when the elements unite to produce a third entirely unlike either, as when two invisible gases by the passage of an electric spark are turned into water. In the diamond and the sapphire we see no hint of the common elements of which they are composed; and the pearl in the oyster seems removed worlds away from the coarse shell that holds it, but its ingredients are the same. Or take an illustration nearer at hand: What can seem more like a new birth, a new creation, than the flower of a plant when contrasted with its leaves and stalk and root? Yet all this delicacy and color and fragrance come by way of these humbler parts; indeed, lay dormant there in the soil till this something we call life drew them out of it and built them up into this exquisite form. In the same way may not the animal nature blossom into these mental and spiritual powers which man possesses, and which are only latent in the lower creatures, visible and active in man but only potential in his animal kindred? Or take the analogy of what we may call the lower and the higher senses. What can be a greater departure from the senses of touch, and taste, and smell—more like a miraculous addition or *metamorphosis* than the sense of sight? And yet its foundation is the same as the other senses—nerve sensibility. The extra mental gift of man which supplements the faculties he shares with the animals is of like character. Man alone has mental vision, mental concepts, sees thing in relation, apprehends cause and effect, and the reason of this and that. Yet in the acuteness of some of the physical senses, the animals surpass him.

We turn smoke into flame by supplying the fire with a little more oxygen. Has any new thing been added? What is added

to transmute animal intelligence into human seems to be only more oxygen—more of that which favors mental combustion—more brain matter and a finer nervous organization

#### IV

We translate the action of bird and beast into human thought just as we translate their cries and calls into human speech. But the bird does not utter the word we ascribe to it, it only makes a sound that suggests the words. So its behavior is not the result of thought, but it is such as to suggest thought to a thinking animal, and we proceed to explain it in terms of thought.

We see a crow approaching a bit of meat upon the lawn in winter and note his suspicion. He circles about and surveys it from all points and approaches it with extreme caution, and we say he suspects some trap or concealed enemy, or plot to do him injury, when in fact he does not consciously suspect anything or think anything; he is simply obeying his inborn instinct to be on the lookout for danger at all times and in all places—the instinct of self-preservation. When the chickadee comes to the bone or bit of suet upon the tree under your window, it does so with little or no signs of suspicion. Its enemies are of a different kind and its instincts work differently. Or when we see a fox trying to elude or delay the hound that is pursuing him, by taking to rail fences, or bare plowed fields, or to the ice of frozen streams we say he knows what he is doing, he knows his scent will not lay upon the rail or the bare earth or upon the ice as upon the snow or the moist ground. We translate his act into our mental concepts. The fox is, of course, trying to elude or to shake off his pursuer, but he is not drawing upon his stores of natural knowledge or his powers of thought to do so; he does not realize as you or I would that it is the scent of his foot that gives the clew to his enemy. How can he have any general ideas about odors and surfaces that best retain them? He is simply obeying the instinctive cunning of his vulpine nature and takes to the fence or to the ice or to the water as a new expedient when others have failed. Such a course on our part under like circumstances would be the result of some sort of

mental process, but with the fox it is evidence of the flexibility and resourcefulness of instinct. The animals all do rational things without reason, cunning things without calculation and provident things without forethought. Of course we have to fall back upon instinct to account for their acts—that natural, innate, untaught wisdom of the animal kingdom. If we deny instinct as some persons do, and call it all reason, then we have two kinds of reason to account for, and our last state is worse than our first. No juggling with terms can make animal reason, if we call it such, the same as human reason. The difference is just as great as that between sight and touch. Man's reason is a light that shows him many things, while animal instinct is a blind impulse that has no mental genesis. If the fox, in trying to shake off the hound really thought, or had mental concepts, he would do as Mr. Robert's fox did—seek the highway and when a wagon came along slyly jump into the hind end of it and curling up there take a ride of a mile or two!

In both the animal and vegetable worlds we see a kind of intelligence that we are always tempted to describe in terms of our own intelligence; it seems to run parallel to and to foreshadow our own as to ways and means and getting on in the world—propagation, preservation, dissemination, adaptation—the plant resorting to many ingenious devices to scatter its seed and to secure cross-fertilization; the animal eluding its enemies, hiding its door or its nest, finding its way, securing its food, and many other things—all exhibiting a kind of intelligence that is independent of instruction or experience and that suggests human reason without being one with it. Each knows what its kind knows, and each does what its kind does, but only in man do we reach self-knowledge and the freedom of conscious intelligence.

The animals all profit more or less by experience and this would at first thought seem to imply some sort of mental capacity. But vegetables profit by experience also and mainly in the same way, by increased power to live and multiply. Hunt an animal and it becomes wary and hardy; persecute a plant and it, too, seems to tighten its hold upon life. How hardy and prolific are the weeds against which every man's hand is turned. How full of resources they

are, how they manage to shift for themselves while the cultivated plants are tender and helpless in comparison. Pull up red root in your garden and lay it on the ground and the chances are that one or more rootlets that come in contact with the soil will take hold again and enable the plant to mature part of its seeds. This adaptability and tenacity of life is, no doubt, the result of the warfare waged against this weed by long generations of gardeners. Natural selection steps in and preserves the most hardy. Of course the individual animal profits more by experience than the individual plant, yet the individual plant profits also. Do not repeated transplantings make a plant more hardy and increase its chances of surviving? If it does not learn something, it acquires new powers, it profits by adversity.

## V

But as the animal is nearer to us than the vegetable, so is animal intelligence nearer akin to our own than plant intelligence. We hear of plant physiology, but not yet of plant psychology. When a plant growing in a darkened room leans toward the light, the leaning, we are taught, is a purely mechanical process; the effect of the light upon the cells of the plant brings it about in a purely mechanical way, but when an animal is drawn to the light the process is a much more complex one, and implies a nervous system. It is thought by some that the roots of a water-loving plant divine the water from afar and run toward it. The truth is the plant or tree sends its roots in all directions, but those on the side of the water find the ground moister in that direction and their growth is accelerated, while the others are checked by the dryness of the soil. An ash tree stands on a rocky slope where the soil is thin and poor, twenty or twenty-five feet from my garden. After a while it sent so many roots down into the garden, and so robbed the garden vegetables of the fertilizers, that we cut the roots off and dug a trench to keep the tree from sending more. Now the gardener thought the tree divined the rich pasturage down below there and reached for it accordingly. The truth is, I suppose, that the roots on that side found a little more and better soil and so pushed



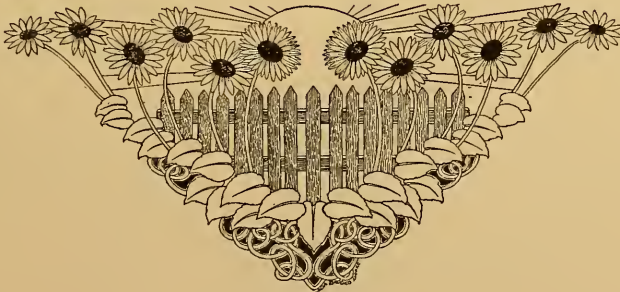
on till they reached the garden where they were at once so well fed that they multiplied and extended themselves rapidly. The tree waxed strong and every season sent more and stronger roots into the garden.

A birch tree starting life upon the top of a rock, as birch trees more than any others are wont to do, where the soil is thin, soon starts a root down to the ground several feet below in what seems a very intelligent way. Now the tree cannot know that the ground is there within reach. On one side of the rock, usually on the north side, it finds moss and moisture and here the root makes its way; when it reaches the edge of the rocks it bends down just as a fluid would do and continues its course till it reaches the ground, then it rejoices, so to speak. All other roots are called in or dry up, this one root increases till it is like a continuation of the trunk itself, and a new root system is established in the ground. But why we find the birch more often established upon a rock than any other tree I do not yet know.

The intelligence of the plants and flowers of which Maeterlinck writes so delightfully is, of course, only a manifestation of the general intelligence that pervades all nature. Maeterlinck is usually sound upon his facts, however free and poetic he may be in the interpretation of them. The plants and flowers certainly do some wonderful things; they secure definite ends by definite means and devices, as much so as does man himself—witness the elaborate and ingenious mechanical contrivances by

which the orchids secure cross-fertilization. Yet if we are to use terms strictly we can hardly call it intelligence in the human sense, that is, the result of reflection on the part of the plant itself, any more than we can ascribe the general structure and economy of the plant, or of our own bodies, to an individual act of intelligence. I did not invent my own heart and lungs, neither did the orchid invent the springs and traps by which it secures cross-fertilization. Certain flowers open only by night that certain insects may fertilize them; others open only in the sun for the same reason. Do they reason about it all? Does each know the particular insect it wants? There is no knowledge about it as we use the term; there is only an inward impulse or tendency which had its origin in regions beyond our ken, as in the functions of our own bodies.

There are ten thousand curious and wonderful things in both the animal and vegetable worlds, and in the inorganic world as well, but it is only in a poetic and imaginative sense that we can speak of them as the result of intelligence on the part of the things themselves; we personify the things when we do so. The universe is pervaded by mind, or with something for which we have no other name. But it is not as an ingenious machine, say the modern printing-press, is pervaded by mind. The machine is a senseless tool in the hands of an external intelligence, but in nature we see that the intelligence is within and is inseparable from it. The machine is the result of mind, but things in nature seem the organs of mind.



# TALES OF A COLLECTOR OF WHISKERS

BY J. ARCHIBALD MCKACKNEY, MUS. DOC., F.R.G.S., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

## VII.—THE ABDICATION OF KING WILKINS I.



APRIL 5th—After interminable weeks at sea, weeks beset with doubts and hopes and fears, our fondest dreams have come true. The night has fallen upon our first day on Lemuel Wilkins' Island in the Indian Ocean. As I write, the firelight flickers across the bronzed figures of our stalwart native body-guard, and throws into bold silhouette their incomparable sets of tropical whiskers. I picture to myself blissful months to come, with camera, sketch-block and notebooks. Perhaps I shall be able once more to organize an Hirsute Orchestra, here where the steady sweep of the trade winds will evoke vibratory harmonies by night and day.

I am not a coward, and my adventures in pursuit of rare patterns of whiskers have led me into some tight corners among various kinds of uncivilized folk, but I am ready to confess that I was in an infernally agitated frame of mind and that my knees wobbled when the surf-boat from my chartered schooner grounded on this remote beach in the gray dawn, and I was left alone with Hank Wilkins, my loyal assistant, to face these mysterious islanders.

I could not help having my doubts of the tale that had lured us hither. Could it be true, as narrated by the Shipwrecked Parent, that rank and station, even of royalty itself, were based wholly upon the length and luxuriance of the whiskers worn in this tribe? And because of his peerless Titian beard, would Hank Wilkins really be acclaimed as a heaven-sent king?

I could not help recalling the fate of the red-bearded impostor from Maaloo Island who had been detected in his attempt to seize the throne by the fact that his whiskers were dyed. If Hank Wilkins failed to win by virtue of his regal adornment, then our lives and fortunes hung by a hair, or to be more accurate bunch of them.

Leaving me alone on the beach, Hank Wilkins advanced toward a stately grove of palms, combing his whiskers as he moved with kingly stride. I slumped down on a bit of driftwood, my head in my hands, and waited for Heaven alone knew what. The moments dragged horribly, but it could not have been more than an hour before I heard shouts re-echoing from the grove, shouts of joy which merged into some kind of a slow, chanting music. Presently Hank Wilkins came from among the trees. His head was bound with a fillet of leaves, a fiber cloak was draped from his massive shoulders, and behind him streamed scores of villagers, dancing, singing, waving palm branches. Now and then a group of them would hurry on ahead to look at the oriflame of a beard that lured them on, and to bow and posture before it in the most complete adoration.

I was panic-stricken, however, when a number of men rushed straight at me, and brandished clubs as if about to dash out my innocent brains. With savage shouts and fierce gestures Hank Wilkins restrained his ardent followers, and hastened to embrace me and throw his cloak across my shoulders. While he was convincing the islanders by means of this pantomime that I was his friend, he managed to tell me:

"My Titian whiskers won in a walk, but

it was uncomfortable for a while. Once bit, twice shy, and they made me soak my beard in a tubful of powdered plug tobacco and water before they were sure I was the real thing. They've proclaimed me the long-expected king. Follow me to the palace, and cast your eyes on the lovely specimens in my wake."

Upon my soul, the prodigious beards of our escort formed a sort of human jungle. They were trimmed and trained in such wholly original patterns as to convince me that the art of wearing whiskers has fatally degenerated among civilized races. I shook the hand of His Majesty, King Wilkins I., in silent ecstasy. We did not even catch a glimpse of the luckless ruler so suddenly deposed by reason of our advent. He climbed the back fence of the palace yard, his inadequate and superseded whiskers his only luggage, and fled by sea well ahead of the mob.

We entered the royal apartments to the sound of drums and horns, and made ourselves at home. The Groom of the Royal Bed Chamber at once set to work anointing and combing the royal and supernal beard of Wilkins in token of the official installation. I was left free to begin my researches and by nightfall I had photographed and

catalogued two absolutely unique growths, and was as happy as a truant schoolboy.

*May 3d.*—Our island has been invaded by a young woman of our own race, a most astonishing and incredible event. I was drawn to the beach this forenoon by a great outcry and stampede from my village, and hurried after to find a small schooner driving ashore, dismasted and helpless. Her native crew was trying to launch a boat as the doomed vessel drifted toward the roaring surf that pounded over the inside reef. The boat was swamped even before it could be manned and our brave villagers rushed to their fishing canoes, which had been pulled above high water.

But before they could attempt a rescue, King Wilkins I. came tearing through the crowd, roaring commands, and in a twinkling he had picked a crew and was urging them into the breakers. The brave fellows toiled like mad-men. Thrice the giant seas beat them back and whirled their canoe end over end. But they followed the flaming beard of their leader as if it were a banner of war, and at length the canoe crossed the reef in clouds of spray.

Soon a driving rain veiled the schooner from our sight, and an hour passed before the canoe reappeared. Then amid a storm



Behind him streamed scores of villagers, dancing, singing, waving palm branches.

of cheers from shore it was flung far up on the sand. I rushed to pick up the inanimate form of a young white female, but the dripping Wilkins shoved me aside and swinging her against his shoulder, he ran toward the palace. He gasped as I trotted at his side:

"Miss Hulda Barnstable of Walpole, Mass. . . . She's a missionary bound to the Peace Island group. . . . old gent that convoyed her was washed overboard yesterday."

*May 10th.*—I am not ungallant by nature; but I have begun to wish to Heaven that the young missionary female had chosen some other island for the scene of her shipwreck. She has an attractive personality in her demure, prim way, and her eyes are uncommonly fetching. But in one short week she has managed to demoralize the government of Lemuel Wilkins' Island, and to play the very devil with my well-ordered round of scientific investigation. King Wilkins I. promised to send her on her way in the first vessel he could lay his hands on, but for the last day or so he has appeared to care precious little about sighting a sail. Miss Hulda Barnstable is of that

annoying New England type that can hear a call of duty from the Antipodes and is always cocked and primed to regenerate any community except its own. She was not asked to right any wrongs or save any souls on Lemuel Wilkins' Island, but already she has expressed in the strongest language her contempt for an elderly gentleman who will waste his golden years in studying and collecting the Human Whisker. She has even begun to set the natives against me, and is actually preaching the damnable doctrine that their pride in their whiskers is sinful, and disgusting. As for the King—he is not like himself. I have the gravest doubts of his being able to make a firm stand against the New England conscience when reinforced by a pair of fine, gray eyes.

*May 15th.*—Early this evening Wilkins launched into a story of his troubles. His impassioned monologue lasted an hour, and the gist of it was as follows:

"Mr. McKackney, I have never failed you yet, nor side-stepped any proposition that I once laid my hand to. You will recall that I took my life in one hand and my camera in the other when I got you the picture of the Insane Cossack with the Pink

Whiskers that is the gem of your collection to this day. But I never lost my sleep o' nights before, nor watched my appetite slide out from under me till it would disgrace a hard-working humming bird. And what is it all about? Why, the very thing that you and me have made the business of our lives, and been d—n proud of; the very thing that fetched us to this island where we were so happy until—"

Wilkins pulled at his beard and stared down at this mainspring of his sovereignty with a significant frown. Then he resumed:

"What is it? *It is whiskers. She abominates 'em.* No, don't interrupt me. I can't allow even you to criticize the doings or the motives of Miss Hulda Barnstable of Walpole, Mass. I repeat, *she abominates 'em, hook, line and sinker.* Whiskers to her sensitive soul are hateful, disturbin', odjus, like rattlesnakes. And I can't blame her, of course. Only I wish—I wish the foundations of my throne wasn't built on my Titian beard."

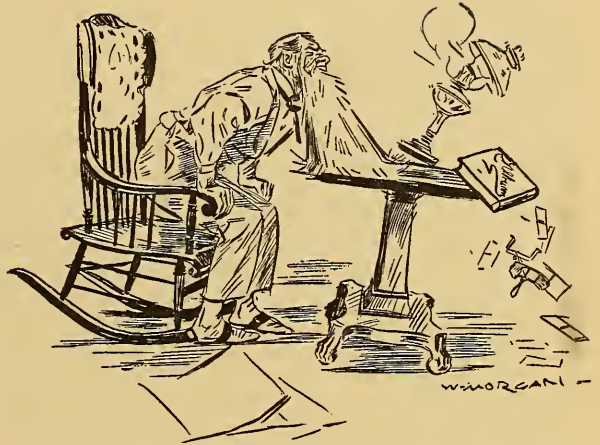


"Perhaps he would prefer to work out this problem for himself, Mr. J. Archibald McKackney."

"I might as well tell you, sir, why she possesses this amazin' distaste for that noblest work of God, to wit, the Human Whisker," Wilkins continued after a lugubrious silence. "And you won't blame her a bit. It seems that when she was a slip of a girl in her early teens, her maternal uncle, Jedediah Stokes by name, wore a set of whiskers of which he was tremendously fond. As well as I can gather, from her rough description, they were of the 'Chin-Warmer Vulgaris' pattern—a very common growth, as you know, sir, with no artistic merit whatever. You have a plate and description of the variety in the Illustrated Catalogue. This Jedediah Stokes was a retired sea captain, who had piled up in the East India trade what amounted to a large fortune for a small New England town. This fortune he had willed to his widowed sister (who was the mother of the young missionary person), and to her children.

"The old barnacle lived with the Barnstable family, and being somewhat infirm by reason of his hardships endured at sea, he often fell asleep while reading beside the parlor table over which he used to flop with his head in his hands. His youngest nephew, a high-spirited boy of twelve, used to watch this lullaby performance with a good deal of interest. At last he hit upon the most unfortunate idea of applying a fresh coat of glue to the top of the table just before Uncle Jedediah fixed himself for one of these silly naps. The old man was already blinkin', and noddin' when the lad spilled the glue under pretense of looking for a book. Then from the doorway the young limb o' Satan watched the poor old mariner's head bob lower and lower until his prodigal whiskers was streaming full and free across the table.

"It seems that Uncle Jedediah woke up with a snort and threw his head back hard and sudden. To his immense rage and surprise he fetched the table along with him, and so securely was he moored that after one or two frantic plunges, which upset the lamp and other bric-a-brac, he was forced to kneel beside the table, bellowing with



"Uncle Jedediah woke up with a snort and threw his head back hard and sudden."

pain while the family rushed for scissors and axes to cut him clear. Meantime the house caught fire from the upset lamp, Uncle Jedediah was forsaken and forgotten, and he escaped to the street draggin' the table with him and shrieking at every jump. He had to have his whiskers hacked off at the roots, and the result was that he disowned, repudiated, cussed out, and disinherited the whole Barnstable family. From that day Miss Hulda Barnstable, whose nervous system had been severely jolted by this double tragedy, could not abide the sight of whiskers.

"It's a long walk from Walpole, Mass., to Lemuel Wilkins' Island in the Indian Ocean," solemnly concluded the monarch, "but those fatal whiskers of Captain Jedediah Stokes, bein' dead yet speaketh. And they are strong enough to shake the throne of King Wilkins I. and I'm not ashamed to confess it, sir."

*May 25th.*—To-day I interviewed Miss Hulda Barnstable, and had my worst forebodings and surmises confirmed. I found her in the palm-thatched pavilion in front of which she has placed a sign:

DISTRICT SCHOOL, NO. 1  
COCOANUT TOWNSHIP

A class of brown cherubs was trying to sing "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," as I entered with a good deal of timidity. Their teacher who was becomingly attired in a freshly laundered duck skirt and white

shirtwaist, requested me to wait in silence until the "first recess." Meekly obedient I stole outside and noted that the tribesmen were giving the schoolhouse a wide berth, or if their business took them past it, they went to a good deal of trouble to hide their whiskers. I reflected with bitterness that at this rate they would begin cutting their whiskers off before many moons. At length Miss Barnstable beckoned me to a bench under a nearby tree and said very firmly:

"Mr. J. Archibald McKackney, I cannot leave this island by swimming, and as long as I am compelled to remain here, I propose to follow the path of Duty that lies plain before me. And I shall do everything in my power to persuade Mr.—er—King Wilkins I. to abandon his hideous whiskers, and to abolish them root and branch among his misguided subjects. And you are helping this idolatrous Whisker Cult as its High Priest. I have made a beginning with my school children who repeat in chorus each day:

'We'll never, never use the weed  
That bad men smoke and chew:  
The wine cup shall not pass our lips;  
Down with the horrid brew.  
We promise too, dear teacher, that  
All whiskers are taboo.'"

I assured Miss Hulda Barnstable that I had no designs on the morals of the youth of Lemuel Wilkins' Island. Then as diplomatically as possible I tried to show her that she was playing the very deuce with the throne itself, that Wilkins without his whiskers could not last two minutes, and that the traditions of ages had established the system of choosing monarchs by this hirsute qualification, and that by virtue of his unique red whiskers he was a good deal more than a common, or garden potentate of mortal origin. "My dear young woman," I told her with a good deal of feeling, "let him alone. He is a first-rate king, and he enjoys it, or did until you began to mix yourself into affairs of state."

Miss Hulda Barnstable bit her lip and

looked me very straight between the eyes as she retorted:

"Mr. Hank Wilkins will not cut off his whiskers unless he thinks the sacrifice worth while. Did you ver happen to think of it from that view point? Perhaps he would prefer to work out this problem for himself, Mr. J. Archibald McKackney."

*June 8th.*—The blow has fallen. For the last fortnight, I have seen the inevitable climax drawing nearer and nearer. It was a splendidly dramatic situation. I will grant you that. There was no need of more confession from Wilkins. It was obvious that he was becoming more hopelessly enslaved by the young missionary person every day.

It was an immense relief, therefore, to have an end made of this harrowing suspense. When Wilkins summoned me to the royal bed-chamber, I was prepared for the worst. His demeanor was grave, but there was a twinkling light in his eye as he announced:

"I received word to-day that a schooner from Peace Island will touch here by to-morrow night. I'm going in her. I hereby abdicate, jump the job, quit without notice. Miss Hulda Barnstable goes, too. Will you join us?"

I shook his hand and congratulated him as heartily as I could under the circumstances. Alas, for my dreams of completing my unique researches on Lemuel Wilkins' Island. I must join this retreat. I asked Wilkins if he intended leaving my employ. He shook his head with an air of sincere regret.

"She simply abominates 'em," he said reluctantly. "I'm afraid you and I have chased the last whisker to its lair together. I've made my choice, sir. There's a brace of missionary sky-pilots on Peace Island. We will be married there, and she has agreed to give up her missionary projects in return for my surrenderin' a throne. Maybe I'll buy a farm somewhere near your place. Will you lend me your razor first thing in the morning, sir?"



LOST—Looking for the road.

Painting by H. T. Dunn.







CLEARING THE TRAIL

Painting by H. T. Donn.





IN THE TEETH OF THE STORM

Painting by H. T. Dunn.

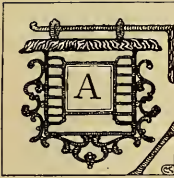


# ROUND-UP DAYS

## III—CORRAL BRANDING

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



T night we slept like sticks of wood. No dreams visited us, but in accordance with the immemorial habit of those who live out—whether in the woods, on the plains, among the mountains, or at sea—once during the night each of us arose on his elbow, looked about him, and dropped back to sleep. If there had been a fire to replenish, that would have been the moment to do so; if the wind had been changing and the seas rising, that would have been the time to cast an eye aloft for indications, to feel whether the anchor cable was holding; if the pack horses had straggled from the alpine meadows under the snow, this would have been the occasion for intent listening after the faintly tinkling bell so that next day one would know in which direction to look. But since there existed for us no responsibility, we each reported dutifully at the roll-call of habit, and dropped back into our blankets with a grateful sigh.

I remember the moon sailing a good gait among apparently stationary cloudlets; I recall a deep black shadow lying before distant silvery mountains; I glanced over the stark motionless canvasses, each of which concealed a man; the air trembled with the bellowing of cattle in the corrals.

Seemingly but a moment later the cook's howl brought me to consciousness again. A clear licking little fire danced in the blackness. Before it moved silhouettes of men already eating.

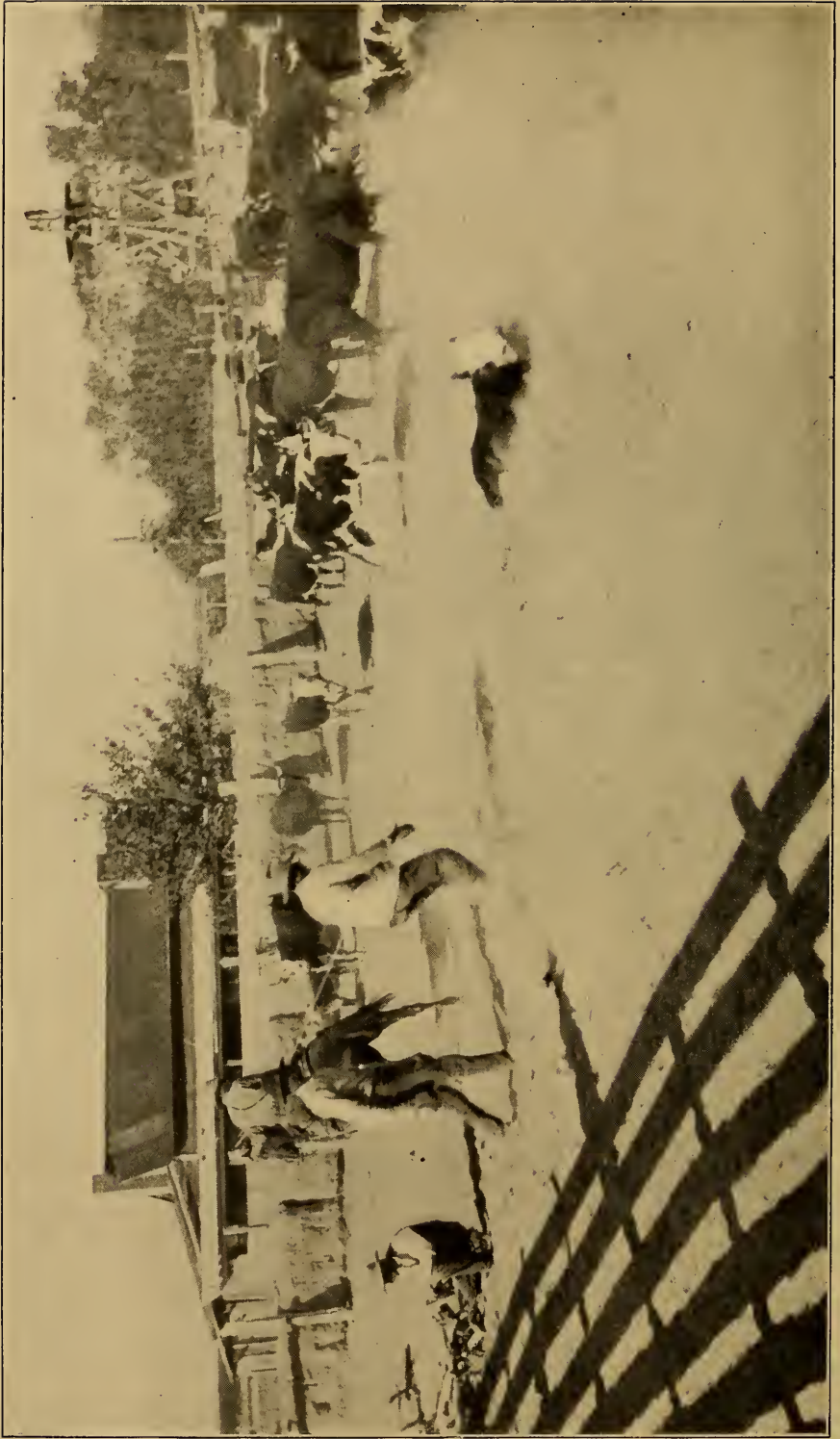
I piled out and joined the group. Homer was busy distributing his men for the day. Three were to care for the remuda; five

were to move the stray-herd from the corrals to good feed; three branding crews were told to brand the calves we had collected in the cut of the afternoon before. That took up about half the men. The rest were to take a short drive in the salt grass. I joined the Cattleman, and together we made our way afoot to the branding pen.

We were the only ones who did go afoot, however, although the corrals were not more than two hundred yards distant. When we arrived, we found the string of ponies standing around outside. Between the upright bars of greasewood, we could see the cattle, and near the opposite side the men building a fire next the fence. We pushed open the wide gate and entered. The three ropers sat their horses, idly swinging the loops of their ropes back and forth. Three others brought wood and arranged it carefully in such a manner as to get the best draught for heating—a good branding fire is most decidedly a work of art. One stood waiting for them to finish, a sheaf of long J H stamping irons in his hand. All the rest squatted on their heels along the fence, smoking cigarettes, and chatting together. The first rays of the sun slanted across in one great sweep from the remote mountains.

In ten minutes Charley pronounced the irons ready. Homer, Wooden, and old California John rode in among the cattle. The rest of the men arose and stretched their legs and advanced. The Cattleman and I climbed to the top bar of the gate, where we roosted, he with his tally-book on his knee.

Each rider swung his rope above his head with one hand, keeping the broad loop open by a skillful turn of the wrist at the end of



“He was sliding majestically along on his belly.”



The tail-hold. "This is the production of some fun if it fails."



A branding in the mountains.



each revolution. In a moment Homer leaned forward and threw. As the loop settled, he jerked sharply upward, exactly as one would strike to hook a big fish. This tightened the loop and prevented it from slipping off. Immediately, and without waiting to ascertain the result of the maneuver, the horse turned and began methodically, without undue haste, to walk toward the branding fire. Homer wrapped the rope twice or thrice about the horn, and sat over in one stirrup to avoid the tightened line and to preserve the balance. Nobody paid any attention to the calf.

The latter had been caught by the two hind legs. As the rope tightened, he was suddenly upset, and before he could realize that something disagreeable was happening, he was sliding majestically along on his belly. Behind him followed his anxious mother, her head swinging from side to side.

Near the fire the horse stopped. The two "bull-doggers" immediately pounced upon the victim. It was promptly flopped over on its right side. One knelt on its head and twisted back its foreleg in a sort of hammer-lock; the other seized one hind foot, pressed his boot heel against the other hind leg close to the body, and sat down behind the animal. Thus the calf was unable to struggle. When once you have had the wind knocked out of you, or a rib or two broken, you cease to think this unnecessarily rough. Then one of the others threw off the rope. Homer rode away, coiling the rope as he went.

"Hot iron!" yelled a bull-dogger.

"Marker!" yelled the other.

Immediately two men ran forward. The brander pressed the iron smoothly against the flank. A smoke and the smell of scorching hair arose. Perhaps the calf blatted a little as the heat scorched. In a brief moment it was over. The brand showed cherry, which is the proper color to indicate due peeling and a successful mark.

In the meantime the marker was engaged in his work. First with a sharp knife he cut off slanting the upper quarter of one ear. Then he nicked out a swallow-tail in the other. The pieces he thrust into his pocket in order that at the completion of the work he could thus check the Cattleman's tally-board as to the number of calves branded. The bull-dogger let go.

The calf sprang up, was appropriated and smelled by his worried mother, and the two departed into the herd to talk it over.

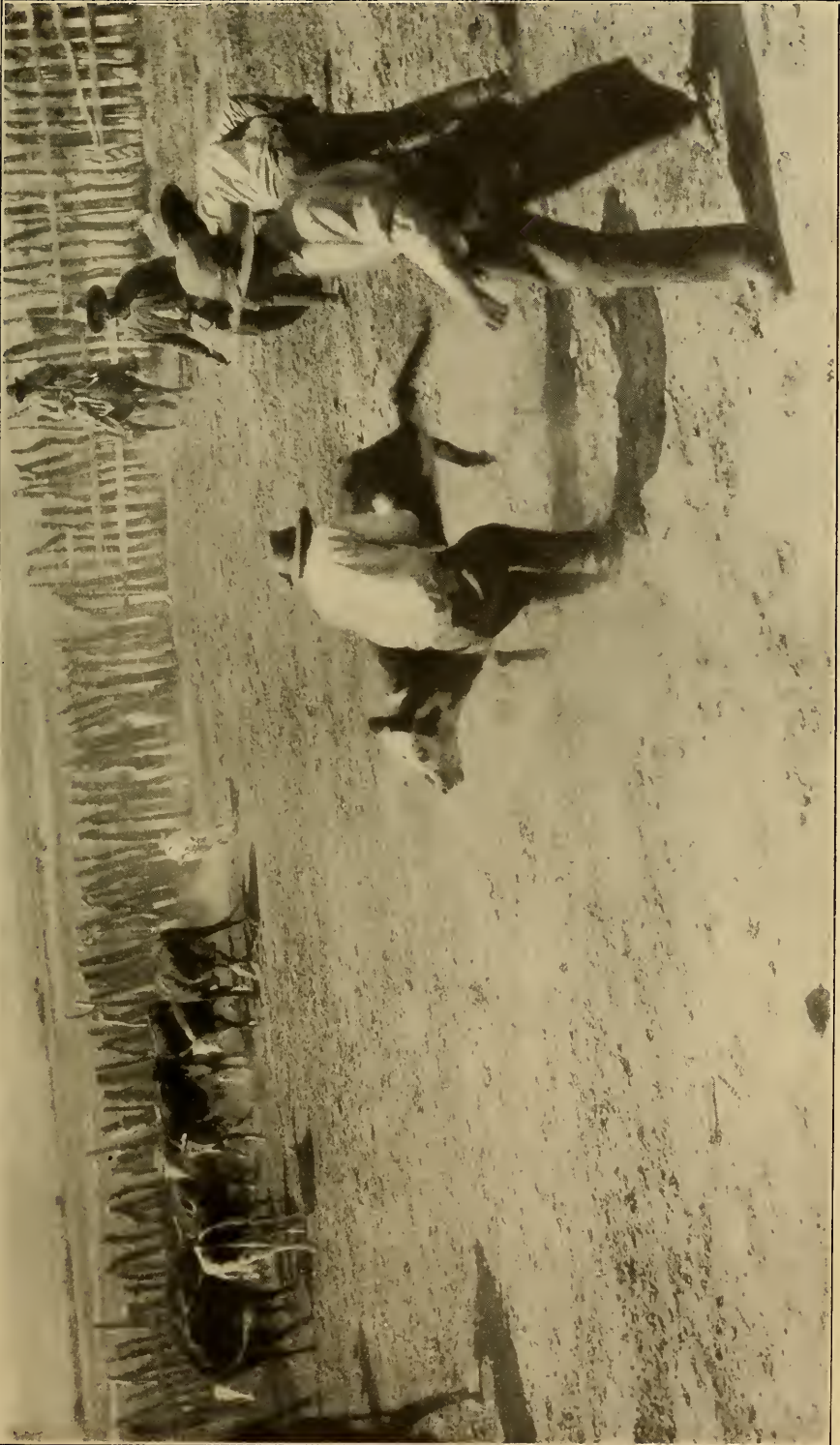
It seems to me that a great deal of unnecessary twaddle is abroad as to the extreme cruelty of branding. Undoubtedly it is to some extent painful, and could some other method of ready identification be devised, it might be as well to adopt it in preference. But in the circumstance of a free range, thousands of cattle and hundreds of owners, any other method is out of the question. I remember a New England movement looking toward small brass tags to be hung from the ear. Inextinguishable laughter followed the spread of this doctrine through Arizona. Imagine a puncher examining politely the ear-tags of wild cattle on the open range or in a round-up!

But, as I have intimated, even the inevitable branding and ear-marking are not so painful as one might suppose. The scorching hardly penetrates below the outer tough skin—only enough to kill the roots of the hair—besides which it must be remembered that cattle are not as sensitive as the higher nervous organisms. A calf usually bellows when the iron bites, but as soon as released, he almost invariably goes to feeding or to looking idly about. Indeed, I have never seen one even take the trouble to lick his wounds, which is certainly not true in the case of the injuries they inflict on each other in fighting. Besides which it happens but once in a lifetime, and is over in ten seconds; a comfort denied of us who have our teeth filled.

In the meantime two other calves had been roped by the two other men. One of the little animals was but a few months old, so the rider did not bother with its hind legs, but tossed his loop over its neck. Naturally, when things tightened up, Mr. Calf entered his objections, which took the form of most vigorous bawlings, and the most comical bucking, pitching, cavorting and bounding in the air. Mr. Frost's bull calf alone in pictorial history shows the attitudes. And then, of course, there was the gorgeous contrast between all this frantic and uncomprehending excitement and the absolute matter-of-fact imperturbability of horse and rider. Once at the fire one of the men seized the tightened rope in one hand, reached well over the animal's back to get a slack of the loose hide next the belly,



Sometimes three or four calves were on the ground at once.



“ Bull-dogging by the tail hold.”



Corral branding—method of holding down a calf.

lifted strongly, and tripped. This is called "bull-dogging." As he knew his business, and as the calf was a small one, the little beast went over promptly, hit the ground with a whack, and was seized and held.

Such good luck did not always follow, however. An occasional and exceedingly husky bull yearling declined to be upset in any such manner. He would catch himself on one foot, scramble vigorously, and end by struggling back to the upright. Then ten to one he made a dash to get away. In such case he was generally snubbed up short enough at the end of the rope, but once or twice he succeeded in running around a group absorbed in branding. You can imagine what happened next. The rope, attached at one end to a conscientious and immovable horse and at the other to a reckless and vigorous little bull, swept its taut and destroying way about mid-knee high across that group. The brander and marker, who were standing, promptly sat down hard; the bull-doggers, who were sitting, immediately turned several most capable somersaults; the other calf arose and inextricably entangled his rope with that of his accomplice. Hot irons, hot language and dust filled the air.

Another method, and one requiring slightly more knack, is to grasp the animal's tail and throw it by a quick jerk across the pressure of the rope. This is productive of some fun if it fails.

By now the branding was in full swing. The three horses came and went phlegmatically. When the nooses fell, they turned and walked toward the fire as a matter of course. Rarely did the cast fail. Men ran to and fro busy and intent. Sometimes three or four calves were on the ground at once. Cries arose in a confusion. "Marker!" "Hot iron!" "Tally one!" Dust eddied and dissipated. Behind all were clear sunlight, and the organ roll of the cattle bellowing.

Toward the middle of the morning the bull-doggers began to get a little tired.

"No more necked calves," they announced, "catch 'em by the hind legs, or bull-dog 'em yourself."

And that went. Once in a while the rider, lazy, or careless, or bothered by the press of numbers, dragged up a victim

caught by the neck. The bull-doggers flatly refused to have anything to do with it. An obvious way out would have been to flip off the loop and try again, but of course that would have amounted to a confession of wrong.

"You fellows drive me plumb weary," remarked the rider, slowly dismounting. "A little calf like that! What you all need is a nigger to cut up your food for you!"

Then he would spit on his hands and go at it alone. If luck attended his first effort, his sarcasm was profound.

"There's yore little calf," said he, "would you like to have me tote it to you, or do you reckon you could toddle this far with yore little old iron?"

But if the calf gave much trouble, then all work ceased while the unfortunate puncher wrestled it down.

Toward noon the work slacked. Unbranded calves were scarce. Sometimes the men rode here and there for a minute or so before their eyes fell on a pair of uncropped ears. Finally Homer rode over to the Cattleman and reported the branding finished. The latter counted the marks in his tally-book.

"One hundred and seventy-six," he announced.

The markers, squatted on their heels, told over the bits of ears they had saved. The total amounted to but an hundred and seventy-five. Everybody went to searching for the missing bit. It was not forthcoming. Finally Wooden discovered it in his hip pocket.

"Felt her thar all the time," said he, "thought it must be a chaw of tobacco."

This matter satisfactorily adjusted, the men all ran for their ponies. They had been doing a wrestler's heavy work all the morning, but did not seem to be tired.

Through the wide gates the cattle were urged out to the open plain. There they were held for over an hour while the cows wandered about looking for their lost progeny. A cow knows her calf by scent and sound, not by sight—the noise was deafening and the motion incessant.

Finally the last and most foolish cow found the last and most foolish calf. We turned the herd loose to hunt water and grass at its own pleasure, and went slowly back to chuck.



HIS FIRST SQUIRREL—"Gee ain' he a hummer though!"

Drawing by Worth Brehm.



Her gossamer wings can be faintly seen.

## EXPERIENCES WITH HUMMING- BIRDS

BY HERBERT K. JOB

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR



THOUGH the art-museums of Europe may have some treasures of which America cannot boast, our continent has the distinction of a monopoly of the world's supply of hummingbirds, the gems of all the feathered creation. Of these there are said to be some four hundred species—the four hundred we may well call them!—nearly all of which are peculiar to the tropical regions. Only eighteen cross the borders of the United States from Mexico, and occur only in our southwestern States,

except one, our familiar little “ruby-throat,” which is found throughout the United States and up as far north as Labrador. Nothing in bird-life is comparable with these wonderful tiny creatures. They are literally gems, in that their feathers flash brilliant, wonderful hues which vary as in the kaleidoscope at every angle of vision. Their motions are too rapid for the eye clearly to follow. Though they have no song, and emit only an insect-like chirp or squeak, the hummer, as a writer has prettily said, “needs none. Its beauty gives it distinction, and its wings make music.”

Nearly everyone knows the little hummer—the ruby-throated hummingbird, the books call it—which darts about in the garden from flower to flower. Its tiny wings move so rapidly that they appear only as a blur, and produce the humming sound from which the bird takes its name.

The popular idea is that the hummer lives only on honey, gathered from flowers. This is a mistake. The bird does secure some honey, but its food consists mainly of the small insects which frequent the flowers. Some of these insects are injurious to the blossom, and the tiny bird fulfills a useful function in destroying them. That the hummer is insectivorous is also shown by its habit of catching tiny insects on the wing, which is occasionally observed.

So unafraid are hummingbirds of man that they will readily enter open windows of houses, if they see flowers within. I have even read of their visiting the artificial flowers on a lady's hat when she was walking out, and other writers speak of their taking sugar from between a person's lips. In a room they become confused, and, being so frail, are apt to injure themselves by striking against objects. More than once I or members of my family have caught the frightened little waifs for their good, and released them in the open air. It is of no use to try to keep them in captivity, unless, possibly, it were in a greenhouse where there were plenty of flowers, for no artificial food has ever been found which will nourish them. Yet even there they would probably kill themselves by flying against the glass.

We may expect the little hummer in the Middle States or New England early in May each year. They seem to come paired, and resort each time to the familiar hunting-ground. At least we are apt to see hummingbirds in the same places year after year. By early June each pair has its dainty nest and two tiny white eggs hardly larger than peas. A favorite site for the nest is an old lichen-grown apple tree in an orchard, generally not high up. But often they will choose some shade tree, like a maple, in the garden or along the street. Sometimes it is on a tree in a swamp or in deep woods.

It was in the latter situation that I found my first occupied nest of the hummer, though, when a small boy, I remem-

ber discovering the home of a pair that frequented our garden, saddled to the lower limb of a larch tree close by the house, but only after the birds had left it. It was one Memorial Day, and with a friend I was looking for birds in some tall white pine woods. My attention was attracted by a veery, or Wilson's thrush, which flew up from the ground into a pine. Just as it alighted it was attacked in the most violent manner by a tiny bird, which was so quick in its motions that I could hardly tell what was going on. The thrush, though a far larger bird, unable to rival such velocity and deftness of attack, was driven off in a hurry. Naturally we assumed that there was a nest near, and sure enough, there it was, about two-thirds way out on one of the lower branches of the pine, some fifteen feet up, not in a crotch, but built on to the branch itself, as though it were a ~~not~~ or excrescence of the same. While we examined it, the female buzzed and darted about our heads like an angry bee. As for the male, he did not put in his appearance, and I have reason to fear that he is a shirk. Since then I have found various nests, but I do not in any case recall seeing the male about when his wife was in distress over the intrusion. Some writers state that he leaves to her all the care of eggs and young. Formerly he was very ardent in his protestations of affection and devotion, but now, as the flowers expand in greater profusion, he finds them more interesting than the prosaic duties of home.

This home, howbeit, is one of the most remarkable and artistic creations of all bird-architecture. It is a tiny, delicate cup, made of the softest plant-down, saddled upon some rather slender branch, so deftly that it seems a part thereof. The saliva of the birds is used to compact and secure the material, and likewise to coat the exterior with the gray-green lichens so generally found upon trees. This makes it so assimilate with the surroundings that it is a very difficult object to discover. And thereby hangs a tale. A gentleman had told me that, if I would call upon him, he would show me an occupied nest of a hummingbird in his orchard. When I came, he was out of town, but I thought I would see if I could not find the nest myself. So I made inspection from tree to tree, and presently the female hummer





Almost old enough to leave the nest.



Begging for food.

began to fly about me anxiously. We played a game of hot and cold, until it became evident that the nest must be in a certain low apple tree which had many dead, lichen-covered branches. Some of these came down nearly to the ground, and for quite a while I stood by the tree, running my eyes along each branch in order, trying to make out the nest, while the female kept darting frantically at my head. It must have been nearly a quarter of an hour before I discovered that I was standing almost touching the nest with my hands, having been looking right over it all the time. It contained two fresh eggs, this being in the early part of June. The branch upon which it was built was completely overgrown with lichens, and the nest, being covered with them, too, was wonderfully disguised, though there were no leaves to hide it.

One day in July a little girl came running in to tell us that she had found a hummer's nest in the orchard. It was placed on a low branch, about breast high from the ground, and contained but one egg. The little mother darted about, alighting here and there on slender twigs as I examined the nest. When I withdrew a few yards, the little mother would quickly return to her duty. It was a beautiful sight to see her enter the nest. She did not perch upon the edge, but hovered over it, and, with wings speeding like the wheel of a dynamo, she would then drop right into her little cup just as a piece of thistle-down might have settled upon it, lightly and airily, making one of the prettiest bird-sights that I have ever seen.

Evidently it was a fine chance to photo-



The operation of feeding.

graph, not only the nest, but the bird upon it as well. This was a decade ago, when I was just beginning to photograph wild birds, and I did not utilize the opportunity as fully as I should have done later. However, I set up the camera upon the tripod, very close to the nest, and, attaching the thread to the shutter, sat down under the next tree to await my opportunity. The hummer returned to the nest at once, paying no heed to the instrument. Unfortunately the foliage obscured the light, and at that time I was under the false impression that a slow plate would give the best results, with most detail, in this sort of work. This necessitated a timed exposure, and the bird was almost sure to turn her head when the shutter opened. Thus I

accumulated a series of pictures of a double-headed hummer, a species which is not recognized by scientists. One negative, from a snapshot, was sharp but very faint. Yet there is hope even thus of a valuable exposure, if only there be detail, however weak. The best thing to do is to print or enlarge on the most contrasty grade of glossy lamp-light paper, which will give a strong, plucky print. If it is too black, reduce it to the proper degree with red prussiate of potassium reducer, as one would a plate, giving local reduction where it is needed. Then photograph the print in a way not to show the grain of the paper, and the resulting negative, as compared with the original, will prove a surprise and a delight. A rare and valuable picture is

well worth this trouble, and I have saved many undertimed snapshots in this way.

The time came, at length, when I was to have every facility for this study, and when, with wider experience, I could take full advantage of it. It came at a season when I had no idea of any more pictures of bird-nesting, unless of the ever tardy goldfinch—in mid-August. A road was being cut through a tract of woods, just back from the shore of a small lake. One afternoon they cut down a black birch tree, and the next morning, when one of the men was cutting it up, he heard a continued chirping, and, upon making investigation, found the nest of a hummingbird out on a slender branch of the fallen tree, about twenty-five feet up from the base. It was tipped over to one side, yet in it was a young hummer, clinging to the soft lining, and on the ground beneath it was another. They were nearly fledged, and just about able to fly. Taking pity on the poor little things, the man cut off the limb with the nest, fixed it firmly between two trees about five feet from the ground, and placed the little hummers upon it. At first they fluttered out, and, indeed, they seemed so much too large for the tiny cup that it appeared almost impossible for them both to fit in. But what man could not do, the birds did themselves, when they got good and ready. The men on the estate were much interested in the tiny creatures, and, fearing that they were abandoned to starve, sent to me to learn how to feed them. Fortunately, however, there was no need for clumsy human effort, which would have been unavailing. The mother bird soon found them, as she may have done already, and was busy feeding them long before I arrived, which was not until the next day.

This is a most remarkable performance. The parent alights on the edge of the nest, and stands quietly for a moment, while the young are begging with all the eloquence and earnestness which would betoken a matter of life and death—as it certainly is to them, poor little things! Perhaps she is deciding which youngster to favor, and making inward preparation for what naturalists call the act of regurgitation. Selecting the fortunate hopeful, she inserts her bill into the widely-opened mouth and forces it deep down into the

anatomy of the youngster. Then she rams it violently up and down, and with each jerk ejects from her crop the luscious nectar, a mixture of partly digested insects and honey. Sometimes she would bring a small whitish insect held at the tip of her bill, but when she fed this to the chick, she also continued the meal with other food from the store below. Meanwhile the other little fellow would appear terribly disappointed. Then the shutter would click, and she would dart away, but we may believe that the next time she knew enough to feed the other chick.

I had only one more shot that afternoon, and then the sun sank behind the tops of the forest. In the little clearing the light only served from eleven to four o'clock, and the next day I gave this space of time to the work. At first I moved the nest lower down, and secured even better pictures of the young than I had done the day before. Just as I had made the last exposure which I desired, the old bird began to buzz around. One of the young became very uneasy. It stirred about in the nest and began to whirl its wings. At first this had no effect, but presently the wings took hold upon the air, and the little one floated upward as slowly and gently as a feather, and reached a branch a dozen feet from the ground. I tried to catch it and put it back, but only made it fly up higher into the forest, and I saw it no more, though at times I could hear its little insect-like chirp.

The nest was now in shadow, so I moved it a few yards out into open sunlight, and set the camera. Presently the mother bird returned, but did not see the nest and went off. Time dragged by, and she did not return. Alarmed and remorseful, I put the nest back close to its former location. The sun's rays came to it, but not the mother. Meanwhile, the poor little chick chirped hungrily, and made my heart ache for it. Finally, well along in the afternoon, I heard the familiar buzz, and when the mother came and fed the chick, gratitude and delight welled up in my soul. The old hummer now returned at frequent intervals, and I secured four more pictures.

The following afternoon I drove my wife up to see the wonder, if, indeed, it were not too late. To our joy the tiny bird was still in the nest, and its mother most attentive.



FROM IRON TO STEEL—The Bessemer Converter blasting the impurities from the molten iron.

Painting by Thornton Oakley.



# HOW LINDSAY TURNED INDIAN

BY C. M. RUSSELL

WITH A DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR



MOST people don't bank much on squaw men, but I've seen some mighty good ones doubled up with she-Injuns," says Dad Lane. "Ain't you, Owens?"

"I told you my short experience with that Blood woman," answered Owens. "I wasn't a successful Injun, but the comin' of white women to the country made big changes; men's got finicky about matin'. I guess if I'd come to the country earlier squaws would a-looked good enough. If there wasn't nothin' but Injun women, it's a cinch that all married men would be wearin' moccasins. There's a whole lot of difference livin' with Injuns now 'n' when buffalo were thick 'n' the savages owned the country.

"When I'm ridin' line for the H-half-H, my camp's on the border of the Piegan reserve, 'n' I get lots of visits from my red brothers. Among 'em is an old man named Lindsay. He's a white man all right, but you'd have to be a good guesser to call the turn. Livin' so long with Injuns, he's got all their ways 'n' looks. Can't talk without usin' his hand; his white locks is down over his shoulders 'n' his wrinkled face is hairless. By the holes punched in his ears I know he's wore rings some time. He packs a medicine bag, all same savage. From his looks 'n' the dates he gives me, he's crowdin' eighty winters. This old boy could string the best war 'n' buffalo yarns I ever heard. It's like readin' a romance; any time he calls I'm sure of a good yarn.

"I remember one day we're sittin' outside the shack, clear of the eaves. There's a chinook blowin' 'n' the roof's drippin' like it's rainin'. It's mighty pleasant in

the sun out of the wind; this old breeze is cuttin' the snow off the hills in a way that's a blessin' to cows 'n' cowmen. The country's been hid for six weeks, 'n' if the chinook hadn't come, the cow owners would a-needed skinnin' knives in place of brandin' irons.

"As I said before, we're sittin' outside, enjoyin' the change. The white Injun's smokin' his mixture of willer bark 'n' tobacco, while I'm sizin' him up, 'n' somehow I can't help but pity him. Here's an old man as white as I am. No doubt he's been a great man with these savages, but he's nothin' or nobody amongst his own blood 'n' color. While I'm thinkin' about him this way, he starts mumblin' to himself in Injun. I don't savvy only part of it, so I ask him what it's all about. He says he's talkin' to the sun; he's thankin' him for the warm wind that melts the snow.

"Don't you believe in God?" says I.

"Yes," says he.

"What kind of a one?" I asks.

"That's one," says he, pointin' with his staff to the sun. "The one I can see 'n' have watched work for many years. He gathers the clouds 'n' makes it rain; then warms the ground 'n' the grass turns green. When it's time, he dries it yellow, makin' it good winter feed for grass-eaters. Again, when he's mad, my people says, he drives the rain away, dryin' up the streams 'n' water holes. If it wasn't for him, there couldn't nothin' or nobody live. Do you wonder that we ask him to be good 'n' thank him when he is? I'm all Injun but my hide; their God's my God, 'n' I don't ask for no better."

"How ever did you come to throw in with these savages in the start off?" says I.

"Well, boy, I'll tell you how it hap-

pened,' says he, signin' for a match, 'n' lightin' up fresh, he begins.

"There used to be lots of white Injuns like me—what you'd call squaw-men, but I've outlived the most of 'em. Some got civilized, throwed away their red women 'n' took white ones, but I've been too long in the Piegan camp to change, 'n' nearin' the end of the road like I am, I guess I'll finish with the red ones.

"It's the women that make the men in this world. I heard an educated feller say once, 'n' it's the truth, that if a man's goin' to hell or heaven, if you look in the trail ahead of him you'll find a track the same shape as his, only smaller; it's a woman's track. She's always ahead, right or wrong, tollin' him on. In animals, the same as humans, the female leads. These ain't the exact words this educated man uses, but it's as near as I can interpret, 'n' it's the truth. If you ever run buffalo, you'll notice the cow meat's in the lead. With wild hosses, the stallion goes herdin' 'em along, snakin' 'n' bowin' his neck, with his tail fagged; from looks you'd call him chief, but the mares lead to the water hole they've picked out. I believe if all women were squaws, the whites would be wearin' clouts to-day.

"In early times, when white men mixed with Injuns away from his own kind, these wild women in their paints 'n' beads looked mighty enticin'. But to stand in with a squaw you had to turn Injun. She'd ask you were your relations all dead, that you cut your hair? or was you afraid the enemy'd get a-hold 'n' lift it? at the same time givin' you the sign of raisin' the scalp. The white man, if he liked the squaw, wouldn't stand this joshin' long till he throwed the shears away, 'n' by the time his hair reached his shoulders, he could live without salt. He ain't long forgettin' civilization; livin' with nature 'n' her people this way, he goes backwards till he's a raw man, without any flavorin'. In grade, he's a notch or two above the wolf, follerin' the herds for his meat the same as his wild dog brother. But, boy, I started to tell you about myself, 'n' this is about the way he strings it out to me.

"He's born in St. Louis, at that time the outfittin' place for all the fur trade south of the British line. His first remembrance, when he's a youngster, is seein' traders

in from their far-off, unknown country. These long-haired fellers, some in fringed buckskin, others in bright-colored blanket clothes, strike the kid's fancy. There's Frenchmen 'n' breeds, with long boats loaded with buffalo 'n' beaver hides, from the upper Missouri. From the southwest comes the Spanish 'n' Mexican traders, their hundreds of pack mules loaded with pelts. These men are still more gaudy, with silver braid 'n' buttons for their broad sombreros to their six-inch rowels, all wearin' bright-colored sashes and serape. Sometimes a band of Pawnees would drift in from the plains, their faces painted, 'n' heads shaved, barrin' the scalp lock.

"All these sights make this romantic kid restless, 'n' it wouldn't take much to make him break away. So one day a tannin' he gets from his stepdad gives him all the excuse he needs, 'n' bustin' home ties, he quits the village as fast as his small feet 'n' shanks will pack him. Follerin' the Mississippi, he's mighty leg-weary 'n' hungry next mornin' when he meets up with Pierre Chouteau's cordellers, or boatmen. He tells 'em his story between whimpers 'n' tears, 'n' these big-hearted river travelers feed 'n' take him in.

"They're about the mouth of the Missouri when he overtakes 'em, towin' north with goods for the upper Missouri trade. This trip ain't no picnic, but bein' a strong, healthy kid, he enjoys it. They pass the dirt-lodge towns of the Mandans 'n' Rickarees, that look like overgrown anthills, where the Injuns come to meet 'em in bowl-shape bull-boats, made of green buffalo hide, stretched on willers. Many times they're stopped by herds of buffalo, crossin' the river. It's late fall when they reach Fort Union at the mouth of the Yallerstone, where they winter, waitin' for the spring trade. It's pretty smooth for the kid, chorin' around 'n' herdin' horses for the post, till one day he falls asleep on herd 'n' a war party of Crows drop down 'n' get about half of the ponies. This makes the chief of the post hostile 'n' he has Lindsay licked.

"This old man tells me the chiefs of tradin' posts made their own laws, 'n' when you broke one of them you had a floggin' comin'. Sometimes men were shot or hung, accordin' to how serious the break was.





“Just at the crack of the gun the sun breaks out through a cloud hittin’ the kid.”

Drawing by C. M. Russell.

"The lickin' he gets is too much for him, so he busts out 'n' makes a get-away.

"There's about a hundred lodges of Piegans moving north, camped two miles above the post. He finds out these Injuns will pull camp about daybreak. It's gettin' gray when he clears the stockade. On reachin' the camp ground he's mighty disappointed at findin' nothin' but the dead ashes of their fires. He's afeared to go back to the post, 'n' the Missouri lays between him 'n' the Injuns, so bein' desperate, he strips his garments 'n' takes the water. Before startin', he ties his clothes in a pack on his shoulders. The water's low 'n' don't require much swimmin', but nearin' the bank on the fur side, an undercurrent catches him 'n' loses his gun. This old flint-lock's mighty dear to him, but it's a case of lighten up or go under, so loosenin' his holt, he hits the shore with nothin' but a wet powder horn 'n' a skinnin' knife.

"The draggin' of hundreds of travoys 'n' lodge-poles makes the trail as easy to foller as a wagon road, 'n' he ain't gone two miles till he sights the rear guard. In them days Injuns travel, when in a dangerous country, with advance, flank 'n' rear guard, their squaws, children 'n' loose ponies in the center. These Piegans, bein' in the Sioux country, ain't takin' no chances. When he walks up on 'em they're off their ponies, smokin'. They don't notice him none, not even sayin', 'How,' but he crowds into the circle between two bucks, 'n' waits for the pipe to come 'round. When it does, he reaches for it, but the buck to his left jerks it away mighty mean, glarin' at him with his bead eyes through his paint. This tells him he don't stand very high with these red people. He's picked up considerable hand talk around the post, so signs to the man he figures is chief, 'n' asks him if the warriors will listen to his story. The old buck studies for a while; then raisin' his hand, signs, 'Yes.' So Lindsay unfolds his troubles.

"When he's finished, a pretty, young buck in paint 'n' feathers says: 'All white men are liars; this young one is no different.'

"Lindsay don't make no argument, but begs not to be sent back to the post. The old man's takin' long draws from his pipe when one of the others speaks. The kid don't savvy, but notices 'em all lookin' in

one direction, 'n' follerin' their gaze, just at the raise of the hill on the back trail, sees five hossmen. Bein' white men, he knows they're from the post 'n' lookin' for him. So the kid starts cryin' 'n' beggin' the old man not to let them take him. He feels friendless, but makes up his mind he won't go back without a fight.

"The buck next to him's got a gun layin' across his lap. This looks mighty handy, so when the lead rider gets within twenty-five yards, quick as a flash, the kid grabs the weapon, 'n' jumpin' clear of the smokers, he pulls down on Mister Trader. Before you can bat your eye there's a rider with a broken leg 'n' a dead pony under him.

"There's a funny thing happens right then. It's been cloudy all mornin', but just at the crack of the gun the sun breaks out through a cloud, hittin' the kid, so he stands in a small circle of light, leavin' the rest of the country in shadow. This trick of nature catches the eyes of these superstitious Sun-Worshippers, 'n' along with Lindsay's war play turns 'em his way. In less'n a minute they're all mounted, chantin' their war song 'n' shakin' their weapons.

"The traders're out-numbered 'n' ain't lookin' for trouble. They send a man with a white rag; he smokes 'n' makes a big talk, but it don't go. 'The boy is a warrior,' says the chief. 'We have seen the sun watch him fight, 'n' he belongs to us; it is good.'

"After the whites are gone the old chief motions to Lindsay to crawl up behind him. He's willin' enough 'n' don't wait for no second invitation, so rides double the rest of the way with the old man. That evenin' the news has spread around camp about the medicine boy that fights under the sun. He can hardly eat his supper for Injuns crowdin' around takin' a peek at him. The young women gaze at him; the old hags kiss him. Lindsay takes it all good humored, barrin' the old ladies kissin' him, which he says don't mix well with his supper.

"The old buck, Wounded Hoss, is his name, is chief of the band. He tells the boy he'll not be sent back, 'n' there's no danger of the traders follerin' him, for a white man that follers the Piegans them days unless he's lookin' for trouble, is plumb silly.

“The grass has grown twice since my two sons were killed by the Sioux,” says the old chief. “My heart is on the ground; I am lonesome, but since the sun has sent me you, it is good. I will adopt you as my boy. I am old ’n’ my muscles are tired, very tired. My lodge is yours until you’re old enough to take a woman. I have plenty ponies, ’n’ among ’em good buffalo hosses; you shall ride ’em ’n’ bring meat ’n’ robes to my women. Child of the sun, it is good, ’n’ after that, until Lindsay had won his war name, he was known as Child of the Sun.

“Next day his new father gives him a bow ’n’ otter skin quiver filled with steel-pointed arrows. The bow’s of fine make, chokecherry wood, wrapped ’n’ backed with sinew. With this rig, mounted on a fine pinto, the kid wouldn’t trade places with the president.

“The first few days there ain’t nothin’ happens; Lindsay rides along with the bunch, learnin’ to handle his bow. This ain’t no easy trick, for though a bow with an Injun behind it’s a nasty weapon, with a green hand it’s mighty near harmless. It takes an expert to pull an arrow back to the head, ’n’ it’s several years before Lindsay can get the knack ’n’ can drive his arrow to the feathers. The Injun pulls his string with three, ’n’ sometimes four, fingers with all his strength, ’n’ by gettin’ back of the ribs, ’n’ aimin’ forward, he’ll drive his arrow plumb to the lungs, ’n’ sometimes clean through a buffalo.

“Lindsay’s enjoyin’ the life fine, barrin’ his everlastin’ longin’ for salt ’n’ sugar. He craves it all day ’n’ dreams about it nights; it’s months before he’s plumb weaned.

“About the fourth evenin’ some scouts ride in with news of a big herd they’ve located a short ride north of ’em, so all hands prepare for a surround the next day. The kid’s so excited he don’t sleep much. All night long he can hear the tom-tom of the medicine man. It’s just breakin’ day when he wakes. Everybody ’n’ the dogs are up. Quittin’ the pile of robes, he throws the lodge door aside. The ponies are among the lodges; squaws ’n’ bucks are all busy pickin’ out their mounts. From the fires he can smell meat cookin’. Lookin’ around he spies his foster father wrapped to the eyes in his robe. He don’t

recognize him in the dim light till he speaks.

“My son, bring your rope ’n’ follow me,” says Wounded Hoss.

“Gettin’ his rawhide, Lindsay follows the old man among the ponies, ’n’ after two or three throws, gets his loop over a black pinto that is pointed out to him as his buffalo hoss.

“While they’re eatin’, one of the kid’s foster mothers leads up three more ponies. Two of these is for Wounded Hoss; the other for his adopted boy. Injuns generally led their buffalo hosses to the runnin’ ground, ’n’ that’s what these extra mounts is for. In them days a buffalo hoss was worth plenty of robes. This animal had to be sure-footed, long-winded ’n’ quick as a cat. It’s no bench of a hoss that’ll lay long side of a buffalo cow while you’re droppin’ arrows or lead in her. He’s got to be a dodger, all same cow-hoss, ’cause a wounded cow’s liable to get ringy, or on the fight, ’n’ when she does she’s mighty handy with them black horns. An Injun’s sure proud of his buffalo hoss, ’n’ this animal gets the best a savage can give ’em.

“Old Lindsay tells me that in winters, when there’s a bad storm, he’s seen ’em put these ponies in lodges, ’n’ squaws would bring grass that they’d cut with their knives or a kind of hoe they had for that purpose.

“This white Injun says if he lives a thousand years, he’ll never forget that day. Just this bunch of riders is a sight worth seein’. There’s about two hundred bucks, youngsters ’n’ all, ’n’ ponies—well, there ain’t no color known to hoss flesh that ain’t there. Some of ’em’s painted till you couldn’t tell what shade of hide he wears. Each buck’s ridin’ an ordinary lookin’ cayuse, but the one he’s leadin’, or’s got a light boy ridin’, is sure gay ’n’ gaudy, with tail ’n’ foretop tied up ’n’ decked with feathers. Maybe he’s got a medicine bag hangin’ in his mane to make him strong ’n’ lucky. Paint’s smeared regardless ’n’ there’s pictures all over him.

“Barrin’ some old coffee-cooler mumblin’ a prayer, or a pony clearin’ his nostrils, these riders are joggin’ along pretty near as noiseless as a band of ghosts. Barefooted ponies on well-grassed sod travel mighty silent, ’n’ the savages ain’t doin’ no talkin’ except with their hands. This is where sign talk comes in handy. In quiet

weather the mumble of a dozen men will travel for miles, but with hand talk, a thousand Injuns might be within gunshot 'n' you'd never know it. Buffalo, like most four-footed animals, are wind-readers; but there ain't nothin' the matter with their hearin', so after gettin' the wind right, Mister Injun makes a sneak. There ain't nobody capable of givin' him lessons in the art of hidin' or sneakin'. It's been proved; for years they played 'I Spy' with Uncle Sam, 'n' most of the time Uncle was 'It.'

"They ain't gone four miles when a scout looms up on a butte 'n' signals with his robe. This signal causes 'em all to spread out, 'n' every Injun slides from his pony 'n' starts backin' out of his cowskin shirt 'n' skinnin' his leggin's. 'Tain't a minute till they're all stripped to the clout 'n' moccasins, forkin' their ponies, naked like themselves, barrin' two half-hitches of rawhide on the under jaw. That sign from the butte means the herd's in sight 'n' close. When they're all mounted, the scout on the butte swings his robe a couple of times around his head 'n' drops it. Before it hits the ground every pony's runnin', with a red rider quirtin' him down the hind leg, 'n' the hoofs of the ponies leavin' little curls of dust in the yellow grass behind 'em. When they top the raise the herd shows—a couple of thousand, all spread out grazin'. But seein' these red hunters pilin' down on 'em, their heads leave the grass. One look's a plenty, 'n' with tails straightened they start lumberin' together. It ain't long till they're

bunched, millin' 'n' churnin' all same spotted cattle.

"When Lindsay gets to 'em the dust's rollin' so he just gets a glimpse now 'n' agin of his naked brothers emptyin' their quivers. He notices Mister Injun pull five or six arrows at a draw, holdin' the extras in his mouth 'n' bow hand, 'n' the way he's got of turnin' 'em loose don't troub'c him none. Above the rumble 'n' gruntin' of these animals, he faintly hears now 'n' agin the report of a fuke, or sawed-off flintlock, or the quick, sharp yelp of the Injun as he sends his arrow home. Barrin' this, it's all dust 'n' rumble.

"Lindsay singles out a cow for his meat. The dodgin' of his pony mighty near unloads him, but by hookin' his toes under the fore leg, Injun fashion, he manages to keep his hoss under him. The kid downs the cow all right, but he tells me she resembles a porcupine; her hide's bristlin' with arrows when his quiver's empty 'n' she lays down. After the run's over, they've made a killin' of about three hundred. While the squaws are skinnin', Lindsay lunches on raw liver like any other Injun. Looks like this short run has turned him savage.

"My boy," says Lindsay, finishin' his yarn, openin' 'n' shuttin' his hands like an Injun, 'n' I savvy he's countin' winters, 'that's been sixty-five years ago, as near as I can figure. I run buffalo till the whites cleaned 'em out, but that's the day I turned Injun, 'n' I ain't cut my hair since."





A PROSPECTIVE CHRISTMAS DINNER

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Clarence Hawkes, the blind naturalist, in his outdoor studio.

# OUTDOOR MEN AND WOMEN

## AFIELD WITH A BLIND NATURALIST

THE ways of the woods and trails are hidden from him who, having eyes, has not learned how to use them. For the greenhorn, however, there is something singularly encouraging in this story of a man who, even though he is sightless, has made himself a master of woodcraft and has developed an unusual capacity to enjoy his nature studies and outdoor life. Clarence Hawkes has written entertainingly and with a sure and confident touch of the life in the open, and it is likely that few of his readers would surmise that he is a blind man. How he works and learns, and what the out-doors means to him, are perhaps best glimpsed in the following interview with the blind naturalist:

"There is but one real test of a man in the woods and that is his ability to see. If he cannot see, he might as well sit at home on his back porch. On the other hand, it is easy to see a fresh track in the snow, but to comprehend a dozen things told by this track which are lost on the casual observer is to see with understanding, to know with the inner vision. It has seemed to me that the most impressive facts in the storehouse of nature are perceived or felt rather than seen with the eyes. Any farmer, for example, might have seen the flight of water-fowl which attracted the attention of Bryant on that autumn afternoon, but only a poet could have perceived the great truth of God in nature, and the deep significance of the spring and fall migration. Therefore I contend that an understanding heart is as important in nature study as a bright pair of eyes, and even more so.

"I can take my friends afield and, without eyes, show them many a bird or squirrel or flower or tree which they have failed to notice, simply because they were trying to see the whole horizon at once. When the wind rustles the tree-tops, or from the vernal earth there arises that whisper that

proclaims springtime, do you who have your sight see the hidden forces of nature?

"What a dullard you are not to see these things that are happening all about you. When you sit on the cushion of fragrant needles at the foot of the old pine and hold your breath while the tree talks its immemorial language, do you understand its speech through your hearing, or are its tones heard and understood in your soul? There is a jay's nest in the top of this old tree, but neither the pine needles nor the brown cones told me the secret. Do you not hear a soft call and the flutter of wings as the old jay flew away, and then a strident squawk in a distant tree-top? Ten to one this jay is a thief who has dispossessed the rightful owner of the nest. If justice were done the sheriff of the woodland would be called at once and the usurping fledglings evicted.

"What was that rustle in the thicket yonder, a rabbit or squirrel? Neither, for rabbits stay on the ground and squirrels do not climb anything as slender as witch hazel. It was a bird, probably some vireo or thrush. How do I know the thicket is witch hazel? Why should I not? The most noticeable scent in the fragrance of the woods which the morning sun is steeping is the smell of witch hazel.

"Did you hear the swish of a bough as it sprang back to its accustomed place? That was a squirrel. He likes to jump from the branches of one tree to another, making his way through the woods without touching his dainty feet to Mother Earth. You did not see him? Wait till he sees you and what a scolding and barking he will set up because you have invaded his private domains. Listen! Now he is clattering away like a small fury. The jay will hear him and shout the news from his tree-top: 'Look out, two men in the woods—still sitting under the old pine.' The jay is a busy tell-tale, and he has saved many a game bird in his time by his warnings.

"The more abstruse problems of wood-



PETER FANELON COLLIEK—master of the Monmouth County Hounds—  
and a sportsman of the old school.

Photograph by Do. us & Hughes.



craft most interest me. I do not much care whether the red squirrel makes a business of eating partridge's eggs, or occasionally robs a nest for sport. I am not certain whether the woodpecker's nest is always on the east side of the tree, but the birds and squirrels in their song and chatter I do know and find delight in. I know the songs and calls and cries of alarm of about sixty birds, including ten game birds. One can construct a rare woodland orchestra with that number of pieces, especially when all are singing different parts.

"The call of the cuckoo and the quail when rain threatens, the flocking of song birds and the flight of water-fowl, and the places of these events in the human calendar, the muskrat and the wild goose weather prognostications; these are problems which meet the naturalist and appeal to the poet's imagination. I can never forget one glimpse I had of the great southward procession when I was a boy, and before my sight was taken from me. It was in the middle of November and the earth was mantled in a heavy fog. I was in the pasture searching for young cattle, and was waiting on a commanding hill for the fog to lift. While sitting on a rock, a great gray goose rushed out of the mist, hurtled by me almost at arm's length, and was swallowed behind the gray curtain of fog. I saw his outstretched neck and his black webbed feet and the white crescent on his breast, and then he was gone like a ghost. Then I heard the strong, steady swish, swish of wings all around me, and I crouched lower and lower on the rock and waited in a quiver of excitement. Close in the wake of the old gander went one after another of the flock, each flashing through my scanty horizon of eight or ten feet and vanishing in the fog. Every one was plainly seen for an instant and then became a fleeting memory. How my young heart thumped as I lay there and counted forty of those magnificent water-fowl as they swept by almost within reach of my hand.

"Had I not been given the keenest of vision for the first fourteen years of my life, and had not those young eyes been ever alert for new impressions, I should have despaired of pursuing nature studies in after years. But in some mysterious manner the sensitive plates exposed in my youth secured perfect pictures of each pass-

ing season and of a multitude of the varying aspects of nature. For twenty-two years these plates have remained in the dark room of the soul until to-day each film holds a picture of remarkable brilliancy and fidelity to detail. Only the slightest sound or scent is needed to slip the slide and throw the picture on the screen of my memory. The 'honk' of a wild goose, for example, brings back to me with startling clearness that morning in the fog in the pasture, and again I see the flock rushing southward.

"When the wind of a May morning, fresh from its ramble through the orchards, fills my nostrils with a ravishing sweetness, the apple-blossom 'slide' is withdrawn. Then there appears on the screen a gnarled and twisted old apple tree, one that stood in the back yard of a certain farmhouse when I was a boy. The morning sunlight slants through the boughs glorifying in rosy tinted light a mass of pink and white loveliness. Thus each season has its own pictures and they are waiting for the suggestion that will bring them to my mind as vital and joyous as when the eyes of my childhood first beheld them.

"Thus it is that I am able to link the impressions of things which I have seen with those of the world that I feel and hear, and the twofold knowledge shows me the trail leading to the heart of the woods, and gives me the golden key to unlock a few of the secrets of the craft of the out-doors."

## CAPTAIN HEALY

A MODERN PIONEER

WITH the passing of the American frontier there will soon vanish a race of men who have lived epics and epochs in their generation, men who have built an empire which they survive to see transformed from a wilderness, to cities linked by railroads and telephones. In no other nation, for example, could there be found a man like Captain John J. Healy, in his time soldier, gold-miner, free-trader, scout, Indian fighter, sheriff, explorer, promoter and capitalist. He is still busied with large enterprises in Alaska, with no thought of seeking rest or retirement. Yet as a strapping young Irish immigrant of eighteen, he enlisted as a private

in the Second United States Dragoons, and saw active service in the Mormon and Indian campaigns in Utah long before the Civil War. This experience made a Westerner of him, one of the pioneer breed, and he turned his back on the civilization of the East. As a miner, he was one of the discoverers of the famous diggings of Florence, Idaho, in 1861, and from that bonanza rush he drifted to the storied territory of the Upper Missouri.

Montana was then in the hands of Indians and fur traders, and young Healy preferred chasing furs to seeking gold. Before he became an Indian trader, however, he tried his hand at several things, as was the fashion among the bold and adventurous spirits who flocked into the untamed West. He hearkened to the call of the Comstock Lode, and was one of the early settlers of Virginia City, and stayed in the most famous silver camp of history through the red days of the Vigilantes.

Later he camped on what later became the site of the capital of Montana and was elected to the first Legislature of that territory. Declining his honor, he moved on to Fort Benton which was then the trading outlet for the whole Northwest. Healy was not inclined to accept the terms of the powerful fur-trading companies which ruled that region, and he became an independent or free trader, establishing a post on Sun River.

The Indians were hostile, and the few settlers were unable to obtain military protection. In order to keep from being wiped out by the Blackfeet, the settlers organized a force of their own called "The Sun River Rangers," with Irish John Healy as captain. The ex-private of Dragoons proceeded to clear the range of hostiles with neatness and dispatch. Well pleased with this campaign, Healy dared to invade Canada at the head of a band of free traders, and throw down the gauntlet to the Hudson's Bay Company. The purpose of the movement was to secure the trade of the free trappers who had gone up into that rich territory. The militant fame of Healy had traveled far, for in order to drive out this invasion of American traders, the Hudson's Bay Company organized a volunteer force of two hundred and fifty men at Fort Carry. With an artillery detachment in reserve this mounted force

marched to attack the formidable defenses of Healy's post, Fort Whoop-Up, expecting to meet a regiment of "desperadoes and cut-throats." To their chagrin, they found Healy and two other orderly and peaceable Americans who were tending to their own business. Outnumbered, Healy retired with the honors of war, but the force organized against him remained in the field as a mounted troop to patrol the frontier, and became the nucleus of the Northwest Mounted Police.

Returning to Fort Benton, Healy was made sheriff of Choteau County, which was half as big as the whole of New England. Healy bent his energies to the task of cleaning out the road agents, horse thieves, and "bad men" who made that part of Montana hazardous and tumultuous. He was sheriff for eight years, and his daring was considered notable even in Montana, for he always made his arrests single-handed, and although an expert shot, he never took the life of a white man.

By 1885, Montana was getting too civilized for a man of Captain Healy's stamp, so he pulled up stakes and went to Alaska. Among the Chilkats at Dyea he built a trading post, and set to work to break down the high-handed monopoly of the chief who controlled all the packing of goods into that country. Having succeeded in enabling white miners to enter the Yukon country without being attacked or held up, the Chilkats were won over from violent hostility to such terms of admiring friendship for a strong man that they made him a chief. This honor pleased Healy because after he had fought the Blackfeet in Montana, they respected him to the extent of making him a warrior of the Elk band. He had twice proved that an honest enemy can become the best kind of a friend.

For three years Captain Healy explored the coast of Alaska in those early days, looking for passes into the interior. He was three times shipwrecked, but escaped to join the first gold rush into that country. He saw the possibilities of the territory, and advocated a railroad over White Pass so far ahead of his time that the miners laughed at him as a crazy-headed fool.

When gold was discovered on Forty Mile Creek, Captain Healy came out of the wilderness long enough to organize a trad-



John J. Healy—pioneer.

ing company which pushed its agents up the Yukon and locked horns with the powerful Alaska Commercial Company which wished to keep the miners out and preserve the territory as a fur-trading country. When gold was found on the Yukon, Captain Healy was ready for business with a fleet of river steamers. By this time he was an "old timer" in Alaska, "and was considered the best posted man in the territory.

It was he who suggested to Baron de Lobel, the French engineer, the monumental idea of "The Trans-Alaskan-Siberian-Railway," with a tunnel beneath Behring

Straits. Captain Healy is not a visionary, and he believes that some day will see a million population in Alaska, and the brown tundras of Eastern Siberia covered with a vast and busy multitude of settlers getting rich from the mineral deposits. Then the railroad will become a reality.

Captain Healy has lived to see more startling dreams than this come true. A pioneer who has beheld great states built out of a wilderness wherein he fought savages in his youth, is entitled to hold big conception of the future greatness of the undeveloped countries which he has helped to wrest from the frontier.

# THE WAY OF A MAN

BY EMERSON HOUGH

DRAWING BY GEORGE WRIGHT

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### FACE TO FACE



DID not care to see Colonel Meriwether on business matters, important as these were. He passed on through to his seat in Albermarle without stopping in our valley longer than over night. I wrote a letter to my agents at Huntington, with the request that they should inform Colonel Meriwether at once on the business situation, since now he was in touch by mail. The alternative was offered him of taking over my father's interests through these creditors, accepting them as partners, or purchasing their rights; or of doing what my father had planned to do for him, which was to care individually for the joint account, and then to allot each partner a divided interest, carrying a clear title.

All these business matters I explained fully to my mother. Then, seeing it could not be evaded, I told her also what had occurred at the village the night previous. "So now," I said, "I am soon to marry Grace Sheraton." She sat silent for a long time.

"Thee is like thy father," she said finally. "I shall not try to change thee. Go, then, thy own way. Only hear me, thee is doing wrong to think of such a marriage; a thousand times worse wrong if thee should remain one moment after such a wrongful marriage is over, if truly it must ever be."

But so I went to Dixiana Farm that day. Under my arm I bore a certain roll of crinkled hide.

This was on the morning of Wednesday, in November, the day following the na-

tional election in the year 1860. News traveled more slowly then, but we in our valley might expect news from Washington by noon of that day. If Lincoln won, then the South would secede. Two nations inevitably would be formed, and if necessary, issue would be joined between them as soon as the leaders could formulate their plans for war. This much was generally conceded; and it was conceded also that the South would begin, if war should come, with an army well supplied with munitions of war and led by the ablest men who ever served under the old flag—such men as Lee, Jackson, Early, Smith, Stuart—scores and hundreds trained in arms at West Point or at the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington—men who would be loyal to their states and to the South at any cost.

Our state was divided, our valley especially so, peace sentiment there being strong. The entire country was but a magazine, needing only a spark to cause explosion. It was conceded that by noon we should know whether or not this explosion was to come. Few of us there, whether Unionists or not, had much better than contempt for the uncouth figure of the man from the West, Lincoln, that most pathetic figure of our history, greatest of our great men. All of us, Unionists or Secessionists, dreaded to hear of his election.

Colonel Sheraton met me at the door, his face flushed, his brow frowning. He was all politics. "Have you any news?" he demanded. "Have you heard from Leesburg, Washington?"

"Not as yet," I answered, "but there should be messages from Leesburg within the next few hours." We had no telegraph in our valley at that time.



"As we joined he made a cut to the left."

Drawing by George Wright.

"I have arranged with the postmaster to let us all know up here the instant he gets word," said Sheraton. "If that black abolitionist, Lincoln, wins, they're going to fire one anvil shot in the street, and we can hear it this far. If the South wins, then two anvils, as fast as they can load. So, Mr. Cowles, if we hear a single shot, it is war—*war*, I tell you.

"But come in," he added hastily. "I keep you waiting. I learn that you have returned from a very successful journey. We are all pleased to know it. I offer you my hand, sir. My daughter has advised me of her decision and your own. Your conduct throughout, Mr. Cowles, has been above reproach, and I could want no better son to join my family." His words, spoken in ignorance, cut me unbearably.

"Colonel Sheraton," I said to him, "my conduct has not been in the least above reproach, and your daughter has not told you all that she ought to have told."

We had entered the great dining-room as we talked, and he was drawing me to his great sideboard with hospitable intent, to which at that moment I could not yield. Now, however, we were interrupted.

A door opened at the side of the room, where a narrow stairway ran down from the second floor. There appeared to us the short, stocky figure, the iron gray mane, of our friend, Dr. Samuel Bond, physician for two counties thereabout, bachelor, benefactor, man of charity, despite his lancet and his calomel.

"Ah, Doctor," began Colonel Sheraton, "here is our young friend back from his travels again. I'm going to tell you now, as I think I may, that there is every hope the Cowles family will win in this legal tangle. We shall not lose our neighbors, after all, nor have any damned strangers breaking into our country where they don't belong. Old Virginia, as she was, and forever, gentlemen! Join us, Doctor. You see, Mr. Cowles," he added to me, "Doctor Bond has stopped in as he passed by, for a look at my daughter, who seems a trifle indisposed this morning—nothing in the least serious, of course."

We all turned again as the front door opened. Harry Sheraton came in.

"Come, son," exclaimed his father. "Draw up, draw up with us. Pour us a drink around, son, for the success of our

two families. You, Doctor, are glad as I am, that I know."

We stood now where we had slowly advanced toward the great sideboard. But Doctor Bond was not glad. He paused, looking strangely at me and at our host. "Harry," said he, "suppose you go look in the hall for my saddle bags—I have left my medicine case."

The young man turned, but for no reason apparently, stopped at the door, and presently joined us again.

"May I ask for Miss Grace this morning, Doctor," I began politely.

"Yes," interjected Colonel Sheraton. "How's the girl? How's the girl? She ought to be with us this minute—a moment like this, you know."

Doctor Bond looked at us still gravely. He turned from me to Colonel Sheraton, and again to Harry Sheraton. "Harry," said he sternly. "Didn't you hear me? Get out!"

We three were left alone. "Jack, I must see you a moment alone," said Doctor Bond to me.

"What's up," demanded Colonel Sheraton sharply. "What's the mystery? It seems to me I'm interested in everything proper here. What's wrong, Doctor, is my girl sick?"

"Yes," said the physician.

"What's wrong?"

"She needs aid," said the old wire hair slowly.

"Can you not give it then? Is not that your business?"

"No, sir. It belongs to another profession," said Doctor Bond, taking snuff and brushing his nose with his immense red kerchief.

Colonel Sheraton looked at him for the space of a full minute, but got no further word. "Damn your soul, sir," he thundered, "explain yourself. What do you mean?" He turned fiercely upon me. "Sir, there's only one meaning I can guess. Damn you, sir, what's wrong? *Are you to blame?*"

I faced him fairly now. "I am so accused by her," I answered slowly.

"What! What!"

"I shall not lie about it. It is not necessary for me to accuse a girl of falsehood. I only say, let us have this wedding, and have it soon. I so agreed with Miss Grace last night."

The old man sprang at me like a maddened tiger, his eyes glaring about the room for a weapon. He saw it—a long knife with ivory handle and inlaid blade, lying on the ledge where I myself had placed it when I last was there. Doctor Bond sprang between him and the knife. I also caught Colonel Sheraton and held him fast. "Wait!" I said. "Wait. Let us have it all understood plainly. Then let us take it up in any way you Sheratons prefer."

"Stop, I say," cried the stern-faced doctor, as honest a man I think, as ever drew the breath of life. He hurled his sinewy form against Colonel Sheraton again as I released him. "That boy is lying to us both, I tell you. I say he's not to blame, and I know it. I *know* it, I say. Listen, you, Sheraton—you shall not harm a man who has lied like this, like a gentleman, to save you and your girl."

"Damn you both," sobbed the struggling man. "Let me go, let me alone. Didn't I hear him—didn't you hear him—didn't he *admit* it?" He broke free and stood panting in the center of the room, we between him and the weapon. "Harry," he called out sharply. The door burst open and his son came in.

"A gun—my pistol—get me something. Arm yourself—we'll kill these——"

"Harry," I called out to him in turn. "Do nothing of the sort. You'll have me to handle in this. Some things I'll endure, but not all things, always—I swear I'll stand this no longer, from all of you or any of you. Listen, I say—it is as Doctor Bond says. I am guiltless of any harm or wish of harm to any woman of this family. But don't think you can crowd me, or force me to do what I do not freely offer."

"It is true," said Doctor Bond. "I tell you, what he says *could not by any possibility be anything else but true*. Certain things admit no denial."

Colonel Sheraton felt about him for a chair, and sank down, his gray face dropped in his hands. He was a proud man and one of courage. It irked him sore that revenge must wait.

"Now," said I, "I have something to add. I hoped that a part of my story could be hid forever. But now I can no longer shield her, or myself, or any of you. We'll have to go to the bottom now."

I flung out on the table the roll which all

the time I had held under my arm—the ragged hide, holding writings placed there by my hand and that of another.

"This," I said, "I thought to hide from you all forever, but now it must be shown to you all. Colonel Sheraton, I have been very gravely at fault. I was alone for some months in the wilderness with another woman. I loved her very much. I forgot your daughter, because I found I loved her less. Through force of circumstances I lived with this woman very closely for some months. We foresaw no immediate release. I loved her, and she loved me. We made this contract of marriage between us. It was never enforced. We never were married, because that contract was never signed by us both. Here it is. Examine it."

It lay there before us. I saw its words again stare up at me. I saw once more a different and happier world, as I witnessed, blurring before my eyes, the words: "*I, John Cowles—I, Ellen Meriwether—take thee—take thee—for better, for worse—till death do us part.*"

"Harry," said I, turning on him swiftly. "Your father is old. This is for you and me, I think. I shall be at your service soon."

His face paled. But that of his father was now very old and gray.

"Treachery," he murmured. "Treachery! You slighted my girl. By God, sir, she should not marry you though she died. This——" he put out his hand.

"No," I said to him, "stop. This is mine. The question for you is only in regard to the punishment. We are four men here, and it seems to me that first of all we owe protection to the woman who needs it! Ah, it was Gordon Orme, Colonel Sheraton, I do not doubt—— Sir, I found him in your yard here at midnight, when I last was here. And, sir, there was a light—a light——" I tried to smile, though I fear my face was only distorted. "I agreed with your daughter that it was without question a light that some servant had left by chance at a window."

I wish never to hear again such a groan as broke from that old man's lips. He was sunken and broken when he put out his hand to me. "Boy," said he, "have mercy. Forgive. Can you—could you ——"

"Can you yourself forgive this," I answered, pointing to the scroll. I admit to you I love Ellen Meriwether yet, and always will. Sir, if I married your daughter, it could only be to leave her within the hour."

Silence fell upon all of us. None moved but Doctor Bond, who, glasses upon nose, bent over the blurred hide, studying it.

"Colonel Sheraton," said he at length, "it seems to me that we have no quarrel here. Mr. Cowles has given every proof we can demand—we could not ask more of any man. He wishes, at great cost to himself, to do what he can to save your girl's happiness and honor. He admits his own fault. He offers for it a price very terrible for a man to pay.

"But wait a minute——" he raised a hand as Colonel Sheraton stirred. "I have something else to say. As it chances, I am curious in other professions than my own—I read in the law sometimes, again in theology, literature. I wish to be an educated man so far as I may be. Now I say to you, from my reading in the law, a strong question arises in my mind whether or not John Cowles and Ellen Meriwether, who wrote this covenant of marriage, are not at this moment *man and wife!*"

A sigh broke in concert from all within that room. The next moment, I know not how, we were all four of us bending above the scroll. "See there," went on the old doctor. "There is a definite, mutual promise, a consideration moving from each side, the same consideration in each case, the promise from each bearing the same intent and value, and having the same qualifying clauses. The contract is definite, it is dated. It is evidently the record of a unanimous intent and frame of mind between the two making it at that time. It is signed and sealed in full by one party, no doubt in his own hand. It is written and acknowledged by the other party in her own hand——"

"But not *signed!*" I broke in. "See, it is not signed. She said she would sign it one letter each week—weeks and weeks—until, at last, this, our engagement, should with the last letter make our marriage. Gentlemen," I said to them, "it was an honest contract. It was all the formality we could have, all the ceremony we could employ. It was all that we could do."

"It was enough," said Doctor Bond dryly, taking snuff. "It was a wedding."

"Impossible!" declared Colonel Sheraton.

"Impossible? Not in the least," said the doctor, "and invalid only upon one ground. It might be urged that the marriage was not consummated. But in the courts that would be a matter of proof. I say, as this stands, the contract is a definite one, agreeing to do a definite thing, namely, to enter into the state of marriage. The question of the uncompleted signature does not invalidate it, nor indeed come into the matter at all. It is only a question whether that signature, so far as it goes, means the identity of the Ellen Meriwether who wrote the clause preceding it. It is a question of identification solely. Nothing appears on this contract stipulating that she must sign her full name before the marriage can take place. That verbal agreement, which Mr. Cowles mentions, does not in law effect a written agreement. This written contract must, in the law, be construed *just as it stands*—under its own phrasing, by its own evidence. The apparent evidence is that the person beginning this signature was Ellen Meriwether, the same who wrote the last clause of the contract—the hand-writing is the same—the supposition is that it is the same, and the burden of proof would lie on the one denying it.

"Gentlemen, I take Mr. Cowles' word as to acts before and after this contract. I think he has shown to us that he is a gentleman. In that part of the world, very different from this world, he acted like a gentleman. There, he was for the time freed of the covenant of society. Now, thrown again under the laws of society, he again shows to us that he is a gentleman here as much as there. We cannot reason from that world to this. I say, I hope I am big enough to say, that we cannot blame him from that world to this. We can exact of a man that he shall be a gentleman in *either* one of those worlds, but we cannot exact it of him to be the *same* gentleman in *both*.

"Now the question comes, to which of these worlds belongs John Cowles? The court will say that this bit of hide is a wedding ceremony. Gentlemen," he smiled grimly. "We need all the professions here



to-day—medicine, ministry and law! At least, Colonel Sheraton, I think we need legal counsel before we go on with any more weddings for this young man here.”

“But there is no record of this,” I said. “There is no execution in duplicate.”

“No,” said the doctor calmly. “It is only a question of which world you elect. It is only a question of morals. If this record here should be destroyed, you would leave the other party with no proof on her side of the case.”

He brushed off his nose again, and took a short turn from the table, his head dropped in thought. “It is customary,” he said dryly, as he turned to me, “to give the wife the wedding certificate. The law, the ministry, and the profession of medicine, all unite in their estimate of the relative value of marital faithfulness as between the sexes.”

I walked to the mantel and took up the long knife that lay there. I returned to the table, and with one long stroke ripped the hide in two and threw the two pieces into the grate.

“That is my proof,” said I, “that Ellen Meriwether needs no marriage certificate.”

Colonel Sheraton staggered to me, his hand trembling, outstretched. “Then you can—you will—”

“It is proof also,” I went on, “that I shall never see her again, any more than I shall see Grace Sheraton again after I have married her. What happens after that is not my business. It is my business, Colonel Sheraton, and yours, and your son’s, to find Gordon Orme. I claim him first. If I do not kill him—then you—and you last, Harry.”

“Gentlemen, is it all agreed?” I asked in conclusion. I tossed the knife back on the mantel, and turned my back to it and them. We were silent for a time.

“Jack,” said my old wire hair, Doctor Bond, “I pray God I may never see this done again to any man.”

“Is it agreed?” I asked of Colonel Sheraton sternly.

His trembling hand sought mine. “Yes,” he said. “Our quarrel is discharged, and more than so. Harry, shake hands with Mr. Cowles. Our quarrel runs now to Mr. Orme. To-morrow we start for Carolina, where we had his last address. Mr. Cowles, my heart bleeds, it bleeds, sir, for you. But

for her also—for her up there. The court shall free you quickly and quietly, as soon as can be done. It is you who have freed us all. I know what it has cost you.” His face was gray, but the dignity of sorrow sat on him.

But it was not the courts that freed us. None of us ever sought actual knowledge of what agency really undid the skein. The time came swiftly for us all to draw the cloak of secrecy about one figure of this story, and to shield her in it forever. Again we were interrupted. The door at the stair burst open. A black maid, breathless, broke into the room.

“She’s a settin’ there—Miss Grace just a settin’ there——” she began, and choked and stammered.

“What is it?” cried Doctor Bond sharply, and sprang at the door. I heard him go up the stairs lightly as though he were a boy. We all followed, plying the girl with questions.

“I went in to make up the room,” blubbered she, “an’ she was just a settin’ there, an’ I spoke to her an’ she didn’t answer— an’ I called to her, an’ she didn’t answer—she’s just a settin’ there right *now*.”

As a cloud sweeps over a gray, broken moor, so now horror swept upon us in our distress and grief. We paused one moment to listen, then went on to see what we knew we must see.

I say that we men of Virginia were slow to suspect a woman. I hope we were also slow to gossip regarding one. Not one of us ever asked Doctor Bond a question, fearing lest we might learn what perhaps he knew.

He stood beyond her now, his head bowed, his hand touching her wrist, feeling for the pulse that was no longer there. The solemnity of his face was louder than speech. It seemed to me that I heard his silent demand that we should all hold our peace forever.

Grace Sheraton, her lips just parted in a little crooked smile such as she might have worn when she was a child, sat at a low dressing table, staring directly into the wide mirror which swung before her at its back. Her left arm lay at length along the table. Her right, with its hand under her cheek and chin, supported her head, which leaned but slightly to one side. She gazed into her own face, into her own

heart, into the mystery of life and its double worlds, I doubt not. She could not tell us what she had learned.

Her father stepped to her side, opposite the old doctor. I heard sobs as they placed her upon her little white bed, still with that little crooked smile upon her face, as though she were young, very young.

I went to the window, and Harry, I think, was close behind me. Before me lay the long reaches of our valley, shimmering in the midday autumn sun. It seemed a scene of peace and not of tragedy.

But even as I looked, there came rolling up our valley, slowly, almost as though visible, the low, deep boom of the signal gun from the village below. It carried news, the news from America.

We started, all of us. I saw Colonel Sheraton half look up as he stood, bent over the bed. Thus, stunned by horror as we were, we waited. It was a long time, an interminable time, moments, minutes, it seemed to me, until there must have been time for the repetition of the signal, if there was to be one.

There was no second sound. The signal was alone, single, ominous.

"Thank God! Thank God!" cried Colonel Sheraton, swinging his hands aloft, tears rolling down his old gray cheeks. "It is war! Now we may find forgetfulness!"

## CHAPTER XXXIX

### THE RECKONING

So it was war. If the South, in ignorance, had in one set of conditions sinned, now it was to be judged by another order and another day. We drew apart into hostile camps. There arose two centers, each claiming government, each planning war, Washington and Richmond. I had seen the flag of the free frontier. I knew that only loyalty to their home lands would make the Army men take arms against it. They did so with heavy hearts, none with heavier heart than Lee himself. Some could not bring themselves to do so, such men as Colonel Meriwether, Virginian born and bred in the traditions of the South. It was a time when each must choose for himself. As for me, I pledged myself to follow the flag of the frontier,

wherever it might go. During the winter I busied myself, and when the gun of Summer came on that sad day of April, I was ready with a company of volunteers who had known some months of drill, at least, and who had been good enough to elect me for their captain.

My mother, all for peace, was gray and silent over all these things, and she wept when she saw me in uniform and belt. "See," she said, "we freed our slaves long ago. We thought as the North thinks. This war is not for the Society of Friends." But she saw my father's blood in me again, and sighed. "Go, then," she said.

All over the country, North and South, came the same sighed consent of the women, "Go, then." And so we went out to kill each other, we who should all have been brothers. Ah, none of us would listen. The armies formed, facing each other on Virginia soil. Soon in our trampled fields, and broken herds, and ruined crops we learned the significance of war.

They crossed our little valley, passing through Alexandria, coming from Harper's Ferry, these raw ninety-days' men of McDowell and Patterson, who thought to end the Confederacy that spring. Northern politics drove them into battle before they had learned arms. By midsummer all the world knew that they would presently encounter, somewhere near Manassas, to the south and west, the forces of Beauregard and Johnston, then lying within practical touch.

My men, most of them young fellows used to horse and arms, were brigaded as infantry with one of the four divisions of McDowell's men, who moved on different lines toward Fairfax. It was not until the twentieth of July that our leaders determined upon a flanking movement to our right, which should cross Bull Run at the Sudley Ford. Even so, we dallied along until everyone knew our plan. Back of us, the battle opened on the following day, a regiment at a time, with no concert, no elan of attack. My men were with this right wing, which made the turning movement, but four brigades in all. We crossed and reached the left flank of the Confederates under Beauregard, and swung south along Bull Run. Our attack was scattering and ill-planned, but by three o'clock of

the twenty-first, we were in the thickest of the fighting around the slopes which led up to the Henry House.

I saw the batteries of Rickett and Griffin of our Regulars advance and take this height against the steadily thickening line of the Confederates, who had had full time to concentrate. Then I saw that blunder by which the battery commander allowed Cummings' men—the Thirty-third Virginia, I think it was—deliberately to march within stone's throw of them, mistaken for Federal troops. I saw these troops pour a volley at short range into our guns, which wiped out their handlers, and let through the charging lines now converging rapidly upon us. Then, though but a common soldier, and in my first battle, I knew that our movement must fail, that our extended line, lying upon nothing, supported by nothing, must roll back in retreat along a trough road, where the horses and guns would mow us down.

Stuart's men came on, riding through us as we broke and scattered. Wheats' Louisiana Tigers came through as we broke. We had no support. We did not know that back of the hill the Confederate recruits were breaking badly as ourselves, and running to the rear. We were all new in war. We of the invading forces caught the full terror of that awful panic which the next day set the North in mourning, and the South aflame with a red exultation.

All around us our lines broke and fled. But to some of us native Virginians, who knew the danger of the country back of us, it seemed safer to stay than to run. To that fact I owe my life, and at least a little satisfaction that some of us Virginians held our line at the edge of the wood for a time, even against those other Virginians who came on at us. Why I escaped I do not know, for I was now mounted on a loose horse which I had caught as it came through the wood riderless, and I was passing conspicuously along our little front, up and down, as best I could, in the tangle.

The pursuit went through us strung out, scattered, as disorganized as our own flight. They were practically over us and gone, when, as I rode to the right flank of the remaining splinter of my little company, I saw riding down upon us a splendid soldier, almost alone, and apparently endeavoring to reach his command after some delay at

the rear. He was mounted on a fine horse—a great black animal. His tall figure was clad in the gray uniform of the Confederates. A black hat swept back from his forehead. He wore long boots and deep gauntleted gloves, and made in all a gallant martial figure as he rode. A few of our men, half witless with their terror, crossed his path. I saw him half rise, once, twice, four times, standing in the stirrups to enforce his sabre cuts, each one of which dropped a man. He and his horse moved together, a perfect engine of butchery.

"Look out, Cap!" I heard a squeaking voice behind me call, and looking down, I saw one of my men, his left arm hanging loose, resting his gun across a log with his right. "Git out o' the way," he repeated. "I'm goin' to kill him." It was my new-made warrior, Andrew Jackson McGovern, who had drifted back into our valley and joined my company soon after its organization. I ordered the boy to drop his gun. "Leave him alone!" I cried. "He belongs to me."

It was Gordon Orme. No man but Orme could thus ride my old horse, Satan. Now I saw where the horse had gone, and who it was that owned him.

I rode out to meet my enemy. The keenness of the coming encounter for the time almost caused me to forget my anger. I never thought but that fate had brought me there for one purpose. He saw me advance, and whirled in my direction, eager as myself, and presently I saw also that he recognized me, as I did him.

This is to be said of Gordon Orme, that he feared no man or thing on earth. He smiled at me now, showing his long, narrow teeth, as he came, lightly twirling his long blade. Two pistols lay in my holsters, and both were freshly loaded, but without thought I had drawn my sword for a weapon, I suppose because he was using his. He was a master of the sword, I but a beginner with it.

We rode straight in, and I heard the whistle of his blade as he circled it about his head like a band of light. As we joined he made a cut to the left, easily, gently, as he leaned forward, but it came with such swiftness that had it landed I doubt not my neck would have been shorn like a robin's. But at least I could ride as well as he or any other man. I dropped and

swerved, pulling out of line a few inches as we passed. My own blow, back-handed, was fruitless as his.

We wheeled and came on again, and yet again, and each time he put me on defence, and each time I learned more of what was before me to do. My old servant, Satan, was now his servant, and the great black was savage against me as his rider. Wishing nothing so much as to kill his own rival, he came each time with his ears back and his mouth open, wicked in the old blood lust that I knew. It was the fury of his horse that saved me, I suppose, for as that mad beast bore in, striving to overthrow my own mount, the latter would flinch away in spite of all I could do, so that I needed give him small attention when we met in these short, desperate charges. I escaped with nothing more than a rip across the shoulder, a touch on the cheek, on the arm, where his point reached me lightly, as my horse swerved away from the encounters.

At last, I know not how, we clashed front on, and his horse bore mine back, with a scream fastening his teeth in the crest of my mount as a dog seizes his prey. I saw Orme's sword turn again around his head, saw his wrist turn down and extend in a cut which was aimed to catch me full across the head. There was no parry but the full counter in kind. My blade met his with a shock that jarred my arm to the shoulder.

I saw him give back, pull off his mad horse and look at his hand, where his own sword was broken off, a foot above the hilt. Smiling, he saluted with it, reining back his horse, and no more afraid of me than if I were a rabbit. He did not speak, nor did I. I pulled up my own horse, not wishing to take the advantage that now was mine, but knowing that he would not yield, and that I must kill him.

He did so at his own peril who took Orme for a dullard. I watched him closely. He saluted again with his broken sword, and made as though to toss it from him, as indeed he did. Then like a flash his hand dropped to his holster!

I read his thought, I presume, when he made his second salute. His motion of tossing away the sword hilt gave me the fraction of time which sometimes is the difference between life and death. Our

fire was almost at the same instant, but not quite. His bullet cut the epaulet clean from my left shoulder, but he did not fire again, nor did I. I saw him straighten up in his saddle, precisely as I once saw an Indian chieftain do under Orme's own fire. He looked at me with a startled expression on his face.

At that moment there came from the edge of the woods the crack of a musket. The great horse Satan pitched head forward and dropped limp, sinking to his knees. As he rolled he caught his rider under him. I myself sprung down, calling out some command toward the edge of the wood, that they should leave this man to me.

Whether my men heard me or not, I do not know. Perhaps they heard rather the hoarse shouts of a fresh column in gray which came up in the pursuit, fagged with its own running. When these new men passed us, all they saw was a bit of wood-torn with shot and ball, and in the open two figures, both dusty and gray, one helping the other from what seemed to be a fall of his horse. Scenes like that were common. We were not disturbed by the men of either side.

We were alone presently, Gordon Orme and I. I stooped and caught hold of the hind leg of the great black horse, and even as I had once turned a dead bull, so now I turned this carcass on its back. I picked up the fallen rider and carried him to the woods, and there I propped his body against a tree. Slowly he opened his eyes, even pulled himself up more fully against the support.

"Thank you, old man," he said. "The horse was deucedly heavy—spoiled that leg, I think." He pointed to his boot, where his foot lay turned to one side. "I suffer badly. Be a good fellow, and end it."

I answered him by tossing down one of my own pistols, both of which I had secured against need. He shook his head.

"Let's talk it over a bit first," he said. "I'm done. I'll not make any trouble. Did you ever know me to break parole?"

"No," said I, and I threw down the other weapon on the ground. "In mercy to us both, Orme, die. I do not want to kill you now, and you shall not live."

"I'm safe enough," he said. "It's through the liver and stomach. I can't possibly get over it."

He stared straight ahead of him, as though summoning his will. "*Swami!*" I heard him mutter, as though addressing some one.

"There, that's better," he said finally. He sat almost erect, smiling at me. "It is *Asama*, the art of posture," he said. "I rest my body on my ribs, my soul on the air. Feel my heart."

I did so, and drew away my hand almost in terror. It stopped beating at his will, and began again. His uncanny art was still under his control!

"I shall be master here for a little while," he said. "So—I move those hurt organs to ease the flow. But I can't stop the holes, nor mend them. We can't get at the tissues to sew them fast. After a while I shall die."

I stood by him silently. He put his own hand on his chest. "Poor old heart," he said. "Feel it work. Enormous pumping engine, tremendous thing, the heart. Think what it does in seventy years—and all for what—that we may live and *enjoy* and so maybe die. What few minutes I have now I owe to having trained what most folks call an involuntary muscle. I command my heart to beat, and so it does."

I looked down at a strange, fascinating soul, a fearsome personality, whose like I never knew in all my life.

"Will you make me a promise?" he said, smiling at me, mocking at me.

"No," I answered.

"I was going to ask you, after my death to take my heart and send it back to my people at Orme Castle, Gordon Arms, in England—you know where. It would be a kindness to the family. We're medieval to-day as ever we were. Some of us are always making trouble, one corner or the other of the world, and until the last Gordon heart comes home to rest, there's no peace for that generation. Hundreds of years they've traveled all over the world, and been lost, and stolen, and hidden. My father's is lost now, somewhere. Had it come back home to rest, my own life might have been different. I say, Cowles, couldn't you do that for me? We've nearly always had some last friend that would."

"I would do nothing for you as a favor," I answered.

"Then do it because it is right. I'd rather it should be you. You've a wrist

like steel, and a mind like steel when you set it to do a thing.

"I say, old man," he went on, a trifle weary, "now, you've won. I'm jolly well accounted for, and it was fair. I hope they'll not bag you when you try to get out of this. But won't you promise what I've asked? Won't you promise?"

It is not for me to say whether or not I made a promise, whether or not things medieval or occult belong with us to-day. It is hard to deny those about to die.

"Orme," I said, "I wish you had laid out your life differently. You are a wonderful man."

"The great games," he smiled—"sport, love, war!" Then his face saddened. "I say, have you kept your other promise to me?" he said. "Did you marry that girl—what was her name—Miss Sheraton?"

"Miss Sheraton is dead."

"Married?" he asked.

"No. She died within two months after the night I caught you in the yard. I should have killed you then, Orme."

He nodded. "Yes, but at least I showed some sort of remorse—the first time, almost. Not a bad sort, that girl, but madly jealous. Fighting blood, I imagine, in that family!"

"Yes," I said, "her father and brother and I, all three, swore the same oath."

"The same spirit was in the girl," he said, nodding again. "Revenge—that was what she wanted. That's why it all happened. It was what I wanted, too. You blocked me with the only woman——"

"Do not speak her name," I said to him quietly. "The nails on your fingers are growing blue, Orme. Go with some sort of squaring of your own accounts. Try to think."

He shrugged a shoulder. "My Swami said we do not die—we only change worlds or forms. What! I, Gordon Orme, to be wiped out—to lose my mind and soul and body and senses—not to be able to enjoy—no, Cowles, somewhere there are other worlds, with women in them. I do not die—I transfer! As to going, no way is better than this. I swear I'm rather comfortable now; a trifle numb—but we—I say, we must all—go some time, you know—did you hear me?" he repeated, smiling. "I was just saying that we must all go one way or another, you know."

"I heard you," I said. "You are going now."

"Yes," he admitted. "One can't hold together forever under a pull like this. You're an awfully decent sort. Give me a bit of paper. I want to write." I found him a pencil and some pages of my note book.

"To please you, I'll try to square some things," he said. "You've been so deuced square and straight with me all along."

He leaned forward, peering down at the paper as though he did not clearly see, but wrote slowly for a time, absorbed in thought.

In all the death scenes which our country knew in thousands during those years, I doubt if any more unbelievable than this ever had occurrence. I saw the blood soaking all his garments, lying black on the ground about him. I saw his face grow gray and his nails grow blue, his pallor deepen as the veins lost their contents, but I swear that he sat there, calm as though he did not suffer, and forced his body to do his will. And since he used his last superb reserves to leave the truth behind him, I myself thought that there must be somewhere an undying instinct of truth and justice, governing even such as Gordon Orme. Since then I have felt that somewhere there must be a great religion written on the earth or in the sky. As to what this could offer in peace to Gordon Orme I do not say. His was a vast debt. Perhaps Truth never accepted it as paid. I do not know.

There he sat at last, smiling again as he looked up. "Fingers getting dreadfully stiff. Tongue will go next. Muscles still under the power for a little time. Here, take this. You're going to live, and this is the only thing—it'll make you miserable, and happy, too. Good-bye. I'll not stop longer, I think."

Like a flash his hand shot out to the weapon that lay near him on the ground. I shrank back, expecting the ball full in the face. Instead, it passed through his own brain!

His will was broken, as the physical instrument, the brain, the wondrous seat of mysteries, was rent apart. His splendid mind no longer ruled his splendid body. The body itself, relaxing, sank forward, his head at one side, his hand dropping limp.

A smile drew down the corner of his mouth—a smile horrible in its pathos—mocking, and yet beseeching.

At last I rubbed the blood from my own face, and stooped to read what he had written. Then I thanked God that he was dead, knowing what impossibility it would have been otherwise for me to stay my hand. These were the words:

"I, Gordon Orme, dying, July 21, 1861, confess that I killed John Cowles, Senior, in the month of April, 1860, at the road near Wallingford. I wanted the horse, but had to kill Cowles. Later took the money. I was a secret agent, detailed for work among the Army men. I needed the horse.

"I, Gordon Orme, having ruined Grace Sheraton, asked John Cowles to marry her to cover up that act.

"I, Gordon Orme, appoint John Cowles my executor. Ask him to fulfill last request. I give him what property I have on my person for his own. Further, I say not, and being long ago held as dead, I make no bequests as to other property whatsoever. Gordon Orme. In Virginia, U. S. A."

It was he who had in cold blood killed my father! That riddle at last was sadly read. In that confession I saw only his intent to give me his last touch of misery and pain. It was some moments before I could understand all his speech, which had promised me half wretchedness and half happiness. Then slowly I realized what I held in my hand. It was the proof of his guilt, of my innocence. He had robbed me of my father. He had given me—what? At least he had given me a chance. Perhaps Ellen Meriwether would believe.

It was my duty to care for the personal belongings of this man, but regarding these matters a soldier does not care to speak. I took from his coat a long, folded leather book. It was hours later, indeed the following morning before I looked into it. During the night I was busy in making my escape from that sodden field. As I came from the rear, mounted, I was supposed to be of the Confederate forces, and so I got through the weary and scattered columns of pursuit, already overloaded with prisoners. By morning I was far toward the Potomac. Then I felt in my pockets. I opened the wallet I had found on Orme's

body. It held in thin foreign notes a sum large beyond the belief of what an ordinary officer would carry into battle!

But Orme was no ordinary officer. He had his own ways, and his own errand. His secret, however great it was—and at different times I have had reason to believe that men high in power on both sides knew how great it was, and how important to be kept a secret—never became fully known. In all likelihood it was not his business actually to join in the fighting ranks. But so at least his secret went into the unknown with himself. He was lost as utterly as though he were a dark vision passing into a darker and engulfing night. If I learned more than most regarding him, I am not free to speak. He named no heirs beyond myself. I doubt not it was his wish that he should indeed be held as one who long ago had died. Should he arise from his grave and front me I should hardly feel surprise, for mortal conditions scarce seemed to give his dimensions. Yet should I see him now, I should fear him no more than when I saw him last. His page then was closed in my life forever. It was not for me to understand him. It is not for me to judge him.

## CHAPTER XL

### "THIS INDENTURE WITNESSETH"

Within the few days following the battle, the public journals paused in their warnings and rebukes on the one side, their pæans of victory on the other, and turned to the sober business of printing the long lists of the dead. Then presently, each section but the more resolved, the North and South again joined issue, and the war went on.

As for myself, I was busy with my work, for now my superiors were good enough to advance me for what they called valor on the field. Before Autumn ended, I was one of the youngest colonels of Volunteers in the Federal Army. Thus it was easy for me to find a brief furlough when we passed near Leesburg on our way to the Blue Ridge Gap, and I ran down for a look at our little valley.

My mother greeted me, and in spite of all her sorrow, in spite of all the ruin that lay around us there, I think she felt a certain pride. I doubt if she would have

suffered me to lay aside my uniform. The women now were taking ranks as steadfastly as the men.

There were some business matters to be attended to, with our friend, Dr. Samuel Bond, who had been charged to handle our estate matters during my absence. He himself, too old and too busy to serve in either army, had remained at home, where certainly he had enough to do before the end of the war, as first one army and then the other swept across Wallingford.

I found Doctor Bond in his little brick office at the top of the hill overlooking the village. It was he who first showed me the Richmond papers with lists of the Confederate dead. Colonel Sheraton's name was among the first I saw. He had been with Cumming's forces, closely opposed to my own position at Bull Run. He himself was instantly killed, and his son Harry, practically at his side, seriously, possibly fatally wounded, the latter being now in hospital at Richmond. Even by this time we were learning the dullness to surprise and shock which war always brings. We had not time to grieve.

Now I showed Doctor Bond the last writing of Gordon Orme, and put before him the Bank of England notes which I had found on Orme's person, and which, by the terms of his testament, I thought might perhaps belong to me.

"Could I use any of this money with clean conscience?" I asked, "in the discharging of that debt which Orme left on my family?"

"A part of that debt you have already discharged," the old man answered slowly. "You would be doing a wrong if you did not discharge the rest."

I counted out and laid on the desk before him the amount of the funds which my father's memoranda showed had been taken from him by Orme that fatal night more than a year ago. The balance of the notes I tossed into the little grate, and with no more ado we burned them there.

We concluded our conference in regard to my business matters. I learned that the coal lands had been redeemed from foreclosure, Colonel Meriwether having advanced the necessary funds; and as this now left our debt lying with him, I instructed Doctor Bond to take steps to cancel it immediately, and to have the property partitioned as Colonel Meriwether should determine.

"And now, Jack," said my wire-haired old friend to me at last, "when do you ride to Albermarle? There is something in this slip of paper"—he pointed to Orme's last will and confession—"which a certain person ought to see."

"My duties do not permit me to go and come as I like these days," I answered evasively. But Dr. Samuel Bond was a hard man to evade.

"Jack," said he, fumbling in his dusty desk, "here's something you ought to see. I saved it for you over there, the morning you threw it into the fireplace."

He spread out on the top of the desk a folded bit of hide. Familiar enough it was to me by this time.

"You saved but half," I said. "The other is gone!"

He pushed a flake of snuff far up his long nose. "Yes," said he quietly. "I sent it to Miss Ellen Meriwether, at Charlottesville some three months ago."

"What did she say?"

"Nothing, you fool. What did you expect?"

"Listen," he went on presently. "Your brain is dull. What say the words of the law—'This Indenture Witnesseth?' Now what is an 'indenture?' The old Romans and the old English knew. They wrote a contract on parchment, and cut it in two with an indented line, and they gave each party a half. When the court saw that these two halves fitted, 'either to other,' as the marriage discipline says—as no other portions could—then indeed the indenture witnessed. It was its own proof.

"Now, my son," he concluded savagely, "what you sought to destroy, you only made the stronger. When you split this hide, you doubled it. And, if you ever dreamed of marrying any other woman, damn me if I wouldn't come into court and make this indenture witness for you *both!* Go on away now, and don't bother me any more."

## CHAPTER XLI

ELLEN

Our forces passed up the valley of Virginia and rolled through the old Rockfish Gap—where once the Knights of the Golden Horn paused and took possession, in the name of King Charles, of all the land thence

to the South Sea. We overspread all the Piedmont Valley and passed down to the old town of Charlottesville. It was nearly deserted now. The gay Southern boys who in the past rode there with their negro servants and set at naught good Thomas Jefferson's intent of simplicity in the narrow little chambers of the old University of Virginia, now were gone with their horses and their servants. To-day you may see their names in bronze on the tablets at the University doors.

I quartered my men about the quiet old place, and myself hunted up an office room on one of the rambling streets that wandered beneath the trees. I was well toward the finish of my morning's work when I heard the voice of my sentry challenge, and heard an answering word of indignation in a woman's voice. I stepped to the door.

A low, single-seated cart was halted near the curb, and one of its occupants was apparently much angered. I saw her clutch the long brown rifle barrel which extended out at the rear over the top of the seat. "You git out'n the road, man," repeated she, "or I'll take a shot at you for luck! We done come this fur, and I reckon we kin go the rest the way."

That could be no one but old Mandy McGovern! For the sake of amusement I should have left her to make her own argument with the guard, had I not in the same glance caught sight of her companion, a trim figure in close fitting corduroy of golden brown, a wide hat of russet straw shading her face, wide gauntlet gloves drawn over her little hands.

Women were not usual within the Army lines. Women such as this were not usual anywhere. It was Ellen!

Her face went rosy red as I hastened to the side of the cart and put down Mandy's arm. She stammered, unable to speak more connectedly than I myself. Mandy could not forget her anger, and insisted that she wanted to see the "boss."

"I am the Colonel in command, right here, Aunt Mandy," I said. "Won't I do?"

"You a colonel?" she retorted. "Looks to me like colonels is mighty easy made if you'll do. No, we're atter Ginerel Meriwether, who's comin' here to be the real boss of all you folks. Say, man, you taken away my man and my boy. Where they at?"



"With me here," I was glad to answer, "safe, and somewhere not far away. The boy was wounded, but his arm is nearly well."

"Ain't got his belly full o' fightin' yit?"

"No, both he and Auberry seem to be just beginning."

"Humph! Reckon they're happy, then. If a man's gettin' three squares a day and plenty o' fightin', don't see whut more he kin ask."

"Corporal," I called to my sentry, who was now pacing back and forth before the door, hiding his mouth behind his hand, "put this woman under arrest, and hold her until I return. She's looking for privates Auberry and McGovern, G company, First Virginia Volunteers. Keep her in my office while they're sent for. Bring me my bag from the table."

It was really a pretty fight, that between Mandy and the corporal! The latter was obliged to call out the guard for aid. "Sick 'em, Pete!" cried Mandy, when she found her arms pinioned; and at once there darted out from under the cart a hairy little demon of a dog, mute, mongrelish, peak-eared, which began silent havoc with the corporal's legs.

I looked again at that dog. I was ready to take it in my arms and cry out that it was my friend! It was the little Indian cur that Ellen and I had tamed! Why then had she kept it? Why had she brought it home with her? I doubt which way the contest would have gone, had not Mandy seen me climb into her vacated seat and take up the reins. "Pete" stolidly took up his place under the cart.

We turned and drove back up the shady street, Ellen and I. I saw her fingers twisting together in her lap, but as yet she had not spoken. The flush on her cheek was deeper now. She beat her hands together softly, confused, half frightened.

"If you could get away," she began at last, "I would ask you to drive me back home. Aunt Mandy and I are living there together. My father has been in East Kentucky, but I understand he's ordered here this week. We thought we might get word, and so came on through the lines."

"You had no right to do so. The pickets should have stopped you," I said. "At the same time, I am very glad they didn't."

"So you are a colonel," she said after a time, with an Army girl's nice reading of insignia.

"Yes," I answered, "I am an officer. Now if I could only be a gentleman!"

"Don't!" she whispered.

"Do you think I could be?"

"I think you have been. I have thought it for a long time."

We were now near the line of our own pickets on this edge of the town. Making myself known, I passed through and drove out into the country roads, along the edge of the hills, now glorious in their autumn hues. It was a scene fair as Paradise to me. Presently Ellen pointed to a mansion house on a far off hill—such a house as can be found nowhere in America but in this very valley; an old family seat, lying, reserved and full of dignity, at a hill top shielded with great oaks. I bethought me again of the cities of peace I had seen on the far horizons of another land than this.

"That is our home," she said. "We have not often been here since grandfather died, and then my mother. But this is the place that we call home."

Then I saw again what appeal the profession of arms makes to a man—how strong is its fascination. It had taken the master of a home like this, from a life like this, and plunged him into the hardships and dangers of frontier war, again into the still more difficult and dangerous conflicts between great armies. Not for months, hardly for years, had he set foot on his own sod—sod like ours, much of it never broken by a plow.

As we approached the gate I heard behind us the sound of galloping horses. There came up the road a mounted officer, with his personal escort, an orderly and several troopers.

"Look—there he comes—it is my father!" exclaimed Ellen, and in a moment she was out of the cart and running down the road to meet him, taking his hand, resting her cheek against his dusty thigh, as he sat in saddle.

The officer saluted me sharply. "You are outside the lines," said he. "Have you leave?"

I saluted also, and caught the twinkle in his eye as I looked into his face.

"On detached service this morning, Gen-

eral," I said. "If you please, I shall report to you within the hour."

He wheeled his horse and spurred on up along his own grounds, fit master for their stateliness. But he left the gate wide open for us to pass. An orderly took our horse when finally we drove up, but at the time I did not enter the house. A wide seat lay beneath one of the oaks. We wandered thither, Ellen and I, the little dog, mute, suspicious, close at her side.

"Ellen," said I to her, "read this." I put into her hand Gordon Orme's confession.

She read, with horror starting on her face. "Oh! the man was a demon. He killed your father!" Thus at last she found voice.

"Yes, and in turn I killed him," I said slowly. Her eyes flashed. She was savage again, as I had seen her. My soul leaped out to see her fierce, relentless, insistent on the proper price of blood. Ah, she was real woman.

"Orme did all he could to harm me in every way," I added. "Read on." Then I saw her face change to pity as she came to the next clause. So now she knew the truth about Grace Sheraton; and, I hoped, the truth about John Cowles.

"Can you forgive me?" she said brokenly, her dark eyes swimming in tears, as she turned toward me.

"That is not the question," I answered slowly. "It is, can *you* forgive *me*?" Her hand fell on my arm imploringly. No coquetry was left for us now.

"I have no doubt that I was much to blame for that poor girl's act," I continued. "The question only is, has my punishment been enough, or can it be enough? Do you forgive me? We all make mistakes. Am I good enough for you? Ellen, answer me!"

But she would not yet answer. So I went on.

"I killed Gordon Orme myself, in fair fight, but he wrote this of his own free will. He himself told me it would be proof. Is it proof?"

She put the paper gently to one side of her on the long seat. "I do not need it," she said. "If it came to question of proof, we have learned much of these matters, my father and I, since we last met you. But I have never needed it—not even that night we said good-bye."

"But what more?" I asked. "Ellen!"

She put out her hands in a sort of terror. "Don't," she said. "I have put all this away for so long that now—I can't begin again. I am afraid! Do not ask me."

She started from the seat as though she would have fled in a swift panic. But now I caught her.

"Stop!" I exclaimed, only rage now in all my heart. "I will have no more of foolishness. I will try no more to figure niceties. I'll not try to understand a woman. Gentleman or not, I swear by God, if we were alone again, we two, out there—then whatever you said, or asked, or pleaded, or argued—I would not listen—not a word would I listen to! I say now you *must*, you *shall*!"

Anger may have been in my face—I do not know. I crushed her back into the seat.

And she?

She sank back against the rail with a little sigh as of content, and a little smile as of a child caught in mischief and barred from escape. (Oh, though I lived a thousand years, never would I say I understood a woman!)

"Now we will end all this," I said frowning. I caught her by the arm and led her to the house, where I picked up the bag I had left at the driveway. I myself rang at the door, not allowing her to lead me in. The orderly came.

"My compliments to General Meriwether," I said, "and Colonel Cowles would like to speak with him."

He came, that tall man, master of the mansion, dusty with his travel, stern of face, maned like a gray bear of the hills, but he smiled and reached out his hand. "Come in, sir," he said. And now we entered.

"It seems you have brought back my girl again. I hope my welcome will be warmer than it was at Laramie." He looked at us, grimly, from one to the other, the brown skin about his keen eyes wrinkling.

"I have certain things to say, General," I began. Now we were walking into the hall. As soon as I might, I handed to him the confession of Gordon Orme. He read it with shut lips.

"Part of this I knew already," he said finally, "but not this as to your father.

You have my sympathy—and, sir, my congratulations on your accounting for such a fiend.” He hesitated before continuing.

“I regret that my daughter has been brought into such matters,” he said slowly. “I regret also that I once made matters worse, but I am very glad that they have now been made plain. Dr. Samuel Bond, of Wallingford, your father’s friend, has cleared up much of this. I infer that he has advised you of the condition of our joint business matters?”

“Our estate is in your debt, General,” I said, “but I can now adjust that. We shall pay our share. After that, the lands shall be divided, or held jointly, as yourself shall say.”

“Why could they not remain as they are?” He smiled at me. “Let me hope so.”

I turned to Ellen. “Please,” I said, “bring me the other half of this.”

I flung open my bag and spread upon the nearest table my half of the record of our covenant, done, as it now seemed to me, long years ago, though not yet a full twelvemonth had passed since then. Colonel Meriwether and I bent over the half rigid parchment. I saw that Ellen had gone, but presently she came again and put into my hands the other half of our indenture.

I placed the two pieces of hide edge to edge upon the table. The old familiar words looked up at me again solemnly. Again I felt my heart choke my throat as I

read. “*I, John Cowles—I, Ellen Meriwether—take thee—take thee—until death do us part.*”

I handed her a pencil. She wrote, slowly, freakishly having her maiden will, and it seemed to me still a week to a letter as she signed. But at last her name stood in full: *Ellen Meriwether.*

“General,” I said, “this indenture witnesseth! We are bound. We have ‘consented together in holy wedlock.’ We have ‘witnessed the same before God.’ We have ‘pledged our faith, either to other.’”

He dashed his hand across his eyes; then, with a swift motion, he placed our two hands together. “My boy,” said he, “I’ve always wanted my girl to be taken by an Army man—an officer and a gentleman. Damn it, sir! I beg your pardon, Ellen—but give me that pencil. I’ll sign my own name—I’ll witness this *myself!* There’s a regimental chaplain with our command—maybe a minister left in Charlottesville.” He was my general, but I saw his chin tremble as he wrote.

“Orderly!” I called, with a gesture asking permission of my superior.

“Yes, Orderly,” he finished for me, “get ready to ride to town. I have an errand there.” He turned to us and bowed with grave courtesy as he himself left the room.

But Ellen and I, as though by instinct, stepped toward the open door, so that we might again see the mountain tops.

I admit I kissed her!

THE END



# A FORGOTTEN FILIBUSTER\*

BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

PAINTING BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER



URING the twenty-five years just prior to the Civil War, the filibuster found in this country a soil peculiarly fertile for the propagation of his restless and ambitious ideas. The institution of slavery was fighting for existence, and the hotheads of the South were seeking to obtain power by expanding the territory where their cherished doctrine obtained. For this reason Texas, Cuba, Mexico and Nicaragua became coveted prizes for the adventurous sons of Dixie.

No tales of border romance contain more thrilling adventure than the simple record of these land buccaneers, who set out like the sea rovers of old to carve their fortunes from the gathered treasures and domains of the Spanish race. One may often question their motive, but one may nearly always find in them a spirit of gallantry and devotion worthy of a better cause than the forlorn hope which sent them on their reckless way to death. And surely many of them—instance Travis, Crockett and Cameron—were true patriots as well as filibusters. Around the brave lives and heroic deaths of these men, as well as Bowie, Crittenden, Henningsen, Crabbe, Walker and a thousand of their forgotten comrades, the romance of the ante-bellum days clusters. They were filibusters by the written law of nations, and they paid for their devoted folly by dying with the sword in their hands or with their backs to the wall, at the hands of Spanish marksmen.

The line between the filibuster and the patriot is one not easily drawn. Houston and Bolivar are national heroes because they succeeded; Walker and De Boulbon

are remembered as filibusters because they failed. This is the verdict of history, and from it there is no appeal. But whatever their motive, whether success or the grave awaited them—and it was nearly always the latter—their story is inspiring.

Barrett Travis, the young commander of the Alamo, kept the flag flying against five thousand Mexicans until his one hundred and seventy-five men had been cut down to a man. He was fighting the battle of freedom. Nevertheless he was a filibuster.

So, technically, was the boy Kentuckian George B. Crittenden, who was captured with his comrades of the Mier expedition. The order was given that the party be decimated. Crittenden drew a white bean and was safe. But he gave it to a comrade.

"You have a wife and children, but I have none. I can take another chance," he said.

He was fortunate enough to draw another white bean and lived to fight in both the Mexican and the Civil wars, reaching the rank of Brigadier-General on the Confederate side, in the latter.

Some years later his cousin, Col. W. S. Crittenden, a veteran of the Mexican war, though only twenty-eight years old, lost his life while filibustering in Cuba. After he was captured the order came for his execution. He stood against a wall at Havana with head up and unflinching eyes. They ordered him to kneel, but he declined. "An American kneels only to God," he said, and next instant he fell forward on his face riddled with bullets.

These incidents may be paralleled by a hundred others as dramatic. It was a time when the romance of the South was seeking a vent for its energy. Texas became the

\*The story of how less than one hundred Americans set out to conquer a great nation, here told in full for the first time.

first field for these restless chivalrous spirits, and California, the magic land of gold, was a magnet to the later ones. From the Golden Gate the expeditions of Count Gaston de Raousset-Boulbon, William Walker and Henry A. Crabbe set out at different times to carve an empire from Mexican territory with their swords. It was in April, 1857, while Walker was fighting for his life in Nicaragua, that the Crabbe tragedy occurred at Cavorca in the province of Sonora.

Crabbe was a native of Mississippi. Like hundreds of other adventurous spirits he had been attracted to California by the gold discoveries. By virtue of natural fitness, he was a born leader. A man of determined bravery and of uncommon ability, over six feet in height and strongly built, handsome and magnetic, he was a man to win and hold friends. With much of the Southern charm of manner about him, he was as gentle and as generous as he was gallant. He had, however, more than a touch of instability and of uncurbed pride to hamper his inordinate ambition.

By marrying into the Ainsa family, he had become connected with Mexico. Ainsa himself was a prominent citizen of Sonora, who had come to California at the time of the gold rush. He was of Spanish and Filipino extraction, but was very prominent in the political affairs of his adopted state. His attractive, well-educated sons and daughters held a high place socially. The marriage of Augustin Ainsa, one of the sons, drew Crabbe to Mexico in March, 1856.

Sonora was at this time unknown to eastern Mexicans. From 1856 to 1877 Mexico was passing through a period of civil and foreign wars, and it was during this time that the character of the province of Sonora was formed. The power of the central government of Mexico over the province was tenuous in the extreme. Previous to 1856 there had been several governors who had established themselves as dictators in fact, until the turn of the wheel of fortune had flung them into exile. Governor Jose de Aguilar was one of these. He went into retirement on account of a threatened revolution, and in his place Ignacio Pesqueira came rapidly to the front. In 1856 Pesqueira was a man of some note, being president of the council

of state. He was a man of great ability, destined for two decades to be the dictator of Sonora.

The social discontent then existing in that province appealed greatly to Crabbe's instinct for practical politics. General Gandara had just been legally elected governor of Sonora, but he was neither popular nor capable. He used his position to enrich himself, and by so doing imposed heavy taxes and great hardships upon a people already poverty-stricken. The sources of national revenue were farmed out to English and American contractors. This resulted in extortionate monopolies and in financial depression, but though petitioned to remedy this, Gandara paid no heed, even though the petitioners were among the leading citizens of the state. To Crabbe it was at once plain that a revolution was ripening.

The party of the opposition made so much of Crabbe that Gandara grew suspicious of his presence. He saw the Californian wined and dined so extensively by Pesqueira, Aguilar, and Rodriguez, the leaders of the party opposed to him, that it took no diviner to guess that they were soliciting the help of the American to carry through a revolution. A good pretext for their feting of Crabbe was found in the circumstance that he had years before defeated a hostile band of Apaches just returning from a bloody raid into Sonora, and had saved the captive women and children the savages had with them.

Not feeling himself strong enough to crush his enemies openly, Gandara wrote to the city of Mexico for help. But before a reply reached him, Crabbe had returned to California. He had entered into an agreement with the Pesqueira faction, the terms of which were in substance that Crabbe should lead down into Sonora a thousand Americans to make certain the success of a revolution to be started by Pesqueira and his followers. The latter were to begin the revolution in order to give the movement a popular and patriotic character. Crabbe's reward was to be a wide strip of territory along the northern frontier, to be granted under the pretext that the American "colonists" were to receive it for protecting Sonora from the Apaches.

It is characteristic of Crabbe that he

dallied with his golden chance until it was gone. Returning to California, his lack of unity of purpose caused him to delay. The politics of California had grown suddenly vitally interesting to him. Politically he had been a Whig dyed in the wool. He was one of the most popular men in California. An acknowledged leader in the State Senate, he joined in 1855, the Know-nothing party, which was the political heir of the defunct Whig faction. He became at once a leading candidate for the seat in the United States Senate left vacant by the retirement of Dr. Gwin. Among the other prominent candidates were ex-Senator Henry S. Foote of Mississippi and Col. Edward C. Marshall, a former representative in Congress from California. The State Legislature could not agree as to a senator and failed to elect. Crabbe's restless energy, curbed in this direction, flung itself anew into the Sonora filibustering expedition.

But he was too late. Ignacio Pesqueira's wily plotting had already borne issue. Alienating a portion of the Yaqui Indians from Gandara and calling upon all the discontented elements to rally to his banner, he defeated Gandara and drove him across the border. Next year (though that is another story) Pesqueira again defeated his rival in a decisive battle at Bacanora on Feb. 24, 1858. In this battle Gandara was slain.

Crabbe meanwhile, not being himself a trained soldier, is believed to have entered into an agreement with Gen. John G. Crosby, who had commanded in the Rogue River Indian War of 1855-1856, by which the latter was to co-operate with him and take charge of raising the troops. There were at the time thousands of dare-devils in California, thrown out of employment by the playing out of the placer diggings, who would have jumped at the chance of joining such an expedition. But Crosby preferred to furnish them from his own soldiers. Crabbe had, however, reserved the right to choose a company of his own friends. Among those who joined Crabbe were John Henry, Col. R. Nat Wood, ex-Senator McCoun, Captain McKinney, Judge Shafer, Major Robert Wood, Major Tozier, Dr. Evans and Dr. Oxley. Many of them were men who had been prominent in the affairs of California and Arizona, though

some of them had, no doubt, outlived their popularity, or were ready to seek a short cut to fortune. Seven former members of the legislature, a state senator, a former state treasurer and state comptroller, were among those who joined Crabbe. Hundreds of them were eager to enlist, but were refused because Crabbe was apparently relying on the promise of General Crosby.

Crabbe had promised Pesqueira that there would be no delay, but Pesqueira had been forced to make his great coup alone. Still Crabbe dallied, waiting for the promised succors.

His friend Walker had already won Nicaragua and gained control of the isthmus transit route, then a matter of the first importance to the steamship lines of San Francisco. Walker needed men greatly. He knew Crabbe well and wanted the thousand men he was about to raise. So he offered Crabbe five hundred dollars a month, agreeing to pay in advance for two years, and to find him free passage for himself and his family to New Orleans if he would join the great filibuster. Crabbe was pressed by his friends to accept this offer. He needed money badly and the Sonora project was hazardous. But the vision of leadership and his promise to Pesqueira outweighed the allurements of the Nicaraguan offer.

On the 21st of January, 1857, the steamer *Sea Bird*, put out from the harbor of San Francisco with seventy filibusters on board. They called themselves the American and Arizona Mining and Emigration Company, though it was well known for what purpose they went. On the 24th, the steamer reached San Pedro. At El Monte, not far from Los Angeles, the party outfitted and accepted a few fresh recruits.

Never a company of adventurers went to death more blithely than this little band. Most of them were young men under twenty-five, and they wooed adventure like a mistress. They relied on Crabbe's contract with Pesqueira and the succors which were to be sent them later from San Francisco. As the affair eventuated both of these hopes were destined to prove futile, but it is not at all certain that even if they had known beforehand that Pesqueira and Crosby would both fail them, they would not still have attempted the adventure.



Intoxicated with the lust of gain the filibusters looted the mission churches of their golden crosses as they advanced.

Painting by Frank E. Schoonover.





Pushing into the desert, the ninety men reached Fort Yuma on February 27th. A small party under the command of Col. Robert Wood and Major Tozier was here detailed to go up the Gila River and secure reinforcements if possible. On March 4th, Crabbe and the rest of his men left Yuma, marching directly across the Colorado desert toward Sonoita, Arizona. They camped one night at a place still known as Filibusters' Camp. They reached Sonoita late in the evening of March 25th. Here was located the American trading post of Belknap and Dunbar, at which Jesus Ainsa was employed. Ainsa endeavored to dissuade his brother-in-law from carrying out his mad enterprise, but as Charles D. Poston puts it, both Crabbe and his men were "hell-bent on going."

The filibusters appear to have been intoxicated with the lust of gain, for they are said to have robbed right and left as they advanced. From mission churches they snatched golden images and the embroidered altar cloths. The sight of this looting roused the natives to fury and their subsequent treatment of the filibusters has been excused because of this shameful despoliation. The treasure filched by the filibusters was subsequently buried by them.

Leaving Captain McKinney with twenty men at Cabeza Prieta to gather horses and provisions, the main body pushed eagerly forward. They had been told by a Papago Indian that a large vessel laden with men had just landed on the coast. They supposed this to be the expected reinforcements, and were made the keener to carry the day before the arrival of their friends. Crosby, however, had not moved at all in the matter, and on this account, friends of Crabbe had dispatched men to ride night and day to stop him before he went too far. These riders were too late, and reached Fort Yuma only in time to hear of the fate of the party. James O'Meara, some time editor of the San Francisco *Examiner*, lays the blame of the Crabbe massacre upon General Crosby and the monopolist merchants at Guaymas, who were in the employ of San Francisco capitalists. This combination controlled the rich mines and the commerce of Sonora. They knew that the thousand men Crabbe expected from San Francisco would never arrive, but they let

him go to his fate without warning. The success of Crabbe would have meant the opening of this territory to rival companies. Therefore, without compunction they let him sacrifice himself. According to O'Meara, Crosby never set foot again in Sacramento, where Crabbe had hundreds of friends. He began at once to live in affluence and at a fast pace. The inference is that he had been bought by Crabbe's opponents. This charge, it is only fair to say, has never been proved. He was killed while driving soon afterward.

On crossing the border, Crabbe issued a statement to the effect that he had come on a peaceable errand of colonization. But this deceived nobody, and José Maria Redondo, prefect of the department of Altar, made immediate preparations to check the invaders. He notified Pesqueira, and the latter, having achieved his ambition and not caring to offend the natives by showing that he was in alliance with the hated "Americanos," repudiated his secret compact with Crabbe by ordering Lieutenant Gabilondo to attack him. So by treachery he avoided the stigma of disloyalty that recognition of Crabbe would have cast upon him.

But Crabbe had too much placed on this throw to give up without a fight. Much time and money were involved in his expedition, and he relied on the help of his friends in Sonora to start a native outbreak. Perhaps he had visions of displacing Pesqueira.

Crabbe had forwarded a letter to Redondo as soon as he discovered that he was to be met with arms. He reiterated his peaceable intent, though admitting in the same sentence that nine hundred men were on their way to join him. He accused the Mexicans of poisoning the wells and instigating the Papagos against him and his men. His letter concluded with a threat:

"But have a care, sir, for whatever we may be caused to suffer shall return upon the heads of you and of those who assist you! I had never considered it possible that you would have defiled yourselves by resorting to such barbarous practices. I have come to your country because I have a right to follow the maxims of civilization. I have come, as I have amply proved, with the expectation of being received with open arms; but now I believe that I am to find my death among an enemy destitute of humanity. But, as against my companions now here, and those who are to arrive, I protest

against any wrong step. Finally, you must reflect; bear this in mind: if blood is shed, on your hands be it and not on mine. Nevertheless, you can assure yourself and continue with your hostile preparations; for, as for me, I shall at once proceed to where I have intended to go for some time, and am ready to start. I am the leader, and my purpose is to act in accordance with the natural law of self-preservation. Until we meet at Altar, I remain

“Your ob’d serv’t,  
“Henry A. Crabbe.”

This letter was forwarded to Pesqueira. The treacherous governor replied to it by issuing a proclamation to his people:

“Free Sonorians, to arms, all!

“Now has sounded the hour I recently announced, in which you must prepare for the bloody struggle you are about to enter into.

“Let us fly, then, to chastise, with all the fury that can scarcely be contained in a heart swelling with resentment against coercion, the savage filibuster who has dared, in unhappy hour! to tread our nation’s soil, and to arouse, insensate! our wrath.

“Nothing of mercy, nothing of generous sentiments for this *canaille!*

“Let it die like a wild beast, which, trampling upon the rights of men and scorning every law and institution of society, dares invoke the law of nature as its only guide, and to call upon brute force as its chosen ally.

“Sonorians! Let our reconciliation be made sincere by a common hatred for this cursed horde of pirates, without country, without religion, without honor. Let the only mark to distinguish us and to protect our foreheads, not only against hostile bullets, but also against humiliation and insult, be the tri-colored ribbon, sublime creation of the genius of Iguala.

“Upon it let there be written the grand words ‘*Liberty or Death,*’ and henceforth shall it bear for us one more significance—the powerful, invincible union of the two parties which have lately divided our State in civil war. We shall soon return all loaded with glory, after having forever secured the prosperity of Sonora, and established, in defiance of tyranny, this principle, *The people that wants to be free, will be so.* Meanwhile, citizens, relieve your hearts by giving free course to the enthusiasm which now burdens them.

“*Live Mexico!* Death to the Filibusters!

“March 30th, 1857.”

Certainly patriotism is the last resort of scoundrels. The filibusters pushed on toward Cavorca. Early in the morning of April 1st a party of Mexicans in ambush fired a volley upon them, just as a strong force under Colonel Rodriguez was discovered drawn up in front to oppose the way. The Americans fired a volley and dashed forward, driving the natives pell-mell before them. Colonel Rodriguez was

killed while exhorting his men to stand their ground.

Lieutenant Gabilondo rallied his men in the plaza of the little town of Cavorca, fortifying the church and taking possession of it. Meanwhile the Crabbe party, flushed with victory, rode through fields of young wheat to the plaza. Along a narrow Mexican street they galloped under a heavy cross-fire from soldiers concealed in the houses, to the open square beyond. Gabilondo’s deadly fire drove them into the adobe huts opposite the church. A constant fusillade was poured upon the Americans from all sides, as the natives had taken courage upon discovering the smallness of their force.

Even before reaching cover the Crabbe party had suffered severely. “Clock” Small and a teamster called “Shorty” had been killed, and William Cheney, John George, and a lawyer named Clark, from El Monte, mortally wounded. A score of others suffered from wounds more or less severe.

The necessity of driving Gabilondo’s force from the church which commanded their position, soon became apparent. As many of the party as were still able to move made a sortie against the church, but they were repulsed with considerable loss. Again that night under cover of darkness, thirty of them sallied out in an attempt to surprise the four hundred Mexicans in the church, but a second time they were driven back from their forlorn hope.

On the morning of the second, firing was heard in the rear. Crabbe led a party in the direction indicated by the sound. He came upon a body of Mexican soldiers retreating toward the plaza before a small body of Americans. Hemmed in between two fires, they were cut to pieces. A moment later Captain McKinney was shaking hands with Crabbe. He had fought his way to Cavorca to join his chief. He brought word from Colonel Wood that he might be expected in a few days. The little band of invaders, hampered though they were by lack of provisions and ammunition, and by their wounded, were in a flush of hope.

Gabilondo heard their cheers as the little bunch of filibusters under McKinney, joined their comrades. His men had already suffered heavily and he knew that

the Americans could not be taken without much further loss at best. So he sent a flag of truce, offering to allow the Americans to withdraw unhampered if they would leave the country. Crabbe declined the terms.

Gradually the numbers opposed to the filibusters told against them. As day after day passed, the little company of Americans became smaller. They were short of water, of provisions and of ammunition, but still they kept the flag flying. Every day they looked eagerly for the expected reinforcements, but the leaden hours dragged away without the longed-for relief.

Meanwhile the Mexicans, cutting through the walls of the intervening houses, drove the Americans back, fighting for every inch, to the last house in the row. Artillery and fresh reinforcements had been brought up by Gabilondo, who was in constant communication with Pesqueira. The pounding cannons were battering down the adobe walls. The food of the defenders had been entirely exhausted for nearly two days, and they had left only one keg of powder. This was the condition on the morning of the eighth day of the defense.

Crabbe sent out a flag of truce, offering to accept the terms proposed by Gabilondo a week before. But conditions had changed and the Mexican commander now declined.

Crabbe gathered together his unwounded men—fifteen in all—and with his last keg of powder, made a rush across the plaza to the church, bent on blowing up the church and its occupants. A heavy fire raked them from every side. Before they were halfway across the plaza three men had been killed and several wounded. Crabbe himself was shot in the elbow. Less than half of them, under a galling hail of bullets zipping against the stone walls and sidewalks, reached the church.

But they had to fall back at once to save themselves from being cut off. Carrying their precious keg of powder, they returned to their adobe fortress. Seven wounded and three sound men staggered back from the abortive attempt.

But night fell with their spirits still unbroken. Sentries were set as usual. At midnight one of them aroused Crabbe.

"Sir, the roof is on fire," he said

It was true. A Papago Indian had sent

a flaming arrow against the thatched roof. Presently bits of burning thatch were dropping on the heads of those within.

There was a hurried consultation. Many of the men wanted to make a sortie and die fighting. But Crabbe remembered the promises of Pesqueira and clung to the hope that their lives would be spared. One Hines was dispatched to Gabilondo with a white kerchief of truce. Gabilondo sent back Cortelyou, a brother-in-law of Crabbe, to promise that they would be treated as prisoners of war and given a fair trial at El Altar. The men were to leave the building one by one without their arms.

Among those who did not want to surrender were Lewis and "Big Bill" Allen. The latter, badly wounded in two places, broke his rifle across the door in a rage.

"Surrender and be d—d," he cried. "We're going to our death."

Fifty-eight gaunt survivors marched out of the burning building just before the roof fell. Among them was a boy of fifteen, "Charlie" Evans. They were bound and marched to the barracks.

This was at eleven o'clock in the evening. Two hours later a sergeant entered and announced that the whole party was to be executed at daybreak. The sentence was read in Spanish, but Cortelyou translated it to his friends. Col. R. N. Wood wrote down the names of the party and sent the list to Gabilondo, requesting him to forward it to their friends in the States. Crabbe and others also wrote letters to their wives and other relatives. These were never delivered.

Gabilondo had Crabbe brought before him and promised him his life if he would tell where the looted treasure was buried. The Californian looked the butcher up and down, then turned scornfully on his heel.

"Take me back to my comrades," he said to the sergeant.

An hour later the boy Evans was awakened from a sound sleep and led away. Gabilondo took the boy behind him on his horse and rode away to El Altar.

The haggard, blood-stained Americans were led out in squads of five and ten to the plaza, where they died by the fusillade after they had been robbed of their valuables. Not one of them begged for mercy.

After witnessing the execution of his men, Crabbe was tied to a post and shot

down. His head was cut from his body and exhibited in a jar of vinegar. Later it was forwarded to Pesqueira. Minister Forsyth reported the massacre to the United States government as "legal murder," and the government was satisfied.

The party of Col. Robert Wood had in the meantime ascended the Gila River to the Pima village, and from there had crossed to Tucson and Tuboc to enlist recruits. With twenty-seven men Wood crossed the line into Sonora and had almost reached Cavorca when he heard the sound of the fusillade that ended the lives of the daring filibusters.

The Mexicans were already in arms all about them. There was nothing for it but a retreat. Several water holes they reached were already ambuscaded, and it was only with great difficulty that the party, harassed by pursuers, made good their escape. At one of these watering holes in the desert, they were so closely pursued, that they cut the stomach from one of their mules, washed it, and filled it with water.

Then, marching by a short cut all night and day, they reached a water hole near the border. More than once they

had to fight their way through companies of Mexicans. They reached Arivoca in a terribly destitute condition—all of them worn out and many of them wounded. So ended the last filibustering expedition from this country to Mexico.

Pesqueira took a terrible revenge on all those who had aided or were suspected of having encouraged Crabbe. Martin Ainsa was assassinated and his goods confiscated. Others were either shot down or driven out of the country.

Of the body under the command of Col. Robert Wood, only two survive. One of these is Major Tozier, the other is John G. Capron of San Diego, California. Major Wood died three years ago. He served with distinction in the Confederate Army through the Civil War, and when the call to arms came for the Spanish War, the gallant old veteran slipped away from his family to St. Louis, to offer his services to his old commander, Fitzhugh Lee. Of such heroic stuff were the old filibusters—impulsive, lawless, faithful, but filled with the fiery, chivalrous devotion of the South. They are a vanished race, faultful and unscrupulous no doubt, but they had the fighting edge if ever men did.

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## DECEMBER

BY HECTOR DONALD

The last wild duck has gone; the North Wind's breath  
 Has stripped the trees: their branches black and bare  
 Rattle and sway a ghostly dance of death,  
 Breaking the cold, grim silence. Everywhere  
 Nature lies dormant in a bleak, brown shroud.  
 The river's fringed with points of crackling ice;  
 The very water glides by black and cowed,  
 Before the first cruel touch of Frost's hard vise;  
 Above the leaden storm clouds raise their heads:  
 A few stray flecks of snow flit through the air,  
 'Mid dead and dull-hued leaves to find their beds—  
 O'er all's the resignation of despair.



THE  
VIEW-POINT



BY  
CASPAR WHITNEY

**A Good  
Investment**

There are few national subjects so imperfectly understood as that of bird protection; and comparatively few readers who realize that the protection of birds is a subject of such wide importance. Most people look upon the movement as having no deeper significance than the worthy agitation of a group of enthusiasts, and to these I commend the statistics recently compiled by the entomologist of the Agriculture Department showing the annual loss of millions of dollars to the country's agriculture through only the destructive work of insects. There is not a farmer or a land owner in America whose pocket is not directly affected by bird protection, for the very good reason that in no country in the world do insects impose a heavier tax on farm products than in the United States; and birds are the most dependable as well as most active destroyers of insects. So you see the subject is one of the greatest general concern, for every wild bird that is saved is a diligent and an intelligent "extra hand" added to the farmer's crop-making "help," at no cost to him. The important rôle which agriculture fills in our country's resources and wealth and prosperity I need not dwell upon, I am sure; the knowledge of it is in the mouth of every schoolboy. What I do wish to emphasize is, that in helping to protect the birds you are in reality working directly or indirectly according to your vocation, for the benefit of your own pocket, and on that score I make my appeal for your aid.

The most practicable work being done in this cause is by The National Association of

Audubon Societies for the Protection of Wild Birds and Animals, because it is a thoroughly organized and equipped institution with branches over all the country and maintains agents and guards in the different sections to not only report on instances of slaughter unlawful or otherwise, but to take an active part in seeking out the offenders and in punishing them. It goes even farther. It strives to stimulate public sentiment for good laws that will protect birds, and it undertakes to see that the laws are respected.

Of course such extended operation uses up a great deal of money, which comes to the Audubon Society only through memberships and endowment, so that oftentimes the splendid work is interrupted by lack of funds. Every good citizen should be a member of the Audubon; it costs only five dollars a year and in no other direction can he give so little and help so much in a work so vital to the material interests of his country. Send on your subscription to William Dutcher, No. 141 Broadway, New York. It will be the best investment you can make, and a good mark to your credit on the books of the closing year.

**The New  
Automobile**

The annual automobile shows of the autumn have without an exception reflected the popular indorsement of the comparatively small car; and the "run-about" will overrun the land in 1908. This is the immediate result of a growing class that wants a car because it has use for it. The early buyers of automobiles sought them for pleasure, for recreation, and from this class

the manufacturers received their largest patronage, indeed, their only patronage for the first years. But within the last year or so a class has been coming up which buys the automobile for utility's sake with recreation thrown in as a pleasing and possible side issue. This is the class that wants the smaller car, and in numbers it is very much larger than the other. So we see a response from the manufacturers to this wide demand, and the result is a car that for the practical purposes of the average man of this kind is more serviceable than the older, heavier type even were it offered at the same money. There is little if anything beyond the range of the smaller car of which the man of this class could often take advantage; and he has the satisfaction of enjoying substantially all the benefits of the manufacturers' patents and skill and workmanship at a minimum of cost.

Even those to whom original cost or upkeep are not serious matters, are succumbing to the obvious worth of the smaller vehicle, and no private garage now seems complete without at least one representative of the lighter, cheaper car. The shows of this year have exhibited a remarkable list of cars under eighteen hundred dollars, and judging by the orders booked in New York during the week at the Grand Central and the one following at the Madison Square Garden, the public seems to like them.

But the thought that impressed me most, perhaps, in looking over the shows, was not of the lessened price, but of the greatly improved cars. It seems to me, too, that this will be the future trend; cars, *i. e.*, good cars will not grow appreciably cheaper but nearer perfection; cheap cars may multiply but they will not grow cheaper—they will improve instead. This has been the course with the high price cars and it is certain to be followed by those of less cost. We do not see the price of the best makes of high cost and high grade cars change very much from year to year; but the automobile enthusiast who has been attending the shows regularly during the past five years and studying the gears and the transmission and the ignition systems revealed by the exhibited cars, has seen and noted how the purchaser has been getting his money's worth more and more from each added year of the manufacturers' experience.

### The Wonder Tale

And what a wonder tale of industrial growth is the development of the automobile business! I know of none to match it. It began in 1896 with fourteen cars. In 1903 there were 14,000 automobiles in the United States. In 1904 the manufacturers turned out cars to the value of \$26,645,000. This year the value of the factory product is estimated at \$100,000,000. The amount of capital employed directly in the manufacture of automobiles is \$77,250,000; and the employees engaged in the factories number 58,000. Taking into account the money employed indirectly in the automobile trade the figures swell to \$171,500,000, while the number of men used on the same basis of reckoning reaches 108,500.

The story of the manufacturers' successful invasion of the foreign market is equally instructive. Prior to 1902 automobiles were not exported in an amount sufficient to be made matters of state record, but in that year the value was a little less than a million dollars. In 1903 one and one quarter million dollars' worth of American manufactured automobiles were exported. In 1907 five and one-half millions have been exported! Of this year's exports about one million each went to Great Britain, Canada and Mexico. Even France took half a million of the American product! American imports during the same period (1907) were four and one-half millions. It is worth noting that the automobile exports of Great Britain for 1905 (the last available year for statistics) were about two million and a half; those of Germany for the same year just under four million; while France for the same twelve months sent into the commercial world nineteen and one-half millions. Thus it is plain that we still have some distance to travel if we are to overtake France, but there is a great deal of satisfaction and quite enough of credit in the circumstances, in our manufacturers having succeeded in placing America second among the world's producers of automobiles.

### Up in a Balloon

That international balloon race, the second to be launched, was an interesting sporting event and well handled, but its results were inconsequential so far as having any definite bearing on the

subject of aërial navigation. The race from St. Louis this year was a drifting match, quite like the inaugural event last year at Paris. The luck of the wind made the winner of last year as it did also the winner of this. Last year the sea stopped the flight of the winning Americans; this year the sea also stopped the drift of the successful Germans. In the first case the distance covered was about six hundred miles, in the second something like nine hundred miles were traveled before the Germans came to the Atlantic and to earth; and neither of these winners of two international races has equaled the feat of forty-eight years ago when Wise drifted 1,150 miles from St. Louis to Henderson, Kentucky, and established the American record which none has since approached.

Ballooning must be good fun, but the gas bag does not appear to get on very fast in evolution; it is still the freak of the winds as in the day of Wise, and that one is the winner who is blown toward the sea by the most circuitous route. The very best of the balloons is entirely dependent on chance, and we must await the dirigible balloon or airship of which Count Zeppelin has given some suggestion, before anything of real significance will develop in aërial navigation. And even so, flying machines will not get beyond the toy or fad period during the lifetime of any of you who read here; it is extremely doubtful if they can be made to be of practical value. Certainly none but a visionary expects ever to see ships of the air competing commercially with ships of the sea or land. Meantime they supply a new thrill.

**Leveling  
Football**

The football of the early season, when this is being written, has been of an unusually good quality and it is worth remembering that the colleges which had none of the compulsory preliminary training appear to be the ones showing the best game. That, of course, is not the only reason for the good work, but there is no doubt of its being among the causes. I have always been of the opinion that we overwork the football men and it looks as if some of the trainers are also beginning to feel that way. On this line it will be instructive to watch the result of the sane policy which head coach Crane has in-

augurated at Harvard. Mr. Crane believes he can increase the speed and ginger and endurance at no loss to the brute strength by working men less like truck horses than has been customary; and I believe he is right.

The new rules even so early continue the lessons of last year, and are bringing men together in a more sportsmanly spirit than football has seen in many a long year. The forward pass, the ten yards to gain, and separating the rush lines, have opened the game and relieved it of the foul play which formerly was possible and too often common when the opposing rush lines faced close together. The outlook is indeed very pleasing from a sportsman's point of view, while the indications are that for the first time in several years there may be a distinct advance in the play of the game itself. Yale gave a suggestion last year of what the forward pass is capable and it remains to be seen how much Yale herself and the others have been able to make of the opportunities afforded by this new play.

From a mid-season view the most apparent effect of the new rules is its leveling influence which rightfully robs brute strength of its former great advantage and places rather more of a premium on judgment and agility than hitherto. Thus we see Pennsylvania beaten by Carlisle; Cornell beaten by Pennsylvania State; Princeton beaten by Cornell; Harvard held to a single score by the Navy, and Yale to a scoreless tie game by the Army. This is far more interesting to the spectators, and more fun and football learning for the players.

One of the most wholesome signs of the season is the growing interest in Association football, one of the very best games played.

**Pull  
Together**

The vigorous course that the Amateur Athletic Union is pursuing toward the grafter athlete should have the hearty support of the colleges. There are too many organizations. If there were a single omnipotent power in college athletics to get into the yoke for clean sport with the A. A. U., the "summer boarder" athlete could speedily be run to earth. There is the old inter-collegiate association which has never done anything beyond holding games, and the new one which has

done and is doing much good; but there should be one association only, and of national scope and influence to which all the colleges gave allegiance and that would make a few simple broad rules for the protection of the athletes and the good of the sport—and see that they were obeyed.

Make it  
the Best

The effort of the New York Zoölogical Society to found a national collection of heads and horns merit the support which I ask through my indorsément of the following appeal:

*"To the Sportsman of America:*

"In view of the rapid disappearance of the great game animals throughout the world, it seems quite time that the sportsmen of America should create a national collection of heads, horns, big-game photographs and records of the horned and hoofed animals of the world. The reasons why this step seems both desirable and necessary need not be enumerated here. They will spontaneously take form in the minds of the men to whom this letter is addressed.

"It is highly desirable that somewhere in the United States there should be established a depository for the finest wild-animal trophies which it is possible to bring together. Unfortunately for us, the great head-and-horn collections of England and Germany take first toll of the eastern wilds; but of all species of American horned game, the finest specimens should remain in this country.

"The depository should be accessible, spacious, fireproof, well lighted, finely appointed in every detail, and managed by sportsmen. As a sanctuary for the exhibition of the rarest products of animate nature, it should not be oppressed by contiguous acres of bricks and mortar. It should be in a forest, as far as possible suggestive of the haunts of grand game; and it should be in a city to which, sooner or later, every sportsman easily finds his way.

"All the conditions most desirable for the creation of a great national collection of the kind indicated above can be found in the New York Zoölogical Park. The New York Zoölogical Society is ready to accept the ownership of the collection and maintain it in a satisfactory manner. As soon

as the Administration Building is completed it can be installed in the picture gallery, and when it has outgrown that, the city of New York will undoubtedly furnish a building of suitable size, specially designed, as the permanent home of the collection.

"It is desirable that the acceptance of gift specimens should rest with a carefully chosen committee representing the leading clubs of hunters of big game, and also sportsmen at large. The standard should be set sufficiently high that any sportsman might fairly consider it an honor to be represented by specimens on exhibition. There should be formed a zoölogical series and a geographical series—by continents—each as nearly complete as it can be made.

"It is not to be expected that an ideal collection can consist solely of the personal trophies of the contributors. Moreover, it is not desirable that sportsmen should be asked to give up their finest and most highly prized trophies. As a rule, it rarely happens that even the best sportsman, briefly afield, has the rare good fortune to meet and collect a world's record head of any kind. It is the persevering native-on-the-spot, able to try again and again, who finally secures the greatest prizes.

"Beyond question, many of the "record" heads will require purchase money; therefore a fund for judicious purchases is absolutely necessary. Sportsmen and others who have no fine specimens to offer, and are in doubt about their opportunities to purchase prizes for contribution, are invited to contribute money, and permit the committee to purchase some specially selected specimens, to stand as their individual gifts. It will be extremely desirable to keep on hand a balance sufficient for the quick purchase of every prize specimen which may appear for sale on short notice. As a rule, the finest specimens are the ones most quickly sold. The purchase by Mr. Charles T. Barney, of the world's record elephant tusks (*eleven feet five and one-half inches long!*) was an opportunity such as rarely crosses the Atlantic, and it was not kept waiting, even for one day.

"It is very desirable that the national collection should also be the means of bringing together a large and valuable series of game photographs, pictures of the



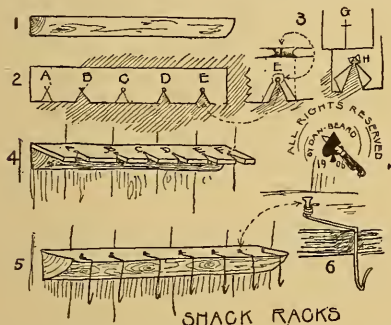
# SHACK RACKS, BOBBER SHELVES, AND OTHER WRINKLES

BY DAN BEARD

EVERY angler who possesses good rods is very particular about wiping them dry and returning them to their cases when the day's sport is finished; but in camp there comes a time when the unjointing of the rod seems a useless expenditure of labor and the rod is carefully laid flat on

at the same time the weight of the butt end as it hangs pendent prevents the rod from warping much more effectually than when it is put away in its case.

The rack may be made in the form of an ordinary shelf by using a quartered log (Fig. 1) for a bracket and a board (Fig. 2)



SHACK RACKS

the cabin floor against the wall, or worse, is set up in the corner "just for the present," but ends by remaining there all night and acquiring a curve which is most difficult or impossible to straighten again.

## A CABIN ROD RACK

would prevent this and render it unnecessary for a tired or lazy man to unjoint his rod. In the Far West one meets with no long bamboo or cane poles such as are common to the rural districts of the east, but every one in the "Rockies" seems to possess a jointed rod; and almost without exception the tip of the rod is bent like the topmast of a Gloucester fisherman's schooner.

How they cast a fly with these bowed rods is best understood by themselves; but the cause of the bend is evident, for the rods are seldom unjointed and may be seen resting against the corners of the cabins full rigged with reel and line, the hook caught on to the reel.

## A SHACK RACK

would prevent this, and at the same time do away with the necessity of unjointing the rod. The only difference between a cabin rod rack and a shack rod rack is in its finish; they are both made to allow the rod to be suspended by its tip, thus doing away with the necessity of taking the rod apart, and insuring thorough drying; and



CABIN ROD RACK

Pat. 1906 Beard  
Pike Co Pa.



for the shelf. To cut the notches ABCDEF (Figs. 1, 2, 3, 4) use your jackknife or saw it as marked by the dotted lines at A (Fig. 2) and cut out the wood as at B (Fig. 2); or use a gimlet and bore the tip holes as shown by dotted line at C (Fig. 2); then cut away the wood as at D, after which round off the edges with your knife as at E (Fig. 2), an enlarged



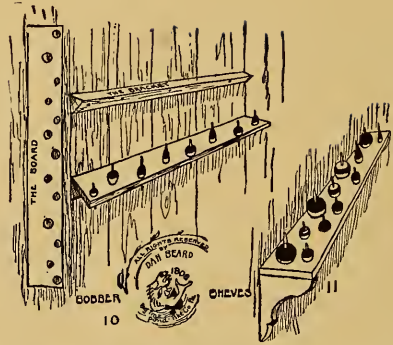
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view of which is shown at F (Fig. 3). Make the neck connecting the gimlet hole with the notch big enough for the tip of the rod to pass through and the gimlet hole too small for the ring on the tip to slip through, for it is by the tip ring that the rod is to be suspended.

It is best to line or cover the notches by gluing or tacking some soft material on to the shelf, bringing it over the edges of the notches and tacking the overlap to



9



the under side of the shelf. This will do away with the danger of chafing the rod tips. Take an old flannel shirt and cut it in small pieces, as at G and H (Fig. 3), then cut a cross slit as at G, and fold the edges back, as at H, so as to cover the exposed wood on the sides of the notches.

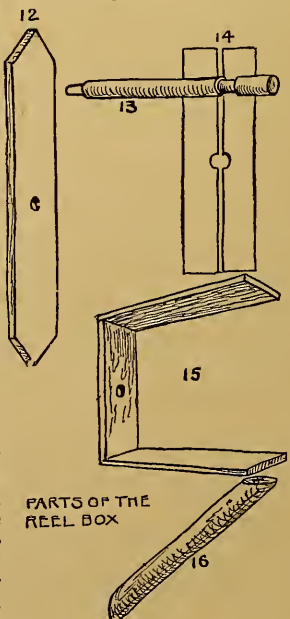
Nail the quartered log bracket (Fig. 1) to the wall, then nail on the shelf as in Fig. 4, and the shack rack is finished.

A cruder one is shown by Fig. 5, which consists simply of the log bracket with some nails, around the heads of which short pieces of wire are twisted, bent over and formed into hooks at their ends.

Fig. 6 shows an enlarged view of wire and nail.

Fig. 7 shows a cabin rod rack made like a whip rack—the rounded surface economizes space. The greatest difficulty to be encountered in a cabin or cottage rod rack is that the ceilings are seldom high enough to admit of any rod longer than a bait-casting one to be suspended above

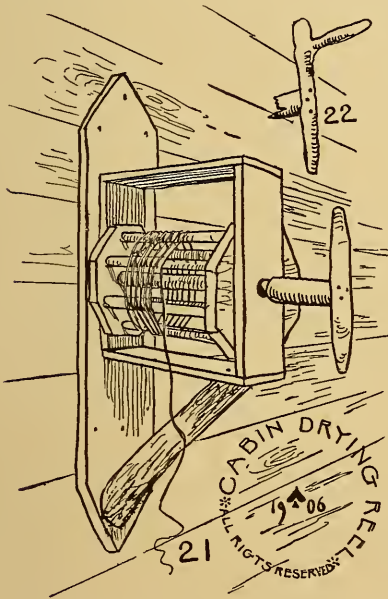
the floor, but fortunately for us most cabins and summer cottages are unplastered; and by simply sawing out a section of the floor of the room above, and covering the opening with a box of the required dimensions, a two-story cabin rack (Fig. 8) may be made, without in the least marring the house. The top of the rack may easily be arranged to serve as a table, washstand, or bureau and left



in the form of a square box will be useful in the bedroom upon which to set your shaving glass or any of the many articles you may have in your sleeping apartments or bunk room. But if you hesitate at cutting a hole in the floor,

AN OUTDOOR SHACK RACK

can be built against the outside of the cabin with a long door reaching to the top and fastened with a padlock, as in Fig. 9. Every one who has a permanent camp by lake or stream will have guests who know nothing of the art of fly casting, or the even more difficult bait casting, but all such people enjoy still fishing with live bait, sinker and bob. For the convenience of such guests, I have placed in the grill-



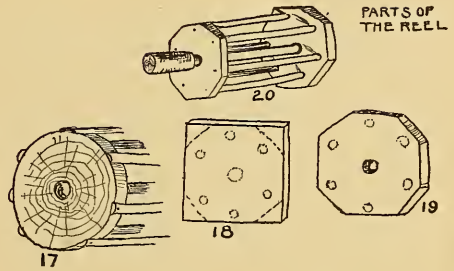
room of my log house a board shelf below the mantel over the big fireplace. This is

A BOBBER SHELF;

and holes of different dimensions bored in the shelf (Figs. 10 and 11) form safe receptacles for all the bobs, corks or floats used by my guests. Besides the great convenience of the bobber shelves they are ornamental in the extreme, and the gaudy hues of the painted floats add a bit of needed color to the rich but somber hues of the log sides and rafters. Another great convenience in a fisherman's cabin is a large

DRYING REEL.

All fishermen have small reels for this purpose, but they are too small for quick



drying, while a big reel attached to the grill-room wall is always there and ready for use, and its generous dimensions give ample opportunity for a free circulation of air around the wet and clammy line, causing quick evaporation and insuring a dry line for next day's work, as well as preventing mildew and decay.

It is a simple thing to make the reel. Fig. 12 shows the back board nailed to the cabin wall; Fig. 13, the spindle of the reel; Fig. 14, the two boards to form the front of the box; Fig. 15, the top and sides, and Fig. 16, the bottom brace.

The wheels of the reel can be made of two sections of a tree trunk, which are joined by slabs made of saplings which have been halved, peeled and nailed to the wheels (Fig. 17).

Or the end of a board may be sawed off, making a square (Fig. 18), the corners sawed off as in Fig. 19, and sections of broom-sticks or saplings of similar size, nailed to the wheels in a circle as shown by the dotted lines (Figs. 18 and 19) or by the nail heads (Fig. 20). The spindles can be made as in Fig. 13, and the whole enclosed in the box and fastened to the wall as in Fig. 21.

A balance handle may now be attached by nails or screws, or can have a windlass handle as in Fig. 22.

While it is needless risk to leave fine tackle all winter in an empty camp, it is unnecessary to tote home all one's belongings.

Minnow-nets and other cheap articles may be left to take the chance of being stolen by winter marauders; but there are the red squirrels, wood mice, and worst of all the pretty little flying squirrels, which will gnaw any fabric they can find into fine shreds for nesting material, unless the fabric is spread out *without a wrinkle*. For years I have kept my minnow-net secure by the simple device of placing a tin pan or wash-basin in its bottom and then hanging it free from other objects. A net with corks and sinkers escapes the ravages of these animals by being carefully spread over my canoe. But every bundle or folded article left unprotected by box or case is reduced to lint by next season and stuffed into my rubber boots or the stove-pipe or some other good nesting hole.

# TOO MUCH SPEED IN DOGS

BY JOSEPH A. GRAHAM

EVER since Americans began the systematic breeding of sporting dogs, speed has been the characteristic most eagerly sought in gun-dogs and foxhounds. The cry was taken up by nearly all writers on sports who became interested in dogs, until not to praise speed, boast of speed and breed to speed, argued ignorance of the subject. The result was an excellence not only of speed, but of performance at speed, which was new to the sporting world. England began to import our setters and pointers, though not often our foxhounds. Other parts of Europe found that American blood was desirable for improving the dash of bird dogs.

There are signs of a reaction from extreme speed to less of that quality and more of other qualities.

A few facts will explain the causes of the reaction better than a library of dissertation.

Last winter an Alabama fox hunter said in my hearing: "I don't know so much about speed. I begin to prefer a chance to stay within hearing of my hounds. With the fast hounds, a red fox will run in circles a while, and then he lights out for the next county. Where do I come in? The pack kills, but I'm not there."

An old Virginia foxhunter, whose eighty years do not keep him out of the saddle or frighten him from an all-day ride, mourned for another reason. He asked me where he could get a good pup. I said that I supposed he wished the fastest blood. "No," he replied, "I'm looking now for sure finders and hounds that will pack all the way through a run. If you had to buy ten foxes and turn them loose, as I did this fall, you'd want hounds, too, that would not kill every fox they started, or chase it out of the neighborhood. The niggers are roaming about with rabbit dogs all the year. Every farmer who loses a chicken begins to raise a crusade to kill foxes. It's hard to keep alive enough foxes to furnish sport. I'd rather join a society to preserve them than search for hounds to kill three or four in a night."

The manager of one of the great Southern preserves, an ardent horseman and an old-time hunter, took this view: "I'm glad to get an excuse to run the beagles after rabbits. At a big outlay of time and money we've got together one of the fastest packs of foxhounds ever seen. What is the result? We start a fox and, Zip! Away go the hounds and that is the last of them. Nobody can follow them

on horseback in this country. Maybe they kill or hole ten miles away. That's good for their reputation and makes us proud, but we'd as well be riding to town. With the beagles, I can have gay little runs; can toot my horn, jump the fences, yell at the dogs, see what each one is doing and get some fun for my trouble."

A gentleman in a Southern State bought a new setter. It was a good bird finder but rather slow. "Why did you get that dog when you had Nellie," I asked. "Oh, Nellie," he said, in some disgust. "I'm going to give her away. When I go out I want to shoot. The cover is a little thick here, and Nellie thinks she has to take in the whole country. Half the time I don't know where she is. It's all right to talk about such dogs hunting closely when you tell them, but it don't work in practise. She is five years old and will range over the next farm yet. No more of them 'high class' ones for me."

It depends on where you shoot or ride; also on whether you seek the pleasure of owning brilliant dogs or that of comfortable fun over the game. In Dakota you still need speed, and endurance at speed, after prairie chickens. In Arkansas you go out to kill foxes because you and your neighbors think that a dead fox is a gain to the community. Everywhere you like the ownership of dogs that beat the other man's dogs. But, undoubtedly, the United States are, or is, becoming thickly settled and affords less space for the individual citizen. You begin to discover that in many places the quail shooting is more resultful with the more leisurely pointer, just as you get more satisfaction out of good packing and steady trailing in the occasional fox hunt.

Sportsmen have noticed that the setters and pointers produced by breeding for field trials are generally nervous, impatient and hard to break. Many men like to have companions, as well as hunters, in their dogs. The love of the master has as much attraction as the ability to cover ground at racing speed. A high-strung dog may be affectionate in his way but he is probably restless and too enthusiastic about his work to care much for endearments. One true lover of animals, describing his new setter, wrote to me in a vein of grief: "His speed and style are wonderful, but he won't talk to me." This dog was one of the kind which in the yard is always looking for a chance to get out, and on chain is always twisting and pulling, eager to be off

hunting, and refusing to "talk" or listen to the geniality of conversation. You may admire such a dog but you cannot exactly love him. A fault easily acquired by these ambitious fellows is self-hunting. They discover that they can gratify their hunting instincts better alone, or with another dog, than with a man who nags them with restraining orders. They begin to sneak out of sight and stay away, perhaps for hours. The owner misses the time intended for sport or training, and also has the annoyance of fretting lest his dog is killed or lost.

There is arising a demand for sensible, docile bird dogs. It has not taken the place of the demand for fast ones. It is still the case that a gun-dog's price is governed, except among bench show men, by his display of fast work. It is as yet the minority which calls for the moderate range and speed combined with certain nose, cautious searching and ready fondness for the society of man.

But the minority is certainly growing. Anybody who has a good, reliable, well-colored hound or bird dog can find a purchaser without trouble. If there is a pedigree, and eligibility to registration, all the

better; but most of the time the purchaser will take the dog without the pedigree. Hundreds of sportsmen who are regular every year with their shooting trips have tried thoroughly the experiment of pedigreed speed and are tired of it. They are to be added to the English Setter Club of Philadelphia, and other shooting men, who call for good looks and pedigree, in the place of speed and pedigree without heads, coats and size of a high standard.

We need not argue about which is the better, more progressive task. Men should be allowed to have what suits them. We may expect more differentiation in the future than in the past. Everybody will not be rushing after the same fad, in the same direction. When men talk of a "first rate" dog, they must specify the kind: whether a thirty-pound, sharp-nosed, curly-coated flyer or a speckled, square-muzzled, brown-eyed beauty; or yet a wise, careful, affectionate bird finder, and also whether he is bred after his kind, so that he may be mated intelligently in order to help in perpetuating the type to which he belongs.

## COUNTRY HOME SEASONABLE REMINDERS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

**E**XAMINE the chimneys carefully before winter fires are started. In case large cracks are found, it is better to rebuild than to patch up, as patching does not remove the cause of difficulty, which is almost always a general deterioration of the entire structure. Brick decays and crumbles, thus giving rise to cracks which seriously affect all parts of the chimney. One is never safe when there is a defective chimney anywhere about the house.

Lay in the winter's supply of coal and wood. It is easier to do this now than later, when everybody wants attention at the same time.

The wise Country-Homeite provides a place for both coal and wood where it will be sheltered from storm, and be convenient to get at. The unwise one dumps his wood and coal down anywhere, and has to dig them out of the snow at the risk of freezing his fingers and losing his temper.

Go over the barn and stock sheds and see that everything is done that needs doing. Keep in mind the fact that warm houses are not only conducive to the comfort of their occupants, but are food-savers as

well. The more cold your animals have to contend with, the more they will eat.

Make a systematic inspection of the premises, out doors and in, and see that nothing remains undone that is conducive to the convenience and comfort of the family. Attention to little things is the oil that keeps the household machinery working smoothly.

If the dwelling hasn't a good wall under it, bank it well with sawdust, or soil. It is easier to keep frost out than to get rid of it after it has worked its way in. Banking should be done before winter sets in, in order to secure the best results from it.

If the pump has frozen up, heretofore, during "cold spells," bank it well above ground, and protect its cylinder by wrapping it with many thicknesses of paper. A little attention of this kind, given now, may save a good deal of expense and annoyance later on, to say nothing of the bother of having to thaw out the pump every time the weather drops to zero.

If the house floors are cold, put several layers of sheathing-paper under the carpet. Let the strips cross each other to make

sure of breaking joints. Run a strip of concave moulding about the room between floor and baseboard, to close any openings there may be there.

It is a good plan to use some of this moulding about the window-sash if any fits the frame loosely. It can be put on with small screws, which will enable you to draw it down snugly against the wood. Screws are much better than small nails for this purpose.

Fit the doors with rubber weather-strips, taking particular care to stop the crack between door and threshold, which is so frequently in evidence. More colds originate in drafts of this kind than from any other exposure. If the feet and lower limbs can be kept warm, the rest of the body will take care of itself, as a general thing.

But don't go in for "hermetically sealed" rooms. Provide for the free admission of pure air. This you can get in any quantity by opening doors or windows in adjoining rooms, and letting these rooms fill with air before the doors between them and the living-rooms are opened. Let in fresh air in this manner several times a day. Have some of your windows so arranged that they will drop, and open them frequently to give the foul air a chance to escape. Do this every time fresh air is admitted.

If there isn't some shed or other protection for the manure-pile that will grow during the winter, if there are horses or cows on the place, make one—and do it now. A manure-heap exposed to rain and snow means a big loss to the farm and garden.

If you haven't a cow, and can possibly make accommodations for one, you will find it economy of the best sort to add one to the family belongings, in these days of high prices for all kinds of food. Milk and cream—and butter, if you care to attempt the making of it—add so much to the family bill of fare that you will not willingly be without a cow after you have given one a trial. She will require care, and the cost of her keeping will be considerable, but you will soon come to the conclusion that your money was well invested. Especially will this be the case in every family where there are children. The manure saved from one animal during a single season will save you a large item of expense in gardening operations next spring.

If you make up your mind to invest in a cow, never lose sight of the fact that it is wisdom to get a good one. An inferior one can be bought for considerably less money at first, but you lose money by it in the long run, to say nothing of what is lost in the quality of the milk and cream. It costs no more to keep a first-class cow than it costs to keep a poor one. All the difference in cost is in the price paid at the beginning, and it is well to remember that "the best is always the cheapest."

#### POULTRY HINTS

If the suburbanite or the owner of a country home has not yet embarked in the poultry business on a small scale, I would advise him to do so now. The price of meats of all kind is constantly increasing, and the probabilities are that it will continue to do so. Eggs and poultry-meat are excellent substitute, for them. Supply the home with plenty of eggs—fresh eggs, keep in mind—and all the chicken meat it can make use of and you are practically independent of the butcher. If, in addition to eggs and poultry-meat you have all the milk and cream the woman of the household cares to make use of, what's to hinder your living off the fat of the land?

Every flock of fowls includes some of the bossy character who never allow the more timid ones a place at the feed-trough until they have gorged themselves. In order to give all an equal chance at the food, it is well to scatter it, thus compelling each hen to hunt her share, and making it impossible for any of them to monopolize the supply of food.

Soft food, however, should be given in troughs or pans. It is a good plan to have several vessels for this purpose.

Watch the nests closely for lice and mites. Old nesting material ought to be destroyed before winter sets in, and each box filled with something new and clean. Scald the nesting-boxes with hot water before replacing them. Wash each crack and crevice with liquid lice-killer as a preventive of the immediate return of the insects.

If the hen-house was not whitewashed in fall, do it now. Go over every portion of its interior with a strong solution of *fresh* lime, to which some carbolic acid should be added. Apply this with a stiff brush which will enable you to work some of the mixture into every crack. Let no part of the house escape your vigilance. It is essential that your fowls should go into winter quarters under clean and sanitary conditions.

#### THE WINDOW GARDEN

Don't use much water at this season of the year. The plants will be at a standstill, for the most part, and these need only enough to keep the soil moist. It's the growing plant that requires a good deal of water.

Use no fertilizers until your plants begin to grow again. A plant that is not growing is not in a condition to make use of strong food. The application of it will do harm, instead of good.

Turn your plants at least once a week, that all sides of them may have a chance at the sunshine. A plant that is allowed to stand facing the glass all the time only looks well from one position, and that is outside the window.

Let cleanliness prevail at all times.

Pick off every leaf that begins to turn yellow. Keep the surface of the soil stirred, that air may get to the roots of the plants.

Keep the thermometer down to 65 or 70 degrees if possible.

Shower your plants two or three times a week to wash the dust off their leaves, and prevent the ravages of the red spider. This pest flourishes in a hot, dry atmosphere. Keep it moist and he will not do much damage. A showering, bear in mind, doesn't mean a slight sprinkling. It means a real shower, and the result of it is that your plants are wet, all over.

There is only one thing better than a thorough showering for house plants, and that is a dip-bath. Fill a large tub with water and souse your plants under, leaving them submerged for two or three minutes, and you have the satisfaction of knowing that water has got to every part of them. No insect can possibly escape such a bath as that.

If the red spider has begun to injure your plants before you were aware of his presence, heat the water in your tub to 120 degrees, and immerse the infested plants in it, allowing them to remain under about half a minute. This will kill the spider without injuring very delicate plants.

Because the red spider is so tiny, his presence is often unsuspected. It is hard work to detect him with the naked eye. But if you see the leaves of your plants yellowing, and withering at the edges, and the underside of them shows little webs, you may be quite sure that the spider is at work. A closer inspection will show you little specks among these webs, as if cayenne pepper had been scattered there. Each one of these specks is a spider. Small as the creature is, he will do more injury to your plants than any other enemy that attacks them. Therefore, it behooves you to fight him with water—which is the only application he stands in fear of—in a manner that makes it impossible for him to carry on his deadly work.

#### VENTILATE THE CELLAR

Do not fail to arrange for the perfect ventilation of the cellar, especially if it is located under the dwelling. In order to keep vegetables well, any cellar must be well ventilated, but a cellar under the living-rooms requires most careful attention in order to make conditions sanitary. Many a case of typhoid and diphtheria has been traced to the cellar in which decaying vegetables were giving off foul and poisonous gases. Make it a point to remove all vegetable matter that shows any sign of decay as soon as it is discovered. Use plenty of disinfectant and clean up things generally. But this will not be sufficient to insure perfect sanitation unless some way is provided for the escape of foul air. A pipe, or wooden cylinder, can be connected with a window in the wall, in such a man-

ner that it will draw off all impure air without admitting cold. It should run up the wall of the building, outside, for several feet, in order to create an upward draft. Make its connection with the cellar, at window or wall, so snug and tight that it is impossible for any cold to enter there. It can be fitted with a damper which will close it in severest weather, when it is necessary to retain warm air.

All cellars ought to have a cement bottom. This facilitates cleanliness, and keeps out a good deal of cold and dampness.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

*Repotting and Dividing Asparagus Sprengerii.* (Mrs. F. G. T.)—Turn the old plant out of its pot. As a general thing you will find a solid mass of tuberous roots, which are so interlaced that it will be impossible to separate them. Do not try to do it. Take a sharp knife, or a fine saw, and cut down through the mass, making several divisions of it. Each portion that has an eye, or growing point, attached, will make a strong, new plant in a short time.

*The Arnold Arboretum.* (C. S. M.)—This correspondent wants to know the history, plan, and purpose of the Arnold Arboretum, near Boston. It was founded in 1872. James Arnold, of New Bedford, willed a certain amount of money to be used for scientific research and experiment in arboriculture, forestry, and dendrology. It was suggested by the trustees to whom this money was turned over for investment that it would be a good idea to establish a sort of museum of trees and shrubs suited to the climate of Massachusetts, and this suggestion was shortly afterward acted on, and the result is a place of two hundred and twenty acres in extent, in West Roxbury, a suburb of Boston, on which thousands of fine specimens of trees and shrubs are growing, thus forming a school of immense importance to the man or woman interested in "the green things growing." It is under the control of the city of Boston, and is open to the public every day in the year. Any one desirous of pursuing the study of practical arboriculture and forestry is admitted as a student. A series of lectures and field-meetings are conducted each spring and autumn, for the purpose of supplying popular instruction about the trees and shrubs which grow in New England. This instruction is not technical. Its intention is to indicate by comparison the easiest means of distinguishing the common native trees and shrubs as they appear in this part of the country, and of recognizing foreign trees and shrubs of kindred families, which have been introduced into our gardens. If you write to Trustee Arnold Arboretum, West Roxbury, Mass., no doubt you will be given complete information as to the aims of the school, and the terms upon which you can secure entrance as a student.

# GROUSE AND GROUSE SHOOTING

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY

GROUSE shooting is gradually becoming more a sport of the eastern than of the western or middle western states. In Illinois the grouse, whether the prairie chicken or pinnated, or the sharp-tail grouse, or the ruffed, is a sacred bird. He cannot be shot for four years; he has been immune for the last four and probably will be gradually classified as a "song bird" entirely protected, except from the farmer boys who can slip out and knock over a brace occasionally, for "what's the game law between neighbors."

However there are the prairies of Minnesota and the Dakotas left and even in Iowa a man is allowed to kill a prairie chicken after a suitable season of prayer and fasting, so it really might be worse. As for the North woods of Wisconsin and Michigan, there are ruffed grouse in plenty, and the Wisconsin prairies have numbers of both the pinnated and sharp-tail grouse. The future of the ruffed grouse is much brighter than that of the pinnated or the sharp-tail. For to follow or to shoot either of the last two varieties is a comparatively easy task to marking down or bringing down ruffed grouse, and in every way the ruffed grouse is the king of his family whether in his native habitat or on the table, last and most luscious test of all. In the middle western states the prairie chickens lead a sort of sequestered existence, creeping out morning and evening from the cornfields on to the stubbles and then "holing up" in the corn for the rest of the day.

Advance of the farming interests is bound to finish the pinnated and sharp-tailed tribes of grouse. But the ruffed grouse with his predilection for the roughest and most unproductive of cover, and his staying powers is eminently a survival of the fittest. A little snow for drink, and a few buds for breakfast and supper—you can't exterminate a bird like that.

And by the very reason of this bird's tenacity he should be encouraged in every way. There is more natural cover in America for the ruffed grouse than for any other game bird. They can and do stand winters that kill quail and prairie chickens; and in the cover in which they live a prairie chicken would starve to death.

To the north and the northeast in tracts of semi-mountainous country where the pine and hemlock have been cut off to be replaced by a lesser maze of birch and tamarack, is ideal cover for ruffed grouse.

Systematic stocking would make these places alive with the birds. So, too, in some of the middle states, and in parts of the South. The ruffed grouse and the quail are the game birds of the future, and no sportsman should lose sight of this fact.

Much effort has been made to establish foreign game birds, pheasant, grouse, and partridge, but the ruffed grouse, indigenous to the soil, peer of any upland bird that flies, is a bird that can be propagated successfully wherever there is cover and water; it can live where a crow would have to carry his rations.

Every State should have a farm as in Illinois and Pennsylvania, where game birds could be bred for purposes of propagation. The culture of game fishes has been brought to a high degree of perfection by its devotees. It is time that a National spirit as to our upland game birds should be brought level to the elan displayed by the angling fraternity.

Kill your grouse over the good dogs this year, but don't forget that another year can be made even better for the sport by helping on the movement for re-stocking all available ground. Foreign birds are not experiments; witness the Chinese and English pheasants of the northwestern States. And if a Chinese pheasant can be successfully transplanted to the far northwest, then the ruffed grouse can be reared wherever there is grub enough for a woodpecker to eke out a living.

An Upland Game association, having for its object the increase of quail and ruffed grouse exclusively, would appeal to sportsmen in nearly every section of the country, and could be carried on without any other motive than to re-stock all suitable cover with these birds, co-operating with the various State Game Wardens to establish breeding farms in each State as a central distributing point, and having no dues but a steady spirit of enthusiasm, and no salaries but the satisfaction of working to a sportsman-like end.

For either in the woods or in the open I prefer a twelve-gauge gun, modified choke in the right-hand barrel, full choke in the left. In open shooting, if the birds are wild, many shots will be had at long distances, and the shot need to be well "bunched." In the woods, there will be long shots, and shots in thick cover, and a man needs a close-shooting gun with number six shot in each barrel. A ruffed grouse is a hardy bird, and a prairie chicken



## HILL-THIRST

BY HENRY FLETCHER HARRIS

All night long my heart has cried  
For the starry moors,  
And the mountain's ragged flank,  
And the plunge of oars.

Oh, to feel the wind grow strong  
As the Trail leaps down!  
I could never learn the way  
And wisdom of the Town

When the hill-heads split the Tides  
Of green and living air,  
I would press Adventure hard  
To her deepest lair.

I would let the world's rebuke  
Like a wind go by,  
With my naked Soul laid bare  
To the naked sky!

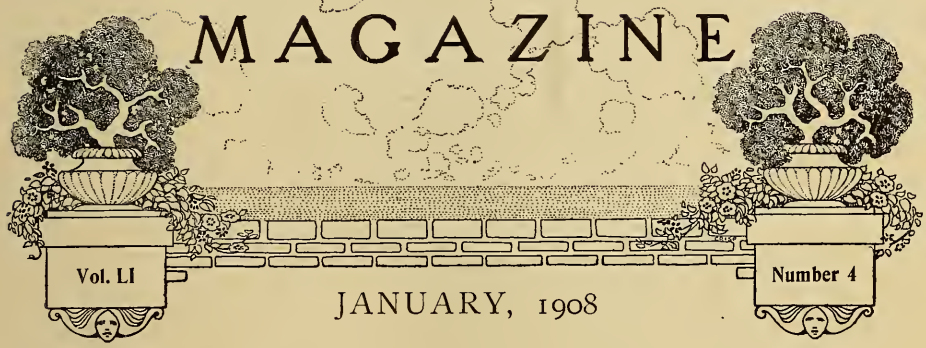


A GIRL OF TAHITI

Painting by Charles Sarda.

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# THE OUTING MAGAZINE



## OLD SALEM SHIPS AND SAILORS

BY RALPH D. PAINE

### I—THE VIKINGS OF AMERICAN COMMERCE



AMERICAN ships and sailors have almost vanished from the seas that lie beyond their own coasts. The twentieth century has forgotten the era when Yankee topsails, like flying clouds, flecked every ocean, when tall spars forested every Atlantic port from Portsmouth to Charlestown, and when the American spirit of adventurous enterprise and rivalry was in its finest flower on the decks of our merchant squadrons. The last great chapter in the nation's sea life was written in the days of the matchless clippers which swept round the Horn to San Francisco, or fled homeward from the Orient in the van of the tea fleets. They were able to survive the coming of the Age of Steam a few years longer than such famous Atlantic packet ships as the *Dreadnought*, but their period passed with the Civil War and thereafter the story of the American merchant marine is one of swift and sorrowful decay. The boys of the Atlantic coast, whose fathers had followed the sea in

legions, turned inland to find their careers, and the sterling qualities which had been bred in the bone by generations of salty ancestry, now helped to conquer the western wilderness.

It is all in the past, this noble and thrilling history of American achievement on blue water, and a country with ten thousand miles of sea coast has turned its back toward the spray-swept scenes of its ancient greatness to seek the fulfillment of its destiny in peopling the prairie, reclaiming the desert, and feeding its mills and factories with the resources of forest, mine, and farm.

For more than two centuries, however, Americans were a maritime race, in peace and war, and the most significant deeds and spectacular triumphs of our seafaring annals were wrought long before the era of the clipper ship. The fastest and most beautiful fabric ever driven by the winds, the sky-sail clipper was handled with a superb quality of seamanship which made the mariners of other nations doff their caps to the ruddy Yankee masters of the *Sovereign of the Seas*, the *Comet*, the *West-*

*ward Ho, or the Swordfish.* But her routes were well traveled, and her voyages hardly more eventful than those of the liner of to-day. Islands were charted, headlands lighted and the instruments and the science of navigation so far perfected as to make ocean path-finding no longer a matter of blind reckoning and guess-work. Pirates and privateers had ceased to harry the merchantman and to make every voyage a hazard of life and death from the Bahama Banks to the South Seas.

Through the vista of a half century the Yankee clipper has a glamor of singularly picturesque romance, but two hundred years of battling against desperate odds and seven generations of seafaring stock had been

required to evolve her type and to breed the men who sailed her. It is to the older race of American seamen and the stout ships they built and manned that we of to-day should be grateful for many of the finest pages in the history of our country's progress. The most adventurous age of our merchant mariners was at its climax at the time of the War of 1812. For the most part, its records are buried in sea-stained log-books and in the annals and traditions of certain ancient New England coastwise towns of which Salem was the most illustrious.

This port of Salem is chiefly known beyond New England as the scene of a wicked witchcraft delusion which hanged a score and more of poor innocents in 1692, and as the birthplace of Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is not so commonly known that this old town of Salem, nestled in a bight of the Massachusetts coast, was once



An old-time ship master of Salem.

the most important seat of maritime enterprise in the New World. Nor when its population of a century ago is taken into consideration, can any foreign port surpass for adventure, romance, and success, the history of Salem during the era of its astonishing activity.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was Surveyor of the Salem Custom House in 1848-49, after the glory of the port had well-nigh departed. He was descended from a race of Salem shipmasters but the love of the sea was not in his blood. He saw daily in the streets of his native town the survivors of the generations of incomparable seamen who had first carried the American flag to Hindoostan, Java, Sumatra and Japan, who were first to trade with the Fiji

Islands and Madagascar, who had led the way to the West Coast of Africa and to St. Petersburg, who had been pioneers in opening the commerce of South America and China to Yankee ships. They had "sailed where no other ships dared to go, they had anchored where no one else dreamed of looking for trade." They had fought pirates and the privateers of a dozen races around the world. They had stamped themselves as the Drakes and Raleighs and Gilberts of American commercial daring.

Yet the rarely gifted dreamer of the Custom House, who could perceive in the Salem of his time little more than a melancholy process of decay, and a dusky background for romances of a century more remote, found no compelling charm in the thickly clustered memories that linked the port with its former greatness on the sea. Some of the old shipmasters were in the Custom House service with him; "who,

after being tost on every sea and standing sturdily against life's tempestuous blast, had finally drifted into this quiet nook, where with little to disturb them except the periodical terrors of a Presidential election, they one and all acquired a new lease of life."

They were simple, brave, elemental men, hiding no tortuous problems of conscience, ludicrously easy to analyze and catalogue, not apt to make a strong appeal to the genius of the author of "The Scarlet Letter." "They spent a good deal of time asleep, in their accustomed corners," he also wrote of them, "with their chairs tilted back against the wall; awaking however, once or twice in a forenoon to bore one another with the several thousandth repetition of old sea-stories and mouldy jokes that had grown to be pass-words and counter-signs among them."

One of the sea-journals or logs of Captain Nathaniel Hathorne, father of the author, possesses a literary interest in that its title page was lettered by the son when a lad

of sixteen. With many an ornamental flourish the inscription runs:

Nathaniel Hathorne's\*

Book—1820—Salem.

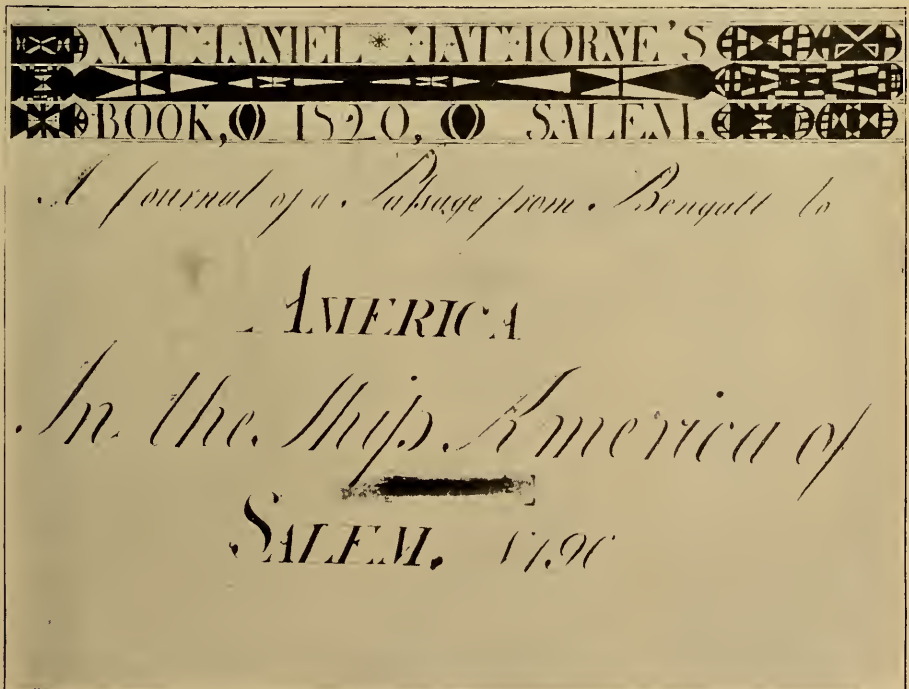
A Journal of a Passage from Bengall to  
America

In the Ship America of  
Salem, 1796

This is almost the only volume of salty flavored narrative to which Nathaniel Hawthorne may be said to have contributed, although he was moved to write of his stout-hearted forebears:

"From father to son, for above a hundred years, they followed the sea; a gray-headed shipmaster in each generation retiring from the quarter-deck to the homestead, while a boy of fourteen took the hereditary place before the mast, confronting the salt spray and the gale which had blustered against his sire and grandsire."

\* Nathaniel Hawthorne changed his name to include the *w* by Act of Legislature, although it had been spelled *Hathorne* by his forebears in America and England.



Title page of the log of Captain Nathaniel Hathorne, father of Nathaniel Hawthorne. This lettering at the top of the page was done by the author when a boy.



A corner of the Marine Room of the Peabody Museum showing portraits of the ship masters and merchants of Salem.

It is possible that the world beyond Salem has been somewhat influenced by the Hawthorne view-point to believe that the chronicles of the old ships and sailors were of minor interest or have been obliterated by time and neglect. Not only has a unique store of material been preserved, however, in document and tradition, but there survive to-day old shipmasters and merchants who in their own boyhood heard from the lips of the actors their stories of shipwrecks on uncharted coasts; of imprisonments among the Algerines and in the prisons of France and England and Spain; of hair-breadth escapes from pirates in the Spanish Main and on Sumatran shores; of ship's companies overwhelmed by South Sea cannibals when Salem barks were pioneers in the wake of Captain Cook; of deadly actions fought alongside British men-of-war and private armed ships, and of steering across far-distant seas when "India was a new region and only Salem knew the way thither."

Such men as these were trained in a stern school to fight for their own. When the time came they were ready to fight for their country. Salem sent to sea 158 privateers during the Revolution. They carried 2,000 guns and were manned by more than 6,000 men, a force equal in numbers to the population of the town. These vessels captured 444 British prizes, or more than half the total number taken by all the Colonies during that war.

In that War of 1812, Salem manned and equipped forty privateers and her people paid for and built the frigate *Essex* which, under command of David Porter, swept the Pacific clean of British commerce and met a glorious end in her battle with the *Phoebe* and *Cherub* off the harbor of Valparaiso. Nor among the sea fights of both wars are there to be found more thrilling single-ship actions than were fought by Salem privateersmen, who were as ready to exchange broadsides or measure boarding pikes with a "king's ship" as to snap up a tempting merchantman.

But even beyond these fighting merchant sailors, lay a previous century of such stress and hazard in ocean traffic as this age cannot imagine. One generation after another of honest shipmasters had been the prey of a great company of lawless rovers under many flags or no flag at all. The

distinction between privateers and pirates was not clearly drawn in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the tiny American brigs and sloops which bravely fared to the West Indies and Europe were fair marks for the polyglot freebooters that laughed at England's feeble protection of her colonial trade.

The story of the struggles and heroisms of the Western pioneers has been told over and over again. The beginnings of the New England Colonies and their union are familiar to every school-boy. But the work of the seafaring breed of Americans toward the building of a great nation has been somewhat suffered to remain in the background. Their astonishing adventures were all in the day's work and were commonplace matters to their actors. The material for the plot of a modern novel of action may be found condensed in a three-line entry of many an ancient log-book.

High on the front of a massive stone building in Essex Street, Salem, is carved *East India Marine Hall*. Beneath this are the obsolete legends, *Asiatic Bank*, and *Oriental Insurance Office*. This is now the Peabody Academy of Science, built eighty-four years ago as the home of the East India Marine Society, and in these days a store house for the unique collections which Salem seafarers brought home from strange lands when their ships traded in every ocean. The East India Marine Society still exists. A handful of its surviving members meet in pleasant weather and spin yarns of their brine-swept past when they were masters of stately square-riggers. Most of them are gray and feeble, and every little while one of them slips his cable for the last, long voyage.

The sight-seeing visitor in Salem is fascinated by its quaint and picturesque streets and dwellings, recalling as they do no fewer than three centuries of American life; its noble mansions set beneath the elms, and its atmosphere of immemorial tradition. But the visitor is not apt to seek the story of Salem as it is written in the records left by the men who made it great a hundred years ago. For those heroic seafarers not only made history but they wrote it while they lived it. The East India Marine Society was organized in 1799, "to assist the widows and children of deceased members; to collect such facts



Front view of the Roger Williams or "witch house" built before 1635. One of the oldest houses in the United States. Tradition says that preliminary examinations of those accused of witchcraft in 1692 were held there.

and observations as tended to the improvement and security of navigation, and to form a museum of natural and artificial curiosities, particularly such as are to be found beyond the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn." The by-laws provided that "any person shall be eligible as a member of this society who shall have actually navigated the seas near the Cape of Good Hope, or Cape Horn, either as master or commander, or as factor or supercargo in any vessel belonging to Salem." From its foundation until the time when the collections of the Society were given in charge of the Peabody Museum in 1867, three hundred and fifty masters and mates of Salem had qualified for membership as having sailed beyond the Cape of Good Hope.

More than a century ago, therefore, these mariners of Salem began to write detailed journals of their voyages to be deposited with their Society in order that their fellow shipmasters might glean from them such facts as might "tend to the improvement and security of navigation." Few seas

were charted, and Salem ships were venturing along unknown shores. The journal of one of these pioneer voyages was a valuable aid to the next skipper who went that way. Thus year after year, and generation after generation, there was piling up a library of adventurous narrative, written in stout manuscript volumes. These journals were expanded from the ship's logs, and written after the captains came home. And the habit of carefully noting all incidents of trade, discovery, and dealings with primitive races taught these seamen to make their logs something more than routine accounts of speed and weather.

It was discovered that a pen-and-ink drawing of the landfall of some almost unknown island would help the next captain passing that coast to identify its headlands. Therefore, many of the quarter-deck chroniclers developed an astonishing aptitude for sketching coast-line, mountains and bays. Some of them even made pictures in water-color of the ships they saw or spoke, and their logs were illus-



trated descriptions of voyages to the South Seas or Mauritius or China. In this way was cherished the tradition that a shipmaster of Salem owed it to his fellow mariners and townspeople to bring home not only all the knowledge he could gather, but also all kinds of curious trophies of his voyage to add to the collections of his Marine Society. And as the commerce overseas began to diminish, this tradition laid fast hold upon many Salem men and women whose fathers had been shipmasters. They took pride in gathering together all the old log-books they could find in cobwebby attics and battered sea chests and in increasing this unique library of the sea.

It has come to pass that almost one thousand of these logs and sea-journals are stored in a room of the Essex Institute, comprising many more than this number of voyages made between 1750 and 1890, a period of a century and a half which included the most brilliant epoch of American sea life. Privateer, sealer, whaler and merchantman, there they rest, row after row of canvas-covered books, filled with the day's work of as fine a race of seamen as ever sailed blue water; from the log of the tiny schooner *Hopewell* on a voyage to

the West Indies amid perils of swarming pirates and privateers, a generation before the Revolution, down to the log of the white-winged *Mindoro*, of the Manila fleet which squared away her yards for the last time only fifteen years ago.

There is no other collection of Americana which can so vividly recall a vanished era and make it live again as these hundreds upon hundreds of ancient log-books. They are complete, final, embracing as they do the rise, the high-tide, the ebb and the vanishing of the commerce of Salem, the whole story of those vikings of deep-water enterprise who dazzled the maritime world. They reflect in intimate and sharply focused detail that little world which Harriet Martineau glimpsed when she visited Salem seventy-five years ago and related:

"They speak of Fayal and the Azores as if they were close at hand. The fruits of the Mediterranean are on every table. They have a large acquaintance at Cairo. They know Napoleon's grave at St. Helena, and have wild tales to tell of Mozambique and Madagascar, and stores of ivory to show from there. They speak of the power of the king of Muscat, and are sensible of the riches of the southeast coast of Arabia. Anybody will give you anecdotes



Rear View of the "witch" house.

from Canton, and descriptions of the Society and Sandwich Islands. They often slip up the western coast of their two continents, bringing furs from the back regions of their own wide land, glance up at the Andes on their return; double Cape Horn, touch at the ports of Brazil and Guiana; look about them in the West Indies, feeling almost at home there, and land some fair morning in Salem and walk home as if they had done nothing remarkable."

If you would see something more than these old log-books in the Marine Room of the Essex Institute, then turn your steps toward the Peabody Museum, across Essex Street, the great stone hall with the ship's anchor resting in front of it. Here the loyal sons of Salem, aided by the generous endowment of George Peabody, the banker and philanthropist, have created an imposing memorial to the sea-born genius of the old town. One hall is filled with models and paintings of the stout ships which made Salem rich and famous. These models were built and rigged with the most painstaking accuracy of detail, most of them the work of mariners of the olden time, and many of them made on ship-board during long voyages. Scores of the paintings of ships were made when they were afloat, their cannon and checkered ports telling of the dangers which merchantmen dared in those times; their hulls and rigging wearing a quaint and archaic aspect. Beneath them are displayed the tools of the seaman's trade long ere steam made of him a paint-swabber and mechanic. Here are the ancient quadrants, "half-circles," and hand log lines, timed with sand-glasses, with which our forefathers found their way around the world. Beside them repose the "colt" and the "cat-o'-nine-tails" with which those tough tars were flogged by their skippers and mates. Cutlasses wielded in many a sea-fight with Spanish, French and English, boarding axes and tomahawks, are flanked by carved whales-teeth, whose intricate designs of ships, cupids and mermaids whiled away the dog-watches under the Southern Cross. Over yonder is a notched limb of a sea-washed tree on which a Salem sailor tallied the days and weeks of five month's solitary waiting on a desert island where he had been cast by shipwreck.

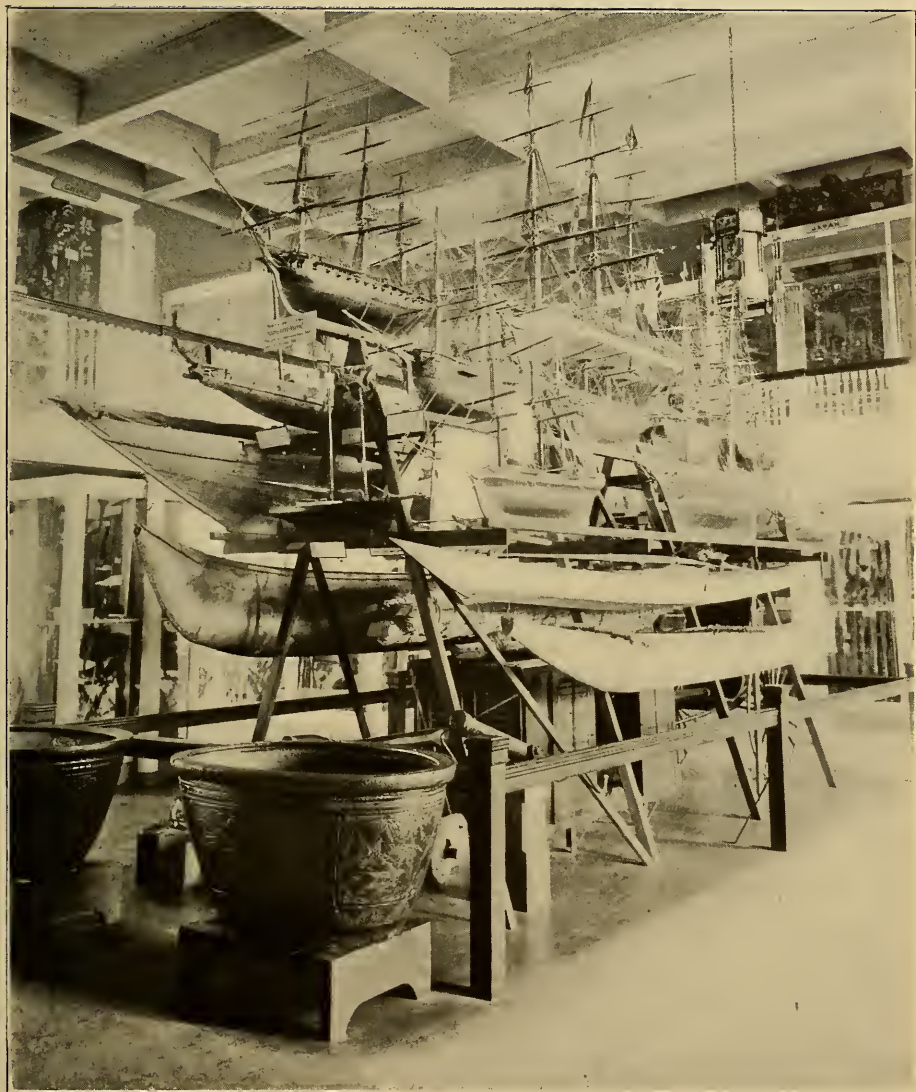
Portraits of famous shipping merchants

and masters gaze at portraits of Sultans of Zanzibar, Indian Rajahs and hong merchants of Canton whose names were household words in the Salem of long ago. In other spacious halls of this museum are unique displays of the tools, weapons, garments and adornments of primitive races, gathered generations before their countries and islands were ransacked by the tourist and the ethnologist. They portray the native arts and habits of life before they were corrupted by European influences. Some of the tribes which fashioned these things have become extinct, but their vanished handiwork is preserved in these collections made with devoted loyalty by the old shipmasters who were proud of their home town and of their Marine Society. From the Fiji and Gilbert and Hawaiian Islands, from Samoa, Arabia, India, China, Africa and Japan, and every other foreign shore where ships could go, these trophies were brought home to lay the foundation of a collection which to-day is visited by scientists from abroad in order to study many rare objects which can be no longer obtained.

The Custom House which looks down at Derby Wharf awakes from its drowsy idleness to record the entries of a few lumber-laden schooners from Nova Scotia. Built in 1819, when the tide of Salem commerce had begun to ebb, its classic and pillared bulk recalls the comment of its most famous officer, Nathaniel Hathorne: "It was intended to accommodate an hoped-for increase in the commercial prosperity of the place, hopes destined never to be realized, and was built a world too large for any necessary purpose."

Yet in the records left by these vanished generations of seamen; in the aspect of the stately mansions built from the fortunes won by their ships; in the atmosphere of the old wharves and streets there has been preserved, as if caught in amber, the finished story of one of the most romantic and high-hearted periods of American achievement.

To understand why and how such a port as Salem rose to greatness one must first know something of the unique conditions which molded her race of seamen of a hundred years ago. Their story really begins with the experiences of their grandfathers who lived and sailed before the

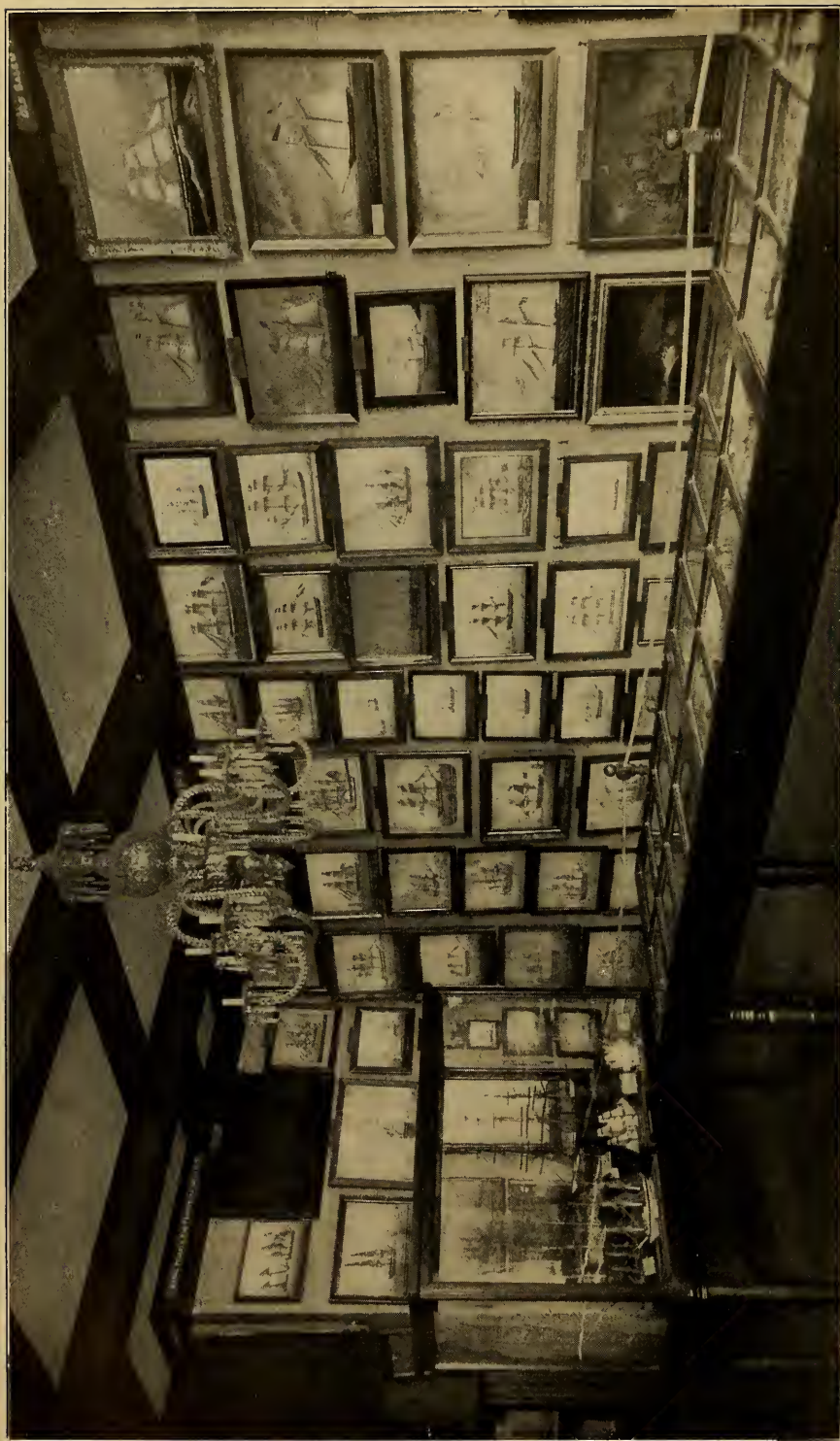


This unique collection of ships in the Peabody Museum includes the only model of the frigate *Constitution* made during her fighting career.

Pilgrim Fathers passed away. The pirates of the Spanish Main and the Southern coasts of this country have enjoyed almost a monopoly of popular interest in fact and fiction. As early as 1632, however, the New England coast was plagued by pirates, and the doughty merchant seamen of Salem and other ports were sallying forth to fight them for a hundred years on end.

In 1670, the General Court published in Boston, "by beat of drum," a proclama-

tion against a ship at the Isle of Shoals suspected of being a pirate, and three years later another official broadside was hurled against "piracy and mutiny." The report of an expedition sent out from Boston in 1689 in the sloop *Mary*, against notorious pirates named Thomas Hawkins and Thomas Pound, has all the dramatic properties of a tale of pure adventure. It relates that "being off of Wood's Hole, we were informed there was a Pirate at Tar-



The Marine Room of Peabody Museum, showing the ships of Salem during a period of one hundred and fifty years.

polin Cove, and soon after we espyed a Sloop on ahead of us which we supposed to be the Sloop wherein said Pound and his Company were. We made what Sayle we could and soon came near up with her, spread our King's Jack and fired a shot athwart her forefoot, upon which a red flagg was put out on the head of the said Sloop's mast. Our Capn. ordered another shot to be fired athwart her forefoot, but they not striking, we came up with them. Our Capn. commanded us to fire at them which we accordingly did and called to them to strike to the King of England.

"Pound, standing on the Quarterdeck with his naked Sword flourishing in his hand, said: 'Come on Board you Doggs, I will strike you presently,' or words to that purpose, his men standing by him upon the deck with guns in their hands, and he taking up his Gun, they discharged a Volley at us and we at them again, and so continued firing one at the other for some space of time.

"In which engagement our Capn. Samuel Pease was wounded in the Arme, in the side and in the thigh; but at length bringing them under our power, wee made Sayle towards Roade Island and on Saturday the fifth of said October put our wounded men on shore and procured Surgeons to dress them. Our said Capitaine lost much blood by his wounds and was brought very low, but on friday after, being the eleventh day of the said October, being brought on board the Vessell intending to come away to Boston, was taken with bleeding afresh, so that we were forced to carry him on Shore again to Road Island, and was followed with bleeding at his Wounds, and fell into fitts, but remained alive until Saturday morning the twelfth of Octobr. aforsaid when he departed this Life."

This admirably brief narrative shows that Thomas Pound, strutting his quarterdeck under his red "flagg" and flourishing his naked sword and crying, "Come on, you doggs," was a proper figure of a seventeenth century pirate and that poor Captain Pease of the sloop *Mary* was a gallant seaman who won his victory after being wounded unto death. Pirates received short shrift and this crew was probably hanged in Boston as were scores of their fellows.

Puritan wives and sweethearts of the

seventeenth century waited months and years for missing ships which never again dropped anchor in the land-locked harbor of Salem, and perhaps if any tidings ever came it was no more than this:

"May 21, (1697) The ketch *Margaret* of Salem, Captain Peter Henderson was chased ashore near Funshal, Madeira by pirates and lost. Of what became of the officers and crew the account says nothing."

Or again, as an old record has preserved it:

"May 1. 1718, several of the ship *Hopewell's* crew can testify that near Hispaniola they met with pirates who robbed and abused their crew and compelled their mate, James Crogan of Charlestown, to go with them, as they had no artist, having lost several of their company in an engagement. As to what sort of an artist these gentlemen rovers were deficient in, whether dancing, swimming or writing master, or a master of the mechanical arts, we have no authority for stating."

In the following year Captain John Shattuck entered his protest at Salem against capture by pirates. He sailed from Jamaica for New England and in sight of Long Island (West Indies) was captured by a "Pyrat" of 12 guns and 120 men under the command of Captain Charles Vain, who took him to Crooked Island (Bahamas) plundered him of various articles, stripped the brig, abused some of his men and finally let him go. Coming, however, on a winter coast, his vessel stripped of needed sails, he was blown off to the West Indies and did not arrive in Salem until the next spring.

In 1724, two notorious sea-rogues, Nutt and Phillip, were cruising off Cape Ann, their topsails in sight of Salem harbor mouth. They took a sloop commanded by one Andrew Harradine of Salem and thereby caught a Tartar. Harradine and his crew rose upon their captors, killed both Nutt and Phillip and their officers, put the pirate crew under hatches, and sailed the vessel to Boston where the pirates were turned over to the authorities to be fitted with hempen kerchief.

In the decade from 1685 to 1695 the infant commerce of Salem was fighting for its life. This period was called "the dark time when ye merchants looked for ye

vessels with fear and trembling." Besides the common dangers of the sea, they had to contend with savage Indians who attacked the fishing fleets, with the heavy restrictions imposed by the Royal Acts of Trade, and with the witchcraft delusion which turned every man's hand against his neighbor. The French privateers so ravaged the ventures of the Salem traders to the West Indies that the shipping annals of that time are thickly strewn with such incidents as these:

1690.—"The ketch *Fellowship*, Captain Robert Glanville, via. the Vineyard for Berwick on the Tweed, was taken by two French privateers and carried to Dunkirk."

1695.—"The ship *Essex* of Salem, Captain John Beal, from Bilboa in Spain, had a battle at sea and loses John Samson, boatswain. This man and Thomas Roads, the gunner, had previously contracted that whoever of the two survived the other he should have all the property of the deceased."

Soon after this the tables were turned by the *Salem Packet*, which captured a French ship off the Banks of Newfoundland. In the same year the ketch *Exchange*, Captain Thomas Marston, was taken by a French ship off Block Island. She was ransomed for two hundred and fifty pounds and brought into Salem. "The son of the owner was carried to Placentia as a hostage for the payment of the ransom."

"(1704) Major Stephen Sewall, Captain John Turner and 40 volunteers embark in a shallop and Fort Pinnace after Sun Set to go in Search of some Pirates who sailed from Gloucester in the morning. Major Sewall brought into Salem a Galley, Captain Thomas Lowrimore, on board of which he had captured some pirates and some of their Gold at the Isle of Shoals. Major Sewall carries the Pirates to Boston under a strong guard. Captain Qualch and five of his crew are hung. About 13 of the ship's company remain under sentence of death and several more are cleared."

Tradition records that a Salem poet of that time was moved to write of the foregoing episode:

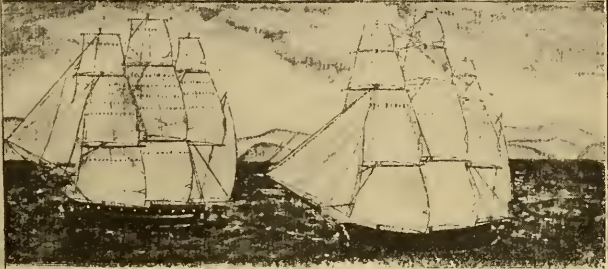
"Ye pirates who against God's laws did fight,  
Have all been taken which is very right,  
Some of them were old and others young  
And on the flats of Boston they were hung."

In those very early and troublous times the Barbary pirates or corsairs had begun to vex the New England skippers who boldly crossed the Atlantic in vessels that were much smaller than a modern canal boat or brick barge. These "Sallee rovers" hovered from the Mediterranean to the chops of the English Channel. Many a luckless seaman of Salem was held prisoner in the cities of Algiers while his friends at home endeavored to gather funds for his ransom. It was stated in 1661 that "for long time previous the commerce of Massachusetts was much annoyed by Barbary Corsairs and that many of its seamen were held in bondage. One Captain Cakebread or Breadcake had two guns to cruise in search of Turkish pirates." In 1700, Benjamin Alford of Boston and William Bowditch of Salem related that "their friend Robert Carver of the latter port was taken nine years before, a captive into Sally; that contributions had been made for his redemption; that the money was in the hands of a person here; that if they had the disposal of it, they could release Carver."

The end of the seventeenth century found the settlement of Salem which had made a wilderness lodgment as a dissenting offshoot from the Plymouth Colony in 1626, rapidly expanding into a seaport whose commercial interests were faring to distant oceans. The town had grown along the water's edge beside which its merchants were beginning to build their spacious and gabled mansions. Their counting-houses overlooked the harbor, and their spy-glasses were alert to sweep the distant sea line for the home-coming of their ventures to Virginia, the West Indies and Europe. Their vessels were of no more than forty and sixty tons burden, mere cockle-shells for deep-water voyaging, but they risked storm and capture while they pushed farther and farther away from Salem as the prospect of profitable trade lured them on.

The sail-maker, the rigger, the ship-chandler and the ship-wright had begun to populate the harbor-front, and among them swarmed the rough and headlong seamen from Heaven knew where, who shocked the godly Puritans of the older régime. Jack ashore was a bull in a china shop then as now, and history has recorded

11				Thursday 14 <sup>th</sup> Sept 37 best sea
12				
1	2	4	SEW SE	<p>The 24 hours commences with light breeze and clear water all sails set - the line a 2 mths at sea at Cannon Bluffs later 6 miles of Shore the breeze turns to hauler to make the alarm given set the battery which have been sought to make Dale Capes To make Slight &amp; the breeze smole slight at sea at night gentle breeze from east to SW on 6 with the breeze &amp; 6 low the tide bore from S.W. to N.W. Dale Capes To make S.W. at 10 fresh wind in smooth sea is in much water &amp; full on the water and three masts &amp; Booms in show</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Lull 1<sup>st</sup> W. North</p>
2	2	4	SEW SE	
3	4	4	SEW SE	
4	4	4	SEW SE	
5	3	2	SEW SE	
6	4	6	SEW SE	
7	4	4	SEW SE	
8	4	4	SEW SE	
9	4	4	SEW SE	
10	4	4	SEW SE	
11	4	4	SEW SE	
12	4	4	SEW SE	
13	5	2	SEW SE	
14	2	2	SEW SE	
15	3	2	SEW SE	
16	4	4	SEW SE	
17	3	3	SEW SE	
18	4	3	SEW SE	
19	2	4	SEW SE	
20	4	5	SEW SE	
21	10	5	SEW SE	
22	11	5	SEW SE	
23	12	5	SEW SE	
24	10	5	SEW SE	



Page from the illustrated log of the *Eolus*. Her captain drew such pictures as these of the ships he sighted at sea.



Salem Harbor. Fort Pickering, built before the Revolution, at the left.

the lamentable but deserved fate of "one Henry Bull and companions in a vessel in our harbor who derided the Church of Christ and were afterwards cast away among savage Indians, by whom they were slain."

Now there came into prominence the first of a long line of illustrious shipping merchants of Salem, Philip English, who makes a commanding figure in the seafaring history of his time. A native of the Isle of Jersey, he came to Salem before 1670. He made voyages in his own vessels, commanded the ketch *Speedwell* in 1676, and ten years later had so swiftly advanced his fortunes that he had built him a mansion house on Essex Street, a solid, square-sided structure with many projecting porches and upper stories overhanging the street. It stood for a hundred and fifty years, long known as "English's Great House," and linked the nineteenth century with the very early chapters of American history. In 1692, Philip English was perhaps the richest man of the New England Colonies, owning twenty-one vessels which traded with Bilboa, Barbadoes, St. Christopher's, the Isle of Jersey and the ports of France. He owned a wharf and warehouses, and fourteen buildings in the town.

One of his bills of lading, dated 1707, shows the pious imprint of his generation and the kind of commerce in which he was engaged. It reads in part:

"Shipped by the Grace of God, in good order and well conditioned, by Sam'll Browne, Philip English, Capt' Wm. Bowditch, Wm. Pickering, and Sam'll Wakefield in and upon the Good sloop called the *Mayflower* whereof is master under God for this present voyage Jno. Swasey, and now riding at anchor in the harbor of Salem, and by God's Grace bound for Virginia or Merriland.—To say, twenty hogshats of Salt. . . . In witness whereof the Master or Purser of the said Sloop has affirmed to Two Bills of Lading . . . and so God send the Good Sloop to her desired port in Safety. Amen."

Another merchant of Philip English's time wrote in 1700 of the foreign commerce of Salem:

"Dry Merchantable codfish for the Markets of Spain and Portugal and the Straits. Refuse fish, lumber, horses and

provisions for the West Indies. Returns made directly hence to England are sugar, molasses, cotton, wool and logwood, for which we depend on the West Indies. Our own produce, a considerable quantity of whale and fish oil, whalebone, furs, deer, elk and bearskins are annually sent to England. We have much shipping here and freights are low."

To Virginia the clumsy little sloops and ketches of Philip English carried "Molasses, Rum, Salt, Cider, Mackerel, Wooden Bowls, Platters, Pails, Kegs, Muscavado Sugar, and Codfish and brought back to Salem, Wheat, Pork, Tobacco, Furs, Hides, old Pewter, Old Iron, Brass, Copper, Indian Corn and English Goods." The craft which crossed the Atlantic and made the West Indies in safety to pile up wealth for Philip English were no larger than those sloops and schooners which ply up and down the Hudson River to-day. Their masters made their way without quadrant or "Practical Navigator," and as an old writer has described in a somewhat exaggerated vein:

"Their skippers kept their reckoning with chalk on a shingle, which they stowed away in the binnacle, and by way of observation they held up a hand to the sun. When they got him over four fingers they knew they were straight for Hole-in-the-Wall; three fingers gave them their course to the Double-headed-shot Key and two carried them down to Barbadoes."

The witchcraft frenzy invaded even the stately home of Philip English, the greatest ship owner of early Salem. His wife, a proud and aristocratic lady, was "cried against," examined and committed to prison in Salem. It is said that she was considered haughty and overbearing in her manner toward the poor, and that her husband's staunch adherence to the Church of England had something to do with her plight. At any rate, Mary English was arrested in her bed-chamber and refused to rise, wherefore "guards were placed around the house and in the morning she attended the devotions of her family, kissed her children with great composure, proposed her plan for their education, took leave of them and then told the officer she was ready to die." Alas, poor woman, she had reason to be "persuaded that accusation was equal to condemnation."



She lay in prison six weeks where "her firmness was memorable. But being visited by a fond husband, her husband was also accused and confined in prison." The intercession of friends and the plea that the prison was overcrowded, caused their removal to Arnold's jail in Boston until the time of trial. It brings to mind certain episodes of the French Reign of Terror to learn that they were taken to Boston on the same day with Giles Corey, George Jacobs, Alice Parker, Ann Pudeator, and Bridget Bishop, all of whom perished except Philip and Mary English. Both would have been executed had they not escaped death by flight from the Boston jail and seeking refuge in New York.

That a man of such solid station should have so narrowly escaped death in the witchcraft fury indicates that no class was spared. While his sturdy seamen were fiddling and drinking in the taverns of the Salem water-front or making sail to the roaring chorus of old-time chanties, their employer, a prince of commerce for his time, was dreading a miserable death for himself and that high-spirited dame, his wife, on Gallows Hill at the

hands of the stern-faced young sheriff of Salem.

Philip English returned to Salem after the frenzy had passed and rounded out a shipping career of fifty years, living until 1736. His instructions to one of his captains may help to picture the American commerce of two centuries ago. In 1722 he wrote to "Mr. John Tausel":

"Sir, you being appointed Master of my sloop *Sarah*, now Riding in ye Harbor of Salem, and Ready to Saile, my Order is to you that ye take ye first opportunity of wind and Weather to Saile and make ye best of yr way for Barbadoes or Leew'd Island, and there Enter and Clear yr vessel and Deliver yr Cargo according to Orders and Bill of Lading and Make Saile of my twelve Hogsh'd of fish to my best advantage; and make Returne in yr Vessel or any other for Salem in such Goods as you shall see best, and if you see Cause to take a freight to any port or hire her, I lieve it with your Best Conduct, Managem't or Care for my best advantage. So please God to give you a prosperous voyage, I remain yr Friend and Owner.

"PHILIP ENGLISH."

(To be continued.)



Derby Wharf where the East India ships once lay three deep. These decaying warehouses were filled with the riches of the most remote lands a century ago.



Drawing by Oliver Kemp

THE HUSKING BEE

# LUVINSKY AND THE STRAD

A TRUE TALE OF ART BY THE WAYSIDE

BY EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY MASON



LUVINSKY was of the best people, or going to know the reason why. It was not unnatural, but entirely logical, therefore, that he should purchase a full suit of audible outing garments, several opulent-looking fishing-rods, and divers rifles and guns, and thereafter seek out a place to use, or, at least, to display them. He read as best he might, and finally concluded to honor the wilderness of upper Minnesota with his presence during his quest for "spordt mit wod und cun." Boyle went with him. He didn't mind Luvinsky; in fact, he rather liked him. In view of this relation, it is something of an ethical question whether Boyle ought to have told the story. The latter always said he tried to keep the secret, but the thing was absolutely too good to keep, the more so since it was utterly true and capable of proof, because, as has been proved more than once since then, the same thing that happened to Luvinsky happened to several others who went out for "spordt mit wod und cun" in exactly the same locality. All of which shows two things: first, that fiction halts when the truth passes it; and second, that the higher life—yea, even the very flowering of our civilization in commerce as well as art—may perchance be found among the simple dwellers of the wilderness.

Boyle and Luvinsky took a guide at Cass Lake. How they all three managed to get into one canoe with their traps and armament, and how they later, in those somewhat wild waters, managed to escape drowning before they got into the relatively

sheltered current of the Mississippi River—there a calm and safe water enough—no one but the guide could tell. Luvinsky was pale but firm. He didn't propose to be "wobbed," and would die first. So he wasn't "wobbed"—at least not then.

Boyle was delighted, for now the wilderness was about them in good sooth, and wild fowl, not a few, rose before the bow of the silent canoe. The term is used advisedly. The canoe was silent. Luvinsky was not—never was, unless he was asleep, in fact. None the less, one day Luvinsky shot a duck—slate-colored and not full-webbed as to its feet, but his first; wherefore, although it was not on the wing at the time, he was pleased at his initial acquaintance with "spordt" and felt himself one of our best people. "My, dis is a preddy fine cun for fifty tollars, eh?" he said. "She shoods rightd on der spots—vat?"

The shores of the stream near this portion of its course were high and pleasant, so at the suggestion of the guide they paused for the night's encampment, although Luvinsky wanted the guide to go a little farther. He believed in the open shop. Boyle decided the matter, and soon the tent was up and supper cooking—duck for Luvinsky! Whereafter, tobacco for all.

The light of their little fire flickered and blazed up now and then as replenished by the guide.

"Folks camp here pretty often, don't they, Jim?" asked Boyle, who had observed the trodden grass and the whitened ash heaps of earlier fires. The guide nodded. He was discreet.

"Iss dere any vild animals aroundt here, Chim?" asked Luvinsky suddenly at

length, sitting up straighter against his tree trunk.

"No. Why?" replied the guide. "There might be a bear now and then, or maybe a deer, or a porky. Nothing to hurt you unless a skunk came through the camp. What makes you ask?"

"Vell, I thought I heert someding," said Luvinsky. "Hush! Visper! I toldt you so."

Now they all three heard a swishing in the grass and the snapping of a broken-bough which told of something moving. The guide did not seem alarmed. Before Luvinsky could get into the tent, there appeared within the circle of light a man, young, very tall and slender, and dressed in the garb of the pine woods, overalls rolled half-leg high, and all that. His Mackinaw hung loose on him, and his air was dejected and timid.

"Good-evening," he said, after the brief salutation of the guide. "Howdydo, gentlemen. I saw your light shining, through the trees, an' just thought I'd mosey along up an' see what it was. I live down here just about a quarter—path runs right along the bank here." Silence after that for a time, until at length the guide asked some questions about the log jams which might be expected lower down the stream.

"You seem to know this river pretty well," said the guide, after his answers.

"I ought to," replied the stranger. "I've run it these twelve years, till I got hurt in a drive, last spring. Since then I've been right poorly. I've hardly got in a full month altogether, since then. The fact is," he added, "we're all pretty much broke up down at our house. I'm a single man—live there with my old mother—an' now she's feelin' right poorly, too. The fact is, gentlemen, I just come up here to-night to see if some of you wouldn't come on down to the shack with me an' see if you could sort o' tell what ails mother. You may not have much medicine along, but it seems almost any kind would be better'n none."

It was at this point that Boyle offered him a drink from his flask. Luvinsky, with impulsive warm-heartedness, at the same time took a drink from his own. "Thankee, sir," said the stranger. "Now, how do you feel about comin' on down an'

takin' a look at mother? It ain't fur; just a few minutes' walk."

The guide turned a silent gaze on Boyle. "Sure, we'll go," said that member of the party. Luvinsky joined them when they started. The rays of the guide's lantern shone upon the sparkling gem which adorned his flannel shirt. Boyle noticed the gem. "You could fire-hunt deer with that, all by yourself," said he. "You don't need a lantern." Neither the guide nor the tall stranger paid any direct attention to this. The latter at times gave utterance to a deep, hollow cough, as one not having the best of health.

Presently they paused at the cabin door. It was a low building, of the customary Western pine woods sort, well chinked and roofed, and of rather more than the usual size. The single room into which they presently stepped was nearly twenty feet square. It was, as Boyle noted at a glance, scrupulously neat and clean. The plain table was of home manufacture, and all the chairs. The ledges on the rough walls were rude but well made. The entire interior was one of rough comfort and yet of semi-respectable poverty. The only fire was in a cook-stove, which still showed through the mica panes of its door a faint gleam of red. Light also came from a single kerosene lamp of no vast candle power, which stood on the table in the middle of the well-scrubbed floor.

Boyle cast an inquiring glance about, but turned at length as he heard a faint stir at the darkened end of the long room. From beyond drawn curtains, a figure arose from bed and came into the circle of light at the call of the tall stranger. "Mother," said he, "here are some gentlemen I've brought down from their camp on the bluff. I didn't know but some of them might be of some sort o' use to you. I told them I didn't just know what ailed you, but maybe you and them can figger it out somehow."

"Now, son, what made you bother these gentlemen," said the old lady, in a soft, sweet tone of voice, as she limped forward. "I'm afraid it's just old age—a sort of fever—perhaps I'm only tired."

"Now then, madam," said Boyle, all sympathy, "don't you worry a minute. Fix you up all right in a jiffy, sure as we're standing here. I've a brother who is a doctor, so you see I know a little about

things of this sort—always take my little medicine case along, in the event of accident or sickness in camp, you see; and when your son told us what was wrong, I just slipped it in my pocket. See here, it's about Number Three that you want—or maybe it's Nine—I'll look and see. I don't get sick very often myself, you see. H'm, h'm. Yes, here you are!"

His patient had by this time seated herself at the side of the little table, and the light of the lamp shone upon her worn features. Her face lighted with gratitude at Boyle's attempts at ministrations.

"You think it will help me?" she asked.

"Sure it will," asserted Boyle. "Help you? Why, it'll cure you right away."

"I must make you a dish of tea," said the old lady, at length, rising and opening the stove door. They protested that they had just risen from table, but she insisted, and soon had the fire going, with the result of a cup of very decent tea. "We haven't much to offer you, gentlemen," she said with a sad smile, placing upon the table a little plate of thin cakes and a brace of turnips, "but such as it is, you're welcome."

They ate in silence, Boyle feeling that here was one of the tragedies of that great drama—human life. He sat pondering, loath to rise and leave, and wishing that he might do more. The hollow cough of the invalid son now and then broke in. His mother turned toward him anxiously. "He's far from well, my son," she explained.

"Do any of you like music?" asked the tall son, after a time.

"What sort?" asked Boyle.

"Not a very good sort, I'm afraid," smiled the other. "I play the violin a little—not very much—just enough to amuse myself and mother here of the winter evenings."

"You should play for us," cried Luvinsky, who had art in his soul, despite other things in and upon his bosom. "Fiddle—it is the brinche of musics!"

"Oh well, I'm almost afraid to play before you, if you know about such things," apologized the invalid, as he paused in his approach to the wall, where all now noticed hanging a violin suspended at a peg.

"Go on, go on!" cried Boyle in his hearty way. "Turn her loose. I declare,

I believe I could almost shake a foot here on this nice, clean floor my own self."

"Don't any of you gentlemen play?"

"No, no. Go on, go on. Cut her loose. Make it something lively."

So the invalid, in spite of the "*Tch! tch!*" of his timid mother, who feared to have her son's shortcomings exposed before strangers, began to play, flushing at his own lack of skill, which was more than palpably evident. He played the Virginia Reel, the Devil's Dream, and the Arkansas Traveler, and several other things of the "lively" sort, and Boyle made good his threat of dancing, the boards springing under his weight between the distant joists.

"That's bully," said he, wiping his forehead. The gentle old lady smiled at him. "I wish my son could dance that way," she sighed. Luvinsky frowned, for he disliked bad music and bad dancing, and had here encountered both.

"Did you notice anything out of the ordinary in the tone of that fiddle?" asked the invalid player, flushed with pride.

"Sure I did," said Boyle. "It's a peach—yes, sir, that's as near a regular cuckoo of a violin as you're apt to run against, no matter where you go." Boyle thought it cost nothing to be polite, and he always liked to leave a good impression in a country through which he was traveling. He noticed the gentle glance of triumph which passed between the mother and her son, there in the faraway wilderness home, at this speech of his, and his heart grew the warmer. "We always thought it had a specially fine tone," said she; "something quite out of the usual."

The son fondled the violin meditatively. "If I could only play her as good as she deserves," said he. "Why, that fiddle—" he held it up at arm's length in sudden admiration—"she's made music for all North Minnesota, these twenty years. She's talked, I tell you! I've known her to keep the boys goin' till broad day many a night, up here in the woods. I say, it ain't no trouble to pound pine butts all day, with the snow down your neck each axe stroke, if you know there's a fiddle like that in the camp—and some one to play her. But I—I can't play her," he added, slowly and sadly; "I ain't fit." His voice almost broke. Boyle saw that here was

another thing of pathos—the imprisoned soul of an artist who loved art and its instrument, but who all his life must depend on others for the expression of his own dreams—the lover of a violin which could not love him. A pretty little story, thought Boyle; and he was of a mind to work it up some day, because he had a brother who was a newspaper man and once had had a story accepted by a magazine.

"I can't play her," said the invalid again, and he turned his instrument reverently over in his hands. "Tell me," he resumed, suddenly, as a sudden thought seemed to strike him—"I want to ask you one thing, which I've thought of asking somebody many a time, if I ever got a chance. There's a name here on this violin. See if you can read it—never could quite make it out, it's so dim like."

"Yes, we've often wondered about that name," said his mother. "We never saw many fiddles with names on them. Tell me, sir, is a violin ever of any value? How much did you ever know one to bring—a really good one, with a name on it?"

"Five thousand dollar," broke in Luvinsky, on his own ground now. "I knowed a Strad bring it in N'York last year, py chracious, yes."

"Strad—Strad—What is that?" asked the invalid, wonderingly, but with sudden eagerness in his face.

Stradifarius—the best mager of fiolins the vorlt ever saw—I don't excebt a Gremona nor notings—a goot Strad has 'em all skint both ents und the mittle."

The old lady moved up to the edge of the table in her interest.

"Why—why—" began the invalid, excitedly, "it seems to me that's something like the name on her. See—can you spell it out?"

He handed the instrument to Boyle. He and the guide bent over it together. "Hang it, I've left my glasses up at camp," said Boyle. "Here, Ludie, you read it. What does it say?"

The muscles of Luvinsky's face suddenly grew tense as he saw the name! Never in his life had he so felt the need of self-control. A Strad—here, at this place—and there were those who doubted the miracles of Mosaic days! But all the in-

stinct of a merchant sat with Luvinsky that night in the little cabin. Sweat wet his brow, but he was master. Slowly he laid the instrument on the table, though his hand was loath to let it go. "It might pe Chonson made it," he said, "or maybe Williams. I shouldn't say from all of dot inscribdion." But in his mind was writ deep that blurred word, found in precisely the right place, flourish and all; plain, unmistakable. Ah, spirits in Heaven, it was a Strad! His hand was hot to reach out and grasp it. Luvinsky could play. He ached to tuck this swelling curve beneath his chin. He itched to handle this long, swan-like neck. He longed to hear the pulse of this gem in wood, as he, Luvinsky, could make it throb and beat and cry aloud in the music of the very spheres. But what he did was to step on the invalid's foot. "Ouch!" cried the latter.

"I beg your pardon," said Luvinsky. "But I chust vondered if our gamp fire vas still burning." The very glare of his eyes drew the invalid outside the door with him.

Even thus, Luvinsky was master of himself. "I suppose you vould sell the fittle, eh?" he said. "Yes, I can see you may need money up here somedimes—sickness und all of that. Myselluf I gif blenty to der gharity efery vintertime. Oh, vell, if you must sell it, maybe I gould learn to sgrabe a dune out from it vile ve float down the river in our little ganoe—vat?"

"Oh, would you buy it?" said the tall son.

"I didn't said so," answered Luvinsky, cautiously.

"Well, I didn't think it was worth so much," began the invalid, hesitatingly.

"How much?" eagerly, in spite of all.

"Well, I'll tell you just all about it," said the invalid. "Sit down here on this log, and I'll just tell you everything I know about that fiddle."

Moisture stood on Luvinsky's forehead, but the other did not notice, as they seated themselves together.

"I'll tell you," he began again.

"Vell, den, you said you vould," said Luvinsky, impatiently.

"I've had her about seven years," began the invalid. "She's got a story to

her, and if I tell you, you needn't give it away to any one else." Luvinsky suppressed a squirm of impatience.

"She used to belong to a wild Frenchman by the name of La Tour, who played for all the dances among the camps up here in the logging days, you know. He was a river driver sometimes, and a wild fellow he was, too. He always acted different from most of the hands, and I heard he was of some good family, but wild, and that he come out here to get away from some sort of trouble he'd had. But play—man, she'd talk for him! He c'd make you laugh or cry, just

the way he felt like. I don't know where he got her—he said she was in the family a long time. They're French, you know, somewhere back in Quebec, I think.

"He told me, Jean La Tour did, more than once, that she was the only thing he had from his own people, and that he'd taken her with him when he came West. He told me, a hundred times, that nothing but death would ever part him and her—I learned to call it 'her' because that's what he done. He loved her, I guess, and—well, so do I—



"The muscles of Luvinsky's face suddenly grew tense as he saw the name."

I wouldn't sell her any more than him, only mother—well, you see, sir, she's just got to get out of this climate, that's all. She can't spend another winter here, for it'll kill her; and I'm not any too well myself. There's lungs in our family, you know—New Hampshire way, originally."

"But vy did he sell her?" asked Luvinsky, moistening his lips. "Hush! Visper—don't talk so loud, man."

"Why?" asked the stranger. "I'd just as soon all the world should hear."

"No, vait!" implored Luvinsky. "I didn't mean a thingle sing—I mean a single thing—I vas only foolin'. Vell, den?"

"Well, I'll tell you how I got her, and you'll see it's honestly. I've never had to do a dishonest thing yet, if I am poor; and up here in these woods we try to help each other when we get in trouble. Well, La Tour got into trouble.

"One night I was sittin' in there by the table, trying to read the evenin' away, when I heard some one knock on the door, right here. I opened the door, and there, leanin' up against the house, clean beat out, was Jean La Tour. He was white and pantin', an' seemed scared of something, an' nigh about wore out.

"I caught him by the shoulder, but he wouldn't come in. 'No,' says he, 'I've got to go. I've run ten miles from the mill camp below, and I've got to get out of the country.'

"'What's up, man?' I asked him, and he said, in a voice I don't seem to forget, 'I've killed a man!' He shivered. 'I've got to go,' says he.

"Then I saw he had something under his coat. It was his fiddle. It was her. I knew how he loved her, an' knew he'd take her along, no matter what he'd done. But he pushed her into my hands an' caught me by the arm. 'Take her,' he says—'take her an' keep her for me. I'll send for her as soon as I get safe, in a few weeks at most. But now give me some money—all you c'n raise—I've not a cent, an' I've got to travel. Take her an' get me some money quick—for God's sake, quick!' he says.

"Well, I told you us fellers here help each other. I didn't want his fiddle, but I suppose he thought he couldn't take it along. At any rate, I steps back in the

house there, an' I scrapes out an even hundred dollars, all that mother and me had in the world. I went out to where he was. He made me kneel down right here in the snow an' swear to him that, no matter what happened, I wouldn't sell her—not to no one, no matter what might come up. He said it belonged to his family an' must not go out of it. I supposed from this it might, maybe, be of some value. I don't know nothin' about such things; an' that's why I asked you."

Luvinsky was gasping. "A hoondret tollars is a plendy of money, my friendt," said he, although his hand was in his pocket and the perspiration was beaded on his forehead in the cold night air.

The other coughed a hollow cough. "I know it," said he, "an' of course I couldn't get it. I wouldn't think of selling her," he exclaimed fiercely, "if it warn't for mother!" He choked and turned away his head. "No," he added, at length, raising his head in determination, "I won't sell her. I gave La Tour my word, and I won't sell her; although I know he's dead to-day or he'd have come back, or sent back, some way, to get his sweetheart; for he thought as much of her as that. It was a year before I began to doubt about it. I read all the papers I could find, but what could you expect? He may have gone under assumed names all over the country. I did read of a fellow arrested down to St. Paul, under the name of Thebault, for murder somewhere, and sometimes used to wonder if it—but then it wasn't. I guess he got away and didn't dare send back. Anyway, sometimes I just thought—being so poor ourselves, you know—that I'd *have* to sell her, in spite of all."

"Sell her! Sell her!" hissed Luvinsky in his ear. "I'll sent you another chust as goot—no von would know the differences. Here!"

Luvinsky fairly sobbed as he dragged his hand from his pocket, clutching a roll of bills that would have choked a Texas cow. His hands trembled as he stripped off a hundred dollars and crowded the bills into the invalid's hands. The latter coughed and looked listlessly at the money. Luvinsky was almost moved at that thing, a genuine emotion. He saw that the woodman's face was working, and half fancied



that a tear stood in his eye. But with Luvinsky business was business.

"So you bought the fellow's fiddle, after all, did you, Ludie?" said Boyle at the camp-fire a half-hour later. Luvinsky had carried it behind his back all the way to the tent, but could not refrain from sitting down by the fire and letting the light play over the long snake neck, the swelling bosom, and the whitened curves of his new-found prize.

"She neets varnish," said Luvinsky, "and that's all she does neet. Varnish her—ah, many a dresure has been ruiny py those varnishment proceedings. Straus—Straus—he is the only von in the vorltdt that may varnish her. He knows the secret of the old copal—no von else."

"Hit her up, Ludie," said Boyle, irreverently. "I think I could do a step or so yet. This air's glorious. Turn loose your ten-dollar fiddle. I'll bet he dug ten out of you, at least, though what in the world you want of a fiddle on a shooting trip, I'm sure I can't guess."

"I shoult say you couldn't," said Luvinsky. The guide smiled suddenly.

"Well, whoop her up, then," insisted Boyle. "What 've you got it for, if it ain't to play on?"

"Vat!" screamed Luvinsky, as Boyle reached out his hand. "Blay her here in der out-of-toors—in der night dime—in der vinter dime! Blay in such a blace a genuwine Str—". He caught himself.

"What's that?" asked Boyle.

"Notting. I vas chust sneetzin'," said Luvinsky.

"Well, sneetz yourself to bed, then," said Boyle. "Ludie, you're a d—d in-grate, after all I've done for you."

\* \* \*

But the end of the story was not until some days later, and was as well as any way, divulged by Boyle's letter to a friend.

"Saw Ludie the other day," he wrote, "and he looked sort of yellow-greenery around the gills. Thought he'd failed to put something across, maybe, and knew he'd lost money somewhere; so asked him what was wrong, Amalgamated or United Soapstone. He acted sick, but didn't talk much. At last, he couldn't stand it, and turned it loose. The tears stood in his eyes—and I laughed till they stood in mine, and so'll you. That violin—you know, I told you how he sneaked it—well, it wasn't any Strad to speak of. It was worth about five iron plunks at the very outside—machine-made in Germany, and sold at about nine dollars a dozen, I should say!

"Talk about smooth games! I've been skinned by guides and robbed by settlers, but this was Art! Why, those two folks, that boy and his old mother, with Jim the guide as capper, have sold seventeen of those dollar-thirty-nine fiddles for genuine Strads since the railroad came through Cass Lake! I told you about their place. Well, it was just the smoothest rig ever framed. They had the stage set for the play, and if they didn't play it, I'd like to know where they missed a step! They fooled me all right. That ain't so bad, because I'm easy; but oh, Great Scott, how glad I am they stuck Luvinsky!

"If those two folks sell a violin a year, they think they're doing well. They make a living at it. Work? They don't have to work. If you and I had talent like that, do you suppose we'd have to work?"

"P. S.—I think it'll kill Ludie. He's lost twelve pounds of flesh already. His heart's broken. And when I write and tell that consumptive Yankee that he could have had a thousand out of Ludie as easy as a hundred—why, it will break his heart, too. Talk about Greeks! Here's where they met for sure."

# “QUANK! QUACK! QK!”

THE STORY OF A DAY'S DOINGS WITH NORTH  
DAKOTA FOWL

BY MAXIMILIAN FOSTER



DUCKS?—why, yes—legion, a host, a countless myriad of ducks! From its staring, cloudless height, the North Dakota sun glared down upon the yellow level of standing wheat and stubble, and we two sat beside the slough, a ditch of reed-edged ooze that gleamed thickly like a pool of oil, debating crossly whether we should walk home or sit there awaiting Joseph, his pleasure, and our missing wagon. But ducks?—yes, there were plenty of ducks, though none for us. Three miles to the south, a string of mistimed geese wheeled sky-high above the chain of prairie ponds, dark specks like living *larvae* suspended in a glass of crystal liquid—and then the geese were gone, dissolved in the void of the heat-swaying distance. Peter Chauncey arose, grumbling. His eye, detached from its watch for Joseph, returned to the slough in front. As before—and always, it seemed that day—a mob of mud hens snoozed in comfortable intimacy among our outlying raft of decoys. There were doubles—dozens—half a hundred of the miserable fowl; and what mallard, however democratic, would descend to such a company? “Git!” grumbled Peter Chauncey, and hurled another club. Without casualty, the mud hens moved off aggrieved and peevish, and yet ever ready to forgive and forget, turned and came drifting back among their wooden brethren. Then, after hunting vainly for other clubs, we menaced them with a 12-gauge, and a threshing machine set back amid the wheat raised its voice upon the stillness and began to clack. It was a loud

clack, and to help it along, a grain box bound on ungreased wheels for the distant elevator, squeaked and gritted and thumped its way down the ruddy channel of a line road. Ducks?—well, scarcely.

“Quank!—quack!—qk!” clanked a mallard drake, suddenly, and Peter Chauncey sat down.

That quank!—quack—qk! had been sounding at intervals ever since we two and Tobo, the spaniel, had sat there. Every time the drake had spoken from the reeds, we, too, had said, “Quank!—quack!—qk!” so alluringly that even his own mother wouldn’t have known the difference. But a fat, obese, portly mallard drake lacks in October a great deal of the same sociability he displays in amorous spring, particularly when the sun is sky-high on a warm, breathless day. He may be called at times, of course, but you’ve got to let him choose the time himself. “Quank!—quack!—qk!” said the drake and Peter Chauncey, gun in hand arose with determination in his eye.

“He annoys me,” said Peter Chauncey, and withdrew.

A few moments later, there was a sudden gabble among the rushes, a roar of wings, and the offensive drake scaled into the blue. One peep showed him to me flat against the sky, his legs pendant and his head cocked sidewise to con the rude disturber of his morning peace—then *bang!* *bang!*

To say the drake hurried, fails to describe it. He hustled. Peter Chauncey had failed to catch him as he rose, and by the time the dose of chilled 6’s got where it was aimed, the drake had gone elsewhere. It was as if, indeed, he went determined

to leave the wicked world behind, but the course he chose was careless—just a little careless and unwise. A few feet higher up and he would have done it; but as he scuttled past far above the blind—*pank!* said the 12-gauge—and whirling headlong, our friend came back to earth again.

“Thank you,” said I, gratefully, to Peter Chauncey, when he returned, “that was kind, indeed, of you!”

Peter Chauncey mumbled something that was not meant to be too uncordial perhaps, and Tobo, the spaniel, came back from the rushes with our mallard. It was, indeed, a fat, obese, portly bird, his mottled breast plump and tender to the hand, and his head and wing bars richly iridescent. It was a bird worth having, of course, but it was only one bird, and Peter Chauncey had none at all. He was just giving me his reasons why inconceivably he had failed to make it his, when a loud halloo broke in on the apology. Joseph it appeared, had returned at last—Joseph and the spring-wagon, ever wanted and always elsewhere.

“Welcome to our country,” said Peter Chauncey, with a geniality that may have been assumed; “we’ve missed you greatly. Had a pleasant outing, eh?”

If sarcasm, it missed its mark. Given a handful of shells, his pump gun and his dog, Joe vanished invariably into the illimitable distances of the prairie. For Joe was a chicken shooter—chickens were his vogue, and neither law nor duty could stay him, the fact that it was close time on birds, and the further fact that we were paying for the wagon. But that was Joe. Mere ducks offered no inducement to his finical taste, and I can not tell you how much enjoyment he derived from them, and largely at our expense.

“Say! Oh, b’jee—but I found the place!”

What kind of a place? “Say, talk of chickens!” Joe, with fervid, hyper-heated adjectives proceeded to describe. There was a cornfield, a big stretch of stubble, and a slough meadow where the grass still stood uncut.

A slough, eh?—and were there any ducks?

Joe sniffed and seemed to remember something. “Oh, b’jee—yes! I forgot to tell ye. There’s a pond hole over there,

an’—say, you fellers really want to shoot at ducks, hey?”

His manner seemed significant, but we overlooked it. We would shoot ducks, however Joe regarded those so benighted when there were chicken—chicken, even though the law said you must not. “I seed some ducks—yes. They was a lot in that pond hole—yeah.”

We hit the prairie for that distant pond hole, though Peter Chauncey mentioned doubts that were perhaps not utterly without reason. We drove, and after some miles of trafficking by line roads and open stubble, the wagon rolled up on a prairie rise. “There’s the place,” said Joe, filled with a renewed excitement, “right there’s where the chickens was, and—Huh—what say? Oh, the ducks is over there.”

A roar of beating wings added its exclamation point. They’d seen us as we topped the rise—ducks?—yes, hundreds, and the bigger part of them fat, rice-fed mallards. It was a little pond-hole, an overflow beside the slough, and, as we sat looking, the gang of fowl swirled circling above the shallow puddle, mallards—plenty of mallards, now—a horde of teal sociably commingling, and along with them, the usual variety of broadbills, sprigtail, widgeon and the like.

The pond hole lay in a saucer-flat hollow of barley stubble, fat bait for the fowl in the fallen grain. Around it, the harvested fields stretched their golden breadth, bare and solitary, the nearest threshing crew too far to bother, and there, close beside, was the oily ditch of this other slough, its yellowing fronds of rush and rice dividing the sweep of prairie like a hedge.

But between slough and pond hole lay ground as flat and bare as your hand, offering nothing whatever for concealment. What should we do? A blind set up beside the rushes of the slough was much too far from the pond hole, though we still should have a fair crack at everything swarming up and down the waterway. Nor could we set up a blind big enough for any use on that wide, open level, for these gun-shy mallards would climb high once they get their eyes on it. But what else, then? It was Peter Chauncey that solved the riddle.

“We’ll pit,” said he, with decision, and fumbling under the seat, produced the shovel we used in our geese-hunting

operations. "We'll pit right here," said Peter Chauncey, detaining the evasive Joe, who'd already edged away, the pump gun under his arm, "and Joe'll dig for us, because Joe digs such beautiful pits."

So Joe digged—for once, at least, a laborer worthy of his hire. Inspired by thoughts of awaiting chicken, Joe delved nobly and to a good purpose, the sods flying fast in time to energetic grunts, and as each sod was turned over from the pit, we two laid it in a wall around the edges. But the first layer had hardly been set in place when *Mark!* said Peter Chauncey, and dropped flat upon the ground.

Mallards! The flock came coursing up the slough's winding channel, their light underbodies flashing sharply in the sunlight as they bore along, a flock of seven big, plump fowl heading for the pond hole. In spreading rank, they wheeled at the channel's turn, skied a little, and then drove in headlong toward our puddle.

But—well, that was it,—the but. Up into the air, climbing, piled the seven. There was the moment's vision of broad breasts and flattened wings, a quick flurry, and then the string screwed upward into the blue in frantic, eager haste.

"Going *up!*" mocked my derisive comrade, and, indeed, they were going up, as if marked *Express! No stop below the roof!*—or higher. Wheeling on high, they swarmed back toward the slough, and Joe, with sweating brow, set to work again.

It was done, at last, and oracularly, we said it was good. The sods piled a foot high above the level were high enough to hide but not too high to frighten, and to make sure further, we edged it all with rushes. And in that time we worked, the ducks came, coming in one flock on the heels of another, spied us working, and with sky-high evolutions edged off to safer haunts.

It was a lone mallard drake that came then to encourage our good intentions. We saw him first afar, voyaging above the greasy Rialto of the slough, a heavy, leisurely bird intent on his own worthy affairs. "Mark!" I called, and flinging the last few of our decoys helter-skelter into the pond hole, we two popped into our shallow pit like rabbits in a warren.

Of one thing I am certain, and that was his enthusiastic surprise. He came inno-

cently, mild and unsuspecting, and when the 12-gauge poked its nose from behind the screening rushes, it was doubtless, the last thing in the world he thought to find there. But discovering—well, that mallard fairly worked, then! *Pank!* said the 12-gauge, the spit of striking 6's answering back, and with a flurry of beating wings, the drake turned over, and landed, thumping fatly, his florid orange feet folded *in requiescat* above him.

But he made only two—one for me and one for Peter Chauncey. Tobo, kiting from the shallow pit as the drake flopped over, had him as he struck the sod, and when the brown spaniel had retrieved, we sat and smoothed down the glossy plumage, poking his fat ribs with genial fingers, and wishing only there had been several others of the same kind with him, if only to witness our admiration. Time passed, and we looked for these others—yet a long time passed, and no others came. With that one drake, all our luck seemed gone, and for an hour Peter Chauncey and I sat idle.

"Mark!" said he after a pause—a long pause. Far to the south, a big flock stirred from some haunt down by the lakes, flashed along the slough, their wings glittering in the sunlight like metal pinions. But swerving down, the flock dropped to the channel, and was seen no more. "Mark!" said Peter Chauncey again, and another flock appeared in distant view. They, too, skimmed the reed-tops of the waterway, and like the others, dropped in the big bend we knew lay there at the south. The boom of a distant gun sounded dully on the quiet air; someone was getting into action down by the lakes, and we saw the flocks come tearing up the rush-lined channel, only to join their fellows in the bend. Then, in the next field, a splutter of shots told that Joe still pursued the elusive, hawk-like chicken, and filled with a thought, I arose from the pit and yelled.

After many yells came Joe, unwilling and aggrieved. Time was fleeting, the elusive, hawk-like chicken still eluded, and Joe, desperately, would still have squibbed away at his unlawful pastime, vainly hoping against hope. But I called off Joe. He was to take the spring wagon, drive southward to the big bend, and, if he really wished for shooting, Joe might exer-

cise his talents on the gang of ducks we'd seen drop into that quiet haven.

Joseph departed, amazed and aggrieved that one should trifle with such things as ducks when chicken still remained in the land. We watched him drift from sight beyond the rise, the wagon crawling along a line road, and Joe, not to be detached from his beloved lawlessness, still hieing on the chocolate pointer by the way. But in due time, the wagon reappeared close to the bend, the *bing-bang-bang* of the pump-gun rattled aimlessly, and up into the air sprang a cloud of scurrying fowl, their wings glinting as they swarmed to right and left.

There for an hour, we had a warm time of it. "Mark!" A flock of pintails first. They came hurriedly, a pair close together leading; and the bird on the right fell to Peter Chauncey, while its mate, on the left, kept on. Then came mallards—more mallards, and as I rose to one knee, the eye was confused with the swirling shapes, mallards right and left twisting and clambering in a wild effort to tower to safety above the pit,—mallards, then sprigtail, broadbill, teal—and mallards.

We took our toll from the flocks, and perhaps might have made a slaughter. Perhaps, I say—that is, if Peter Chauncey and I had wished it—or our shot had gone as intended. But still we'd done well enough for the time. We'd burned a lot of powder, and though we could show no great results, shot per shot, no one could deny we'd gained a lot of fun.

Then came another pause. After the hour's action, waiting idle seemed poor sport. Tobo, turning over, sighed drowsily and the sun, dropping lower, approached the prairie sky-line. There, far to the west, the wagon emerged on a rise; Joe again was hunting chicken, and once more we heard the booming of the pump-gun.

"Look!" said Peter Chauncey, and pointed toward the south.

Above the prairie lakes, a string of geese climbed slowly, swinging high, and set their course for distant feeding grounds. Close at their heels a second followed, wheeled and filed away into the eye of the rising breeze. Then came the rest, flock after flock, their ranks arranged, the snow geese in their wide, fluttering V, and black, bigger Canadas in their closer formation

streaming out above the prairie. Mixed in between the host of bigger fowl, the duck flew helter skelter, their dissolving wedges arranged and rearranged, and all hurrying on the evening errand.

"Mark!" warned Peter Chauncey, and ducked.

A flock of teal. They bolted in out of the slough, ricocheting on the light wind like skipping bullets, and the crack of the four barrels only sent them driving faster to other grounds than these. Mark! A lone pair of gadwall, spry and suspicious. Edging off from the fleet of wooden counterfeits, they sought other parts, croaking gutturally, but a long reach of the left barrel brought the drake splashing headlong to the pond hole's further edge. Mark! More teal, and then a pair of widgeon, and after that, it was again take your choice—mallard, teal, widgeon, sprigtail, broadbill—any and everything.

But it was when the sun dipped below the rim of the skyline that we had the best sport of all. As long as light still held, we staid there, no longer waiting for decoyed birds, but taking them as they streamed by overhead. It was pass shooting then—and shooting on a big scale. For over across the rise lay another big bend of the slough, and the moving birds, tempted by the pond hole, cut corners and passed out in hordes above the prairie.

"Mark!" A flock of teal again came whirring out of the slough, corkscrewing down to water like a wisp of snipe. Whirr-rrr-rr! and then the sharp crack of the 12-gauges, sometimes fruitful—more often scoring *nil*. The light grew dimmer. Whirr-rrr-rrr! A soft, purring murmur of cutting wings, and against the dusky blue of sky above, one saw that instant's vision of the shape flitting bullet-like on its way.

They came fast and furious, after that. We climbed from the pit, and crouched there huddled in the open. One saw nothing of the birds approaching till close at hand. Whirr-rr-rr! Up there overhead—and bang! bang! Time and again, they were almost on us, until the slight movement of the lifting barrels warned. Then they climbed scratching fast, and the crack of one 12-gauge answered the other 12, pelting the shot after the whirling silhouette that scaled frantically. When the smokeless powder's spiteful tang had

dinned echoless, we stood and listened, waiting for that soft *thump!* that told the tale; or, perhaps, the spattering *kriss* of shot striking home, bespoke a hit, and the *thump!* came later to confirm.

There was one bird, too, I remember best of all. He was a plump drake, bustling up from the slough, and as he saw the dark shape rise from the prairie, he set his wings aback and towered. It was a long shot, a quartering, incoming climber that resolved itself, finally, into an oblique overhead. At the crack of the gun, he went on towering, leaving me, for a moment, to stand there gaping upward like a bumpkin at the tall buildings. But still he climbed, went on, and was given up for gone, and breaking the gun, I was shoving in a shell, when out on the prairie sounded *thump!* Tobo retrieved, and a subsequent postmortem told the tale—one shot through the base of the mandible, and up into his head.

"Great Scott—*mark!*"

Peter Chauncey and I ducked back again like rabbits inside the shelter of the blind, and there came across the evening stillness, the hoarse *honk! honk!* of Canadas. Together we struggled to pull out the No. 6's, fumbling and awkward as one always seems to be at such times; then, by hook or crook, we got them out, and slammed the heavier loads in place. Around us, the wall of dusk closed in, but above, there was the rounding bow of sky, dimming fast now, yet still serving with light enough to show what passed overhead. There we fixed our eyes.

*Honk! honk!* Closer now and coming.

"Down—down!" whispered Peter Chauncey, his head screwed backward in the wild effort to look skyward over his spine. "Down! They're coming right over!"

*Honk! honk! honk!*

After that we heard their chuckling gabble. Each note striking on the quiet air sounded nearer, and we hugged the blind, our eyes fixed on that round of

lighted sky above. Louder—*tunk! tunk! tunk!* all gabbling sociably together; then into our ken of dusky blue above, swam the procession of black shapes, forty yards in air, and their wings undulating in slow and stately ease.

They saw us, but a little late. Wild confusion followed, the flock sheering off with a panic stricken gabbling, high cries of warning and wildly flapping wings. *Pank!* cracked the 12-gauge, and from the midst of the disordered rout, a great fowl dropped its neck, lurched forward, and whirling over and over, crashed splashing into the pond hole.

Bang! roared Peter Chauncey's gun—bang! again, and close beside my head. *Tunk—tunk—tunk—tab!* croaked the flock, going on. But out on the prairie, a loud *thurr-rr-rump!* told that Peter Chauncey's BB's had not been sent amiss.

Tobo brought in the birds. The one out on the prairie lay dead as a door nail, and that was easy for Tobo. But the one in the pond hole was not so dead as you might believe, and out there in the dusk we saw vaguely what was going on, and knew still more plainly by the sound that Tobo was having the time of his life. Not that Tobo enjoyed it—scarcely that. But after a while, Tobo got a grip on the honker's wing, and came shoreward gallantly, his ears cuffed soundly at every step until we relieved him of his unwilling burden.

That ended it. Darkness shut down like a trap, yet still in the gloom above we could hear the soft, purring murmur of flitting wings—the whispering *shssshssshsssh* of fowl hurrying to their nightly haunts. Dragging in the decoys, we yelled loudly, and then after a season came Joseph rattling up the line road in our wagon, and loudly grumbling that darkness had put a quietus on his day's nefarious doings. Ducks?—yes, a few down, though many we had missed. But slaughter does not make sport—we had enough, and enough is as good as a feast.

# THE OLD SOUTH ORCHARD

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

IT is now more than seventy years since it had its beginning, when grandfather brought his bride home. Before the wedding he had fenced off the big south meadow that sloped to the sun; it was the finest, most fertile field on the farm and the neighbors told young Abraham King that he would raise many a crop of wheat in that meadow. Abraham King smiled, and, being a man of few words, said nothing, but in his mind he had a vision of the years to be, and in that vision he saw, not rippling acres of harvest gold, but great leafy avenues of wide-spreading trees, laden with fruit to gladden the eyes of children and grandchildren yet unborn. It was a vision to develop slowly into fulfillment. Grandfather King was in no hurry. He did not set his whole orchard out at once, for he wished it to grow with his life and history and be bound up with all of good and joy that came to the household he had founded. Soon the morning after he had brought his young wife home they went together to the south meadow and planted their bridal trees. Those two trees were yet living when we of the third generation were born, and every spring bedecked themselves in blossom as delicately tinted as Elizabeth King's face when she walked through the old south meadow in the morn of her life and love.

That was the beginning of the famous King orchard. When a son was born to Abraham and Elizabeth a tree was planted in the orchard for him. They had ten children in all and each child had its birthtree. Every family festival was commemorated in like fashion, and every beloved visitor who spent a night under their roof was expected to plant a tree in the orchard. So it came to pass that every tree in it was a fair green monu-

ment to some love or delight of the past years.

We, the grandchildren of Abraham and Elizabeth, were born into this heritage. The orchard was old when we came to know it and, for us, was one of the things that must have existed forever, like the sky and the river and the stars. We could not think of a world without the old south orchard. Each grandchild—and there were many of us, both on the homestead where father lived and scattered abroad in far lands—had its tree there, set out by grandfather when the news of its birth was announced to him.

In our day there was a high stone wall around it instead of grandfather's split rail fence. Our uncles and father had built the wall in their boyhood, so that it was old enough to be beautiful with moss, and green things growing out of its crevices, violets purpling at its base in early spring days, and goldenrod and asters making a September glory in its corners.

Grandmother, as long as she was able, liked to go through the orchard with us, down to the farther gate, where she never omitted to kiss us all good-bye, even if we were to be gone for no more than an hour. She would wait at the gate, her sweet old face all aglow, until we were out of sight; then she would visit Uncle Stephen's avenue before going back to the house.

"Uncle Stephen's avenue," as we always called it, was a double row of apple trees running down the western side of the orchard—a great green bowery arcade it was. To walk through it in blossom time was something not to be forgotten. It realized for us our most extravagant dreams of fairyland wherein we wandered under the gorgeous arches of kings' palaces over pavements of pearl and emerald.

Heaven, we thought, must surely be an endless succession of Uncle Stephen's avenues in blossom that never faded.

Uncle Stephen was that first-born whose birth-tree stood nearest to the two gnarled old patriarchs in the center of the orchard. Father, who was one of the youngest members of the family, had but one remembrance of him—as a handsome youth of eighteen home from a long sea voyage, with all the glamor of faraway lands and southern seas about him. In Uncle Stephen the blood of a seafaring race claimed its own. He had none of grandfather's abiding love of woods and meadows and the kindly ways of the warm red earth; to sea he must go, despite the fears and pleadings of the reluctant mother, and it was from the sea he came to set out his avenue in the south orchard with trees brought from his voyage.

Then he sailed away again, and the ship was never heard of more. The gray first came in grandmother's brown hair in those months of waiting. Then, for the first time in its life, the old orchard heard the sound of weeping and was consecrated by a sorrow.

To us children Uncle Stephen was only a name, but a name to conjure with. We never wearied of speculating on his fate and harrowing our small souls with fearful imaginations concerning his last moments. He played an important part in many of our games and make-believes; he was always the good fairy who appeared mysteriously in the nick of time and rescued us from all difficulties. He was all the more delightful in that he never grew old like our other uncles. For us he was always the curly-headed youngster, with the laughing blue eyes, of the framed daguerreotype hanging up in grandmother's room. If he had ever come back in reality we would have expected him to look just like that. We all, I think, cherished a secret belief that he was yet living—probably on a desert island—and would some day return home, glittering with the gold and jewels of the pirate hoard discovered on the said island. To this day we middle-aged men and women who were the children of that old south orchard do not say "when my ship comes in" but "when Uncle Stephen comes home."

There was another spot in the orchard

which had a great attraction for us, albeit mingled with something of awe and fear. This was "Aunt Una's seat," a bench of mossy stone slabs arched over by a couple of gnarled pear trees and grown thickly about with grasses and violets. We never cared to play there—it would have seemed like desecration, but in our quiet moods we sought the old stone bench to dream. Aunt Una mingled in those dreams, but not after the fashion of Uncle Stephen, for there was no doubt concerning her fate. She had died thirty years before, on her twentieth birthday.

We children heard much of Aunt Una, for she was one of those people who are not soon forgotten, whose personality seems to haunt the scenes of their lives long after they have gone thence. She had been very beautiful, with a strange moonlight beauty of white skin and night-black eyes and hair, foreign to the fair, rosy King style of loveliness; a dreamy, spiritual girl, one of those souls who have no real abiding place in this world and only tarry for a brief while. She had been gifted with the power of expression, and a sort of journal she had written was one of grandmother's treasures. She sometimes read portions of it to us, and so we seemed to make a very real acquaintance with Aunt Una. The book contained verses that appeared quite wonderful to us—indeed, I think even yet that they were wonderful—and bits descriptive of the orchard, blent with a girl's dreams and longings. Her phrases lingered in our memories and the whole orchard seemed full of her. Besides, there was a bit of her romance connected with it.

Aunt Una had had a lover. This man was still living; he was little more than fifty, but we thought him very old because of his snow-white hair. He had never married, and lived some distance away. Every June, on Aunt Una's birthday, he made a pilgrimage to the old orchard to see her tree, all ablow with never-failing blossoms, and sit on her bench. At such times we children were not allowed to go into the orchard, but we sometimes peeped over the wall and saw him sitting there, a melancholy, lonely figure. It gave us, I think, a deep and lasting sense of the beauty and strength of love which could thus outlive time and death. We were too young then to understand its full beauty. The



romance of it appealed more strongly to us; we girls had our favorite dream of dying young and having our lovers come to visit our trees thirty years after.

But the orchard had happier memories. There had been a wedding in it for one thing—long before we were born. It was that of Aunt Iris, who had been a celebrated beauty. She was married in the orchard under the apple blossoms of June. We never tired of hearing grandmother tell of it. We had heard the story so often that we could picture it almost as plainly as grandmother herself—the lanes of white, fragrant trees, the gay dresses of the guests, the beautiful bride in her white silk dress and old lace veil. It was a favorite game with us to enact it all over, and so coveted was the honor of playing the bride's part that it had to be settled by lot. Aunt Iris' pear tree, planted by the bride herself after the ceremony, was in our time a huge old tree just within the entrance gate. The most delicious pears that I have ever eaten grew on it. There are no such pears nowadays. I suppose they had a catalogue name, but the old south orchard had a nomenclature all its own, and we knew them as "Aunt Iris' pears."

There were many plum trees in the orchard, as well as cherries—great luscious ox-hearts and a sweet white kind—pears and quinces, but of course more of apple trees than of any other kind. Uncle Bob's tree was our favorite, because it bore a delicious, juicy, yellow apple with a streak of red on one side. There were two big trees—the twins' trees—which were given over to us entirely, because nobody except children could eat their big, green, dead-sweet apples. And there was a seedling tree which had come up unbidden in a sunny corner, the fruit of which we used when our games called for a "trial by ordeal." The apples of it were the sourest that ever grew; hard, bitter, unpalatable. The "ordeal" consisted in eating one of them in large bites without making a single grimace! Few of us ever passed it, but there was one who never failed—our little French cousin, Laure. She could munch those dreadful apples without so much as a change of expression on her little dark, elfin face. But then, Laure could do anything she attempted. We could never "stump" her, as our juvenile slang expressed it.

Every season brought new beauties to the old orchard. It would have been hard to say when we loved it best. In spring it was a rare spot; the grass was green there when everywhere else was only sere brown sod; the trees were in leaf and bud a full week earlier there than in other orchards. Summer brought ripe luxuriance of growth. Long ago grandmother had sown a little plot with caraway just inside the gate and it had spread half over the orchard. In July, when it came into blossom, the long arcades were white with its billowy waves that swayed and foamed in the moonshine of summer eves like seas of silver. One day a three-year-old baby wandered into the caraway thicket that met over her head, lay down in it, and went to sleep. When she was missed, great was the consternation in the house of King. Everybody turned out to search, distracted by direful possibilities of well and river. Search as they might they could not find her. It was sunset, with a mother in hysterics, before an answering gurgle came from the caraway in response to frantic calls. Father plunged over the stone wall and into the caraway where he came upon a rosy sleep-warm baby curled up in a nest of her own fashioning and very loath to leave it.

Autumn was, I think, the time we loved best, for then came the apple-picking. What fun it was! The boys would climb the trees and shake the apples down until we girls cried for mercy. The days were crisp and mellow, with warm sunshine and a tang of frost in the air, mingled with the woody odors of the withering leaves. The hens and turkeys prowled about picking at windfalls, and our pet kittens made mad rushes at each other among the leaves.

Then came winter, when the orchard was heaped with drifts. It was a wonderful place on moonlit nights, when the snowy arcades shone like magic avenues of ivory and pearl and the bare trees cast fairy-like traceries over them. Uncle Stephen's avenue was a fine place for coasting, and when a thaw came, followed by a frost, we held high carnival there.

Any history of the old south orchard would be incomplete if it failed to mention the "King Bubble." This was a spring of peculiarly sweet, pure water which gurgled up in the southwest corner at the foot of a

gentle slope. Grandfather had rimmed it round with a circle of hewn stones, and in this basin the water brimmed up like a great amber bubble until it found its way through ferns and mosses to the brook below. In our games the King Bubble played the part of every famous fount in song and story of which we had ever read—especially the well of Urda and Ponce de Leon's fountain of youth. On summer days, tired and warm, we would fling ourselves down on its fern-fringed brink and drink deep draughts from an old blue china cup which always sat on a little stone shelf below the brim and never chanced to be broken despite the dozens of careless little hands that seized it. To-day weary men and women all over the world think often of that spring and long for a cup of its matchless water.

Near the spring was a huge granite boulder as high as a man's head, straight and smooth in front, but hollowed out into natural steps behind. It also played an important part in all our games, being fortified castle, Indian ambush, throne, pulpit, or concert platform as occasion required. A certain gray-haired minister, famous in two continents for eloquence and scholarly attainments, preached his first sermon at the age of ten from that old gray boulder, and a woman whose voice has delighted thousands sang her earliest madrigals there.

"If you're a King, you sing," was a countryside proverb in those days, and certainly it was true of all the descendants of grandfather and grandmother. We all sang more or less, although none could equal Laure, and among the dearest memories of the old south orchard are those of the long, mellow twilights of summer Sundays, when old and young assembled in the orchard and sang hymns, grandfather beating time. How clearly the whole scene comes out on the wall of memory's picture gallery—grandfather and grandmother, father and mother, sitting on Aunt Una's bench, while we children, with all Uncle George's brood from the next farm, sat on the grass around

them. Two voices sound out for me above all the others—Laure's glorious and silvery, grandmother's sweet, quavering, tremulous. Dear old Grandmother King! How much she enjoyed those summer evenings of song!

Grandfather and grandmother used to walk much in the orchard on fine evenings, hand in hand, lovers still, lingering in Uncle Stephen's arcade or at Aunt Una's seat. Their devotion to each other was beautiful to see. We children never thought it a sad or unlovely thing to grow old with so fair an example before us. One summer grandmother grew very frail and could not walk in the orchard. Yet grandfather was the first to go; they found him sitting in his armchair on one afternoon, a smile on his fine old face and the sunshine making a glory of his white hair. Grandmother called him by name, but for the first time he failed to answer her.

They carried Grandfather King through the old orchard on his last journey. It had been his wish. Children and grandchildren walked behind him under boughs laden with the mellow fruit of trees his hands had planted. The next June Grandmother King was carried to him over the same way—the bride going once more to her bridegroom under the glory of their bridal trees.

I visited the orchard not long ago on a mellow afternoon. It did not seem much changed. Most of the old trees were standing; grandfather's and grandmother's were gone, but their places were filled with two flourishing young trees planted when the homestead boy had brought his bride home. Aunt Una's seat was there and Uncle Stephen's avenue; the King Bubble was as clear and sparkling as of yore—truly, it was a fountain of youth, for it never grew old. And at the big granite boulder children were playing "Ivanhoe" and besieging it valiantly with arrows and pop-guns. My best wish for them was that in the years to come the old orchard might hold for them as many sweet and enduring memories as it held for me.





SPEARING FISH ON THE REEF AT TAHITI

Painting by Charles Saroka.





THE HULA-HULA UNDER THE BREAD TREE

Painting by Charles Sarka.





HIGH NOON BY THE LANGUOROUS SOUTH SEAS

Painting by Charles Sarkis



# MOOREA

BY HUGO PARTON

PAINTINGS AND SKETCHES BY CHARLES SARKA

*"It is an isle 'twixt Heaven, Air, Earth and  
Sea,  
Cradled and hung in clear tranquility."*

—SHELLEY.



Malia

Somewhere on the sea of dreams nearly every one of us has founded a magic isle—the land of heart's desire—with its fairy mountains clothed in softest green; white, palm-shaded beach; a la-

goon of warm sea water filled with Arabian Nights' fishes; smiling natives wreathed with flowers. Since Eden was lost the poets have sung of such spots builded from their longings: in "Epipsychidion," Shelley flew away on the back of an albatross to an island

" . . . where the pebble-paven shore  
Under the faint, quick kisses of the sea  
Trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy."

These dream trips always end in a sigh—"Ah! that there were such a place, and I could be there." Ay, but there *is* and you *can*. It actually exists, for I am there, awake, in a dream come true. And even as you were sighing, it lay basking in the sunshine, fanned by the gentle trade wind, more beautiful in reality than ever could be woven from the fabric of dreams—Moorea of the South Seas.

Here and now make a vow that your future life shall be lived toward one end—to visit Moorea. Beside it the island of

Santa Catalina becomes a barren waste, and Capri a rubbish heap. Take the most lurid tourist pamphlet you ever saw about some favored spot on earth, believe it literally (if such a thing be conceivable) and still Moorea is beyond its grasp. Whoever invented the English language never had seen Moorea—there are no words for it.

Now that I am here, it seems almost insulting to assume that one may not know where Moorea is, and yet I remember that a year ago I had never heard of the place. A year ago when I encountered the word Tahiti, it was only after I had finally placed it as one of the Society Islands that the latter words brought "to the fringe of my memory" a faint echo of geography days. Here goes then for one paragraph of dull facts:

Tahiti is the chief island of the Society group (owned by France). Papeete, its port, is the capital of French "Oceania." Moorea, twelve miles away, is the only other island of the group, visible from Papeete. It is twelve miles long, thirty-five in circumference and rises about four thousand feet. It lies seventeen and a half degrees south of the equator and a bit over one hundred and fifty-two west of Greenwich. Tahiti can be reached once in five weeks from San Francisco, from which place it is distant three thousand six hundred and fifty-two nautical miles, and once in four weeks from Auckland, New Zealand, two thousand two hundred and twenty-two knots away. From either place the voyage takes twelve days. Once a week a little boat carries the mails—and you among them if you wish—from Papeete to Moorea. Like most places hereabouts Moorea has an older, unused name—Eimeo.

Over in Papeete a globe-trotting British

grumbler who saw the world through blue glasses, said to me: "Moorea is the most beautiful island in the world." That settled it; the next Saturday found me one of a motley group on the little Moorea boat, steered by the knees of an aged Kanaka, whose hands were busy rolling cigarettes out of black native tobacco and pandanus leaf.

Day after day from Tahiti I had watched

circle" of the coral reef, where the Pacific shows her white fangs to warn the profane foot of man from where Moorea, her fairest daughter, "the still unravished bride of quietness," lies asleep, but smiling. As mile after mile we sailed along outside the surf-crested reef, the island almost overhanging us, so near yet never any nearer, the place became fixed in my mind as an enchanted land, an ideal to look toward,



Hat weaving.

the setting sun turn Moorea into great shattered towers of gold—a constant challenge to the imagination; I rather dreaded a closer view as an inevitable disillusionment. But each surge of the lazy sea made me ashamed at my arrogance in having dared anticipate the place. Its infinite beauty was a new sphere, not to be thought of, pictured, imagined—unseeing.

"Around its form is drawn the awful

but never attainable. Like playful fairies leading us on the great blue flying-fish sailed by on their gauzy wings.

The passes through the reef are few and far between. Moorea is like a gigantic castle of the gods. First comes the encircling wall—the coral reef; next is the lagoon or moat; on the strip of beach great cocoanut palms stand as sentinels; then the mountains rise in sheer precipi-

ces into massive towers, sharp minarets, Titanic battlements. Nowhere but in the most verdant spot of the tropics could a solitary spear of grass grow upon these great walls of rock, but here the cliffs only show through their soft mantles of green like ancient ivy-covered castle walls. But Moorea's towers rise thousands of feet into the blue sky and the ivy is great trees.

Almost at the summit of a sharp pinnacle of rock that pierces the heavens, is



A half-Chinese Wahine.

a perfectly round hole, bored straight through the mountain top from sky to sky. If you are just from "civilization" your heart sinks with the thought, "it is some engineering 'stunt' for 'seeing Moorea.'" But you'll cheer up a whole lot when you ask the nearest Kanaka about it, for it seems that long ago before the missionaries dropped down from Heaven (or wherever they came from), the god Opai stood on the shores of Tahiti one day feeling exceeding strenuous, so he hurled his great spear sea-



Forever singing their immortal Himinies.



Soft brown-eyed Tamari.

Shortly after landing on the wharf, which is covered with natives each dressed in a pareu (loincloth), a South Sea island smile, and a wreath of flowers, you begin to wonder (if you are a believer in Emerson's Law of Compensation) what the terrible "out" is at Moorea to make up for its blessings. So far, I've failed to discover it; at times a hot spot in a night, too many insects, elephantiasis (a great swelling of parts of the body) a poisonous fish waiting in the sand to be trodden on—a few such trifles as these only seem to emphasize the fact that this island is the exception which proves the Emersonian rule.

My advent swelled the white population of Moorea to an even dozen; there are fifteen hundred natives. The whites, and no two of them live within sight of each other, were: the French gendarme and his wife, two French priests, three planters, one of them French, one Yankee, one English-French, an illiterate German "farmhand," and "Mac." Since my arrival the Yankee planter has died, and

ward. The mountains of Moorea being in the way, the spear passed right through one of its peaks. Then for some unexplainable reason it turned sharply to the right and sped across several hundred miles of sea till it landed on an island in the Paumotou group. And there it still lies, for the inhabitants of the Paumotou are too busy diving for pearls for the Paris market to hunt for the shaft of an ancient god. The name of the peak is "Maua Puta," which means "spear-pierced."

Separated each from each by narrow edges of mountain, valley after valley of marvellous verdure rises from the shore as though scooped out by a great sea shell in the hands of a god. We passed one deep inviting inlet, the Baie de Cook, where the redoubtable Capt. C. dropped anchor in 1769. At length, after eight tantalizing miles of shore-skirting we made a dash through the Passe Tareu—a drawbridge left unguarded by the Moorean gods—and sailed over the smiling lagoon into the fondling arms of Opanohu Bay.



No slave of fashion.

the missionary and his wife have moved to Tahiti. 'Tis "Mac" who puts you up—and its mighty high praise but well deserved—in a manner worthy of the surroundings, a bamboo bungalow thatched with pandanus leaves. Before the price of vanilla falling from sixteen Chile dollars to seventy cents a Kilo turned him into a "mine host," "Mac" devoted his time to his plantation in Urufara valley; before that he bore the title of "trader," and so back and back, including among other titles that of Canadian M.P. Thus it goes in the South Seas.

Copra and vanilla beans spell the commercial side of Moorea. No one has ever been accused of over-working. Why work when everything grows wild in the mountains? A man takes a trip up into the hills and brings back a week's supply of breadfruit, oranges, fei (wild plantain) bananas, *et cetera*, the while his wife has been pulling fish out of the lagoon.

The only taxes are twenty-four francs personal, and twenty-one francs road tax. Most of the natives pay the latter by seven days' labor on the road, which sets the official rate of labor at sixty cents a day.

What is there to do at Moorea? *Do* is not the right word. To *be* is joy enough. Before me, two miles to the coral reef,

stretches the transparent bay; it is narrow, almost land-locked and on either side rise precipitously the great green walls; back of me the valley rising slowly to the cathedral spires of the mountains. By day, the trade wind blows into this bay; at night the breeze from the mountains above blows out of it. Around the bay is a ribbon of coral sand glistening white in the sun-

light, the palms growing to its very edge and overhanging the water. The temperature of the lagoon is seventy to eighty, the air from seventy to eighty-five. Here and there is a canoe hollowed out of a single tree-trunk with an outrigger of hibiscus wood making it as "stiff as a house." Is it not joy enough to "laze" around dressed in a pareu, in and out of the warm sea water, or paddling a canoe about the turquoise or emerald lagoon? The water is as clear as glass and below you are the wonderful gardens of many colored



Tabiri.

coral, with their lawns of sea anemones alive with fish, the roi, the paahere, the iihii—perfectly impossible fishes, bright blue, gold, red, white with black bars—one vast aquarium.

But if one is really strenuous there is plenty to do. If fishing in the lagoon or the countless mountain brooks is too tame, one can go beyond the reef and

catch tuna or albi-core, or shoot the great sharks with their dorsal fins sticking out of the water. The valleys are alive with wild chickens, or the strenuous one may climb the mountains and shoot (at) wild goats, cheering himself with the toast: "Here's to the mountain goat who drinks of the morning dew; he jumps from jag to jag—do you?" Perhaps the best sport of all is to go into the bush with a few native lads and their dogs after wild pig. The great savage boars, tracked and held at bay by the dogs, are dispatched by a shot from your gun or a spear thrust from an intrepid Kanaka. It is probable that all



Eirere.

these wild things, chickens, goats and boars are descended from domestic ones that generations ago heard the "Call of the Wild" and responded, but you can't tell the difference now and the "woods are full of them."

There is a good road all the way around the island, except in one place where it is necessary to skirt off into the bay to pass a wall of mountains. Across the lagoon, half a mile away, lives, in a humble bamboo hut, the once-powerful Queen of Raiatea. It is a simple matter to get hold of a Chilian pony, tough, spry little rats, only don't try to ride Tahitian style, with a saddle but no girths.



Abashed but not frightened.

Whenever you are thirsty a word will send a lithe, brown body scrambling up a tall palm-tree trunk and in two minutes a green cocoanut is ready for you to quaff—the nectar of the Polynesian gods. It is worth the trip down here to eat the native "vittals," for you get at every meal, things you never tasted before, and each seems better than its predecessor. To see your dinner

of fresh water shrimps, sharks fins and roasted sea urchins. The bananas you eat—there are eleven varieties—baked, raw, fried, dried, grow a few rods back in the valley, ditto the breadfruit, the pineapples and about everything else on the board. Its nice to have your morning coffee grown in the back yard. Guavas grow in such profusion they are used as pig food, grated cocoanut is fed to hens, while



The sun opens their eyes.

prepared—breadfruit, whole fish, yams, taro, bananas, placed in a bonfire on top of hot stones and covered over with great breadfruit leaves—is to make you wonder how a Rhode Island clam-bake ever seduced you. Over everything, in everything, is the delicious cocoanut cream; raw fish covered with it, taste as good as they sound bad. The variety of fish seems limitless and all are delicious, not to speak

sensitive-plant is considered excellent fodder for cattle.

For perfection of the human body the Tahitian is unexcelled, if indeed he is anywhere equaled. They are a large race, both men and women being noticeably taller and more fully developed than Anglo-Saxons. Every man looks like a picked athlete with sloping shoulders and bared chests. A crowd of them together

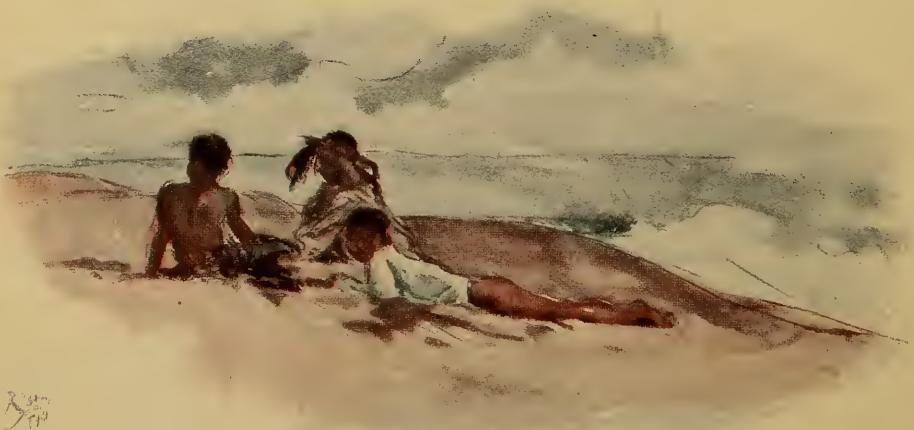


Siren-Puna.

reminds one of the scene in a "locker building" toward the end of the fall when the 'varsity squad is narrowed down and the afternoon's practise is just over. I doubt if any Society Islander ever went through a whole day in his life without having a wreath of flowers on his head or a blossom behind his ear. The love of flowers is innate with man, woman and child; they can't pass through a patch of woods without emerging with a garland. Every gay mood calls for flowers on their hats, in their

hair, behind their ears—and their life is an almost unbroken sequence of gay moods. Scarcely a native on the Island of Moorea can speak a sentence of English, but every one you meet greets you with a courteous smile and the welcoming words "Ia-ora-na." (Yorana).

No one seems to know what the word Moorea means. It couldn't well be otherwise; no synonym, no words can express it. It is a thing alone—just Moorea. Only—put off dying till you have seen it.



Tahiti children.



# THE TRAPPING OF MORGAN'S BUCCANEERS

BY JOHN R. SPEARS

DRAWING BY ALLEN TRUE



FROM the beginning of the career of the buccaneers the feature of their raids that attracted most attention from the people of their day, and that has proved most interesting to those who have read their story since, was the marvelous courage and audacity displayed under every leader except Mansvelt. Whether it was Pierre le Grande with a score or so of followers capturing the vice admiral of the plate fleet, or Henry Morgan with less than four hundred and fifty men scaling the walls of one of the best stone forts in America, the self-confidence and contempt of danger which the buccaneers showed can be adequately described only by the one word marvelous.

At the same time, however, the growth of the buccaneer hordes, if all the facts be considered, was but little less interesting. For nearly two hundred years the Spanish had dominated the West Indies and the mainland round about. The English, in Cromwell's time had taken Jamaica, and at other times the French had secured a foothold on Tortuga and elsewhere, but the dominating power of the region was Spanish, and Spain was one of the great powers of the earth. Yet in spite of this power, and at a time when Spain was at peace with both France and England, the success of a few pirates in open boats and single ships, created a predaceous horde that could command from nine to fifteen ships for a single expedition. And these buccaneer fleets were, in their force, relatively quite the equal of some modern navies—the navy of Spain at the present day, for instance.

The fact is that the buccaneers were not pirates in the ordinary sense of the word. For while they seemed to be absolutely devoid of conscience in their pursuit of plunder—while the infliction of torture was a pastime and a pleasure—they made their raids upon the Spanish and no one else.

How did it happen that such combinations as those were possible? The "cohesive power of plunder" is by no means a sufficient explanation of the matter. The story might very well occupy a whole chapter, but a few facts will suffice. The Spanish, having discovered and colonized the Americas asserted an undisputable right to a monopoly of the trade of those colonies, and of the trade with the aborigines as well. This claim was as sincerely made, and it was as well founded, as is the modern claim of the owners of unfenced game preserves, say in the Adirondack Mountains, to a monopoly of the fish and game within the limits of those preserves. The Spanish government employed coast guards, though few in number and of inadequate force, to prevent the ships of other nations, not only from trading with the claimed territories but also from entering the colonial ports, no matter what the circumstances, or even from passing through such partly circumscribed waters as those between Trinidad and the South American coast.

These coast guards were, in a way, like the wardens employed by the owners of game preserves not only to keep outsiders from hunting on the preserved lands but also to prevent any outsider crossing preserved lands to the lands owned by the State. Before the buccaneers became

powerful it was a common thing for the Spanish coast guards to confiscate every foreign ship found anywhere near the Spanish-American coast, and to imprison, and even to slaughter in cold blood, the members of the foreign crews.

It is memorable that the excesses of the buccaneers led to an amelioration of the conditions prevailing in the West Indies—in fact to a recognition of the Higher Law to a degree not thought of in previous times. However vicious the individual members of the crews may have been the buccaneer movement grew from mere piratical attacks born of love of plunder, into an unorganized war that promoted human rights, and it was a war that received the veiled support of France, and England, and of our Pilgrim Fathers of New England.

How the Spaniards showed a remarkable supineness under the buccaneer aggressions and even placed an embargo on the trade they would not protect, has been noted. But a time came when the councils of cowards ceased to prevail. In the year 1668, when the news of the capture of Porto Bello reached Spain, a squadron of six large and well-armed ships was placed under the command of Admiral Don Augustino de Bustos, and ordered to the West Indies to exterminate the entire buccaneer fraternity.

Within a short time after Morgan had returned to Jamaica from Porto Bello he was again fitting out for another expedition. The plunder had amounted to about two hundred and fifty pieces of eight to each man before the mast, but it did not take long to get rid of that sum in Port Royal. The whole gang of buccaneers, therefore, came forward eagerly to ship for the new adventure, and with them came a recruit that should have caused surprise, though it did not, so far as the record shows. The governor of Jamaica, seeing the success that had attended Morgan's raids, ordered a thirty-six gun ship, that had recently come down from New England, to join in the expedition.

Having thus gained for a flagship the most powerful vessel that had ever sailed under the buccaneer flag, Morgan turned covetous eyes on a French ship of equal force that had come to the West Indies

with a license from the Spanish government to trade with the Spanish colonies.

To understand what Morgan did to add this ship to his fleet it should first be told that while the French ship was on the way across the Atlantic she fell in with an English ship from which she took some provisions by force; but she gave the captain thus robbed, bills of exchange on Jamaica and Tortuga in payment for what was taken. Further than that the license under which she was authorized to trade with the Spanish colonies contained a paragraph permitting, and perhaps commanding, the Frenchmen "also to cruise on the English pirates in what place soever they could find them."

Knowing these facts, and in spite of the race prejudice that was particularly strong in his breast, Morgan invited the French captain to join the coming expedition on the usual terms, and told him that the share in the probable "purchase" would surely be greater than any profits to be made out of legalized trade. He offered the captain a square deal. The Frenchman listened politely, admitted the force of Morgan's arguments, and then declined to go in.

Morgan left the Frenchmen with many protestations of friendship and a little later invited them to partake of a grand dinner on his flagship. The Frenchmen accepted. At the appointed time they found the buccaneer ship decorated with bunting. They were received at the gangway with every mark of honor, including a salute from the great guns. Then they were conducted to the cabin, where they found a table loaded with food and liquors—especially with liquors—and they were seated upon the right and the left of the smiling buccaneer chief. But when the health of the French captain was proposed a buccaneer guard came in, put all the Frenchmen in irons and tumbled them into the hold.

All that was now necessary in order to secure the French ship was to begin proceedings in the court of admiralty, charging that it had come to the West Indies to cruise against Englishmen. With that Spanish license before the court, and the governor a partner in the coming expedition, the decision could be foretold with certainty. By treachery and a suit at law the French plant was to be brought under

the control of the buccaneer raiding association. Morgan and his friends at once decided on a route, and then invited all the buccaneers in the port to come to the flagship, hail fellow well met, and celebrate the success they were sure to have. They came and "drank many healths and fired many guns, the common signs of mirth among seamen." But when they began to fall in a drunken stupor in all parts of the ship one of the French prisoners found a way to fire the magazine, and out of more than three hundred and fifty souls on board all but thirty were killed by the explosion.

The destruction of the French officers frightened the governor of Jamaica into releasing the French ship. But neither the loss of his frigate nor of his men stopped Morgan's work of equipping a fleet for another raid. Transferring his flag to the best vessel he could get, Morgan sent messages to the other ports calling for more volunteers, and in spite of the treachery with which the French officers had been treated, many Frenchmen came from Tortuga to join the expedition. It is also worth noting, as illustrating Morgan's character, that when, about eight days after the disaster, the bodies of the killed began to rise to the surface of the harbor he coolly rowed out and searched each one for such coins as could be found in their pockets.

In time a fleet of fifteen vessels was collected with crews numbering 960 men. The largest of the fleet which Morgan used as his flagship carried only fourteen small cannon, but this was not a matter to discourage the buccaneers, for they always preferred the cutlass to the cannon. And to prove that the courage and audacity of this host were equal to any that had ever gone cruising it seems necessary only to say that among the captains was Michael de Basco, who had sailed with L'Olonois on a famous voyage, had been once more lured from his life of ease and plenty on Tortuga to seek for new adventures under Morgan.

Sailing from Jamaica late in 1668 Morgan directed his fleet to meet him at the Island of Savona or Saona, at the southeastern extremity of Santo Domingo, where they were to lie in wait for the plate fleet that was expected to pass that way soon. But contrary winds scattered the fleet and held Morgan under Cabo de Lobos for three

weeks, and when he finally arrived at the rendezvous, he was too late for the plate fleet, and but seven of his ships and 500 men could be mustered.

In Morgan's mind the depletion of this force was quite as serious as missing the plate fleet, for he had intended to go to Caracas, after looting the plate fleet, but now with only 500 men even he had not the audacity to attempt so great a feat.

For the moment it looked as if Morgan was on the hard luck voyage that came to every other buccaneer leader sooner or later, but instead of showing discouragement Morgan called a council for, as well as of, war.

One can see how those seven captains, dressed in swagger clothes and plumed hats, gathered around the table in the flagship cabin, pledged each other in mugs of punch dipped from a huge bowl in the center, and then, smacking their lips in approval of the brew, sat down to smoke their pipes and listen to what Morgan at the head of the table had to offer.

But on this occasion Morgan asked only if any of them wished to name a place that might be looted with profit. At that Michael de Basco said promptly that while their force was not as great as it should be, they could go to Maracaibo, as L'Olonois had done, and he doubted not that they would make a purchase that would prove acceptable. Only two years had passed since L'Olonois had sacked the place, but he calculated that the Spaniards would have recuperated in that time. At any rate if the gentlemen adventurers should decide to go there he would be well able to serve as guide, for he had been there twice already with much success.

To this proposal all the captains gave consent, and then, after a jollification in honor of the success they hoped for (it was characteristic of the buccaneers that they should celebrate a victory in advance of the battle), they headed away for the unfortunate port.

By carefully timing their arrival Morgan brought his ships to the entrance of the lake on an unnamed day early in 1669, but the Spanish had built a new fort to guard the entrance and the sentinels were vigilant. A hot fire was opened from the great guns of the fort (some of them were 24-pounders), and the buccaneers,

having nothing better than 4-pounders, were obliged to veer off beyond range.

But this was in no way discouraging to Morgan. Waiting until night had fallen, he took a chosen band and rowed ashore to examine the fort for a place where it might be assaulted with success. Naturally the utmost caution was urged in approaching the fort, but when they arrived at the entrance it was found open. And there was not a soul within. Unable to face the buccaneers in an assault upon the walls the Spanish soldiers had laid a hidden train to the magazine, and then had fled, hoping in their tremulous hearts that the buccaneers would come and take possession in time to be blown up with the fort. But Morgan himself found and cut the burning train, after which the buccaneers helped themselves to the abundant powder and carried off enough muskets to arm a fleet.

That Maracaibo would now be found abandoned was a matter of course. Save a few who were too feeble to fly, not a soul was in the town, and everything of value that could be carried had been taken away. But the unfortunate people were as badly mistaken in their hopes for safety as they had been when L'Olonis had come to them. The first squad that ranged the country brought in fifty mules "loaded with good merchandise." And what was more to the purpose of Morgan, they brought thirty men, women and children. Some of these were stretched horizontally in the air by means of ropes tied to their wrists and ankles, and then the strained muscles were beaten with stiff rods. Matches such as were used in firing cannon were bound between the fingers of others and then fired. If the victim could and would tell where to find treasure, Morgan ordered the matches extinguished; if not they were allowed to burn away the flesh on the fingers. Nor was that all. Morgan could very well judge from the appearance and conversation of a prisoner whether he was of the peon or the grandee class, no matter what the dress might be, and if a grandee proved obdurate, Morgan bound him down on the ground with his feet in a hot fire of brush, and kept him there until the feet were burned off. And others were tortured in ways that cannot be described.

And many of the Spaniards died under the torture.

From Maracaibo the buccaneers went to Gibraltar, as L'Olonis had done, and found the Spaniards entrenched for battle. But saying cheerfully, "We must make one meal upon bitter things before we come to taste the sweetness of the sugar this place affords," the buccaneers went ashore, and then the Spaniards fled. It is interesting to find the modern slang use of the word sugar in this buccaneer expression.

Morgan never showed greater endurance or persistence than he did in the raiding, after the capture of Gibraltar. Swamps that were waist deep in water were waded by the mile, with Morgan ever in the lead. Streams that were flooded by sudden rainfalls were braved. In pursuit of the governor of Gibraltar, Morgan marched for two days back into the country, guided by a slave, but found at last that the governor had secured a retreat on the crest of a steep mountain up which there was but one trail, and that so narrow that those who would ascend must march in single file. Moreover a heavy rain-storm came on and wet all the powder of the band, and Morgan felt obliged to return to the town. It is apparent from Esquemeling's account, (and Esquemeling was with Morgan at this time), that the raid had not been made without considerable success, and that the raiders had taken most extraordinary risks in making it. He says:

"By this rain they lost many men at the passage over a river that was overflowed; here likewise some women and children, and many mules laden with plate and goods, so that things were in a very bad condition with Captain Morgan, and the men much harassed."

At the end of five weeks Morgan demanded a ransom for the town, and was content to sail away when only 5,000 pieces of eight had been delivered. For he had been away from the other end of the lake so long that he feared the Spaniards might have improved the fortifications there to an extent that would make an escape difficult, if not impossible. As soon as the anchorage at Maracaibo had been reached a swift boat was sent to the entrance of the lake to see what the Spaniards had done there, and it returned, in greater haste than it had gone, to tell Morgan that the thing he feared most had come upon him.



Through miles of swamp they waded after Morgan in search of treasure.

Drawing by Allen True to accompany "The Trapping of Morgan's Buccaneers."

The squadron that had sailed from Spain the preceding year with orders to exterminate the buccaneers had struck Morgan's trail off Santo Domingo, and three frigates were now anchored in line abreast across the mouth of Lake Maracaibo. One of these ships carried forty guns of heavy caliber, another carried thirty, and the third carried twenty-four. Morgan's best ship carried fourteen 4-pounders. Through their own audacity and the luck of the Spaniards, Morgan and his men had been trapped like wolves in a den. And the odds seemed so great against them that, in spite of his previous record, his men expected Morgan "to despond and to be hopeless."

But the conditions that made others despair did but inspire Henry Morgan to greater efforts, and if he is viewed solely as a leader of fighting men, few have been known to the annals of the sea whose records are better worth consideration at the hands of the fighting men of modern times. For Morgan never would surrender.

On learning the strength of the enemy, Morgan, as a matter of bravado, sent a messenger to demand of the admiral a large sum of money as a ransom for Maracaibo, for the buccaneers of all ages have always shown most insolence when in a tight corner. In reply the Spaniard, thinking to deceive the buccaneers and get them in his power, offered to let them sail out free "if you will be contented to surrender with humility all that you have taken, together with the slaves and all other prisoners."

This letter was precisely what Morgan wanted. Calling his men together he read it to them first in English and then in French, and then he made one of his brief speeches "which always communicated vigor."

"Which would you rather do, surrender 'with humility'—'with humility,' understand—all that you have taken, or fight?"

With a yell they said they would fight. It was Morgan's intention to try a dash through the Spanish line, but as the yell of the crew died down one of them stepped forth, and said:

"Take you care of the rest and I will undertake to destroy the biggest of those ships with only twelve men."

It was a characteristic buccaneer speech—a most audacious boast backed by the ability to make good. A ship had been captured at Gibraltar. At the man's suggestion it was fitted out with wooden guns and dummy men at quarters, and then filled with combustibles. With this ship in the van the buccaneer fleet sailed down the lake during the afternoon of April 30, 1669, and anchored just out of range of the Spanish. The next morning at daybreak they made a dash at the Spaniards, the fire ship was lashed alongside the admiral's ship, the flames were driven by the favoring wind irresistibly over its towering stern, and the Spanish crew were obliged to leap overboard to save their lives, while the twelve buccaneers from the fire ship rowed away in a yawl with such shouts as we may imagine.

Seeing the admiral's ship in flames the crew of the 30-gun ship cut their cable, and after drifting into shoal water, scuttled her, and set the upper part that remained above water on fire. Meantime Morgan had captured the smaller Spanish ship.

The buccaneers now thought to capture the fort by assault, but it had been so well refitted that they were repulsed. Then, as if to show how little they were affected by that incident they returned to Maracaibo and compelled the inhabitants to give 20,000 pieces of eight and 500 head of cattle as a ransom for the town.

Having thus secured the last piece of silver within reach Morgan added a final insult to the unfortunate Spaniards by dividing the plunder, including slaves and white women, on the beach in front of the town and its inhabitants. Then he embarked, sailed down within view of the fort, went through a feint of landing all his men for an assault, thus deceiving the Spaniards into placing their cannon on the rear walls of the fort, after which he cleared the entrance with no loss worth mention, and sailed away to Jamaica. The purchase in coin, plate and jewels amounted, as at Porto Belio, to 250,000 pieces of eight besides the merchandise and slaves.

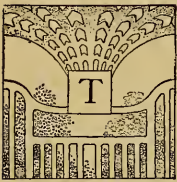


Twentieth century explorers.

# AT THE EDGE OF CANADA IN THE FAR NORTHWEST

BY CLIFTON JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



HE village where I stopped was smack up against the Canadian line. It had been recommended to me as "quite a busy little burg," but I could not see that it was very different from other small sawmill towns I had observed from the car window as I went North. There was the same cluster of wooden stores, saloons, churches, lodging-houses and hotels, and a dribble of residences for a mile about. The dwelling that reached a full magnificence of two stories was a rarity. Most people were content with one story, and the house was small at that. Newness and rawness were very apparent, and there was a good deal of the makeshift about the dwellings. All the home premises were snugly fenced, and the cows and horses were turned loose to browse in the public ways and along the railroad tracks and out into the surrounding wilds to suit themselves.

A large sawmill had burned the year before and had not been replaced. Many workers had therefore moved away, and certain saloons and lodging-houses had closed their doors as a consequence. These buildings were now little short of ruinous, with shattered windows and other marks of neglect and misuse that gave the place a touch of melancholy and decay. On my first day, as I sat in the hotel office I made inquiry about conditions, and one man turned to another and said, "Well, Bill, the town's havin' a little bit of a boom now, ain't it?"

"Yes," replied Bill, "it booms nights. I've heard it; but I don't see much difference daytimes."

"Why is it that your vacant buildings look so shakey?" I asked. "They can't be old."

"I suppose," responded Bill, "it's because it ain't the habit of the country to build substantial. Even a nice appearin' building is apt to be cheap and thin-walled. The paint is about all there is to it."

By the office stove sat a couple of Germans. They just then started discussing a village runaway, and the older man said, "Dere vas two horses and a heavy wagon. Von bridle came off, and der driver he got down to fix it, and an engine tooted. Dot made der horses run down der street, and der wagon pole hit a telegram post and broke. Two old peoples vas standing on der sidewalk dere."

"Vas dey hurted?" asked the listener.

"Yes," replied the other, "dey vas old peoples, and easy-going, and dey couldn't git out of der vay from nothings. Der voman vas hit in der head. Der horse kind o' pawed like and hit her mit his front foot."

"Vas she knocked down?" inquired the younger German.

"Oh, sure!" was the reply, "she vas knocked down all right."

"Dat vas ven der horse put his foot on her, don't it?" said the younger of the two.

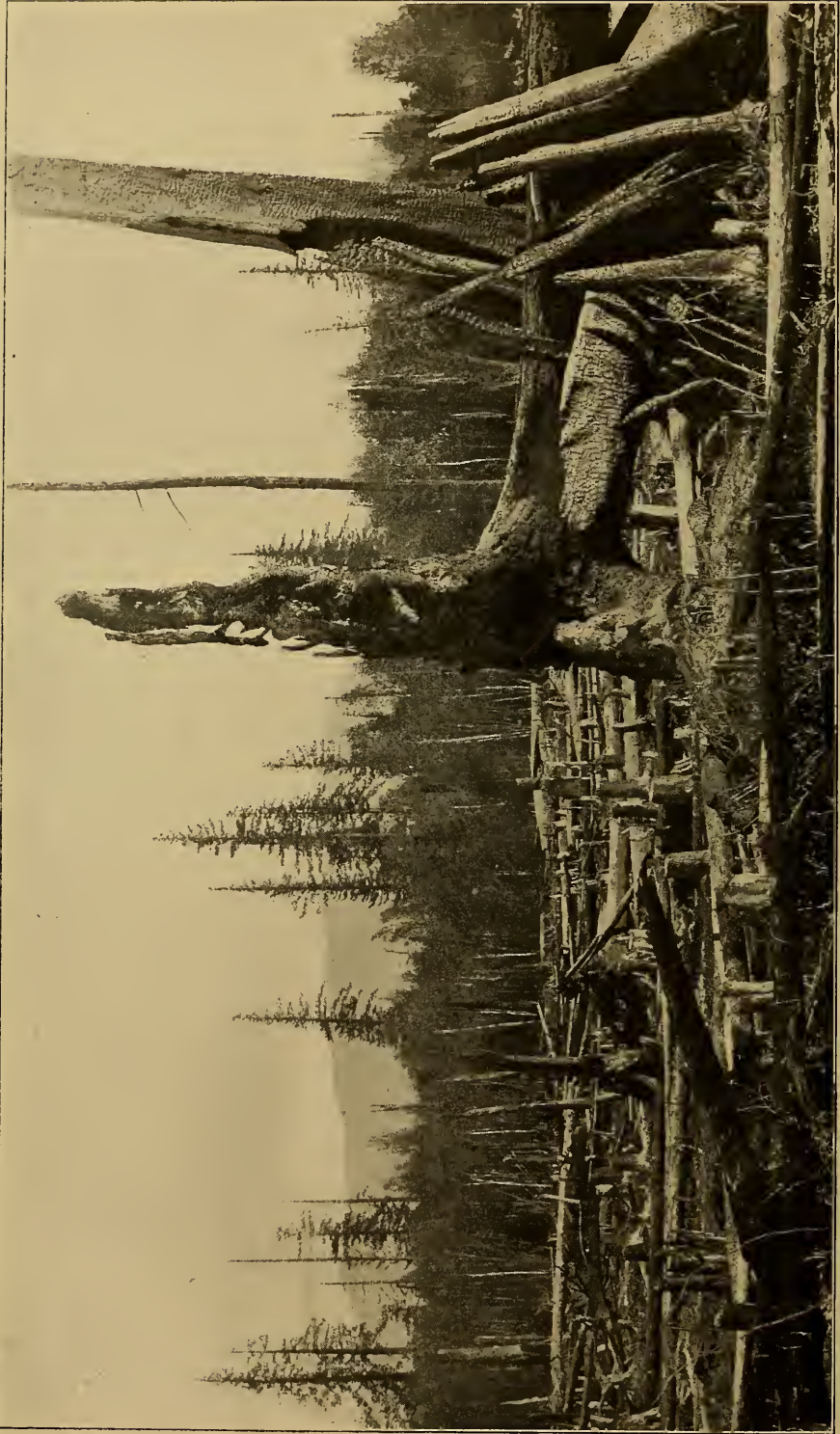
"No," his companion answered, "if he put his foot on her den it fix her for goot. She ish all better now."

The region around was a wide plain varying little in level for miles, but it had a fine setting of rugged hills and lofty wooded ridges in the distance, and when the weather was clear I saw peaks that were white with snow. The lowlands were pretty thoroughly cleared of valuable tim-





The corduroy is employed to bridge the marsh.



In the stump country.



Gathering up the fragments of stumps to make a bonfire.

ber, yet I was assured that a little farther back there was no end of heavy woodland, and that the forest had as yet hardly been touched. The forest that was in view would have been much finer had it not been for the yearly ravaging of the fires.

"We had one big fire this last March," a man explained to me. "That's an unusual time for a fire. We commonly get 'em in summer, but this winter was very dry. A feller was burning up some brush and the fire got away. There was a gale blowing, and it carried the flames through the tree-tops. The wind would catch burning moss and pieces of old dead bark from the tall trees and take them a long distance, and keep the fire spreading. I and two other fellers and a horse got cut off by the fire from the logging camp where we was workin' and we had to go roundabout in a hurry or get burned. The horse was no help and we concluded to leave it, but that horse follered us. It pushed along through the brush close behind, and when we climbed over a log it would rear up and jump, and we all reached camp safe.

"Down at the next village they wet gunny sacks and put 'em on the roofs to prevent the houses from bein' set on fire by the flyin' sparks. One man lost his house and barn and all his cows and was pretty near burned himself. Oh, gosh, yes, it was raging! At night, looking from here toward the mountains, you could see the big blaze going way up in the air. Yet it done a whole lot of good in places, clearing the land, and there was plenty of people who was glad to see the fire running over the woods because it would make fine pasture."

During my stay I rambled about the region pretty thoroughly, though the walking was far from ideal. However, in the opinion of the natives, they were blessed with excellent roads. I thought them wretched. Deep and sudden hollows and mud holes abounded, and there were spots where broken stone had been dumped on. This stone prevented teams from sinking down out of sight, yet shook you up till your teeth rattled if you were in a vehicle. Then, too, there was a good deal of corduroy so that the traveller on wheels got bumps and jarrings of every variety.

On one of my walks I overtook two school children, a boy and a girl, and we

kept on in company for a mile or more. The girl's name was Addie, the boy's name Fred, and they were near neighbors. Each carried a dinner pail, for they lived too far from the village to allow them to go home at noon. The boy was barefoot and his legs were well daubed with clay-mud, as the result of wading in roadside pools.

"We've got two tame pigeons in our barn," remarked the boy. "Oh, Addie, did you see that peach tree of ourn this morning?"

"Eh-uh," she replied, by which she meant, "No."

"Well, you ought to stop and look at that tree. She'll have peaches on this year. She's just full of blossoms."

"We've got a big red cow," said Addie, turning to me, "and that cow 'll let you pet her. When she's lying down you can get on her back and have a ride. I like my old red cow, and her milk is nearly all butter. We have another cow named Maud, and her milk don't have any cream at all. Maud won't let you pet her, and if you do she will run and beller."

"I picked a whole bunch of shootin' stars yesterday," said Fred, "and I brung 'em home and put 'em in water. They looked pretty and I'd have tooken 'em to school only I forgot. When I was little I picked a lot of skunk cabbage blossoms. But they smelt awful. They stinked and I threw them away. I don't never pick them any more."

"Once I fell in the crick near our house," Addie affirmed, "and my brother pulled me out. I didn't get whipped. My mother only scolded me."

While the children were telling me the story of their lives after this fashion, a family of small pigs came scampering along the road toward us with a dog barking at their heels. My companions hastened to share in the excitement, and they seemed not to care much whether they chased the pigs or the dog. But they soon rejoined me, and the boy said, "We had some little pigs in a pen last year, and I got in there and was running 'em and one bit my finger."

"I don't see but that there is as much going on here as where I live," I observed.

"Where do you live?" they asked.

"In Massachusetts," I replied. "Do you know where that is?"



Preparing potatoes for planting.



Through the woods.



The night's chores.

"Eh-uh," Addie responded, "but I know where Seattle is and where Portland is."

"And I know where Massachusetts is," declared the boy. "It's across the ocean."

"What ocean?" I inquired, but I had reached the limit of his information.

The children's homes were out among the blackened stumps and the ragged woodland as yet uncleared of brush. The environment seemed to me rather cheerless, yet it apparently held plenty of charm for them. In one of the fields of this outlying district was a man, who, with the help of his wife, was gathering up fragments of stumps on a wooden sledge and making great bonfires of them. "This is just spare time work," said he. "I've got some good cows and a cream separator," "and we're makin' butter enough to supply us with the money to pay our living expenses. So when there's no hurry about other things we clear up the land and are makin' what will one of these days be a ranch we can sell at a high price. In the rough, you can buy this land cheap, and by clearing it gradually at odd times your labor don't mean any real outlay."

I was about to resume my walk, but the man said his wife was just starting to the house to get dinner ready and invited me to stay and eat with them. He was insistent and I accepted the friendly hospitality. When we left the field he drove his horse to the barn—a good-sized spreading structure, yet without a sawed stick in it. The entire material had been split out of cedar—the beams and supports, the rafters and shingles and the boards. Some of these boards were eight or ten feet long, and their even thickness and the neatness of the whole job were surprising.

"When I was new here," said the man, "I thought a building like this was the dog-gonest thing I'd ever seen in my life. It was quite a curiosity, by George! But such buildings are common all around, and there's a good many split-out houses, too. Say, it's astonishing, ain't it, the lumber and boards that can be made without a saw ever touching 'em? Cedar is useful in a good many ways. It makes the best fence rails in the world—you bet your life it does. It just naturally won't rot out, and the rails are so light you can throw 'em all around. Give me cedar rather than firwood fencing every time. A firwood

rail that's let lie on the ground—he'll go—won't last over night hardly."

The farmer's dwelling was a little brown house in a large yard that was nearly filled with apple-trees just coming into bloom. At the back door was a pump, but we washed for dinner in a corner of the kitchen where there was an oil-cloth covered stand with an earthen jar of water on it and a tin cup to serve for a dipper. The children came from school, the baby woke up and we all sat down to eat. After we finished, the man and I sat talking while the wife cleared the table. They had one grown-up son who was away from home. "He's a school teacher," said the man, "and he's been in four different places and every time had a regular tough school to handle. Children go to school all the way from seven to twenty-one years of age, and there's often some pretty wild kids among 'em. Sometimes they whip the teacher, and sometimes they lock him outside. Yes, they'll plague a teacher to death, and the school gets played out. At my son's school, though, there's very little trouble. He has a knack at managing. This winter I believe one boy tried to whip him, but my son just collared the lad and flopped him on the floor flat on his back. Since then things have been all right.

"Last year we had trouble in this little school in our own district. The children got to having a big time and had like to have torn the schoolhouse to pieces. They done just as they pleased, and the teacher, she'd sit down and cry. She was a nice girl, but she was just that tender-hearted she couldn't use any force to compel a kid to behave himself. We have three school directors in each district, but one of 'em was away, and the other two couldn't agree what to do. You see one of these two was an old bach', and I think he had a notion to try to marry the girl. So he wouldn't hear of her bein' turned off. But finally she resigned.

"Of course the boys were a good deal to blame. They done a little too much, but they wa'n't really bad, because this new teacher who's come in has no trouble at all."

"Do the people in this neighborhood go to church in the town?" I inquired.

"They ain't great hands to go to church anywhere," he replied, "but once in a



while we have meetings in the school-house. There's an Advent Church in the town, and whenever the preacher gets short of money he comes out here and holds services for a few Sunday afternoons. He's about two-thirds or three-fourths crazy in my opinion. He ain't married, and you can take any man, I don't care who he is, and let him live for years all by himself out in this wilderness, and he will get a little off. Under them circumstances a man is sure to have very peculiar streaks and imagine things ought to go a certain way. Yes, and a man bach'ing here in the woods is pretty likely not to be able to get along a minute with his neighbors. Well, speakin' about the meetin's, at the end of 'em, there's a canvass made of the homes, and we fix the preacher up with both money and food supplies.

"That reminds me the pigs are squealing for their dinner, and I must go out and feed them."

The rancher went off toward the pigpen, and I betook myself to the highway. Among the wayside homes was an occasional one built of logs, survivals of the rude days of the first settlers. They were low and small and looked like poor quarters, but there was one that seemed to me quite delightful. The roof made a wide projection at one end over the gable and door

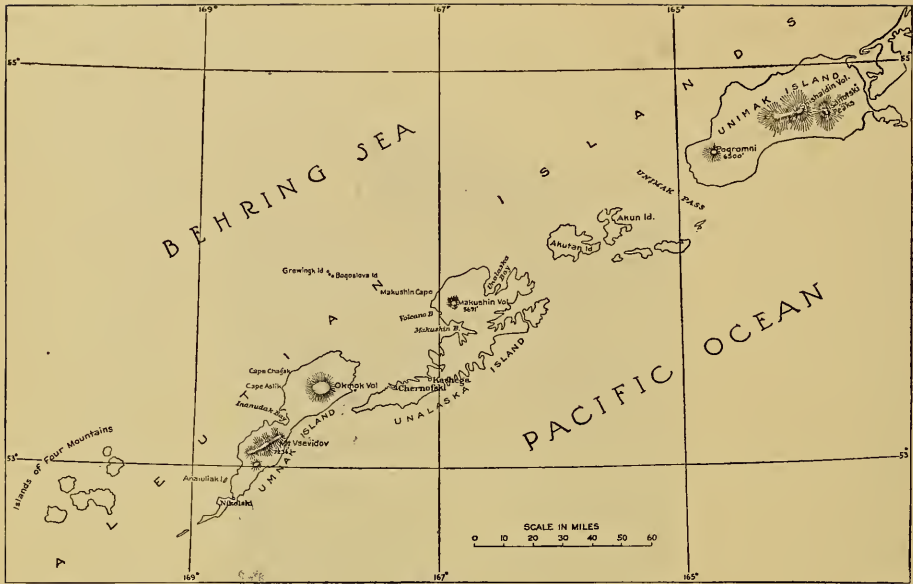


A smokehouse made from a hollow stump.

below and relieved the architectural bareness. Vines had been trained to grow up to the eaves, and a patch of berry bushes close by made the cabin nestle in its surroundings very prettily. A path led away to a smokehouse a stone's throw from the dwelling, and this smokehouse was made of a large hollow log set on end with a roof put on the top and a door at the side.

The woman of the house said the family had come from Chicago. "We didn't think to live in a place like this," she explained, "and when the children would look from the car windows as we were coming and see little log cabins of this sort they would cry out, 'What's that—a chicken coop?'"

I was late in returning to the town. The sun had set and the frogs were croaking in lively chorus in the village puddles. Some of the young men were out in the grass of the broad main street pitching horseshoe quoits. I could hear the call of children at play on the byways; there was a soft tinkle of cowbells, and the clack of footsteps on the wooden walks. Low in the west hung the slender golden cimeter of the new moon, and in the east, above the dark nearer ranges, rose a lonely mountain peak, pure and white, and beautiful against the dusky sky.



The Eastern Aleutian Islands.

## ON THE CHASE FOR VOLCANOES

I—THROUGH THE FIRES OF THE WORLD'S YOUNGEST ISLAND

BY ROBERT DUNN

PHOTOGRAPHS AND MAPS BY THE AUTHOR

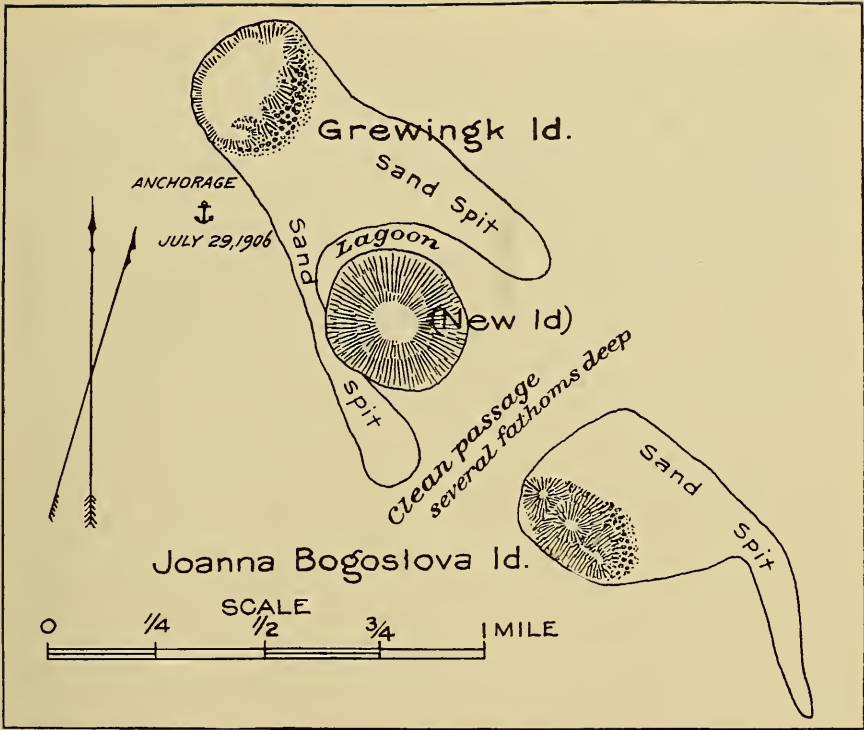
**I**T WAS July 27th, but the mercury stood at  $46^{\circ}$ , for we drifted in Bering Sea.

Captain Ed Lee sat on the cabin trunk stitching a new foresail, for our old one was patched with flour sacks. Elia, native Aleut and crew complete, held the tiller and bit his blackened teeth into a bone pipestem. I never saw so slavish a smoker, an aborigine so straight-mouthed and sinewy, with a face so flat and oval. He never smiled. The Captain talked of his kid in the Unalaska Mission school, whom he loved assuredly (loved his native wife, too, though he called her "the old woman"). His lined Norse face, blue eyes very close together, cheek bones too high and grizzled hair, all blended into that querulous and pathetic look of men who have struggled for existence very long against the sub-arctic sea.

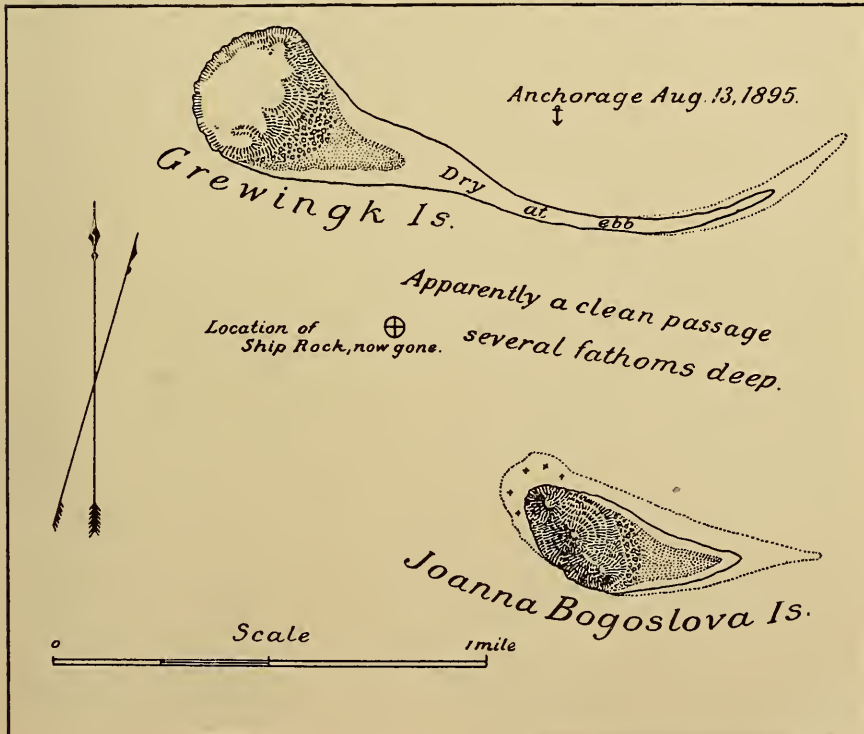
"Glass is falling," he growled. "If she blows bad, we'll put back to Volcano Bay."

The two days' calm had been a miracle for these traitorous and fog-lorn waters. Blow? Why, properly every hour the thick gale should whip in "woollies" from a different compass-point, even as the tides did surge through the narrow and reefy channels from the Pacific. Yet once yesterday we had even seen the sun! Suddenly the grim and lava-layered tablelands had flashed out, pitching thousands of feet from a white haze of surf. Panels of snow lay upon the most tender greenery, the evanescent summer flush of grass and lupine.

Now a leaden place of the sea, where a flock of whale-birds tumbled, was puckered by wind from black fog to the north. Still, there was time before retreat to



Author's sketch map of the world's youngest island, 1906.

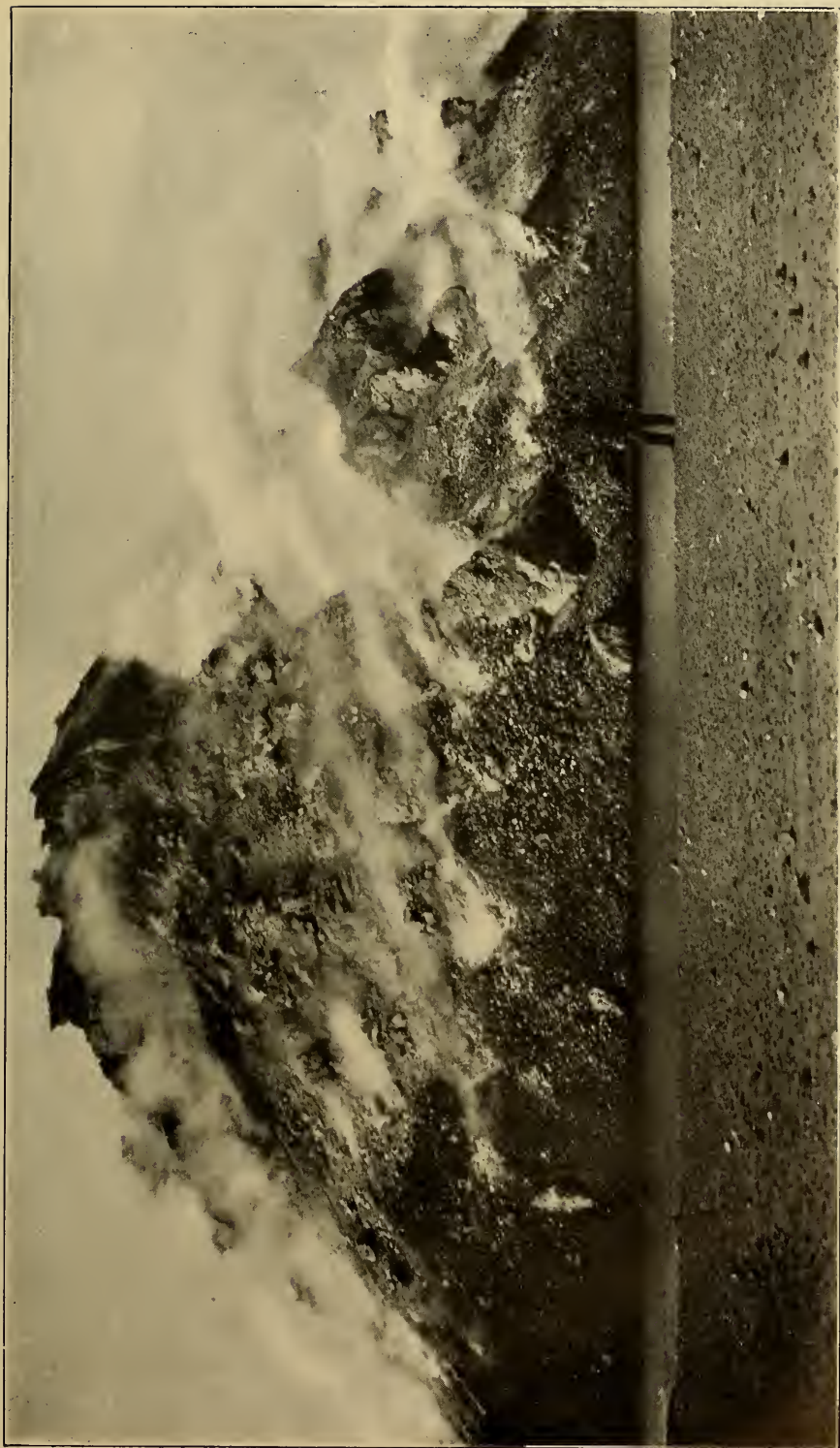


Sketch map by Dall & Becker, made in 1895.

By permission U. S. Geological Survey.



The new island about noon July 29, 1906, as it appeared at the time of the author's ascent.



The world's youngest island at the time of minimum activity—4 P.M., July 29, 1906—showing hot lagoon.



Elia the Aleut sailor of the schooner *Bear*.

consider again our venture—our quest, mission, what you will. We three of the schooner *Bear*, two masts, eleven tons, were four days out from Unalaska, the only white settlement in six hundred miles of archipelago, the Aleutian Islands, which droop like a slack bow-string from the west tip of Alaska toward Siberia.

Somewhere there west of us, thirty miles or more, still hot and veiled in the same ferment that created this earth—yonder, invisible, on the bright sea-line where the lifting fog let through dazzling gold like sunlight under a darkened door—lay the very youngest island in the world. It was born the last March. It was our first haven. To reach it, we needed a moderate breeze from any eastern point, the rarest sort hereabout, or from due north. If the prevailing southwest wind re-rose, we should beat for the lea of Umnak Island, next in the bow-string southwest of Unalaska (off which we now pitched), to wait there for a dash to the

isle; if a gale, to a fjord near at hand. Even reaching our goal, we must be ready to “up the hook” and get away any minute, if the blow shifted a degree or increased a knot, for the place could have no anchorage or shelter, and who could tell how fiery or restless the sea-floor, or the very water there, might still be? A squawman, Diercks by name, had passed the island two months before, and reported the sea all around “boiling hot.” I had laughed at him. The world is a pretty “level” proposition, as prospectors would say. For every inch of Nature playing with all her stops out, she holds down ten million square miles with the soft pedal. But every Alaskan wind is a head wind, as the saying is, and the island did seem a very East of the Sun and West of the Moon to us. You remember the Norse tale. Every blow had tried to get us there, and all had fallen exhausted; yet still I had faith in the Captain, who had drifted thither once on a southeast zephyr from the lone village of Chernofski, hunting sea-lion on Bogoslov Island nearby.

The truth was, we were cruising for volcanoes, chasing live craters. Of the forty or more that have belched in Alaska in historic times, no less than half are on the Aleutian Islands. I think that volcanoes attract me more than most animate things. It would be as impossible to tell the reason, as to define exactly why some of us must vanish and wander every now and then in the cool and unmanned places of the world, go “ghost-dancing” I call it. Volcano-chasing is an idiosyncrasy of this. Think of approaching mute, ill-charted shores, on the watch for the creative breath from old Earth’s vitals? What hazard more elemental remains in this scoured world? How better may it answer those inner questionings of life that make us suddenly despair and dance away? I can hear persons say, “Yes? I suppose volcanoes fascinate because they bring you so close to the dreadful and naked forces of Nature in operation.” Oh, yes. Truly. Very profound! As if volcano-chasing were no more than playing with craters, making friends of them, taming them, because heretofore they have only been studied scientifically (and not very hard, either), or mysteriously dreaded. And yet, that is the volcano-chaser’s philosophy

in part; but the whole lies deeper—in those inner questionings, and in some nameless inspiration.

Still, any one can understand what it meant to be supreme, as I was, on that windjammer's old planks, trodden before only by native fox-hunters bound for vacant isles, or Lee trading quite alone in winter to the three starved villages that marked the three hundred miles of islands west of us. It is something in itself to be healthy and happy; and secretly every man believes that he is a law unto himself. But actually to be both and to know it—almost means scorn for your fellow men. Here never a sail or funnel passed, except a revenue cutter voyaging once a year to Attu opposite Siberia, or a squawman's schooner, or a seal-poaching Jap from Hakodate, or Alec McLean, the real "sea-wolf," raiding the rookeries of St. Paul under the flag of Bolivia, because Bolivia has no sea-coast.

Slowly the tide tossed us back toward

the red-ribbed tuffa of Cape Cheerful. "She may take us to the bay," said the Captain glancing at the furtive eddies. "I won't take no chances running down and missing that island in the night. The cross-chop is stronger. Blowing hard from the sou'west out there." No. The wary man didn't intend to risk his yacht. If he loved his squaw and kids, he loved the *Bear* no less, because its plunder was the wherewith to live for all of them. From binnacle light to hawse-pipe, every fitting "come off a wreck," said this old wrecker, who combed the surfiest, foggiest beaches north of the Horn. Soon, therefore, appeared again the dark fjords of the Makushin volcano, on Unalaska, truncated by cloud. Their flanks sprang like the spokes of a titanic wheel out of the sterile sea. The twin cascades, splashing into the surf from a cliff improbably bold, off which we had hung for two days, wavered in luminous threads through the gloom. In the south, Umnak Island stretched forward



Choking steam and fumes through which the author groped climbing to the summit of the new island.



Summit of the world's youngest island, showing the Parrot's Beak, its solid core.



a bluish finger. Thither, and northeastward more invisibly, stretched away the weird outlines of the chain: islands by the hundred, from split pinnacles, disintegrating Gibaltars, to smooth volcano cones rising 9,000 feet, all snow above 1,800, and steaming gently; to uninhabited countries, where alpine aiguilles were reflected in salt lagoons stiff with salmon, and for seventy miles at a stretch the surf beat along black dunes with the hollow resonance of volcanic sand. Infinite variety, with the implacable charm of all Pacific islands; yet treeless, gameless, desolate, melancholy, with all the magic of the North!

The cruise was just beginning. I had yet to know the hermit of Unimak Island, who, with his kid fourteen years old, patrolled forty miles of beach in mid-winter blizzards, to club sea-otter overpowered by the surf; to discover the great Okmok crater; climb Mt. Vsevidov, that more perfect Fujiama, while the lay-reader of the Nikolski Greek Church deserted me. But I felt already the inconsequent spell of this undiscovered region. To the remote and enervating fascination of South Sea islands, was added the rigor and peril of the North. The world over, volcanic isles are singularly alike; all have a pitiless dejection. The South Sea and Bering are unfit for white men's homes; there because there is too much sun, here because not enough, even for the island azalea to mature; enough for men least of all. There is gorgeous excess; here a sort of rich atrophy. Both are aspects of despair; so each region appeals to men who seek to cure like with like—to drown the ache of a restless temperament in its aching likeness in peak and cloud.

Here, within any bay or fjord, was like living at alpine snowline. You see the blue and white waxen flora. You feel the cold winds of the arête, the eddying low clouds—startling outlines, deceptive distances, the spell of the summit—and all at sea-level. These are islands imagined by Defoe and Jules Verne, defying geographic laws, gashed and shattered, pimped with ash-cones, planed by lava-flows which run pillared cliffs far out into the sea in flat and skeleton hands.

They are the only part of Alaska that has retrograded. They are not yet our

frontier, but that of two centuries back, of the Slav's buccaneer days, of Baranoff and Veniaminoff; of ikon-laden galleys and archimandrites; of native massacres and great catches of sea-otter. They are decayed and wild as no primeval country has ever been; not challengeful and inspiring, as all coasts in process of conquest by man must be. And yet, because they were so dreaded and shunned, so lonely and sterile, I came to love them. Sea-otter, that most prized fur in the world! That was their one treasure, and the otter have now all but gone the way of the great auk. Their departed ghosts still cast a spell over the island world; everywhere you breathe their vanished charm. You are told of their likeness to human beings, of their ways of life which are still a mystery. "More like thinking men than any brute on earth," the Captain had told me that very day. Their infrequent, single children are said to be born far at sea, on drifting kelp, perhaps; to be suckled as the mother floats on her back pressing the babe to her breast with human tenderness and crooning gently. As master-spirits of the isles, the Aleuts gave them supernatural powers, and in the old days a hunt was ushered in by perhaps the fairest rite in the annals of sun-worship (there being seldom a sun at all). This was the salute to the dawn by male natives standing naked at a stream mouth, knee-deep in running water.

That evening we hung out no light. We never did. Who could foul us on those vacant calms? You could not tell whether it was mist or darkness that suddenly pervaded. The very skies seemed to have a conscious power to depress—deprave, almost. The tide turned. The Doré-like capes retreated into fragility, into nothingness, the isles themselves being only transient, after all. Softly we drifted down upon the burning thing in the gloaming.

## II.

The Captain, cursing Elia's straight hair into a curl for not telling him when it "breezed up," waked me fully. An hour before, in that cabin no bigger than a sea-chest, I had heard the coffee-mill a-crunching and the stove rattle, and somewhere back in the æons of night, had seen the

savage steal silently to his watch from the bare plank bed laid between the two cupboards where the Captain and I slept. I had felt conscious of water swishing fast past my ear. I heard from the old man at the tiller, "Now ye can see yer island!"

Yes. We ran down toward it, lifting gently in the good blow on our starboard quarter, which had sprung from almost due north. There and eastward, sea, sky, and land, were holystoned of moisture. Far behind, snowy Makushin, four-pinnacled and stately, glistened as if just created. Ahead, one huge dark cloud spread like a mushroom on the horizon. In line with its squat stem, and weirdly wrapped in shadow, stood forth the tiny but bold outlines of three rock islands close together. First, I stared with a feeling of illusion, as when you see a mirage; then supervened a revolting sense. Undoubtedly those were solid masses, but exotic and unnatural; blemishes secretly extruded on this remote blank of sea. The sharp spires of Bogoslov, the truncated cone of Grewingk, were familiar from old pictures. But between them, restlessly white from shore to summit, steamed—a plum-pudding. A steaming plum-pudding in shape and color, and from that distance, even in texture. Such was the youngest island in the world.

Science and history speak haltingly about this transient group of islets, forty miles northwest of the main chain, and just on the one-thousand-fathom line. Indeed, islands are not created every day, and you could count on your fingers the number born in recorded time; and never before was such a one to be explored and climbed for the first time so soon after it came into being. Probably such masses by the dozen have been cast up by the earth's fires, and hewn down by the sea, here on this exact spot in the last million years. For as my science works it out, each "island" was first an ash-cone, some 400 feet high; represented one core of activity within a single crater, whose edge is submerged and subordinated by the restless sea, for here the denuding power of the great surfs is terrific. But as far as man knows, the waters where the islands now lie were blank until 1796. In that year, according to Baranoff:

On the first of May, a storm arose near Umnak, and continued for several days. It

was very dark all this time, and low noises resembling thunder were continually heard. On the third day the sky became clear very early, and a flame was seen arising from the sea between Unalaska and Umnak. North of the latter, smoke was observed for ten days. At the end of this time, from Unalaska a round white mass was seen rising out of the sea. During the night, fire arose in the same locality, so that objects 10 miles off were distinctly visible. An earthquake shook Unalaska, and was accompanied by fearful noises. Rocks were thrown from the new volcano as far as Umnak. With sunrise the noises ceased, the fire diminished, and the new island was seen in the form of a black cone. It was named after St. John the Theologian (Joanna Bogoslova). A month later it was considerably higher, and emitted flames constantly. It continued to rise, but steam and smoke took the place of fire. Four years after no smoke was seen, and in 1804 the island was visited by hunters. They found the sea warm around it, and the soil in many places too hot to walk on. It was said to be  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles around and 350 feet high. In 1806 lava flowed from the summit into the sea on the north side. Veniaminoff says that it ceased to enlarge in 1823, when it was of a pyramidal form and about 1,500 feet high.

That is a little too glib to believe exactly; Nature with too loud a pedal down. I think that no human eye has watched an island born—pray God that Nature reserves such triumph for some volcano-chaser. But this is the original Bogoslov, and gave name to the group. Then all is quiet along the coast until 1883. That year the second island, Grewingk, arose. It had no witnesses. In the summer, Captain Hague of the A. C. Co. fur-trading steamer *Dora*, reported "activity" in this vicinity, which reached its height in October. Shortly after, he described a new island near Bogoslov, three quarters of a mile in diameter, and 500 to 800 feet high—though visual estimates about here seem to have all been exaggerated. A revenue cutter visited Grewingk in 1884, when it was dome-shaped. In 1891, it was flat-topped, as it is now, and in 1895 was still steaming. Between 1887 and 1891, a small pinnacle called "Ship Rock," between the two peaks, slightly nearer Grewingk, disappeared. Remember that.

This brings us to 1906, and facts I gathered. Just when the new island was born can be fixed more exactly than in the case of Grewingk, but not with Baranoff's fluency. In the winter of 1904-5, natives from Umnak reported at Unalaska a third island near Bogoslov. That spring Samuel

Applegate, sea-otter hunter, passed the group but saw nothing new. So this last spring (1906), the first rumors of another island were scouted, and after confirmation, gave too free rein to natives' memories. Enter the Captain, Ed Lee himself. At the end of March, alone aboard the *Bear*, while between the villages of Chernofski and Kashoga on a clear day, he saw what seemed to be violent and persistent snow squalls near Bogoslov, almost forty miles away. That puzzled him. He was bound to the north end of Umnak to fetch three fox-hunters whom he had taken there the previous August. Reaching Umnak early in April, they told him that they had seen dense steam off Bogoslov, beginning about two weeks before. The new island was thus born about the middle of March. Lee did not then visit the group. On April 20th, and again a week later, Applegate on his schooner passed near Bogoslov, but the weather was thick, and though he saw what he now says was steam, observed no unfamiliar land. At the end of May, a party of scientists from a California college neared the islands in the steamer *Albatross*, but did not go ashore; and it was June 2d that Diercks, sailing east from Atka Island, found his boiling water. He is credited with an elastic fancy, yet on the same day an earthquake shook Unalaska. On July 5th, officers from the revenue cutter *Perry* landed on the new island, but took no observations, and did not try to climb the peak.

We slid along the gold rays of the low sun, which had risen from the sea like a burnished shield, and as if still dripping. The swell was a very aviary; all sentient life, except of humans, runs riot in Bering Sea. Murres, the penguins of the North, spattered their white breasts from inky wings; hordes of felty-black whale-birds skippered distantly, like dark spume; loose-fleshed gulls balanced overhead; sea-parrots flopped singly in a foolish sort of way, as if it took great effort to keep afloat; and, as the Captain said, "them red-legged fellers that ain't worth a damn," followed us close. In the distance a troop of porpoise revolved like moving shadows, or a whale lifted a ghostly sail of spray.

The three islands grew. We watched silent, breathless. Soon the spiral steam coils floated snow-white from the upstart,

as if some jack-o'-lantern picture of that steam were being passed over its dome, as upon a screen; disconnected from it, not integral.

We veered south around Bogoslov. The new-comer slipped large behind it, and the three slowly came into line. From Bogoslov to Grewingk was hardly a mile, and a line drawn through them cut their young brother, although it lay slightly nearer Grewingk. The Captain growled that a year ago a sand-spit connected the two older islands, and he had anchored in its lea. Now a broad channel separated Bogoslov from the upstart! To anchor, we had to get in its shelter, which meant into the heart of the steam. It rolled and danced in momentary clouds, whipped into threads swiftly shattered, fell in venomous flaws on the sea. The Captain asked me hurriedly if the fumes were dangerous. Of course there was no danger. Intermittently I could see a solid rock core in the pudding, round, and towering above its center. "It's the d—dest thing. The d—dest thing!" I kept on saying to myself. And over me crept the delicious thrill of the volcano-chaser: fear without responsibility, eagerness without lust, awe without wonder at old Nature so busy at her simple, terrible work. We caught that breath of the earth's bowels; acrid, vital, but not stifling. It nestled into and confounded our sails. Well, here was my plum-pudding. I would eat my fill of its lure. I would be the first to climb it.

We swung out of the breath, into the lea of Grewingk. Twice we hove to, swinging the lead; twice Elia bungled the jib, so we ran too near the surf on the cliffed side of Grewingk, or drifted out of anchor depth and shelter. We were excited. The savage rowed me to shore in the dory, and we ran the surf to a corner of the isle of 1883. He was for slinking off after sea-lion, and hugged close to its dead tuffa. When I asked him to climb the pudding with me, he muttered, "No, no! No, no!" I didn't send him for the Captain. The old man would have rather seen us dead ten feet up the cone than have stepped ashore. The THING must be tackled alone. "So here goes," I said.

A sand-spit ran out from Grewingk, touching the pudding at a tangent on its southwest side. From the northeast, half

enclosed by the spit, a lagoon wound around it on the Grewingk side, cut off from the sea beyond, therefore, by a thin wrist of sand. Its water was bright orange from iron and sulphur. I bent over with the thermometer—70° on the Grewingk shore. I crossed to the very slope of the THING—92° the water was there. Here I first set foot upon it, and here sense of its horrible silence first seized me. In all that heat and whirl and frenzy—not a sound, not one sound. Was the world created in such stillness? Must the Last Day be as quiet? It might have been ten feet or a universe of vapor, up through the eddying clouds and swaying spirals to the weak, veiled sun. To climb from here was, of course, impossible. I had to get to windward, and that meant skirting the lagoon, and then the open sea, for half and more of the mass's hot circumference, face to the moil. It rose sheer from the water. I started.

I stumbled over red-purple blocks, from the size of your head up. Where the water lapped them, they were ringed with a deeper and more deadly orange. Waist-high, clinkery patches of smaller stones, where slides had choked old vents, were splashed white or pale with sulphur, trembling with heat or coiling weak steam wisps. Flop! I fell knee-deep into the lagoon. Blocks and boulders uncertainly propped eager landslides, all balanced just at the angle of rest, ready for the touch of a fly's foot to crash into the pale-bloody stew beneath. Higher, ridged cliffs choked with tuffa eddied out vast coils of vapor from invisible vents; wonderful hot caves, crusted with white and yellow salts, throbbled and spluttered as if they hid a million scratched lucifers. I started slide after slide, saved myself by pawing the hot stuff on all fours, or by sudden balancing. My heart beat furiously. Well, this was the excitement I'd been thirsting for. The inner-questions were answered, by being overwhelmed. But suppose the THING should stir and grow some more, right off? SUPPOSE—

The cool gale touched me, like a fevered being at a window opened suddenly. I was to windward of the steam. The crumbling shafts of Bogoslov, peppered with murre, were in full sight across the channel, and the open sea below was now

only muddy. But upward? Oh yes, you might dodge the caves and step lightly over the yellow vents, but where the purple blocks ended the upper cliffs shot up sheer, uncertain, crumbling into the upper pall—into God knows where, even if you got there. I *had* to see where I was going. You couldn't grope about, as if only exploring the steam room of a Turkish bath, which it was up there. I zig-zagged up and down awhile, testing each rock with a foot, for avalanches that would end in a hot plunge. At last a parting cloud of steam showed a gully.

Though this led almost sheer into the guessed-at sky-line, it would guide, anyhow. I waited till the puffs waned, for the vents belched intermittently, irregularly; then started, maybe to be checked and choked in ten paces. I corkscrewed around the trembling, leprous-yellow places, holding wind where to breathe was to suffocate, dodging or side-stepping as my boot-soles scorched; and when a bunch of vents prisoned me a moment, I laid the thermometer on them, till a rift in the pall planned a way out. Funny, but either a hole was a breathing Satan, and sent the mercury splash to the end of the tube, which told it hottest at 212°, or it was plain 94°—the average surface heat, rising only ten degrees or so when I jammed the bulb down. But that terrible suggestion of tension and reserve force, as the live ones panted into my face, all still as the grave!

I had reached the end of the tuffa blocks. I was at the foot of the gully. Now it was sheer rock-climbing, up this crumbling, new-born hot stuff, exactly as stable as chocolate fudge, and a two hundred-foot tumble if it gave away; with the sense of being imminently cut off by steam, or fumes, or worse. But it was no place to think; only for sensation—quick-fire, indefinable, revoltingly glorious.

I was stuck, in the sort of place you can scramble out of, like a cat on a glass fence, provided you struggle upward faster than the tuffa rattles down. I would fight it; it would crunch and scitter into the choking steam-world below. I would pause and count my heart-beats—one, two, one two; wipe with an arm the acrid drip of sweat and sulphur from my face. I was trembling. Let the THING blow up, if it had a mind; that were a somewhat heroic

end, quite beyond my powers to stay, but this rolling down, and landing like a steam-cooked frankfurter in Bering Sea, would mark a lapse in spirit and deftness, and so be ignominy. I must now to fool my temerity with—recklessness. My right hand touched a harder tooth of rock. It was now or never. I broke away the warm bits of fudge, away and away, cuddled close to the thing, wormed my body, all but shut eyes to exclude the vague whirl into which existence had swung—and lo! was squirming upward through the hot chimney.

Cliff sank away into chaos. Upright fans of tuffa; crevices like salt-crusted wounds; chasms with leprous edges—breathed all like mad; less steam, but more crinkly and venomous gases. Parched white, and red, and ochre in their depths, they seemed almost to whistle—yet they did not whistle—a furtive, ambient, high-pressure “Zjsssho-ooo!” Was it sound? Then I would pause, and catch only the horrid, overburdened silence.

Beyond by a hundred yards, and below, quivered a larger and hotter desert. And across it, towered the core of the pudding seen from the sea. It was the pivot of the whole monstrosity, and the scientific reason for its being. It was a lone, smooth pinnacle bent slightly toward me, towering about forty feet above all, from a bit southwest of its center. And with the nearer and smaller pillar that shot up under, it resembled exactly the peak of a parrot with head in air. I made for it, but halted at the edge of the larger chaos. By circling to the right, and climbing more cliffs, I might reach it without having to descend. Besides, I felt hardly wicked enough for the inner circle down there, as yet. I started back toward this higher ridge on the northwest, picking a blind way, pausing now and then to cough, stepping warily like old Agag, but because I smelt roast shoe-leather.

The new cliffs were easier, a good fifty-foot scramble to the top—except the beak. That was inaccessible, I swear, without rope and irons, and even then not a feat to chance alone. Its only slope (on the west) was almost sheer, and smooth as a billiard ball, as if tempered and polished in its hot excursion up from Hades. It faced me with a fragment of smooth cliff,

not even a crack in the fudge for your finger-nails; and where it overhung its lower root, it was undercut, as a parrot's maw should be. Here on the northwest ridge facing Grewingk, the highest point of the dome, the barometer marked 350 feet, and the column was about forty feet higher—say about 400 feet for the whole pudding.

The THING seemed more friendly. The sulphur no longer choked. You could have passed a burning bunch of miners' matches under my nose, and I would have gulped the fumes like fresh air. But the invisible venom still belched out everywhere, secret and furtive; now from jaws and gashes four feet and more across, no longer red-yellow, but with fangs crusted white or brilliant green, and bristling with rapier-like stalagmites. Heat tremors pulsed, as the whole were a vast roof too close under the eye of the sun. And below on the blasted acre under the beak, the panting steam flashed out the supreme desolation—crumbling, tinkery, and over-parched; trailed away its smear of the dull rainbowhues of sulphur from grotesque mosaics. It was a pudding of slag fresh from that great furnace of the unknown fusing point, and how alien to the cold waves and winds of the subarctic!

There on the Grewingk spit stood Elia in his red sweater. I shouted. He looked up, stared at me rigidly, and then took such a step backward, as a good actor might imitate to show amazement. All beyond, the wide world ringed us, all Bering Sea in fitful flashes. Over its blue ruffles, serene Makushin coiled a feeble steam wisp from the dome that crowned his tented walls. Umnak Island hung like a cloud, low and dark in the south. It was the one clear day in a thousand. And out in that fresh world there was sound, indeed,—the mirthless laugh of swarming murre, that reverberating surf of a volcanic shore. A herd of sea-lion crusted the Bogoslov spit, seeming from here no more than yellow worms; and now and then, “Moo-oooo!” pouted some complacent cow.

But couldn't I even touch the parrot's beak? From its under-lip boiled the biggest vent of all, the only one up here that steamed all the while. Three times I tried to reach it across the quivering gashes, and three times was driven back, gagged and

parboiled. I couldn't get the thermometer within a foot of the mouth of one chasm. I tied it to my camera strap, lowered it to the edge, when "Zzzzp!" parched off what hairs were still unburnt on my right hand. I thought the bulb must burst. A camera film wrapper dropped into that hole, floated up and away in flame. And what was that new animal odor? Shoe-leather I had smelt — you couldn't avoid stepping on tiny live vents, so thick were they—but—I touched my forehead. A brown, hairy powder fell from my eyebrows.

I might have made the bet on a bet, for you can hold breath under water for two minutes, and it would have been very funny to show up to the Captain with no hair at all. But who was there to bet with? So down I sat on a dead square of tuffa, rolled a cigarette, and lit it at the nearest vent. I felt the need of a forked tail and cloven hoofs to fit the landscape.

The place was getting stale. I had eaten my full of the pudding. All the volcano-chaser's creed had been fulfilled and fire had immolated any despair that living is an empty act. I reckoned compass directions awhile, snapped my camera, which instantly dulled in every metal part when drawn from its case. "Suppose——" I said quite aloud to no one in particular, and began to chuckle to myself. But of course there was no danger. This miracle island was a very ordinary thing. Then I back-trailed, like a scout retreating from some hair-breadth reconnaissance, having found only moonlight and corpses on the field.

Oh for a dive into that cold steel sea! At the top of the gully, again I bit off chunks of heart as it rose into my mouth. Descending through the fudge was dizzier than climbing, but the slides I started and

rode upon choked themselves. Below the chimney, steam welled thicker than ever before. I was stalled blind for near half an hour, advancing a few yards, retreating, stumbling over angry vents, circumnavigating, waiting. The while I poked about the thermometer, lost the rest of the hair on my hands, and considered getting a face shave over one hole.

At last wind like ice, and the steam behind in harmless immense coils. Slowly I stumbled again close to the hot ochre water, over all the long half circumference, to the lagoon head. I fell in just five small avalanches, bruising my left foot once. My hands were cracked from the heat, sand-papery from ash; my eyes smarted, and I had a vague sense that my teeth were hanging loose.

But what after a Turkish bath but a good plunge? Clothes were off in a flash, and I was swimming around in the orange soup of the lagoon, shooting off naked from the burning rocks themselves. Elia, standing by, let his jaws widen and grow rigid. "Never see man swim before," said he, and I had never heard of plunging into the crater of a live volcano, as it steamed merrily on. So cold is the water of Bering, that the Aleuts, though born and bred in bidarkis, which are the ticklishest craft in the world to navigate, cannot swim, and to capsize means sure death. But here the water was just bearably hot on the surface, cooling as I swam down underneath to any temperature you wanted. Below there, I listened intently for any murmur of the earth's steamy digestion, water being a better conductor of sound than air. Only the overburdening silence throbbed on. I dashed across the spit for a plunge with the devil-fish in the icy surf, the first and only swim for fun, I guess, ever taken in Bering Sea.

• (To be continued.)

# LITTLE OUTDOOR STORIES

## OLD SOLDIER YARNS

### A MORO STORY OF THE CREATION

BY LLOYD BUCHANAN



W HETHER it was our own twenty-three dead and wounded in the camp, or the knowledge of the sixty odd Moros lying stiff by the smouldering ruins of Paruka Utig's cotta beyond the hill, I know not, but something had led the usually mundane tongue of Sergeant Sullivan to speak of immortality as he sat by the L troop fire.

"Dead they ar-re," he remarked judicially, "an' chafely, no doubt, in Hell."

"Do they believe in Hell?" asked Rumson—a rookie, once a school-teacher, and a good man when he will learn to talk less of what he knows.

"In Hell? Av coorse. Ain't they iver seein' Hiven whin they come yellin' on the barrils av your rifles? An ain't Hiven an' Hell wan an th' same, barrin' th' total difference betwane th' two?"

"Heaven," remarked private Schmidt solidly as he struck a match, "to dem peoples but von place of beautiful vimmen iss, und songs und good booze."

There was a pause in the conversation. Rumson threw a pile of fresh bamboo on the fire.

"Light is cheerful, isn't it?" he said.

Sergeant Sullivan spoke slowly, ignoring the remark.

"Spakin' av Hiven an' Hell," he said, "not that this has connection—an' yet it has—I got a bit tale fr'm Schuck yisther-day bearin' on the belafes av these pape. He had it fr'm Hajji Abdullah, who had it fr'm the Lord knows where."

"This was the tale. Allah—manin' av coorse God—was in th' beginnin', so to

spake, th' whole cheese. Divvil another livin' thing was there on earth—not a rabbit nor pig nor cow, nor avin a blade av grass, nor a star in the sky. It was ivery inch as cowld an' dar-rk an' dayserthed as th' quarthers av a throop av Cavalry the night after pay day. So soon Allah gr-rows lonely like.

"'T' Hell with this solytood,' he says, says he, 'I'll be after manufacturin' a baste or two to play with,' says he.

"So he made th' animals—iliphants an' croc'diles an' apes an' goats, an' slarks an' w'ales, an' all the rest av the breed. An' —so says Schuck—he was all day gleeful like, playin' games wi' them, an' dhrillin' av 'em, an' maneuverin' 'em about all over th' earth.

"But toward dusk he obsairved the same unaysiness pervadin' thim you can see in Dutchy Schmidt here whin the beer is out.

"'Phwat's the kick?' says Allah, 'Out with it.'

"'Grub,' sang the bastes. 'We're after nadin' chow.'

"'Sure,' says Allah, 'I ate mesilf,' he says, 'in Paradise,' he says, an' he up an' puts on earth gr-rass an' gr-rapes an' wathermellons an' huckleberries an' appils an'—"

"'Und banannas,'" interposed Schmidt. "Go on mid der story."

"'Yis, und sauer kraut, und frankfurters, too, no doubt, Dutchy,'" returned the raconteur with spirit, "only there were no Germans mintioned in God's schame av creation. They come with Adam's apple.

"'Anyhow, Allah—so says Schuck—was long glad wi' th' animals. But at last he grows tired.

"'Me fr' more intellectool comp'ny,' he says. So after pondherin' heavy he creates a bunch av angels—very slick wans, Schuck says, gr-rand singers an' dancers, an' rare old hands wi' th' booze.

"'After that, Allah, phwat wi' parthies an' dinners an' dancin' among th' angels,

had no time f'r th' animals, an' pretty soon throuble ar-rose among thim. The sound av their srachin' an' bawlin' an' roarin' rached aven to Paradise.

"The Divvil,' says Allah, 'I've no time to waste on the brutes,' he says, 'You,' he says to his chafe angel, 'detail me a squad av angels to go down to police th' animals.'

"Lord,' says the chafe angel, 'who will ye sind? Bill?' he says, callin' thim be other names I forget, 'or Micky? Or Jack? They're nixt f'r detail,' says the chafe angel.

"Bill,' says Allah, thoughtful like, 'No, I nade Bill,' he says, 'Bill plays th' fiddle f'r the dance this avenin'. An' Micky—Micky sings Mavourneen afther dinner in a shtyle I can't forego,' says Allah—an' so on down the list. Not an angel could he spare.

"Phwat to do?' says Allah thin, an' he set in a br-brown study, an' cursed the sorry day he iver made th' animals.

"A spry young angel seen him there, ponderin'.

"Lord,' he says.

"Phwat?' says Allah. 'I'm busy,' he says.

"Phwy not make a man, Lord, to tache the bastes?' says th' angel.

"How will I make him?' asks Allah.

"Wouldn't the body of a monkey do?' hinted th' angel.

"Sure,' says Allah, so he takes the body av a monkey an' lays it out, flat-like.

"Now f'r a head,' he says.

"Fir-rst he thried an ilphant's head. He fitted it careful to the body.

"A-chew!' says the head, snazin' like all outdoors, an' fallin' off.

"Phut!' says Allah, an' he thries a carabao's head. I'm a bull pup if that didn't snaze an' fall off too. So, in like manner, a croc'dile's head, an' a cow's head, an' all manner o' heads.

"So at last Allah gr-rew sore.

"Rats!' he says.

"Phwat's the throuble?' says th' angel.

"Throuble enough,' says Allah, 'the heads all snaze an' pitch off av me man,' he says.

"Phwy not thry an angel's head?' says th' angel.

"Good,' says Allah.

"So he jammed on an angel's head—an' that shtuck. Which," added the Sergeant,

looking cynically at Schmidt, "is phwy, accordin' to Hajji Abdullah, barrin' various gravous accidents an' mishaps, our mugs ar-re all built afther the model furnished be the chafe charmers av Paradise."

## A PILE OF ORANGES

BY E. P. POWELL

THAT is truly the only way that we have them—baskets full, boxes full, and in heaps; nothing so open-handed as the fruit in an orange grove. The ground is covered, and as free as the apples in a Northern orchard. But the trees, they also are generous, for instead of climbing high up into the air, where they can ripen their best fruits out of reach of boys and men, they just round themselves out close down to the ground. A full grown orange tree ought to be about twelve feet in diameter, and it ought to hold about ten bushels of fruit, of which you may help yourself. But you never saw an orange tree; more the pity! It is as near round as a football—after a game—that is, a little dented. The color of the leaves is the richest and darkest green that you can find, just the finest setting for the globes of gold. It would pay well to grow such elegant tree-bushes just for their beauty alone.

Sit down here on this pile of logs. What are they? They look like railroad ties, a little old, but they are merely pine logs, cut into a handy shape; and you will see them distributed all through the big orchards, ready for bonfires, when a blizzard whistles this way. In our hats, and handkerchiefs, we will gather samples, until there are little piles around us, of Jaffa, Ruby, Washington Navel, Golden Navel, Homosasa, and a dozen more—just as in a Northern orchard you like to look at, and test the flavor of the Northern Spy, Greening, McIntosh, York Imperial, and Maiden's Blush. In this country every wise man carries an orange spoon in his pocket, and an orange knife with a sharp blade; or both in one. Open delicately, and it must be with cleanly fingers also—for no fruit so resents any foreign substance as an orange, and let us debate our piles. Oranges that at the North you would cheerfully accept at a choice lunch-



eon, here you toss aside. I notice that nearly all of you have selected Ruby and Washington Navel, and Golden Buckeye Navel, and you have done right. The most expert orange grower could do no better. Nearly all the choice varieties of ten years ago are outgrown. But in one or two piles I note the Tangarines—too pretty to be rejected, and yet needing the most favorable conditions to give them high quality. Your comments on these varieties are rational, but rather explosive. They are delicious! yet they are only signboards on the road of greater improvement. Nearly every Florida farmer starts a few varieties, and now and then hits on something remarkably fine.

There are more ways than one for enjoying an orange, and this you have found out. You may cut the orange in two in the middle—first wiping it perfectly clean—and then your spoon comes into play, removing the contents deliberately to your mouth. Accept them with a refined sip of emphasis. Five oranges eaten in this way constitute a preliminary to a cheerful dinner. But I notice that more of you peel the orange, and eat it in slices, while others bore a hole in the blossom end, and breaking the cells carefully, with a pointed knife, drink the contents as from a golden vase. Who shall decide which is the better way? I have never been able to decide in which way I best like my orange. As a consequence I am always obliged to eat one or two after each method—and still I am undecided.

Our host (who at the North is a Brooklyn man), pours down another basket full at our feet, and with warm eloquence urges us to imbibe a few more. I say imbibe, for at last we are all simply sucking the oranges. For my part I prefer to turn to the grape fruit, the great Duncans and the half-sweet Woodworths. This, too, is no such fruit as the stuff you buy in the Northern markets—that is, half ripe and bitter, or else flavorless. The aroma of real grape fruit is that of the strawberry and the apple, wonderfully combined; like a Rhode Island Greening flavored with a Bubach or a Glen Mary. The only trouble with the grape fruit is that one cannot eat as many of them as he can of the oranges, for they are very substantial. The half-sweet is a most delicate novelty, and surpassing to my taste all other citrus fruits.

All this time the mocking birds have been singing, and Harry has had one at his feet picking up crumbs. A boy is the most thoughtful being in the universe, for he not only has fish hooks in his pockets, and a box of worms, but something also for his own appetite. This mocking bird promptly picked him out, and stands there winking at him and accepting his delicacies. These mocking birds are well named, for they are always full of scoffing. You never know what one of them will pour out; a jumble of exquisite notes, with the roughest slang known in the bird world. A blue jay is anxious to draw our attention; he is hanging to the side of one tree, and then of another, sometimes singing, and sometimes profanely coarse—but always impudent. The earliest sound in the morning is always the far away cry of the mourning dove. Who can locate this bird, and who can describe the call? It sounds to me like a forlorn lover wandering on the other shore of the lake. Immediately strikes in Bob White, with White! White! White! I do not comprehend why, but the quail has not said "Bob White" but once or twice this winter. Last winter it was always *bob* emphasized. The young ones run all about us, in the gardens and in the roadways—dozens of them, picking up millions of bugs. They do not seem to be at all afraid of us. The cardinal bird is a wonderful fellow, and he too likes an orange grove. Brilliant as a flash of sunlight through the green leaves, he can sing also—to my taste better than the mocking-bird himself. The blue jays, dodging into the loquat trees, where they jab their bills rudely into the choicest fruits, buccaneering always, and saucy all the time, sing just often enough to let us know they can be amiable if they will, but generally they lack the sweet soul to do it. Finest of all, is the choral music in the pine groves (which are everywhere about us), the rendition of flocks of red-winged blackbirds. There is nothing else like it in all the bird repertoire. The whole flock keeps time, beginning and ending together, although there are solos and duets. These birds visit us at the North, but they come with the common grackle, and manifest very little of their ability as songsters.

An orange grove is equally fine in blossom as in fruit. Imagine three hundred

trees, nearly touching each other in the rows, and headed within two feet of the ground. Let these all burst out with orange flowers, in March, enough to supply ten thousand marriage festivals. The fragrance flows out of the orchard, and over the neighboring gardens in great tides; it swallows you in its richness. You lie down under the pines and drink it in, and you dream of the marriage of the Gods—of Earth and Heaven—until the choral melody becomes "On Earth Peace, Good Will to Men"—the wedding of the nations in fraternity. The bees come as well as the birds, and they are here by the millions. I am told, however, that they get intoxicated with the perfume, and lose themselves in pleasure. At any rate they make more honey from weeds.

An orange grove is frequently only an opening or clearing in the pines. Frequently there is no house in sight. These magnificent pine trees stand as if they were monarchs of the whole country. I feel that they are such. I take off my hat and wave it to them. Each tree stands out distinctive, and not crowded like the deciduous trees of a Northern forest. They tower up from sixty to eighty feet to the first limbs, so that you may walk or drive beneath them. The roads from town to town, and homestead to homestead, are mostly trails under these great trees. This does away with ugly and costly fences, and with the conventional straight lines of highways. At first it looks to a Northerner like lack of civilization. I said to my black driver, as he started off through the woods, "Why don't you take the road, Jeff?" He answered, "This, Suh, is the road." "But," I urged, "you are driving me through a forest." He answered, with a touch of Southern pride, "You Northerners, Suh! Don't think anything is a road, Suh! that isn't straight! And you want board fences everywhere! Down here, suh, we don't have much use for such things! We like better to drive under the trees and in the shade!" And now for three months that is what we have been doing; going about under these magnificent pines and in the shade—but reaching our destination just as surely.

There are differences of density everywhere in this forest, and occasionally there are openings, where the sun drops in freely

upon natural garden plots, which we long to plant. Sometimes such plots are filled with a dense growth of oaks or persimmons, or of young pines, exquisite in their beauty. Here and there a magnificent live oak finds room to spread its limbs—the very ideal of strength and beauty. Tresses of moss, softly gray, hang down, sometimes touching the ground. Along the streams there is such a marvelous profusion of all sorts of shrubs and trees, that a botanist goes wild with delight. Magnolias and guavas and pawpaw mingle with azalias, while young walnuts elbow it with pecans.

There are always lakes in sight, wherever you go; most of them just big enough to be taken right into your farm, and full of white lilies. If there be an alligator, he is such a rarity that you hold him to be quite a pet, for they are getting to be very scarce. Our Lake Lucy is half a mile across, and we have learned to love its waters all day long. Sunrise we see, with its crimson fingers dipped into Lake Emerson, which bounds our garden at the east; but for a sunset of peace, that opens a door into spirit land, give us a vision over Lake Lucy as the day goes out. Red gold fills the West, and a long column of crimson flame lies clear across the lake, while the great orb sinks among the distant pines on the opposite hills. The gentlest of ripples make the water a compound mirror. The black ducks, with the white herons are as still on the water as the sunlight itself. I wish I knew what the Indians called this lake. Its name may have been Indian for Peace, or possibly it was The Lake of Many Whispers; but white people have no more sense than to drop their Yankee patronymics all over the land and the water.

Florida does not love the house. It is an out-of-doors land. The winds come from the Atlantic and from the Gulf, and sing together in a quiet way among our little lakes. They gather great volumes of delicious ozone, which they blow into our chambers—only we need not go there to get it. It rolls over us, it wraps us in, as we walk. What is there to shut one in, and lead us to decline this invitation of Nature to abide with her? In my broad verandas, or under the pines themselves, I swing any day in January, in my hammock

without fear of frost. The birds whistle over me, and drop down for the crumbs that I toss them. The mocking bird cries, "Thank you! thank you! thank you! pretty well! pretty well!" following this with the most astounding rattle that ear ever heard. They seem to be repeating Browning, backward. In my plum trees a blue heron has built her nest, and is not quite satisfied that I shall have my rustic chair just beneath her. We tramp five or six miles a day, without getting over tired, while the grippe is not heard from and the catarrh dare not invade the pine woods. It is true we hear little of politics, and less of criminality; it is a period of peace, with one newspaper a week. But we have *Outing* and *The Independent* and the *Literary Digest*, and with these three we are content.

The loquat is already in blossom, and occasionally sets a fruit. It has a habit of blossoming all winter, but gives us very little except perfume until February. The foliage is evergreen, and it is harder than that of the orange. It is the most delicate of fruit, shaped somewhat like a pear, but with the flavor of a very rich cherry. Mulberries also are showing their buds, and very soon will be supplying us with most delicious fruit for our bowls of milk. I can never get a handful, however, without a cardinal bird or two in the top of the tree, singing or scolding as it happens, and more than one mocking bird around my feet, swallowing the dropped fruit. The glory of the mulberry, in Florida, is its superabundance. It is not that little stuff that grows in New England, but it is as large as your index finger. Bushels green, and bushels ripe! Bushels on the tree, and more on the ground! The tree insists on growing anyway, and anywhere, cultivated or wild, but wherever it grows its limbs are simply loaded. Bees work not only in the flowers but in the berries, and hens gobble the fruit like corn. Get your share, if you can, for the marmalade of the mulberry is one of the most delicious preserves that woman has ever created. Ganymede would delight to offer it to Jupiter. I wonder the world has never said more good things of the mulberry.

Still, we are sitting under the orange trees, and still we are sipping and sucking the golden fruit. The boys have wandered

away for one more row on the lake, and there they are. I see the lift of the oars, and every stroke has a dip and a drip of sunshine. They are surely not in a hurry. Boy life is made wonderfully broader by mixing land and water. I like this idea of limbering up the mind in youth. It is much easier than when a man has grown stiff in his notions as well as in his likes and dislikes. So I would have a Northern boy or girl get a part of education in the South, and if possible these Southern youngsters should get a new vision of the world from New England or the Northwest. Here is Rollins College, just a little way off under the pines, and with a lake of its own—a charming place where Yale might wisely send a part of the youth that crowd its halls. It is not Nature only, but there is a marvelously sweet social atmosphere bred hereabout, where Northern and Southern foliage blend graciously, and Northern fruits give generous crops right alongside the oranges and loquats. The boat disappears in a cove, and then reappears around a bluff crowned with pines. The sun is just dropping out of sight, but fingers the boat a moment with scarlet and crimson. It is a beautiful sight, that of action without sound. They obey our signal, and the boat turns homeward—for we must leave our oranges and our generous host, not without a compensative feeling that we shall come again.

## SCIPIO MAKES A SHOT

BY A. H. RUTLEDGE

THE great Carolina rice field lays teaming under the August sun. Standing on the high dividing bank which stretched across the field, one could look almost a mile in every direction, and his gaze would meet nothing but the golden grain, which in a few weeks, would be ready for the sickle. The field had been flooded and the water came within a few inches of the rich, drooping heads of rice. It had been drawn from the full yellow river which flowed sluggishly past the eastern bank of the field. To the west, standing dark against the sky, was the great forest of long-leaf pines. Between the pines and the river there had been no

peace that day. Since the first pink and blue colors had come in the east, since the first breath of sea wind had been borne up with the flood-tide from the coast at dawn, a small army of negroes carrying huge muskets, had patrolled the rice field banks, and the almost incessant firing had told of their vigilance. It was the ricebird season, and they were the bird-minders.

The ricebird, reedbird, bobolink or ortolan is, in keeping with his variety of names, a sad glutton. When his mating-season is past, he leaves the river-meadows of the Atlantic States, and, about the middle of August, comes South when the rice is "in the milk," that is, when it has headed out and has begun to turn down, but while the grain is still soft. The birds flock by millions. Over the rice fields at twilight, when they are settling in the river-marsh for the night, the whole sky will be darkly alive with them; they themselves form a moving sky. In rice-planting, the minding of birds is a regular, and often a very heavy, expense. An unguarded field would be a total loss. It is very fortunate, therefore, that these pests are sanctioned on the tables of epicures. Every year many thousands are shipped to the North or sold in the local markets. One may buy either "killed" or "caught" birds, the latter being higher priced because of their perfect condition. These are captured in the marshes at night by negroes.

With a burlap bag hanging over his shoulder and a lightwood torch in his hand, the negro hunter will bog for hours through the foul marsh mud, braving miasma, alligators, snakes and hordes of mosquitoes. With little or no trouble, he covers with his huge hand one bird after another that is either too dazed or too fast asleep to escape. The little warm body will feel itself gently lifted; perhaps it tries to snuggle down in the gaunt black hand, but not for long; the negro's thumb and forefinger close down upon the bird's neck until its head flies down into the marsh. Then the fluttering body is stuffed into the dirty bag. And it all takes only a second! When the hunter goes home he may take perhaps ten, perhaps twenty dozen rice-birds with him. These he will sell for enough to buy himself a quart of the vilest whiskey, all of which he drinks without delay. Then he goes home and beats his

wife. But his reputation in the market as a bird-hunter remains unimpaired.

When the flight of ricebirds begins, there will be found in every plantation commissary many kegs of black powder and bags of number 10 shot. This is portioned out to the negro bird-minders. Most of them get only powder, the shot being reserved for those who can make it count. Perhaps out of twenty minders, there will be only one real hunter. Sometimes these minders are put on platforms, sometimes on the intersection of check-banks, where the corners of four fields are controlled. There are many ways of rousing the birds, perhaps the most effective, after that of killing a goodly number of them, is to fire a flattened buckshot over them. When a minder happens to be a boy too young to be trusted with a gun, he will get on a platform or on a wide, clear space on a bank and bawl a wahwoo lash of immense length, whooping the while to experience an unmistakable dime-novel thrill at the sound of his own manly voice. The excitement thus aroused also helps him to forget the unspeakable, unescapable heat of the sun. And the longer he works, the harder he works, for the birds seem to get more and more tame as the season advances.

When they first arrive, after their long flight, they are very thin and ravenously hungry, but a little shy and wary. Their note is a prosaic but lively "*pink pank*," with a very occasional trill of exquisite song. As their visit lengthens and as, with every long, long summer's day, they gorge themselves with the succulent, nourishing rice, not only their appearance, but their voices change. From a slim, trim, bright-eyed bird, the size of a field-sparrow, this wandering plunderer is transformed into what Poe would have called "an ungainly fowl," dull, corpulent, incautious. From a cheery, airy "*pink pank*" tenor, he descends to a blasé, phlegmatic "*ponk ponk*" bass. All his spirituality is gone. If shot at any height he will burst open when he strikes a hard rice field bank. He is loath to fly from anyone. He has become a glutton, a sot, an example to the whole feathered tribe. He does not even fear a man like Scipio, the bird-minder. Therefore he is lost.

Scipio was and had always been a

poacher. He was also, when occasion demanded, like one of Sir Roger de Coverley's hounds, a "noted liar." But he was a good bird hunter. What if he did set mink traps, shoot wild ducks and turkeys on posted land all winter? When the bird season came, he was indispensable. His steady hand and eye covered a multitude of misdemeanors, as his gaunt and powerful frame carried him unharmed through all winds and weathers. He was a negro beside whose ebony skin, all the darkness of "Chaos and eldest night" would appear pale. He stood about six feet. The beauty of his spare and muscular body was finely outlined under his ragged and loose-hanging clothes. It would not have been a wholesome mental exercise to have speculated as to the size of shoe Scipio might have worn. No quicksand could ever have taken him down unless he went head first. But it is time to leave these idle fancies and to tell how Scipio made a shot on that hot day late in August.

Early in the morning he had come down to the field and had chosen a far corner near the river as his stand for the day. He had made for a buck-cypress tree on the bank, and here he had put down his little tin bucket of dinner in the shaded grass and had left his cur-dog to mind it. Then he had loaded his musket. It was a tedious operation. Into the long iron barrel he had poured four drams of coarse, black powder taken from a small tobacco bag. This he wadded down with a superfluous part of his attire, which he detached in a wholly disinterested manner. Then he topped the load with about two ounces of mustard-seed shot. Again the operation for the removal of the unnecessary portions of his raiment was accomplished. Finally from some obscure pocket in his undershirt he took out the precious, shiny metal box of percussion caps. With much deliberation he selected one and, settling it on the nipple, let the hammer down with great care. All that had been in the early morning. Over half the day had passed and the same load was in his gun. He was waiting for a shot. Scipio was no fool. Those other negroes might waste their powder and shot, bang-banging all day, but he was a hunter. He was waiting for a shot. The negro nearest him on the bank, who gloried in the name of George

Washington Alexander Burnside Green, had been shooting at intervals all day. But Scipio scorned him. And never more than when his own chance for a shot came.

Standing in the shade of the cypress, he had seen the birds when they began to light near him. First one, from a bush on the margin, lit off in the field; then perhaps twenty or thirty, frightened from some coffee grass by the sailing manœuvres of a marsh-harrier hawk, joined the lone adventurer; then a passing flock dropped down and swelled their number; then they seemed to pour in from every side; one hundred, two hundred, five, a thousand, two, three, five thousand, and a continual stream still pouring in.

"If Cousin Scipio eber git en *dat* crowd," muttered Wash Green to himself, "I sho' sorry fo' dem bud."

Scipio, marking the gathering with the eye that had made him the hero of all the little pickaninnies on seven plantations, grinned to himself, and, slouching his old greasy cap over his eyes, he bent under the cypress limbs. Into the hot, evil smelling, almost deadly water of the rice field, teeming with all kinds of reptilian life, he stepped. The percussion cap on his gun glistened in the sun as he stooped cautiously into the rice and began his long stalk of the birds, two hundred yards away. He bent low in the rice, parting it before him with his musket and his left hand. He sank in the mud and water over his knees. The foul stifling air, hot and alive with tiny green grasshoppers, rose in his face. He must breathe it. He must keep below the rice if he was going to make a shot. Every thirty yards or so he would, with infinite caution, peer over the rice to see if the birds were still feeding and to get his bearings adjusted. Yes, they were still there, and every time he looked he saw many more still lighting.

The negro crept on. Now he stumbled into a quarter drain, just catching himself in time to keep his powder dry; now he jerked his hand suddenly away from within a few inches of a blunt-tailed, deadly, cotton-mouthed moccasin. On he crept, always keeping below the level of the rice. He was going to make a shot. A good shot would contribute as much to his right to do nothing as three or four days' hard work. He crept on.

Now he came to a few stragglers on the borders of the host; plump, yellow, bright-eyed birds that he might have caught with his hand. But he did not stop there. He moved forward but almost imperceptibly. Now he heard them feeding; the endless chirring and chattering of their bills against the rough rice grains; the occasional little song, the soft, contented full-fed note. Now he was well upon them, among them. Before him, in the rice covering not over half an acre were thousands of birds. The long black barrel of the musket came up slowly, slowly over the rice; then came the negro's head; the musket leveled itself steadily.

"Who-o-o-o-o-e-e!" he shouted in a great voice. There was a thunder of wings, the roar of a musket that belched fire at every seam, and the echo of whose detonation reverberated far up and down the river; then the lifting of a volume of smoke from the field, the myriad frightened "*pink pinks*" from the scattered birds in the sky, and the solitary figure of the hunter, as he made his way slowly toward his game. He first found "the trail," the line of his shot. After that, there was more work to be done. He caught and dispatched the wounded, then he gathered the killed. It took him so long that Wash Green, waiting on the bank, had conflicting thoughts. Perhaps Scipio had not made much of a shot after all, he thought. But the little canvas sack

at Scipio's side was bulging out; it was full to overflowing.

He started back toward his cypress tree. He saw Wash Green standing there, so he took his time. As he drew near, Wash, leaning over the coffee-grass on the margin called:

"Well, Cousin Scipio, how you mek out?"

Scipio stopped and looked up. He shaded his eyes with his hand. Scipio was sometimes deceitful.

"Bro' Wash," he said loudly, in answer, "I dunno wat is de matter wid de bud. I sho' do po'ly—po'ly" he repeated with much emphasis and disgust. But his huge hand covered the typical grin of the hunter who delights to prevaricate about his luck.

Wash Green accepted Scipio's word and went back to his stand with a generous feeling in his heart that he felt he could afford to a mighty one fallen. When Scipio saw him going, he grinned again. He came up under the cypress tree. He pulled out three birds and threw them to his dog. Then he sat down between the cypress roots, with his legs stretched out in a patch of sunshine to dry, and counted his birds. There were twelve dozen and five. He had made a shot. Far down the bank Wash Green fired his last load at three birds in line on the margin. As he picked them up he felt sorry for Scipio. But Scipio was loading up his musket for another shot.



# THE MOST POPULAR PLAY IN THE WORLD

BY ERNEST RUSSELL

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS COLLECTED BY THE AUTHOR

AH, what a conquest Punch has made of the world after all! Whether it be as PUNCHINELLO in Italy, POLICHINELLE in France, HANS WURST in Germany, PICKELHOERING in Holland, PUNCH in England and America, and as Heaven knows what in many another country, his elfin personality has voyaged the world and captivated more human hearts than any actor who ever trod the boards. For nearly three hundred years to "star" in the same part in the same play and with the same "support," to vary his lines hardly at all, and yet to meet in all times and in all countries a never failing welcome from "capacity" houses—is it not a history to be proud of?

Perhaps he swept into your little world at the side-show of your

first circus. And how it all comes back to you now; the pushing, jostling, good-humored crowd, the flaming pictures of those deliciously horrible creatures hidden behind the belying canvas, the din of drums and the strident appeal of the "barker" through it all.

And within, when your wide eyes had

gazed their fill, (that is, if they ever could) at the strange, sad-faced beings upon the little platforms, a sudden surge of the crowd carried you before the little house of mystery, the home of the immortal Punch. All was expectancy and strained attention. The magic of centuries was at work. Presto! and Punch himself was there upon

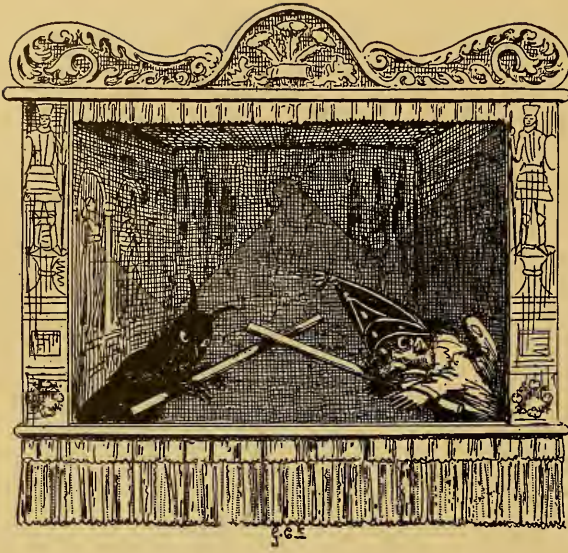
the little stage before you, bowing, singing, jumping about and peeping around the corner, always in motion, always smiling, full of quips and sallies, grotesque in form and feature, with the strangest voice in the world, yet a hero in your eyes for all time.

You followed him gleefully through all manner of villainy; with hardly a qualm of conscience saw him toss his crying infant from the window, and unmerci-

fully beat his shrewish spouse and the doctor; you even felt sorry for him when he was haled off to prison in the arms of the doughty policeman, and clapped your hands when he turned the tables on the hangman and pulled the rope which, by all the verities, should have circled his own rascally neck; and when, with that magic club of his he



Mr. Punch—From etching by George Cruikshank.



Punch and the Devil by Cruikshank.

had successfully banished the clown, the darky and even the devil himself, you acclaimed his efforts and seconded his own vain-glorious boasting with the heartiest enthusiasm.

The retrospect of years and the wisdom which has come to you do not, however, bring the blush of shame at this admission. You realize now that by some strange beneficence of Nature you were enabled to share in a delectable intoxicant which harmed you not at all; that what the moralist would have pointed out as dangerous to your future well-being evaporated in the action of some miraculous alchemy of Nature and left you harmless. There is no "morning after" to your childish spree.

If your first acquaintance with Punch carried with it such fullness of pleasure what shall be said of that later day when you were permitted a glimpse behind the scenes? Can you ever forget the kindly presence of the old Cockney master, versed in the showman's patter and the quaint dialogue of the play who, leading the way into the half light of the booth's interior, permitted you to handle and examine the little wooden-headed puppets and the

small accessories of his craft? And when he had showed you how to insert your hands beneath their garments and, fixing your fingers into their sleeves, give them the semblance of life and motion, how you did long to own a set of them and astonish your fellows with your dexterity!

The story of the play and not a little of its dialogue were already yours through much rehearsal in the privacy of your room—but of this you spoke not; rather did you lend eyes and ears to all he did and said as if you were quite the novice that he thought you.

He showed you the "reed," that little affair of tin and thread which aided so miraculously in the fashioning of Punch's voice, and explained how to hold it with your tongue against the roof

of your mouth and use it at will as the dialogue required.

In the kindness of his heart he even repeated, especially for your benefit, that part of the play which was ever your favorite—the scene between Punch and the Doctor.

You knew well enough what went before; the opening scene between Punch and Judy, and Punch's ill-starred attempt at caring for the Baby; the tragic fate of



Punch and the Doctor by Cruikshank.



the latter as its choleric parent tossed it out of the window; the fight with Judy, her violent death and the entrance of the frivolous Polly who dances so charmingly with unrepentant Punch. You remembered that, after the exit of Pretty Poll, Punch entered with his horse, the prancing "Hector," and in the endeavor to mount and ride in pursuit was ignominiously thrown, to lie screaming, "Doctor! Doctor! Doctor!" at the top of his voice.

It was at this juncture that your mentor took his cue. With his right hand holding Punch upon his back at the rear of the little stage, he deftly inserted his left hand beneath the Doctor's flowing coat, and swung him into view of the imaginary audience. The Doctor, looking all about, does not see the prone figure of Punch, and queries: "Who calls so loud?"

PUNCH (*in anguish*)—"Oh, dear! Oh, Lord! Murder!"

DOCTOR—"Whatever *is* the matter? Bless me soul, who's this, me good friend, Punch? 'Ave you 'ad an accident, me good fellow?"



Nell and her Grandfather discover Codlin and Short in the graveyard—after Brown's woodcut, "Old Curiosity Shop"—ed. 1840.

PUNCH—"Oh, Doctor, Doctor! I've been thrown; I've been killed."

DOCTOR—"No, no, Mr. Punch; 'tish't so bad as that; you're not killed."

PUNCH—"Not killed, but speechless. Oh, Doctor, it's *orful!*"

DOCTOR—"Where is your 'urt, Mr. Punch? Is it 'ere?" (*touching P's head.*)

PUNCH—"No, lower."

DOCTOR—"Ere?" (*touching P's breast.*)

PUNCH—"No, lower still!"

DOCTOR—"Then it must be your 'arnsome leg is broken." (*As the Doctor bends over Punch's leg, for an examination, Punch kicks him in the eye.*)

DOCTOR (*jumping about the stage*)—"Oh, me eye! Me eye!" (*Exit.*)

PUNCH (*solus*)—"Aye, you're right enough; 'tis all in your eye, and Betty Martin, too." (*Jumping up he dances and sings to the tune of "Malbroug"*):

"The Doctor is surely an ass, sirs, To think I'm as brittle as glass, sirs; For I only fell down on the grass, sirs, And me 'urt—it is all in me eye,"

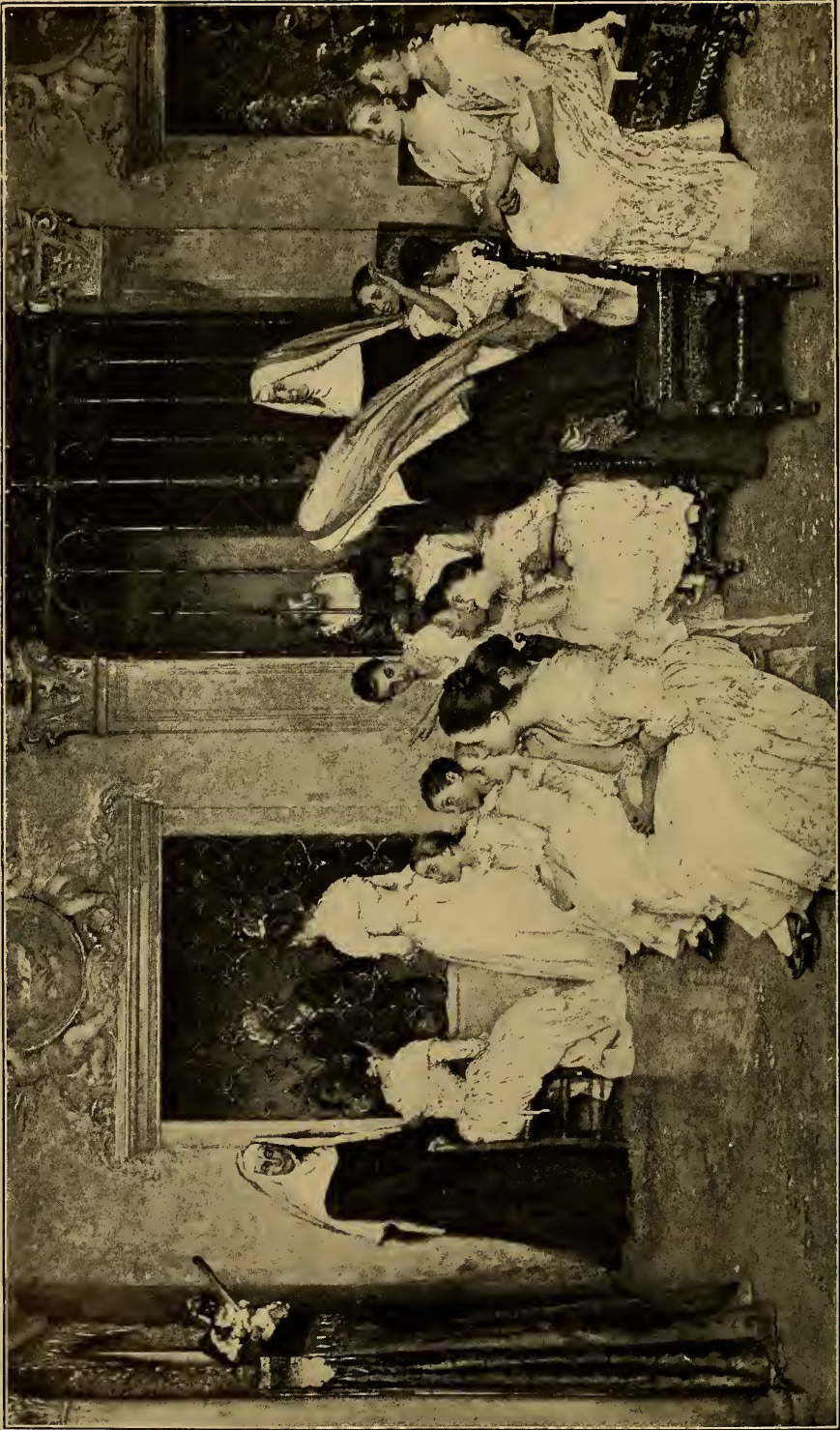
(*While Punch is singing, the Doctor enters behind, with a stick, and whacks Punch on the head.*)

PUNCH (*turns and spies his assailant*)—"Ullo! 'Ullo! Doctor 'ave over, now! What 'ave you there?"

DOCTOR—"Physic, me good



Punch, Judy and the baby by Cruikshank.



The French Punch and Judy—'Polichinelle in the convent'—after painting by de Blaas.

Photograph by Soule Art Pub. Co.

fellow; (*bits him*) physic for your 'urt."

PUNCH—"I'll 'ave no more; it gives me the 'eadache, it does."

DOCTOR—"That's because you 'aven't 'ad enough; (*bits him again*) a little more will cure you." (*Belabors him well.*)

PUNCH—"No more! No more! I say. 'Ave over with your nonsense!"

DOCTOR—"One more dose, Mr. Punch, just one." (*Hits him a resounding blow. Punch here makes a desperate effort, closes with the Doctor and, after a struggle, secures the cudgel.*)

PUNCH—"Ah! ha! 'Tis your turn now to be physicked. I'll be the Doctor." (*Hits him.*)

DOCTOR—"Hold on, me good Mr. Punch; I don't want any physic."

PUNCH—"Oh, yes you do. You *must* take it. (*Hits him.*) 'Ow do you like your own medicine? Is it good? (*Hits him again.*) Do you think it'll cure ygu?" (*Punch hits him repeatedly and chases him about the stage*)

DOCTOR—"Oh, pray, me good, kind Punch; I carn't stand your physic. It weakens me orful; it does indeed." (*Punch belabors the Doctor until the latter falls and then, thrusting his stick into his clothes, tosses the body within the booth.*)

PUNCH—"Ha, ha, ha!" (*laughing*) Now, Doctor, cure yourself if you can." (*Sings and dances to the tune of "Green grow the Rushes, O"*):

"Ri toll de riddle doll,  
There's an end of 'im, by goll!  
I'll dance and sing  
Like anything  
With music for my pretty Poll." (*Exit*)

Gladly you would have had him play on through all the remaining scenes with the Constable, Jack Ketch, the Clown, the Darkey and the Devil—but it was not to be.

Ah! but what genius he had for his calling, this old puppet-showman of yours, and how hopeless it seemed to think of acquiring even its distant counterpart. What animation of gesture and movement he injected into these creatures that were all head and arms and legs and of no bodily substance whatever! And his voice, what a range it had, what ventriloquial mastery it served, what diversity of expression was infused into the speech of each of the little wooden company!

Well, he was of the old school; he had grown up in the great guild of English puppet-showmen with two centuries of tradition behind him. Small wonder that he knew his trade.

Naught did he know, however, of that early day when Silvio Fiorillo and his little band of seventeenth century comedians were giving before the vintagers of Southern Italy their impromptu comedy of art, the very prototype of this modern play. That was perhaps the time of Punch's actual creation, somewhere about 1640.

At what time and place occurred the inevitable transition of the human Punch to his wooden re-incarnation it is impossible to say. It is sufficient for us to know that in puppet character and for nearly three centuries he has been acted and written and pictured and sung into the lives of the great and the lowly, the rich and the poor, of all climes and nationalities.

In France, in the days of Louis Le Grand, he was playing to the plaudits of the people under the skillful manipulation of the puppet-playing dentist, Jean Brioché, and a century later, in the time of the Revolution, shared with the guillotine the popular attention.

In 1721 Le Sage was writing plays for presentation by Polichinelle and his supporting company. In the "Combat de Cyrano de Bergerac," the predecessor of Rostand's masterpiece, he figures as "petit Esope de bois, remuant, tournant, virant, dansant, riant, parlant, petant," and again as "cet hétéroclite marmouset, disons mieux ce drolifique bossu," fit characterization of a puppet born to eternal welcome in French hearts.

In England, appearing in the wake of the Scriptural "motions," themselves the successors of the most ancient of all puppet plays, the old English "Mysteries," he came to a popularity and a finished development of his art which exist undiminished to this day.

Such bits of the history of Punch, however, were quite outside the knowledge of this old showman of yours; but he could talk for hours, and entertainingly, too, of life "on the road" in rural England, where he had traveled, booth on back and with his "coddler" or outside man as companion, from one end of the "tight little isle" to the other.



The Parisian Guignol in the Champs Élysées.



The sea of faces before the little house of mystery—a study in facial expression.

Photograph by M. R. Halladay.

The recital of this wandering life of his had the true gipsy flavor and, indeed, many of his fellow craftsmen of the day were of the Romany and their "patter" replete with words of Romany origin. Among them the show itself was known as "Swatchel" and the operator was the "swatchel-cove." The bag for holding the money collected was the "hobbling slum," the reed or "call" (used for Punch's voice alone) was the "fake," and the panpipes, characteristic of the guild, were the "peepsies." Quite a vocabulary of this bastard Romany was at the command of the old gentleman and not a few of the strange sounding words slipped into the narrative you listened to so eagerly.

Take it all in all you had from his lips a glimpse of that vagabond life which held such charm for Borrow, Dickens, Hans Breitman, Stevenson and those other rare spirits of a day that is past; there tossed in your brain delectable visions of far-reaching roads, of waving trees and green fields beyond, of quaint-clad peasant folk at country fairs and of night bivouacs under the stars.

It is Dickens, of blessed memory, who has given us pictures of these strolling players of Punch's little drama so intimate and so typical of their varying fortunes that quotation comes as a matter of necessity.

All readers of "Old Curiosity Shop" remember the misanthropic Tommy Codlin and the diminutive Harris, otherwise Short Trotters, who with their Punch and Judy show accompanied Little Nell and her grandfather on their flight from London. When Little Nell first discovered them they were taking their evening rest in a graveyard with the appurtenances of their profession scattered about on tombstones and other mortuary emblems.

"Perched cross-legged upon a tombstone behind them," says Dickens, "was the figure of the hero himself, his nose and chin as hooked and his face as beaming as usual. Perhaps his imperturbable character was never more strikingly developed, for he preserved his usual equable smile, notwithstanding that his body was dangling in a most uncomfortable position, all loose and limp and shapeless, while his long peaked cap, unequally balanced against his exceedingly slight legs, threatened every instant to bring him toppling down.

In part scattered upon the ground at the feet of the two men, and in part jumbled together in a long, flat box, were the other persons in the drama. The hero's wife and one child, the hobby-horse, the doctor, the foreign gentleman, who not being familiar with the language is unable in the representation to express his ideas otherwise than by the utterance of the word 'Shallabalah' three distinct times, the radical neighbor who will by no means admit that a tin bell is an organ, the executioner, and the devil, were all here. Their owners had evidently come to that spot to make some needful repairs in the stage arrangements, for one of them was engaged in binding together a small gallows with thread, while the other was intent upon fixing a new black wig, with the aid of a small hammer and some tacks, upon the head of the radical neighbor, who had been beaten bald."

In a subsequent chapter of the same delightful book the little troupe is pictured walking along a dusty country road, Codlin bearing upon his shoulders the "temple" of Mr. Punch, while Short trudges beside him, burdened with the flat box wherein lies Punch, "all slack and drooping, with his legs doubled up around his neck, and not one of his social qualities remaining." Short is further laden with the private luggage of the little party and carries a trumpet "slung from his shoulder-blade." Nell and her grandfather walk next him on either hand.

"When they came to any town or village, or even to a detached house of good appearance, Short blew a blast upon the brazen trumpet and carolled a fragment of a song in that hilarious tone common to Punches and their consorts. If people hurried to the windows, Mr. Codlin pitched the temple and hastily unfurling the drapery and concealing Short therewith, flourished hysterically on the pipes and performed an air. Then the entertainment began as soon as might be, Mr. Codlin having the responsibility of deciding on its length and of protracting or expediting the time for the hero's final triumph over the enemy of mankind, according as he judged that the after-crop of half-pence would be plentiful or scant. When it had been gathered in to the last farthing, he resumed his load and on they went again.

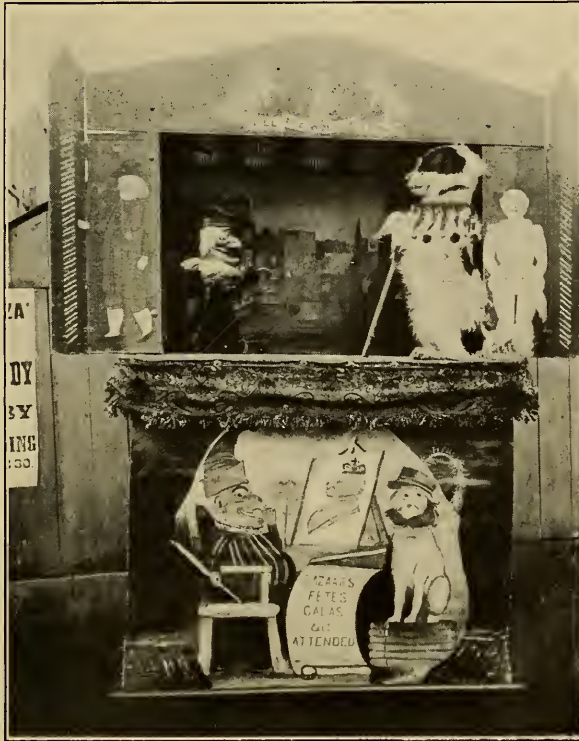
"Sometimes they played out the toll

across a bridge or ferry, and once exhibited by particular desire at a turnpike where the collector, being drunk in his solitude, paid down a shilling to have it to himself.

"There was one small place of rich promise in which their hopes were blighted, for a favorite character in the play having goldlace upon his coat and being a meddling wooden-headed fellow, was held to be a libel on

the beadle, for which reason the authorities enforced a quick retreat, but they were generally well received, and seldom left a town without a troop of ragged children shouting at their heels."

Although the experience of our old-time friend had been chiefly among such wanderers as Dickens pictures so cleverly, he had come in touch with much that is now ancient history in the annals of the play. The name of the old Italian, Piccini, (he of the squat figure, the red face and the single eye) was a by-word with him, and stood for pre-eminence of ability. It was Piccini, indeed, who sponsored the version of the play which John Payne Collier produced in his famous "History of Punch and Judy" published in London in 1824 and graced by Cruikshank's inimitable drawings. Of the famous Jessons (there were three generations of them, I believe, of almost equal celebrity) he spoke quite familiarly and of many others distinguished among their fellows for this or that peculiarity; Hawkins, for instance, who never used the "fake" but relied on his natural ability for



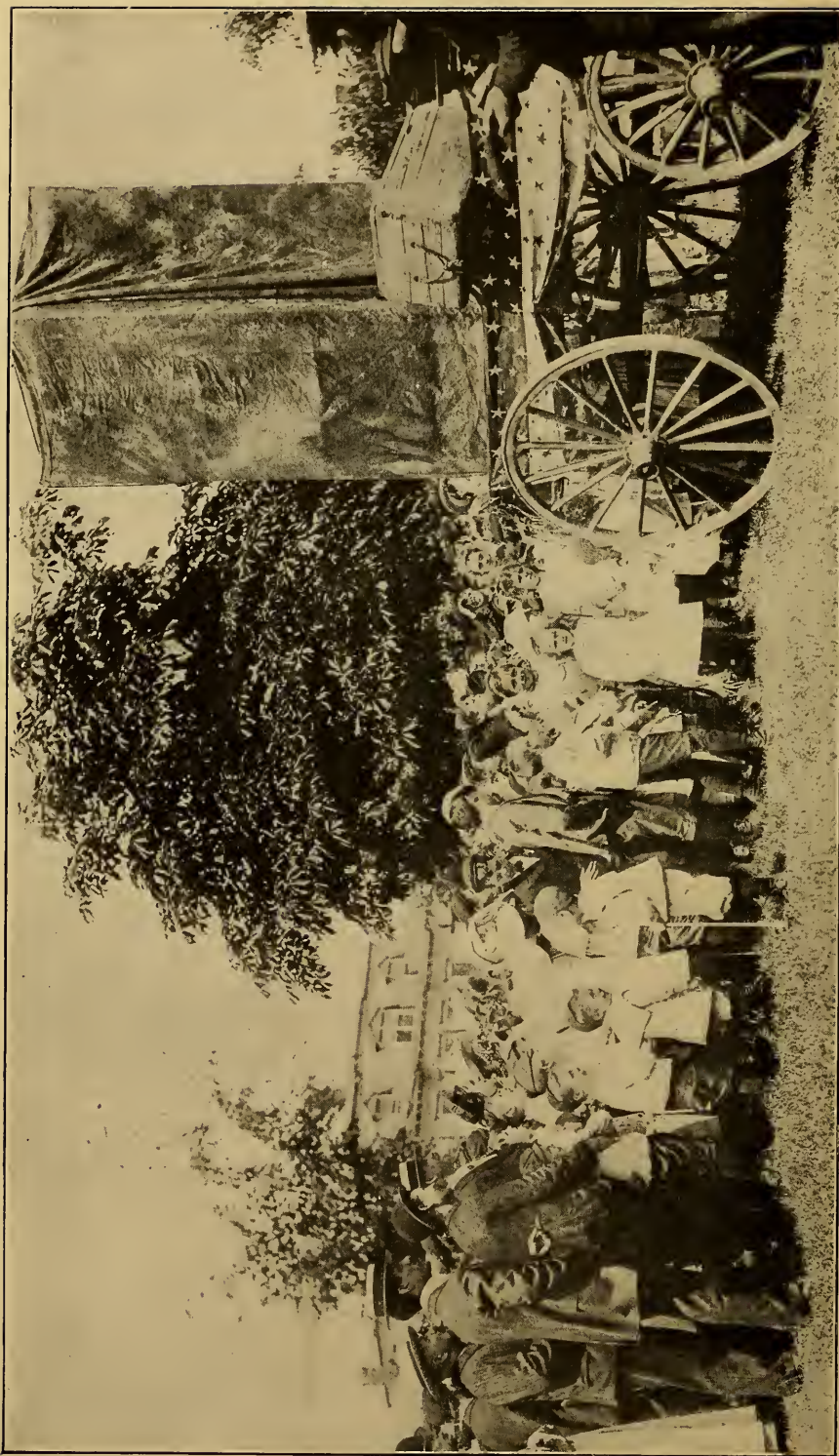
Punch and Judy in England—note the real dog.

the simulation of Punch's voice, and Clapham, who stood unsurpassed as a witty "codler."

It were useless indeed to seek, by any serious analysis, a moral in Punch's "merry *littl* play." There is none. Measured by any ethical standard the drama fails most miserably of attaining what we are told is the chief aim of dramatic poetry, the enforcement of a moral; ar-

raigned as a presentment of vice and knavery triumphant, his warmest admirer cannot for a moment acquit him; he is at once liar, braggart, knave and ruffian and as such, should we take him seriously, deserves the very punishment he dispenses so lavishly. But no one *can* take him seriously; he is the Apotheosis of Humor, the universal Joke, and the most effective part of the joke, the very kernel and core of his popularity, lies in the ultimate triumph of the hero.

Propos of the moral aspect of the play, Agnes Repplier, in her charming "Essays in Idleness," has this to say, "But we have now reached that point of humane seriousness when even puppet-shows cannot escape their educational responsibilities, and when Punch and Judy are gravely censured for teaching a lesson in brutality. The laughter of generations, which should protect and hallow the little mannikins at play, counts for nothing by the side of their irresponsible naughtiness, and their cheerful disregard of all our moral standards. Yet here, too, Hazlitt has a reasonable



The itinerant show.—The American production on wheels.

Photograph by M. R. Halladay.



word of defense, holding indeed that he who invented such diverting pastimes was a benefactor to his species, and gave us something which it was rational and healthy to enjoy. "We place the mirth and glee and triumph to our own account," he says, "and we know the bangs and blows the actors have received go for nothing as soon as the showman puts them up in his box, and marches off quietly with them."

After all, Punch's play is a world's play, its essence a classic essence, and its form practically the same everywhere.

He who so abuses Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., in the pages of the *Tattler* and chuckles at the discomfiture of his master in a certain chapter of our beloved "Tom Jones" is but the same hook-nosed, hump-backed, ever-smiling rascal who holds forth to-day at Margate and St. Giles' Fair; the Polichinelle of the day of Brioché and Duplessis continues to charm both boulevardier and gamin at the "*Théâtre Guignol*" of the Champs Elysées; the Hans Wurst who inspired Goethe's "Faust" may yet be found in rural Germany, and the same Punchinello who delighted the Italian vintagers more than two centuries ago still fills with ecstasy the breasts of their descendants to-day.

Only the other day a traveler, returned from the far East, was describing to the present writer a Chinese puppet-show seen in the streets of Manila. There was the same central figure of a grotesque buffoon meeting and overcoming all sorts of contention from the other members of the cast, carried to execution only to decapitate his executioner, and escape upon his puppet-horse amid the applause of his coolie audience. Indeed M. Magnin speaks truly when he says, "Polichinelle n'est pas près de mourir. Polichinelle est immortel!"

The history of Punch in America, although a short chapter and dating back to about 1850 only, has still its own little Hall of Fame wherein the names of such masters as Murdock, Henderson, Wenzell, Singleton, Stephens, Rodgers and Lyons will always be inscribed. Most of these old-timers have passed on to join their fellow craftsmen of other centuries and other nationalities but a few still remain to uphold the better traditions of the play.

Perhaps the most notable of these is Milton P. Lyons of Philadelphia who not only brings to Punch's play the skill of a thorough artist but has also introduced to American audiences a remarkable reproduction of the "Guignol Lyonnais."

While with us to-day Punch is more often met with at seaside resorts or in the rather doubtful company of the circus side-show, there was a time when the more pretentious of our puppet-shows were fixtures in the larger cities and were well patronized. Although it is only at rare intervals that we find the play penetrating the rural districts in the English fashion it would appear there awaits a sure return for the adventurous amateur who seeks a field of conquest and "a good time" in making the experiment. Some years ago, a friend of the writer's, a Frenchman and an adept in the play, peregrinated somewhat aimlessly through the "back country" of Canada, giving, as occasion offered and as the mood suited, a simplified version of Polichinelle. He sought a novel vacation and he had "the time of his life." There were no "halls to let" in the hamlets he visited but he found cheese-factories in plenty and, (having secured the indispensable permission of the curé and making a contribution for the good of the church) it was in the store-rooms of these that he usually held forth. The entrance fee usually charged was ten cents, but heads of families bringing lamps for the illumination of the "theater" were admitted free! Needless to say, the theater was brilliantly lighted at every performance. As one might infer from a knowledge of French character, my friend's little tour with the time-honored play was a success from every point of view, and the ejaculations of wonder and merriment, which punctuated his labors, ample evidence that his hearers were as receptive to the charm of Polichinelle's personality as were their ancestors of the French Revolution.

This universal appeal of Punch's play is the key-note of its history, and the true measure of the tribute we must render him. Not only does it enthrall the childish imagination and hold it willing captive in the realm of pure illusion, but it reaches out to older minds, especially to those whom beneficent Fate has endowed with an almost juvenile impressionability, and



An early American conception of Judy—after a drawing by Bufford, 1855.

bears them along, miraculously, in the sweep of earlier emotions. We read of Pierre Bayle, "the studious Bayle," his very clothing musty with the lore of philosophy, creeping from his retreat at the sound of the cracked trumpet which announced Punch's arrival in Rotterdam, and of Windham, who, though due at the House of Commons on a night of important debate, pauses like a truant school-boy on his way and tarries enraptured before the puppet's stage till the whole performance is concluded.

In view of what it had once meant to the writer of this article it followed most naturally, when parenthood brought the desire to amuse a trio of small children with something outside the common run of entertainment, that he should hit upon Punch's play as the very thing.

My first step toward fame led me to buy in a Boston toy-shop (at the moderate

price of \$4.50) a set of seven French puppets, representing respectively Punch, Judy, the Baby, the Doctor, the Policeman, Jack Ketch and the Devil. These figures were each about two feet in height with heads a trifle larger than the average orange. They were well, if somewhat cheaply dressed, and painted very creditably in bright and quite durable colors. The heads were of hard wood and the carving rather well done and as it is understood that the head is about all there is, of substance, to a puppet, I felt that I received my money's worth.

There was just one drawback to the perfect adaptability of the cast to an American production—the policeman was a gendarme, true to type even to his cocked hat and carefully twirled mustaches and bearing more resemblance to a military character than to the traditional American "cop," helmeted and white gloved. Consequently his arrival upon the stage has always to be carefully announced and his true rôle established by

sundry observations on the part of Mr. Punch.

My second concern was to build a suitable booth. This I found no very difficult task, for I had merely to construct of inch-and-a-half stock a three-piece folding frame, fitted with screen hinges. This frame I covered upon the outside with red burlap and the two side sections, upon the inside, for about half their height from the top I treated similarly. All three sections were of the same height (about six feet) and three feet in width, the outside ones being framed alike and the central one, in its upper part, having a vacant space, eighteen inches high, for the proscenium.

Inside such a booth, his puppets in the order of their appearance hanging suspended from a rack before him, the operator may sit down to his labors unrestricted in movement and insured against the catastrophe of a puppet falling to the

floor at the very moment his presence is demanded upon the stage.

The third step of my preparation was a careful comparison and study of the different versions of the play, consultation with professional puppet-showmen as to the various methods now in vogue with them, and a thorough "reading up" of literature on the general subject.

It proved a vastly entertaining quest and before Punch came upon the stage for his initial appearance under my management,

I was more thoroughly than ever under the spell of his elfish personality.

Though I began, as I have said, with but seven puppets and knew that the historic equipment included anywhere from ten to twenty actors, I had little difficulty in adapting a version to my limited cast which served every essential and legitimate requirement of the play itself and met the instant approval of my not too critical audience. Moreover there was a question as to the propriety of patterning the per-



The cast.

formance too closely upon the old English version. In the end I sacrificed Pretty Poll on the ground of questionable character, and Scaramouch, The Courtier, The Blind Man and Toby, because I did not have them. Notwithstanding this curtailment of the dramatis personæ I found it quite enough of a play, and quite enough of strenuous activity inside the "temple" to compass, within half an hour's time, the forcible dismissal or absolute annihilation of every member of the cast save the hero himself.

the operator appeared, Pollock expostulated with the fellow at this violation of most sacred tradition. "I know it, sur," responded the showman, dejectedly, "I 'ates to do it and it 'adn't ought to be done, but ye see, I cawn't 'elp it, sur, it's all along o' these meddlin' curates, sur."

Though the present writer has yet to suffer at the hands of the "meddlin' curates," he has, in deference to delicate suggestion and with inward regret, presented at church fairs and kindred functions an expurgated edition of the play wherein



The execution of Jack Ketch.

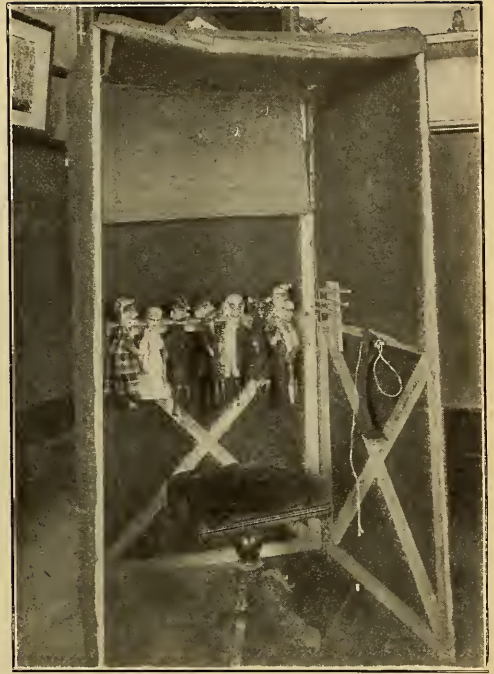
The ideal make-up of the cast, in my opinion, includes the seven puppets mentioned, together with the Darkey, the Clown and the Ghost. By no means sacrifice the Devil to outside opinion; his overthrow quite puts the finishing touch upon the production. In this connection Pollock tells the following amusing story. Pausing in the course of his wanderings to watch the efforts of a puppet-showman, in a rural English town, he was horrified to see a vile caricature of an alligator take the place of "the enemy of mankind" in the closing scenes. Lingered about until

the puppet Devil, rechristened as the Bogey-man, has filled the rôle of his horned relative and received the same effectual treatment.

Perhaps the opportunity for individual superiority in giving Punch and Judy a telling production lies nowhere more forcibly than in the simulation of the various voices of the actors. Lively motion, intelligible gestures, and humorous antics in general must, of course, be imparted to the figures, but the atmosphere of illusion is most enhanced by complete change of voice in the case of each



Before the rise of the curtain.



Behind the scenes.



In the kindergarten—the amateur performance.



The Italian Punchinello after painting by de Blaas.

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member of the cast. This, in my opinion, can best be achieved by mere practice and without the aid of the throat-torturing "reed" of the professional. After one has become thoroughly *saturated* in the spirit of the piece it is not difficult to project one's conception of an individual part through an assumed voice that comes, at the time and under the circumstances, quite naturally.

It is a very good bit of "business" to employ quite a repertory of songs, (comic ones are best suited to the spirit of the play) which may serve as acceptable introductions to the various characters as they appear.

Almost the only accessories required are a miniature coffin (for the removal of the unlucky hangman, Jack Ketch), the miniature gibbet on which he meets his fate, and a plentiful supply of stout oak clubs for Punch's exacting service. A dark cambric cloth attached to the top of the booth and allowed to drop behind the operator, will furnish a contrasting background for the figures. A drop curtain upon a roller may also be fastened to the top of the proscenium. These with the stage, a thin board, three inches wide and containing a screw for the adjustment of the gibbet, and the rack for the puppets, already referred to, complete the equipment.

Almost everything required for the play can be bought, ready-made as for professionals, from the theatrical supply-houses, but the total cost of equipment will be found rather high. With the exception of the puppets, an outfit made at home

will fill every requirement and need not cost more than ten dollars and a single day's labor. If the best grade of puppets are desired they can be had (made to order and of any design) of a gentleman in Philadelphia who has followed this trade for thirty years. His puppets are works of art, beautifully and substantially dressed, carefully painted and cost from \$2.50 to \$3.50 each.

If anyone be encouraged by this article to adopt this fascinating avocation, let him consider well the plagiarized truism that "we are advertised by our loving friends." He may intend simply to amuse his children but there are his neighbors' children to be considered and his neighbors' neighbors' children as well. As the report of his inevitably successful effort spreads, he will be asked by every religious and charitable organization in his city to assist in their fund-raising work. He will, of course, attempt to do this—and will fail in health, lose flesh and feel miserable. Then he will "hedge," begin to charge for his services, and perhaps be rated a mercenary creature, "fallen into a worship of false gods and smitten with the lust of riches."

Let him, however, continue on his way. His labors, though they line not his pockets with gold, will give him much comfort. He will hear often that sweetest music in the world, the laughter of children, and he shall go to his rest in the agreeable consciousness of having contributed by the sweat of his brow not only to the perpetuation of a classic but to the sum of human contentment.

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GOING BACK TO THE WOODS



# THE SIGHTLESS ATHLETE

HOW THE BLIND ARE TAUGHT TO TAKE EXERCISE

BY J. E. BAKER

THE argument generally advanced in favor of scholastic athletics, applies to schools for the blind; but there are especial reasons why the blind boy needs vigorous play. Groping in darkness, he has been made timid by a hundred knocks. Instead of being hardened by his experience, the uncertainty of these knocks makes him peculiarly hesitating in his movements. The constant strain on his nerves of this expectancy of a hurt is debilitating and hence the great majority of blind boys take exercise no more strenuous than a walk or a sun bath. Blind boys are like all other boys in their impulses and desires. It is as natural for them as it is for those with vision to be bounding and buoyant. Strength of limb and dexterity of movement are as much admired and as eagerly emulated by them as by others of their age. The play instinct is as active among the sightless as among the seeing. Mischievous tendencies are in no wise monopolized by the children who can see. Shut in from all the world, with a sluggish body, but with an imagination made active by training and environment, the sightless lad is particularly liable to insidious suggestion. As the sun and the winds oxidize the sewage of a great city, so will they destroy the impurities in a mind that would be clean. Athletics bring the boy into those purifying surroundings, give his blood a healthy flow, furnish his muscles an invigorating employment and supply an atmosphere in which morbid thoughts cannot thrive.

And so the experiment in outdoor work was begun. Running, jumping, putting the shot and kicking the football were the first recreations tried. Of course, it would not do to start these boys on a cross-country run alone, but by way of substitute all

took hold of a long rope, a boy who could see a little was put in as leader, and jaunts were thus taken down the road. Running seems to be a simple thing, but after being leader of the rope myself a few times, I concluded that I had to pull altogether too hard for the speed forthcoming from the boys. Upon watching the different individuals, it was observed that several were simply being pulled into a swift walk. On questioning these, I learned that they had been born blind. They had never seen any one run. They did not know how to run. To watch these individuals as they tried, to tell them to lean forward, to "get on their toes," to take longer strides, was the next step. Corrective work like the hopping stride, running as high on the toes as possible, and swinging the arms with a quick jerk to lengthen the stride, was occasionally given. Later in the season the boys were divided into two squads, the division being made on the basis of speed, and the distance was lengthened as their limited endurance increased.

In jumping (the standing broad jump) the same difficulty prevailed as in running. Some did not know what a jump was like. The motion was analyzed and each detail taught separately. In this event, the peculiar timidity of the blind seemed most to manifest itself. The uncertainty as to what, where, and how they would strike, in their flight through the air, seemed utterly to unnerve some. The sensation they experienced is much like that of one, who, walking downstairs in the dark, thinks he has reached the floor, but finds he has another step to go. At first the boys would make only the slightest exertion, and in some cases had to be pushed and given a few tumbles in the soft dirt to arouse their grit.

The shot-put was easy to get started, but gave considerable trouble in the later stages of mastering the form. For the sake of exercise the boys were told simply to push the shot, but as soon as they developed arm control, attention was given to the help the body may lend. The movements are so complicated that description was next to useless. So the coach posed, while the boys felt him over to learn the relative positions of the body and the muscles used. Then they practiced the pose, changing from one to the next succeeding. The ring from which they threw was formed, at first, by a ditch about eight inches wide and six inches deep, but later two sections of a wagon wheel rim fastened securely at the front and the back of the ring were found to be much better. Although work was much facilitated by having a seeing boy in each squad, most of the totally blind could find the shot in a short time by going in the direction of the sound made when it dropped.

Learning to kick the football was easy. Both the punt and the drop-kick were quickly learned. When left to themselves, the teams lined up on the opposite ends of the field, then, from a given number of paces back of the center of the field, one captain kicked the ball into his opponent's territory. The opponent who obtained the ball, returned it by kicking from the point where the ball stopped. In this manner the ball was punted back and forth until one side drove the other into a driveway that bounded either end of the field. This may seem like a sort of drop-the-handkerchief football, but on the contrary the play required close attention, quick starting, a great deal of running and hard kicking. Besides, when two blind boys are hard after the same ball, bumps are about as likely to occur as from any combination one can name.

The same exercises, performed in almost the same manner as in ordinary gymnasia, prevail in those for the blind. Marching, setting-up exercises, Swedish movements, dumb-bell drill, and apparatus work comprise the main list. The boys line up at the beginning of the class in order of height. They have to be arranged by the teacher, at first. After that, each one remembers who is above or below him and arranges himself accordingly. By

touching elbows they keep their line straight, and when the order of march is given, they turn and wheel with ease. The sound of the step in front helps them to keep an orderly line of march, but good results are principally obtained by constant practice and correction until habits of muscular precision are formed. So great are the possibilities, that by culling out the poorest performers and placing the partially sighted in advantageous positions fancy figure marches and Spanish dances are given frequently before audiences.

By using marching orders, positions on the floor are easily found, but any one familiar with gymnastic work knows that beginners find it hard to keep in one place. The blind boy when out of place must be told which way to step. He learns a setting-up exercise by being told minutely the movement and position, but more often by feeling of some one who poses for him. The dumb-bell and Swedish drills are learned from poses and directions the same as the setting-up exercises. In this connection it is well to remember that the blind boy gets more mental discipline out of this work than the ordinary boy, for while the latter generally copies the movement from his leader, the blind boy must take his sequences from verbal orders, which entails closer mental application. Some work is done with Indian clubs, but the *finesse* of this exercise depends so much upon optical effects and illusions that the practice required is not repaid by the results obtained.

The use of apparatus brought about a rather sharply defined line of cleavage between two classes of boys, those with nerve and those without. The former learned "stunts"; the latter clung helplessly and fearfully to the apparatus. The parallel bars were used most frequently. The beginning and ending positions of simple and complete "cut-offs," "turns," and "upstarts" are learned from poses, the intermediate action from the teacher's description. While the pupil is learning some one must watch him closely to prevent serious falls, for a blind boy's nerve is shaken as easily as another's. Light falls, however, are often productive of good, because a boy with spirit does not mind a hurt that is not too severe and the experience helps his grit. With a little prac-

tice the boys learn to balance upon and to grip the apparatus, and when the "at home" feeling develops, they need only suggestions to try all varieties of movements. Especially is this true of work upon the horizontal bar. Even little fellows nine years old do simple turns, while the older boys practice all the "feats" common to gymnasia for the seeing.

Last year the gymnasium was given a Christmas present in the shape of a punching-bag. Like a new toy it attracted the attention of all the boys. Those who have tried to punch the bag know its elusiveness and its surprising antics. The blind boys also soon learned to appreciate this quality in the bag, which aroused the boys' fighting spirit and determination to conquer. Besides, the rythmical thuds of the skillfully handled bag are especially alluring to the blind. So they kept on fooling and tussling with the bag until they had learned straight punches, side punches, elbow blows and combinations of all of them. Punching the bag is a matter of placing the blow accurately and sharply. With the conception of the movement thoroughly in mind, the difficulties of becoming expert are about equal between the blind and the seeing boy. It is all a matter of perfect muscular co-ordination. But in getting those conceptions throughout the whole course of training, both in gymnasium and in field work, the blind boy simply needs better teaching and more of it, patience, determination and faith in the ultimate possibilities of his achievement.

The most popular of all outdoor events, probably, is the thirty-five yard dash. Now, nobody with or without eyes can run straight very far unless it be toward some mark. The sighted sprinter has his alley to guide him and the tape in front. So for the blind boys a string of sleigh bells is rung at the finish. Collisions resulted twice only, during last season. The abandon which the boys display in this race is a revelation, and their performances are very creditable. It is the opinion of the writer that, other conditions being equal, the sightless boy gets a faster start than his seeing brother: the blind boy never looks out of the "tail of his eye," and his co-ordination between ear and muscle is closer and more nicely adjusted.

The success of blind boys in athletics,

the same as with boys who know the light, is determined largely by the personal equation. Some boys are naturally graceful, others naturally awkward. Some will learn a gymnastic feat almost without effort, others, only after the most faithful labor. In short, some have a well-developed muscular sense, while others have but the faintest traces of it. For those who measure success by marks, the records made by sightless athletes at the Wisconsin School for the Blind, will be interesting. These records should not be supposed to equal performances of high school boys, because the training was for all-round development. No one specialized in any one event.

Standing broad jump.....	7 ft. 9 inches
Standing high jump.....	3 ft. 7 inches
Running broad jump.....	17 ft. 8 inches
Running high jump.....	4 ft. 6 inches
Shot-put (12 lb.).....	37 ft. 8 inches
Discus throw.....	85 ft.
Football punt.....	39 yds. 1 ft.
Hundred yard dash.....	12 seconds
Thirty-five yard dash.....	4 seconds flat

The time made in the last event must be considered extraordinary. It was made in a trial heat, and a few minutes later the same young man ran the final heat in four and one-fifth seconds. Perhaps it is only fair to say that one man won five of the above-mentioned events: *viz.*, the two running jumps, the shot-put, the discus throw and the football punt. This lad can see enough to tell light from darkness and has unusual muscular ability. However, he met strong competition in all events, excepting the jumps; and it must be remembered that the star man with the discus of the autumn before was totally blind.

How did the superintendent's experiment with football work out? An illustration will suffice. In the school was a lanky, lazy, good-natured lad of seventeen, born blind, and nicknamed "Feet." "Feet's" most vigorous exercise was to walk out to the iron steps on the south side of the building and soak in the sunshine on a sunny day. The same lassitude was manifested in his studies, and in the care of his person. He had but little sense of shame and long ago had become accustomed to being called the "poorest stick" in school. He was about as inert as a live human could be. He had never been known to speak a piece without breaking down, and was convinced that he could not and didn't care. He had been given a

good physique by nature, but felt under no obligations to use it. However, he could jump fairly well. One evening when some of the better jumpers were not out for practice he managed to beat the crowd. He was commended and seemed pleased. The next night he appeared anxious to work. He kept on and now holds the school record. About the same time he presented a declamation to the school. He took care to dress himself well for the occasion, and when his name was called

gave his whole selection, a long one at that, without a break, and he actually became so enthusiastic as to make a few creditable gestures. "Feet" had awakened the sleeping spirit of contest through activity upon the field. All "institution" boys are characterized by lack of ambition, and this boy's condition is an index to the general tendency of them all. What athletics did for "Feet" it did for every boy in school, making him despise sloth and wish for power, love activity.

## TAILS AND THEIR USES

BY C. WILLIAM BEEBE\*

AUTHOR OF "TWO BIRD LOVERS IN MEXICO," "THE BIRD" AND "THE LOG OF THE SUN"

THE casual observer has no idea of the importance of tails among the various classes of animals, nor of the bewildering number of uses to which they are put. Tails are exceedingly ancient structures, and long before arms and legs were evolved they wriggled and waved and curved, aiding their owners millions of years ago as they do to-day.

When next we visit a zoölogical park or museum let us keep an eye out for tails and their uses, and we shall be surprised how interesting we shall find them.

To begin at home, when a dog turns around in a close circle once or twice on the hearth rug, before lying down, and then drops his head contentedly upon his hind leg and curls his tail forward, we have a hint of the primitive use of this member. The sensitive naked nose of a dog, wolf or fox is his chief asset in life. Without this wonderful organ of scent these creatures would be unable to procure their food; so when zero weather threatens every exposed organ, the thick hair of the tail is wrapped close over the nose, affording a covering, warm but porous for breathing purposes.

In the hands of his master—man—the dog has proved to be wonderfully plastic material, not only in nature and in mental capacity, but throughout his whole being—his entire structure from head to toe.

The tail, even in the primitive wolfish ancestor, was in use as an indicator of the creature's mood. It wagged in affection and stiffened in anger long before man tamed its owner, and at the first brutal attempts this member was often tucked safely between the hind legs as the animal fled in terror from the savage.

In the intelligent dog of modern times the tail unites with the eyes in all but producing speech; a word of approval will cause a hundred frantic wags; a reproof will send it drooping dejectedly.

There is no more perfect proof of the radical way in which dogs have been altered in their deepest nature by the influence of man, than in the accomplishments of the pointer and setter. The hunt is the especial province of the wolf and the dog. When pursuing their prey they approach nearest to primal conditions and farthest from man's influence. But wolves and wild dogs have but one method in hunting—to unite in packs or bands and, by means of scent, to follow the trail of their prey until they have sighted it, when with fatal perseverance they run it down. Hence a foxhound's duty is almost a normal instinct; but when a pointer scents the game, he must repress all the instincts which are deepest and substitute for them

\*Curator of Ornithology; New York Zoölogical Park.

a self-control and inaction which must be against every fiber of his body. He must assume the attitude of silent watchfulness—the hunting method of the cat tribe, and by the stiffening of his body and tail he must show where the game lies. When we realize that shot-guns are scarce two centuries old, and that this radical change in the dog has been produced in some thirty or forty generations, it becomes still more remarkable.

When a rabbit breaks away from its form, under the very nose of the dog, we can hardly blame even the most perfectly trained setter for dashing after it in full cry. Hundreds of generations have stamped this instinct upon him. Every nerve and muscle urge him to break through the recently acquired, artificial self-control.

The thrusting of the tail between the legs is probably the result of many a pursuit by enemies of old, who would have seized and bitten the tail if it was trailed behind.

A cat never actually wags its tail. Why should it when it can purr? But, nevertheless, it seems to serve the same purpose in permitting a temporary expenditure of excess nervous energy when the animal is under great strain. For instance, when carefully stalking a bird or a man, as in the case of a kitten or a lion, the tip of the tail is never still for a moment—ever curling and uncurling. We may compare this to the nervous tapping of the foot or fingers in a man. When an angry lion is roaring his loudest, his tail will frequently lash from side to side, giving rise among the ancients to the belief that he scourged his body with a hook or thorn which grew from the end of the tail.

When a jaguar walks along a slender bough, or a house cat perambulates the top of a board fence, we perceive another important function of the tail—that of an aid in balancing. As a tight-rope performer sways his pole, so the feline shifts its tail to preserve the center of gravity.

The tail of a sheep seems to be of little use to its owner, although in the breed which is found in Asia Minor and on the tablelands of Tartary, this organ functions as a storehouse of fat, and sometimes reaches a weight of fifty pounds. When viewed from behind, the animal seems all

tail, and when this appendage reaches its full size it is either fastened between two sticks which drag on the ground, or it is suspended on two small wheels.

The creatures whose bodies are not protected by long hair or by a thick coat of wool would suffer untold misery from the hosts of flies, were it not that Nature has provided them with splendid fly-slappers. When we see two horses or cows standing beside each other, head to tail, we realize that they appreciate the value of their caudal whisks and doubtless would be glad if several other tails were distributed about their bodies. Or we can realize the value of tails in a less pleasant way by watching the agonies of some unfortunate horse whose tail has been docked by a custom, to be consistent with which, the owners of the horses should be decorated with nose-rings and filed teeth!

It is probable that the long flowing mane and tail of many breeds is a secondary character, incident upon their domestic life; since in absolutely wild species, such as the Mongolian horse, the mane is short and erect and the tail is never as long nor as fully haired as in domestic breeds. When we see one of these Mongolian steeds in its long, almost furry winter coat, there seems small need of a fly-slapper of any description; but the summer coat is short and the flies and mosquitoes of Tibet would soon kill an animal unable to free itself of these pests.

No plant has a tail, and neither has any animal which resembles a plant in being fixed to one place. Thus, coral animals and sea-anemones are daisy-like in their symmetrical development, and star-fishes—which only in modern times have learned to crawl down from their stalks and creep about the sea bottom—these have no tails.

What of the stony barnacles on the rocks along the seashore? Ah, when these were young they "could a tale unfold" which promised to take them into the realm of lobsters with their long, jointed caudal appendage. Instead, however, they degenerate and lose head, eyes, nerves, tail—almost everything worth having, and sink to the bottom where they stick and build their limestone prisons.

Probably the first use of a tail was for propulsion through the water, and to-day, a fish darts swiftly by means of its tail-fin

alone. If we should cut off the tail-fin of a fish, leaving him his half-dozen others, he would make little progress through the water, his condition being about comparable to a ship which has lost her screw. Almost all aquatic animals use the tail in preference to the limbs to swim with, such as the whales, alligators and dolphins. When an alligator moves slowly through the water he paddles with his webbed toes, but when he wishes to go faster he folds his legs, or rather lets them drift close to his sides, and undulates swiftly along, snake-like with sideways twists of his tail.

Seals have short, stubby tails, but when they wish to swim rapidly they fold their hind feet or flippers together and use them tail-fashion. Penguins swim with their flipper-like wings, but the tail is of great assistance in steering.

In whales we have an entirely different state of affairs, the tail being set transversely instead of vertically. The reason for this is concealed in long ages of evolution. Fishes have always been as they are now, aquatic, but the ancestors of whales and dolphins lived on dry land where they crawled about on four good feet. When, for some reason, these creatures of old took to the water, they probably did not plunge at once into the open ocean where their descendants now live, but waded and paddled along in the shallows and marshes of the shore. Here a vertical tail would certainly be in the way, while a horizontal one might be used advantageously. We must not forget also that whales breathe air as we do and that it is more necessary for them to shoot quickly up from the dark ocean depths to the surface, than to turn, fish-like, from side to side.

The sting ray and certain other fishes have a sharp poisonous spine in the tail, with which they can inflict a severe wound, but in the case of the alligator, it is by sheer brute force that the tail is useful for defense. The muscles of this organ are like springs of steel. The great saurian lies asleep in the sun, seeming more dead than alive, but if a half-dozen men should seize its tail with all their strength, with one terrible flick the alligator could scatter them, breaking legs and arms as if they were straws, and hurling the men far to each side.

In Mexico I once grasped a three-foot

iguana by the tail, and I had my strength tested to the utmost to hold on for a single minute. Then, without warning, the great lizard went one way and I the other; his tail had parted company in the middle, and I had nine inches of it left in my hand. Instead of being fatal to these iguanas, such an occurrence is not infrequent and is of the utmost value to them in saving their lives.

When alarmed, their first act is to dive for their holes, but when an eagle is making the attack, the swiftness of its flight sometimes intercepts the lizard and the bird of prey seizes the long tail which is the last visible part of the iguana. After a brief struggle, the eagle flies away with the scaly, bony tail-tip, which must afford but slight gustatory satisfaction, while the iguana seeks the deepest part of its burrow. The short muscles soon close the wound, and in a surprisingly short time a new tail shoots forth and grows to a goodly length, ready if need be to be sacrificed in turn. Sometimes two tails grow out from the old tail-stump—surely a superfluity of blessings. A weak spot in each tail bone is the cause of the breaking. Thus we see that the tail of the iguana is indeed an interesting one.

Another animal, very different from the alligator, but which also uses its tail for defense is the porcupine. Of course its whole body is armed with the long, needle-pointed quills as well as the tail, but this organ is very muscular, and when it is thrashed violently from side to side, anything within reach is sure to get hurt. So loosely are the quills inserted in their sockets that the false theory has arisen of the porcupine being able to throw its weapons to a distance.

Evolution tells us that birds are descended from reptiles, but we should never be able to guess how a long, thin lizard tail could give rise to the fan-like tuft of feathers of a bird, were it not that a fossil bird discovered in Bavaria makes the whole thing plain. This half lizard, half bird—for such it was, had teeth, fingers, and a long tail, combined with wings, feathers and a beak. Each side of its tail, twenty large feathers grew out, and when it flew or fluttered through the air this long appendage must have drifted behind like an old-fashioned tail of a kite. Such a

rudder would be of little use to the requirements of a modern bird, such as a swallow, which darts here and there, stops suddenly or shoots ahead with such marvelous precision and rapidity. So the tail bones of the birds of the past grew shorter and shorter, and became joined together, the feathers meanwhile gathering in a shorter, closer mass, until they became as we see them, like the sticks of a fan, capable of opening and closing at the will of the bird.

The number of tail feathers varies greatly, from the emu, which does not fly and thus has no need of tail feathers, to the artificially bred fantail pigeon with no less than twenty-one pairs. The rudder and break use of the tail are the principal ones among birds, but there are scores of other uses, some of which have been but recently discovered.

Mankind stands alone in putting himself often to great inconvenience, not to say discomfort, to give play to his personal vanity; but while stiff collars and tight shoes are unknown to birds, yet there are some species which, at the period of courtship, assume tails of such great length that their very lives are often in danger. Such is the paradise widow finch of Africa, which, with a body four inches long, grows tail feathers twelve inches in length, and after a heavy rain or dew it is unable to fly or to rise from the ground, and, until the sun dries its feathers, is in the greatest danger from marauding birds and beasts of prey.

Another small wren-like bird has long, thin-webbed tail feathers which are filmy and graceful, but of so little use in flight that the bird can only flutter weakly straight ahead. The beautiful structure of the lyre bird's tail must sometimes be a serious encumbrance, and the peacock—but here we must call a halt, for the gorgeous train of this bird is not a true tail, but is composed of the feathers growing from the lower back. The motmot is doubtless the only bird in the world which decorates its own tail feathers, pulling off the web for an inch of the length and leaving two symmetrical terminal rackets.

Even in a single group of birds we may find several uses of tails. For example, the trailing plumes of the golden pheasant are doubtless of chief importance in attracting and holding the attention of the female.

They are spread and rustled before her as the owner poses and strikes statuesque positions. In the peacock pheasant, the tail is long and arched, and although the feathers are studded with iridescent "eyes," yet the tail is useful as well as ornamental. The young of this bird leave the nest as soon as they are hatched, and for some time they keep close behind their mother, at her very heels, and are thus completely sheltered by the roof-like tail. They venture out now and then, but at the slightest hint of danger scurry back to their tail shelter.

There are some furry animals with tails which seem more for ornamental purposes than for anything else, but we may be sure that anything which is highly developed in Nature serves some important use. In the tropical cañons of Mexico, little animals crawl out at night from their hollow trees or crevices in the rocks, and go off through the trees hunting birds and eggs. This little creature is called the ring-tailed cat or bassaris, and its tail is a most wonderful affair, although no one knows to what use it is put. As the little creature creeps along, the tail sometimes trails after with the hairs flattened—long and sinuous; then with a change of mood the tail is drawn upward, curling forward and fluffing out until it is larger in diameter than the whole body—a beautiful boa of white and black rings, curling and furling about its owner.

A near relative, the raccoon, also nocturnal, has a ringed tail, and the skunk—master of the night—flaunts a great mass of waving fur, which is a signal to all the other folk of the darkness to beware. The word squirrel is from the Greek and means "shadow-tail," an apt term for the beautiful little creatures which so love to sit with their thick fluffy tails arched over their backs. It is very probable that when a hawk is darting after one of these gentle little creatures, he often succeeds in grasping only a talonful of hair, and thus the tail of the squirrel, like that of the iguana, may sometimes save its life.

What a contrast to this is the tail of another member of the group of gnawing animals—the beaver—a broad, flat, scaly affair, good to slap mud on its dams and as perfectly adapted to its uses as a fluffy tail would be useless.

Take another of our animals a fierce

little weasel, clad in summer in a coat of brown, in winter turning white, but always with a jet black tip to the tail. The ermine, as it is incorrectly called in its winter coat, has an easy time of it, sneaking on the mice and birds upon which it preys, but when a hawk takes after it in an open field in the sunlight, or an owl in the moonlight, it would have but short shrift with all its sinuous leaping, were it not that the black tail-tip is so conspicuous that it constantly attracts the eye and allows the pure white of the body to be confused with the spotless snow. Even when we place a dead weasel on the snow and look at it from a distance, we realize how true this is, and how valuable must be the pencil tuft of black hairs to this little vermin who spends his life in hunting or being hunted.

Deer and rabbits have conspicuous white under sides to their tails, and when they are suddenly alarmed up fly these organs, the white hairs fluff out and away they leap with the white tails showing like signals. Various theories have been framed in regard to this, one of which is that as these are gregarious animals living in herds or at least good-sized families, the white tails serve as guides to the members of the herd, showing the way to safety which the stronger leaders have taken. Our common junco or snow-bird has several white tail feathers, which flash out when the bird rises in flight, but whether this, too, is of value as a recognition signal we cannot be certain without more exact field information.

One of the largest of all tails is that of the great ant-eater, and we have as yet no certain clew to its function. During a rain it is said to erect its tail over its back and to remain quiet, trusting to the thick thatch of long hairs to turn the drops. This is corroborated by the Indians, who rustle the leaves, and the ant-eater, thinking that it is raining, erects his tail and leaves his head open to attack, partly concealed by the dense hair.

Kangaroos are creatures which depend in a more physical sense upon their tails, resting upon them when sitting erect upon their hind legs. Authorities differ as to whether they touch the tail to the ground when making their great leaps, but those which I have observed alight only on their strong hind feet. The heavy tail must be of importance as a balancer in the course of the great leaps.

Worthy of comparison with this is the tail of a woodpecker; a beautifully arranged fan of elastic yet stiff feathers, which prop the bird as it creeps up a tree-trunk, or pounds upon a hollow stub. The graduated feather-tips search out every crevice and irregularity in the bark and fasten in it, so that there is never a slip or a slide.

Reminding us somewhat of the feathers on the tail of the fossil bird, are lateral lobes of skin on the caudal appendage of a gecko lizard of the Malay Archipelago. By means of a web of skin extending out from the sides of the body this lizard is able to sail from tree to tree. In the flying squirrel the tail is flattened to aid in this sailing, and in the bat the whole tail is included in a web which must aid the wings in the curious irregular flight of this little mouse-like creature.

Among the monkeys we find the most highly developed and the most rudimentary of tails. The apes are absolutely tailless, while the spider monkeys of the tropics have a fifth hand in their prehensile, versatile caudal appendage, whether when reaching out for a nut which is beyond reach, or hanging by it from the highest branch of a tree. The opossum can perform this latter feat, but the little jerboa rat kangaroo goes ahead of all in being the only animal which carries his bed in his tail. He grubs up a bundle of long grass and, winding his tail about it, goes leaping to his burrow, carrying behind him his sheaf of bedding.



# THE MARTYRDOM OF MISS DOLLABELLA

BY ADELÉ MARIE SHAW



MISS DOLLABELLA MOON lived, if her mode of existence could be called living, in a state of continual self-pity. No matter how great, how unflinching, how often expressed, was the sympathy of her sister-in-law and her niece, it never quite satisfied Miss Dollabella. Only from herself did she receive that fullness of commiseration to which she was sure she was entitled.

Richard Nesmith was not in the least like Dollabella Moon, but he too pitied himself, and his pity was mixed with wrath. Three times in two weeks Genevra Moon had snubbed him. His pride was very sore. From the window of her aunt's room Genevra saw him pass late in the spring afternoon, three days after the last and worst snub, and he passed without looking up, and rang the bell of the house next door. "He is going to see Rita," she thought miserably.

It was almost dark and Doctor Burgess was pulling on his overcoat, uttering jerkily the formula that ended all his visits to Miss Dollabella. "Patience, we must have patience," he said. "On some of these warm days put your chair right in the sun——"

"Sun!" Miss Dollabella raised protesting hands. "The sun gives me a headache. My eyes——"

"Yes, yes, quite so, to be sure," interrupted the doctor hastily. "Good-bye, Miss Moon; good-day, Mrs. Moon; good-bye, Genevra." The doctor was moving toward the door.

Nobody answered but Mrs. Moon; she spoke in a tone suited to Dollabella's sensitive ears. Dollabella's silence was in-

tended to convey reproach. Genevra had slipped out.

While the doctor woke his sleepy driver, the girl opened the door that led to the back porch and pretended to be studying the weather.

"Genevra! Genevra! Is there a door open out-doors? What are you thinking of, child?"

The "child" heard the voice over the stair rail, but she shut her lips tighter and closed the door behind her. It was March and a windy day. She had no wrap. That a person presumably too young to be prudent should venture an inch beyond her own threshold with neither hat nor coat would not seem a deed of startling import. But this young person belonged to a family that shivered in a draught like creatures new-born. The Moons were a much-wrapped clan, showing in summer like emerging butterflies from cocoons of fleecy shawls; in winter hardly showing at all, save for large fawn-brown eyes that observed the world over deep hedges of feathers and fur.

There were no Moon men, only an unsatisfactory hireling named Zenas who spent a winter of tribulation stopping leaks of air with weather strips, and a summer of comparative ease tending grates and transferring rubber plants from pot to earth and earth to pot. Rubber plants were the whole of the Moon garden. Behind and in front of the house there was a superfluity of flagging with a mere suggestion of "the damp ground" where grass could find a hold. Fat Nannie, the maid, hung out her clothes at ten o'clock each Monday morning, safely elevated upon a pavement as smooth and solid as the walls of the sub-treasury. Within, the house was battened and padded at every crack; no true Moon

felt secure in houses less strongly barricaded against the encroaching elements.

Yet Genevra stood heedless and reckless with the cutting March wind against her face. Trouble was written all over her round, tender little body, and the fawn-colored eyes and the pale brown lashes were wet. Genevra was pretty. The wind twisted her trim gown about her soft flesh and stung a color into her cheeks.

"What *are* you doing?" Rita Auchincloss ran across from the grass-and-flower loveliness of her own back-yard and lifted astonished eyes. Colonel, noblest of English setters, followed her to pursue imaginary birds in a labyrinth of increasing speed on Genevra's flagging, and came to a sober halt at Genevra's feet.

"You'll get your death," finished Rita.

"I don't care if I do," flashed back her friend. "Aunt Doll's worse." Richard couldn't have stayed long at Rita's, she thought.

"Why don't you send your aunt to a sanitarium?" demanded Rita abruptly. "She'd be a thousand times better off."

"One of those draughty hospitals! It would kill her." Question and answer clashed together.

Rita veered off the forbidden subject. "Why weren't you at Betty's dance?" she asked. "Richard says you didn't want to come."

"I—I couldn't." Twilight hid the crimson wave that engulfed Genevra, throat, ears, and forehead, and lost itself under the fluff of curly hair. "Aunt Doll——"

"I believe you'd let 'Aunt Doll' keep you from your own wedding," began the outspoken Rita.

"I shall never have a wedding. I must go; Auntie wants her supper." Genevra rubbed Colonel's flopping ears, whacked him gently on his sturdy sides, and straightened the droop in her shoulders. "Good-bye," she called cheerfully as the dog bounded after the departing Rita.

"That's it, is it!" Rita walked slowly, her hands thrust deep into capacious jacket pockets. "She expects to spend her life taking care of her aunt Dollabella, so she won't let Rick Nesmith—hm-m-m!" The girl came to a halt in her pacing. "Aunt Doll's not 'worse' at all; she's grieving over Richard because she thinks

she must give him up. You hear, Colonel? Now what can any one do?"

Inside the house the other girl stopped by the hat-rack under the stairs; the pretense of cheerfulness was gone. "Rita's fond of Richard, and he's turning to her already," she confided to the coat, her father's coat that had hung there fifteen years for its effect on possible thieves.

"Genevra Moon! Have you opened that door again?"

Feeble, querulous voices; shaded, airless rooms! They had been part of home to Genevra all her life and she must not leave them; her mother could not nurse Aunt Dollabella alone. As for Richard, used as he had always been to jollity and light and air—she put the thought of Richard away, but she found it hard to enter with enthusiasm into the planning of her aunt's supper.

Rita Auchincloss was quiet for a week. To Uncle Auchincloss this was a crime. He had taken an orphan niece to live with him when it was "affliction sore," and this diminution of gayety was a reflection on the success of his sacrifice.

"Preparing to meddle in somebody's business, eh?" he sneered across the dinner table. "That's what it means when a woman's tongue is still."

"I'd like to meddle." Rita woke up.

"I don't doubt it!" Mr. Auchincloss tasted the fish carefully, and sneered again.

"I wish you were a woman," answered his niece candidly. "Then you'd be of some use—in this particular thing, I mean. Can you keep a secret?"

"I should hope so." Uncle Auchincloss liked a bit of gossip. For the first time in months he lighted his after-dinner cigar by his own hearth fire.

Colonel extended himself before the birch blaze. Rita sat on a stool, her arms around her knees, and talked. Uncle Auchincloss did not approve the position, but he listened to the talk.

"We'll invite Redway to dinner, Sunday dinner," he said suddenly when she had finished. "He'll hate it."

To this apparent irrelevance Rita made no reply. She had not expected help.

"Redway," went on Uncle Auchincloss, puffing with extreme deliberation, "is the biggest man in his line on this continent. You can suggest to Mrs. Moon that here's a chance for a consultation."



“Together they mounted photographs, hunted out routes, and turned the leaves of guide-books.”

Rita's eyes widened in quick comprehension, then narrowed in succeeding gloom. “Miss Dollabella won't let them have a consultation!” she cried. “She won't see him.”

“Pooh! I'll talk to Mrs. Moon myself. And I'll put Burgess onto it. He'll be glad to meet Redway. All the doctors are glad to meet Redway. And don't you worry over other people's troubles. You've got enough of your own with a curmudgeon of an uncle on your hands!” Mr. Auchincloss upheaved himself goutily from his chair and Rita brought his hat and coat. Her eyes shone. Her uncle perceived the effect of the first affectionate speech he had ever made his niece, and hurriedly relapsed into his accustomed manner. “Don't go babbling about it to these silly women or that young ass Nesmith,” he growled. “Redway may be in Europe for all I know.”

Miss Dollabella spent a few more days of peace absorbing in her helpless person all the activities of a household that lived only to wait upon her will. Then to peace succeeded storm. Mrs. Moon was unexpectedly, obstinately firm.

“This doctor has cured cases every one else gave up. You must see him, Dollabella,” she repeated at each agitated session with the invalid. “You are too young to give up like this.”

“Young!” echoed Miss Moon bitterly. For more than twenty years she had been retreating from the world, from the air, from the sun, from life itself. Out of a great shock and a severe illness she had come back to the edge of things and straightway began the retreat. If there was not in her whole body a perfectly sound spot neither was there a dangerously weak one, but she had adjusted her entire

scheme of life to a slow death. Every week she found she could no longer do for herself some of the myriad things that must be done for her. Every week she allowed Genevra to assume a new burden. This invasion of the "consulted" doctor threatened her comfortable apathy. The cruelty of Mrs. Moon seemed to Dollabella a thing beyond words.

"You have me at your mercy," she sobbed. "I have seen—I know—you and Genevra are tired of taking care of me. I've tried to be as little trouble as possible——"

Shocked and miserable herself, Mrs. Moon persisted.

"I shan't trouble any one long! If I could only have my last days in peace——" moaned the sick woman.

"Oh, why not give it up?" urged Genevra.

"Her life may depend on it. We couldn't afford Doctor Redway before, but now he's coming right to our very door. Mr. Auchincloss says he won't charge more than for a regular visit. If she never speaks to me again I shall try to save your father's sister!" Mrs. Moon dabbed her eyes and went about the preparing of broth, which Dollabella rejected.

"I cannot eat," she said. "The food that is cooked by grudging hands would choke me."

"You ought not to talk so to Mother. She has given up her whole life to waiting on you by inches," burst from the tired Genevra.

Two days of groveling explanation, tears, petting, anxious beseechings and frightened penitence had only partly earned forgiveness when the Great Man came.

Fear and a thwarted will gave to the invalid's face a look of pitiful desperation. Jealous torment gave to Genevra a curious likeness to her aunt; Rita's attempt to cheer the humbled and angry Rick had inflicted the torment. The Great Man observed the girl shrewdly, but he showed no sign of his interest, nor of his aversion to the mingled odors of oranges, medicine and Oriental perfume that greeted him in the invalid's room. Miss Dollabella had not barricaded her door against the doctor as she had threatened. She would precipitate no scene in the

presence of strangers. But what the doctors escaped the devoted two received in the days that followed the consultation. Genevra grew hollow-eyed and shook at the lightest sound. Miss Dollabella had resumed the practice of eating; Mrs. Moon could neither eat nor sleep.

Then Mrs. Moon gathered herself together and ordered a steamer-chair. The chair came. At the same time, after three days of earnest solicitation, the Hillcrest carpenter sent an apprentice who labored spasmodically upon the railed veranda made by the roof of the back porch. In the intervals of his labors he exchanged jovial insults with fat Nannie who left her kitchen window open the better to hear. Zenas wondered as he shoveled coal, muffling the sound as he had been trained.

Finally a day dawned warm as summer and a bluebird flickered an instant over the frame set up by the carpenter. Zenas fastened in place walls of felt-lined bamboo and wondered more than ever. When he had finished, part of the porch roof had become a cell protected on all sides from the outer world, but open to the sky. In the cell, the steamer-chair, padded, lined, covered with wraps and humped with cushions, awaited the martyrdom of Miss Dollabella. A small table with a glass, a bottle and mild biscuits flanked the chair.

Zenas followed Mrs. Moon to the door of the invalid's room with increasing trepidation. He noticed that Mrs. Moon herself paused to lean heavily on the door-handle before she entered.

"Dollabella," she said solemnly, "Doctor Redway has told us that you will die if you do not make an effort to get out of this house. I will not let you die. Zenas will carry you out." This was not the tactful speech Mrs. Moon had prepared.

Wordless fright descended upon Dollabella, and Zenas, stolidly obedient, lifted the figure on the couch—afghans, foot-warmers and all—and the invalid was blinking in the light of day, taking a swallow of brandy, and fainting in her sister's arms in spite of the brandy before another word was spoken. For a long time she lay pathetically martyred, as if conscious of the effect she produced upon the distracted Mrs. Moon, her pale face paler under the smoked glasses, an occasional tear of human indignation stealing from

her closed lids. But when Zenas carried her back to her room she fell asleep. The night that followed brought little sleep to her two nurses, and if Mrs. Moon had not been convinced by Mr. Auchincloss that the Great Man knew his business there would have been no more out-of-doors. But she had been convinced. If Doctor Redway said *air* for the sick woman *air* she should have, just as she should have had aconite or strychnine or any other poison. For herself and Genevra this waiting on an out-of-door invalid appeared dangerous! Mrs. Moon increased their wraps and even held a veil across her mouth when the air was chilly. Genevra refused the veil; she rejoiced in the escape from the house. She was no true Moon.

Day by day Zenas carried a strangely acquiescent Dollabella to her chair in the sun-warmed shelter. Day by day the afternoon nap grew more childlike, the night to come more endurable. Sometimes Genevra appearing with the morning paper was permitted to read aloud, to discuss the luncheon that could be eaten in the shelter, to show the invalid a new solitaire that could be played on a tray when the wind was still. One day Aunt Doll fell asleep and took her nap with her face upturned to the sky, a lively breeze ruffling the pretty brown hair about her lined forehead.

It was on that day that Genevra met Richard at her own gate. She was happy. A hope dim but persistent was in her mind. Perhaps Aunt Doll would get well. She dimpled and smiled at Rick almost joyously. At the sight of her Richard's color changed as if he had received a blow. Genevra looked too happy. The look confirmed the gossip that Mrs. Nesmith, fearful of "one of those sickly Moons," had rejoiced to repeat to her son. It was stupid gossip and concerned itself with a man Genevra fervently hated for his persistency. Only the day before she had refused to see him when he dragged out an interminable call on Mrs. Moon, hoping for the daughter's appearance. In the fresh smart of his hurt pride and his jealous misery Richard was not himself. Genevra turned away from his rough greeting shocked, cruelly hurt, and, in the sudden trouble of her mind, lifted her shoulders with even more than her usual vigor. They

were soldierly straight, and her face as set and pale as the invalid's when she mounted to the sun parlor.

"Who—what—" began Aunt Doll and stopped. For some minutes, although she talked of other things, her mind was busy with a trouble not her own.

"What do you suppose that curious Auchincloss man has sent me?" she asked. "A book of travels. In Labrador! Of all places! It seems insulting."

"Not a bit, Auntie," answered Genevra steadily. "He gives what he likes himself. One Christmas he gave Rita a pipe rack." The girl laughed with the invalid. Her eyes were hot and blazing, but she could control her voice.

The next morning, while her niece pursued a recreant plumber and her sister stood sentinel over the house-cleaner, Miss Moon dipped into her book of travels and did not emerge till luncheon time. "If I'd been a man I should have been an explorer," she announced as she daintily speared her chop. "It's dreadful to have the mind for adventure and the body for nothing but——"

"Mercy, Dollabella," ejaculated Mrs. Moon and tucked the rugs closer around the steamer-chair.

As spring grew toward summer a strip of the bamboo was rolled up so the invalid could see the Auchincloss garden and the glory of the Pennington lawns. The sight seemed to intoxicate her. She reveled in the trees, but worse than ever she feared and dreaded people. Not even fat Nannie might approach. This, in spite of Genevra's growing reserve, Rita heard; terror of people was getting to be a monomania with "Aunt Doll." Then Rita Auchincloss, sure that Richard's unhappiness was no boyish pose, ventured on another interference.

"Why don't you go and talk to Miss Moon?" she asked him curtly. "You always get on with old people, and somebody's got to break the spell."

"I don't see—" began Richard Nesmith with dignity.

"Don't prevaricate to me, and—don't do anything sensible if you don't want to! If I—" Rita grew red and stumbled—"cared for a girl who was too splendid to show she liked me just because she thought she'd got to nurse her aunt all her days—"

Goodness, I'd get into that sick-room and rescue her. I don't know any more than you do where you stand this minute, but there was a time when it took all the courage that girl had to give you up." Rita came to an impassioned halt and caught her breath. Richard had planted himself before her, his face glowing, his eyes demanding.

"You're not making that up—to encourage me?" He waited, but Rita would say no more. Yet, when he went, she leaned from the top step to add quickly, "Her aunt likes travel and explorations and things." Genevra, passing, saw the gratitude in Richard's face and hardened her heart.

To Genevra it was hard to find anything greatly worth while now that Richard had fallen from his pedestal. Yet she fought for her aunt's recovery with a single mind. Some one must be happy if only to make up for her own wretchedness. Spite of her moans about the pathos of being "out of the world," no persistence would induce Aunt Doll to see Richard, and at last her niece entered with business-like enthusiasm into the plot that was the undoing of solitude. She let Richard show her his mountaineering equipment, tell her his engineering experiences, and exhibit his photographs on the back steps just below the sick woman's eyrie, till on a day of unusual interest Aunt Doll, betrayed into peering over the rail, was discovered by the watchful exhibiter.

"Let me bring it up to you," he called, and immediately mounted to engage in animated explanation.

It was Richard Nesmith after all who did most for Dollabella Moon. He seemed to understand both her shrinking from people and her longing for something outside the Moon brick walls. Together they mounted photographs, hunted out routes, and turned the leaves of guide-books. Baedeker and Murray stood where the medicine bottles had once held the center of the stage. With half-penny prints of famous places Miss Moon could travel through several bulky volumes as far as Constantinople.

It was Richard who persuaded her to her first essay across the threshold of her seclusion, and established her in the Auchincloss arbor, Richard who replaced the bamboo walls with vines and superintended the raising of an awning, Richard who managed the advent of Rita and Uncle

Auchincloss so that the invalid never discovered that it marked an epoch.

All this time Genevra, self-contained and repellent, gave to Richard no chance; she believed he was serving Miss Dollabella to please Rita Auchincloss and the thought was bitter. Richard, seeing only her hard-bought indifference, trampled on the pride that was his greatest weakness and did energetic battle for his heart's desire. It was a battle without banners and lacking plaudits, but it revealed qualities that deepened the lonely ache under Genevra's coldness.

It was a late November evening when Aunt Doll took her first walk in Hillcrest streets, and came back with a color born of joyous excitement. Rita and Uncle Auchincloss and Richard and Mrs. Moon beamed upon her as who should say, "Behold our handiwork!"

"I met five people and I live," announced the recovered one. "I believe you sent them out to see what I would do; they knew me in the dark."

Genevra slipped away. The merry-making was harder to bear than the gloom had been. She sat down alone on the front steps, glad of the cold and dark, and cried. And as she cried Richard was beside her.

"Genevra—speak to me. I can't bear to see you unhappy." Genevra understood the voice though the words were blurred to her.

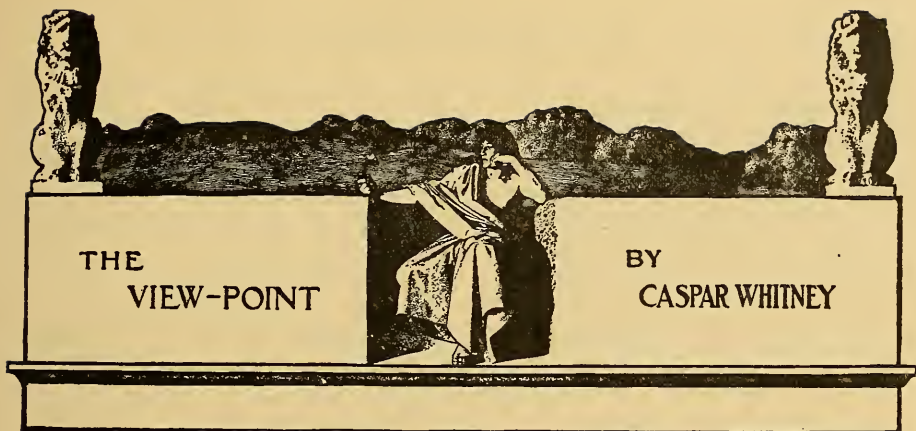
"You—you were—rude to me, Richard," she answered foolishly, and, "I was a fiend, but I was jealous. *Did* you care for Blaisdell, Evvy?" responded Richard with equal folly.

Genevra tried to sit up straight in her astonishment, but Richard's arms had a desperate grip. "I—I thought you were afraid to like me for fear I should be a stuffy invalid," she cried softly, "and then—"

"Aren't you ashamed?" murmured Rick indistinctly close. "Was that why you snubbed me before?"

Neither cold nor dark interfered with explanations that lasted till the chatter indoors had ceased.

"Another case of coercion!" commented Miss Dollabella twinkling as, with flushed faces, they entered the house. "I was *made* to get well, and I wouldn't change places with either of you children. You have to be a 'shut-in' to know what it is to be a 'let-out!'"



**American  
Cars for  
America**

The other day one of the largest importers of Italian cars publicly declared he was giving up importing and intended going into the manufacture of an American motor. That is a very significant announcement if you look at it on all sides and with mind alive to what the shows of this last winter have revealed. It means the importer realizes that the American purchaser is looking for a car adapted to American conditions and roads and that the consensus of opinion, both of sellers of automobiles as well as of users of automobiles, seems to point to the American car as first and last the best for the money for American roads. There is a deal of satisfaction in that disclosure for the American manufacturer, and it reflects creditably, too, on his wise foresight, not to say business acumen, in putting forth an increasingly better product without materially advancing the cost.

**England  
Catches up**

The English manufacturers appear to have been getting as much satisfaction out of their recent shows as ours have furnished us, for the display at London last month was generally acclaimed by all England as indicating that the British motor car industry has finally caught up with its European competitors.

Incidentally, certain of the British appear to have taken this rise of the automobile industry as the strongest kind of an argument for free trade. For example, the *Spectator* says that it goes to prove that "free trade is by far the best foster mother." "If there ever appeared to be reasons for protection," the *Spectator* says, "it was in

this industry and Sir Gilbert Parker and other leaders quickly seized upon it. The nearness of the German and French manufacturers; the lower wages they paid; the earlier start they had; their indisputable mechanical aptitude; all of these things made it plain, according to the Chamberlainites—that there was no future ahead for the English automobile maker. Instead the severity of the foreign competition compelled the English manufacturers to produce as good an article more cheaply than their rivals."

**Import  
Duty  
No Bar**

Making all due allowances for pride in national effort, and perhaps a small amount of exaggeration due to natural and excusable enthusiasm, those in a position to judge impartially proclaim the English car as having reached a fair level of comparison with that of the Continental makers—cost compared. We may be sure, too, that the English car is durable—the English manufacturer as a rule gives you your money's worth. It is a coincidence that the native product in both England and America should have advanced to a point of equality to the imported car, one in the face of free trade, and the other under protection of a heavy import duty; and yet I doubt if the duty had any substantial effect on the infant industry in America. The first purchasers of automobiles were people of wealth who almost exclusively were the ones that imported foreign cars; duty being an immaterial incident. What forwarded the industry, however, in England as well as in America, entirely outside of duty considerations, was realization by native manufac-

turers that the automobile was a vehicle which must work out its own salvation and that it could not work out that salvation in safety unless it made good. Hence, the first step was to make a machine that would stand the test in comparison with the Continental product. It's along these lines that the English and American manufacturer has labored; to make a machine as durable as that turned out by the French, German and Italian. That they appear to have succeeded seems to be evidenced by the latest reports from England and by the declaration of this importer, which I have quoted. Apart from these facts it is an easily read story to whosoever will look around with open eyes that the American car is gradually driving competitors out of the home market. In the light, inexpensive kind of cars, ranging from two thousand dollars downward, the American product always has been acclaimed the very best, but only within the last year, perhaps, is it that we are finding the heavy and more expensive grade of American cars, ranging up to five thousand dollars, replacing the heavy expensive Continental types.

And for this, there are three important reasons: first, the very greatly increased quality of the American machine; second, its better adaptability to American conditions; and third, the greater ease with which broken parts, etc., may be repaired and replaced.

#### Slipshod Sporting Habits

Last summer at the ill-fated Jamestown Exposition there was held a special race for sloops of the Q or 22-foot rating class. It was an important race and for a trophy known as the King's Cup, which had been donated by King Edward, and was to be won outright by the boat scoring the most wins in a series of three. Ten new boats were built in addition to six of a previous season, so that the sixteen entries represented not only the pick of a new and popular class, but also the yachtsmen of Long Island Sound, Gravesend, Massachusetts and Delaware bays. At the conclusion of the series it developed that *Manbasset* (designed by Gardner and owned by Clarence Robbins), which had scored the most points was over-measurement, and ineligible. She was therefore disqualified and *Capsicum* (owned and designed by C.

Sherman Hoyt), which had scored second, was very properly awarded the Cup.

It came to light in the course of the discussion following that not only had *Manbasset* not been measured by the Jamestown Regatta Committee, but she had never been measured by anybody since she left the hands of her designer.

I have recited this occurrence at some length because it illustrates the slipshod methods of too many regatta committees, and because it also emphasizes the un-wisdom of accepting a designer's measurements as the official rating. Regatta committees should always satisfy themselves through their own representative of the measurements of a boat entered in a race for which they are responsible and particularly if that race is of such national importance as was this King's Cup event. Loose methods, such as the Jamestown people exhibited, prove that invariably such matters should be held under recognized auspices in the world of sport.

In the *Manbasset* case undeserved embarrassment fell upon two worthy sportsmen, Mr. Hoyt who served the protest and Mr. Robbins, who had been put in a false position by the unquestioned acceptance of his designer's figures. Both of these gentlemen would have been spared had the Regatta Committee performed its manifest duty.

A still more important illustration of the difficulties that may arise from accepting the designer's measurements was supplied by the *Canada's Cup*, which event would not have been sailed at all in 1907, but for the sportsmanship of the Canadians. The Rochester Club as defender of the Cup had agreed to give to the Canadians the lines of *Seneca*, the defending yacht, which had been designed by Herreshoff, but could not do so because Herreshoff refused to hand them over. If the Canadians had then and there refused to continue the race they would have been quite within their rights and the fault would have rested with the Rochester Club; the Canadians, however, were sportsmen and accepted a compromise suggestion of the referee who suggested weighing the boats, when it turned out that *Seneca* required alterations of rig to bring her within the prescribed lines. It was fortunate indeed that *Seneca* should show such superiority in the succeeding races as to leave no possible room for ques-



tion of comparative speed. But the point is that not only the Rochester Club but America stood a chance here of getting into a sporting tangle because the designer's class measurements had been taken.

**Where Are  
All the  
Trotter Sires?**

It is a curious fact that while the trotter-bred horse continues to capture the greatest number of prizes in the carriage and heavy harness classes

the trotter-breeding classes at the National Show annually are the poorest of the exhibition. Year after year the horse show management has offered generous prizes to attract breeders but with slight response. Some years ago the great breeding establishments were usually represented, but nowadays if one or two are in the ring it is a circumstance. Valuable premiums utterly fail to attract the leading trotter sires. Probably there is a good reason for their absence, but it seems to be a secret with the owners.

The recent Show at the Madison Square Garden was as strong and as weak as its immediate predecessors. The harness and the hackney and the saddle classes were fully as good, and in some respects better, than any that have been seen in the Garden, while the thoroughbred and the trotting classes were, if anything, less representative—if one may use a word concerning classes that are not at all representative. The most notable recent year increase at the Show is in the ponies and saddle horses. Few realize I fancy, that America now has some of the best ponies in the world, among which the sturdy Welsh is pre-eminent.

It looks as if we really are getting a type of saddle horses, and while it may not perhaps coincide with the Southern idea of the saddler, yet it does conform to the world type which takes its pattern from England. Heart-burnings have marked its progress but I fancy the selections of Mr. Gooch for the last year or two at the New York Show have met the consensus of opinion among horsemen who can distinguish a school horse from a park hack.

From a horseman's point of view the Show of 1907 was the most satisfactory of any since these autumn exhibitions became popular. The gentlemen who originally made possible the National Show and

who have given it their continual support and attention deserve well of horsemen and of the people. It is not asserting too much to say that the Association is responsible for the present excellence of American horses and high-class appointments.

In 1883, the year of the first show, the entry list was 150; this year the entry list was 1,500; and in the twenty-three years of its active existence the Association has distributed \$600,000 in premiums.

**What the  
New Rules  
Have Done  
For Football**

I do not remember a football season more pleasing than that of 1907. On all the desirable counts it is far ahead of any year's play within my recollection. It

has shown more of brains and agility than avoidupois and push, fewer accidents, and above all more sportsmanly spirit. As practically all this is due to the new rules it is needless to reaffirm here that the new rules are a success. Speaking strictly from a football man's point of view the new rules are likewise equally successful because they have developed a stronger attack than defense, which was exactly what the game required and what the committee endeavored to do. We can well afford to let the present rules rest for another season's trial. We know perfectly well now that the game under these new rules is a success. It is more pleasing to the public; it is more tolerable to the players; and it is developing a really high grade of football because it is putting a premium on brain work and not on bone and muscle as formerly it did. To have accomplished these things within two seasons' trial is to have accomplished a very praiseworthy list and I earnestly entreat the rule-makers to do no tampering or further experimenting. Even though the forward pass is a little crude at the moment, football is not going to suffer and I think nobody imagines it will approach to basket-ball as some of the old-line critics seem to think. It seems to me the forward pass has unlimited possibilities in the way of clever and skilled development. It seems to me that it is destined to be one of the most important and spectacular features of the game. There should, of course, be penalties to prevent the ball from being simply "thrown around," but properly

framed it is bound to be the strongest card in a team's hand and it is a fact borne out by the records that the strongest teams of 1907 were those which used the forward pass most skillfully, and that the most brilliant play of the season centered around the forward pass and the on-side kicks. I am sure that so intelligent and so sportsmanly a student of football as Mr. Camp will weigh all these sides to the question when it comes up for discussion before the Rules Committee.

One of the surprises which the new game has furnished the old hammer-and-tongs critics is the scoring. When the present rules were first put in force the cry was raised that the season would be full of scoreless games. Probably there never has been a season in the history of football when so much scoring was done as in this season of 1907. I have not the figures before me, but I think I am safe in saying that the so-called big teams were never scored on so frequently as in 1907.

The most gratifying result of the season was improvement in the spirit of play and for this the open game is absolutely and almost solely responsible, just as the closed game was responsible for the brutish exhibitions which formerly disgraced football.

There is one lesson of the season—not a happy one—which I wish to point out in the hope of influencing a change—and that is in the large number of accidents which have befallen schoolboys. In most cases these have come about in games with older and heavier boys, such as teams of local athletic clubs or of the smaller colleges; but in all cases they point unerringly to a criminal neglect on the part of school principals and of parents. Football is a rough game and must always be a rough game. It is not a game for boys who are physically soft—who have organic weaknesses, nor is it a game in which boys should play against young men. Among the killed of this year is a lad of thirteen!

To my mind, aside from the better spirit which the open game appears to have instilled, its most estimable feature is its leveling influence. Thus this year through all the practice season, elevens have been more

How the  
Teams Rank

nearly matched—the open game favoring lighter teams—and play therefore of a more interesting character.

In any selection of teams or individuals, the final games must exert a dominating influence because it is these final contests which reveal the highest football development of which the college discussed is capable. On this basis Yale and Princeton close together take rank above other elevens in the country on account of their team work, while Harvard secures her place in the ranking entirely because of the notable effort of its individuals, of whom seven are high class. The 1907 record of the Carlisle Indian School team is certainly a remarkable one. They seemed to be on the train most of the season and as travel is very fatiguing their succession of victories over the strongest elevens in the country was therefore the more notable. It may be said without implied criticism that the Indians are naturally less bound by eligibility rules than college teams. Carlisle's game was conceived under the new rules and was played brilliantly from first to last as a team, as well as individually, especially with regard to the spectacular performers, Houser, Exendine and Mount Pleasant. They used the forward pass successfully as well as more persistently than any other team of the year. Had they been prepared for one big final game like Yale, Princeton and Harvard, no one can say with certainty who would be number one on the list. Judged, however, by the best of the play of the teams ranked, Carlisle and the others appear to be placed justly.

With the exception of Harvard, Annapolis and West Point, the football of all Eastern teams was first-class and in most cases an improvement over the play of the year before. This is particularly true of Princeton, which had a very smooth-working and hard-hitting eleven and one that was not overtrained—statements to the contrary notwithstanding. Both the Navy and the Army teams played the poorest football that they have shown in a number of years, though their spirit was splendid as always is the case. Pennsylvania, like Yale, was a team that was slow making, but when completed one that brought credit to its Alma Mater. Indeed the universities are becoming impressed with the fact that the only way to play

# AROUND THE COUNTRY HOME

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

## TRANSPLANTING TREES

**I**T often happens that trees are not transplanted in spring before they have begun to grow, because of the difficulty of getting at them at the proper time. This ought always to be done, if possible, before they have made any growth. Often most of this work can be done to advantage in winter. The trees can be got ready for removal then, and very frequently the holes into which they are to go can be dug by chopping through a little frozen ground. In digging about the tree leave as large a mass of earth about its roots as you think you can move conveniently. After making the excavation, fill it with leaves, or snow, or something that can easily be got out of the way early in spring. As soon as frost is out of the ground sufficient to admit of digging the holes to receive them, if this part of the work has to be left for spring, load the trees on stoneboats or wagons with low axles, and bring them from the woods with as little disturbance of their roots as possible. If the ball of earth containing their roots was pried up at the time they were dug about, and strips of wood inserted under them, it will be an easy matter to lift them out without breaking their roots apart. Care must be taken to fill in about them with material made as fine as possible, if winter planting is done. Should the soil be frozen too much to pulverize readily, mix it with snow, if there happens to be any. This mixture, pounded firmly into the spaces about the roots, will keep out air, and prevent the roots from being injured by too much exposure. If there is no snow, tread down the lumpy soil well, and then apply water which should be allowed to freeze before applying more. In this way all the crevices in the soil can be filled in such a manner as to keep the air from getting to the ends of the roots which were severed at the time the trees were dug about. In spring the snow and ice will melt, and the soil will soon settle into the necessary compactness. Prune each tree well previous to removal. This method of transplanting makes it possible to remove larger trees with entire safety than can be done after the frost is out of the ground.

## A BAY WINDOW FOUNTAIN

Here is an item that will perhaps interest some boy with a mechanical turn of mind.

If there is a bay window about the home, in which plants are grown, wouldn't you

like to have a small fountain in it, which can be set in operation for special occasions? Such a fountain can be constructed with very little trouble, and not much expense, and it will afford a great deal of pleasure to the entire family, besides being a source of benefit to the plants in the window.

Have a zinc tank made about two feet square, and a foot in depth. In the center of this have a quarter-inch pipe fastened in such a manner that the lower end of it will extend two or three inches below the tank. This should have a thread on it, so that it can be connected with a pipe of the same size, running to the floor. The upper end of the pipe should be about six inches above the level of the tank. At the place where this pipe connects with the pipe running to the floor, there should be a valve to admit of turning on or shutting off the water. There should be another pipe connected with the tank, as an overflow pipe. Without this, the tank would soon run over, and there would be a puddle of water on the floor whenever the fountain was in operation. This should be of the same size as the other, and should be so arranged that it can be closed with a plug, if fitted to the bottom of the tank, to prevent its being emptied. A better plan is to run it up at one side of the tank, and have it enter it about an inch below the rim. If this is done, there is no danger of the tank's becoming emptied—a contingency which must be provided against if fishes are to be kept in it. In some upper room locate another tank or vessel of considerable size to hold the water with which your fountain is to be supplied. Run a pipe of the same size as the one in the tank from this reservoir, through the floor, and down the side of the room off which the bay window opens. When it reaches the floor of the room below, let it follow the baseboard to where it can be given a turn that will take it into the bay window, and under the tank with which it is to be connected. Here it should take an upward turn, and be fastened to the pipe from the tank, at the place where the valve is. Fill your upstairs reservoir with water, open the valve, and a column of water will shoot up several feet above the surface of the tank, to break into drops which will fall into the tank below with a musical tinkle that will remind you of the brooks in the woods, or the drop of rain from the eaves. This water can be made to rise in a stream, by fitting the upper end of the pipe with a straight

nozzle, or it can be broken into a spray by using a nozzle pierced with fine holes. Half a barrel of water will be sufficient to keep the fountain in operation for a whole evening.

#### SOME TIMELY HINTS

See that the chimneys are thoroughly cleaned before winter sets in.

Make the barn comfortable for the animals that are to be wintered in it. Warm housing for horses and cows means a great saving in food. If warm stables are not provided, then they will be obliged to eat enough to keep up the heat supply. Therefore making the stable comfortable is one way of saving money.

This is a good season of the year to go over the place and cut down trees and bushes that have sprung up in places where they do not belong. Make firewood of them. You will be surprised at the quantity obtainable in this way, on the average farm.

Get the ice house in shape for filling. If fresh sawdust is obtainable, throw out the old. The early crop of ice is cheapest to harvest, because there is generally less snow to contend with at that season.

A correspondent writes: "I have had such good success in keeping hens through the winter that I thought perhaps you might like to have me tell my experience. I utilize all waste products from the kitchen by feeding them to the poultry. I boil all kinds of peeling—potato, apple, turnip, anything there happens to be—with cabbage leaves and small vegetables, and season with pepper and salt the same as I do for table use, and thicken the soup with bran or corn meal until it is dry and crumbly. I feed this once a day, warm. Of whole grains I use wheat, mostly. I also give scraps of meat, rinds, and gristle, chopping them fine, and mixing grit with them at feeding time. I aim to keep the floor covered with leaves or straw, so that the hens will have to scratch for the dry food given them. If you want eggs in winter, you don't want to encourage a hen in laziness. I consider it wastefulness to feed as some poultrymen do, that is—fill a trough with food, and allow the fowls to gorge themselves. Of course enough must be given to keep the hen in good condition—she won't lay if poor—but an overfed hen soon gets so lazy that she won't exercise herself, and when she gets to loafing around she isn't worth keeping as an egg producer. Make her scratch for a good deal of her living if you want her to pay her way in eggs."

Before the snow comes and covers the ground, dig up a number of clods of earth containing roots of horseradish, and put them away in some place where they will remain frozen. Thaw them out, when you want to use them, by putting them in a pan of cold water. Kept in this manner, the roots will have all the tang

of horseradish dug from the ground in spring.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

*Defective Furnace Draft.* (M. M.)—This correspondent complains that his hot water heating apparatus fails to work well. It does not draw as it ought to. He has the chimney cleaned at least twice during the season. The fault does not seem to be there. Perhaps the openings through and between the water sections become clogged with soot and ashes. It does not take long for enough to accumulate to seriously interfere with the draft on heaters of this class. Every hot water heater ought to have its flue-scraper—a sort of brush with bristles of wire—and this should be used at least once a week, throughout the season, and especially during the period when the heater is run to its fullest capacity. Go over the upper and lower surface of each section, beginning at the top of the heater, and remove all accumulations by drawing them out through the clean-out door, or by causing them to drop through the draft holes in each section. If this is done regularly, and carefully, it will be found that most heaters will draw well. The removal of all dust and ashes from the flues will result in a greatly increased amount of heat from a smaller quantity of coal. Lack of attention is generally responsible for a heater's failure to draw well, and leads to extravagance in the use of fuel. A clean heater will give twice as much heat as a clogged-up one, and do it with about half as much coal, and it will respond to the regulation of its drafts much more readily. A heater whose flues are clogged with ashes has to be forced unduly, and this leads to an excessive consumption of coal. If your heater fails to operate satisfactorily after you have given it a thorough cleaning out, call in the man who installed it, or some other competent person, and let him look for the cause of trouble.

*Care of the Ficus.* (Mrs. H. B. B.)—The ficus is much easier to grow well in the living-room than the palm. Give it a soil of loam, with enough sand mixed into it to make it friable. Drain its pot well, and water it moderately. Once a month, while it is making active growth, apply some good fertilizer. Shift to a larger pot when its roots fill the old one. Insects seldom attack it. When they do, go over it, leaf by leaf, with a soapy water containing a little kerosene, washing both sides. Sometimes a fungoid disease causes the edges of the foliage to turn brown, and, after a little, to become so dry that they will crumble at a touch. Sometimes the disease shows itself in a brown spot in the leaf, which leaves a hole behind it, after a little. The remedy for this state of things is Bordeaux mixture, which can now be bought of the florists in dry form, or as a paste, both easily soluble in water. If the plant is allowed to get dry at its roots, or to become

rootbound, it frequently drops many of its older leaves, and becomes unsightly, as new ones will never grow where old ones have fallen off.

*Transplanting Trees in Winter and Early Spring.* (G. G. K.)—See paragraph in another column, for answer to your query.

*To Clean a Painted Surface.* (Housewife.)—Here is the best method I have any knowledge of for cleaning a painted surface without injury to its gloss. Provide yourself with a quantity of finely powdered whiting. Dip a piece of soft flannel in warm water, squeeze until nearly dry, and then take up on it as much whiting as will adhere, and apply it to whatever is to be cleaned. A little brisk rubbing will remove all dirt and grease. Wash with warm water, and rub dry with chamois skin. Paint cleaned in this way will look as well as when first put on.

#### VERANDA BUILDING IN WINTER

One of the pleasantest features of a comfortable country home is the veranda. Not the narrow "stoop," which used to be so much in evidence, which was of little practical benefit except as affording some shade for the windows beneath it, but one wide enough to allow the use of hammocks without their excluding large and comfortable chairs, and such other furniture as may be needed to make these outdoor rooms the pleasantest and most used part of the house during the summer season. Most new houses have such verandas, but many of those built fifteen or twenty years ago are without them. I would suggest that the owner of such a home take into consideration the modernizing of it by the addition of broad verandas where there are none, and the substitution of them for the old-fashioned narrow piazza. This can be done with very little trouble, and not a great deal of expense, and it can be done to advantage during the winter season. It may not be a very easy matter to build a foundation wall or to set piers at this season, when the ground is frozen to a considerable depth, but the structure can be set on temporary supports, and permanent ones be put in as soon after the frost is out of the ground in spring as possible.

I would advise doing the work now, if it is to be done largely by the owner of the home, because of the greater leisure which winter affords, and because it can be finished—all but painting—before the opening of the warm season, thus enabling the family to have the use of it from the beginning of pleasant weather, which would not likely be the case if the undertaking is deferred until spring. There will be so many other things to do then that work of this kind, unless let to a contractor, is pretty sure to drag because of frequent interruptions.

I would advise making the veranda at least ten feet wide, and long as conditions

will admit of. You will not be likely to have too much space, for the ideal veranda should be roomy enough to accommodate all the family, at one time. There should be a table for books and papers, large enough to answer as a tea table on hot days when eating out of doors is a luxury.

I would suggest the advisability of screening in the entire veranda with panels of fine wire netting, in localities where mosquitoes are prevalent early in the season. Later in the season the screened-in veranda will be free from the fly nuisance—an advantage one can hardly afford to ignore when the annoyance attendant on dog days is considered.

In building a veranda, do not give first consideration to looks. Comfort and convenience should be considered of prime importance. The worth of a veranda is to be estimated by the amount of pleasure that can be got out of it when put to practical use, though, if well built and in harmony with the dwelling it adds much to the appearance of the place. The writer has seen many square, ugly houses made really attractive by the addition of verandas.

#### WORK IN THE ORCHARD

Winter is a good time to look over the orchard and ascertain the condition of the trees in it. Some will be found so badly diseased that they are past help. These should give place to new ones in spring. Others will be found in a condition indicating the beginning of the end, if not given prompt attention. Dying or diseased limbs should be cut away, and the wound caused by removal should receive a good coat of paint to keep out water until healing takes place. In pruning trees, always use knives and saws that are in the best of condition for doing good work.

If hollow places are found, clean them out as thoroughly as possible, and fill the cavity with a mixture of Portland cement, two parts, and sand, one part, made wet enough to work easily. Fill the entire cavity. This not only checks the progress of the trouble, in many instances, but it strengthens the tree by hardening, thus giving it the ability to resist winds and other influences which frequently destroy a hollow-hearted tree.

It is an excellent plan to scatter the ashes from the house fires about the fruit trees in the home grounds. In the spring they should be worked into the soil about the trees' roots.

If a tree has a very thick top, thin it out at least a third. The branches ought to be far enough apart to admit of a free circulation of air in summer. Congested branches afford a hiding place for many of the insects which the orchardist must constantly fight against.

Mark for removal all trees whose fruit is of an inferior quality. We have so many varieties whose quality is of the best that

no one can afford to give room to anything else. It costs just as much to grow a poor tree as a good one.

#### ABOUT THE HOUSE

Last week I saw a woman with ideas making a good substitute for a hardwood floor. She was going to use a large rug in the center of the room. About the edge she tacked down a very heavy canvas. The quarter-round molding at the bottom of the baseboard had been removed, and the canvas was stretched snugly along the latter. When it was all tacked down the molding was put back in place and not a tack showed. Care was taken to have the cloth fit smoothly. Wrinkles would have made an unsatisfactory job of it. The corners were mitered, and brought smoothly together without lapping. If there had been a lap, there would have been a ridge which would have been unsightly. The turned-under edges, at the corners, were fastened to the floor with small round-headed tacks which were hardly noticeable, after a coat of paint was applied. When the canvas was in place, it was given a good wash of glue water. This moistened the cloth and caused it to shrink just enough to make a tight, smooth surface everywhere, and the sizing furnished a good basis for the finishing coat of paint. This woman with ideas of her own showed me a floor that she had finished in the same manner three years before, and it was in excellent condition still. All the care it had received during the time, was an application of paint each spring.

This woman also gave me another hint which I pass along for the benefit of other housewives. She covers her pantry shelves with a good quality of linoleum, cut to exactly fit them. Being thick, it holds in place without tacking. This she considers a great improvement on the ordinary paper sold for use on pantry shelves. It will last for years, is cleaned as easily as a piece of china, and looks well if one is careful to get a small and unobtrusive pattern.

Those who heat their houses by means of hot-air furnaces often have a great deal of trouble in warming some of the rooms when the wind is in a certain direction. This difficulty can be readily overcome if the house is provided with electric service. Get an ordinary electric fan with ten or twelve-inch blades. Fit it to the pipe between the cold air intake and the furnace. The switch for controlling the fan can be placed at any convenient place on the first floor.

The use of this fan will enable you to heat all the rooms in the house, regardless of the direction of the wind, and more satisfactory results can be obtained with it at times when there is no annoyance from

contrary wind currents, than can be secured from any furnace not so equipped.

*Repairing an Old House.* (D. D. B.)—This correspondent writes that he has bought an old house, and extensive repairs are necessary. It must be given some kind of covering, and the rooms must be replastered or refinished in some other way. What would I advise as not over-expensive? Lumber, he says, is very costly in that locality, and to replaster the walls would oblige a removal of the old lath, and make no end of work and annoyance. Why not cover the house with iron sheathing, first putting on a thickness or two of sheathing-paper to insure warmth? This iron comes in several designs, resembling brick or stone and makes a very neat wall covering when painted. The interior of the house can also be finished in the same way. Steel sheets, stamped with neat designs, are furnished for walls; and ceilings in a wide range of pretty patterns are offered by dealers all through the country. The metal is easy to apply, and once in place is almost indestructible. If rooms are to be finished with it, rather than plaster, I would advise giving the walls at least two thicknesses of building-paper before applying the steel sheets. This paper should be put on in such a manner as to "break cracks." If this is done, you will have a wall that is warmer than a plastered one. When the metal is painted over, it is much more pleasing than a wall paper, and the housewife will find it very easy to keep clean.

#### GENERAL IMPROVEMENTS

The man who has the pride which ought to belong to the home-maker will not be content to consider utility alone. He will have in mind the beautiful as well as the useful.

A hen-house is not usually a thing of beauty. It was not built as an ornament to the place. But, is that any reason why it should not be built in such a way that it will *look* well, as well as answer the purpose for which it was built? It is not only possible but easy to so combine the useful and the beautiful that the practical and the aesthetic will unite in perfect harmony, without sacrificing anything on either hand. In other words, it is possible to build a hen-house that will please the eye, and be an attractive feature of the home grounds, and at the same time perfectly answer the purpose for which it exists. The fact is, we are inclined to confine the beautifying of the home grounds to the frontyard. This is all wrong. Make everything about the home as pleasing as you can. Don't slight anything because it is not likely to be seen by visitors. Let the backyard and the barnyard look so well that you will want your visitors to see them.

# BENCH SHOWS AND SHOW BREEDS

BY JOSEPH A. GRAHAM

**T**HOUGH last season developed so many of the one-day shows that there was a continuous performance from January to December, we still think of the late winter and early spring as the time for discussing bench shows and the breeds of dogs which are fashionable at these exhibitions. The Westminster Kennel Club's exhibition in February is still the event of the year, and the Spring Circuit is the important series.

The modern bench show dog is best understood by the novice if, from the first, it is investigated as a sort of freak. In a state of nature all dogs must have been very much alike. Left to nature, in a few generations, they become again much alike. Therefore the bench show dog is to be considered according to his variation from the primitive, uniform type.

Hence the frequent inconsistency between theoretical standards as written out for information, and practical judging, which is governed by fancy and colored by extremes.

Standards nearly always speak solemnly of the undisputed points of excellence; such as good legs and chests and muscle and feet and vigor of movement. In the actual ring the judge looks first at the differentiations by which a dog departs from dogs of other breeds.

It is logical enough, after all. Sharp competition in breeding specialized types, forces fanciers to think of these special points.

Generally speaking, the head of the bench show dog—including ears, eyes, lips, muzzle, teeth, expression, skull and all—counts in practice for twice as much as it counts in the formulated standard given out to be read. There is where the highly valued points of specialization are to be found in most breeds; and there are a hundred dogs of good chests and legs where there is one of a good bench show head. That is true even of bulldogs, which are specialized in legs, loin, tail and chest more than most breeds. It is emphatically true of Boston terriers, collies, spaniels, fox terriers, bird dogs, beagles, Irish terriers and the big breeds like Great Danes, Mastiffs and St. Bernards.

Next to heads, attention is drawn by coat and color; though, to read the standards one would imagine that those points counted for little. Coat and color alone make the outward difference between a pointer and a setter. Shave a setter closely, ears, tail, skull, and legs as well as body, and it takes two looks before you

know that it isn't a pointer. If you could give a Blenheim spaniel the black and tan color, no judge would call it anything but a King Charles.

It is not true that a dog of defective legs or chest is likely to win. In these days of careful breeding and highly perfected types, there is little use in encumbering the ring with specimens defective anywhere. But it is true of nearly all breeds that the points which separate a champion from a v. h. c. are to be found in front of the neck or in texture, quantity or color of coat. In putting down a dog of your own, or posing around a show as an oracle, it is safe to study the head and all its attributes, the specialized colors and markings and the peculiar qualities of coat which breeders strive to produce.

There are certain failings to which each fancy breed is liable; and these need to be noted. For example, the Boston terrier, being strong in bulldog blood, constantly tends to show the undershot jaw, the heavy wrinkle between cheek and nose, the broad breast and the bow legs. All these are grievous defects in the Boston. If he is not a smooth, straight little dog, he is not a good one.

The collie, perhaps because of the alleged borzoi cross in late strains, tends to a domed skull. This is "pizen" to the expert. The beginner, likely to be charmed with what seems a beautiful collie, should look closely for a flat skull before he expresses unsophisticated enthusiasm. Also should he feel for a distinct undercoat of fine hair, shorter than the outer coat. Finally, never praise a collie aloud until you have seen his teeth and are certain that he is not overshot. Breeding for the long, sharp muzzle has created a liability of the upper front teeth to be a quarter of an inch ahead of the under teeth.

To hear the talk of breeders you would sometimes think that all there is to a fox terrier or collie is the leather and carriage of the ears. As this is the hardest point to obtain in perfection, its importance in the ring is not unreasonable. The same point is sought in Irish terriers. To show your skill of criticism, watch in these breeds for signs of tampering with the ears—sticking weights under the ends, it may be—to make them hang right.

Sometimes color is artificially produced by the faking exhibitor. Toy black-and-tans have often been dyed to produce the sharp distinction at the right places between the two colors. Some breeds give

rise to plucking and singeing to perfect the coat.

It is almost laughable to learn that Pekinese spaniels must be deformed in elbows and shoulders; yet there is a reason. It is that the Chinese nobility are extremely leisurely and impassive in their demeanor. It is the inflexible mode of their social order. So, their dog companions are bred to a total inability to do anything but waddle. It would be undignified for a Celestial aristocrat to chase a dog that could run, or to be diverted from the lofty calmness of his style. His dog is made to be in harmony. The Pekinese, in his origin, is essentially the dog of the nobility and gentry. In figuring him out, lay much stress on his deformity.

Specialization tends, anyhow, to deformities. The bulldog is deformed in head, shoulders, legs and tail. He is an acquired taste. His abnormalities you must learn to appreciate as beauties. The English setter is coming to the same end. Meg o'Leck probably scores higher under the rules than any English setter seen before. She is a bad specimen, all the same, because she has not the speed, vigor and roughness for sporting work. In the ring no judge can tell about sporting qualities; so Meg must stay at the head as long as she is in condition and judges consistently show respect for the standard. Her narrow muzzle and lean head, matched with good coat and balanced body, have been produced at the expense of supple muscle and alert bird wisdom.

What about it all? What's the use? Americans at best know little of bench shows. The sufficient reason is that they care little. The larger part of the attendance at a show represents curiosity, totally uninformed. The other part stands for superficial knowledge.

Shows are benched by Englishmen, generally judged by Englishmen. The handlers are nearly all English, and dictate the judges and the judging. When you talk of American breeding of show stock, it is to laugh. The native sons who win reputations as owners, breeders and exhibitors are managed by English kennelmen. The doggy writers are British—those who deal with show dogs. A few American ladies who take up the pet breeds do very well, but they usually import quite a bit, or look to the English handlers for advice.

*Me judice*—when one discourses of things English, he is projected into the island vice of using worn out Latinity to show his education—this British domination is all right. If we are going to have shows and own the bench breeds, the best

way is to go for stock and knowledge to the producing country. Mr. Mortimer understands judging, superintending and popularizing a show vastly better than does any born American. Mr. Oldham does, too. Ben Lewis, George Thomas and their imitators in the East, and James Cole in the West, can breed, condition and put down a dog in a masterly fashion which puts to blush the American handlers. Are we not the gainers? They cannot keep their experience to themselves. They cannot use it without giving it to any of us who will take the trouble to open his eyes. Fine specimens of the dog kind from abroad teach us what can be done; and the blood is ours for breeding. What of it if these English or Scottish bench men know little of sport? If they improve and stimulate their specialty of show dogs, they should be welcome to the glory and cash they win. If bench shows are worth while at all, we have the better of the exchange. Sure it is that before they got command, bench shows were not much, at least in quality of exhibits. Even at that time, it could be perceived that the real spirit which promised advancement came from Canadians, or a few domesticated British good fellows. It is not wholly fancy that the lovely feeling between ours and the "mother" country—lower New York town does not look as if she had lately been mothering a great deal—which pleases Ambassador Bryce and that wise and charming gentleman, King Edward the Seventh, is quite a bit due to the thoroughly English character of our bench shows, and the mixing of Englishmen and their ideas in a form of our popular entertainments. Even if they obtain and breed the best specimens of our one successful American breed, the Boston terrier, it is bad taste to be jealous or prejudiced. They are worth more than they cost if they do nothing but teach us the eternal truth of quality—that in anything one consummate specimen is better than a hundred poor ones, that a stud fee of a hundred dollars is often cheaper than one of ten dollars, that a man should have the right thing or nothing, in race horses, clothes, pictures, table linen, wine, or bench show dogs. Englishmen, bless them for it, think and live on that line, according to their station and means. As yet we do not. We gain in flexibility. We catch more quickly a new thing that is good. But we need badly a dash of the habit of doing the correct thing, wearing the correct apparel, showing the correct dog and saying the correct word with correct enunciation, even if it is conventional and uninteresting and lacks individuality.



# AMATEUR RACE RIDING

BY FRANCIS M. WARE

SOONER or later there comes to the mind of every youngster—and not a few “oldsters” of suitable weight—the desire to lap a more or less slender frame in silk jacket and racing breeches, and to take part in the glorious strife of riding thoroughbred horses in fierce emulation, which may result in placing his name at the top of the “telegraph board,” as flushed and breathless he returns to the judges’ box and salutes them for his dismounting signal. If endowed with the *sacra James* of the true sportsman, no sweeter sound will ever fall upon his ear than that “All right!” of the clerk of the scales which proclaims that he has weighed-in correctly, and that all is over but friendly handclasps and congratulations. No sport more quickly and surely cultivates the qualities of courage, quick decision, coolness and patience than this, and in none must a man more absolutely depend upon his own resources and abilities. All of us can trace through all our after life the effects upon our characters of this pastime, and unlucky indeed is he who, given the opportunity to essay the feat, has not availed himself of it.

That opportunities to enjoy this fascinating amusement are not more generally provided by racing associations, and by official decree of The Jockey Club is matter for regret. Racing in America is so generally a merely mercantile pursuit that but little of the genuine halo of sport surrounds it; and one reason for the neglect of amateur racing is that the clubs find it does not produce that volume of speculation which the bookmakers, who really “rule the roost” most autocratically, insist the programmes shall provide before they are willing to contribute that daily “subscription” to the gate receipts which allows them the privilege of publicly accepting wagers. By an impious fiction The Jockey Club “does not recognize betting;” but that in reality it not only does so, but depends upon the contributions from “the ring” to exist at all, is well known to both law-makers and law-breakers. The vagaries of the inexperienced amateur jockey make him a dangerous betting proposition, and the speculative public regard his exploits with no more favor than do those who lay the odds. However had he more frequent opportunities for rehearsal we should produce very shortly a lot of amateurs to whom no professional would care to concede much weight.

Our absurdly low scale of racing weights, and the unwillingness of owners to run their horses under any but the lightest of imposts operate against the amateur, who can seldom “do” the scale allotted to the

indifferent animals the trainers will allow them to ride; the great scarcity of capable horses over three years of age making even the “light welter weights” of twenty-eight pounds added to weight-for-age in connection with sex allowance a minimum quite impossible for anyone but a midget to achieve. Again the limit to the overweight declaration is entirely inadequate to allow the average amateur, who does not wish to punish himself by “wasting” for days to ride a single race, to take chances upon, as he may, at the last moment find himself a pound or two outside his “five pounds extra” allowance.

Furthermore, given the light, bodily weight and the ability required to convince owners and trainers that their horses may with safety be placed in his hands, it is by no means sure that the amateur can get the practice to keep himself fit; nor will any other work but that of galloping and race-riding thoroughbred horses make him physically able for the task. To hold and place a hard-pulling, heavy-headed determined horse, or to control a light-necked, star-gazing, flighty, nervous thing without choking the one, and exhausting the other will tax to the limit the wind and muscle of anyone, but when in addition one may be called upon to ride hard through a long final rally upon a tired, old “rogue” who is trying to do everything but what he ought, the exhaustion which will come upon the unprepared will not only prevent his helping his horse, but will make him a most disconcerting embarrassment to the animal; and it is this one thing more than any other which has brought amateur racing into contempt, just as it does now with professional steeplechasing—“the riders are beaten long before their horses,” and often it is evident that every contestant is “on his own” so far as the rider goes and that these individuals are as likely to fall off from sheer exhaustion as to finish at all. Naturally no sort of “form” can be lived up to in such cases, nor will any handicapping avail where results may be upset by mere physical unfitness in the jockeys.

Another very important reason for the decrease in amateur-race-riding has been the ridicule leveled at the jockeys by the daily and the sporting press, whose contemptuous observations, the public, and finally the management, listened to with attention quite unworthy the criticisms, considering the sources from which they usually emanated; the reporters being for the most part callow youths with neither the knowledge nor experience; and doubly unwise to do so, since by it they were aiming directly at their own means of liveli-

hood if the public ceased to take an active interest in racing. Let a man be ever so keen, he will usually not stand persistent ridicule, nor will his family and friends allow him to forget that he has been the subject of it. Amateur-race-riding has had a most uphill route to follow, and it is hoped the light of public approval may shine more steadily.

If The Jockey Club would but encourage little amateur race meetings, there is no slightest doubt that they would spring up all over the country, but this is a most "paternal form of government," and the Club is jealous in the extreme of anything which may be likely to affect its prestige, or financial prosperity.

The first thing an ambitious neophyte must learn in race-riding is to keep his hands down; the second is that muscular strength has nothing whatever to do with ability in controlling race horses; the third is that he must "sit still, sit still, and keep on sitting still"—not only throughout the race, but, in the actual finish, and that he will lose more races by any other procedure than he will win; the fourth is that no horse can be held with a direct hard pull, but by bearing with one rein and pulling with the other, changing as occasion demands; the fifth is that every horse goes better if allowed to run his own race, and that, he knows more about the matter than you possibly can; the sixth is that races are only won at the finishing post; the seventh is that a whip is a most dangerous weapon, has lost more races than it ever won, and that second only to it in disastrous results are the spurs; the eighth is that to "finish" so as to assist, and not to impede a horse is an acquirement which one amateur in a thousand and one jockey in a hundred ever attains; the ninth is that, knowledge of pace is the most valuable asset a rider can have, and that the best place to "wait" is to "wait in front," or in other words that the amateur who judiciously makes running will, under modern systems of racing, win more events than by any other method; the tenth is that a cool head, a brave heart, good temper in defeat as in success, and a sturdy independence and love of "fair play to all" are indispensable characteristics.

The average horseman will find that it is handy to knot the reins fairly short, so that they shall not slip through the fingers too far. The wrist-wrap is affected by lightweight jockeys and exercise boys whose hands are not large enough, unaided, to firmly grasp the reins. The amateur will do well not to copy the professional too closely in the latter's absurdly cramped seat, which makes him grotesque, and, unless he can find some good reason, he will do well to go slowly in his attempts to pattern upon the "pro," while availing himself only of what seems really useful. Professionals ride too much by rule of

thumb, and slavishly copy the methods of any successful performer remembering only that the lucky one, who possibly has some uncouth style of riding, wins races; nor do they observe the important detail that probably, but for that fact, he would win many more—the secret being that he simply "lets his horses run their own races," which is the feature of most successful jockeyship.

One Sloane came after years of precarious existence as tout, exercise boy, and "chalk jockey," suddenly embarked upon a meteoric career, and revolutionized the style of the jockeys of two continents. Nearly all of them, however, were oblivious to the secret of Sloane's success (which was that he allowed his horse to run his own race), but assumed that the monkey-on-a-stick attitude which he affected, and the position of his weight upon the horse's withers and shoulders had all to do with his success; nor did the astute Mr. Sloane attempt to undeceive them. Columns have been written and mathematics have been called in to prove that his seat had all to do with his winning, yet his copyists were none of them able to emulate him, for the reason that he had, by his grotesque attitude in the saddle, distracted their attention from the main issue, that of non-interference with the horse. It is quite certain that Sloane can win as many races as he ever did, and yet lengthen his stirrups five to eight holes.

By "running his own race" is not to be understood allowing a horse to run himself out under loose reins; the best horse can beat himself in this manner in three furlongs. It means not harassing a horse by trying to place him in an arbitrary manner. For instance, if a horse pulls, let him stride along until he drops into his bridle, thenceforward placing him as you like, but do not fight and choke him simply because you desire (or the trainer has told you) to "lie about fourth until you strike the stretch;" if a slug, do not be in too much of a hurry to better your position, nor rouse him until he wakes himself up, and catches hold of you, so long as he is in striking distance of his field; if a confirmed "rogue," try to make him think he is running away with you, and by all means endeavor to get a good lead before you are too close to the finish; if a nervous, flighty thing, try to get behind or between two others which will keep her back, and hold her straight without special effort from you; if a horse that must be nursed along and only has "one run in him," do not feel that that one effort must be left to a point near the finish, but if you think that the pace is false, make your run anywhere—for six lengths or so that you gain must always be made up by the other starters.

Never fight a horse at the post, but always try to anticipate what he may intend to do, to frustrate your attempts to get him started. The kind of horses an amateur

will be allowed mounts upon are generally seasoned campaigners. This fact assures that not only will they have peculiarities of their own, but that they have decided ideas not only as to behavior at the post, but as to the actual running of the race. It is not your place to combat infirmities of temper, but to accept and make the most of them for the general welfare. Therefore, however able you may be to discipline an old scoundrel, jolly him into thinking that his way is your way, and that both are the right way, nor be particular to a length or two where you get off, so you are running when the rest are. No matter how sour he is at the post, you will always feel in your legs and hands an indefinable impulse of the body to *move* which is an infallible indication that, this time, he means to go—and when this occurs let him go, even at risk of a fine, for what he does once he may do again, and opposition only makes him worse.

Watch the other riders, and give no cause to find fault either with dilatory tactics or impetuosity. Always notify the starter of any peculiarities of your horse that he may watch for them.

Once away ride your own race and disregard what others are doing—that is if your horse can compass a mile with you in say 1:44, ride him to the best result to effect that end. Thus you may appear completely out of it, but you will be as near running at the place where the money is as will any of those who madly chase another, or wildly make running at a pace which overmarks their own horse.

If the rider gets away badly he should remember that an ounce of patience now is worth a ton of haste, and never hurry to make up lost ground, or bustle his horse along until he is well settled on his stride. Again when he has made up his ground, or if already well placed he desires to pass another horse, he should not continue to prolong his run too far, but once he is beside, or among the leading horses, no matter if his horse is going easily, should strive to take a pull on him and to get him to ease himself for a few strides, in order to get those two or three long breaths which will so refresh him. It has taken a violent effort to make up the ground it was desired to gain, and persistence in it will exhaust an animal in a very brief space.

One should be very careful if riding on half-mile tracks as so many amateurs do, not to lie out too far from the pole, or if another horse has it, to trail in behind him rather than to lie out in third- or fourth-horse position from the rail. By the latter your horse runs much farther than any; by the former you go the shortest way, and are in a position to avail yourself of any swinging out on the part of the leaders while they also act as a valuable wind shield, and your horse runs more kindly in behind others, where, if a hard puller, he sees there is no chance to get through.

Always be careful, however, not to get so close as to cut another horse down, or on the other hand to lie so far away that you and your mount receive in full force the volleys of flying dust, or mud; than which nothing makes a horse stop more quickly.

At the post a horse must be "kept on his toes" from the time the field lines up, and it is the lack of this precaution which makes nearly all the bad starts in amateur races—half the riders let their mounts sprawl so that at the "Come On" they get scattered badly. Some horses will stand straight if they are shown the whip in the left hand. If a horse gets away left foot first it is a great advantage to him as he need not change his lead at the first turn. When the break comes, many amateurs use the reins in part to get up in their stirrups, and pull a horse's head up very roughly (and this is usual with all jockeys as any photograph of a field breaking from the barrier will show). Study to get your horse *racing* at once, and remember that your probable body weight is a large percentage of his own, and that your chief duty is not to unsteady him. Most old horses such as you will ride, hang to the rail always, and especially when tired, and your first move to "set to" with them will often be answered by a determined swerve (unless on the rail) which may disqualify you, or injure a contestant. A horse just beginning to tire, will generally change his leg, and just before he does this you will find him shift his hold of, or pressure on, the bit. If, at that second, you can ease him by a little pull, he will probably come again and struggle on, and even after a changed lead, a pull will help him, and, if not too near home, he may be eased for a few strides. When you do set to with him, the most important thing is to keep his head up, if necessary with a sharp "jab" in the mouth just as he strides each time. No spurs or whip will answer if a horse's head is loose; and if there is a long rally in the stretch the rider who keeps his horse's head up and "goes with him" at every stride, pliant above the waist, motionless below, will win nine amateur races out of ten, and beat all the slashers and spurrers who are cutting their luckless mounts to ribbons.

The most dangerous races for amateurs are those under a mile, and particularly in the first half where tyros are blundering into each other, wild with excitement. They do not know their rights, nor those of others, nor realize how, at racing speed, a gap will open, or close, or a horse close up on, or swerve over toward others—and very often half the horses are practically running loose. This makes dangerous work, and therefore races over a distance of ground always afford the best amateur contests. In such races, also, finishing ability is not so important usually as a cool head and steady seat, nor does quickness at the post count for as much. An

amateur should, of course, know that his mount is properly equipped, and how to attend the details himself; he should be prompt at the scales and at the post, and not, as too often he does, drive committees and the public wild by his inexcusable dilatoriness. He should be as careful, after a race, to ease his horse gradually to a walk, and not to snatch and haul at him, for with his weight a tired horse is apt to hit himself or do other injury if yanked about; and he should be especially careful to salute the stewards on return to their stand, and get permission before dismounting or he may suffer disqualification.

Low weights, which are the rule nowadays, prevent all but the very lightest men from getting any practice worth while,

and, even in steeplechasing, the individual who weighs over one hundred and fifty pounds, will find his chances for a ride few and far between. We have a holy horror of weight in this country, and races at weights away below the scale figure largely in the programme of every meeting, so that the amateur, unless he owns horses himself, has much difficulty in getting mounts at all, so aghast are trainers at the idea of putting up even light-welter-weights. The little meetings would develop many good jockeys, and keep all in practice were they more generally encouraged by the Steeplechase and Hunt Association, and instead of a paltry dozen or so of one-three-day hunt meetings, etc., each year, there might be a hundred or more.

## THE FISH OF THE ALASKA COAST

BY CHARLES HALLOCK

THE great salt ocean which washes the Pacific side of this continent is far more prolific of fish and other marine forms than the North Atlantic, or even the Gulf of Mexico. For not only do we find (or did find until recently) the sea lion, the sea otter, the sea elephant, the walrus, the manatee, the fur seal, and other exceptional forms in vast numbers, but we discover a great many genera and species unknown to Atlantic waters, and of especial economic value. Principal among the latter are the sculpins, the scorpænids and the embiotocids, or viviparous fishes, which comprise a great number of species.

The viviparous fish may be said to be somewhat intermediate in external appearance, as they are in structure, between the Labrids and the Sparids, but they are readily recognizable and distinguished from all others by ichthyologists. In reproduction they develop a uterus-like envelope which encloses the young fish to the number of from seven or eight to forty and these are hatched out at maturity just like a litter of kittens or mice. The family is characteristic of the Western coast, only two or three species being known to occur beyond the limits of the Pacific Coast of temperate North America, and these few only on the opposite coast of the Pacific in the northern temperate region and in the opposite hemisphere in the temperate seas of New Zealand and Australia.

There are no less than seventeen varieties of the family Embiotocidæ on the Pacific Coast, with a sub-relative fresh water species in the Sacramento River, Cal. This family is collectively known as

surf-fish, which is a proper enough name for them. None of them, it is said, is very good for the table, being more or less insipid and watery, but they are all marketable fishes. There is one very large, handsome fish called *Tæniotoca lateralis* in accepted nomenclature, which is olive-colored, marked with longitudinal stripes. It is found abundantly on the California coast and is known simply as "perch" by the San Franciscans. None of the number, however, are at all related to the true perch, or any of the so-called species elsewhere.

The scorpænids are locally known as "rock cod," but they have not the remotest relation to the family Gadidæ. They are very closely allied to the snappers and groupers of the Gulf of Mexico and the South Atlantic, and I am unable to discover any structural difference, or difference in color, between the red snapper of Alaska and the *Lutjanus blackfordii* of Florida. As long ago as the summer of 1885 I helped to catch them by the boatload and to eat them and was so fortunate as to secure portraits in oil of this and other leading fishes, by the kind assistance of Mrs. Fanny Storkbridge of Baltimore. These were sent to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

Other varieties differ in coloration as well as in the armature of the bones of the head and the minor structural characteristics. These fish and the black cod (a true gadus locally known as coalfish) have not disappointed the great expectations commercially which were then based upon them. Its flesh is highly regarded wherever eaten and is considered far superior to that of the Newfoundland cod, being

richer and of finer fiber. The color of the salted fish when cooked is a bright yellow. There are a number of banks off the Alaska coast where fisheries are carried on by men from San Francisco and the Atlantic side, who salt many thousand tons annually. Deep sea fishing has been also followed for some time with profit. The sculpin is not esteemed as an edible or handsome fish, but he is very numerous and a great scavenger. He looks very much like a rutabaga turnip covered with warts with a slit entirely across the big end for a mouth. He is so ugly that old fishermen torture him just for his ugliness. Of the groupers or snappers (*scorpenidae*) there are no less than fifteen known varieties, four of which I took from the same locality at one sitting. We fished a rocky ledge in about two hundred feet depth of water, some quarter of a mile off shore, using hard clams and fresh meat for bait, and it was very easy to determine whenever we swung off the ledge, for the fish stopped biting—a fact which shows how important it is to ascertain and keep the precise location of their feeding grounds.

While there are many Atlantic fishes like the tautog, cunner, striped bass, orgy, sheepshead, bluefish, etc., which have no correspondents on the Pacific side, there are many varieties, three of which are unknown to Atlantic waters. I find the range of the true cod, the halibut, the salmon, the sea trout, and some other fish, to be the same on both sides of the continent. The cod ranges between the fiftieth and sixtieth parallels of latitude. In the East the principal food of the shore cod is the caplin, the fishermen not only use the caplin chiefly for bait, but they follow their movements to ascertain the whereabouts of the cod. On the west side (the Pacific) the eulachon, or candle fish, is the correspondent of the caplin, and is almost identical with it. It is smoked, salted, and dried on the rocks in the same way, and is largely used for food by the Indians, but it is much more oily, and will burn like a candle. Eulachon oil is considered superior to cod liver oil or any other fish oil known. It is of a whitish tint, about the consistency of thin lard, and is a staple article of barter between the coast Indians and the interior tribes. The fish begin running about the first of March and swarm into the river and estuaries by the million for several weeks. This period should be the cod-fishing season. They are caught in purse nets by the canoe load. In the province of British Columbia where the manufacture of the oil is prosecuted to some extent, the fish are boiled in water about four hours, in five-barrel wooden tanks with iron bottoms, and then strained through baskets made from willow roots into red cedar boxes of about fifteen gallon capacity each. When the run of fish is good, each tribe will put up about twenty boxes of oil.

Herring swarm in the bays and rivulets during the spawning season in the spring, but are not at that time of as good quality as when taken in nets from their permanent banks and feeding grounds. They are somewhat smaller than the herring of Europe, though fully equal in quality when taken in their prime. There are several factories along the coast where herring oil is pressed out and fertilizers made from the scraps. Halibut are taken in great numbers in deep water, frequently five hundred pounds in weight. The Indians are adepts in taking halibut, and use hooks of native manufacture, made of bone or of wood and iron, which are far more efficient than any shop rig. White fishermen who have tried them will use no other, for a fish who once bites seldom gets away. Some of them are beautifully carved. Halibut fishing long ago became a regular industry. The fish are salted, smoked or marketed fresh. Sturgeon also exist in great numbers, as well as anchovies, haddock, flounder, sole, tomcod, and whiting or kingfish (*Menticirrhus undulatus*). The sole has no correspondent in the Atlantic. He is specifically and structurally different from his relative, the flounder, and has reached a more advanced stage of development, for he has two pectoral fins, while the flounder has but one. There is a fish caught in salt water along shore where weeds and kelp grow, which is the exact counterpart in color and structure of the black bass of eastern inland fresh waters and affords equally good sport for the trolling spoon. He belongs to the family Serranidae, of which there are said to be four varieties on the Pacific coast. A very beautiful fish of fine flavor was taken with a fly off the rocks of Calvert Island, lat. 51 deg. 30 min., a portrait of which I send you. To my eye it is handsomer than any brook trout, which is a hard thing to say of a lifelong acquaintance. Indeed, the fish of the Pacific are all more highly colored than their congeners of the Atlantic, a characteristic which is true of all marine forms found there, as well as of plants, fruits, vegetables, trees and flowers; and they are larger as well, and generally of higher flavor. And the Pacific ocean, like the adjacent land, is more prolific than the Atlantic. I have seen a tideway so crowded with incoming jellyfish (*Medusa*) that a man had no room to swim. Notoriously, the salmon jam the streams in the spawning season so that they cannot move! In the coves at low tide, starfish of many patterns pave the bottom like cobble stones—starfish of five, eight, ten, eighteen, and twenty-two fingers, or points, and of bright crimson, pink, dark red, yellow, drab and gray hues; all of the crabs and prawns, left by the ebb, climb and skip over their motionless bodies, seldom provoking them to stir the least bit out of position. On all the piles of the wharves, and wherever there are sunken logs or

trees, anemones of pink and purest white grow in clusters, shaped like lilies, but more mysteriously beautiful in their composite character and instinct of animal and vegetable forms. And there are many kinds of repulsive octopus, with decapods and cephalopods, and all tribes of sepia, squid, and inkfish. The sea cucumber (*holothuria*) is abundant also. When cured and dried it makes the article of commerce known as "bêche-de-mer," highly prized in China for food, where it is called "tre-pang." A valuable industry might be built up by preparing this commodity for market. Indeed, attention needs only to be directed to the opportunities to prompt new efforts in this new and unprospected region.

In Alaska there are few sandy beaches or gravelly shores. The margins of the mainland and islands drop plump into many fathoms of water, so that the tide never goes out—it merely recedes; and when it is lowest it exposes the rank yellow and green weeds which cling to the damp crags and slippery masses of rock, and the mussels and barnacles which crackle and hiss when the lapping waves recede. In some places there are little bights, a few yards wide, between the rocks, where there is a sort of beach formed entirely of comminuted shells, and one can pick up cockles and abelons by the peck—clams of all sizes, some large and tough, weighing eight pounds, and some small and sweet. By digging, a bushel of the big ones can be gathered in no time. After noticing the conformation of the coast it is easily understood why there are no oysters in Alaska. I cannot learn that any person has ever seen an Alaska oyster; but there are a good many beds farther south, in British Columbia, and I have eaten lots of bivalves and enjoyed them. However, alongside of regulation "saddle rocks" they look insignificant, inasmuch as seven stewed oysters go to the tablespoonful, by actual count!

To me it is a great pleasure to see what the ebb tide uncovers, and to watch the career of the counter currents, as they surge to and fro in the narrow channels betwixt sunken rocks, awash now at low water and eloquent with the dangers of Peril Strait or Seymour Rapids, which are invisible when the flood is full. At flood or slack water the surface is as placid as the morn, but whenever the tide turns and the ebb or flow begins it is strange to observe the tide-rips in what seems to be an interior land-locked lake. One can hardly grapple with the phenomenon. Immediately on the flood all the trash and floating trees, chunks of ice, dead fish, loose seaweed and what not, which have been floating about on the slack, begin to set in with the tide; great kelps with stems three hundred feet long buoyed up by bulbs or bladders, and broad streamers sprawling in all directions and half under water, like

the hair of a drowned woman, lift their weird forms as they drift by; jellyfish and medusæ come in countless myriads, steadfastly following the inexorable stream of fate; schools of herring and small fish of all sorts swarm in all directions, fretting the surface like flaws of wind; and last of all, predatory and with fell intent, follow the whales and porpoises and thresher sharks, tumbling, spouting, diving and feasting with appetites never cloyed by repletion. Here and there along the shore, where some little bight makes into the land, herds of seals bob up serenely out of the water and gaze with large and solemn eyes. All the atmosphere is filled with the softened light of a summer haze, and the air aloft and around about is noisy with the screams of gulls quartering the azure field on the wings of the warm southwest wind.

This is a summer picture of Alaska. Occasionally there are nights when the sea is luminous with phosphorescence, and all the crests of the flowing waves break in cascades of silver and gold; every dip of the oar stirs up pyrotechnics of sparks and glistening stars, and the revolving wheels of the steamer throw off streams of evanescent light. The lustrous glow piles up in front of the prow and trails off in the receding wake. Whenever the vessel chances to overhaul a school of struggling fish their every movement can be distinctly traced in scintillations and curves of fire, as they dart aside and deviate to avoid the inexorable advance. Even the size and shape of the fish are seen. I have observed such marine phenomena in many seas, but nowhere as vivid or prevalent as in the Northern Pacific Ocean.

Who can say that the fecundity of these shores in all their forms of animal and vegetable life is not due to this abnormal profusion of phosphorescence in the ocean?

Now as regards the anadromous and inland fresh water fishes of Alaska, there are the salmon and the sea trout, the lake trout, two kinds of stream trout (*S. irrideus* and *S. pleuriticus*), pike, sturgeon, perch, eels, and a very superior whitefish. Of salmon there are five recognized species, to wit:

Species	Range
Dog Salmon ( <i>Oncorhynchus keta</i> )	Sacramento River to Bering Strait.
Humpback ( <i>O. gorbuscha</i> )	Sacramento River to Kotzebue Sound.
Silver Salmon ( <i>O. kisutch</i> )	Sacramento River to Kotzebue Sound.
Blueback ( <i>O. nerka</i> )	Columbia River to Kotzebue Sound.
Quinnat ( <i>O. chouicha</i> )	Monterey to the Arctic Ocean.

Their specific characteristics differ very materially from those of the Atlantic coast. The quinnat, or King Salmon, is the most comely and commercially valuable of his class and may be justly called its rival representative. He is a good deal heavier than his Atlantic congener and in the rivers

of Western Alaska will average fifty pounds, individuals often running up to one hundred pounds in weight. His range is even more remarkable than that of any of his related species wherever found, for they not only swarm in Sacramento River in Southern California, but are found crowding the upper waters of the Yukon and the channels of the Back's Great Fish River and its tributaries in the Arctic Ocean. The canned commodity is known all over the world where commerce extends. The steelhead trout (*Salmo gairdneri*) which was supposed to be a true salmon until ten years ago, is the best game fish of them all, taking the artificial fly in fine style, the red ibis and royal coachman being favorites. It spawns on the feeders of the main streams and returns to the sea, whereas the oncorhynchus salmon deposit their spawn and die. With the steelhead it often occurs that before spawning is accomplished the streams fall so low as to prevent the fish passing out so that they remain in the deep pools until the streams flush again. This, it is claimed, will account for what is known as land-locked salmon on the Pacific coast.

A lake trout of the Dolly Varden type (*S. carinatus*), with red spots as large as a pea, is found in the lakes on the small islands as well as the mainland. The sea trout, closely resembling the Canadian sea trout, and spotted in the same way with blue and crimson spots much like the eastern brook trout, makes its appearance in the streams at stated intervals, like its Atlantic brothers. All the trout take bait and fly. The sea trout takes the trolling spoon readily in the bays. It is found all the way from Victoria, B. C., northward to Bering Strait, and in Hudson's Bay replaces the salmon which is not found there at all. Its range on the west coast corresponds very nearly with its range on the eastern coast, where it is often a nuisance to salmon anglers, being apt to rise to the fly during the period of its stated runs.

The canning of salmon has become an important industry in Alaska and establishments have been located at principal points along the southeastern coast and as far north as Norton Sound in Bering Sea, the services of native Indians and Chinese being enlisted as auxiliaries. Notable among these is the Chilcat cannery situated in 59 deg. 13 min., north latitude, which is well up toward the frigid zone, but warmed, like the rest of the Alaskan coast by the Japan current, or Kuro-Siwo, which corresponds to the Gulf Stream of the Atlantic. I dare say that no commercial company in the world ever found its way to a nook of earth so ineffably romantic; for the grandeur of the surrounding scenery is supreme. Parallel ranges of snow-capped mountains of majestic height inclose a narrow strait whose waters are deep and green, and seldom disturbed by the storms which beat the outer wall. High up in the bluest

empyrean the glittering peaks flash to each other the reflections of the noonday sun, and where the silvery summer clouds rest upon the summits, the eye can scarcely distinguish the fleecy vapors from the spectral snow. Below the snow line their sides are covered with fir and hemlock, and in the dark waters under the shadow of their confronting abutments, the salmon are continually tossing the spray so that the surface fairly boils. Through one of the clefts of the mountains the sparkling Chilcat River leaps over the obstructing rocks in a succession of pools and rapids, and upon the point of rocks at its mouth the cannery is situated. Perched upon a ledge so narrow that the wharves and fishing stages can scarcely keep a foothold above the tide, it looks out toward a long vista of headlands whose clear-cut outlines are set against the sky in graduated shades of blue as they recede and overlap each other. And out of another great rift the famous Davidson glacier presses toward the sea, filling the valley four miles wide; and the masses of ice which are successively pushed to the front and break off, float away with the recurring tides, and chases up and down the land-locked channels until they finally melt away or drift out into the ocean. On a beach opposite the cannery is a village of Indian employees with the usual adjuncts of half-dried salmon spread about the rocks, wolfish dogs, and log canoes drawn up on shore and carefully protected from the weather by boughs and blankets when not in use. Gray and white gulls fill the upper air or sit on the drifting icebergs and scream, while large wisps of sandpeeps flit constantly from point to point, feeding on the landwash. The foreground is active with the movements of canoes and boats hauling seines.

Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, of the U. S. Fish Commission, who has devoted many years to the study of fishes and fishing grounds of Alaska, enumerates one hundred and thirty-five species, one hundred and eight of which live in the sea and twenty-seven permanently or temporarily in fresh waters. The number of kinds of food and bait fishes is about seventy. Among the fresh water fishes are the burbot, pike, trout and long-nosed sucker, all of them larger and heavier than their eastern congeners, the burbot attaining sixty pounds. In the sea we recognize the cod (*gadus*), and polar cod, the halibut, capelin, spined dogfish, and eleven other species common to the Atlantic coast. There are eleven species of flounder, five of cod; five blennies, five rock cods, three sword-bearers, two wolf-fish or lancet mouths (*alepido sanrus*), tomcod, three rock eels, pollock, wachna, three eelpouts, cusk, lumpfish, four species of suck fish or sea snails, five species of alligator fish, sculpins two feet long, etc., etc.

The catalogue of the National Museum

gives the scientific classification of all known fishes to the present date. Nature has certainly provided amply for coming use of mankind affording the Alaska fisherman a superabundance of fish in remarkable variety, conveniently located with reference to good harbors, where ample supplies of fuel, water and game may be obtained; spreading out for his occupation tens of thousands of square miles of soundings inhabited by the valuable food creatures which attract the fish.

## THE MASTER OF GAME\*

THE OLDEST ENGLISH BOOK ON HUNTING

FOR over five hundred years "The Master of Game" has lain hidden and practically unknown. To-day we have it presented to us in a form which appeals to everyone worth interesting. To the editors, Mr. and Mrs. Baillie-Grohman, are due the thanks of all lovers of hounds and of hunting, of all sportsmen, naturalists, philologists and of all lovers of a beautiful book for its own sake, for to these particularly should this truly noble book appeal. It is a handsome folio volume bound in leather with fifty-two plates taken from the illuminated miniatures in the famous MS. 616, now in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. These quaint and beautiful illustrations, descriptive of various hunting scenes, each plate numbered and explained in detail elsewhere, are of the greatest help to and add much to the enjoyment of the reader. They show the kennels, the different types of hounds used, the beasts hunted and the manner of hunting them.

In the prologue we are assured that a "perfect and skilful hunter" not only leads the healthiest and happiest of lives, but that owing to his having had no time for evil thoughts nor evil deeds, he must in the end go straight to Paradise. And so on through the book to the end we are fully instructed in all the secrets of the chase. We are even told how to make a horn and how to blow it. The last chapter, entitled, "When the King will hunt with bows," gives the duties of "The Master of Game" on such an occasion. The original text in its Chaucerian English and spelling is printed side by side with Mr. Baillie-Grohman's more modern version, thus enabling the reader to understand at a glance the exact meaning of some of the obscure phrases and obsolete words. The hunting terms used are explained and commented upon, with their derivations, in the Appendix, which, taken with the

\* The Oldest English Book on Hunting. Edited by Wm. A. and F. Baillie-Grohman. With a Foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. Published by Ballantyne & Co., Covent Garden, London, W. C. Price thirty-five dollars, duty and express charges paid to any address in New York.

article following it on Bibliography, forms what is from the philological and literary view-point perhaps the most fascinating part of this fascinating book.

As the title page tells us, "The Master of Game" was written by Edward, second Duke of York, he who fell at Agincourt while leading the vanguard of the English forces, and who all readers of Shakespeare's Richard II. will remember as the Duke of Aumerle, that arch traitor and hardy fighter.

A mighty hunter himself and master of game to his cousin, Henry IV., he dedicates "this litel symple book" as he himself tells us in his prologue—to his youthful patron, the then Prince of Wales, Harry of Monmouth. His book was probably written between 1406 and 1413. The greater part of it is a careful translation of that earlier and most famous of all books on hunting, "Le livre de Chasse" written between 1387 and 1391, by the famous Gaston III., Count of Foix and Lord of Béarn. Both he and his book are better known as Gaston Phœbus, a name given him on account of his wonderful golden hair. Like his translator, he too was a cousin to kings, a mighty warrior, statesman and hunter. One of the most powerful, richest and enlightened princes of his day, he lived and held his court at Orthez on the northern slopes of the Pyrenees between Pau and the Atlantic. Here Froissart spent twelve weeks as his guest and in his famous Chronicles tells us much about his noble host and patron. Among other things he tells us how he had never less than sixteen hundred hounds in kennel and how he died suddenly at sixty on his way home after a long and successful bear hunt on a hot day in August. Those who wish to learn more of these two mighty men, the authors of "The Master of Game," may read all about them in the book itself. There are several French editions of "Gaston Phœbus" and it has been translated into German. The Duke of York's book is the only English translation, and is here printed for the first time. Such as it is and being what it is, no sporting library is complete without a copy, and every public library will be enriched by its possession.

WINTHROP CHANLER.

## CAN YOU DUPLICATE THIS?

A correspondent writes:

"Dear Sir:

"While fishing this summer in Park River, Waukeshau Co., Wisconsin, and hunting frog bait on the shore, a small frog leaped for the water. As he landed a large bull frog seized him in his mouth and partly swallowed him. The frog was extracted and being freed, swam off. I never have seen this happen before, having been a fisherman on this river since 1884. Is it not unusual?"





CHARLES M. RUSSELL—the "Cow-boy Artist."



“THE NEXT THING I KNOW I’M  
AMONGST HIS HORNS”

Drawing by C. M. Russell to illustrate  
“Dad Lane’s Buffalo Yarn.”

# THE OUTING MAGAZINE



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## AN INTIMATE EXCURSION\*

THE BYWAYS OF BRITTANY

BY FRANK PRESBREY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

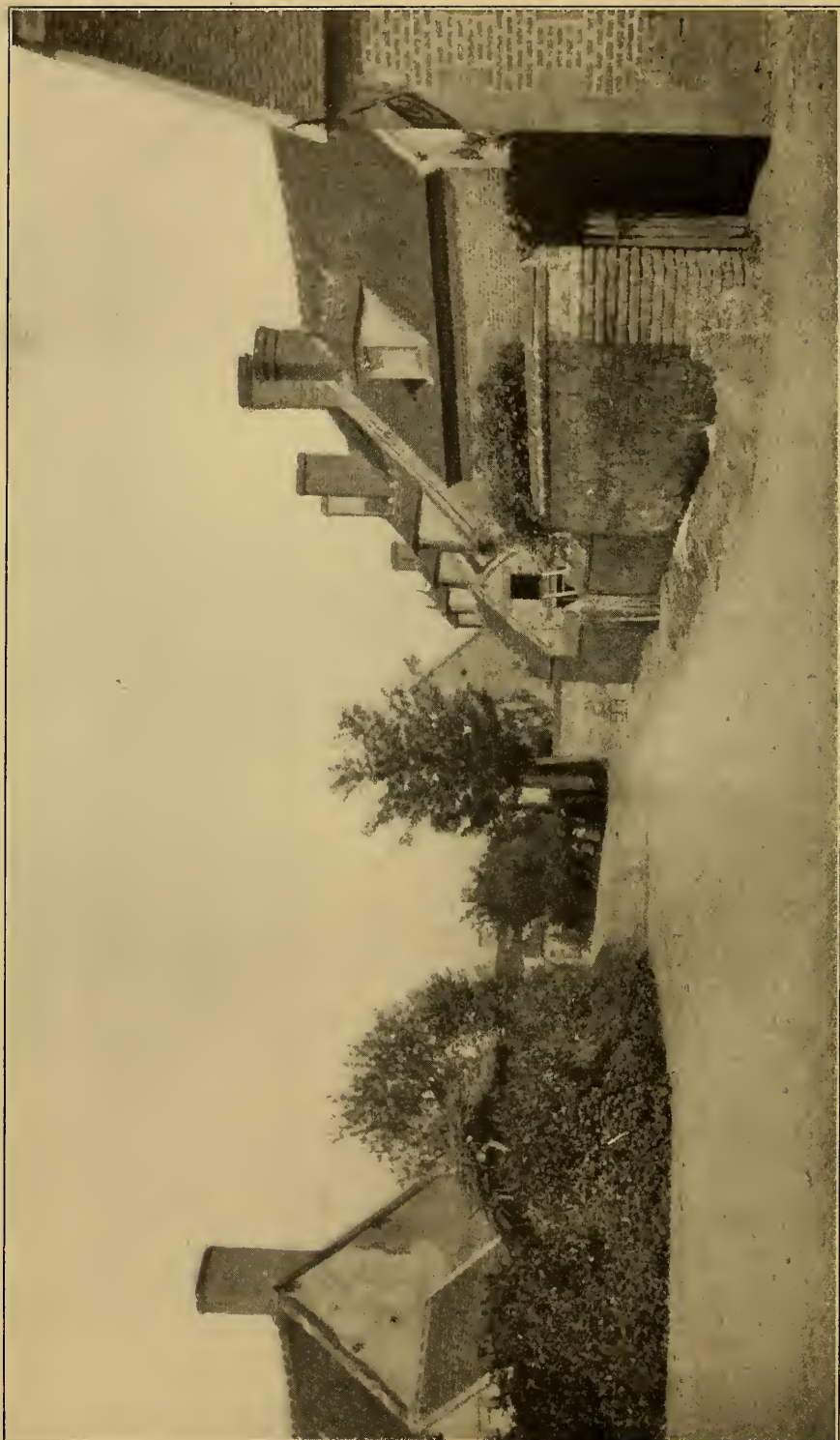


WE found St. Malo very much to our liking. Our hotel was excellent and this always regulates to a greater or lesser extent one's impression of a town. The town is literally crowned with fortifications and still takes pride in the fact that it defied all the efforts of the English to capture it. It is limited in area to the space within its great walls so that every available foot of ground is built upon and its houses have been built higher than in any other place in France. There is only room for so much population in St. Malo, and, as a consequence, St. Servan across the harbor on one side and Dinard across the River Rance on the other, have taken over and profited by the surplus population. The former place is reached by a platform bridge which moves by steam power back and forth across the harbor upon rails laid

at the bottom of the sea, the passengers being forty feet above the rails and on a level with the land. It is a curious sight to see this elevated platform up on steel stilts moving through the water by a power which is unseen, but is really supplied by a stationary engine on the St. Servan side.

St. Malo's shops and streets are quaint and interesting. The latter are narrow and filled with people, the walls echoing with the clatter of sabots or wooden shoes of the peasants. In the evening the plaza near the Porte St. Vincent was gay with the music-loving populace who filled the sidewalks and a large portion of the pavement, sitting at the little round tables and listening to the female orchestras of the rival cafés. The female orchestras are an institution of France. We found them in almost every town and their playing was exceptionally good. We patronized several of the cafés and found them generally most satisfactory. Here, as in almost all

\*The second of a series of papers describing an automobile trip through Normandy, Brittany, Scotland, Ireland, England and Wales. A forthcoming paper will be devoted to practical notes and suggestions for the benefit of those who are planning a first motor trip abroad.



Our route took us through many picturesque little villages.

provincial towns in France, the waiters serve your drinks in glasses set upon saucers upon which, burned in under the glazing, is the price you are to pay the waiter. This saves all disputes and as the price named on the saucers is charged up against the waiter when he receives them it enables the proprietor to get all that is coming to him.

A trip along the coast from Honfleur to St. Malo is alone worth the trip to Europe. Those automobilists who think they are seeing Normandy and Brittany when they rush, as many of them do, from Paris through Evreux, Lisieux and Caen to St. Malo and its sister resort, Dinard, are doing the country like many of our American tourists see Europe, on the hop, skip and jump; too busy and too hurried to enjoy the really delightful things which go to make the trip most enjoyable.

Normandy and Brittany towns have a quiet sweetness in which the strident call of commerce and the bustle and noise of our American towns are strangers. Wherever commercial activity comes in the charm goes out. There is little striking in the contrast between the country and the small towns. You leave the brilliant colored poppies in the fields to meet the timid, open-eyed children in the village streets and you simply exchange the peasants working at the roadside for the white-capped women knitting in their doorways, and the men, wooden-sabotted and clad in blouses and baggy trousers at their work. There are no striking contrasts between country and village such as we are accustomed to in America. A Normandy or Brittany village is but a cluster of houses and thatched-roofed cottages, picturesquely set amid the trees and fields. Of course, the larger places lose from necessity the pastoral features of the villages but in them you see nothing of the broken-down and often filthy outlying sections observable as you approach most American cities. If the section is one of poverty it will be picturesque—not made hideous with the dumpings of empty cans and the town's refuse. Neatness and attempt at beautifying are observable everywhere. Even in the country we found the edges of the roads and the rows of trees often trimmed with care. No family is so poor that it cannot have some bright flowers in win-

dow-boxes and a greater variety in the always-present little garden. One of the most notable features of both town and country is the absolute lack of idleness. Thrift and industry are written everywhere. This is characteristic of the French people and it shows in their Governmental balance sheet, for France has not one cent of bonded indebtedness held by anyone except French people. When Bismarck levied a war indemnity on France after the Franco-Prussian War in 1870 it was paid "out of the stockings" of the masses with a promptness that surprised the world.

Another charm of France is the perfection of its small hotels and inns. What is the national secret the French people possess which enables the smallest wayside inn to set before you a dainty, well-cooked meal, well served and appetizing, and a palatable wine of the country at such a trifling cost? Some writer has referred to the "divine gift of cookery." It certainly has not been inborn with the American as it has been with the French. We found no village so small that we could not get in it at insignificant cost a well prepared meal of appetizing dishes, daintily served.

All of the larger towns have two distinct phases—the modern and the ancient. This is illustrated in the old portion of most towns, where the houses are so old and decrepit that often their tops actually lean against each other across the narrow streets. In the modern portion you will usually find handsome shops, artistic architecture and beautiful residences.

There are certain characteristics in the French cities which are alike in every town, large or small. The chief point of interest is always the cathedral. These vary in magnificence from the Notre Dame in Paris, the Grand Cathedral in Rheims and the St. Ouan at Rouen, to the little, quaint structures in the far off towns of Brittany. But, great or small, every city or town has a cathedral, with its customary statues and characteristic architecture.

Another feature of the French town, and incidentally one of its most attractive ones, is the market place. These market places seem to be the social as well as the commercial centers for the peasants of the surrounding country. No one ever seems particularly anxious to sell in these markets. You will see the women, all with

their white caps and wooden shoes, with umbrellas over them, sitting in their stalls knitting and gossiping, chattering away like magpies, while blue-bloused men stand in groups discussing in an animated way, but apparently utterly regardless of whether purchases of the sleek cattle offered for sale are made or not.

There are no better places to see and study people than in these market places. You will find on sale in any of them not only vegetables and products of the dairy, but calicoes, shoes, velvets, coats, lingerie, bonnets, and confections, all in one heterogeneous combination.

One lives mighty well in Normandy and Brittany, even at the smallest inns. Of course, the fish are as fine as can be found in the world, and in great variety. In season you will get most excellent oysters and you rarely find an inn so small that it does not have a dish of appetizing crevettes, or shrimp, among the *hors-d'œuvre*. The meats are invariably good; chicken is omnipresent. One rarely gets wine on the table in this part of France, unless it is specifically ordered, as little wine is made in Normandy or Brittany; the drink of the country is the native cider for which no charge is ever made at meals. To those accustomed to American cider, the French cider is not particularly palatable, but it is a wholesome drink and after one becomes accustomed to it, quite enjoyable.

Prices are invariably low except in the larger places. One can tour Normandy, Brittany and Touraine and live delightfully at an expense of from ten to twelve francs (\$2.00 to \$2.40) a day, this including your bed and three meals with all the cider you can drink thrown in.

We had been cautioned before we started on our motoring trip not to draw up to a hotel or inn in our motor as we would be immediately considered American millionaires and charged accordingly. We were told to leave the motor some little distance from the inn and have one of the party stroll up with a "don't-care-whether-I-stay-all-night-or-not" air and make terms first. We soon found that was needless, and after the first few days drove up to the hotel or inn entrance with the utmost abandon and still secured the best accommodations at reasonable prices. Especially was this true when I showed my mem-

bership card in the Touring Club of France. This membership, which cost me, as noted elsewhere, a mere trifle, paid for itself over and over again, as there is a discount of from ten to fifteen per cent. given at all the hotels named in the Touring Club list, which includes the best in all towns. This saving of itself, with a party of six, amounted during our trip to a considerable sum.

We found the same saving possible in England, as my membership in the Motor Union gave us a discount at many of the best hotels and inns.

Normandy and Brittany together are the land of legends and romance, but there is a noticeable difference in the people. The Breton is stalwart in stature and stern and serious in disposition. He has hewed his life out amid the serious things and along the rocky roads. His bronzed face looks austere, but beneath his blue blouse beats a heart warm and true. The primitive simplicity of his life and the intense-ness of his religion gives the Breton short view of the frivolities of existence. He carries his religion into his daily life and work and along all the roads are gaudy crucifixes which the peasants never pass without kneeling and crossing themselves.

It is characteristic of all these Brittany folk that they mind their own business. I don't know what the result would be if you were to try a joke on them. I should be afraid to undertake it. Life is a serious problem to the Breton. It is homespun for him even though the rest of France may be arrayed in silks. He has worked out an existence against great odds and it has given him a character and physique which makes him notable among his fellow countrymen.

These features are also characteristics of the Normandy folk, but to a less degree. They have prospered more than their Breton brothers, their lands yield them easier and heavier harvests and they are a little closer in touch with the world outside. But, take them both side by side and they outmeasure in every point of comparison their brothers in corresponding walks of life in the rest of France.

It seems to be quite the custom in Brittany to attend divine service first and then barter for such goods as may be needed after the religious services are finished.



Some of the wayfarers we encountered.

When we left Vannes we went by the most direct road to Auray, about a half hour's run, and there turned southwest toward Carnac down by the coast which we reached about an hour after leaving Vannes. We were eager to see the Druidical monuments known as Menhirs and Dolmens, the great stones of mythological age. These and the Giant's Causeway, which we visited later in Ireland, are two of the most wonderful things in the world—one created by man and the other a creation of Nature. The hotel manager at

Vannes had given us a little map which enabled us to go directly to the most interesting part of these enormous fields of rock, taking in Ploemel and Plouharnel on the way.

The story of these stones—as to what they are; what kind of people put them there; why and when they were put there;—has never been told and probably never will be. They are practically as prehistoric as the formation of the world itself, and as we drove our motor, a symbol of the latest creation of man, out on the moors



The shrimp fisherwomen we saw along the beaches.



among these tokens of the musty ages, a feeling unlike anything which we had ever felt before came over the entire party. Here was an illustration of the spanning of time. Here on the very spot where the first known labor of man is exhibited stood also his last production—one the work of a people unknown, the other the recent production of the most modern nation on earth.

The pyramids of Egypt have a history which has been unraveled and written by archæologists. Pompeii is relatively modern; the statues of Rameses and the art of the Nile are as open books compared with the history of these great rocks.

The Menhirs and Dolmens are scattered all about the section south of Auray, but down near Carnac there are three groups set upon lines as straight as a modern engineer could draw them and forming nine or ten avenues. There are 874 in one of the rows, 855 in another and 262 in a third; it is said there were 15,000 originally. The stones, which are equal distances apart, vary in height from three to twenty feet, the largest having an estimated weight of forty to fifty tons. There is no stone of the same geological formation found nearer than three hundred miles and the mystery of their being placed here will probably never be solved.

\* \* \* \* \*

Our visit to the châteaux of Touraine I shall pass over here as they have been so often described, but there are two things which we will always remember in connection with Blois, a combination of the sublime and the ridiculous. The first is, of course, the magnificent château and the other the delicious cheese wrapped in lettuce leaves and served with a sauce of Kirsch which we had with our coffee at the Grand Hôtel de Blois. The château was superb, the cheese a gastronomic inspiration, and the two will go galloping down the corridors of our memory whenever Blois is mentioned. I shall not attempt even to tell of our admiration of this most famous of all the French châteaux which stands as an everlasting monument to its great founders and architects. Its exquisite façades, its wonderful exterior staircase, built on the principle of a seashell, its great halls and galleries, its

romances and history are all blended in our minds with one enduring impression which time will not obliterate.

Leaving Blois we followed the main road, which for twenty-five miles is as straight as an engineering line could be laid, through Orleans, and reached the forest of Fontainebleau about sunset, so that we had a half hour's ride through the labyrinth of its roads at the most delightful part of the day. This famous forest, which is the most beautiful in France and probably the most perfect of any in Europe, has been under Government supervision and management for generations. It covers 42,500 acres, an area sixty times as great as Central Park in New York City, and crossing and recrossing in every direction are innumerable roads, varying from beautiful boulevards to the narrowest bridle paths, all kept in most perfect condition.

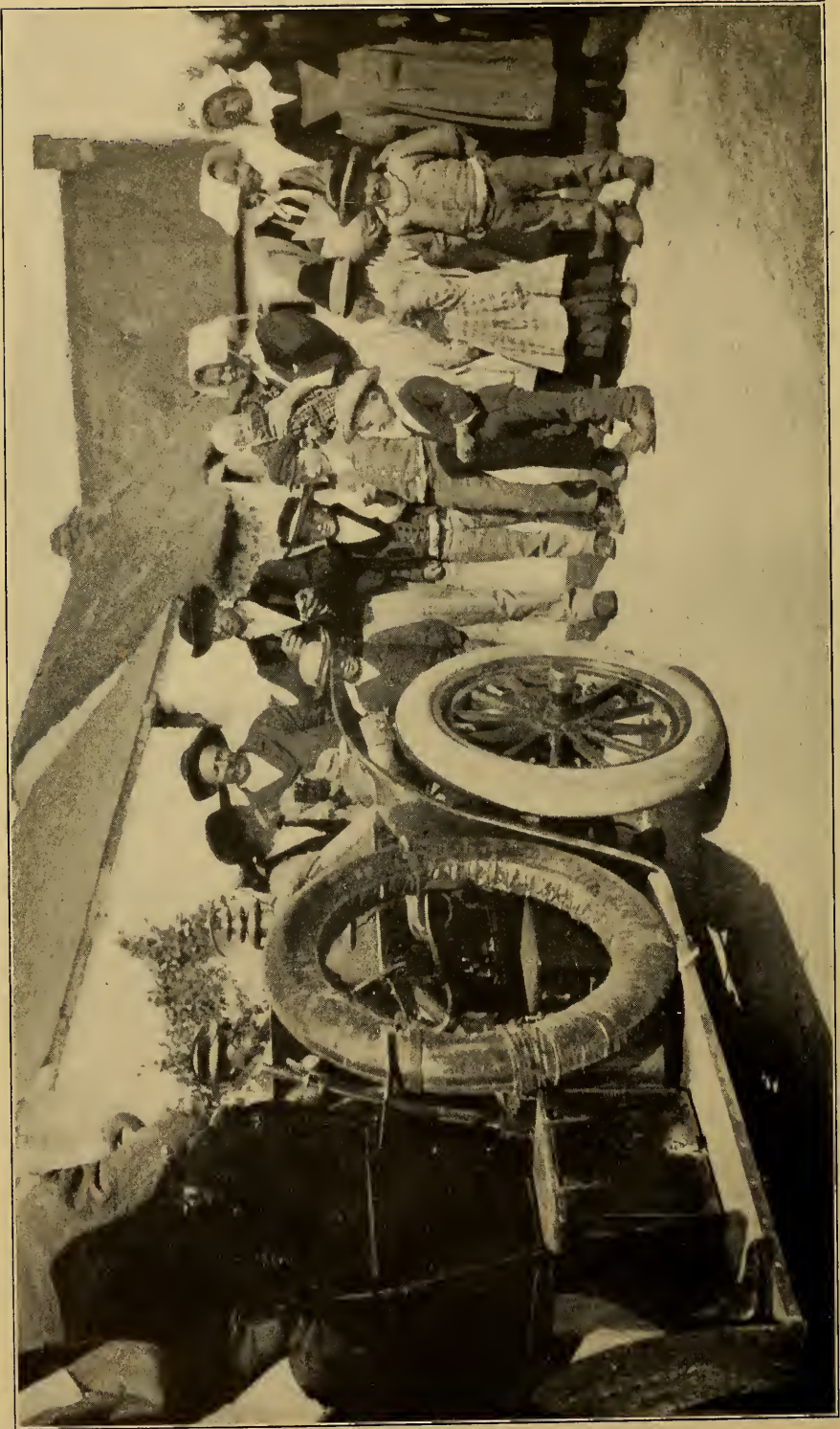
In the city of Fontainebleau, which is almost in the center of this vast forest, we selected the Hôtel de France et d'Angleterre as the best one at which to stop. This hotel is directly opposite the palace, and is one of the most attractive public houses in all of France, outside of Paris. I asked the manager to show us a suite of rooms, and he took us into what we have all agreed was the most fascinating suite we have ever seen in any public or private house. When I was told the price for our party, I could readily understand how the proprietor had been able to furnish the house throughout with the exquisite and classic furniture and rare engravings which had been from time to time bought from the palace. It would be a sweet thing to sleep in a bed which has been occupied by the great Napoleon and which is surmounted with the panoply of state; it would be a desirable thing to bathe in a bowl and use water from a pitcher which had been used by the Empress Josephine; it would be interesting to sit in front of the window looking out on the palace in the chair often occupied by Napoleon's Chief of Council—but these things come too high for an American business man on an automobile trip, and I concluded that sixty dollars a night might be considered a trifle expensive for such accommodations. I, therefore, suggested to the manager, in my politest and what my wife calls my best style, that while the



Steep and narrow are the streets leading down to the sea.



A familiar sight along French roads.



There was no doubt of our creating interest among the natives.

price was reasonable considering the historical interest of the furnishings, that three plain, clean bedrooms would be sufficient to meet our desires. I think he was rather inclined to take exception to my judgment, but assured me that they could give me comfortable rooms at a less price in the annex, and we were soon settled in a delightful suite at what was reasonable for the Hôtel de France, but, nevertheless, was the highest price we paid in France even including accommodations in Paris.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is a curious thing that while the roads of France everywhere are world-famous for their excellence, the approach to Paris from any direction by the main routes is inexcusably bad. The pavement is old and rough and the streets full of the heavy trucking teams with often four horses tandem. As we came nearer to the city, we had numerous tram cars to add to our discomfort. We came into Paris by the way of St. Cloud, and entered at the gates taking us into the Bois de Boulogne. Here we were stopped by the officials, who measured the gasoline in our tanks and charged us the tax which amounted to a little more than five francs. Everything which enters the city of Paris is taxed. All of the market women bringing in fruit and the truck gardeners bringing in their loads of vegetables have to pay the city tax.

The drivers in Paris, both of automobile, and carriages, are reckless in the extreme. The streets are so congested that there is little pleasure in driving your own car and constant risk of collision or accident. The recklessness of Paris motorists and drivers is proverbial. That there are not more accidents is a wonder. A speed of twenty to forty miles an hour seems perfectly allowable on city streets, and it is the duty of the pedestrian to get out of the way. It is said that if a person allows himself to be run over in Paris he is arrested for it. The one great crime for which instant arrest follows is to "smoke" your car, and if this prohibition was enforced in our own country it would do much to change the sentiment of the masses against motors, especially in the cities.

Roads in France are classified in four divisions:

First—The Route Nationale.

Second—The Route Départementale.

Third—The Chemin de Grande Communication.

Fourth—The Chemin de Moindre Importance.

The Routes Nationale are the most direct avenues between the large cities. In former times they were paved with large, flat stones, but almost everywhere now, except in the towns, these stones have been taken away and the finest surfaced macadam substituted. A map of France showing the Routes Nationale would resemble a railroad map, with New York or Chicago as a center, in that all chief points are to be reached from a hub or center which in France is Paris. These roads are maintained by the national government and the grades upon them have been reduced to a minimum. The various departments of France build and keep these roads as ordered by the general government and so perfect is the supervision that they rarely show need of repairs. The roads are divided into very short sections, and an official is in charge of each section. If any stones become detached or any ruts appear the damage is immediately fixed with the same degree of care that would be exercised in repairing tiling which had become loosened.

In riding in an automobile over the roads of France, there is so little vibration that many of the notes from which this book has been written were made in the motor while it was running at good speed. If any reader desires to know just what this means, let him try making notes on an American road. There was also very little dust and in many sections none, except on the lesser roads.

The Routes Départementale, or second grade of roads, have no paving stones except in the towns and are, in many parts of France, in as good if not better condition, than the Routes Nationale. They are built, repaired and cleaned by the various departments of France.

The Chemin de Grande Communication, or third division roads, run from commune to commune, or village to village. These roads are repaired and kept in order by the respective communes, and while they are narrower than the roads already named, are kept in nearly as good condition. The

Touring Club of France has contributed large sums of money to various communes which felt that they were too poor to keep the roads in the highest state of perfection.

The Chemin de Moidre Importance, the fourth division roads, run from farm to farm and are paid for and kept in order by the commune or village in which they lie. They are mostly so narrow that two motors meeting have to pass very carefully, but they are always free from ruts and in a condition which would put nine-tenths of the American roads, even the most important ones to shame. In fact, nowhere on our entire trip through France did we strike a piece of road which could be called poor.

The roads of France suffer more in dry weather than in wet, and to prevent dust and to keep the surface of the road moist, there are hundreds of miles fringed by trees on either side. The planting and kind of tree is determined by the general government and severe penalties are imposed on anybody who mutilates a tree in any way.

The United States could learn a great deal from France in the matter of road making, and each State interested in good roads, could spend money to no better advantage than by sending its engineers in charge of road building over to France to study the system of building and maintenance. The French never permit a macadamized road to get in bad repair. They act on the principle that a stitch in time saves nine, and that if the smooth surface of the macadam is broken in any place it is easier to fix it immediately while the damage is insignificant than to allow it to wear into a great hole which will become a nuisance, if not an actual menace. As the stone used in making the roads contains considerable natural cement, they become almost solid in time. There are many sections of the chief roads in France which run for miles in an absolutely straight line. The country is invariably rolling and it is nothing unusual to come to the summit of some hill and see the road stretching away in front as straight as a die as far as the eye can reach.

Another feature of the French roads is the entire absence of fences. Fields come to the very edge of the grass bordering the rows of trees that line the roads and in Normandy and Brittany, especially, every foot of the acreage seems to be tilled. In

many places both gutters of the road on hills are carefully paved with stones so that the water may be carried off without cutting ruts in the macadam at the edges.

Motoring is ideal when it can be enjoyed under mile after mile of arched foliage, past fertile fields and picturesque, though often poverty-like thatched cottages, with here and there attractive châteaux and villages as features of the landscape. Some one has said that motoring over one of the roads of France reminded him of winding up a great strip of white ribbon.

There are a surprising number of railroad crossings at grade in France, but in every instance there are gate-keepers and gates for the protection of travelers. The gates are kept closed and only opened by the keepers most of whom are women provided there is no train due within ten minutes to half an hour, according to the disposition of the keeper.

Another feature of the roads of France is the ever-present guidepost. These guideposts consist of an iron plaque, about two feet long and a foot high, securely mounted on sturdy posts or fastened to some substantial wall. They are painted in white and blue and show, without any possibility of mistake, not only the commune or township in which they stand, but the next important place in either direction as well as the distances between all the chief points upon that route. Thus you will find, if you are traveling on a road which leads to Paris that the name of the metropolis will appear on the signboard, although it may be several hundred kilometers distant.

In addition to these guideposts the Touring Club of France has put on the chief roads a series of signs and symbols to indicate to motorists and bicyclists what sort of a road they are approaching. The sign "ralentir" which, translated into good United States, means to "let up," has caused many a motorist who was unfamiliar with the road he was traveling, to slow down and to find shortly after the sign had been passed that it was well that he paid attention to it, because of a steep grade or some abrupt turn. There is no excuse, in view of the symbols and signboards, for anyone motoring in France to get on the wrong road or to come unexpectedly into trouble.

Every little way upon the chief highways of France, you pass the barracks of the gendarmerie, a perfectly appointed rural police force. These men, while they are of the army, are never considered in case of war. Napoleon wrote to Berthier in 1812:

“Take not the police with you but conserve them for the watching of the country-side. Two or three hundred soldiers are as nothing, but two or three hundred police will ensure the tranquility and good order of the people at large.”

France has to-day about twenty-five thousand men engaged in this service, and a company commanded by a Major is allotted to each department. Their pay is less than sixty cents a day, but as they receive their lodgings in the barracks and their uniforms, and have practically nothing to pay for in a country where a little money buys a great deal, they evidently subsist pretty well. These gendarmes pay no attention to motorists as long as they observe the simple rules of the road and



The wayside wells of Brittany where the gossips gather.

do not cause damage. There is somewhere in the laws of France, so I have been told, a regulation limiting speed, but no one pays the least attention to it. In the country districts the speed limit is, by common consent, the limit of your car. In towns they are very much more particular but, as a matter of fact, there are few small foreign towns in which anyone could run rapidly, as the streets are too narrow and too crowded.

Motorists are stopped at the city gates in all the large places and are supposed to pay an "octroi" or city tax on the gasoline in the tank, but the only place we had to actually pay money was on entering Paris. At all other cities we offered to show how much we had in the tank and that was sufficient.

While a great deal of stress is put upon the securing of a license and a "certificat de capacité pour la conduite des automobiles a pétrole," we were not asked once

during our entire trip in France to show either of the licenses which we had, or questioned regarding them. Nor were we in any way interfered with by officers of the law. Yet there is no country in which the law is more carefully enforced nor any in which there is a government more closely allied in its various dependencies.

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We found the arrangements for handling cars at Boulogne, where many cars are taken back and forth on each trip during the summer season, most complete. Our car was securely fastened into a large cradle and thus carefully lowered into the open hold of the steamship.

As soon as the car was actually on the English boat, the customs officers refunded the customs duties which I had paid in Havre. The cost of taking the car from Boulogne to Folkestone was \$26.25 at the company's risk.



Opening the railroad gates—every grade-crossing has them.



# LITTLE OUTDOOR STORIES

## DAD LANE'S BUFFALO YARN

BY CHARLES M. RUSSELL

DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR



TALK had drifted into the days of the buffalo. "I run on to a head yesterday that the bone hunters must have overlooked," said Long X Wilson. "It's kind a-hid away under the rimrock on Lone Injun. 'Twas an old bull, with the horns gnawed down to the nubs by trade-rats 'n' there's a little wool on the forehead, bleached 'n' faded till it's almost white. 'Tain't long ago the country was covered with these relics, but since the bone hunters cleaned up you seldom see one. Down on the Little Missouri I've seen bunches of skeletons, runnin' from ten to sixty. You'd generally find 'em under a knoll or raise in the country, 'n' by scoutin' around a little you might find in a waller or behind a greasewood a pile of long, bottleneck shells, These are Sharpe's ca'tridges, 'n' in number they'd count a few over the skulls. These skin hunters didn't waste much lead; they had killin' down to a fines, goin' at it in a business way, huntin' afoot, 'n' most of 'em used glasses. When Mister Skin Hunter leaves camp he's loaded down with ammunition, 'n' 's packin' a gun that looks 'n' weighs like a crowbar. He prowls along the high country till he sights the herd; then gettin' the wind right keeps the coulees till he's got within range, 'n' it don't have to be close, 'cause these old Sharpe's pack lead a thousand yards. First he picks out a cow on the edge of the bunch 'n' pullin' down on her he breaks her back. Of course she starts draggin' her hindquarters 'n' makin' all kinds of buffalo noise. Quicker than you'd bat your eye

her neighbors 're 'round her wantin' to know what's the matter.

"Buffalo 're like any other cow-brute; kill one 'n' they don't notice it much 'n' 're liable to quit the country; cripple one 'n' start the blood 'n' it's pretty near a cinch they'll hang 'round. The hide hunters knows this trick 'n' most of 'em use it. When the herd gets to millin' he goes to work pourin' lead into 'em as fast as he can work the lever on his breech-block. Whenever one tries to break out of the mill there's a ball goes bustin' through its lungs, causin' it to belch blood 'n' strangle, 'n' it ain't long till they quit tryin' to get away 'n' stand 'n' take their medicine. Then this cold-blooded proposition in the waller settles down to business, droppin' one at a time easin' up now 'n' agin to cool his gun, but never for long till he sees through the smoke the ground covered with still, brown spots. Then layin' down his hot weapon he straightens up 'n' signals the skinners that's comin' up behind. They've located him by the talk of his Sharpe's.

"This is what hunters called gettin' a stand; there's nothin' taken off the animal but the hide 'n' sometimes the tongues. The rest goes to the wolves. These hide hunters 're the gentlemen that cleaned up the buffalo 'n' since the bone gatherers come there ain't nothin' left to show that there ever was any. I've seen a few buffalo myself, but the big herds was gettin' pretty seldom when I hit the country. I guess you've all heard them yarns about how they used to stop the boats on the Missouri 'n' how wagon-trains would have to corral for days lettin' a herd pass. The strongest yarn I ever heard of this kind 's an old feller's up on High River springs. He's a Hudson's Bay man 'n' 's tellin' about comin' south from Edmonton with a Red River cart-train. They're just north of the Big Bow when they run into a herd; as near as he can figure there's a couple of million. It's spring 'n' the calves 're so plentiful

they have to stop every little ways 'n' pry 'em from between the spokes; they keep blockin' the wheels."

"Buffalo!" says old Dad Lane, "I was here when they're thick as hair on a dog, but it's surprisin' how quick one of these big herds could quit a country. You'd travel for days in sight of 'em 'n' wake up some mornin' 'n' it'd look like they'd disappeared from the face of the earth; you could ride for ten days in any direction without seein' hide or hair of 'em. Whether they walked or run I never knowed, but from looks you'd swear they'd flew. This sudden disappearin' of buffalo comes pretty near causin' me to cash in once.

"It's back in '62. There's me, Jack Welch, Murphy 'n' a feller called Whiskey Brown, builds a tradin' post up near Writin' Stone. We're short of goods 'n' somebody's got to go to Benton; so me 'n' Joe Burke, an interpreter, knowin' the country, volunteers to make the trip. This Burke's a full-blooded Piegan, but bein' raised by a white man he's tuk his name. He's knowed amongst his people as 'Bad Meat.' Our outfit's made up of eight pack-ponies 'n' two Red River carts. We're drivin' these vehicles jerkneck, that is the trail pony's tied to the lead cart so one man can handle both. I'm teamster; the Injun's got the pack-train. The first couple of days it's smooth sailin'. It's August, the weather's fine 'n' we're never out o' sight o' buffalo, so meat's always haandy.

"The second mornin' when we're quit-tin' the blankets I notice the sun down on the skyline, lookin' like a red-hot stove lid, 'n' my nostrils fill with the smell of burnt grass, tellin' me the range is afire somewhere south of us. 'Tain't an hour till th' sky's smoked up so the sun's hid 'n' we've lost our timepiece 'n' compass. But it don't worry me none; I can see the Injun joggin' along ahead; all the smoke in hell couldn't lose him. There's one place where an Injun holds the edge on a white man—day or night you can't lose him.

"I remember askin' Bad Meat how it was that an Injun never loses his way. He tells me when a white man travels he looks one way, always straight ahead. Passin' a butte, he only sees one side of it, never lookin' back; so of course he don't savvy that butte on his return. The Injun

looks all ways 'n' sees all sides of everythin'. There's somethin' in this but that ain't all there is to it. Of course an Injun ain't got eyes for nothin', but it ain't all seein' 'cause I've been with savages nights so black that bats stayed to home; but it don't bother Mister Injun. He travels without hesitatin' like it's broad day. I don't know how he does it 'n' I doubt if the Injun can tell himself. These people 're only part human 'n' this is where the animal crops out.

"Well, we keep workin' along south through the smoke. Once in a while I can see a string o' buffalo, dim through the haze like shadows. Sometimes they get right up on us before sightin' our outfit. Then swervin' from their course they go lopin' off 'n' are soon lost in the haze. Toward evenin' Bad Meat downs a young cow 'n' while we're cuttin' the back-meat he advises takin' the hams, but I say, 'What's the use? It's only that much extra packin', 'n' we'll get meat to-morrow.'

"All the buffalo we see to-day is travelin',' says he. 'Maybe-so no meat to-morrow.'

"Since he spoke of it I notice that they are all travelin', 'n' not so slow either, but I've seen buffalo lope 'n' trot goin' to, or leavin', water, 'n' didn't think nothin' of it. But followin' Bad Meat's hunch, we take the hams.

"'Bout noon the next day we strike the burnt country. As far as you can see she's black, with now 'n' then a smoulderin' buffalo chip that still holds the fire. It's a sorry sight; a few hours ago this country wore grass that 'd whip a hoss on the knees 'r' buffalo fed by thousands. Now she's lifeless, smoked 'n' charred till she looks like hell with the folks moved out. It's the same all day—black, without a livin' critter in sight. The outlook's bad for the cayuses, but toward evenin' we strike a creek that Bad Meat calls 'Wild Dog' 'n' a little patch of grass the fire's gone 'round. The Injun's not for stoppin' except to eat a bite 'n' water the hesses; then push on into the night away from the fire. Injun-like, he's been houndin' the ground all day 'n' finds some tracks. He tells me he's seen the moccasin marks, as near as he can guess, of about eight men, 'n' there ain't no pony sign among 'em; they're all afoot, 'n' when the sun shows

red like a bloody warshield, he says, 'It's bad medicine.'

"This savage superstition about the sun sounds foolish to me 'n' I tell him it's the smoke causes it. 'Yes,' says he, 'but who built the fire? We're still in the country of the Piegans; do they burn their own grass?'

"Of course these tracks look bad, 'cause when you see Injuns walkin' in a country it's a cinch they ain't friendly. Walkin' makes all people dangerous. War parties generally travel this way 'n' by the time they, or anybody else, have walked a hundred miles or so they ain't to be trusted amongst hosses. Me 'n' Bad Meat talks it over 'n' decides by puttin' out the fire; it 'll be safe enough. Our hosses 're all good to stay, 'n' barrin' two we hobble 'n' our herd-hoss on a picket rope, they're all loose. It's been a tiresome day, 'n' I no more 'n hit the blankets till I'm asleep.

"Along in the night sometime I'm awakened by a report of guns. It kind o' dazes me at first, till a ball spats agin a wheel-spoke just above my head, 'n' I ain't slow changin' my bed-ground. Mister Injun had an idee where I'm sleepin' 'n's feelin' for me with his gun. He's doin' good guessin' in the darkness 'n' comes within a foot of findin' me. I'm awake plenty now 'n' hear the hosses runnin'. By the way the noise is leavin' me I know they're pushin' the country behind 'em mighty rapid. I tell you, boys, it's tough layin' there listenin' to all you got leavin' you, but there ain't nothin' to do. In that country we're as good as blind men. It's the darkest night I ever see 'n' the burnt ground don't help it none. I'm so damn mad I blaze away in the dark once at the noise 'n' think I hear a hoss bawl like he's hit, but I guess it's my imagination, for there's nothin' to show for it in the mornin'. I'm cussin' 'n' goin' on when I hear Bad Meat kind o' chucklin'. He calls to me from his blankets. 'I knowed it,' says he.

"'If you knowed,' says I, 'You're a little late breakin' the news. What's the cause of you holdin' out all this knowledge?' 'n' I cussed him up a batch. I'm in the wrong all right, but ain't in no humor to own up to it—specially to an Injun.

"As I said before we're helpless, but there ain't nothin' to do but wait for day. When it's light I'm surprised at Bad Meat's

appearance. Up till now he's wearin' white man's clothes, but this mornin' he's back to the clout, skin leggin's 'n' shirt. His foretop's wrapped in otter-skin 'n' from his hair to just below his eyes he's smeared with ochre. The rest of his face is black, with green stripes. He notices my surprise 'n' tells me it ain't good medicine for an Injun to die in white man's clothes. I ask him what's his reason for thinkin' about cashin' in. 'That war party,' says he, 'is mighty successful in gettin' them hosses, but all Injuns love to get some little token to take back to their folks, such as hair.' This kind o' worries me; I ain't anxious to furnish no savages locks to trim leggin's with 'n' I think Bad Meat feels the same way, 'cause he says it 'll be a good idee to travel nights from here on 'n' I second the motion.

"Bad Meat calls the turn when he says these Injuns ain't satisfied, for while we're eatin' breakfast there's a band of 'em looms up on a ridge. It's the same party that makes us the night visit; I recognize the hosses. While we're lookin' 'em over one buck slides from his pony 'n' restin' his gun on his cross-sticks takes a crack at us. There's a little curl o' dust out on the prairie shows me that his old smooth-bore won't pack lead near that distance, but the way he's pintin' his weapon tells us it ain't no friendly salute, so me 'n' Bad Meat takes to the shelter. We don't no more 'n reach the brush till they're all down off the ridge, yelpin' like a band o' coyotes. Bad Meat starts singin' his wadditty. On hearin' his gun bark I look off on the prairie; there lays a still Injun 'n' there's a loose pony lopin' off with nothin' on but a war-bridle. It's a good shot for an Injun, but Bad Meat's over average.

"This good shootin' don't seem to pacify these savages, 'n' the way they start pilin' lead in our direction makes us hug the brush; we don't leave it till dark. Barrin' a bundle of robes Bad Meat grabs when we're quittin' camp it's a Mexican stand-off, which means gettin' away alive. Of course we got our guns, but we're grubless, 'n' for three days we don't swaller nothin' more stimulat'in' than water. The fourth mornin' we're out o' the burnt country. It's gettin' pretty light 'n' we're thinkin' about campin' when we see four old bulls about a mile off. The country's level as a

table 'n' the chances of gettin' near enough for a shot looks slim. The Injun says he knows a way, 'n' unrollin' the robes he comes up with a couple o' wolf-skins. He tells me his grandad used to play wolf 'n' fool the buffalo. When we get our disguises tied on we find a shallow coulee that'll save a lot of crawlin'. On reachin' the raise we drop to all fours 'n' start playin' wolf. The Injun's a little ahead 'n' when he tops the draw I notice him pull a whisp o' grass 'n' toss it up. There's so little wind it's hard to tell the direction, but the grass falls just back of his shoulder. Bad Meat signs good 'n' we start crawlin'. I'm so hungry I feel like a wolf all right, but for looks I'm no good; my suit's too small 'n' I keep thinkin' that any buffalo that wouldn't tumble to me must be near-sighted or a damn fool. It's different with Bad Meat. A little way off in the grass he's actin' wolf mighty natural. Injun-like, he knows the animal 'n's got that side-wheelin' gait of the loafer wolf down fine.

"We ain't gone far when the nearest bull raises his head 'n' lifts his nose, but the wind's wrong 'n' he don't find nothin'; so after lookin' us over, he goes grazin'. I'm within twenty-five yards when I pick out my bull. They're all old boys that's been whipped out of the main herd, but goin' on looks I draw down on the youngest. I'm half hid in some buckbrush 'n' he's standin' broadside. His heart's what I aim for, but bein' weak 'n' trembly from hunger I notice the sight wavin' when I pull the trigger 'n' when I look under the smoke there stands the bull with his head up 'n' tail kinked. There's a red blotch on his side, but it's too high 'n' fur back. The bull stands a few seconds lookin'. He can't see me 'cause I'm layin' flat as a snake; it's the damn smoke hangin' over me that tips my hand. I'm tryin' hard to re-load when he comes for me, snortin' 'n' gruntin'. When I raise to run the wolf-skin slips down 'n' hobbles me, 'n' the next thing I know I'm amongst his horns.

"Lucky for me I get between 'em, 'n' grabbin' a horn in each hand, I'm hangin' for all there's in me while the bull's doin' his best to break my holt. But bein' shot through the lungs he's weak 'n' slowly bleedin' to death. I'm playin' my strength agin hisn when I hear the bark of Bad

Meat's gun. The bull goes over 'n' the fight's mine. Maybe you think that old Injun don't look good standin' there with his empty muzzle-loader.

"Barrin' bein' covered with blood 'n' the bark peeled off me in places where Mister Bull drags me I'm all right. This bull-meat's pretty strong 'n' tough, but it's fillin' 'n' takes us to Benton."

## OLD SOLDIER YARNS

### NOT ACCORDING TO REGULATIONS

BY LLOYD BUCHANAN

SERGEANT Sullivan slid through the guardhouse door, banging it shut behind him. He stamped the snow from his boots and ran his hands over his eyes and his much iced mustache.

"Divvil take such a night," he said, loosening his coat, "'tis Hell br-roke loose intirely. Thot skinny rookie fr'm Texas on noomber six wud' 'ov been a sthiff an' unintherestin' cadaver if his relafe had been tin minutes lather."

He drew up a barrack chair beside the fire, about which half a dozen men just off post were huddling. Stretching his legs toward the roaring logs, he took out his pipe and filled it lovingly.

"Gott in Himmel!" growled Private Barr, "vot a stinkin' furnace vos dot to be lighted."

"That's the pipe f'r yez, though," remarked Sergeant Sullivan, "a short, sthraight brier. Clay is too br-rittle. Car-rrn cob spoils rapid. A meerscham is about as much use to a man as a silk hat is to a pack mule. But," he went on pointedly—and Barr wriggled, having lately had his wife, a yellow haired 'Frisco woman, run off with by a Quartermaster Sergeant—"most min choose pipes and women alike—selectin' showy articles wid gilt trimmin's an' fine cases, swate to look at an' swift to r-ruin. 'Tis a wise wan takes both short, plain, an'—sthraight. Thin handle thim gentle, shmoke thim slow, an' the blacker, oldher, an' sthronger they get the more ye'll be r-regardhin' av thim."

Barr answered not, but sat scowling at the fire. Sullivan struck a match and

settled back in his chair. The wind howled across the desolate prairie, sobbing and screeching around the guard house like a mad woman.

"Hell, what a noise!" said one of the men.

Sergeant Sullivan spit at the back log and spoke, reminiscently.

"Barr's shpakin' av me pipe," he began, "sets me thinkin' av the various and sundry places phwere I hov smoked av it—fr'm New Yor-rk to the Philippine Islands. And wi' this the yowl av the blizzard puts me mind smack on wan man an' wan spot—which same is Snick Robinson, the man, an' the Barrio av San Romato, the spot."

"What happened there?" asked the newest recruit.

"Snick Robinson," answered Sullivan dryly.

"Sound off and tell us about it, Sully," said the Corporal of the relief on post, "you have to thaw out here anyway before hitting your bunk."

"Well, thin," began the smoker, "to start fair, so many years back that we've both lived down the shame, Snick an' me worr raw r-rookies thegither in a bathery av coast artillery. 'Twas thin I knowed him as wan man knows another phwin ye ar-re both in livin' fear av death f'r lookin' crass eyed befor y'r twinty-nine year dhrill sergeant, and I will say thot av all cute an' smart min to me acquent Snick was the cutest and smartest. I'll not beguile ye wi' tales av his clivirness, though they ar-re without number. Suffice to say thot what he wanted he got at no matter what cost to him or anny wan ilse, as many a poor gir-rl learnt to her sorrow, thinkin' to play with him like an ordinary man. Only wan quality will I mintion—an' this the wind put in me head. Snick had the power av makin', befor God, th' unholiest, fr-rightfullest damn noise man ivver heard. 'Twas not a cry, nor yit a laugh, but a mixture av the two, so loud an' shrill ye cud hear it a mile, and so spookey I've seen min be a bar blanch an' shake like fr-right-ened kids phwin Snick let the thing go sudden in the midst av a dhrunkin avenin'. An' phwat will scare a bunch av soldiers leanin' on the bar, wi' their glasses in their fists is somethin' f'r any man to avoid.

"Well, after our discharge, I wint to the Sixteenth Cavalry, an' Snick tuk on wid

a dough bye rigimint in Montana. An' to thim two outfits we both stuck fast."

The speaker paused in his narrative to poke the fire with the tongs and motion to the newest rookie to throw on more logs. Then he resumed.

"Accordhin' to Rig'lations, all br-ranches av the Service shud har-rmonize and cooperate. But I lave it to anny man livin' if ivver he saw the Cavalry an' Infantry agr-ree on anny wan thing f'r over two minutes unless it was a mutual distrust av th' Arthillery. Avin th' officers, bowin' an' scrapin' to each other though they be, ar-re full av bitherness. Let a Major av har-rse take his cocktail dhry, and you can't git a Major av foot to take wan thot isn't swate—an' divvil a dismounted youngsther will touch his without a mess av cherries in the bottom; though he be sick f'r a month afther it. God knows phwy it is. But it is, an' all you can do is to make the most av it.

"So phwin me squadron av the Sixteenth an' Snick's rigimint av dough byes worr set down side be side in Manila in the fir-rst days av th' Empire, tbe very fir-rst thing we stharterd to do was to row over wan thing and another, fr'm thransportation an' rations to the dacincy—or indacincy—av us wan day havin' our Major br-rought home be three policemen in th' early marrnin', singin' 'Promise Me,' an' makin' promis'us spaches on th' evils av fav'ritism in th' Ar-rmy, an' th' impendin' downfall av our totterin' Raypublic.

"Th' officers snapped an' bowed cool like, an' th' officers' wives, such as there worr, used to stab each other shameful—as I had fr'm their maids. Finally throop 'K' and a dough bye coop'ny had a fr-ree fight in a saloon afther pay day, an' wan av the throop was killed an' four Infantry min damn near it befor the row was bruk up be th' officers wid their pistols out, an' their faces white wi' shame an' anger at bein' obliged to intherfere.

"It was in this rumpus thot somebody hit old Snick Robinson over the nut wid a bottle, an' phwin he come out av th' 'orspital there was a look in his eye phwin it lit on a throoper that made me stummick sink, knowin' the man as I did.

"Snick," says I though, friendly like, 'I'm glad you're about again.'

"Ye ar-re, ar-re ye?" says he. 'Well,

it's wise to take your joy phwin ye can get it,' says he, and wheelin' on his heel he stamped off.

"Av coorse we woor inspected an' dhisciplined, an' they ordhered us all into the field, into Maclate Province, phwere the hikin' is the har-rdest on earth, an' thot piefaced murdherer Molares was r-rompin' around as unrestrained as a pig in a parlor.

"Giniral Knox was in c'mand, an' hungry to add another pair av sthars to his shoulders befoore all the constellations in Washington give out. He kep' us swingin' about fr'm wan ind av Maclate to th' other until our horses worr a sight befoore Hivvin, an' the dough byes worr dhroppin' dead fr'm havin' their legs wore off. But nivver a grunt did ayther av th' outfits give. We worr both thot keen to git the best av each other, an' we worr thot afraid th' other fellows might catch Molares.

"Well, to cut a long sthory short, at last wan day kem the news into camp thot thot damn Infantry outfit was cor-rnerin' Molares and all his *gente* in a place in the mountains about six mile fr'm the Barrio av San Ramato, an' we worr ordhered to make a foor-rced mar-rch to co'perate wid thim. The news was through the Squadron in a minnit, an' befoor ivvir Boots an' Saddles sounded ivery throop was ready an' waitin'.

"All thot day we r-rode on and on, through a dhivin' rain, sparin' nayther man norr baste, an' about dusk we come into San Romato, phwere the dough byes worr lyin' ar-roun' their fires, near dead, caked wid mud, an' too tir-red to avin buscar a chicken to help out their supper.

"Giniral Knox was there, all worrit an' impatient like, and immediate he has a confrince, him an' our Major, an' the dough bye Colonel. I was in char-rge av—nivver mind phwat—near by, an' I heard the whole talk.

"Major,' says the Giniral, 'your ar-ival is most oppor-rtune,' says he. 'Molares is in his wur-ruks six mile south an' ixpicts nothin' until to-morrow. Me In-fanthy is wore out,' he says, 'can you make it?' he says.

"I thought av our scarecrow mounts an' our min, near kilt, an' the wet thrail, an' the still dhrizzin' r-rain, an' f'r an insthant I feared the Major might forget he was a field of'cer av the Sixteenth R-reglar

Cavalry. But no sign av thot—r-red owld dhruunk thot he was.

"I can, sorr,' he says, 'let me min r-rest till midnight,' he says, 'and I will sur-round th' inimy an hour befoore dawn,' he says.

"Giniral,' br-roke in the dough bye Colonel, hot-like, 'may I spake?'

"Phwat is it?' asks the Giniral.

"Me min ar-re not wore out,' he says. 'Me Rigimint can stharta at ilivin an' do the job aisy,' he says, 'we car-rnered the man,' he says, 'an' I think we're afther deservin' the scr-rap, sorr,' he says. I sure admired him f'r his nerve, f'r his min worr worse than ours. But the Giniral wud hear no wur-rud.

"No,' he says, 'I'm sorry, an' I appreciate y'r ixcellint service,' he says, 'an' the spirit which annymates ye—which is highly creditible,' he says, 'but me plans ar-re different,' he says.

"So I snaked off, an' tin minutes lather our camp was as merry as a parthy, an' th' Infantry wan was as dour as a fun'ral.

"Ye dough byes ar-re fine pointer's,' sings out Sergeant Wilson av 'I' throop to Snick who was walkin' post, 'but now the time is come f'r scr-rapin' an' y'r bethers ar-re sint to show ye how.'

"Come on now, thin,' roars Snick, on post as he was, 'and we'll see who nades a lesson most.'

"But I spake soft like to Wilson, an' took him off. I wanted no r-row. Ivery thing was goin' our way already.

"The night settled down as black and thick as a wet blanket. We had our supper, an' threw ourselves down on our ponchos, thryin' to catch a bit r-rest in spite av the r-rain. There worr double sintinels on the picket lines and we worr all lyin' near our saddles.

"I dhropped off r-right quick, but the wather patterin' about me made me slape a thrifle light, an' somehow I was av a suddent aware av somethin' about me not r-right. I sat up. Not a thing cud I see an inch in fr-ront av me nose but the black night. Nor cud I hear a sound but the dhrip av the r-rain an' the slow movin' av the har-rses on the picket line. Yit thot sinse av trouble was heavy on me, an in spite av me bether judgmint I cud not shake it off. But there was nothin' I cud do ixcept loosen me pistol, an' lie down again, an' wish f'r a moon.

"Slowly me wear-riness was dhrivin' me into a bad half-wakin' drame, phwin a sound r-rose thot made me sstart to me fate in a cowld sweat. It was low, but gr-rowin' loudher, an' near, but yet far away. It was the shriek av a woman findin' her murdered lover, mixed wi' the scramin' laughter av a maniac. Loudher an' loudher it gr-rew. The min about me ssthardt up, shakin' an' cursin'. The har-rses on the picket line quit movin' intirely. Phwat it was—phwere it came fr'm no wan knew. The hair on me head r-rose wid terror. Thin, sudden came a gr-reat explosion an' a blaze av fir-re—an' thin the mad rush av a thousand hoofs, an' the cr-ryin av har-rses dhrivin in horror stricken fr-right. Ivery baste in the Squadhrone had br-roke loose an' stampeded.

"I hov been close to me ind a hundher times, an' I hov fought ivery thing fr'm a city bred rookie to an Apache. But fists an' bullets ar-re love tokens aside av a stampede. Ye hear min talk av San Juan. I was up San Juan wi' the fir-rst, an' fifty San Juans heaped thegither wud be child's play along av thot night at San Ramato. The black dharkness was full av char-rgin', thunderin' death—not a clane, quick death, but wan wid your brains crushed out an' your bowels r-ripped open be ir-ron hoofs. I am no coward, but thot night I dhropped on me belly an' wrapped me ar-rms about me head, an' pr-rayed God to spare me, babbling like a baby. And phwin it was all over I was thot wake. I cud hardly stand up.

"The fir-rst thing I heard over the van-ishin' poundin' av hoofs was the voice av the Major:

"Captains, for-rm your throops!"

"Somehow we fell in. Two throops they sint out dhismounted to r-round up the har-rses an' two to pick up the injured an' make phwat they cud in the dhar-rk av the ruined camp. I was searchin' fr' wounded—av which, be the gr-race av God, there wor but tin, an' two dead—phwin I hear-dw Giniral Knox's voice on the r-road betwene our camp an' the dough byes.

"Me Cavalry is ruint,' he says, 'can ye do it, Colonel?"

"I can,' says the dough bye Colonel.

"The Cavalry will guar-rd your camp,' says the Giniral—an' thin they walked off.

"Not till thot moment did it come to me—thot noise, and phwat made it. Dumb fool thot I was not to hov minded Snick and his wail. I jumped to phwere the nearest picket line had been. Pawin' ar-round in the dhark, I found wan av the pins—an the r-rope ind fast to it—*cut* clane as a whistle be a knife! Oh, the villainy av the man! The skill av him! Fr' an instant I was near laughin' wid pr-ride at the thought av the wit in the shame. But thin I heard the dough bye Captains puttin' their Coomp'nies in mar-rch, an' black shame an' hate sat in me hear-rt. Th' Infanthry worr hikin' off to grab the pr-rize we had had fast in our mitts an hour befor. I swor-re thin thot hate to killin' was betwene Snick an' me fr'm thot day fr' ivvir.

"There was nought gained be grievin', though, an' somehow we wore the long night through. Soon afther sunrise we had all th' animals safe back, an' worr settin' in the remains av our camp. There we stayed until toward noon phwin an aide an' a couple av mounthed ordherlies come r-ridin' over the hill. The Major wint out to mate thim.

"Phwat's the news?' he yelled.

"We got him,' sang th' aide.

"Hell!' said the Major. 'Dead or alive?"

"Dead,' says th' aide, 'an' sixty odd av his pable.'

"Who kilt him?' says the Major, hopin' agin hope it might hov been a sstaff of'cer or ordherly.

"Robinson, a privit av Coomp'ny "K," says th' aide. 'Poor divvil, he got Molares just as a nigger got him.'

"Kilt?' says the Major.

"Shot through the hear-rt,' says th' aide, 'he niver knew phwat hit him.'

"So afther all, I c'u'dn't hate him—much."

## WHEN THE SNOW COMES

BY E. P. POWELL

FEBRUARY is a curious little month—slipped in between two of the most pronounced, and having no special business of its own. The best use one can make of it is to get all the fun that he can,

and that certain something which we call re-creation. It is not quite true that man was created in the garden of Eden; certainly not without the need of re-creating himself frequently. February is the best month in the winter for skating, and skating is unsurpassed for wholesome invigorating exercise. Every boy should have a pair of skates, and should have a chance, at least once a year, to use them. The fascination far surpasses that of dancing. An ice field is a field for glory and for chivalry. The social element is well balanced with individualism. And this I am ready to affirm, that we need more ways of being jolly all alone. Skating beats the world at this. Tom can write out his last essay in big letters on the ice. He can cut his school problems. He tells me that when he gets lonesome he goes skating. I have distinctively in mind also that a small boy may study astronomy satisfactorily on the ice.

I do not see enough of our country homesteads that take account of winter games. They have their croquet and tennis, and the wealthy have their golf. But to my notion a little ice pond is one of the most beautiful and most useful appurtenances that can be indulged. Wherever a brook runs, or there is a natural pond, of course this is simple. A temporary pond or even a permanent can often be prepared by collecting drainage. If this is not possible, two or three neighbors can combine, sharing the cost of flooding a meadow. I consider such a winter play-ground of even more importance for the girls than for the boys. Skating gives liveness and elasticity as well as main strength, and what we now most want of our girls is health, or as the Saxons called it wholth; that is that they be whole women. Little chit chats, who cannot stand up against a brave wind, or walk five miles a day, are unfit to be American mothers.

Our fathers had some things finer than we have, but it was not true of their hand-sleds. These were simply bobsleds, that is, sleds bobbed off, and they were long enough and strong enough to carry half a dozen. They had wooden runners, badly shod, and if the load was discharged into a ditch, no harm came of it. It is not the way nowadays. The hand sled is as light as if meant for only two persons—and

that is just the truth of it. That is the way we slide nowadays. It is like a wedding; and often it is a preliminary. Snugly tucked up on the rear of the sled, there are reasons time and again why she should hold on tight. Oh Lord! What a bounce was that over the big break, and what a twist was that at the corner! It tossed the two up in the air, and then set them down again, full of excuses for what is really the common right of youth—that is togetherness. They laugh together, they lose breath together, together hold tight to the sled—and to each other.

I am old now, in years, and in experience. I do not slide down hill any more, having only one pair of arms, and only one pair of legs, and being more careful of them. I think we grow to be cowards as we get along toward the mouth of the river of life. Life gets to be very much more important. The years are so brief that we have to multiply them. We turn our heads away from the cemeteries, and refuse to run risks with our precious bodies. Yet the memory is very sweet; and one I think should so live that the memory be like a sandalwood box. As I think of it now, however, the wonder is not that any one should slide down hill, but that no one has invented a way for sliding up. Getting back to the top of the hill requires enthusiasm, and for my part I am now getting into the days of ripeness and sobriety. Yet I remember that we not only had to climb the hill, but that we insisted upon drawing her as well as the sled. Honestly, that was another thing—only we vowed it was a pleasure. It was at least a capital test. Let me see, I recall at least six girls who let me tug up the hill, with their precious little selves, and it was just then, and for that reason, that I resolved never to climb the great hill of life with either one of them. But there was a seventh, who resolutely refused to go up the hill in that style. She would pull with me, and our hands came together. It was there that the conviction came that we two could pull through life together. A selfish man is simply a brute; but a selfish woman is a fool.

A straight road is preferable, but I have seen the skillful coaster turn two sharp corners on a single trip of half a mile. Ah, but that was true glory! It brought the



youngster to a test—a test of his courage, and his promptness of mind, and his decision of character. It was a part of education. One sled out of ten would bolt at the second corner, jump the ditch, shoot across the road, and plunge into the snow-bank. Head over heels went the occupants; but they came out with shouts of laughter, shaking the snow out of their garments while more ran melting down their necks. I saw one of the heavy old-fashioned coasters, with its four passengers, as it reached the foot of the hill, strike up the hind legs of a horse that was crossing the path, and while the horse was in the air it passed under safely. The cutter, however, was demolished and its passengers flung into the snow. The aftermath of coasting is equally important. It used to be found in the huge kitchen, with its immense fireplace and chimney corner. The old folks had discreetly gone to bed, and the only lights needed were from the flame of the blazing log. I have been told that when the fire burned low the end of it all was bundling—a perfectly pure and rational affair. It gave that complete rest which is not obtainable by any form of flirtation. The modern flirt is a most tiresome creature; used up at twenty-five, and gruesomely old at thirty. I never saw but one person who had bundled, and he was, when I knew him, a very sedate minister. As he described it to me, the two were folded by the mother of the girl, in bedquilts, each one separately, until as helpless as mummies; after which they were laid on a bed. They could wag their tongues, but their arms and their legs were pinioned—and it saved candles and fire. He insisted that it conduced to pious conversation. I cannot say about that, but I am prepared to believe it was economical—and interesting.

I have myself no objection to snowballing, only I am resolved never more to have anything to do with small boys, on such an occasion. They take advantage of me. I cannot do anything with them without a loss of dignity. Some time ago I saw the round part of a youngster (just below the roundabout), and I hit it with a hard ball. But, lord sir! That boy's temper was near that spot, and I had no right to complain when for all that winter I became a target. Seeing me engaged in

the sport, other boys got the idea that I liked it, till at last I had to go around several blocks to keep out of sight of the chap who had afforded me a bit of temporary fun. Snowballing! I was out of it. I think I should like just once more to jump off the eaves of that old-fashioned, low-browed house, which cradled me, into one of those great, fluffy piles of snow that used to come until the windows were hidden. Once in the snow, we kicked about and trod about until we had a mansion, with as many rooms as we chose to construct. That was fun, but somehow we do not get the old fashioned snow storms. I have seen the banks, in the country highways, so high that driving over them we were as high as the second story windows. On the level meadows we played fox and geese, and that was sport indeed. I should like to try it again, and only for Florida I surely would.

After all, the real fun of February was, and is, around the fireplace—that is, where such household comforts have not entirely disappeared. What have we that can take the place of the cider mug, the basket of apples, and a plenty of jokes and butter-nuts to crack. There were good storytellers in those days; sober on Sunday, but full of fun the rest of the week. I have a quaint old friend that has a pat way of stating great truths. She has always enjoyed life, and always carried a happy face. I said to her, "Tell me, Aunt Betsey, how you managed to make so much sunshine in shady places." "Well now," she said, "I have no pleasure, and never had none greater than jist looking; looking ahead, and then looking back. Those people who can't eat a piece of pie that wasn't baked yesterday, don't get much out of life. I live over old joys ten thousand times. But that ain't nothing to guessing what's coming. You see, I've found out there ain't no limit to good things. Something new is turning up every year—something for *you*, if you know enough to take it. Then you can calculate a good deal what's coming, if you study. I mean study things, not books. Get a meaning out of the days; watch the drift of things—that's what I call study." The result is a sunny old age, and the sun shines all over everybody that comes near her.

Around the winter fireplace, in Feb-

ruary, we see that the days are growing longer, and there are premonitions of Spring. Once in a while a bluebird whistles through the air, coming in a little ahead of the March winds. Making maple sugar is not the everyday art that it used to be, but there are yet some country places, where, in February, the spiles and the buckets are brought out for cleansing, and on a sunny day the maple grove becomes the center of family life. It was always a wonder why the hens absolutely refused to lay any eggs during maple sugar season. But we boys knew, and there was a strange departure out of the storeroom of doughnuts and mince pies. Did you ever sit on logs around the boiling sap kettle, down in the hollow, munching your purloined treasures? Ah, but that was delightful. You would now and then try the boiling syrup. You stirred it in the saucer until it waxed, and then you dropped spoonfuls on the snow. The result was a confection richer by far than anything devised by Huyler. The happy father (I had the grandest father that ever lived—I pity the boy that cannot think back to a beautiful father) went steadily about his work, bringing in the great buckets of maple juice, and not seeing at all what we youngsters were doing. His only rule was: "Boys! be right, and that is enough. Act so that you can like yourselves, and I shall be satisfied. Do not do a mean thing." On a stormy day, when the first thaws began, and premonitions of Spring were in the air, we pulled open the seed drawers, and figured out our summer plans. The whole family sat in council, as to how much land should be given to corn, how much to oats, and how much to potatoes. We could see the potato fields already growing, and we foresaw the orchard covered with its May blossoms. Ah, this wonderful power of foresight! It is the chief glory of civilized man.

But the beautiful thing was to see the little mother study the flower seeds, and with the excited children around her knees, divide them into small packages, so that they could be distributed about the neighborhood, and help to make a dozen flower-lovers happy. They always shared with each other in those days—"swapped" they called it. There were marigolds, maid in the mist, poppy, pinks, baby-head,

Johnny-jump-ups, forget-me-not and mig-nonette. That was about all, and it was as good as a big catalogue of stuff, to make sweet smells and family joy. Dear soul! But a home is nothing when of one gender. It must be also feminine; and it is the mother-touch that does the thing, out doors as well as in. Her flower gardens cost nothing, only many a lame back and soiled hands. It grew not only flowers, but caraway seed for cookies, and "sturtions" for pickles, and love and good-will for everybody. Here in the flower garden the old people gossiped; told many a story of child lore, and got sunshine into their bones.

Story telling is a lost art. There is too much reading nowadays, and there are twice as many books as can be of any use in the world. We must have a syndicate to attend to this matter; a Commission, that shall have the right to prune any book down to the limit of practical good sense. The bulk of general literature could be reduced four-fifths, without losing an idea, while at least one-third of all the catalogue volumes would evaporate entirely. Why not an ordinance that no book may be published without cutting down one-half from the author's first version? This would dispose of nearly all the commencement orations, the platform poems, the political addresses, and (if I felt it were safe) I would say that it would make havoc with the sermons. No one in those days thought of peddling a story around among the syndicates, at a penny a line. The story teller was full of aptness, and although his jokes were current coin through a large realm, yet they were received every time at face value—like an old guinea. You should handle a joke as boys play snap the whip—that is let the point fly off with a crack. It is all in the telling of it.

Yes, yes, wife! we will dig the sweet potatoes for dinner, and bring in a lettuce for salad, and there is a basket of grape fruit and oranges in the cellar. Only do not disturb me. May one not slide down hill in New York while dining in the tropics? Blessed is memory and blessed is imagination. They enable one to coast over again his old time outings, and there is even more pleasure on the skates when a thousand miles from ice. It is indeed

true that down here in Florida, February is a very curious month. We are planting our melons and cultivating our potatoes, and as for the hillsides, instead of sliding down them, we are picking blueberries and wild roses. Oranges hang out in golden glory; and indeed the seasons are badly mixed up. I am willing, however, to enjoy the Northern winter by imagination alone, and hereafter will cheerfully forego all its pleasures, except in the memory of them. At this moment the sun is going down over my beautiful lake, and a half-mile-long column of ruby red lies across the water to my doorstep. The young folk are playing croquet under the pines and the mocking-birds are watching them. Yes, yes, only do not get in a hurry! The thermometer stands at seventy-eight, and one must cultivate patience. But you shall have the fresh vegetables, and indeed, I hope soon to be

smelling the fish broiling that we caught this morning. And, why not, why shall one not live all the way from the Piscataqua to the Suwanee? Is not the whole United States our happy home? I hate a grumbler, a man who can never make a home anywhere. You may give him a thousand acres and he cannot grow his own foods. Indeed, I know many a man whipped by quack, and many another beaten by the bugs. Considering his egotism, man is the queerest thing in the world.

There is no other thing so out of proportions—so superbly helpful, yet so helpless; so wasteful of riches, so absurd in his dreams of the future, and so confused between importance and impotence. Dear little February! Fare thee well. Thou art giving us a full quota of joys and work, although thy days are somewhat nipped at the end.

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## BREEZES OF THE FLEETING HOUR

BY ROBERT R. HUMPHREY

“Breezes of the fleeting hour,  
 Tell me how you kiss each flower;  
 How you waft the spicy breeze  
 Gently o’er the southern seas;  
 How you rush the mighty storm  
 Round the earth’s dark, rugged form;  
 How you toss the foaming sea;  
 How brave ships before you flee.”  
 Thus I spoke unto the breeze,  
 Playing softy in the trees.  
 But the breeze kept whispering still,  
 Never answered; never will.

# ON THE CHASE FOR VOLCANOES

## II—THE HUNT FOR SEA-LION AND FOR THE GREAT OKMOK CRATER

BY ROBERT DUNN

PHOTOGRAPHS AND MAPS BY THE AUTHOR



HAT swim of mine down to the steamy roots of the world's youngest island, under its hot and jaundiced crater water, had made it more than a friend. Now I yielded to such

minor impulses of the volcano-chaser as fact and science. I got busy with instruments. But it was rather distracting to see murre perched right up on the hot rocks, preening feathers in the choking steam. Did they do that just to taunt superstitious man (who without thunder and eruptions would have no deity at all), with the courage and innocence of wild life? Why, no. They were laying fried eggs. Of course.

The burning upstart was circular, about a quarter mile in diameter, and almost in the middle of an axis drawn through the two older islands, which were a mile apart. Yet it was displaced slightly southwest of that line, and was a bit nearer Grewingk than Bogoslov. It had risen, apparently, exactly on the site of the "Ship Rock" which vanished between 1887 and 1891.

In the last paper I made a point of that "Ship Rock" and of the new island's solid core, the parrot's beak. The two seemed at least co-tinuous. Granting that the three islands are ash-cones within one submerged crater, they must mark its points of least resistance to that fusing underworld which fickle science has not yet denied is the leaven of volcanoes. And plainly such points persist. And solid cores are typical of the active area in craters. Just after St. Pierre was destroyed, I stood on the crater edge of Mt.

Peléé and beheld the smooth rock column pushed up from the middle of its depths. This last Tuesday, I saw the tip of Cape Makushin, Unalaska Island, which is an ash-cone perfectly bisected by the sea, showing in cross-section its solid heart and cloak of surrounding tuffa. When the hot magma is forced up fast, it overflows as lava; meeting water, it is fused into ash; squeezed up slowly, it hardens into a smooth rock pillar, like paint pressed from an artist's tube—protected by the alien matter dragged with it, which is half-fused more quickly into the blocks and ash of a cone. I believe that the parrot's beak is made of material from the same source as the "Ship Rock," which was the core of an older island torn away by the waves. It has now been forced to continue its land-creating rôle. And how many forebears that rock had, or rather, how many islands will succeed this one when it is destroyed, only the volcano-chaser of coming æons may tell. Bogoslov, only a hundred years and so old, is a shell of its former self. But enough of science.

Elia teetered the dory in the surf, and it's no joke choosing between breakers and making good on the dash. We pulled out to the yacht, and beans. My face kept on burning as if still over the throbbing vents; and weary and trembling with the reflexes of gratification, I listened to the Captain, growling still that we were too near shore, or too far out, or too something in case the wind shifted. Four hours I had been with and of the burning THING. It seemed twenty minutes.

That afternoon Elia and I started for the sea-lion rookery on the long Bogoslov spit. We drew to windward of the steam, con-



less of danger. They suggested sybarites with parasitic instincts—huge oafs. Pity for them became almost scorn that brutes so powerful and so unworthy should be created.

They dozed in two herds, like yellow slug-abeds sleeping off a debauch. Elia crouched under the shingle, stalking the bunch on the spit, I toward those in plain sight at the north end of the channel. The big, tawny, dirty beasts had black flippers clumsy as the lace that hangs from the arms of a woman's dress. Fifty feet away, they raised their blunt heads, swung them in mute wonder like park bears in hot weather; their sordid "moos" of content hardened into a guttural roar, and, rising on their flippers, they

founded awhile in its venomous pall; crossed the open channel and landed under the sheer southwest cliffs of Bogoslov. Elia wanted flippers from a big lion to make terpisar soles (terpisars correspond to our rubber boots, only Aleuts all but sleep in them), and guts for a kamaleeka (water-proof jacket). I wanted baby lion, to eat. The Captain said that being unweaned, and so not yet feeding on devil-fish and such, the young would not be too tough and fishy—unless at second hand, as it were.

I never saw creatures more stupid than sea-lions, so almost loathsome, so craving sensuous comfort, so unconscious and reck-

wheeled ponderously surfward, as if on pivots, scratching long gashes in the sand. Away they rolled, like paper curling in a flame; splashed into the towering breakers, shouting-angry. I could photograph, drop the camera, then shoot. Each dove into every wave as it gulfed him; poked out his thick neck and whiskers when it had passed, roaring viciously from his narrow pink mouth; plunged below once more to wonder at it all undersea. "Grr! Grrr-r-r!" they bellowed, like the G-string of a bass-viol played madly pizzicato.

I brought down three babes. One gave up in the channel, where I jumped in and

dragged him from the stain of his warm mammal blood; another dove under to rise no more, and the last died without stirring from his bed in the sand. Nor did four infants nearby move at all; and one—just born, for his eyes were only half open—flopped about afraid to enter the surf, though when I stepped close he had the nerve to snap at my feet. I had shot plenty. We had meat for a week and more. Such hunting was too easy, and very, very un-sporting. I felt guilty. I imagined the parent lions crawling up on the yacht at night and biffing me with their flippers, as the elephants avenged Mr. Tim in the "Slovenly Peter" book. Milk gushed from the pups' whiskers when I dragged them to the dory—the only creatures on earth, maybe, born with whiskers. And suckling though they were, each was quite four feet long and weighed a hundred pounds.

Elia, who seldom spoke at all, ran at me shouting, "Shoot! him still alive." We walked to his elephantine quarry, which in shape and color resembled nothing more than a sweet potato titanic enough to stampede a county fair. The man had foolishly taken only one magazineful of cartridges in the Captain's 30-30. With them all pinged into the lion's only vulnerable place, which is just behind the eyes, the beast still raged and snarled, vomiting a lake of blood. Impotent as he was, Elia stepped close gingerly. Four shots from my .35 hardly finished him. Each roused a feeble blood spurt, and then, as if only bewildered—or perhaps luxuriating in the strangest and pleasantest sensation of his voluptuous life—he quivered rigid. We had to cut handles in his hide to turn him over, and his neck skin was an inch thick. Sacred St. Joanna Bogoslova! he was heavy, settling down at last on his other side like a sack of jelly.

"Him wives down there very mad," laughed Elia, pointing to three lions in the water nearby. There his putative harem roared, and fumed, and burred, as they rode the breakers in impotent grace, chanting their rosy-mouthed vengeance in solo, unison, and part-song. All over the lion's hide crosses were gashed—X,X. "He get them fighting. Fight all the time over wife," grinned Elia, as he carved and gutted, reveling in the gore. Only slaughter ever lit a human spark in him, for the

Aleuts, unlike the other merry Alaskan natives, are glum and solemn as states Indians. "Chinaman he like sea-lion mustache," chuckled Elia. Which may have meant that a Chinaman has whiskers like a sea-lion—which surely is true; or that Chinamen like to eat sea-lion whiskers—a shrewd observation, and not unlikely when you think of birds' nests.

All the afternoon, fast as I would peek over the shingle and send the lions peeling into the sea, they would crawl ashore again down the spit for their coveted siestas. One old roarer roused the beast in me, shouting out of each roller with crazed persistence. I *had* to have a shot at him. I hit him square in the neck—you could tell from his sudden frenzy; but, of course, I did not kill. He brandished his head, as if struggling from death in a noose; then plunged into a breaker not to rise again. And from the sand where they had wallowed, persisted a horrid, blubbery, cow-barn smell. And all over the rookery where they had dozed and fought and suckled, lay dead and rotting pups, rolled upon and crushed in brutish feuds.

Always a cloud of gulls flapped coarsely overhead, and spattered us with lime. I caught one of their squeaking chicks, which wear mottled gray down until the white feathers grow. And the murres laughed on mirthlessly, swarming about the Bogoslov portals like bees around a hive. Over the spit were strewn their black-spattered blue eggs, blown from the cliffs after the goslings had hatched, for the murre is the solan-goose, the penguin of the North. The North desolate and void of sentience? It festers with life!

There across the crispening channel, the *THING* steamed on, inert and silent. Still, any moment, this next, this next, this next, might be—the apocalypse. But having climbed and conquered it, discounted fear of its supremest frenzy. I had lived through the worst. I looked up suddenly. The island was scarcely steaming at all, prophetically dead, its venom suspended. It was four o'clock.

I climbed between the Bogoslov pillars. Moss in a fugitive tint of green, a tiny running plant with rubbery leaves, and a short, coarse grass, flushed the rain-soaked ash. Had they been spontaneously created since 1796 when the cone was born

aflame, for Bogoslov is forty miles from the nearest vegetation? That's a long time for a miracle so feeble, but science may note its definiteness. Only block and tackle could have lifted me to the top of its rock columns; but I gained the knife-edge between them, and looked down the dizzy distance into the west surf. It was a pitiful climb up that dank tuffa, the very corpse of a volcano. The cliffs were alive. Every level inch was pre-empted for creating life; every nick over a precipice held a big upright bird with a white belly, nursing an egg between yellow legs. No human tenement was ever so crowded. I invaded their metropolitan aviary with panic and blind terror. The birds lost their heads utterly. Poor stupid things, they whirled and fled from me in clouds. They tried with a waddling motion to hold their eggs, which always slipped from them; and then they tumbled headlong after, flapping down the ash, unable from fear to rise and fly. Eggs by the hundred smashed all about; I cut a swath of foetal death, was spattered yellow with yolks, while the talus was smeared with premature and peeping chicks, scittering down to perdition. It was cruel. The murre, too, might avenge me, I thought. Even inanimate Nature seems to have a conscious menace to whomever lives long alone with her, the while her blind and passionate living things grow vindictive. And yet, when Mrs. Murre loses an egg, she promptly lays another—so they say.

We tunneled the steam back to the yacht, the north gale slithering harder, the dory piled high with a gory mess of pups, and entrails like a mound of slimy rope. The Captain, mute and worried, growled that we hadn't shot enough lions. I had restrained Elia, who, Indian-like had wanted to slaughter for its own sake. "And you didn't take no whiskers?" he whined. "They're worth two bits a-piece from Chinamen, who gild them for tooth-picks," he said.

The *THING* was steaming harder, the freshening blast raising hob with its outpour. We "upped the hook" to get closer in shore. Elia blundered with the jib-sheet. At the most exciting times his English always proved a myth, he was all-fired slow, and didn't seem to hear our orders, or to want to. We blundered

about in the fumes, missing stays, the flustered Captain swearing that we'd have to leave the island in the night if the breeze increased. But at nine o'clock the hook was in the cone's side, not three hundred yards distant from the fusing point. The sun plunged into the limitless sea, painting the coiling streamers and clinkery parrot's beak a fleeting, evanescent rose. Never before had so much steam poured from the island, though its variability seemed to bear no relation to the tides' rise or fall through the hot rocks.

And we slept that night as we might have by a quiet, air-tight stove, except for certain tantalizing dreams of mine. These were worse than any sulphurous whiff of an Hereafter afloat on Bering Sea. They lacked personality and detail. In them, I was falsely accused and abject before some loathsome omnipotence. Its sinister presence suffused the simple act of living, which it made seem neither an indulgence or a curse; but it goaded me thus: What a miracle it is for you to draw breath at all! Life was valuable and satisfying, like the flavor of a new food which gives a fictitious zest to the moment, the while hinting of poison. But I was wearied, sun- and sulphur-burned, parboiled, with nerves on edge from all day glaring at the *THING*, and whispering, "Well, that's the d—dest!" Once or twice the Captain would stumble to a port-hole, and say, "Now she's a-steaming," or "Now the' ain't much smoke to her." And at dawn, Elia, lying on his board between our bunks, let out a murderous yell.

Morning, and the blow coquetted madly between nor' and nor'east, as Elia shot the dory through the surf, and I climbed the truncated cylinder of Grewingk. I couldn't keep away. The only path up was a spiral precipice, cut out over the naked boil of the windward surf leaping at me from dissolving tuffa, and through nurseries that fed the clouds of murre, wailing in staccato. I hated to do it—hated their blind-Tom terror and the pitiful, "Peep, peep," from smashing shells; but science had to be appeased, as to how many feet the new island lay outside the Bogoslov-Grewingk axis, (near 500, I think), and how high was Grewingk. On its corpse-cold ash top, the aneroid marked a scant 300 feet, above the sand spits which

storm or a good neap tide would obliterate in a twinkling, making the peaks visibly separate islands, which geographically they are. Again the proper despairing and desiring under-thoughts of the volcano-chaser fused me with the burning upstart; with Bogoslov, that steepled gate of Sheol, peeping over its hot shoulder; with the foam-whipped blue sea, and enameled Makushin, and the lurking low shore of undiscovered Umnak Island.

Had the Captain a recall gun, it would have boomed out the minutes as they passed, for the gale was warning him to seek the open sea. Elia crouched under a boulder, far as he could get from the steam. We warped the dory into the surf, soaked from head to foot. The savage out-did himself at calculating the height and speed of each approaching comber when it was no more than a far hump of green, and cleverly seized his chances for a dash. Yet we all but missed the *Bear*, and once past it, Siberia would have been the nearest haven for the dory's driftwood, since the Captain could never have reefed and got under way alone. But the dory made it; we grabbed the boat hook like circus-riders; hauled her up, reefed, raised anchor, and pitched away over the recast and uncertain bottom, heaving in a long, free swing to the mystic land in the South. Elia took the tiller. The Captain sought his steel spectacles, a year-old magazine and his bunk.

He was indeed a large-nosed Laodicean, quite without enthusiasm, a wet blanket to any ardor in the volcano-chase. No shift in wind or tide ever suited him. With calm, and need of a nor'west blow, I would say, "Here she comes," as the sea puckered. "But that ain't the real wind," he would answer. "It's sou'west out there." "See, she's shifting," I would say when we wanted a point hauled in our favor. "That's only the back-wind off the land," he would say. When fair, the breeze was always about to head us, by the Captain's prophecies, or sure to peter out when we rounded the next cape. Lord! could he have hypnotized Æolus, we should have spun around in a circle, a mile from his kids at Unalaska village; or, instead of rounding-up volcanoes, scoured the coast for wrecks.

For he was a true wrecker and beach-comber, the flesh and blood of Stevenson

romance and unexisting isles. I used to poll over his plunder—near all his rigging, quite every nicknack in the cabin, and the hinged board at my bunk-head which let down to make a table and so crowded the cabin that only two of us could fit in it. Even his clothes, his favorite socks, he "got from a man on a side-wheeler." Barometer, with the paper daisy tacked over it, ship's clock, binnacle light (a plain kerosene lamp), compass, the tools in the draws under the two port-holes in which we kept food and dishes, even the stove-pipe, which you took out when you came about and constantly twisted to make draw, and the six-inch-square pantry and the stove itself at the Captain's bunk-head—all were spoil.

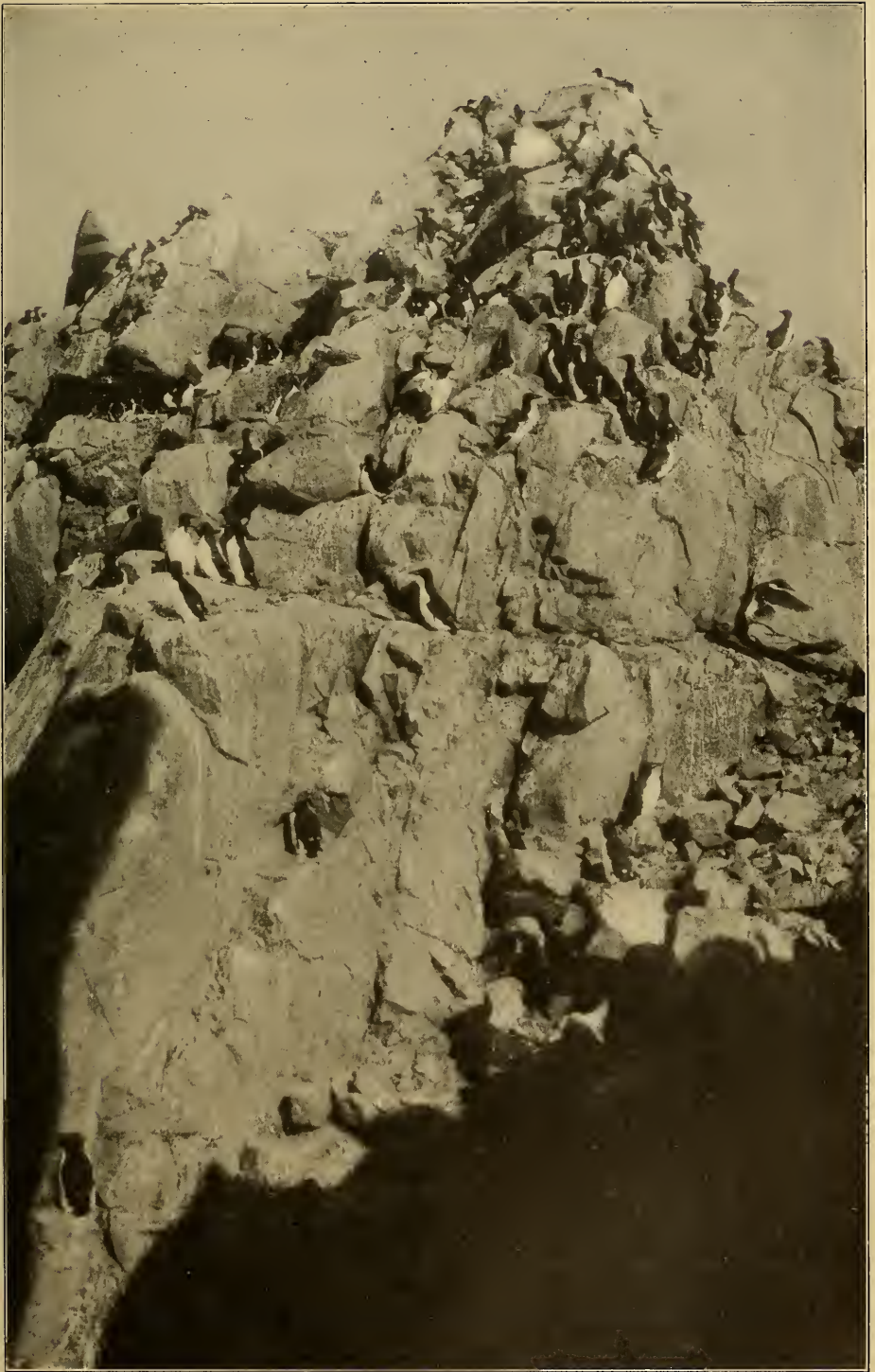
#### IV.

We headed for Inanudak Bay, at the center of Umnak Island, on the northeast, or Bering Sea, coast: I, to solve the volcanic mysteries of this largest and least known island of the Aleutian chain, the Captain because he had heard of a wreck there, and wanted a new hawse-pipe for his anchor chain.

Umnak is long and narrow. It reaches from northeast to southwest about sixty miles, and its greatest breadth is fifteen. It is shaped like a wasp, the waist being at Inanudak, which extends to within two miles of the Pacific. Since the Russian buccaneers, few white-men's feet have trodden Umnak; none, indeed, except the factor of the A. C. Co., before its post at the village of Nikolski on the south end of the island, (called Umnak Village by squawmen), and the sole present settlement, was deserted in the early nineties; except Sam Applegate, the last pelagic sea-otter hunter in the archipelago, who draws his crew from Nikolski, and the Russian father on his yearly visit in a bidarki from Unalaska—or possibly a squawman trading or landing fox hunters, or the crew of a poaching sealer from Victoria.

The island's volcanic history was vague and contradictory. But one thing was certain. It had two centers of activity: one in its northern, which alone concerned me now, one in its southern half, the last dominated by Mt. Vsevidov, 7,236 feet. In the north, the Coast Survey chart





Murres nesting on Bogoslov Island.

showed a jumble of the chestnut-bur things used to mark mountains, the northernmost simply marked, "Vol." The only other in print, and of the Bering Sea side alone, was made in 1894 by the U. S. S. *Concord*, and seemed to be a work of some imagination. Applegate gave me a sketch map of the island, also with random chestnut-burs on its north half, but having the most southern, instead of northern one, marked "Okmok Vol?" And while the Geological Survey's list of Alaskan volcanoes made from that of Grewingk, the German geographer, in 1895, cited no volcano at all north of Inanudak Bay, Ivan Petroff, who wrote a report on Alaska for the War Department, in 1885, quoted mention by the old missionary Veniaminov of a "Tulik Volcano" in that quarter.

Undoubtedly a great eruption in 1817 wracked the island. Dall,\* following Grewingk, apparently credits it to the north half of the wasp; the Survey to a "north peak" of Mt. Vsevidov in the south. According to Dall:

A tremendous earthquake occurred. One of the north peaks emitted clouds of ashes and smoke which covered the soil from twelve to twenty inches thick. A small river near the factory was filled with them, and contained no fish for a year. Stones reached Unalaska and Unimak (more than a hundred miles away). A village on the northeast end of Umnak near Deep Bay was covered by immense stones and ash. The inhabitants were fortunately absent at the Pribyloff Ids. They built a new village on a spot which had been under water before.

A village did once exist on the northeast (Pacific) side of the island, though the Captain had never heard of it; and Deep Bay we failed to locate. According to Applegate, a great eruption rent the north half of the island in 1899; and coasting along it in 1883, when Grewingk arose, he said that he had seen the shore "steaming everywhere." Dall speaks of hot springs "in a small valley of Umnak"—unlocated—and of springs "ranging from 212° to lukewarm, near Deep Bay."

Well, this summer day we pitched toward these low green shores of Umnak, so different from the fjords of Unalaska. Astern, the THING was steamily welded with Grewingk, and the rising horizon showed in spaces between the pillars of Bogoslov. We ran within four miles of

Cape Chagak. Inland, a snowy ridge rose into a cap of cloud. It was a long, even wall, with no hint of circularity, and seemed to occupy and divide all the middle of the island's north half. And now, in a fold between two ridges running toward us from its ample flanks, I saw shoot up, in spurts and shreddy clouds, a sort of sulphurous mistiness.

The glass added no details, so distinct was this. Yonder might be "Okmok," "Tulik," the Coast Survey "Vol.:" three supposed craters within only four hundred square miles, in a region whereof no distinct written record of any volcanoes was extant. Neither saw we now any chestnut-bur peaks in there, but only a single, long, and apparently unvolcanic backbone.

To discover! That is the crowning dream of the volcano-chaser. The new island had only soothed that thirst, in the aggravating way of a drug. It was only seven years since "Okmok"—wherever it was—was aflame. A very short time! And this was the actual coast that had steamed so when Grewingk Island was born. This year another birth, this the nearest stable shore to it! Why, any plutonic miracle might be a-foot yonder. Only to land there!

"Natural dust whirls," said the Captain of the yellow exhalations, and Elia agreed with a measured, "I—think." "Soil *dust* in this soaked and spongy country?" I objected. Yet the blurs did rise from no fixed locus, but scatteredly over five or six square miles. We swung nearer the land. Now down a particular valley I could see the haze creep suddenly over the ground, often rising in quick spirals, as if in a tiny whirlwind. A big one spurted out near shore. "No. Them coils is too light and lingering for dust," confessed the Captain. Still, were they vapor, streams touching a recent mud-flow or hot ash might cause them; or soil just bared by the late-melting snow might be "sweating" in the unusual sunlight, as I had sometimes observed. So there I lay on deck, heart beating loud and eyes peeled toward shore, and sewed a big canvas patch in the left cheek of my trousers, which the Captain said should be painted with a number, like a pilot boat.

Dropped the gale quickly, with Aleutian fickleness. Soon air from the east touched us, and the Captain complained that he

\* Alaska and its Resources, Boston, 1897, p. 469.

"smelt burnt stuff," and of "ashes or something" in his eyes. I wasn't imagining, but I saw this: Shore cliffs walled the inland valleys, except for a single breach, where their united drainage broke through. While all the thready streams flowing down the cliffs were snow-white, the combined stream, very distinctly through the glass, was a tawny yellow!

Then "Boom!" the off-shore gale hit us. That's Bering Sea—one minute you're dozing in a dead calm on deck, the next blinded with scud and holding on by your eyelids, scourged by wooly after wooly, fiercer than the squalls of mountain lakes. We ripped past the hexagonal columns that form Cape Chagak. Elia and I, sealed in the cabin, lashed the tea-pot and boiling sea-lion stew to the stove. The coal scuttle and the Captain's spittoon (a lard pail) eddied about our feet, and the waves we shipped leaked down all over my bunk. The sea was all spindrift, though the low sun still shone transcendent through sudden fog, and vague, reduplicated rainbows. No one spoke a word. It seemed hours; our old timbers strained and creaked in the squalls; every moment we expected a lee-shore lull. Sometimes through a port-hole I could see the lava columns of Cape Aslik through the foam, blotched with spots of scarlet and robin's-egg blue—freak alloys of its ancient magma.

We dropped the hook off the long beach marked with an anchor on Applegate's map, still some five miles north of Inanudak Bay, but very near the slopes of the yellow spirals. The gale had actually ripped the canvas flap nailed over the hole of the deck water cask. "But that old tin cup," chuckled the Captain. "*She's* still on top the bar'l. The' ain't no wooly can take her away. *She's* weathered all gales with me, winters too." You should have seen Elia go for the sea-lion stew, which tasted no fishier than brown bear that has fed on salmon. Savagery leered through his reserve. He gormandized, with eyes red and watery.

At eight o'clock next morning, I set foot among the vetches and thick-leaved sea goldenrod, in the black sand of untrodden Umnak. I carried cheese and cold lion steak in my rucksack, and cachéd six pounds of pemmican under a drift log, in case the wind whipped west, as it very likely

would, and the *Bear* should be forced to put to sea, perhaps unable to return for weeks. That happening, I should have to shin the forty miles over alpine Vsevidov, south to Nikolski village. It's a chance you must always run, vulcaneeing alone among these traitorous islands.

I hit north toward an ash-cone seen a mile inland from Cape Aslik, as Elia and the Captain scoured the beach for drift-wood. Problem: To account for the wisps and clouds of luminous ochre seen the day before. Right off I stumbled into a broad and deep-cut water-course. It was absolutely dry, and not yet grown over with one blade of grass or bunch of lupine. That *proved* some sudden shift in the land mass, somewhere. Two miles, and I was climbing the cone. It was made of coal-black tuffa, except the top, and that was littered with light and scarlet clinkers. Whence had they come? Had this cone been active lately? No; for though the fierce gale drove me into its eroded crater, and for a second a whistling sounded like the rush of escaping steam, the pit was moss-grown, the cone dead and blasted for geologic ages.

But from its top! For miles and miles inland the whole island was black and grassless; a dust-heaped waste; a piece of Arizona desert. Higher, the very snow was dingy. But no sign of steam or ash vents showed. The big ridge far inland still bore its oval cloud—the stringy, all-night alpine cap, from which the gale inexhaustibly hurled balloons of fog. Nearer and due east, but detached from the great wall, did rise a single and beautiful aiguille, perhaps Applegate's "Okmok," though a glance proved that it had never itself been a fire. So I hit for the long ridge, which now did seem to curve away eastward. Should that cloud lift, which it probably would not, I might get some light on the mystery from up yonder. Southwest across blue Inanudak, glittered for a second the split needles of the east ridge of Vsevidov, behind grim sea-cliffs; flashed out the exquisite white cone itself, cloud-flecked and ash-ribbed, an Arctic Fujiyama.

I slid down the red ash. As I touched the valley, behold a distinct blue haze, curiously limpid, pervaded. I trudged across a strip of tundra, where the five-



Looking down into the big crater of the Okmok Volcano, Umnak Island, which is five miles from one side to the other.

fingered lupine struggled for dwarfed existence. Came then the black desert, gashed by transient watercourses, torn and desolate. A few fox-prints scarred it, too; a lone bumble-bee tumbled past; an Aleutian sparrow bobbed his fire-yellow head and inky throat, and once in a while I found a skeleton gopher—maybe killed in some hot blast?

I ploughed through the heavy ash, on and upward, breasting the angry gale. I stopped each mile to roll a cigarette. I had the false intoxication, and falser courage, of one's first loneliness in untrodden spaces. Did I scent sulphur? I so reeked with it still, I could not tell. By ten o'clock, I was abreast of the sharp pinnacle. I struggled up and down from gully to gully, crossing huge corrugations at right angles, often stalled in the soggy ash. I trod snowfields from which frenzied trickles vanished abruptly into the thirsty sand, where bowlders lay like spent cannon balls. All a paradox, for moss-soaked Alaska! Ahead, the cloud cap thinned and lifted, but defined no edge to the long slope. Sometimes I imagined breathing an acrid whiff, but the blue haze had disappeared. Heat and faint vapors trembled over mudflats where snow had lately melted, but never enough to form the light coils seen off the coast. Elia and the Captain had been half-right; those spirals were dust, but not soil; were formed of this volcanic ash, swept from dryer areas by yesterday's approaching woolies. But whence had all this ash so lately come?

Toward eleven o'clock, I struck the endless snow-slopes, over which you cannot judge distance or angle of steepness. You plug on and on, seeming never to advance or rise; only the aneroid gives hope, tolling off altitudes greater than your fondest hopes inspire. To the left through the mist, (north), loomed a shoulder above the hidden ridge. But I kept east, now inland of "Okmok," which had split into a comb of pasty-white needles, and was well level with their tops. At length, over the last swell of deceptive snow-fields, shimmered a square of blue sky. The cloud was lifting there, though still thick to right and left. I headed for that azure patch, and at a quarter to one o'clock—came out.

There was all the mystery laid bare. There was—why, it called to mind the

wide lava cauldrons of the South Seas, the arid craters of the moon. Altitude, 3,950 feet only, with the north shoulder not 500 feet higher. I was at the edge of a precipice. It bit straight down, plastered with a big snow cornice which was half-detached and melting for a backward plunge—down 1,500 feet into a mighty amphitheater, quite round, which swept for miles and miles to right and left. Below, yawned simply one titanic crater, *five miles from far side to side, if one single inch*. Strewn on its floor, like toys perfectly carved, rose seven ash-cones; cones varied from symmetrical mounds that towered upon quite circular steep terraces, up 500 feet and more, to the broken, chaotic black thing, like a big sand dump right under me. And that was the living soul of the discovery. Out of some vague cavern in its midst, undulated a column of white steam, a serpent-like Atlas, buoying the world's cloud-cover. Bulging, rippling, pulsing solemnly upward, not a sound gave balance to its dread inertia.

The crater floor was flatter than the sea. Thready streams wound among the cones and ancient snowfields, and uniting, filled a big pond under the northeast rim, which was greenish as if stagnant with algæ. Beyond, yawned a cañon, a gap where the wall lowered to scarce a thousand feet, it seemed. And through that break, distant from me the crater's exact diameter, the stream flowed *out*, twisting through multi-chrome cliffs; out, out, to where the aching distance flashed with green fields, and far beyond with a gleam of oceanic blue. A white line of surf broke magically there, like over-bright lamps swung slowly in broad day-light—there in Umnak Pass, which is by the Pacific, near Idak Cove, opposite the Unalaska village of Chernofski, as I lived!

The chaos looked at me with defiance and reproach. Here was Nature caught with her shirt-tail out. "Keep away, you—" thus she had hypnotized and mystified all us sub-arctic corsairs, into lies and guesses about this crater, one of the world's greatest. She had concealed her furtive and terrible processes behind a plain snow wall. "No admittance," she had said. "Here I toil in my workshop, re-molding your sphere. Dare you sneak up and surprise me? But since you're here.

Look! It's nothing extraordinary." But all that I had ever seen of her, wrought even at highest pressure, now seemed to me simply the landscape artifice of some poor human being. These scarlet gashes, like blood-wounds in the sheer walls, the inky dikes that ribbed them, the cone terraces eroded evenly to resemble cog-wheels and red as flesh just cut; the icy puddles, the dark and curling sea cloud over all—attested the omnipotence by which Nature differentiates each star from each in the Milky Way, quite as she varies infinitely the faces and the souls of men.

I sat and ate the cheese and cold lion, smearing everything with volcanic mud. Could I get down into that crater? Toward one o'clock, I started east along the edge, compassing off directions. Ahead, and outside the wall, a cone of snow seemed to coincide with one of the nameless chestnut-burs of the Coast Survey chart. Beyond, gleamed more green shores and a streak of big ocean foam. Farther still, rose Kettle Cape, surely, for it ended a reef, and was round with three nubs on top, like an up-turned potash kettle. A delicate white breaker there nosed into the horizon. I looked west to Cape Aslik. The Pacific was nearer than Bering Sea. I was more than half way across the island, although Idak Cove, into which the crater drained, was further off than either.

No, I couldn't get down and up again alone. Down, possibly, skidding with the ice-axe dug into the tuffa overhead, but to climb out I should have had to take to the snow cornices, cutting steps, which is no fair thing to one's self to do alone. The outlet of the green pond, by which I might enter the crater, was a good seven miles off; so I couldn't have reached even the gateway of the crater and returned that

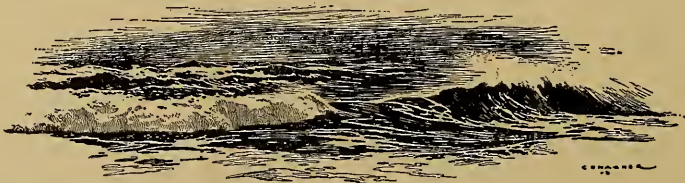
night. Moreover, the clouds now shut down tight. Anyhow, in vulcanearing, a "summit" is the edge of the most active crater, anywhere on its edge. Nor need you go wildly chasing all over the rim to shin up an acrobatic top rock. It was two o'clock. Still, I would wait an hour for it to clear. I *could* not go yet.

But the fog-pall thickened. Momently from below there, as if they were alive, steam, cones, and snowfields tremored refractive through the mist, annihilating all sense of perspective. At three o'clock I started down, passing south of the paste-white needles.

The devastation reached between four and five miles from the crater edge. This, of course, was the eruption of 1899. The one cone now active in the crater probably represented its expiring violence. The mystery was solved, the map of Umnak changed thus: The various "Vols" of the maps, really denote cones within a single, huge crater. Being miles distant, and active at widely separate times, they have been assumed to be different volcanoes, and identified with various eminences along the one crater wall, or with the peaks flanking it. The best name for the mountain as a whole, seems to be Okmok, for under that name its last eruption was observed, and I was chiefly lured to climb that blind ridge and find one of the great craters of the world.

Very tired, at last I reached soft moss and flowering strawberries, reached the purple azalea and tall lupine of this fragile and immature isle. White moths fluttered past in the gloom, and one sparrow called to his mate in the falling interval of A to D. From the *Bear*, the Captain saw me struggling over the dunes, and Elia was in the surf when I reached the beach.

(To be continued.)



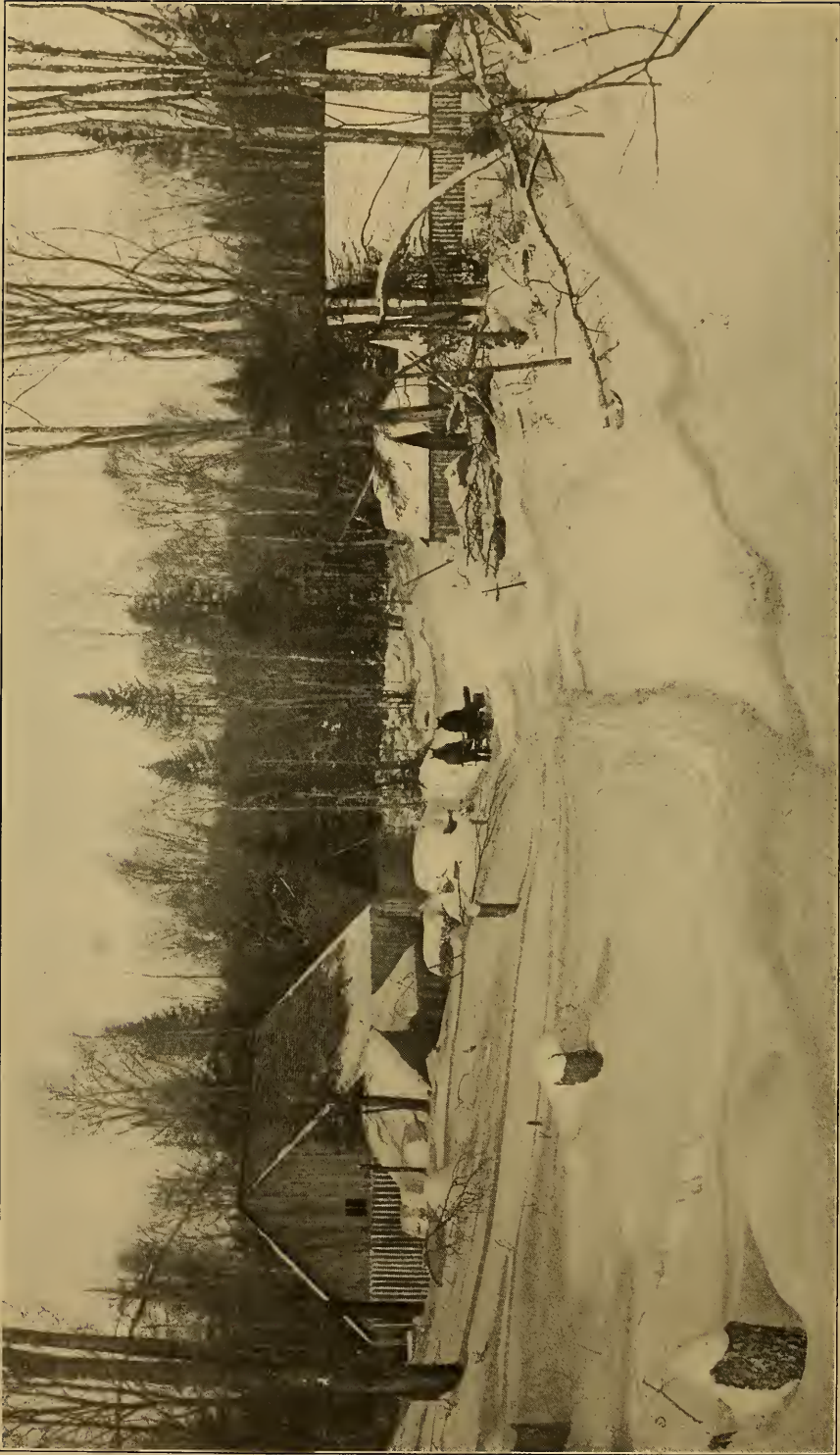
# WOOD-WARE IN THE ROUGH

WINTER LOGGING

A SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT



The man with the axe



His winter quarters and the sawmill.





How he goes to camp at the close of the day.



Binding on the great load.



The pathfinder.



Rolling up the logs.



Loaded.

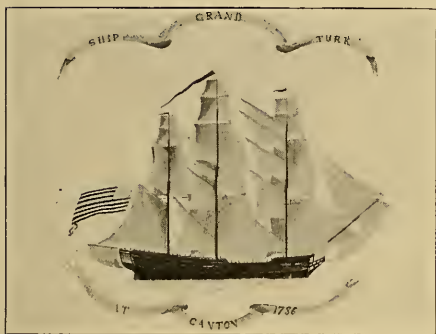


Going to mill.

# OLD SALEM SHIPS AND SAILORS\*

BY RALPH D. PAINE

## II—PIONEERS IN DISTANT SEAS



### II

#### PIONEERS IN DISTANT SEAS

**R**OBINSON CRUSOE could have mastered difficulties no more courageously than did the seamen of the Salem ketch, *Providence*, wrecked on a voyage to the West Indies a hundred and sixty years ago. Six of her crew were drowned, but the master, mate and a sailor who was badly wounded, reached an island half a mile off where they found another of the company. They remained there eight days, living on salt fish and cakes made from a barrel of flour washed ashore. They found a piece of touchwood after four days which had been in the mate's chest and a piece of flint with which, having a small knife, they struck a fire. They framed a boat with a tarred mainsail and some hoops and then fastened pieces of board to them. With a boat so constructed they sailed ten leagues to Anquila and St. Martins where they were kindly received.

There was also Captain Jones of the brig *Adventure*, which foundered at sea while coming home from Trinidad. All hands were lost except the skipper who got astride

a wooden or "Quaker" gun which had broken adrift from the harmless battery with which he had hoped to intimidate pirates. He fought off the sharks with his feet and clung to his buoyant ordnance until he was picked up and carried into Havana.

In 1759, young Samuel Gardner of Salem, just graduated from Harvard College, made a voyage to Gibraltar with Captain Richard Derby.† The lad's diary contains some interesting references to the warlike aspect of a routine trading voyage, besides revealing the ingenuous nature of this nineteen-year-old youngster of the eighteenth century. His daily entries read in part:

1759. Oct. 19—Sailed from Salem—Very sick.

20—I am prodigious sick, no comfort at all.

21—I remain very sick, the first Sabbath I have spent from Church this long time. Little Sleep this Night.

24—A little better contented, but a Sailor's life is a poor life.

31—Fair pleasant weather, if it was always so a sea life would be tolerable.

Nov. 11—This makes the fourth Sunday I have been out. Read Dr. Beveridge's "Serious Thoughts."

12—Saw a sail standing to S.W. I am quartered at the aftermost gun and its opposite with Captain Clifford. We fired a shot at her and she hoisted Dutch colors.

\*The illustrations for this series of articles are from photographs reproduced by permission of the Essex Institute, Salem, and also from those especially taken for THE OUTING MAGAZINE. A large number of them are fac-similes of documents, log-books and other original material of unique historical interest. The likenesses of famous ships of their several eras were in every case photographed from paintings in the marine collections of the Peabody Museum and the Essex Institute.

† From the Historical Collections of the Essex Institute.

13—I have entertained myself with a Romance, viz: "The History of the Parish Girl."

14—Quite pleasant. Here we may behold the Works of God in the Mighty Deep. Happy he who beholds aright.

15—Between 2 and 3 this morning we saw two sail which chased us, the ship fired 3 shots at us which we returned. They came up with us by reason of a breeze which she took before we did. She proved to be the ship *Cornwall* from Bristol.

21—Bishop Beveridge employed my time.

23—We now begin to approach to land. May we have a good sight of it. At eight o'clock two Teriffa (Barbary) boats came out after us, they fired at us which we returned as merrily. They were glad to get away as well as they could. We stood after one, but it is almost impossible to come up with the piratical dogs.

28—Gibraltar—Went on shore. Saw the soldiers in the Garrison exercise. They had a cruel fellow for an officer for he whipt them barbarously. . . . After dinner we went out and saw the poor soldiers lickt again.

. . . Dec. 10—Benj. Moses, a Jew, was on board. I had some discourse with him about his religion. . . . Poor creature, he errs greatly. I endeavored to set him right, but he said for a conclusion that his father and grandfather were Jews and if they were gone to Hell he would go there too by choice, which I exposed as a great piece of Folly and Stupidity. In the morning we heard a firing and looked out in the Gut and there was a snow\* attacked by 3 of the piratical Tereffa boats. Two cutters in the Government service soon got under sail, 3 men-of-war that lay in the Roads manned their barges and sent them out as did a Privateer. We could now perceive her (the snow) to have struck, but they soon retook her. She had only four swivels and 6 or 8 men. . . . They got some prisoners (of the pirates) but how many I cannot learn, which it is to be hoped will meet with their just reward which I think would be nothing short of hanging.

Just at dusk came on board of us two Gentlemen, one of which is an Officer on

board a man-of-war, the other belongs to the *Granada* in the King's Service. The former (our people say) was in the skirmish in some of the barges. He could have given us a relation of it, but we, not knowing of it, prevented what would have been very agreeable to me. . . . It is now between 9 and 10 o'clock at night which is the latest I have set up since I left Salem.

This Salem Gardner was a typical Salem boy of his time, well brought up, sent to college, and eager to go to sea and experience adventures such as his elders had described. Of a kindred spirit in the very human quality of the documents he left for us was Francis Boardman, a seaman who rose to a considerable position as a Salem merchant. His ancient log-books contain between their battered and discolored canvas covers the records of his voyages between 1767 and 1774. Among the earliest are the logs of the ship *Vaughan* in which Francis Boardman sailed as mate. He kept the log and having a bent for scribbling on whatever blank paper his quill could find, he filled the fly-leaves of these sea-journals with much more interesting material than the routine entries of wind, weather and ship's daily business. Scrawled on one ragged leaf is what appears to be the preliminary draft of a letter: "Dear Polly—thes lines comes with My Love to you. Hoping thes will find you in as good Health as they Leave me at this Time, Blessed be God for so Great a Massey (mercy)."

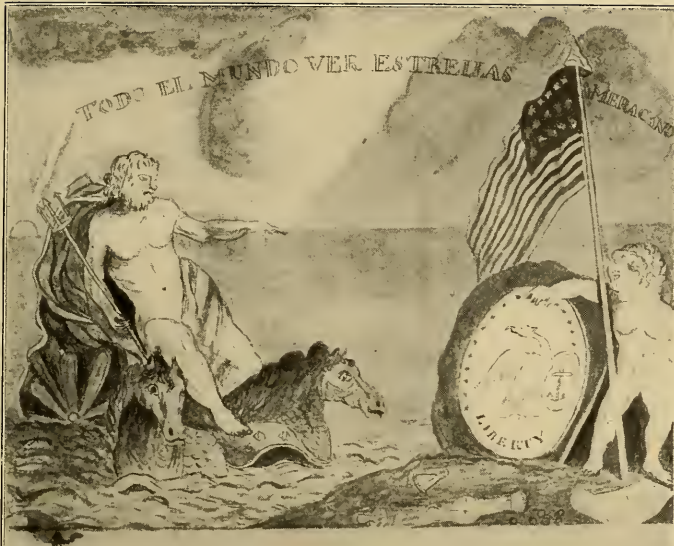
Young Francis Boardman was equipped with epistolary ammunition for all weathers and conditions, it would seem, for in another log of a hundred and fifty years ago, he carefully wrote on a leaf opposite his personal expense account:

"Madam:

"Your Late Behaviour towards me, you are sensible cannot have escaped my Ear. I must own you was once the person of whom I could Not have formed such an Opinion. For my part, at present I freely forgive you and only blame myself for putting so much confidence in a person so undeserving. I have now conquered my pashun so much, (though I must confess at first it was with great difficulty) that I never think of you, nor I believe never shall without despising the Name of a

\*The "snow" was a two-masted vessel, like a brigantine, except for the manner of setting her main-sail.





REMARKS  
 ON A VOYAGE TO THE MARIANNA  
 ISLANDS  
 BY WILLIAM HASWELL, FIRST  
 OFFICER OF THE BARQUE LYDIA

Fac-simile of title page of a Salem log of the 18th century.

person who dared to use me in so ungrateful a manner. I shall now conclude myself, though badley used, not your Enemy."

I suspect that Francis Boardman may have owned a copy of some early "Complete Letter Writer," for on another page he begins but does not finish "A Letter from One Sister to Another to Enquire of Health." Also he takes pains several times to draft these dutiful but far from newsy lines:

"Honored Father and Mother—These lines comes with my Deuty to you. Hoping They will find you in as good Health as they Leave me at this Time. Blessed be God for so Great a Massey—Honored Father and Mother."

In a log labeled "From London Toward Cadiz, Spain, in the good ship *Vaughan*,—Benj. Davis, Master—1767," Francis

Boardman became mightily busy with his quill and the season being spring, he began to scrawl poetry between the leaves which were covered with such dry entries as "Modt. Gales and fair weather. Set the jibb. Bent top-mast stay sail." One of these pages of verse begins in this fashion:

"One Morning, one Morning in May,  
 The fields were adorning with Costlay Array.  
 I Chanced for To hear as I walked By a Grove  
 A Shepyard Laymenting for the Loss of his  
 Love."

But the most moving and ambitious relic of the poetic taste of this long vanished Yankee seaman is a ballad preserved in the same log of the *Vaughan*. Its spelling is as filled with fresh surprises as its sentiment is profoundly tragic. It runs as follows:

1 "In Gosport\* of Late there a Damsil Did  
Dwell,  
for Wit and for Beuty Did she maney Exsel.  
2 A Young man he Corted hir to be his Dear  
And By his Trade was a Ship Carpentir.  
3 he ses "My Dear Molley if you will agree  
And Will then Consent for to Marey me,  
4 Your Love it will Ease me of Sorro and Care  
If you will But Marey a ship Carpentir."  
5 With blushes mor Charming then Roses in  
June,  
She ans'red (" Sweet William for to Wed  
I'm to young.  
6 Young Men thay are fickle and so Very  
Vain,  
If a Maid she is Kind thay will quickly  
Disdane.  
7 the Most Beutyfullst Woman that ever  
was Born,  
When a man has insnared hir, hir Beuty he  
scorns. (")  
8 (He) (" O, My Dear Molley, what Makes  
you Say so?  
Thi Beuty is the Haven to wich I will go.  
9 If you Will consent for the Church for to  
Stear  
there I will Cast anchor and stay with my  
Dear.  
10 I ne're Shall be Cloyedd with the Charms of  
thy Love  
this Love is as True as the tru Turtle Dove.  
11 All that I do Crave is to marey my Dear  
And arter we are mareyed no Dangers we  
will fear. (")  
12 (She) "The Life of a Virgen, Sweet William,  
I Prize  
for marrying Brings Trouble and sorro  
Like-wise. (")  
13 But all was in Vane tho His Sute she did  
Denie,  
yet he did Purswade hir for Love to Come-  
ply.  
14 And by his Cunneng hir Hart Did Betray  
and with Too lude Desire he led hir  
Astray.  
15 This Past on a while and at Length you will  
hear,  
the King wanted Sailors and to Sea he must  
Stear.  
16 This Greved the fare Damsel almost to the  
Hart  
to think of Hir True Love so soon she must  
Part.  
17 She ses (" my Dear Will as you go to sea  
Remember the Vows that you made unto  
me. (")  
18 With the Kindest Expressens he to hir Did  
Say  
(" I will marey my Molley air I go away.  
19 That means tomorrow to me you will Come.  
then we will be maried and our Love  
Carried on. (")  
20 With the Kindest Embraces they Parted  
that Nite  
She went for to meet him next Morning by  
Lite.  
21 he ses (" my Dear Charmer, you must go  
with me  
Before we are married a friend for to see. (")

\* Gosport Navy Yard, Virginia.

22 he Led hir thru Groves and Valleys so deep  
That this fare Damsil Began for to Weep.  
23 She ses (" My Dear William, you Lead me  
Astray  
on Purpose my innocent Life to be Be-  
Tray. (")  
24 (He) (" Those are true Words and none can  
you save,  
for all this hole Nite I have Been digging  
your grave."  
25 A Spade Standing By and a Grave thare  
she See,  
(She) (" O, Must this Grave Be a Bride  
Bed to Me? (")

In 1774 we find Francis Boardman as captain of the sloop *Adventure*, evidently making his first voyage as master. He was bound for the West Indies, and while off the port of St. Pierre in Martinique he penned these gloomy remarks in his log:

"This Morning I Drempt that 2 of my upper teeth and one Lower Dropt out and another Next the Lower one wore away as thin as a wafer and Sundry other fritful Dreams. What will be the Event of it I can't tell."

Other superstitions seem to have vexed his mind, for in the same log he wrote as follows:

"This Blot I found the 17th. I can't tell, but Something Very bad is going to Hapen to me this Voyage. I am afeard but God onley Noes What may hapen on board the Sloop *Adventure*—the first Voyage of being Master."

Sailing "From Guardalopa Toward Boston," Captain Francis Boardman made this final entry in his log:

"The End of this Voyage for wich I am Very thankfull on Acct. of a Grate Deal of Truble by a bad mate. His name is William Robson of Salem. He was drunk most part of the voyage."

It meant something to have sprung from an old seafaring stock in America during the Revolutionary era. Consider, for example, the Derbys of Salem, of whom Elias Hasket Derby was the most conspicuous by reason of his million dollar fortune, his far-seeing enterprise and his fleet of ships that traded with China, India, Mauritius, Madeira, Siam, Arabia and Europe. He was the first American to challenge the jealous supremacy of the East India, the Holland, the French and the Swedish chartered companies in the Orient. He made of commerce a bold and amazingly picturesque romance of achieve-

ment at a time when this infant republic was still gasping in the death-grapple of the Revolution.

Elias Hasket Derby was of the fourth generation of seafarers and sea-merchants. There had been a Richard Derby as pilot in the expedition against Port Royal in 1710. There had been another Richard, Master of the sloop *Ranger*, in 1736, and we find him about to take his little vessel to Cadiz when he was twenty-four years

shortly before the outbreak of the Revolution.

"Find them if you can. Take them if you can," thundered Captain Derby. "They will never be surrendered."

It was a Captain John Derby who carried the first news of the battle of Lexington to England in the swift schooner *Quero*, as the agent of the Provincial Congress. No American's advent in London ever produced so great a sensation as did



Certificate of membership in the Salem Marine Society. A fine specimen of 18th century engraving.

old. This Richard wrested a competence from the sea and retired, leaving two sons to sail as masters of his ships. These vessels braved the hazards of the French War from 1756 to 1763, and their owner's letters to his London agents describe them as mounting from eight to twelve cannon, mostly six pounders with "four cannon below decks for close quarters." It was another Captain Richard Derby, who defied the British Colonel Leslie when he tried to seize a number of cannon in Salem

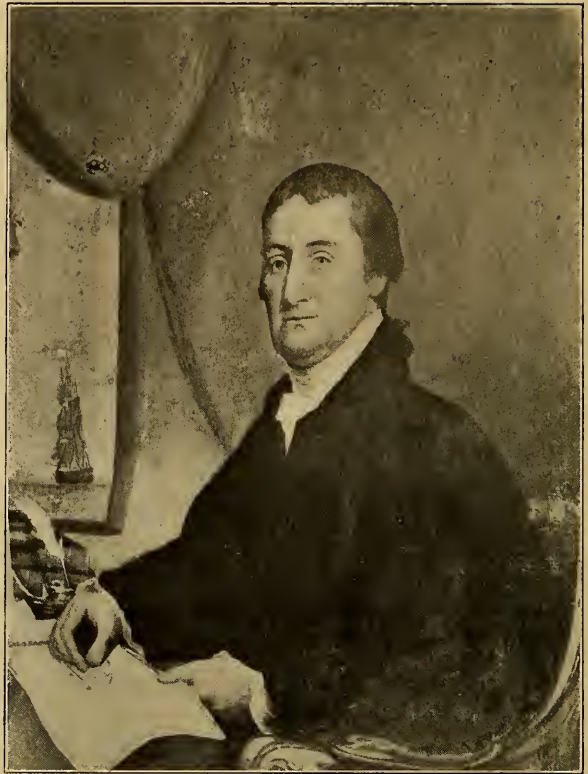
that of this Salem sailor, in May, 1775. He reached England in advance of the king's messenger from General Gage and informed the British nation of the clash of arms which meant the loss of an American empire. By a singular coincidence it was a Derby ship, the *Astrea*, and a Captain Derby that brought the first news to America of the Treaty of Paris which ended the second war with England.

Other seafaring Derbys crowd in the foreground of old Salem days to add to

the luster achieved by the greatest of them, Elias Hasket. There was Samuel Derby captain of marines on the famous *Montgomery* privateer in 1812; Perley Derby who died at sea in 1821, while trying to save a shipmate after a small boat had capsize off Para; not to forget that a John Derby was a gunner aboard the *Constitution*. When the *Columbia* sailed from Boston harbor in 1792, and in an immortal voyage which first carried the stars and stripes around the globe, discovered the mighty Columbia River and so gave the nation prior right to a vast territory of the Northwest, one of her chief owners was Captain John Derby of Salem.

Elias Hasket Derby, chief of this shipping family, was born in Salem in 1739. He went to sea as had his fathers before him, and like them rose to the command and ownership of vessels while still in his youth. He was the foremost owner of Salem privateers during the Revolution, and no sooner was peace declared than he was making ready his "great ship" the *Grand Turk*, for the first American voyage to the Cape of Good Hope. One of his captains, Richard Cleveland, said in his recollections of the methods and enterprise of this typical merchant of his time:

"In the ordinary course of commercial education, in New England, boys are transferred from school to the merchant's desk at the age of fourteen or fifteen. When I had reached my fourteenth year it was my good fortune to be received in the counting house of Elias Hasket Derby of Salem, a merchant who may justly be termed the father of American commerce to India, one whose enterprise and commercial sagacity were unequalled in his day. To him our country is indebted for opening the valuable trade to Calcutta, before whose fortress his was to be the first vessel to display the American flag; and following up the business, he had reaped golden



Elias Hasket Derby.

harvests before other merchants came in for a share of them. The first American ships seen at the Cape of Good Hope, and the Isle of France belonged to him. His were the first American ships which carried cargoes of cotton from Bombay to China, and among the first ships which made a direct voyage to China and back was one owned by him. Without possessing a scientific knowledge of the construction and sparring of ships, Mr. Derby seemed to have an intuitive faculty in judging of models and proportions, and his experiments in several instances for the attainment of swiftness in sailing were crowned with success unsurpassed in this or any other country.

"He built several ships for the India trade immediately in the vicinity of the counting houses, which afforded me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the building, sparring, and rigging of ships. The conversations to which I listened relating to the countries then newly visited by Americans, the excitement on the re-



Hon. William Gray.

turn of an adventure from them, and the great profits which were made, always manifest from my own little adventures, tended to stimulate the desire in me of visiting those countries, and of sharing more largely in the advantages they presented."

In this memoir of a Salem shipmaster one perceives how wholly were the fortunes of the town linked with the sea. From the counting houses of such merchants as Elias Hasket Derby, William Gray and Joseph Peabody went forth a great company of intelligent and ambitious youngsters who rose to commands, and became independent owners at a time of life when the young men of to-day are no more than finishing their professional educations.

At the height of his active career Mr. Derby owned fifty ships, most of them in the foreign trade. William Gray owned eighty-five vessels at the beginning of the nineteenth century. He sent from his counting house no less than thirty-five

Salem lads who rose to command as deep-water ship-masters, and seven thousand seamen were signed in his forecastles during his life as a merchant, most of them Americans born and bred on the New England coast.

The *Grand Turk*, "the great ship," as she was called in Salem, was less than one hundred feet long, yet she was the first of that noble fleet which inspired a Salem historian, Rev. George Bachelor, to write in an admirable tribute to the town in which his life was passed:

"The citizens of this little town were suddenly dispersed to every part of the Oriental world and to every nook of barbarism which had a market and a shore.

The reward of enterprise might be the discovery of an island in which wild pepper enough to load a ship might be had almost for the asking, or of forests where precious gums had no commercial

value, or spice islands unvisited by civilization. Every shipmaster and every mariner returning in a richly loaded ship, was the owner of valuable knowledge.

"Rival merchants sometimes drove the work of preparation night and day when virgin markets had favors to be won, and ships which set out for unknown ports were watched when they slipped their cables and sailed away by night, and dogged for months on the high seas in the hope of discovering the secret well kept by owner and crew. Every man on board was allowed a certain space for a little venture. People in other pursuits, not excepting the merchant's minister, intrusted their savings to the supercargo, and watched eagerly the results of their ventures. This great mental activity, and profuse stores of knowledge brought by every ship's crew, and distributed, together with India shawls, blue china, and unheard of curiosities from every savage shore, gave the community a rare alertness of intellect."

It was the spirit as is herein indicated that achieved its finest flower in such merchants as Elias Hasket Derby. When his ships took their departure from the Massachusetts coast they vanished beyond his ken for one or two years. His captains were entrusted with the disposal of the cargo to the best advantage. There was no sending orders by mail or cable. It was this continual sense of facing unknown hazards, of gambling with the sea and hostile, undiscovered shores that prompted those old shipmasters piously to inscribe on the title pages of their log books:

"A Journal of an Intended Voyage by God's Assistance. . . . Cape Ann bore W.N.W. from whence I take my departure. So God send the good ship to her Desired Port in Safety, Amen."

When the *Grand Turk* made her first voyage to the Cape of Good Hope in 1784, commanded by Captain Jonathan Ingersoll, the scanty navigating equipment of his time is said to have consisted of "a few erroneous maps and charts, a sextant and a Guthrie's Grammar." The *Grand Turk* made her passage in safety and while she lay in Table Bay, Major Samuel Shaw, an American, returning from Canton, sent a boat aboard for Captain Ingersoll and later wrote of this Salem venture:

"The object was to sell rum, cheese, salt provisions and chocolate, loaf sugar, butter, etc., the proceeds of which in money with a quantity of ginseng, and some cash brought with him, Captain Ingersoll intended to invest in Bohea tea; but as the ships bound to Europe are not allowed to break bulk on the way, he was disappointed in his expectations of procuring that article and sold his ginseng for two-thirds of a Spanish dollar a pound, which is twenty per cent. better than the silver money of the Cape. He intended remaining a short time, to purchase fine teas in the private trade allowed the officers on board India ships, and then to sail to the coast of Guinea, to dispose of his rum, etc., for ivory and gold-dust; thence without taking a single slave to proceed to the West Indies and purchase sugar and cotton, with which he would return to Salem. Notwithstanding the disappointment in the principal object of the voyage and the consequent determination to go to the coast of Guinea, his resolution not to en-

deavor to retrieve it by purchasing slaves did the captain great honor, and reflected equal credit upon his employer, who, he assured me, would rather sink the whole capital employed than directly or indirectly be concerned in so infamous a trade."

The *Grand Turk* returned by way of the West Indies where the sales of his cargo enabled her captain to load two ships for Salem. He sent the *Grand Turk* home in charge of the mate and returned in the *Atlantic*. During the voyage Captain Ingersoll rescued the master and mate of an English schooner, the *Amity*, whose crew had mutinied while in the Spanish Main. The two officers had been cast adrift in a small boat to perish. This was the first act in a unique drama of maritime coincidence.

After the castaways had reached Salem, Captain Duncanson, the English master of the *Amity*, was the guest of Elias Hasket Derby while he waited for word from his owners and an opportunity to return to his home across the Atlantic. He spent much of his time on the water-front as a matter of course, and used to stand at a window of Mr. Derby's counting house idly staring at the harbor.

One day while sweeping the seaward horizon with the office spy glass, the forlorn British skipper let fly an oath of the most profound amazement. He dropped the glass, rubbed his eyes, chewed his beard and stared again. A schooner was making across the bar, and presently she stood clear of the island at the harbor mouth and slipped toward an anchorage well inside.

There was no mistaking her at this range. It was the *Amity*, his own schooner which had been taken from him in the West Indies, from which he and his mate had been cast adrift by the piratical seamen. Captain Duncanson hurried into Mr. Derby's private office as fast as his legs could carry him. By some incredible twist of fate the captors of the *Amity* had sailed her straight to her captain.

Mr. Derby was a man of the greatest promptitude and one of his anchored brigs was instantly manned with a heavy crew, two deck guns slung aboard, and with Captain Duncanson striding the quarter-deck, the brig stood down to take the *Amity*.

It was Captain Duncanson who led the boarders, and the mutineers were soon overpowered and fetched back to Salem jail in irons. The grateful skipper and his mate signed a crew in Salem, and took the *Amity* to sea, a vessel restored to her own by so marvellous an event that it would be laughed out of court as material for fiction.

When Mr. Derby decided to push out for a share of the East India commerce he sent his eldest son, Elias Hasket, jr., to England and the Continent as soon as he was graduated from Harvard College. There the young man remained until he had become a linguist and had made a thorough study of the English and French



The old-time sailors used to have their vessels painted on pitchers and punch bowls.

methods of trade with the far East. Having laid this thorough foundation for his bold venture, Mr. Derby sent the *Grand Turk* to India and China in 1785, the first voyage of the kind ever attempted from New England. A year and a half later the *Grand Turk* entered Salem harbor deep-laden with tea, silks and nankeens. Thus began the Salem trade with the far East which appeared to be so promising that Mr. Derby at once sent out the bark, *Light*

*Horse*, and the brigantine, *Three Sisters*.

Elias Hasket, jr., was now sent to India, where he lived three years in the interests of his house, and firmly established an immensely profitable trade which for half a



Leaving port in 1800

century was to make the name of Salem far more widely known in Bombay and Canton than those of New York or Boston. A little later the Derby ship *Astrea* was showing the American flag to the natives of Siam.

How fortunes were won in those brave days may be learned from the record of young Derby's activities while in the far East. In 1788, the proceeds of one cargo enabled him to buy a ship and a brigantine in the Isle of France (Mauritius) in the Indian Ocean. These two vessels he sent to Bombay to load with cotton. Two

a cargo of coffee. The natives had never heard of America, and the strange vessel was a nine days' wonder.

It is the common belief that the merchant vessels of a century ago were slow and clumsy craft, yet the *Astrea* in a Baltic voyage, made the run from Salem to the coast of Ireland in eleven days, a passage equal to those of the fastest packets of the fifties, and as fast as many large passenger steamers make the distance to-day.

In 1788, Mr. Derby decided to send a



Old Salem parlor in Narbonne House (built 1680).

other ships of his house, the *Astrea* and the *Light Horse*, he filled with cargoes at Calcutta and Rangoon, and sent them home to Salem. Then he returned in still another ship, the brig *Henry*.

When the profit of these several transactions were reckoned it was found that more than \$100,000 had been earned by this little fleet above all outlay. Soon after his return young Derby sailed for Mocha, an Arabian port in the Red Sea, to pick up

ship for a direct voyage to Batavia, another novel commercial undertaking. While the purely business side of these enterprises is not thrilling, it holds a certain interest as showing the responsibilities of the shipmasters upon whose judgment depended the results of the voyage. For this first American voyage to Batavia, the instructions of the captain and supercargo from the owner, Mr. Derby, read as follows:



“Salem, February, 1789.

“Captain James Magee, jr., Mr.

Thomas Perkins, (supercargo).

“Gents—The ship *Astrea* of which James Magee is master and Mr. Thomas Perkins is supercargo, being ready for sea, I do advise and order you to come to sail, and make the best of your way for Batavia, and on your arrival there you will dispose of such part of your cargo as you think may be the most for my interest.

“I think you had best sell a few casks of the most ordinary ginseng, if you can

sugar will save the expense of any stone ballast and it will make a floor for the teas. etc., at Canton.

“At Batavia you must if possible get as much freight for Canton as will pay half or more of your charges—that is, if it will not detain you too long—as by this addition of freight it will exceedingly help the voyage. You must endeavor to be the first ship with ginseng, for be assured you will do better alone than you will if there are three or four ships at Canton at the same time with you. . . .



The home of Richard Derby, built about 1750.

get one dollar a pound for it. If the price of sugar be low, you will then take into the ship as much of the best white kind as will floor her, and fifty thousand weight of coffee, if it is as low as we have heard—part of which you will be able to stow between the beams and the quintlings, and fifteen thousand of saltpeter; if very low, some nut-megs, and fifty thousand weight of pepper. This you will stow in the forepeak, for fear of its injuring the teas. The

“Captain Magee and Mr. Perkins are to have 5 per cent. commission for the sales of the present cargo and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the cargo home, and also 5 per cent. on the profit made on goods that may be purchased at Batavia and sold at Canton, or in any other similar case, that may arise on the voyage. They are to have one-half the passage money—the other half belongs to the ship. The privilege of Captain Magee is 5 per cent. of what the ship

carries on cargo, exclusive of adventures. It is ordered that the ship's books shall be open to the inspection of the mates and doctor of the ship, so that they may know the whole business, as in case of death or sickness it may be of good service in the voyage. The Philadelphia beer is put up so strong that it will not be approved of until it is made weaker; you had best try some of it first. . . .

"You will be careful not to break any acts of trade while you are out on the voyage, to lay the ship and cargo liable to seizure, for my insurance will not make it good. Be very careful of the expense attending the voyage, for I more fear that than anything else, and remember that a one dollar laid out while absent is two dollars out of the voyage. Pay particular attention to the quality of your goods, as your voyage very much depends on your attention to this. You are not to pay any moneys to the crew while absent from home unless in a case of real necessity, and then they must allow an advance for the money. Annexed to these orders you have a list of such a cargo for my own account as I at present think may do best for me, but you will add or diminish any article as the price may be.

" . . . Captain Magee and Mr. Perkins.—Although I have been a little particular in these orders, I do not mean them as positive, and you have leave to break them in any part where you by calculation think it for my interest, excepting your breaking Acts of Trade which I absolutely forbid. Not having to add anything, I commit you to the Almighty's protection, and remain your friend and employer,

"ELIAS HASKET DERBY."

The captain was expected to "break his orders in any part," if he could drive a better bargain than his employer had been able to foresee at a distance of ten thousand miles from the market. Merchants as well as navigators, these old-time shipmasters found compensation for these arduous responsibilities in the "privileges" which allowed them a liberal amount of cargo space on their own account, as well as a commission on the sales of the freight out and back.

His own share of the profits of two or three voyages to the far East might enable the master to buy a ship and freight her for

himself. Thereafter, if he were shrewd and venturesome enough, he rose rapidly to independence and after a dozen years of the quarter-deck was ready to step ashore as a merchant with his own counting house and his fleet of stout ships.

In 1793, Captain Jonathan Carnes of Salem was looking for trade along the Sumatra coast. Touching at the port of Bencoolen, he happened to learn that wild pepper might be found along the north-west coast of Sumatra. The Dutch East India Company was not as alert as this solitary Yankee shipmaster, roaming along strange and hostile coasts.

Captain Carnes kept his knowledge to himself, completed his voyage to Salem, and there whispered it to a merchant, Jonathan Peele, that as soon as possible a secret pepper expedition should be fitted out. Mr. Peele ordered a fast schooner built. She was called the *Rajah*, and carried four guns and ten men. There was much gossiping speculation about her destination, but Captain Carnes had nothing at all to say. In November, 1795, he cleared for Sumatra and not a soul in Salem except his owner and himself, knew whither he was bound. Her cargo consisted of brandy, gin, iron, tobacco and dried fish to be bartered for wild pepper.

For eighteen months no word returned from the *Rajah*, and her mysterious quest. Captain Carnes might have been wrecked on coasts whereof he had no charts, or he might have been slain by hostile natives. But Jonathan Peele, having risked his stake as Salem merchants were wont to do, busied himself with other affairs and pinned his faith to the proven sagacity and pluck of Jonathan Carnes.

At last, a string of signal flags fluttered from a station at the harbor mouth. Jonathan Peele reached for his spy-glass, and saw a schooner's topsails lifting from seaward. The *Rajah* had come home, and when she let go her anchor in Salem harbor, Captain Jonathan Carnes brought word ashore that he had secured a cargo of wild pepper in bulk which would return a profit of at least seven hundred per cent. on the total cost of vessel and voyage.

In other words, this one "adventure" of the *Rajah* realized what amounted to a comfortable fortune in that generation.

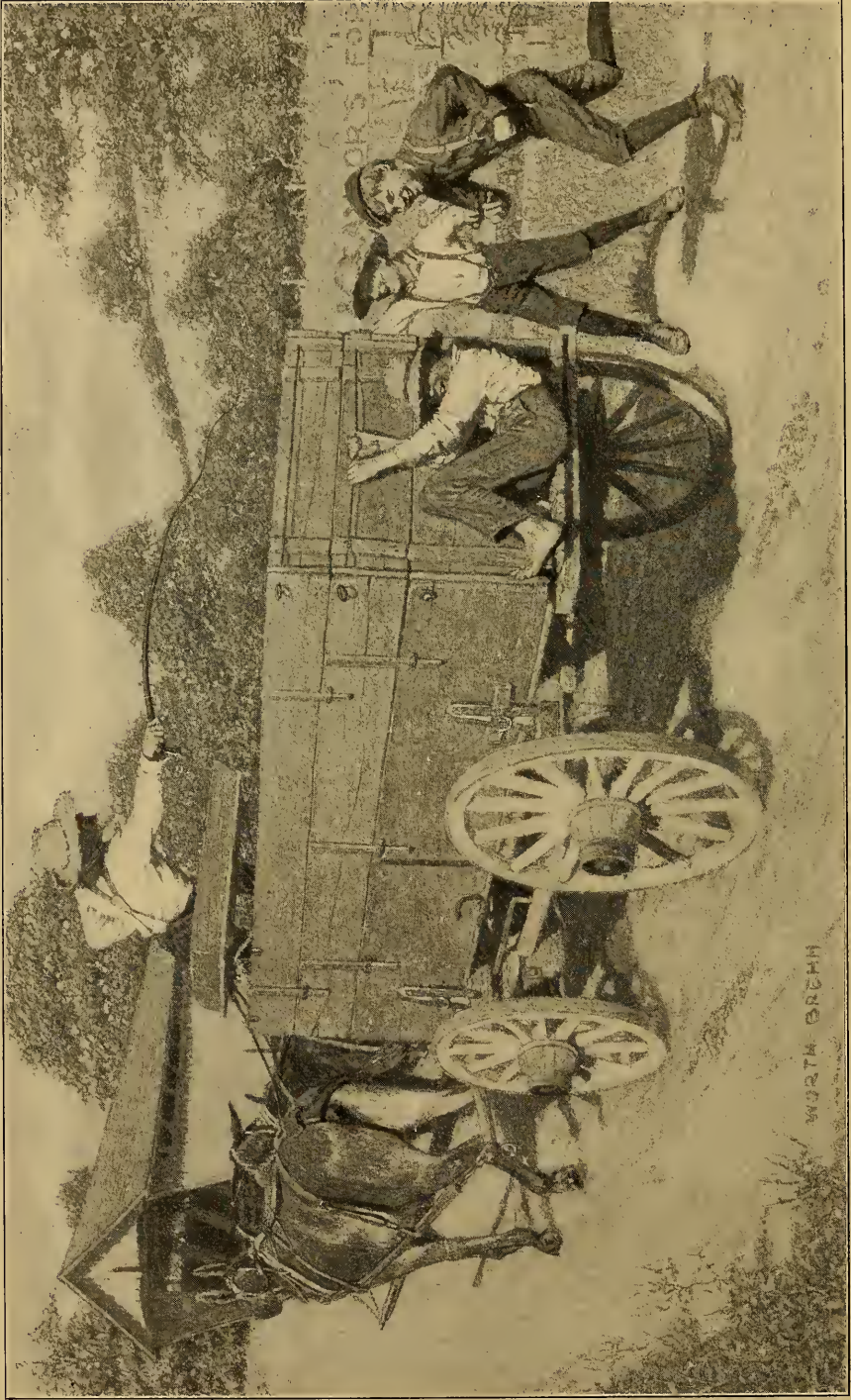


Joseph Peabody, merchant of Salem.

There was great excitement among the other Salem merchants. They forsook their desks to discuss this pepper bonanza, but Captain Jonathan Carnes had nothing to say and Mr. Jonathan Peele was as dumb as a Salem harbor clam. The *Rajah* was at once refitted for a second Sumatra voyage, and in their eagerness to fathom her dazzling secret, several rival merchants hastily made vessels ready for sea with orders to go to that coast as fast as canvas could carry them and endeavor to find out where Captain Carnes found his wild pepper. They hurried to Bencoolen, but were unsuccessful and had to proceed to India to fill their holds with whatever cargoes came to hand. Meanwhile the *Rajah* slipped away for a second pepper voyage, and returned with a hundred and fifty thousand pounds of the precious condiment.

There was no hiding this mystery from Salem merchants for long, however, and by the time the *Rajah* had made three pepper voyages, the rivals were at her heels, bartering with native chieftains and stowing their holds with the wild pepper which long continued to be one of the most profitable articles of the Salem commerce with the Orient. It was a fine romance of trade, this story of Captain Carnes and the *Rajah*, and characteristic of the men and methods of the time. For half a century a large part of the pepper used in all countries was reshipped from the port of Salem, a trade which flourished until 1850. During the period between the first voyage of Captain Carnes and 1845, the Salem custom house records bore the entries of almost two hundred vessels from the ports of Sumatra.

(To be Continued.)



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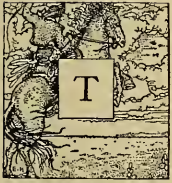
HEY MISTER! — Whip behind.

Drawing by Worth Brehm.

# THE COMING OF LAW TO THE FRONTIER

BY ALLEN TRUE

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR



THE bold, reckless life of the Frontier of thirty or forty years ago has been often recalled by the stories of desperadoes and bad men; but in the birth and growth of the Frontier cities is a unique phase of American civic genius which has been little dwelt upon.

Most of the cities of the far West have hovered close about the gatherings of hardy miners as they came or went on a feverish search for gold. In '49 eighty thousand men from all parts of the world reached the El Dorado of California. Some traveled two thousand miles overland through an uninhabited wilderness, others went far around by Panama or Cape Horn. In '59 one hundred thousand gold seekers stampeded wildly across the sun-burnt plains to Colorado. Only forty thousand stayed the year through. Of like kind, although of smaller proportions were all the pilgrimages that are more or less responsible for the cities of the West; the finding of a streak of magic yellow—its story leaking out and growing—the glimpse of nuggets and specimens and then the grand, senseless rush to the Land of Get-Rich-Quick.

Thousands of daring spirits were drawn by the yellow loadstone, intent on nothing but the accumulation of wealth. Then necessity produced some weird assemblages of tents, shanties and log-cabins, many of which grew into cities. Often full grown towns sprang up in a few months. Far from any state or territorial government and composed of a conglomerated herd of excited men, none of whom

had time for civic affairs, these embryo cities existed and grew under conditions that were unique and extremely wild.

Our forefathers landed on the eastern coast full of religious zeal and a desire for freedom of thought and life. Their leaders and law came with them. They prayed and lived communistically as long as they could, then increased, expanded and developed into a nation. But the gold discoveries of California, Nevada, Colorado and Montana brought thousands of independent men to the wilderness who were full of the hunger for gold, not homes; who had no leaders nor laws to which they could appeal and nothing to bind them together. Then the leaders came out of the crowd and the law grew as it was needed. It was only after a time that any of these men came to consider remaining permanently in the country, and it was these venturesome builders who developed the newer part of our nation.

From the nature of things—with so much at stake among such hard living men—there were plenty of fights and disputes. There being no authority to which to appeal differences were settled between man and man. A six-shooter was the greatest help a man could get toward a physical superiority over other men and so everybody carried a "gun" and knew how to use it. The trigger finger grew nimble with practice and there developed a condition where frequent killings and shootings occasioned little comment or criticism; where men were almost indifferent to the spilling of blood and looked death square in the face with a nonchalance that is hardly conceivable now. Shooting affrays were the froth of a very



The cost of an arrest by the sheriff.



— ALLEN TRAVIS —

The return of the posse.



Paying the price.



strong brew of the border life and they put a settlement to questions quickly and definitely. If when the smoke cleared away some good man lay biting the dust, his light had gone out according to the code of the time—fierce and barbarous as codes must be, when man first struggles with Nature.

And yet there was always safety in "leaving it to the crowd." The general sentiment of the community was very partial to fairness and honesty during the early days of most border towns. There were no locks or keys, almost any man's credit was good to any amount and stores and provisions could lay untouched for months in wholly unguarded places. It was the natural, frank honesty of the virgin West and a veritable paradise for thieves and criminals.

And they came—hordes of murdering, plundering adventurers who knew no code of morals or chivalry and resorted to anything to accomplish their ends. They found plunder rich, crime easy, and escape still easier and drifting all over the country levied tribute from each new camp as it sprang into being. Often these men were in such a majority that a man who believed in honesty and justice was a man indeed, if he had the courage to back his ideals. But there were such men, men as God meant men to be, full of the sense of right and the fitness of things and unafraid. They stepped right into the opening and tackled some of the cussedest crowds in Christendom; teaching a wholesome respect for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" to bunches of drinking, blasphemous and unharnessed tempers. The gun fightings, lynchings and wanton spillings of blood that spiced the histories of the time may have been very close to savagery, but they serve now to deepen the respect we must have for men who harnessed law and order on such conditions. Some of them knew very little about law but they brought justice and equity to an uncongenial climate and made them thrive. They made the border towns habitable and brought American institutions to the Wilderness. They were men of iron, forged in the heat of fierce, primal conditions which tested them severely.

In the new mining camps, a judge, re-

border and sheriff usually constituted the machinery of the law. Laws regulating the size of the claims and the method by which they were to be worked were adopted by vote and "Claim Clubs" served as legal recorders of properties. Each camp made its rules and regulations as best it could and open air referendum was exploited in bar-room, stable or gulch. The best judgment of the community or of one of its members who was trusted, served as a court from whose findings there was seldom an appeal. It was law in its crudest form. But when the law fell into the hands of unscrupulous men it sunk as low as villainy and no man's life or rights were safe.

Such cankerous times as these bred Vigilance Committees and honest men resorted to secret hangings and other lawlessness to save the law. Lone pines and scaffolds appeared in the gray of the morning hung with corpses which the Vigilance Committee had invoiced and tagged with a warning. Then deadly excitement hung quietly in the air and perhaps more happened, but in time order was restored and the Committee dissolved until it was needed again. Their arbitrary lynchings are hard to excuse by words of argument, but border conditions pled eloquently in their behalf. All over the West they have existed and even to-day the Citizens Alliance of Cripple Creek bears some of their earmarks.

Montana of the early sixties afforded a fierce example of what conditions could be engendered on the Border. A capable, daring fiend named Plummer had made himself sheriff in turn of both Bannock and Virginia City—had protected and encouraged crime until he had about him a gang of reckless men so strong as to hold all the surrounding country in abject terror. His organization was complete and deadly. The secret watchword was "Innocent," but one hundred and twenty dead citizens and robberies and thefts innumerable stood to their discredit before the limit was reached and the community could stand no more. A man was murdered for some \$150 and justice was finally aroused. Twenty-four brave men of Nevada City organized a Vigilance Committee, caught the murderers and having tried them before a judge and jury of miners, banished

one, an imbecile old man, and swung the other to a beam. Not without some trouble, however, for the prisoner had many friends in the crowd. Pistols and knives gleamed in the firelight and there was the jostling threat and curse. It was a time of the itching palm and bumping heart when nothing but moral force and nerve could carry. But they prevailed that night and for many days and nights thereafter. Through weeks of untold hardship in the dead of winter, members of the Committee followed parts of the gang till they were caught and quickly hung. Others were captured in the towns and as the evidence accumulated the "necktie socials" became so popular that twenty-four in all were hung, the gang broken up and the reign of terror ended. Plummer begged hard for his life and went kicking to his fate. Others took death with the same careless philosophy with which they had taken life. "Boys, I've never done this before; do I slide off or jump?" and "God bless you fellows, you're on a good undertaking and no one innocent has hung yet," are two of their dying speeches.

The Idaho Vigilance Committee in summing up its work for the year ending May, 1864, recorded twenty-seven thieves and murderers hung and many gangs of desperados broken up. There was a state government existing then, but the courts had turned loose guilty men till the people could stand it no longer.

It was a necessity that the community should deal quick, grim justice and the fact that the hangman received no fee is somewhat significant. The Border wanted justice and as few forms and ceremonies in securing it as possible. Crime was dealt with in a characteristically broad way and good, honest men sometimes hung guiltless by the neck because a drunken crowd had made a mistake.

In the early dealings with crime justice hung very close to murder. Man killers often went free while men who stole horses or money were hung, but the former had, perhaps, only proven the better of two men in an open fight, while the latter had assailed the unprotected and descended to an act that was craven—and that was the criterion of the Border. It is surprising that a murderer should go free and a felon

hang but equally surprising is a fact that twenty miners sleeping in a room together could pile their bags of gold dust on a table and wake in the morning to find each in its place—yet such was the case. No one had to steal—money was plentiful and work was respectable and more generous open-hearted men than the miners never lived. A man could always raise a "grub stake."

When men could and did live in so open and fair a relation to one another it is little to be wondered that they should deal harshly with those who took advantage of them. But they banished many and finding the system of whipping wonderfully effective, used it often, resorting to the sterner dealing of justice only when they were driven to it. But that was very often and many a lone gulch in the hills sleeps peacefully to-day sheltering weird ghosts and phantoms that were conceived during the grim and desperate days of a wild frontier.

Succeeding the days when a whole community had to fight crime, came the period when that fight was left to the sheriff and his deputies. The cowmen who came to town after months of restraint to blow off their pent up energies, had added another class of reckless dare-devils to the element which had to be soothed to the ways of the law. A sheriff was usually a man whose nerve and revolver were respected and through them he made the law respected. Not always, perhaps, did he appreciate the majesty of the law he was up-holding, but he up-held it with a majesty that was the real thing. The arrests he made were not always of bad men whom everybody wanted to see behind bars. He often had to tackle a man who had plenty of friends about him eager and able to shoot and the way most Western sheriffs would step right up to such a proposition and see it through—the way they straddled their duties, and wholly forgetful of odds or the consequences to themselves, did what was expected of them, was the wholesome worth of manhood about which Americans love to know.

The law came ungracefully to the Border. Its growth was curious, grim and primal as Nature herself. Often it was crude but it brought clearly into light the very best in brave buck men.

# ROUTES TO THE NORTH POLE

BY R. E. PEARY



LITTLE less than four centuries ago the first expedition started out toward the North Pole. Since that time, with periods of greater or less intensity, practically all

the civilized nations of the earth have made attempts to reach that charmed spot.

Millions have been expended in the effort, and, though they have brought back information and accessions to scientific knowledge which have fully repaid the expenditures, the main object remains still unattained. The ablest writers, scientists, geographers, statesmen and rulers, have been interested in the matter, and have urged the prosecution of the work with all the eloquence at their command. Many of their remarks upon the subject have become historic.

As a result of all these explorations, extending through nearly four centuries, the possible routes to the North Pole have dwindled to three. In my own personal opinion they have dwindled to two, but I note the three. First, the drift method, north of Asia, as devised, inaugurated, and put into execution by Nansen. The possibilities of this method are generally acknowledged, but it by no means follows that another ship, or even the *Fram* herself in a second attempt, would be as fortunate as she was in the first voyage. Again, it requires a man of exceptional temperament, and a crew of almost superhuman qualities, to undertake a voyage which means that for four or five years at least, ship and people are but a helpless bit of flotsam entirely at the mercy of the ice in which they are drifting, and practically unable to control their own fortunes, or contribute by their efforts to success.

Presumably Nansen and Sverdrup are advocates of this route, yet neither has, to my knowledge, expressed a desire to repeat the experience of the *Fram's* voyage.

The second route is the so-called Franz Josef Land route. Wellman is I believe the only present advocate and adherent of this route.

Payer and Weyprecht, Leigh Smith, Jackson, Wellman, and the Duke of the Abruzzi have all exploited the Franz Josef Land route with greater or less success. Of the various expeditions, however, Abruzzi's is the only one that succeeded in pushing beyond the northern limit of the Franz Josef Land Archipelago. He is not at all in favor of this route; in fact, he uncompromisingly advocates, in words I shall quote to you later, the third—the Smith Sound or "American" route.

In attempting a review of North Polar efforts, it is assumed that the reader is aware that attempts to find the Pole comprise but one branch of Arctic effort and exploration, the desire to find the North East and the North West passages which would give a short route to Asia, having been the incentive to at least an equal number of expeditions.

It may be well to note here for the sake of completeness, that the original incentive to Arctic Exploration was the spirit of commercial enterprise, the desire to find a northern short route to the wealth and trade of the East. As early as 1527, King Henry VIII. sent out two ships to seek a route to China across the Pole, and for many generations these efforts were continued. When this quest was found impracticable the spirit of scientific investigation took the lead as the principal incentive; and this in turn has been somewhat overshadowed by the spirit of international

rivalry. As a matter of fact this international rivalry has been the strongest motive of most so-called scientific expeditions, though not openly admitted.

The various attempts to reach the North Pole may be grouped under four main routes, *viz.*: the Bering Sea route, the Franz Josef Land route, the East Greenland - Spitzbergen route, and the Smith Sound or American route. The order in which these routes were first utilized is Spitzbergen-East Greenland, Smith Sound or American, Bering Sea and Franz Josef Land; and the route which has been essayed the most times is probably the Smith Sound route.

Practically all of the attempts have been confined within the limits of  $70^{\circ}$  E. and  $90^{\circ}$  W. Long. from Greenwich. In the 120 degrees of longitude between Franz Josef Land and Bering Strait, De Long and Nansen are practically the only names; and in the quadrant from Bering Strait to the western coast of Ellesmere Land, it may be said that no attempt has been made.

I will take up these four routes in order, beginning with the Spitzbergen-East Greenland route as the oldest, and the one that in the present state of our knowledge of Arctic ice and currents is no longer considered practicable. This route is most generally known by Parry's brilliant attempt in 1827, when he obtained a northing of  $82^{\circ} 45'$ , never since reached in the same region and not exceeded anywhere until 1876. The principal attempts by this route have been those of Hudson, Phipps, Buchan, Parry, Koldewey and Wellman.

Henry Hudson made his first recorded voyage in 1607 under direction of the Muscovy Company of England, which, by its whaling and trading enterprises, did much to advance exploration. He sailed from Greenwich on the first of May. His object was to establish a route directly across the Polar Sea.

He touched along the east coast of Greenland, then sailed northeast and in five days reached Spitzbergen. He coasted northward until his reckoning gave him  $81\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ , but as Spitzbergen only extends to  $81^{\circ}$  his reckoning must have been incorrect. He found multitudes of seals, and after some further coasting he returned to England in September, having found the ice impassable about  $82^{\circ}$  north.

Capt. John C. Phipps (afterward Lord Mulgrave) set out on June 2, 1773, on a government expedition with the *Racehorse* and *Carcass* to repeat Hudson's attempts to find a passage across the Pole. He sailed along the coast of Spitzbergen, took soundings, and made magnetic and other observations. He found the polar ice at  $80^{\circ} 37'$  N. Lat. and made several attempts to round it, alternately to the eastward and then to the westward, retracing his path many times. He succeeded in reaching  $80^{\circ} 48'$ , the highest point attained up to that time. But he could get no farther north and finally returned the same summer, reaching England in September.

The scanty results of this well-equipped expedition tended to kill interest in this work, and for a quarter of a century nothing further was attempted in England.

In 1818, however, Capt. Buchan was sent out with two ships to essay the same route, but with no greater success than Phipps.

In 1827, Capt. Parry made an attempt to reach the pole by sledge over the frozen polar ice, rather than by ship alone as in previous expeditions. He sailed in the *Hecla* on March 27th, and met the ice at a low latitude. After cruising about he left the ship at Hecla Cove in Spitzbergen and set out on June 22d for his trip over the ice. He carried seventy-one days' provisions, and started in boats which carried them eighty miles before reaching the ice. He traveled by night to avoid the blinding snow glare, and thus had the warmer hours for sleeping. He carried his boats on runners and then used them for crossing open water.

Owing to slow progress he soon gave up all hope of reaching the pole, but determined to push as far north as possible. Soon reaching smoother ice his progress became greater and he made as high as twelve miles a day. He finally reached  $82^{\circ} 45'$ , but a shift of the wind to the northward gave the ice a southerly drift, which carried the sledges almost as far south every day as the men, tugging at the drag ropes, could make to the north; so Parry finally turned back, reaching the ship on August 21st.

In this effort Parry reached a latitude higher than any previously attained, and which was not exceeded for nearly fifty

years. More than this, his ice journey was the first attempt to make use of other means than the ship alone, to get far north, and his expedition was the beginning of the present method of using a ship to get as far north as possible, then leaving her and pushing on over the ice with boats or sledges, or both.

The German Polar Expedition under Capt. Koldewey, in 1869-70, was the first and only attempt to utilize the East Coast of Greenland as a line of advance to the Pole. The expedition comprised two ships, the *Germania* and *Hansa*. In forcing through the ice barrier to reach the Greenland coast, the ships became separated and the *Hansa* was crushed and lost. Her people having thrown out provisions, equipment, and their boats upon a large floe, they drifted south on it during the winter and in the spring took to their boats and reached one of the Danish Greenland settlements.

The *Germania* got through the ice and wintered at Sabine Island, Lat.  $74^{\circ} 40'$ . In the spring of 1870, Payer, with sledges, reached Cape Bismarck,  $76^{\circ} 47'$  N. Lat.\*

Mr. Walter Wellman, the American, made an attempt in 1894, from the northern part of Spitzbergen as a base. His ship, in a harbor at Walden Island, was crushed by the ice soon after he started on his sledge, and a messenger being sent to him with the news, he returned. He went north again, but had to abandon the attempt near the 81st parallel.

The Bering Strait route attracted attention as far back as 1773, when Cook passed through the Strait and reached Icy Cape, in  $70^{\circ} 43'$  N. Lat. Lieutenant G. W. De Long's expedition of 1879-81 was the first organized attempt to reach the Pole by this route. His vessel was the *Pandora*, built at Davenport, England, and rechristened the *Jeannette*. She was of four hundred and twenty tons, one hundred and forty-two feet long by twenty-five feet

beam, drew, with arctic outfit, about thirteen feet and steamed about six knots. Captain Sir Allen W. Young, R. N., had made two arctic voyages in her. The expedition numbered thirty-two persons. The Bering Strait route was selected on the theory that the Japan current opened, by its warm waters, a way through the strait to the Pole; and it was also believed that Wrangell Land would prove to be a vast continental tract, and that the explorers might follow its coastline very far to the north, if not to the Pole itself. The *Jeannette* sailed from San Francisco on July 8, 1879. On Sept. 13th, after many disappointments, an attempt was made to land on Herald Island. The ice drift slowly carried the party to the north of Wrangell Island, and De Long now saw that the island was only a small affair after all.

On Jan. 19, 1880, two streams an inch in diameter, began to flow into the vessel, and on Feb. 19th, De Long wrote: "All our hoped-for explorations and perhaps discoveries this coming summer seem slipping away from us, and we have nothing ahead but taking a leaking ship to the United States."

For about a year and four months after this entry in De Long's diary his ship was still driven, fast in the ice, at the mercy of the winds, moving slowly to the west and northwest. One month was like another in unrelieved monotony and constant sense of danger. The end of the ship drift was approaching, when a little diversion from the weary routine was caused by the discovery of two new islands, Jeannette and Henrietta. Then, on June 12, 1881, the vessel was set free by a split in the floe, but soon the ice caught her again. On the following day, however, at 4 A.M., the *Jeannette* sank in thirty-eight fathoms of water. All hands had abandoned her five hours earlier.

They were now three hundred and fifty miles from the Siberian coast. The start for land was made on the following day. De Long carefully sewed up in a piece of rubber and placed in an empty boat a record reciting the facts of the abandonment of the *Jeannette*. During the retreat over the ice the party discovered Bennett Island. The men were then divided among three boats. On Sept. 10th the boat commanded by Engineer Melville and Lieu-

\* In September 1905, the news is said to have come to Prof. Nathorst of Sweden, in a letter written in Iceland by Lieut. Bergendahl, that the *Belgica*, carrying the Duke of Orleans' party, had made a far northing along the east coast of Greenland, the sea being uncommonly free of ice. The *Belgica*, on July 27th, reached Cape Bismarck (which was found to be an island) and also extended the exploration of the unknown coast to the north as far as  $78^{\circ} 16'$ . The new coast was roughly mapped and was named Terre de France. The still unknown stretch of the East Coast, between the *Belgica's* farthest and Independence Bay, discovered by Peary, extends about two hundred and ninety miles north and south.

tenant Danenhower reached a small native fishing camp in the Lena delta. They were here delayed by their feeble condition, but on Oct. 17th, Danenhower with a dog team began a search for the two missing boats. On the 29th he received the news that Ninderman and Noros of De Long's party were being conducted to Bulun. The two seamen had written a note saying that the captain and men were without food. Engineer Melville started with a dog team in a vain attempt to find the men and carry food to them. At Yakutsk he later received a dispatch from the Secretary of the Navy ordering him to send the sick and frozen to a milder climate. Danenhower reached New York on June 1, 1882, Ninderman and Noros having arrived there earlier.

De Long's party suffered the severest hardships. The members died from cold and starvation. The last word written by De Long was on Oct. 30, 1881. When found by Melville in the following spring, his note book with his last feebly written lines was lying by his side. The captain and the surgeon must have perished immediately after the last of the crew. The bodies were brought to America. Secretary Chandler stated in his report on Nov. 29, 1882, that Harber and Scheultz had prosecuted the search with energy, but had not succeeded in getting any intelligence of Lieutenant Chipp's party, which doubtless perished on the boat trip to the mainland.

The incidents and results of Nansen's voyage are so generally known that it seems almost a waste of space to present them here. Basing his programme upon the experiences of the *Jeannette* and particularly upon the supposed drift of some articles from the *Jeannette*, alleged to have been picked up on the Greenland Coast, he proposed to enter the polar ocean via Bering Strait, force his way into the ice as far as possible, and then, provisioned for five years, to drift with the ice over or near the Pole.

For this he built a specially constructed ship, the *Fram*, of such a shape as to rise upon the surface of the ice when squeezed, instead of being crushed by it. Later he changed his original plan of going through Bering Strait and went north via the north coast of Europe and the Kara Sea.

Leaving home late in July, 1893, his party on the *Fram*, on Sept. 25th, were fast

in the ice northwest of the New Siberian Islands, where the drift of the *Fram* began.

Drifting slowly northwestward, month after month, the intolerable monotony finally drove Nansen to his sledges, and after two or three starts he finally got away from his ship on March 14, 1905, with one companion, in an attempt to get farther north. The *Fram* was then in 84° 4' N. Lat.

Proceeding northward until April 7th, when the latitude of 86° 14' was reached, Nansen then turned southwestward for Franz Josef Land, where he arrived late in August. Wintering in the northern part of this land, he started south in the spring, and coming upon the headquarters of Jackson, the British explorer of that archipelago, he remained there and returned home on the *Windward*.

The *Fram*, after Nansen left her, drifted more westerly, though still making a northing, and in November, 1895, reached a latitude within less than 20' of that attained by Nansen, the highest north ever reached by ship. Then the drift became southwesterly and then southerly and finally on Aug. 13, 1896, the *Fram* was extricated from the ice just north of Spitzbergen.

The main results of this brilliantly planned and courageously executed voyage are the determination of the non-existence of land through a wide extent of previously unknown polar region; the unexpected discovery of a deep polar basin, and the attainment of a latitude exceeding by 2° 51' any previously reached. The voyage also places Nansen's name indelibly in the front rank of Arctic explorers; and stamps his drift method, with all its possibilities, as one of the principal methods of attack upon the Pole. This method will always have its strong adherents.

It is only to be regretted that some of his over-enthusiastic friends and admirers should have been led to claim that he had, to all intents and purposes, reached the Pole, and that nothing further of importance remained to be done in that region.

The history of the Franz Josef Land route presents an interesting and ever striking instance of the romance of Arctic discovery.

The Austrian Arctic Expedition under

Weyprecht and Payer, having for its object the exploration of the large north-eastern area of the polar ocean, and with an eye either to the Pole or the North East passage, was beset in the ice north of Novaya Zemlya on Aug. 20, 1872, and drifted helpless and discouraged (as Payer puts it "no longer discoverers but passengers against our will") until Aug. 30, 1873, when the lifting of the fog showed them a new and unsurmised land, a high bold coast, to the northwest in Lat.  $70^{\circ} 43'$ . The expedition had added Franz Josef Land to the map.

Close to this land, which they were able to visit on but two days of that year, the ship remained fast in the ice, and not until the winter of 1873-74 had passed and the sun had again returned was it possible to explore the land so strangely discovered. The sledge journeys began on the 10th of March, 1874, and ended on May 3rd, four hundred and fifty miles having been traversed in the meantime, and the latitude of  $82^{\circ} 5'$  attained. The surveys and explorations resulting from these sledge journeys gave us the first map of Franz Josef Land, and seemed to indicate the probable extension of the land to high latitudes.

It was decided to abandon the *Tegetthoff*, as she was still frozen fast in the ice. On May 20th, the retreat southward began, and after more than a month of alternate boating and sledging the party reached open water and returned home.

The lands thus discovered were visited in 1880 and 1881 by the Englishman, Leigh Smith, who surveyed the southern coasts through twelve degrees of longitude, but finally lost his ship, the *Eira*, and retreated in boats, as did the *Tegetthoff* party.

The seductive and alluring promise which this land gave of extending to a high latitude made it an apparently attractive route to the Pole.

In 1894, F. G. Jackson, backed by the munificence of Sir Alfred Harmsworth, selected Franz Josef Land as his base and spent three years there. By boat and sledge he practically completed the map of the Archipelago, though he did not reach its northern terminus, and thus left the question of its northern extension indefinite.

Nansen's arrival in the Archipelago from the northeast, narrowed its extent

still more, and later, the *Fram*, crossing the Arctic Ocean a little north of  $85^{\circ}$ , showed that Franz Josef Land did not extend that far. Still, the route did not lose its attraction and Jackson was followed by Wellman in 1898-99. The Wellman expedition occupied partly the same base on the southern shore of Franz Josef Land as Jackson. After several mishaps, an accident to the leader caused the return of the expedition before it attained the northern limits of the Archipelago.

Next comes the brilliant expedition of Luigi di Savoia, Duke of the Abruzzi. He purchased the Norwegian whaler *Jason*, repaired and refitted her in Norway, rechristened her the *Stella Polare*, and, sailing in June, 1899, navigated her to  $82^{\circ} 4'$  and then went a little southeast to a harbor in Teplitz Bay, Crown Prince Rudolf Land, close to the northern extremity of the Franz Josef Land Archipelago, in  $81^{\circ} 47'$  N. Lat., something which no ship before him had been able to do.

Wintering here, in the spring his navigator, Captain Cagni, with his companions, in a most effectively planned and courageously executed sledge journey almost due north, reached the highest latitude yet attained,  $86^{\circ} 34'$ . Returning to the ship, she was extricated from her winter quarters, and, though badly strained by being forced ashore by the ice, navigated home, returning to Europe after an absence of sixteen months. The *Stella Polare* was a year in Teplitz Bay.

The Duke of the Abruzzi was the first to reach and determine the northern limit of the Franz Josef Land Archipelago, and he had in the short time of one year attained the highest north. Abruzzi's brilliant success everywhere filled the hearts of his countrymen with pride, and afforded a gratifying accession to Italian national prestige the world over.

He had one great advantage in that his own ample means permitted him to fit out his expedition without asking aid; and thus enabled him to start on his arduous voyage, fresh and unfatigued by the heart-breaking work of raising and begging the funds for the work. His expedition showed most conclusively what an effective sledge party may accomplish when starting from a base with a high northing. More than this, his work satisfied him of the futility

of further attempts to reach the Pole by this route, and his conclusions are so sound that I quote them here:

"It would be useless to repeat the attempt (of reaching the Pole) by following the same plan (the route from Franz Josef Land). It would, at most, be possible to push a few miles further toward the north if the ice of the Arctic Ocean was in an unusually favorable state; but the results should not afford any compensation for the fatigue and privations undergone. While following, therefore, the invariable plan of setting out from some point on land, and not from a ship drifting in the ice, on account of the reasons put forth in the first chapter of this work, it will be necessary to find some other method of shortening the distance which has to be traveled with sledge.

"What I should recommend would be to sail along the western coast of Greenland to the north of Kennedy Sound, where it ought to be possible, under favorable conditions, to go to a still higher latitude than that reached by the *Alert* off Grant Land."

The route best known to Americans is the Smith Sound or American Route, from the fact that most American expeditions have followed it. This route has been followed by Baffin, Davis, Ross, Inglefield, Kane, Hayes, Hall, Nares, Greely, and Peary.

John Davis, though his object was the North West passage, was the pioneer in what became known later as the "Smith Sound Route." In successive voyages in 1585-6-7, he reached as far north as the striking mountain, Sanderson's Hope, near what is now Upernivik.

Thirty years later, in 1616, William Baffin, following on Davis's course, crossed Melville Bay, entered the "north water" of the later whalers and reached 77° 45', nearly the latitude of Cape Alexander, on July 5th, a date which is very early even now for expeditions equipped with steam vessels. Two hundred years elapsed before any one followed Baffin, and, in the meantime, his discoveries had been forgotten, and the name Baffin Bay was omitted from the charts.

Then, in 1818, Sir John Ross crossed Melville Bay again, discovered the Eskimos of that region, whom he called Arctic Highlanders, and made the circuit of Baffin Bay in a summer's voyage, which was unique in its sequence of erroneous deductions or inferences as to the geography of the region.

In 1852 Inglefield crossed Melville Bay,

and though he did not reach Cape York till August 21st, he passed Cape Alexander, attaining a latitude about forty miles beyond Baffin. He looked into the northern waters beyond Cape Sabine and Littleton Island, and, in a brief summer voyage, accomplished more than both of his predecessors.

Thus far we have had only summer voyages, brief flights into the regions of ice, with no idea of braving their rigors for a winter. Now, we come to expeditions setting out with the expectation and intention of passing one, two, or more years in the Arctic regions. The expedition of Dr. Kane was the first of these, and the feeling that they were undertaking a dubious enterprise seems to have pervaded every member of the party, even the leaders. Kane's fascinating story of this expedition stimulated popular interest in Arctic exploration. His party numbered eighteen men. He himself was fresh from a winter in Lancaster Sound, under De Haven, searching for Franklin. His ship was the brig *Advance*. He reached Cape York on August 4, 1853, and after ineffectual attempts to push far north, was driven to a refuge in Rensselaer Harbor, just north of Smith Sound in Kane Basin, from which his ship never emerged.

William Morton of his party, in a sledge journey reached Cape Constitution, in latitude about 80° 35' N., and looked out on what was supposed to be the open polar sea. Dr. Hayes crossed Kane Basin to the west and reached about 70° 43' in the vicinity of Cape Frazer. In the second summer the *Advance* was abandoned and the party retreated to Upernivik in boats.

Kane's expedition was the first to pass through the narrow northern extremity of Smith Sound and enter the expansion of the channel which now bears his name; and his name is the most generally known in connection with this Smith Sound route.

Five years later, Dr. Hayes, who had been with Kane as surgeon, essayed to reach the open Polar Sea, the existence of which, it was thought, Kane's expedition had demonstrated. His idea was to navigate it to the Pole. Hayes's party numbered twenty-one. His vessel was the top-sail schooner *United States*, and he reached Cape York on August 25, 1860. Wintering in Foulke Fjord, the Etah of the Eski-



mos, he sledged across to the Grinnell Land Coast and then northward to a point in  $81^{\circ} 35' N.$ , according to his observations, which have been disputed. From here, like Morton, he thought he saw the open Polar Sea. Breaking the schooner out of her winter quarters the same summer Hayes returned home.

Eleven years later, in 1871, came the *Polaris* Expedition under Hall, its avowed and prime object being the attainment of the Pole. Hall's party numbered thirty-three and his ship was the U. S. S. *Polaris*, the first steamer to undertake the voyage, Inglefield's little screw schooner *Isabella* hardly deserving the name.

His experience or luck in regard to the ice was phenomenal and has never been duplicated. Finding that Smith Sound was entirely free from ice, the *Polaris* steamed through it and rapidly pushed north through Kane Basin, Kennedy Channel, Hall Basin, Robeson Channel and out into the Arctic Ocean, where she was stopped on August 30th by heavy pack-ice in  $82^{\circ} 16' N.$ , up to that time the highest north attained by vessel. Retreating from this ice front, the party tried to enter a small indentation (Repulse Harbor) on the Greenland coast, but the pack-ice from the north came down and carried the *Polaris* fifty miles south, where the expedition wintered in an open roadstead on the Greenland coast, which they named Thank God Harbor ( $81^{\circ} 38' N.$ ).

Hall was taken ill and died on November 8th, just after he had returned from a successful sledge journey north to Cape Brevoort, from which he looked across and saw the northeastern shore of what is now known as Grant Land, and which he said extended north to about  $83^{\circ} 5'$ , an observation that was not far out of the way. The command now devolved upon the sailing master, Capt. Buddington.

An attempt was made in the early autumn to steam south, but the *Polaris* was caught in the pack and slowly drifted south out of Smith Sound. Caught in a terrible gale north of Northumberland Island, the pack was disrupted, the *Polaris* nearly foundered, and nineteen persons, including Capt. Tyson, who were on the floe where a part of the supplies and a boat had been placed, were exposed to all the horrors of a drift on the ice through the

darkness of the winter night. The castaways drifted for one hundred and ninety days, fifteen hundred miles down Baffin Bay, Davis Strait and out into the Atlantic, where they were rescued off Labrador on April 30, 1873, by the barkentine *Tigress*. Their number had been increased by one, for a girl had been born to the Eskimo woman Hannah.

The fourteen other members of the expedition drifted on the *Polaris* to Life Boat Cove near Littleton Island, where their unseaworthy vessel was beached, a house was built, and in the spring the party started for Upernivik by boat, when a whaler rescued them at Cape York.

The geographical results of this expedition were very important. Hall was the first civilized man to look east and west along the northern shores of Greenland and Grinnell Land, to reveal Hall Basin and Robeson Channel and to see the ocean beyond them. His surprising voyage, and supposed sighting of land far to the north, aroused renewed interest and hope in this route.

Four years later came the British North Polar Expedition under Nares. This was the most elaborate and expensive expedition yet sent into the Arctic regions, numbering one hundred and twenty-three men in two powerful screw steamers, the *Alert* and the *Discovery*. They sailed from Portsmouth on May 29, 1875, and reached Cape Sabine late in July.

The ships left Cape Sabine on August 4th, and their experience was the direct antithesis of Hall's, where he found no ice, and reached  $82^{\circ} 16'$  in five days. They had an incessant battle with the ice and the *Alert* attained Floeberg Beach,  $82^{\circ} 25' N.$  (practically the same position as the *Polaris*), only on the 31st of August (twenty-seven days). The *Discovery* had been left farther south in Discovery Harbor.

Wintering at these two stations, three sledge parties were sent out in the spring of 1876, one under Aldrich, to go west along the northern shore of Grant Land, one under Beaumont, east along the northern shore of Greenland, and one under Commander A. H. Markham, due north toward the Pole. Both the former were conspicuously successful; Aldrich exploring the northern shore of Grant Land, and Beaumont adding one hundred miles

or more to the Greenland coast. The northern party, after thirty-nine days of effort, reached  $83^{\circ} 20' 24''$  N., where they were forced to turn. The death of several men from scurvy, and the disabling of others, led Nares to return home in the summer of the same year.

The antithesis of the ice conditions encountered by Hall and Nares was no greater than the antithesis of the effect of their expeditions upon the popular mind. The hopes and expectations of new discoveries of large scope aroused by Hall's extraordinary voyage, and his apparent observation of land far to the northward, were very largely responsible for the organization of the Nares Expedition, and Nares's fruitless efforts, the decimation of his party by scurvy, his chilling despatch "Pole impracticable," and the accounts of the "ancient sea of ice," gave British optimism in regard to polar efforts a shock from which it has never recovered.

The Lady Franklin Bay Expedition, popularly known as the Greely Expedition, which started north in July, 1881, was not a polar expedition or even primarily for exploration, but was one of the International Circumpolar Stations for simultaneous scientific observations, the scheme of which originated with Weyprecht. Two of its members, however, Lockwood and Brainard, did splendid geographical work by extending the exploration of the coast of Greenland to the northeast some hundred miles beyond Beaumont's farthest. In so doing, they reached  $83^{\circ} 24'$  N., thus exceeding the British record by about four miles and gaining the highest north. Members of the expedition also crossed Grinnell Land to its western coast.

My own work in the same region is too recent to be given space further than to note that it resulted in the delimitation of the northern terminus of the Greenland Archipelago, Cape Morris Jesup,  $83^{\circ} 30'$  N., the most northerly known land on the globe, and the attainment of  $84^{\circ} 17'$  N., on the sea ice north of Grant Land.

The names which, in connection with

each of these routes, stand out most brilliantly are, Kane, for the Smith Sound or American route; Parry for the Spitzbergen-East Greenland route; Nansen for the Bering Strait or Drift route; and Abruzzi for the Franz Josef Land route. And, it is characteristic of the international character of the polar quest that these names represent four nationalities, American, English, Norwegian and Italian.

This record would not be complete without reference to the attempt of S. A. Andrée to cross the polar regions by balloon. Such a project had been discussed for years, but had not met with favor, and Andrée, on his fatal voyage, made the only test of its value. The requirements he had in view were to provide a balloon with sufficient power to carry three persons with scientific instruments, ballast and provisions for four months; with such impermeability that it could be kept afloat for thirty days; the balloon to be filled on the north coast of Spitzbergen and to be steerable to some extent.

The plucky Swede did everything possible to fulfill these conditions. He made his ascent with two companions, Strindberg and Fränkel, from Danes Island, north Spitzbergen on July 11, 1897. Within the next two years three messages and two other relics of the party were recovered. The three messages were written from eleven to forty-nine hours after the ascent was made. In two days Andrée had hoped to be at least nine hundred miles to the north, but he was only one hundred and forty-five nautical miles north and forty-five miles east of the point of departure, and he was making "good progress eastward." One of the relics was an empty letter buoy marked "North Pole." He had intended to throw this out with a letter when passing the Pole. As it contained no message, it was inferred that the buoy had drifted away from the wreck of the balloon. Practically all the Arctic coasts, including Siberia and East Greenland, have been vainly searched for traces of the lost explorers.

# THE HORSES OF MEXICO

BY HENRY F. OSBORNE



ACCOMPANIED by J. Cossar Ewart, Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, I recently made a rapid journey through Mexico with a view to securing preliminary information regarding the fossil horses, but more especially regarding the existing breeds of horses in that country. Professor Ewart's

studies on the existing breeds are well known. Together with Professor Ridgeway of Cambridge he has strongly supported what may be called the theory of the multiple origin of the existing horses, and especially the Libyan theory of the origin of the so-called Arab. According to this theory the Arab stock was derived from North African horses and first domesticated by the Libyans west of the lower Nile from wild stock possessing very many fine characters; long afterward it was secured by the Arabs, who produced by artificial selection what is

commonly known as the modern Arab horse.

Knowing that horses were introduced into Mexico by the Spaniards at a time when much fine north African blood was present in the famous Andalusian stock of Spain, we were in hopes of finding traces of this Libyan blood in a rather pure condition in the descendants of the horses introduced into Mexico by the Spaniards. In general this hope was realized. Knowing

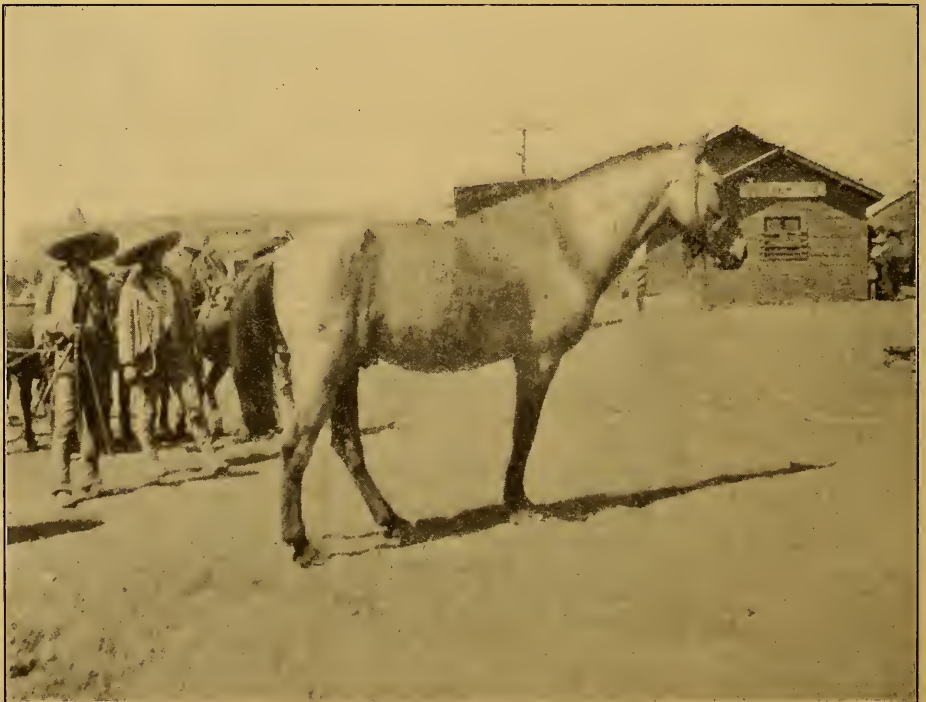
also that many of the buckskins or dun-colored horses with stripes in the western United States have been introduced from Mexico, we hoped to find particularly pure examples of these much more ancient and primitive striped duns in some of the Mexican states. This expectation was only partially realized. The country is enormous, the means of travel not very rapid, and it was found possible only to make a survey of the horse stock in certain regions, especially in the Northern States of Durango and Chihuahua. We heard of particularly pure



Head of the Syrian stallion on next page showing the typical Arab profile, prominent forehead, concave or disk face, deep cheek and slender jaws.



Syrian Arab stallion at Bustillos in Chihuahua, from stud of the King of Wurttemberg.  
Property of Don Carlos de Zuloaga.



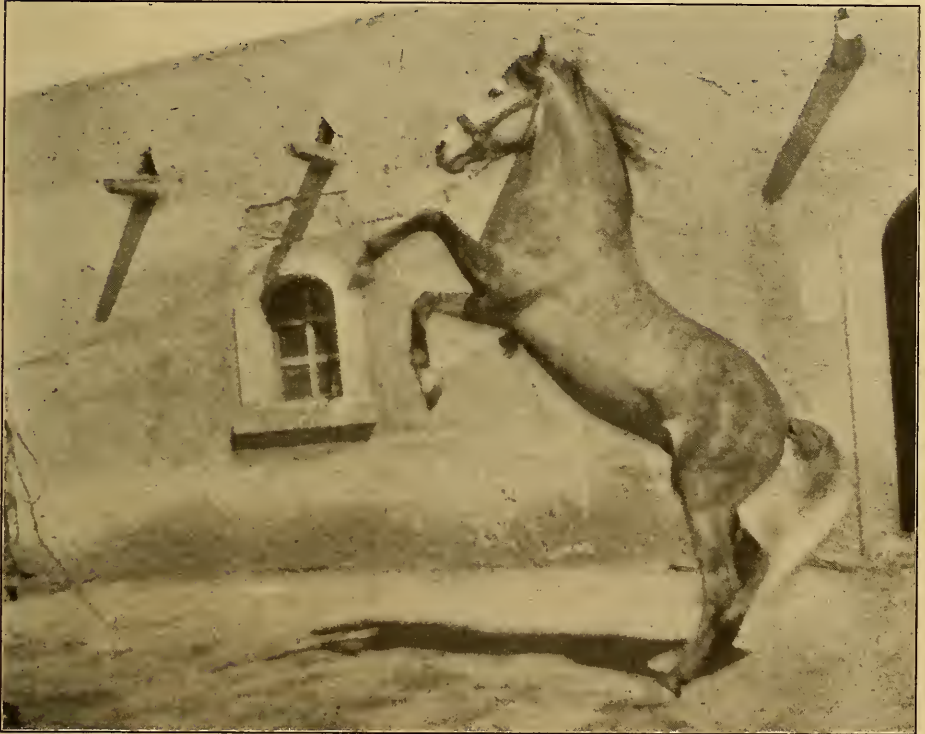
A typical "buckskin" or dun.

types of striped duns being found at one locality, but we were not able to visit it. Similarly the purest types of Libyans or Arabs seem to come from Michuacan, as inferred from evidence secured in the city of Mexico, but we were not able to visit that State.

In general there seems to be considerable superior or Arab blood among the common horses of Mexico as evidenced by the small size of the callosities or chestnuts and ergots

hands. The get of this gray, or almost white stallion, out of five different Mexican mares of bay, brown, and dark bay color, were uniformly of a gray color and of very similar proportions, showing the strong prepotency of the Arab in this case. In the following table the measurements are contrasted with what Professor Ewart considers the measurements of an ideal Arab.

The ideal Arab of the desert is a small animal not exceeding fourteen hands. The



“Omar.” Cross between Syrian Arab and ordinary Mexican mare.

(fetlock pads) on the fore and hind limbs in many of the animals we examined, as well as by the excellent proportions of the limbs and body, and by the effects of crossing with Arab stock as witnessed on the Hacienda of Don Carlos Zuloaga of Chihuahua. The sire of these crosses is from the famous stables of the King of Wurtemberg, a stock which is rather of the Syrian Arab than of the pure Arab type; it is a larger animal than the pure Arab, which does not exceed fourteen

domesticated Arab of Europe soon attains a height of fifteen and one-half and even sixteen hands.

These measurements prove that there is so much fine blood in some of these ordinary Mexican mares that the cross in some instances gives us a type even nearer the ideal Arab than the sire.

In Durango, on the Hacienda of Lic, Pablo Martinez del Rio, we observed about four hundred horses which were driven in herds of twenty to thirty-five mares, each herd



A superior Mexican pony, with Andalusian and Arab blood.

	"Omar," 39	"Calipha," 5	"Anarchist II"	"Aleppo," 6½	"Ahi," 5½	Ideal Arab
Height at withers.....	58½	56	56	58	57	56 inches (14 hands)
Girth of chest.....	65¼	67	67½	67	67	66 "
Circumference of cannon bone of the fore leg.....	7	7½	7	7	7½	7 "
Total length of head.....	19¾	20½	19¾	20½	21	20 "
Length of face.....	10¾	10½	9½	10¾	9½	10—10½ inches
Length of ear.....	5½	6¼	6	6½	6½	6½—7 "

accompanied by a stallion, the Mexicans thus taking advantage of the habits of wild horses. In each of these herds the principal colors were bays, dark browns,\* with a scattering of duns, in some cases with no duns; there were rarely more than one or two duns in a herd. At this place the horses were being crossed with American stallions of the shire or work horse strain, of an inferior type. Among these

\* This observation concurs with that of a breeder in Nebraska, who says that wild horses run to bays, browns, dark browns,

animals again we carefully examined the callosities and limbs, finding a considerable percentage in which the chestnuts or callosities were greatly reduced or absent, as in Arabs. Owing to the influence of the heavy-necked shire blood there were, however, comparatively few animals with ewe-necks of the type seen in the American bronchos.

Among the anomalous forms observed here was a horse with a curly coat,

The duns for the most part show con-

fused shoulder striping but very clear leg striping, extending well up above the knees. It was interesting to observe that there were many cases of fallow or mouse-colored dun mules with very marked leg stripes. One team derived this leg striping through the mother, a dun-striped mare; in another team of six mules seen in Chihuahua the striping was derived from the sire, a jack in which the shoulder and leg stripes were very marked.

In this connection it may be observed that throughout Mexico leg striping is very frequent and conspicuous among the donkeys, usually extending well up the legs. This seems to favor the theory that the donkeys or asses are of multiple origin also, since the north African form, *Equus asinus*, from which the donkeys and domesticated asses generally are supposed to have been derived, does not possess any leg stripes. It is possible that the donkeys with very marked leg stripings may have descended from some form like the wild ass, species *Equus somalicus* of northeastern Africa, the present range of which is

along the lower Red Sea coast and Gulf of Aden southeast of that of the true *E. asinus*.

Near Mitla in the southern State of Oaxaca many of the donkeys exhibited striped legs, very plain stripes extending well above the knees, also a very broad shoulder stripe, often forking below. The dorsal stripe in one case appeared to show indications of lateral or vertical stripes. In Mitla also was observed a donkey in which traces of flank stripes were also present. Among the anomalous forms of donkeys observed were a family of Pinto or painted\* donkeys found in Durango.

So far as our observation went the Pinto horses were by no means common. Moreover, we secured little evidence of truly feral horses in northern Mexico. The stallions among these animals interfere so much with the domesticated herds that they have been shot off.

\* The calico and Pinto horses and donkeys may have originated as a saltation or mutation. They do not occur in the ordinary crossing of whites and browns. Out of seventy cases of the union of white stallions and bay mares not a single Pinto is recorded. The Pintoes are observed as especially prepotent.

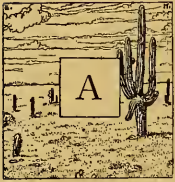


"Aleppo," another of crossing breeding.

# A VOYAGE BELOW SEA-LEVEL ON THE SALTON SEA

BY DR. D. T. MACDOUGAL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



Our little sloop floated down the Red River on our way to the Vermilion Sea, on a February afternoon in 1904, the lazy current of low water carried us past a wing dam of stakes and brush thrown out from the western shore of the Colorado, a few miles below Yuma, and this slender barrage was coaxing a reluctant and shallow stream toward a low opening in the bank where

it entered a channel of ditches and sloughs leading to distant dry plains which it was converting to fertile farm lands. Locks, control or headworks there were none, and our party, not inexperienced in engineering emergencies nor unlearned in the ways of the river, spent a lengthened evening in camp nearby, in discussion and conjecture as to what pressure of necessity or overbold haste could lead to such unguarded opening of the cage of a sleeping tiger.

Thirteen months later, we again came





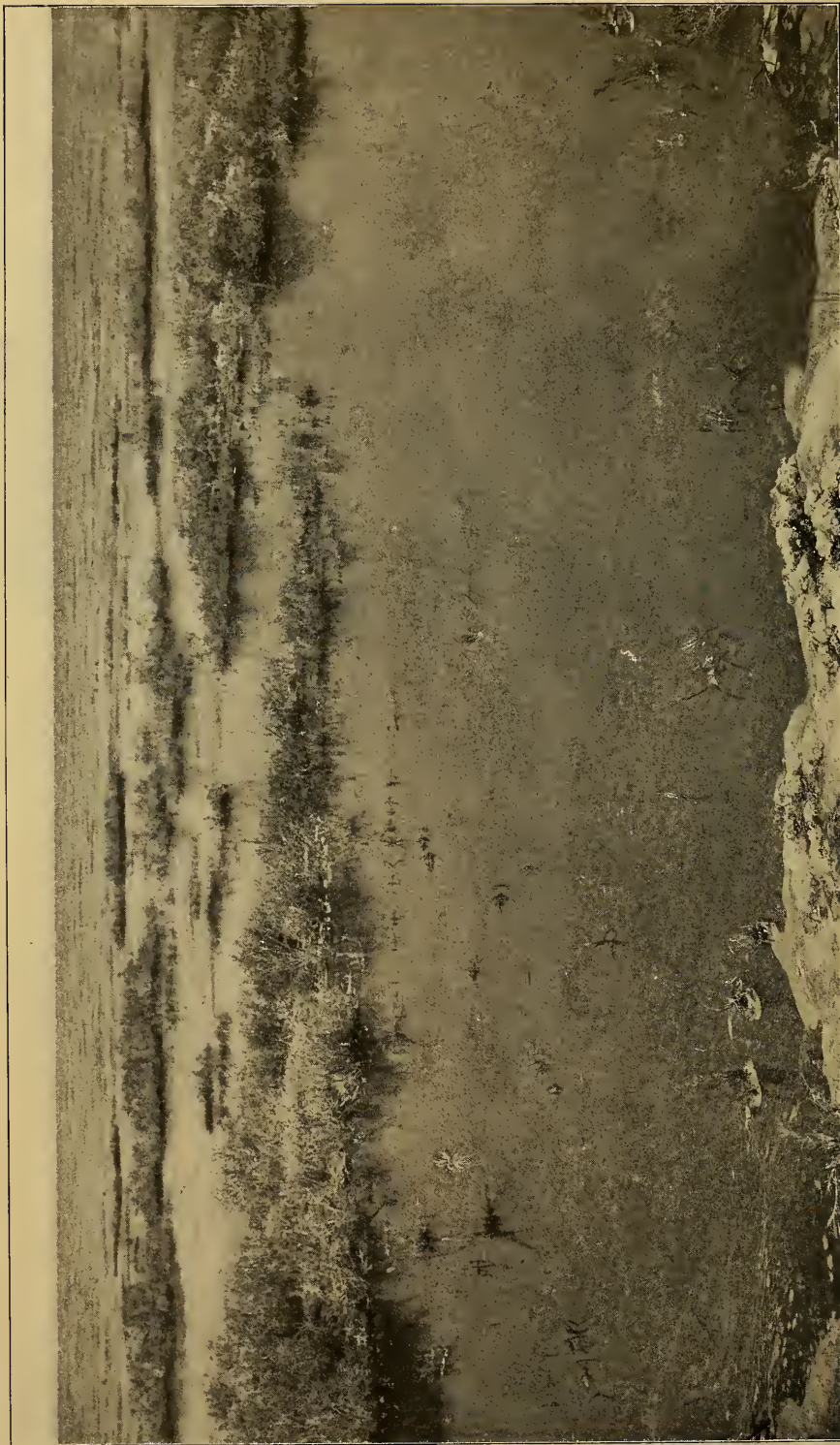


Partially submerged dune, half of which has been worn away by waves.

down from the Needles far up, and there came with us, the storm waters of Wyoming, Colorado and New Mexico, while the Bill Williams and Gila poured in a yellow tide that made the crest which we rode, a mark of record which will long be known of river men. Boats well in hand and in mid-stream, we now saw a turbid flood a half mile wide, rolling through a channel leading westward, while south of it for miles, a sheet of water slid swiftly over the ridgy bank and slipped away through the arrowweed and mesquite jungles, in the same direction.

Some distance from the river, the delta begins to slope northward into the Salton basin, the bottom of which lies 286 feet below sea-level, and which ordinarily, forms one of the most arid portions of the Colorado desert. With increasing velocity, the escaped water swept down the slopes of the bowl, cutting enormous channels in the clayey and alluvial soil, and when next we met the flood, it was vexing the souls of railway engineers over a hundred miles from the former site of the brush dam, playing havoc with the right of way, canceling stations and carrying confusion into a transcontinental passenger schedule from New Orleans to Los Angeles and San Fran-

cisco. Four times did the railway sidle, crab fashion, farther up the slope and as many times did the newly formed lake follow it, until standing in the mud at the margin, tamping train loads of gravel under the ties to take up the daily subsidence, energy was directed to mending the mischief begun by the pile of brush in mid-river far off to the eastward. The proverbial stitch had been so long delayed and hindered that a very vast deal of them were necessary before the mischief was repaired by the primitive method of piling the break in the bank, full of stone. Meanwhile, for more than a year, the current of this great river had been rushing down into the basin with increasing fury, bringing with it, farmhouses, railway stations, cemeteries, wrecked railways and essays at floodgates, bridges, stores and stocks of merchandise, which with millions of cubic feet of earth, dugged from the newly formed channels and silt carried by the water, were deposited in the bowl near the debouchure of the Alamo and New Rivers, as the principal channels are called. The water rose an average of a foot a week for a year, spreading far out over the desert until in February 1907, it covered an area of nearly five hundred square miles to a depth



Shore of Salton Sea in May, 1906, with submerged desert shrubs.

which was measured to eighty-four feet in the central portion.

Nothing could be more anomalous than the effect of this flood in the middle of the desert, and the shore when examined early in 1907, was simply the margin of the water, the characteristic spiny shrubs of the region walking down the slopes into deeper water, until out at distances which might be a half mile from dry land, their tops disappeared under the surface. Only in a few places on steep sandy and gravelly slopes, had a real beach been formed. The dry streamways of the desert are for the most part shallow barrancas, varying in width from a few feet to many yards with flat bottoms edged by the vertical overhanging banks. Many such channels lead down toward the center of the basin and as the level of the lake rose, it pushed out into them for some distance, perhaps for half a mile. The ground swell of the lake would cause a slow outward creeping of the tips of these long inlets, which in fifteen minutes would reach fifty, or sixty feet farther, when a pause of a few minutes would ensue, then a swift backward run would complete an oscillation, repeated with clock-like regularity for many hours.

A trip by boat about the shores offered inviting possibilities, as it ran around the basin in such manner, that to follow it would give opportunities for examination and comparison of areas widely separated in distance and in the character of the vegetation and surface topography.

Not only were we eager to see the desert, but also to note what changes the invading waters had made in it, and what further permanent influences were at work. To lead the sea into the depressed areas of the Sahara, has been the fond dream of the imaginative promoters at various times during the last thirty years, and the impossible scheme of leading the ocean across two hundred and sixty miles of intervening country to the Lake Eyre basin in South Australia, has received serious consideration even in recent years. Here, however, the plan was represented by accomplishment and its benefits and effects lay "under our lee bow" as we started from Mecca at the northwestern end of the Salton Sea in February of the present year.

Mecca had probably never aspired to be a port on the salt seas, or to become a ship-

building center, yet we thrust this distinction upon her, by constructing a small sailboat with generous beam and snug sail within the limits of the town, which was tried out and brought up the convenient channel of a sunken road to within a few hundred yards of the railway station, on February 7, 1907. Day by day, the water gained a few feet up this thoroughfare, for the flood of the Colorado was still pouring into the lake, and was not cut off by the rock filling until February 10th. Here and there on the gentler slopes, one might follow the thin edge of the flood as it crept across the baking soil gaining, it might be, ten feet per hour, and if this ten feet lay within your own boundaries, you might remark it very thoughtfully indeed, for this invading water is not the sweet enriching liquid that left the Colorado, as it has dropped its fertile silt and bears much salt and alkali in its crystal clearness and may not leave improvement behind in potato fields and date orchards.

Taking on a portion of our outfit in the harbor among the mesquite and arrowweeds, the boat was poled outside and around to the railway embankment, where we embarked the remainder of the equipment and the party of five all told. Casting loose from the rails which were a bare eight inches above the smooth water, a course was laid due south to Rabbit mountain where the granite foothills come down nearest the shore. The route of a year before was followed but now we were sailing along thirty to fifty feet above the wagon track among fields and ranches, their position being denoted by an occasional pole or roof-peak.

The contact line of the water and dry land necessarily created new features in the landscape, and the party became a board of geographical names in continuous session during waking hours. The investigations begun will require at least ten years for their completion and while in progress, the need of definite names will be as great as if the lake were to last as many centuries.

The first stop was made in the barrancas that came down near Travertine Island, an isolated cliff which would be an island if the sea were filled to its ancient beach line, twenty-two feet above sea-level. The half mile slope that intervenes here between the high level beach and the margin of the

water, shows numerous minor beaches, marked by bands or zones of vegetation, indubitably attesting the fact that the Salton Sea has been made and has disappeared many times and by irregular stages during the last hundred centuries. These gravel slopes and beach formations of desert plants, offer some exceedingly interesting history, which may be deciphered only by experimentation and by observation of the recession of the lake from its present level.

The smaller animals of the desert were encountered in great variety during our stay ashore at Travertine point. California quail called from the margins of the sand washes, small rabbits scurried for cover to the dense clumps of straggling mesquite, desert rats and mice burrowed everywhere, while a wild cat looked down on us from the secure height of the bowlders of Travertine Island. Even rolling up a sleeping bag was accompanied with expectation since it was not uncommon to uncover one to three scorpions in the process. We left Mecca with a meager supply of water expecting to

replenish our tanks from a flowing well near which a Coahuila Indian had reared a small grove of fig trees by the most assiduous care, but the pool was under the salt water of the lake, and the trees were standing in three feet of its brine, irretrievably ruined. Nearby was a rude granary with the bases of its upright supports in the water, the contents still safe from the creeping floods. These granaries are circular baskets a yard in diameter and as high, woven of the coarse stems of the arrow-weed and when filled are covered loosely with a cow skin or a mat.

The submerged spring figured in our information as the only source of supply in this region, but a forenoon's search disclosed a shallow pool ten feet in diameter and a few inches in depth a short distance up the gentle slope. The liquid collected from among its sedges and cat-tails, had a grassy flavor, but it is at the present the only available pool on the southwestern side of the lake, and the water taken from it had to serve us during the remainder of our voyage.



A Coahuila granary of arrow-weed stems with a cover of rawhide.



Drinking the sap of a barrel cactus.

It is difficult to comprehend the part that water, or rather the lack of water, plays in shaping the life of the desert. Mice and other small rodents, native to arid regions, have been known to live on hard seeds without green food for periods of several months or even as long as two or three years, and nothing in their behavior indicated that they ever took liquid in any form. I have hunted deer and peccary in Sonora in regions in which the only source of water was to be found in the cacti; even bands of domestic sheep reared in the arid regions, acquire a capacity for going without water for many weeks. The endurance of the camel is well known and some of the best authenticated evidence upon the matter comes from Australia where it has been introduced recently, and, apparently, has become an indispensable means of transportation in the western and southern portions. These animals may travel for several days without water, but the record for work under such circumstances seems to be that of Tietkin's journey in 1891-1892, in which a march of 537 miles in

thirty-four days was made, without giving the animals a drink.

Similar adaptations are exhibited by a large number of plants. The guarequi of Sonora is a member of the squash family, inhabiting a region in which the annual rainfall occurs within a few days in the autumn. The base of the stem at the surface of the ground becomes swollen to the size of a market basket in the adult plant, and this serves as a reservoir for water. During the hot rainy season, the thin vines are sent up, leaves are formed and the small squash-like fruit is formed, then the vines and roots quickly perish leaving the guarequi resting on the surface of the sandy soil, like a boulder until the next rainy season when the vegetative activity is repeated. One of these huge tubers was picked up under an acacia tree in the Sonora sands in February, 1902, and placed on a shelf in a museum case with a number of preserved exhibits: in the summer of that year, and in every year since, it has sent up its thin stems and spread its leaves at a time corresponding to its active season

in the desert. These have soon died down in a very natural manner, all of the plastic material and water not used, being carried back into the tuber which now goes into a sleeping or resting condition for another year. Six times has this awakening occurred, and no change in the firmness of the guarequi or of its external appearance has taken place. It has already lived six years upon water which it had in reserve, the last addition to its store having been made in October, 1901. It would not be unsafe to say that this plant accumulates a reserve which may last it for a quarter of a century.

Man however, is poorly armed against the rigors of the desert. A horseman may go from the morning of one day until some hour of the next, in midsummer, and neither he nor his horse may incur serious danger, and experiences of this kind are numerous. If the traveler is afoot, abstinence from water from sunrise to sunset is a serious inconvenience to him, and if he continues his journey, the following morning his sufferings may so disturb his mental balance that he may be unable to follow a trail, and by evening of that day, if he has not come to something drinkable, he may not recognize the friendly stream in his way, and instances are not unknown in which sufferers from thirst, have forded streams waist deep to wander out on the dry plain to a grisly death.

Some estimate may be made of the actual amount necessary from the fact that the writer during the course of an ordinary day in May at Tucson, consumed sixteen pints of water. A walk of three or four miles was taken, but no especial muscular effort beyond this was involved. A march across the desert in midsummer would double this quantity. Under such circumstances, a canteen of less capacity than a gallon is a toy, and one of real usefulness, should contain at least twice that amount. The most notable example of endurance of thirst is that of a Mexican prospector, hunting for a "lost mine" near the old Camino del Diablo, or trail from Altar to Yuma, who made camp safely after being out for eight days with a supply sufficient for one. This experience is not likely to be duplicated soon, although it is reported that Indians often go as long as four days without water.

The more experienced members of our

party were able to satisfy thirst with the water from the Salton which contained three-tenths of one per cent. solid matter, most of which was salt, and later all of us used the water of Poso Coyote, which contained one-fourth of one per cent. of common salt and black alkali. Much greater alkalinity and salinity might be endured in extremity, but the continued use of water that contained as much as one-half of one per cent. of salt or alkali, would be accompanied by much discomfort and injury.

All devices for allaying the discomfort arising from the dryness of the mucous membranes, such as carrying bullets or pebbles in the mouth, chewing grass, or a piece of rubber, are wholly futile in meeting the serious thirst problem. The relative humidity often falls to five per cent. in the southwestern deserts, and in a temperature of over a hundred degrees, the evaporation from a vessel of water standing in the open may be as much as an inch a day. The amount thrown off by the skin is correspondingly great, and if the loss is not made good, thirst ensues, and ten hours lack of water may thicken the tongue so that speech is impossible.

The Indian and the desert traveler often seek relief in the juices of plants when water fails. The fruits of some of the prickly pears, are slightly juicy; the fronds of the same plant, or the great trunks of the s2guaro contain much sap, but for the most part, it is bitter and while it would save life in extremity, yet it is very unpleasant to use. The barrel cactus, or bisnaga (*Echinocactus*) however, contains within its spiny cylinders, a fair substitute for good water. To get at this juice, one must be armed with a stout knife, or an axe with which to decapitate the plant, which is done by cutting away a section from the top. Next a green stake is obtained from some shrub or tree that is free from bitter substances, and with this or with the axe, the white pith of the interior is pounded to a pulp and a cavity that would hold two gallons is formed. Squeezing the pulp between the hands into this cavity will give from three to six pints of a drinkable liquid that is far from unpleasant, and is generally a few degrees cooler than the air. Scouting Indians have long used the bisnaga to save carrying a heavy supply of water, and a drink may be obtained in



Margin of Salton Sea with terrace of ancient beach line on the right.

this manner by a skilled operator in five to ten minutes.

After our observations had been completed at Travertine Point, and a rough survey made of the area in which the action of the vegetation would be followed with the subsidence of the lake, we made southward, camping ashore on the points made by fans of detritus coming down the long slopes from the mountains to the westward. The wind was consistently feeble and progress was made chiefly by the sweeps. Landings were made early in the afternoon, instruments were set up, the bearings of the range marks taken, traps set for small animals and excursions made inland, which were greatly lengthened in case a stay of an entire day was made. On the following morning, notes were completed, photographs made, the specimens collected were prepared for preservation and we would go aboard for a day's work with the oars that rarely carried us more than fifteen miles.

Thousands of ducks, gulls and pelicans were scattered over the surface of the lake and the report of a gun would create a dis-

turbance that would cause every bird within a radius of a mile or two, to rise, all being exceedingly shy. A fair shot was to be obtained only by concealment in the desert shrubs out on a point, as the morning or evening flight followed near the general shore line.

In addition to mapping the shore line, soundings and water samples were made every few miles. The greatest depth found, was eighty-four feet. This measurement was taken shortly after the main inflow was stopped by the completion of the rock dam at the famous intake, and probably represents the maximum depth during the present formation of the lake. The completion of this dam, however, does not imply that the lake is likely to subside with rapidity and dry up within a short time. More than two weeks after the stoppage, we found a current coming down New and Alamo Rivers, sufficient to compensate the evaporation. This water probably comes from flooded sloughs and seepage, and will of course, gradually decrease, but the total flow will be sufficient

to prevent any great subsidence of the level in the lake during the next year or two, as was shown by the maintenance of the high level during March and April. The recurring danger of the Colorado breaking over its banks at other points, is also to be kept in mind.

Our southernmost point was made amid the sand dunes that come down the extensive dry wash of Carrizo Creek. These dunes are crescentic in form owing to the steadiness of the wind and move across the desert in a direction midway between the two horns of the half moon. As the water came up, the crests of the dunes remained above the water, and as the seaward half was worn down first by the action of the waves, the remaining portion resembled a whale stranded in shallow water, when seen from the shore. But another fate might overtake the dunes ashore. In many places seepages of exceedingly salty water are found and when a dune reaches one of these, its particles become wetted and do not move on with the action of the wind in the customary manner. As a result, a huge dome of sand remains over the spring, and being moist, seeds of shrubs and other plants find lodgment and soon a clump of plants crown the mound, the whole forming an admirable retreat for small rodents of all kinds. The seepages are affected by many things, and are only semi-permanent in any spot. The failure of the moisture allows the sand to become dry, the wind begins the disintegration of the dune, and plants die from lack of water, and the four-footed inhabitants seek a more congenial residence.

A thorough test was made in this locality as to the probable effect of the lake upon the climate. A narrow belt about the shore a few hundred yards in width, was found to have a high relative humidity, but at a distance of a mile on a still day, the customary dryness of the air was found. These differences could be detected by the skin without the use of instruments and were confirmed by the wet and dry bulb thermometers. The maintenance of the lake at any level for an extended period, would doubtless result in the growth of a belt of shrubs around it, but the water is too highly charged to be used for irrigation. Much amusing newspaper sensationalism has appeared affirming a change of climate

in the southwestern deserts, due to the formation of the Salton Sea. If all of the water evaporated from it in a year could be collected and precipitated as rain, it would give Arizona nearly a half-inch and would not suffice to lay the dust over the area it is supposed to influence. The vapor from the surface rises to great heights and no means of condensing it, or keeping it near the ground is to be found in the configuration of the surrounding country or in the prevailing winds. It would be as reasonable to suppose that an enlargement of the fountain basin in Madison Square would affect the climate of New York, but the delusion in question will doubtless be paraded for a century to come.

Our course was laid due east across the lake from the dunes of Carrizo Creek toward the group of four islands which had risen, danced and flattened in the mirage as seen from various points on our journey. We found them to be volcanic hills, the largest of which rose a hundred feet above the water which stood fifteen to thirty feet in depth around it. The travertine formation on the rocks gave evidence that their mass was above the general level when the water had stood at its higher levels in the basin. An interesting struggle for existence was found on these isolated areas, cut off from the mainland by six miles of water, which had probably come around them in June or July of last year. The alkaline soil supported a sparse vegetation of salt-bush, pickle weed and a few desert herbs, which furnished food for a few small rabbits, rats and mice, and these in turn were being eaten by the few foxes and coons marooned with them. An occasional hawk sailed out from the mainland and disturbed the nice balance resulting.

A group of active mud volcanoes lies north of these islands, but no indications of their presence is to be seen on the surface of the water at the present time.

The hills which now constitute the islands are scarcely ten miles from the stations of Old Beach and Volcano, and are in plain sight from these places. So long as dry desert intervened, they attracted no attention. Scarcely had the flood cut them off as islands however, before the most thrilling stories were to be heard as to the wonderful deposits of obsidian and placer gold to be found on them.



A landing was made in a wide barranca within three miles of Old Beach, and several hours were spent at the station making arrangements for our journey into the Pattie basin in Mexico, in which we expected to find conditions similar to those of the Salton. The bare alkali flats which fringe the shore here, present no features of topography by which the traveler may be guided. The range marks leading to the boat had been taken by daylight, but these could not be made out when the party started by moonlight, dimmed with fleecy clouds, to return to the shore. Consequently we failed to head the one barranca down which the boat lay, and were soon caught in the mesh-like branches that radiate in all directions from a series of channels a half mile in length. One barranca after another was headed and followed down to the main shore, encountering branches that had to be avoided, then its entire length would be retraced and another trial made. The hull of the boat was level with the banks of the channel in

which she lay, and the bare mast could not be made out fifty yards away, and our search lasted for hours, a pedometer carried by one of the party registering twelve miles when we came upon the hiding place of the little craft.

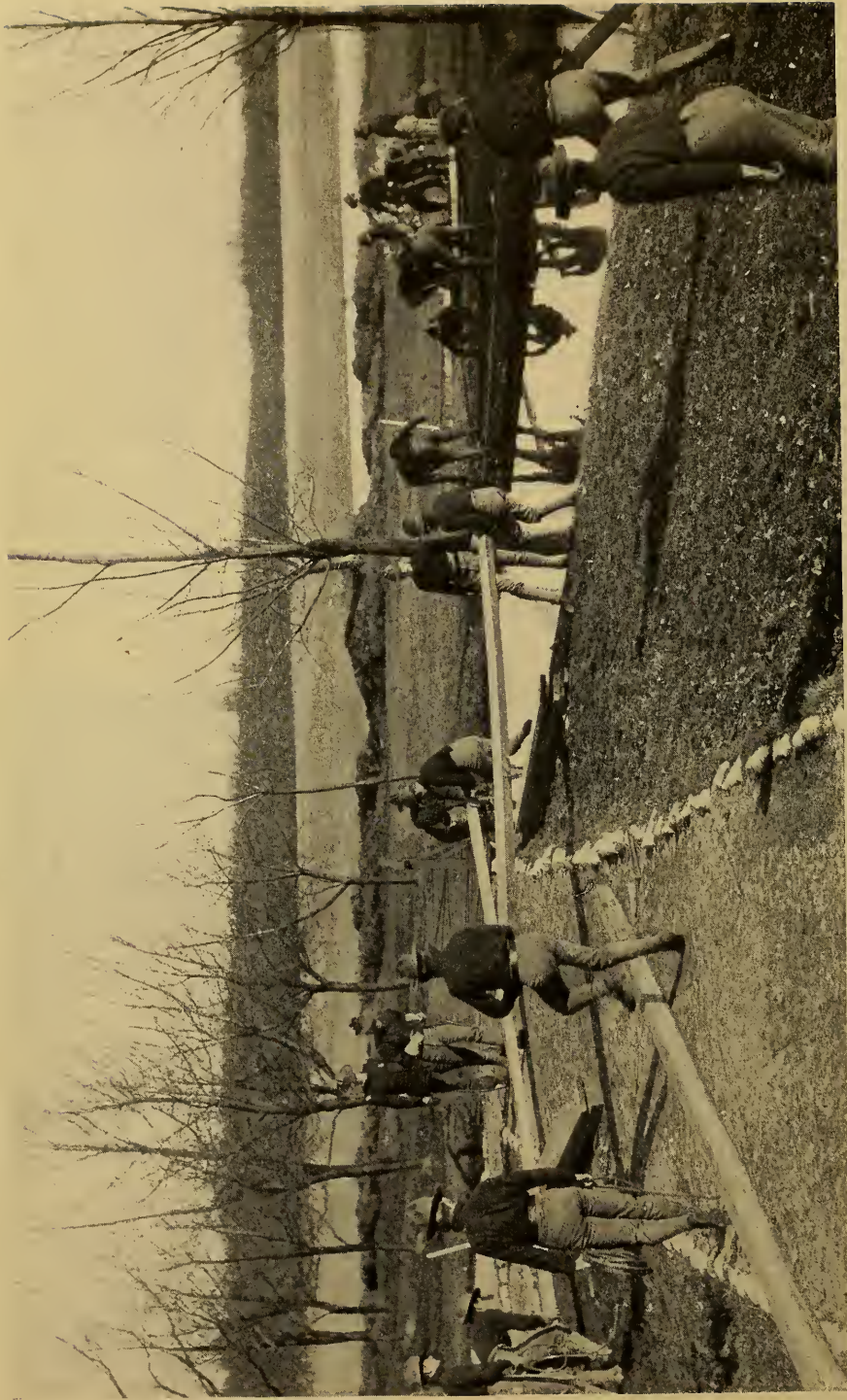
In the morning the boat was dismantled and secured and the second voyage, below sea-level, in the Pattie basin was carried out by wagon.

A month from the beginning of the expedition, two of the party returned to this place to complete the circumnavigation of the lake, refitted the boat in wind that drove the alkali dust into eyes and nostrils with impartially unpleasant results, and starting out in the teeth of the gale were compelled to seek refuge on the islands from the winds and choppy waves that followed each other in sixteen-foot intervals.

In good time, however, the little sloop, *Chuckawalla*, sailed up into the country road at Mecca, where she now rests in deep and secure harborage.



The guarequi which carries a surplus store of water sufficient to meet its needs for twenty-five years.



Making bridges.

# TRAINING OUR MINUTE MEN OF THE FUTURE

A LEGACY OF THE SPIRIT OF '76

BY DAY ALLEN WILLEY



THE youngster whose eyes do not glisten at the sight of the gold and blue, or whose nerves do not tingle at the sound of the drum tap, is out of the usual in the boy line. It runs in the blood of the American boy to follow the band as soon as he is old enough to toddle. Whether barefooted and coatless, or fresh from mamma's hands with everything spick and span from top to toe, let the soldiers, the firemen, come down the street, and away he goes, chest out, head up, trying to stretch his legs to the regulation thirty-inch step. Condition and color are alike forgotten as he joins the squad of little humanity, proudly trudging at the heels of the drum major or beside the file closer. Little cares he for the mud-spotted jacket and collar, the dirt-begrimed shoes, or who his companion. Along with Tim and Pat from the alley go Howard and Sidney from the avenue, for playing soldier puts all on a common level just as the terrible earnestness of war itself binds men into a common brotherhood regardless of wealth and station.

Little have we thought what this enthusiasm of the future men of the Republic means in its development. Far more is there to it than just the nerve thrill to pass away with the last notes of the music and the last echo of the measured tread. It is a trait of Americanism that has at last been seized by the teacher to fit the boy for manhood in a way as practical as it is novel; for the soldier student—the cadet—has become a common type of the school-boy. The gun and saber have entered the study room. The uniform has taken the

place of the Eton suit and cap and gown. Upton's Tactics lie on the study table beside algebra and Cæsar.

After Tecumseh Sherman had fought his last battle he made the remark that we ought to have a chain of soldier-making schools stretching from boundary to boundary. So popular has the idea of military training become that were the hero of the March to the Sea alive, he could review a cadet company in nearly every state and territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Every year ten thousand young soldiers are taking their place among us. But soldier making is not the main incentive of these institutions. Those whom they fit for business, the professions or the university acquire a knowledge of scientific warfare only as an incident in their education. And the routine of this sort of life is of vital importance to them in other ways than in building up the body and fitting them to serve their country in case of emergency. The head of one of our best equipped military schools—Colonel A. F. Fleet—thus explains why the example of the soldier is emulated:

“A lack of system or order is perhaps the most serious defect in the American character. Hence the necessity in our schools for a discipline which will develop and train to its fullest perfection this trait in the youth of the country. The man who does his work without order, who has not been trained to do the right thing at the right time and in the right way, labors always under a tremendous disadvantage when brought into competition with one who has been so trained. Experience has shown that the military school, with its exactness and precision, its rigid adherence to system and discipline, best accomplishes this result. The importance of regular daily exercise under intelligent direction for boys during the formative period, between the ages of fourteen and twenty, cannot be over-



The bicycle scouts on the firing line.

estimated, and nothing else conduces so perfectly to effect this as military drill under a competent instructor."

This is the idea that has been so successful—to so systematize the young American, that when he doffs the uniform and puts on the garb of workaday life, he has been trained to do one thing at a time. There is much in the new world he enters that appeals to him if he has good red blood and that stirs anew the patriotism which earliest flared in the days when he followed the band.

All the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific are posts where, every day in the year, the flag receives a salute as it is lowered at sunset. You do not find these posts recorded in the War Department roster, for they are not government garrisons, yet each is an imitation West Point where ambition, from commandant to private, is to equal if possible the standard of our National Academy. After a boy signs the muster-roll, he lives in a little world where the bugle—the soldier's clock—guides him through the day's routine. He sleeps in the barracks and is awakened by reveille. At the breakfast or dinner hour he falls in and marches to the mess hall. He greets the professors and the cadet officers with hand to visor. "Taps" means the day's end. Every drum beat, every bugle note, is part of a new language he acquires. Whether at study, off duty or in the ranks he is ever within sight or sound of something martial.

The *esprit de corps* incites him to do his best. When he falls into the ranks with his company or springs into the saddle with his troop, it is like doing "stunts" in the days when he wore knee-breeches and played "follow the leader." But here is a game with real guns that he may shoot as fast as he can pull the trigger, for many of the commands are armed with repeating rifles. Nor is the field battery made up of dummy pieces. When it rumbles into position every boy of the squad that leaps from the caissons, becomes an artilleryman, handling the cleaner or ramrod, seating the cartridges in the breech or sighting the piece. It may remind him of Fourth of July when he filled the old shotgun barrel half full of powder and then lighted the fire-cracker fuse at the touchhole. But there's more than mere noise to it.

Drill with the field guns comes close to the real thing, especially when the battery repulses an infantry or cavalry charge. The effect is heightened by the workmanlike appearance of the young artilleryists, their powder-blackened faces, blue flannel shirts open at the throat and arms bared to the elbow. Horsemanship is naturally a most attractive branch of cadet instruction, and a part of the curriculum of the leading schools of the country. Here again the youthful rough-riders look upon bare-back riding, pyramid riding and other feats as "stunts," yet this is the kind of training that has turned more than one body of cadets into crack troopers. The technical part of war—bridge-building, throwing up breastworks—is not forgotten, when the command starts out for an expedition into the "enemy's country." In short, year by year more attention is given to the real things which make the soldier. While there is the pretty side of it—dress-parade and guard mount—the regular service tactics are faithfully observed, and cadet battalions become very proficient, drilled as they are under the eye of a veteran officer of the army—for any school which can turn out one hundred and fifty cadets at inspection may have a commissioned U. S. A. officer detailed to its faculty for military instruction.

The alteration which this life within the shadow of the flag makes in the very appearance of the average boy is interesting. Not all the townbreds may be bent over and narrow-chested, but only one in a hundred holds his shoulders or backbone in its proper position. The muscles of the farm lads are thick and knotty, a case of round shoulders and rugged awkwardness. As the days pass on, by degrees the long, springy stride displaces the shuffle. Back go the shoulders and up lifts the chin. No longer do the hands swing like the clock pendulum. They hang naturally at the side and the boy realizes pockets are for other things. The daily morning "set up" broadens his chest and sends the blood rushing in stronger currents through vein and artery. The knots in the muscles of the country boy may shrink a bit, but he becomes better proportioned and, like his city cousin, the brawn is put where it is most needed.

Back in the days of the struggle be-

tween the states, a Western senator dropped into Secretary Stanton's office at Washington. The conversation turned upon the war drama to the southward.

"Secretary," asked the senator, "what is the real reason we can't put an end to it?"

"It's those infernal cadet schools that keep the war a-going, else we'd had 'em whipped long ago," was the reply.

True is it that the half dozen Southern military academies of the Sixties sent every cadet who was old enough to drill a squad of recruits to the aid of the Rebel government. They "whipped in" the raw recruits, acted as drill sergeants and turned the mountaineers and swamp dwellers into hardy, disciplined regiments. No wonder Lincoln's war secretary spoke as he did when he thought of what these recruits had done under Lee and Stonewall Jackson—nor is it strange that the gray of the cadet became the regulation color of the Southern uniform. There was good reason for it. The Virginia Military Institute itself contributed thirty-three generals, sixty colonels, thirty majors and one hundred and twenty-five captains to the service. Even before this period, "book soldiering" was admitted to be worth while. When we crossed the Rio Grande to change Texas from the old republic to the new, graduates from the Citadel of Charleston and the institutes of Virginia and Louisiana fought side by side with the West Pointers. Even the boys from old Norwich up in the Green Mountains saw real service. In the trenches before Vera Cruz, on the plains of Palo Alto and in the front rank of the storming party that scaled Chapultepec, the one-time cadet soldiers were tried indeed by fire, but not found wanting. As far back as 1820, only a few years after the academy on the Hudson's banks had opened its doors, "Old Partridge," as they called him, was teaching his Vermont boys at Norwich how to stand straight and shoot straight. Perhaps the country owes more than it realizes to "Old Partridge," for among its students back in the Fifties was the man who, as he led our fleet into the harbor of Manila, told Gridley to fire when he was ready.

Years ago some one painted a picture called "The Spirit of '76" that will never be forgotten. At the head of the line of

buff coats strides a bare-headed old man playing a fife with all the concentration and enthusiasm of martial ardor. The wind blows back his thin gray locks as he presses sturdily ahead—his threescore years and ten forgotten. The spirit of the moment has made him young again. By his side steps the little drummer with upturned face revealing the awe and admiration he feels for his companion. There were "Minute Boys" as well as "Minute Men," in those days—who shouldered guns along with their fathers at Concord and at Bennington.

Young America is an intensely interesting study not merely to father and mother, but to every one who has the future welfare of our country at heart; for Young America is to make its future. Its character, its development will typify just what the boy becomes whom we see trudging along after the drum major or the file closer, eyes glistening and nerves tingling at what he sees and hears, as did those of the boy of '76. Perhaps this spirit of the days of the Revolution is one of our most precious heirlooms. Doubtless it has served to make the school of the civilian soldier so popular and so important an element of our educational system. In the veins of the children of the Colonies flowed the blood of the Anglo-Saxon, the Huguenot and the Dutchman. To-day America presents possibly the most composite type on the globe. Enter a public school in any large city and you may see the features of nearly every race of Europe as well as those of Saxon-Latin. Throughout the great West are millions of boys and girls whose parents were born on foreign soil. But no matter what his parentage, what his location, the boy nature is the same to-day as it was a half-century ago; whatever he may be, whoever he may be, he is fond of playing soldier.

It was a wise provision to include tactics in the curriculum of the agricultural and mechanical colleges which the nation has endowed for the higher education of the boy and girl of the farm, for of the total number of cadet soldiers graduated in the country yearly, these institutions contribute nearly one-half. From the fifty colleges come about forty-five hundred; of thirty-five thousand students fifteen thousand are enrolled in the cadet corps. The fact that

these colleges represent thirty-two states and territories indicates the national scope of this influence. The public high-schools of principal cities have also introduced military tactics to such an extent that nine thousand boys are cadet soldiers—the most notable command being the High-School Cadet Brigade of Boston, which represents several public academies in the city and suburbs and has an average membership of two thousand. But of strictly military schools there are one hundred and seventy-five throughout the land. Nearly every state has at least one, New York has thirty-two, New Jersey nine, Pennsylvania eleven, North Carolina seven, Texas nine, Wisconsin four, California nine and Illinois five. These states are quoted merely to show how widely distributed are the centers of soldier making. And the means are within reach of any reputable school that can muster a corps of one hundred and fifty or two hundred boys. Under these conditions the Federal Government will furnish

field pieces and caissons for the battery and arm the corps with saber and rifle. It is only necessary for the school authorities to give bond to return the equipment in good condition. Thus with weapons of actual warfare the routine of the regular army may be faithfully followed.

No country can boast of a more patriotic volunteer military service than ours. The cry from Cuba revealed the eagerness of every state to send its regiment to die if need be for La Libertad, but also the Spanish war demonstrated that in the matter of organization we were more willing than prepared. It emphasized the vital importance of efficiency—such efficiency as can only be obtained under the eye of trained soldiers. The value of the cadet school is in elevating the standards of the militia. Ten thousand young men coming from these institutions every year mean an addition of a hundred thousand men in a decade to the class of American citizens available for the country's protection.





"That's right . . . the whole world locoed,  
all but me."

Drawing by J. N. Marchand.



# HOW LOCO JONES SAW LIGHT

BY BEN BLOW

DRAWING BY J. N. MARCHAND



“I’VE rode night-herd,” the foreman of the Jack Hall outfit said, “until I slep’ astraddle of my horse; I’ve rode night runs when I’d ’a’ sold my chance o’ comin’ through for a wore-out rope an’ throwed a bridle in; I’ve rode the trail an’ seen the cattle piled up dead at poison springs, which ain’t no joyful vision by no means, but when I think of the time the Jack Hall outfit night-herded Loco Jones till he seen light, I pass; that sure was hell.” He blew a ring of fragrant smoke and peered through it as if his eyes reached out to his beloved mountains and their canopy of turquoise sky. “Jones,” he said, “wuz a poor devil that’d gone loco tendin’ sheep which ain’t no ways uncommonly the end o’ sich a life. Bein’ alone does it, under the stars that wink an’ wink at you without no sound. An’ days an’ weeks an’ months without no human face; the rustle of the sheep when they lays down an’ smell o’ wool, great God, it must be awful to live that-a-way.

“Jones must ’a’ came from Arizona or New Mexico becuz he sure kin spit the Spanish like a native born, but no one never heard him tell just where his trail had led. His brain wuz kind o’ like a crazy quilt, all full o’ patches, no two alike. I kind o’ think sometimes, he’d made a miscue back in the past an’ drifted off to hide, but if he did we never knowed. He stood plum six foot three, straight in his socks an’ must ’a’ been a wonder of a man before the loco et him down to skin an’ bone. His face wuz tan, but kind o’ ashy underneath, an’ crow feathers ain’t no blacker than his hair, only his hair wuz dull an’ hung in strings as if the roots wuz

dead. He first come to the Jack Hall outfit when Cook wuz holdin’ fort alone, the boys bein’ off roundin’ up Poncha pasture, an’ when I rode in at night he’d settled down to bein’ plum at home.

“‘Bill,’ Cook says, introducin’ of him, ‘I has a new-found neighbor, an’ I hopes a friend, which lives some place on Poncha, close to Cottonwood. I’d wish to have you meet him, as near as I kin make it out his name is Jones.’

“‘My name,’ the stranger says, ‘is reely Norval, becuz I tends my father’s flocks, but Jones ’ll do. A rose by any other name’d smell as sweet, as Shakespeare says, so Jones ’ll do. The world is runnin’ over with the name of Smith, an’ so I takes the name o’ Jones to help the Joneses out.’ I looks at Cook, which points his finger at his head an’ winks, which sets me straight, an’ then old Bull which ’d been snoozin’ some place in the sun comes up. ‘Odds boddikins,’ says Jones, ‘a very devil of a dog. Here, knave, come here,’ an’ dern my pictures if Bull don’t walk straight up to him an’ lick his hand, which sure wuz plum unnatural, him bein’ a backward dog by nature an’ slow in hookin’ up with strangers.

“‘Plum locoed,’ says Cook, speakin’ kind o’ absent-minded, but noways misstatin’ of the truth.

“‘That’s right,’ says Jones. ‘The whole world locoed, all but me.’

“‘That ain’t noways a lie,’ says Cook, to square the break he’d made.

“‘It’s the eternal truth,’ says Jones, ‘as this here doggie knows, which he tells me with his eyes. I sees the real heart o’ things, the good an’ true an’ beautiful, only my head is full o’ prickly little aches that never dies.’

“‘I seen his case wuz hopeless from the

start, sheep herdin' serves white men that-a-way sometimes, but he turned out to be a handy man to have around an' buckled up to Cook an' Bull like they wuz long-lost brothers an' helped around the shack an' did odd chores an' acted every-way as if he wuz a-tryin' to show that he wuz white. He'd built hisself a shack, but mostly days he hung around with Cook an' Bull, an' no time ain't passed till he wuz pretty near as much a fixture of the Jack Hall outfit as Bull hisself, which sure is sayin' lots. Sometimes he's middlin' sensible, which times is mostly when the weather's dry, but when it's muggy an' the air is thick an' wet the pains gets awful in his head an' his eyes has the same dumb look you see a locoed steer have when he lays down to die. Them times Jones walks by hisself, an' seems to kind o' lose his eyesight an' steps high, for all the world like a locoed steer that jumps over pieces o' straw an' shies at things that ain't no ways unusual, an' he spouts out poetry an' waves his arms an' uses words that none of us kin get no sense from, bein' some foreign language, Greek or French, I ain't a-sayin' which, but mostly he's only harmless as if his body had plain an' simple outgrown his mind.

"In stormy weather, when the cattle 'd get restless an' the boys 'd be out night-ridin' them, once in a while they'd get a sight o' Jones, bareheaded an' wet strings hangin' every which-a-way about his face, trampin' alone, shakin' his fist an' cussin' an' cryin' out awful in the night, but no one could 'a' helped it an' we never tried, the loco had too fast a hold on him an' wuz corrodin' of him, lock, stock an' barrel, slow but deadly sure. Sometimes we let him ride a bit, more to keep him contented than for any good he done, an' Cook bein' plum sympathetic for him 'd let him have his saddle any time he'd wish. Things gradual settled down till no one hardly noticed Jones, but Cook an' Short Leg Dwyer, which he'd kind o' picked out from the rest, watched over him plum concerned to see he didn't get no harm, them two sure bein' as white little men at heart as ever wore bow-legged pants to fit a bronch.

"We all knowed Jones couldn't last no length of time. How flesh an' blood c'd stand hell fires as long as he did marvels me, but we knowed well that soon or late

the loco 'd reach his heart. One time when he'd took out a horse to kind o' look up strays in Poncha pasture a storm come up most from a clear blue sky. The clouds puffed up like steam an' everything seemed kind o' prickly with electricity till I sure see we had one's hell's own night to spend. 'Get out your "Fishes," boys,' I tells the outfit, 'hell an' high waters is goin' to roar around us before we sees the sun rise any more,' which sure was true an' no mistake, an' Cottonwood choked up an' roared all night; the wind blowed splinters off the hills an' lightin' filled the valley till it smelled like brimstone on a sulphur match. It sure wuz hard to hold the jumpy cattle till close to sunup when the storm had gone on south, an' then we got them rounded up an' quieted an' left them feedin', knowin' plenty well they'd had enough to keep them quiet for a while, an' we rode back where Cook wuz waitin' for us with a kettle full o' coffee hot an' black, an' most like pancakes, which wuz his custom when the boys is bein' pushed hard.

"We all wuz kind o' quiet, bein' soppin' wet an' mostly dead for sleep, but Short Leg Dwyer wuz worst of all an' looks like he'd seen a ghost, which I remarks. 'Mother of God, I did,' says Short Leg, crossin' hisself, him bein' raised Catholic, 'the devil rode with Loco Jones last night, an' I seen it, my God, Bill, it wuz awful,' he says, kind o' chokin' off a groan.

"All right, Short Leg,' I says to him, thinkin' maybe he'd got overexcited in the dark.

"It ain't all right,' he says, 'I seen the devil ride with Loco Jones last night, Mother of God, Bill, I seen him, I seen him with my own eyes. You know that pinto bronch which we has noticed gettin' loco, Jones wuz a-ridin' him. I never seen him come nor go, I never heard no noise. The wind blowed every sound away, but,' he says, a-crossin' hisself again, 'a flash of lightnin' that blazed the whole of Poncha Mountain showed me a locoed man a straddle of a locoed horse hot footin' it to hell.'

"We kind o' give Short Leg the laugh an' asked him what kind o' licker acted that-a-way on the Irish, an' he shut up, but kep' a-mumblin' to hisself an' shakin' his head till we'd rode in, an' then after he'd

got a couple o' bowls o' coffee in him he cheered up some, but still stuck to it that he'd seen Loco Jones a-racin' the pinto where no horse could hardly pick a trail by day, let alone travel there at all when things wuz dark. He says he's goin' to help Cook clean the dishes up an' go over to Loco's shack on Poncha to prove he ain't a-lyin' none, an' Cook says he'll be ding-fiddled if he don't go, too, an' further states that he don't believe that Short Leg's lyin' none, an' even if he is the best of us gits excited now an' then, so Cook an' Short Leg hustles things an' starts off to see how things is driftin' on with Loco Jones.

"Cook comes a-ridin' back alone, an' I kin see that somethin's happened by the way he sets. 'Bill,' he says, 'poor Loco's gittin' close up to the crossin', he's awful sick. Short Leg, maybe, 's lied some, but then, he's Irish an' thinks he sees things when he don't, but they's a mystery some place the which I ain't a-goin' to make no efforts to explain, for Loco Jones wuz in the shack, laid out plum stiff, his lamp all fired low, as wet as if he'd swum the Cottonwood. We couldn't shake him up so we undresses him an' fixes him the best we kin. He's plum sure goin' to die, but if I ain't mistook it's goin' to take a spell before he does, an' this here outfit's got some night herdin' on its hands,' which proves to be the unskinned truth, for Jones is surely slippin' off his hobble, the which I sees when I rides over, but lettin' go all-fired hard. Most o' the time he lays there like a log, but now an' then he kind o' stretches hisself out an' groans like life wuz rooted deep in him an' hated bad to leave.

"Cook wrassles up a nightshirt for him, which is a wonder, nightshirts not bein' none esteemed in the Little Gorell them days, but one o' my boys has one the which his maw 'd made for him particular, an' which he's kep' as a kind of soovenir an' never mentioned none for fear o' bein' called a sissy. He loans the shirt to Cook, which says that when Jones dies he's goin' to die dressed up like the gentleman an' scholar that he is.

"When Short Leg Dwyer sees that Jones is bound to die, he asks me kin he ride over to Cañon City an' git some holy water to

baptize him if he gets his senses back, an' when he's gone we finds the pinto bronch right close to where he seen him at the bottom of a twenty-five-foot drop, saddled and bridled, neck doubled up under him an' broke, dead as the mummy of a old Egyptian king. We looked around for signs of Loco, but nary sign showed up an' no one never knowed if he'd went over with the horse or how he come to be there at the shack only Short Leg kept a-sayin' that he sure had seen him streakin' it along the side o' Poncha drove by the devil to the place the bronch lay dead.

"'It's mighty close,' says Cook, one day, 'last night Bull howled, an' mighty soon now Jones is goin' to that land from which no traveler returns, an' if I ain't mistook he's goin' to get his brains back before he goes, for mostly these here kind o' cases happens that-a-way, as I has heard.' What Cook says turns out true. One night when him an' me is settin' up, Jones kind o' shivers an' lifts his head an' looks at us like he ain't never seen no cow-men till just then, an' kind o' brushes one pore bony hand across his eyes an' says 'Light! Light at last!'

"Cook kind o' turns away an' I kin see his shoulders shake, an' as fur me I knows plum well I weeps. 'I must 'a' traveled awful fur,' says Jones, 'all in the dark, becuz I don't know where I am. I'm awful tired, an' my head feels awful queer, but God has showed me light at last.' He set up as he spoke, drawin' in hard on his breath an' looked out through the open door, an' as I looked I seen the tip o' Poncha Mount'in hangin' up in the sky, lit up by the first peep o' sunshine of the day, an' then I hears a rustle an' I turns an' sees the pore broke wreck of what wuz once a man reach out his arms an' smile, an' hardly flickerin' his lips he whispers: 'Where the wicked cease from troublin' an' the weary are at rest,' an' drops back dead."

The foreman paused. There was a trace of mist behind his eyes. "We buried Jones," he said, "on Poncha Mount'in an' Short Leg Dwyer made a slab to set up at his head. 'Loco Jones,' it says, that bein' the only name we ever knowed him by. 'He seen the light.'"

# THE CAREER OF BUCCANEER FRANCOIS L'OLONOIS

BY JOHN R. SPEARS



THE true name of the eminent buccaneer known to history as François L'Olonois is not a matter of record, save only as François was his given name. He came from Les Sables d'Olone in France, however, and from Olone he was called Francis the Olonite — François L'Olonois.

Like most of the buccaneers, L'Olonois served time as an indentured slave and then joined the skin hunters working on the coasts of Santo Domingo. Having learned this trade he passed over to Tortuga and made two voyages as a common sailor with the buccaneers that went afloat after Pierre le Grand's success, and in this capacity showed such skill and daring that he attracted the attention of the governor of Tortuga—one Monsieur le Place. He was thus enabled to get command of a ship, and with an able crew, he sailed for the much-favored coast of Campeche. But there it was his unhappy fortune to strand his ship. Worse yet, when he had landed his crew he was attacked by an overwhelming force of Spanish soldiers.

A stubborn fight followed, as a matter of course, but finding at last that defeat was inevitable, L'Olonois suddenly tumbled among those of his comrades who were dead, daubed himself with blood and feigned death. The fact that he had been wounded several times, and the smoke of battle, helped him, and he was finally left with the dead to be devoured by the wild beasts—as the Spaniards supposed.

The resourcefulness and the audacity of the man were now shown to be unequalled. For he dressed himself in the clothing of the Spanish dead, went into the forest,

where he lived on what he could find until his wounds were healed, and then, instead of going to Golpho Triste to await the coming of other buccaneers, he walked boldly into the city of Campeche, where he passed himself as a citizen of the country.

To sundry negro slaves, however, he revealed himself, and by promising them liberty in the island of Tortuga, he persuaded them to take one of the large dug-out canoes of the region, called bongoes, and paddle away by night. The canoe voyage that followed is worth the consideration of every courageous canoeman in America, for L'Olonois paddled around the end of Yucatan, crossed over to Cuban waters, and rounding Cape Maysi, at the east end of the island, arrived safely at Tortuga. A canoe voyage in the wake of L'Olonois would be something worth while.

L'Olonois had lost his ship and his entire crew, but Esquemeling says that "though his fortune was now low yet he got another ship, with craft and subtilty, and in it twenty-one men." Moreover, he was "well provided with arms and necessaries." The fact is, however, that instead of a ship he got a big canoe to which he added the one that he had brought from Campeche.

Now while returning from Campeche L'Olonois had observed that at a place on the coast of Cuba called De Los Cayos, the people were doing a thriving trade in sugar, tobacco and hides, and all in small boats because of the shoal water off the port. Being "persuaded that he should get some considerable prey" at that place, L'Olonois went there. But before he could make a descent on the port the inhabitants learned that he was coming and sent a messenger to the governor at Havana, begging for help.

The governor was hardly able to believe that it was L'Olonois, for the news of the fight near Campeche had come to Havana, but he sent a ship of ten guns, with a crew of ninety men, to whom he gave orders "that they should not return into his presence without having totally destroyed those pirates." And because he was fully persuaded that the expedition would be successful, he sent along a negro hangman. Every one of the pirates was to be hanged immediately, "excepting L'Olonois, their captain, whom they should bring alive to the Havannah."

When this man-o'-war arrived at the Estera River L'Olonois learned the fact through a traitorous Spaniard, and instead of waiting for the Spaniards to come to seek him he went hunting them, "hoping soon to obtain a greater vessel," and "thereby to mend their fortunes." A number of fishermen were compelled to serve as pilots and with their aid L'Olonois arrived alongside the man-o'-war at two o'clock in the morning. The watch on deck hailed the two boats and asked whence they came and whether they had seen any pirates. To this a fisherman was compelled to reply that they had not seen any pirates or anything else. At this the man-o'-war's men concluded that the buccaneers had been frightened away, and they incautiously expressed themselves to that effect. But a little later L'Olonois led his men over the rail of their ship and drove all the Spaniards under the hatches.

Then he brought them, one at a time, on deck and with his own hand and sword struck off their heads. It was a hot night, and when the work of slaying the Spaniards made L'Olonois thirsty he refreshed himself by lapping the blood that dripped from his sword. It is said that the negro hangman begged "very dolefully" for his life, but he was slaughtered with the rest. The one who had been spared was sent to Havana with this message:

"I shall never henceforward give quarter to any Spaniard whatsoever; and I have great hopes I shall execute upon your own person the very same punishment I have done upon them you sent against me. *Thus I have retaliated the kindness you designed to me and my companions.*"

A curious illustration of the impotence

of the Spanish people at that time was seen in Havana after the arrival of the message from L'Olonois. For the governor "swore in the presence of many that he would never grant quarter to any pirate that should fall into his hands. But the citizens of Havannah desired him not to persist in the execution of that rash and rigorous oath, seeing that the pirates would certainly take occasion from thence to do the same, and *they had a hundred times more opportunity for revenge than he.*"

Having now a ship that was fit for his purpose, L'Olonois sailed to the port of Maracaibo where he had the luck to "surprise a ship laden with plate and other merchandises," which he carried in triumph to Tortuga, where "he was received with joy by the inhabitants; they congratulating his happy success and their own private interests."

Having thus set the seal of success upon his reputation as an able and resourceful buccaneer, L'Olonois now aspired to the command of a fleet, and gained it. For he let it be known throughout the buccaneer regions that he designed to make a cruise along the Spanish main, pillaging the towns within reach and finally going to the city of Maracaibo, which was reputed to be exceedingly rich. This proposition filled the hunters and logwood cutters with enthusiasm, while some of the buccaneers who had abandoned the sea came to him with offers of ships as well as services. Among the latter was one Michael de Basco, "who by his piracy had got riches sufficient to live at ease, and go no more abroad." The sight of the preparations that L'Olonois was making stirred his old spirit of adventure until he was ready to risk his all on one more stroke of the cutlass. L'Olonois had already secured 400 men but the accession of Michael de Basco raised it to 660, while the fleet numbered eight ships under sail.

Fortune smiled on the expedition at the start. As the fleet rounded the east end of Santo Domingo a scout that was well in advance discovered a sixteen-gun Spanish ship near Punta Espada. L'Olonois, with a single ship, went on and captured the Spaniard after a battle lasting three hours. They found in her 120,000 pounds of chocolate nuts, 40,000 pieces of eight, and jewelry worth 10,000 more. It was then

decided to send this prize to Tortuga to be discharged and wait until she could join the fleet. In this determination fortune favored them further, for while they waited a Spanish transport happened along with supplies for the garrisons on the island, and they secured from her 7,000 pounds of powder, "a great number of muskets and like things, with 12,000 pieces of eight."

With the return of the ship that had been sent to Tortuga, L'Olonois had a fleet of ten, with which he headed away for Maracaibo, Venezuela.

The old accounts of the expedition give very full descriptions of Maracaibo and the country around it, partly because all Spanish-American colonies were then unknown land to the people of Europe outside of Spain, and partly because the difficulties encountered by the buccaneers were thereby set forth. The lake on which the city stands, with its many shoals and narrow entrance, and the fort on the island guarding the entrance, received full attention. The population of the city at that time was estimated at 3,000, of whom 800 were trained to the use of arms. Another town, called Gibraltar, stood at the head of the lake. It was of just half the population of Maracaibo. Then beyond the mountains, back of Gibraltar, stood the great city of Merida. Only a mule path led from one town to the other, but it was possible for Merida to send succor to the people of Gibraltar, and that fact had to be considered by an invader.

The fort which the buccaneers had to capture before they could enter the lake was constructed of baskets filled with earth. It was, apparently, proof against any guns of that day that might have been brought against it, but it was not from the guns of the ships that the commander was to defend it, for the buccaneers, here as elsewhere, would fight hand to hand. And realizing this, the Spanish commander placed a part of his garrison in ambush in the brush between the water line and the fort, with orders to attack the pirate rear.

It was a plan of battle that might have been successful against any force from Europe, but not against the woodsmen and hunters of the Caribbee Islands. For the buccaneers on landing saw the tracks of the ambushing host and turning, wiped it

out. "Not a man could retreat to the fort." Then L'Olonois led his men to the basket-walled fort. The Spaniards fought for life literally, but at the end of three hours L'Olonois swept over the walls, while the surviving Spaniards fled through the forest, six leagues to Maracaibo.

In the next movement of the buccaneers is seen a mistake which they frequently made. Instead of sailing for Maracaibo as soon as he had captured the fort L'Olonois spent the day in destroying the work. He sailed for Maracaibo early the next morning, but the wind failed and it was not until the following day that the city was reached.

The buccaneers now had a curious experience. Remembering the fight at the fort, and inspired by Michael de Basco, who had been there before, they ranged the ships before the landing place and opened a furious fire on the forest beyond. Covered by this fire a determined band landed and charged fiercely into the town, only to find that not a soul was there. The Spaniards had taken advantage of the long delay of the buccaneers in reaching the town to fly with their treasures—some to the forest and some in boats to Gibraltar at the head of the lake. And to delay the buccaneers still longer the Spaniards left an abundance of provisions, wines and brandy in the houses.

As the Spaniards had foreseen, the buccaneers feasted for one day. Then 160 of them went scouring the woods in search of Spaniards. Here again the woodcraft of the buccaneers was apparent. The buccaneer often hid from the Spaniard with success, but the fleeing Spaniard always left a trail which the buccaneer could find. Twenty men, women and children, with several mules loaded with goods and 20,000 pieces of eight were brought in that day.

The unfortunate captives were promptly put to the torture to make them tell where other valuables were hidden, and L'Olonois, to deepen their horror and fear, hacked one of them to pieces with his cutlass. But the prisoners could do nothing because the remaining Spaniards had had time to get clear of danger and to carry their property with them.

At the end of fifteen days the buccaneers sailed to Gibraltar, and there they had a fight that is memorable. For the gover-

nor of Merida, a brave old soldier who had seen fighting in Flanders, had come down with 400 men, and rallying those of the town and those who had fled from Maracaibo, he built a twenty-gun battery to defend the water front and the beach leading to the town. Then a trail that led up the beach and would furnish a highway for any buccaneers that might land out of reach of the battery, was barricaded and a new trail opened that led into a swamp across which no man could either wade or swim. And this new trail was so well made that a stranger would be deceived into supposing that it was a continuation of the old one. Finally, a battery of eight guns was erected to protect the rear of the town.

On arriving before Gibraltar and seeing the battery on the beach, L'Olonois did what Farragut did when in the Mississippi below the formidable forts that guarded the way to New Orleans. He called a council of his captains, not to decide whether to fight or run, but to decide how best to fight.

"The difficulties of the enterprise are very great," he said, "seeing the Spaniards have had so much time to put themselves in a posture of defense, and have got a good body of men together with much ammunition. But have a good courage. We must either defend ourselves like good soldiers, or lose our lives with all the riches we have got. Do as I shall do who am your captain. At other times we have fought with fewer men than we have in our company at present, and yet we have overcome greater numbers than there possibly can be in this town. The more they are the more glory and the greater riches we shall gain."

At these words the men of the council all pledged themselves to follow and obey him, when he continued:

"'Tis well; but know ye withal that the first man who shall show any fear, or the least apprehension thereof, I will pistol him with my own hands." And that was not an idle threat.

The next morning 380 buccaneers landed, all being armed with cutlasses and pistols, with ammunition for thirty rounds. Charging up the trail, they soon reached the barricade that had been erected to stop them and then turned into the blind trail as the Spaniards had hoped they would do. But

instead of floundering in the mud, as the Spaniards had hoped, these old woodsmen, in spite of the heavy fire that was opened on them, turned coolly, and cutting down the brush and branches of trees within reach, they quickly laid a corduroy way across the swamp and charged on the fort that was pouring such a deadly fire upon them.

Inspired by the old soldier from Flanders the Spaniards stood their ground and fired their cannon, loaded with small bullets and scrap iron, into the invaders at short range until even buccaneer valor was turned back for a time. But when L'Olonois saw that he could not, with 380 men, overcome more than 800 sheltered by breastworks, he pretended to fly in a panic. At that the Spaniards came out in a mob, and fortune favored the buccaneers once more. For L'Olonois now turned on the Spaniards with redoubled ferocity, and when they hastened to regain shelter once more, he and his men with cutlasses swinging, entered the fort with them.

The buccaneers had 40 men killed outright while 80 more were wounded and most of these died. But the buccaneers gathered up more than 500 dead Spaniards and sank them in the lake.

The prisoners taken (L'Olonois did not keep his Cuban promise to give no quarter) were confined in the church. Here, however, many of them starved to death. Provisions were very scarce and the buccaneers would give them nothing but the flesh of asses and mules. "Only some women were allowed better cheer," says Esquemeling, because they gave the buccaneers a kindly welcome. As at Maracaibo, many of the men were tortured to death in the efforts to make them reveal the hiding places of treasure, but without much success.

After holding the place for eighteen days the buccaneers sent word to the Spaniards that the town would be burned unless 10,000 pieces of eight were sent in as a ransom; and the town was fired when the sum did not arrive. But the buccaneers quenched the fire when their prisoners promised that the money should be brought in, and in time it came.

Proceeding then to Maracaibo, L'Olonois extorted 20,000 pieces of eight as a ransom from the people who were hidden in the woods, with 500 cattle added. Many

prisoners were compelled to pay a ransom, and as many negro slaves as could be gathered were taken as a part of the booty.

The total plunder secured amounted to 260,000 pieces of eight in coin, besides plate, jewelry, silks, linens, etc. This amount included the property found in the ships taken before leaving the coast of Santo Domingo. In gross the booty was large, but when it is remembered that more than 500 men shared it the sum each received was easily spent. Accordingly, after a brief time of carousing at Tortuga (they chose Tortuga rather than Jamaica because they were French) the buccaneers were ready for new adventures.

This time L'Olonois invited them to go on an expedition that should include the rich cities on the Pacific side of Nicaragua, and a fleet of six ships was gathered. One of these was so large that 300 men embarked in her. The outfit was excellent.

But L'Olonois had had his day. At Puerto Cavallo, Guatemala, he captured a ship of twenty-four guns, but it contained no booty. He landed to loot two store houses supposed to be filled with valuable merchandise, but found them empty. He burned the whole town and killed all the prisoners taken but two. In some cases he himself tore out the tongues of the unfortunates in a mad effort to make them reveal the hiding place of treasure; but all in vain.

Then with the two prisoners whom he had reserved for guides he marched toward San Pedro, a town ten leagues back in the country. On the trail he had to fight his way through four ambushed companies of determined Spaniards, and to terrify some prisoners that he captured into revealing another route he split open the chest of a Spaniard, as an Aztec priest might have done, and snatching out the heart of the unfortunate he gnawed it "like a ravenous wolf." But though fainting at the sight, the Spaniards could not show another route because none existed. And when San Pedro was at last surrendered the only booty secured was a quantity of indigo not worth carrying to the sea.

Last of all the fleet went to the islands off shore and waited three months for a ship that they heard was to come from Spain. The ship did come as foretold but L'Olonois was so late in pouncing upon it

that the cargo was discharged and he found only a few bars of iron on board; and these were secured only after a hard fight.

It was now plain to the mass of his followers that they were wasting their time following such a leader as L'Olonois, and every ship but the one he commanded deserted him.

On sailing out alone among the islands found along the Honduras coast, L'Olonois ran his ship ashore on one island called Isla de las Perlas, where she was wrecked beyond salvation. This ended his hopes of further conquest in that voyage, but not his stream of ill fortune, though he strove with buccaneer energy to stem it. Having landed his crew he began to build an open boat with which to escape back to Tortuga, but could secure only sufficient material from the wreck to build one large enough to carry half of his men. Moreover he had trouble with some Indians that had lived on the island, who might have been of good service to him, but they fled to parts unknown. In fact the only undertaking that was entirely successful was the planting of a crop of beans. These grew so well that he gathered a great harvest at the end of six weeks.

Having completed his boat he selected a crew by casting lots to determine who should remain, and then sailed to the Rio San Juan, Nicaragua, hoping to get enough canoes there to carry the remainder of his crew. But on reaching the river a superior force of Spaniards drove him away with great slaughter.

L'Olonois now headed away for the coast of Cartagena, hoping to find there the boats he needed for the men left on the island, for he was at worst faithful to his comrades. But he ran short of provisions and was obliged to land on the eastern end of the Isthmus of Panama. The Indians of that region, of whom a story is to be told at another time, had never been subjugated. L'Olonois might have made friends with them, as other buccaneers did later, but he quarreled with them. No doubt he tried to rob them. In the fight that followed he and all his company were captured. One of the buccaneers the Indians released. The others were all killed, and L'Olonois they "tore in pieces alive, throwing his body limb by limb into the fire."



# THE TRANSFORMATION OF ARLINE BAIRD

BY ADELE MARIE SHAW



WHEN Constance Baird beheld her youngest cousin she could have wept.

"I expected," she wailed to Alpheus Hewing, Junior, "to be worn to a shred romping with a miniature *me!* Instead, I've got a pattern of propriety to sit in judgment on my every deed and word. You won't know my language, it's so chastened."

"How long will—" began Alpheus, Junior.

"It may be months! O Alphy, what shall I do?"

Alpheus, Junior, cast a mock-sympathetic glance across the Baird sun-dial recently erected in the Baird garden. "Unfold your brief; fire away," he commanded.

"It's no joke." Constance rested her elbows on her side of the dial covering the "*Carpe diem*" of the inscription, and propped her chin on her palms. "It all comes of trying to do a good deed," she groaned. "Never, never, did I attempt a good deed that I didn't regret it to my dying day! Look at that."

Alphy wheeled and looked. On a rustic bench under the largest maple a tiny girl with neatly adjusted skirts sat netting a species of variegated snake that grew from an empty spool. Her lips were primly compressed and her sandalled feet crossed at a stiff angle.

"The Pattern?" asked Alphy.

Constance nodded. "Cousin Netta's little girl. Mother got up that spool business; she used to do it when she was an infant, and one can't dress and undress the child all the time. At least I can't—Oh I am tired of clothes. They are Arline Baird's one subject."

"Arline is the—"

"Pattern. Her whole name is Arline Baird Gates, and I am never to address her without the *Baird*. She was named for her great aunt and they rub it in that way."

"Has Aunt Arline Baird money?"

"Money? Only a little. But 'she has position.' You ought to hear Netta say it! The hope of that woman's life is that Aunt Arline will live to introduce little Arline."

"Will you be so kind as to untangle this for me, Cousin Constance?" it asked when it was near enough to speak without undue raising of the voice. "I have mixed it up. It is very annoying."

"Most annoying, I am sure," chimed in Alphy with an engaging grin. "I'll bet you don't often mix things up, do you!"

Little Arline Baird looked expectantly from young Heming to her cousin.

"Present me," demanded Alphy.

"Oh, this is Mr. Heming, Arline Baird," said Constance, frowning studiously over the spool. "You might amuse him while I give my entire mind to this work of art."

"It is not a work of art; it is a garter," responded Arline precisely. "Cousin Constance's mother told me," she added to Heming. "She is my second cousin once removed and Cousin Constance is my second cousin twice removed. Shall we walk about?"

"By all means," agreed the young man.

"Perhaps you ought to have said that? I am not sure how to begin the conversation when my mother is not here." Arline rolled the final *r* in "mother."

"You're from Ohio," said Heming with conviction. "Bye, Con; we'll be back anon, or earlier. Put your mind on your work."

"When is anon?" asked Arline. She

had lifted her short frill of a skirt as if to preserve it from contact with the well-shaven lawn.

"Any time we choose to make it." Heming glanced back at Constance but she was conscientiously absorbed in the knitted snake.

"It's like a lawn party," went on the little Arline with great satisfaction. "When I am older I am to have pretty dresses for lawn parties. My mother has a gray voile that spills all around behind her when she walks. I shall have one like that. But I'm not sure it will be becoming. I am so colorless! My mother wishes I were not so colorless. What would you have for a lawn party if you were colorless?"

Heming fixed his eyes wonderingly upon the small figure mincing beside him. "Red, I think. How would red do?" he asked.

"Red was what I said." Arline showed appreciation of his interest by a shade more animation. "But my mother said *no*, red was too pronounced. There is no question but servants," sighed the infant imitator, "that gives me such trouble as clothes."

Heming whistled. "I think it is about anon," he interjected. "Shall we return to your second cousin twice removed?"

"Ask her what she thinks of me as an eligible *parti*," he instructed Constance as he went away. "Dollars to doughnuts, she'll understand."

"Alphy," cried Constance desperately, "if you don't bring Chris over to play with Arline I shall go steal him. I simply must have an antidote. My mother says I brought it on myself and I'll have to stick it out alone."

"Cheer up, old lady." Heming beat his cap thoughtfully on the gate post. "I'll stand by the ship."

"It's a pity you have that spot; it's so disfiguring," volunteered Arline Baird. Constance was buttoning the prim person of her charge into one of the prettiest of the dresses. Arline's clothes were all pretty and in good taste. What they needed was a little dirt.

"What is disfiguring?" Constance looked up from the seventh button.

"That brown spot under your eye." Arline indicated the spot. "Could it not be removed? A—a blemish like that is so unpleasant for a woman."

"I don't want it removed. It's my best freckle," said Constance severely. "Now, Arline Baird, I want you to be very nice to Christopher Heming. He is the nephew of that kind young man who took you walking and he is coming to play with you. If he wants to run you must be polite and run with him."

"My mother doesn't like me to play with boys excepting at dancing school," explained Arline with dignity. "Can't we walk about? My mother doesn't like me to run—especially after I am dressed for the afternoon. It makes me 'blowsy,' Cousin Constance."

"It's all right to look blowsy in Hillcrest." Constance spoke with authority.

"Is it?" My mother said she was afraid I should lose all my manners in Hillcrest," mused the thoughtful Arline. "I told her I would try not to," she added earnestly. "I have tried, haven't I, Cousin Constance?"

"You have. They are the identical brand you brought with you." Constance knotted the tie of the Peter Thompson suit with clever fingers, and pitied Christopher.

The visit was not a success. In vain Chris proposed hare-and-hounds, hide-and-seek, pirate hoards under the grape arbor, and yachting in the old oak; Arline would not run, would not dig, would not climb. In vain Constance set forth cakes and ale (milk and toast triangles and cookie men). The guest strove hopelessly with boredom and Arline, passive and superior, did not strive at all.

"My mother does not allow me to eat cookies," she said loftily as she nibbled the toast in polite bites, and Chris brightening waited no urging to devour the double portion.

"She has a conscience, or else she enjoys the distinction of not doing anything she's expected to," reported Constance to her amused elders. "If I can't get through that child's crust I shall telegraph for her 'mother-r.' Come for a walk, Marmee, I'm about at the limit of nerves!"

Truly Arline was, like the grasshopper in time of plague, an increasing burden. She did not care for stories, though she liked pictures of princesses in fine raiment, the tailoring whereof she criticised in no uncertain terms. She absorbed all the time, the ingenuity, the warmth, the courage, of

her self-appointed guardian, and seemed more glassy, more shallow, more commonplace with every word she uttered.

"I want my little daughter to be pleasing," wrote the mother to Constance. "She presides at a little luncheon as well as I and she really dances well. She lacks fire but I think she has a certain distinction of manner——"

"'Distinction' of fiddlestick!" grumbled Constance. "She hasn't a human instinct! She's a parrot, a popinjay, a peacock, a perfect little fool!" and then, and finally, Constance wept. Into her tears intruded the sound of lamentation. Shrill, vituperative lamentation it was, and it was the voice of Arline Baird.

Mrs. Baird sprang to her feet, and faster than her family had often seen her move, fled in the direction of the sound. With fearful and cowardly shrinking Constance followed.

On the broad lawn behind the house, the lawn of the sun-dial and the flower beds, Arline was running, her thin legs in their white stockings covering the grass and trampling the flowers in swift pursuit, while ahead, always just ahead, bounded the Macy puppy. He was a bull-terrier puppy, and his jaws were firm; in their grasp, helpless and indecorously reversed, dangled Arwilda Wallace, the doll of dolls, and Arwilda's clothes, even her flounced and edged and decorated underclothing, were her *best!* The shriek of the heart-wrung Arline rose shrill and more shrill: "He will tear her clothes! He will tear her clothes—She's got on her *drap d'été*—you wicked, wicked dog—you will—*tear—her dress!*" And still the puppy ran and the frenzied mother of Arwilda Wallace ran after.

Then all at once, Bumble, the Boston bull, laid Arwilda at the feet of the pursuer, and wagging all over with delight waited Arline's snatch at the restored treasure. Arline was afraid of dogs but she snatched. Bumble also snatched, and Arwilda's splendor was rent as by a cyclone. Arline flung herself down upon the greenness of the Baird lawn and sobbed bitterly. Stunned by the greatness of the tragedy, Constance and the anxious Mrs. Baird stood petrified upon the veranda steps. But Bumble, understanding that the game was ended by catastrophe, offered first aid

to the injured with a ridiculous tongue flicking at the heavy plaits of Arline's hair and at her outflung hand. Unconscious of the watchers on the steps, Arline rolled over and blinked in terror at the contrite Bumble.

"Yap," said he, relieved to behold her face; and sitting up in a wabbling attempt at begging he drooped his paws over his plump chest. Then Arline, hugging the dishevelled Arwilda, hysterically laughed.

"Oh, dear, did Bumble do that? Now I must whip him again!" Mrs. Macy unlatched the gate that divided her garden from the Baird grounds and hurried to the tear-stained Arline. Mr. Macy followed.

"You certainly must, Helen; he must be taught to let things alone," said the man with decision, and taking the begging Bumble in his right hand he smacked him smartly with his left. Bumble cried in plaintive squeals that would have deceived a police-court judge and rolled his brown, honest eyes in piteous entreaty toward his supposed playmate.

"Don't you do that. You stop this minute," screamed the child frantically. "He didn't know Arwilda wasn't a plaything. Stop, you cruel man!" and Arline dropped the doll and seized the released Bumble in a desperate hug of protection. Bumble licked her chin with an active tongue and wriggled and burrowed in joyous abandon in her trembling arms.

The four grown-ups, explaining the theory of dog-training, could not convince. "He didn't know," said Arline. "Oh dear, my dimity is all green grass!"

"I'll change it for you," cried Cousin Constance gleeful and triumphant. "Lend us Bumble a while," she called back to the Macy's. "We'll return him in an hour." And it was Arline who carried Bumble and Constance who bore the doll.

Even at the end of the hour the separation of Arline from the destroyer of the *drap d'été* was with difficulty accomplished. Three times in that hour Arline had yielded to his imperious pleadings for a race and come back panting vigorously to rest on the rustic bench, while Bumble seated in sober imitation of a grown and responsible dog rolled the brown eyes expectantly and awaited her recovery.

"Dogs don't get blowsy, do they," commented Arline.

"It's good for them to run, and so it is for little girls—when they are in the country," answered Constance. "It makes them have a—good complexion."

"Bumble doesn't care about his complexion," said Arline, and smiled a little smile. "I think I shall put on Arwilda's oldest dress because she might as well run about now she is 'in the country.' Don't you think so, Cousin Constance?" inquired the friend of Bumble.

"I do," replied Constance with fervor, "and I'd put on a frolic frock to keep her from getting all dust and dirt."

"What is a frolic frock?"

"A kind of outside thing that lets you do anything you like because it is meant to be soiled."

"Why can't I have one?" asked Arline.

"You can; to-day. They keep them at the fancy store," promised the twice-removed. "Come get your hat and we'll go for it this minute."

"I should like to show Bumble to Chris if Mrs. Macy would let me," whispered Arline as they passed the Heming homestead on their return from the purchase of the frolic frock, and not only Chris but three of his cronies were added to the convoy of the once care-free Constance.

"Burning house is a good game," projected Phil Pennell.

"I can play prisoners' base to-day; I have a frolic frock," adventured Arline eagerly.

"Have you got a doll?" inquired Tip, whose legal title was Margaret de Peyster Durfee. "'Cause why they're so useful in games. Pansy Beatrice's been scalped fifty-hundred-six-thousand times most, I should think. Her hair pastes on."

Pansy Beatrice, a sorry contrast to the elegant Arwilda, was borne casually under Tip's gingham arm. Cherry stains that corresponded to a spot upon Tip's otherwise spotless "gamp" diversified still further an already diversified costume.

"My," exclaimed the almost animated Arline, "I wouldn't want Arwilda Wallace scalped. It would hurt her."

"She has a heart and some imagination," meditated her encouraged guardian. "You might play the woods were on fire and you were run——" she began aloud.

"Burning house is lots better," interrupted Chris. "We'll play leap from the

burning house—Arthur can leap farther than any one. You watch."

"What is leap?" asked Arline. "Would my mother like me to leap?"

"I think so," said Constance, and added to herself, "if she could see the child this minute she would want her to keep it up. She is actually interesting."

On the evening of this day that introduced Bumble, Arline remained upon her knees after she had completed the usual formula of her prayer. Constance waited. "I thank thee, God," added Arline at length, "for making kind Mr. Heming put Bumble through the gate."

"What was that you thanked God for, Arline dear?" asked Constance.

"For Bumble—It was Mr. Heming put him through the gate—I saw——" but the reply was sleepy and incomplete.

For a revolution so drastic as that which befell, Constance was not prepared. Having decided to leap, Arline gave her mind to the planning of leaps as faithfully as she had given it to the guardianship of her manners. Bumble approved; his aspiring bark rose eager from the Baird paths. As the weeks of Arline's visit lengthened, spots on the lawn took on a frayed and scuffed appearance, and even the trees showed marks of heavy shoes that clambered up the bark!

"She can stump the boys; she's a Jim-dandy," confided Tip to her father as together they watered the roses.

In a horrified moment at the end of the first month of guardianship, Constance, returning from an orgy of calls, discovered her charge hanging from the top of an elastic birch that swung in a slow curve half way to the ground.

"Look out," called the excited Arline, and her cousin, speechless with fright, saw the sandalled feet dangle in the air above, backed from under, and barely cleared the descending figure of Arline.

"There," pronounced Arline with deep satisfaction, erecting herself from the heap in which she had struck the pebbly drive, "now I'll stump Chris to do that and I'll bet he can't—Oh, I'll bet he can't, 'cause swinging over makes him kind of sick—he said so!"

"Arline—Arline Baird! You might have been killed. Don't you ever do that

again, or let anybody else. Suppose it had broken!"

"Oh pooh, it wouldn't," cried the reckless Arline. "I know the feel. And Oh, dear, I did want to stump Chris—you'll tell him I did it, anyway, Cousin Constance?"

The mother of Netta Gates, who was also the grandmother of Arline Baird, got well and Netta came to Hillcrest as fast as trains could bring her. She was hungry for the sight of a prim little girl who knew how to hold a parasol and could "preside at a small luncheon." She thought for days about the manner of her arrival and decided on a surprise. When the train puffed and grunted and spit its way into the snug station her eyes went seeking in the village street for a possible Constance holding by the hand a tiny figure that took prim little steps and neither hopped nor pranced. Her eyes were so busy in that search that she did not see the horde of aborigines that descended the station hill in a whirl of dust and a storm of noise that drowned the pounding of the engine; but she stood aside mechanically as they swept across the tracks, the leader, well ahead, raising the most blood-curdling whoop of all.

Then the leader stopped; the whoop changed to a yell of rapture. "My mother," screamed the foremost imp and clamped its arms in a powerful throttle upon the neck of the immaculate stranger.

Entire paralysis prevented Netta's instant repudiation of her child, yet in her horror and disappointment there was mingled relief that Arline Baird was at least alive. The remainder of the troop had drawn off respectfully.

"Oh, Mother, Mother," cried Arline, "here I am and this is Chris Heming and Phil Pennell and Arthur and Tip Durfee and Marg'ret Pennington and Daisy Hale and we're playing 'saved from the fire,' and we ran 'way down here just by mistake, and, Oh, come quick,—Cousin Constance will be awful glad—and you haven't ever seen Bumble or Mrs. Macy nor anybody, and, Oh, Mother, I wish we could come live in Hillcrest—"

Dazed and heartsore at the undoing of her careful work, fearing to hurt Arline's feelings, but harboring hot wrath at the

Bairds and above all at Constance, Mrs. Gates mounted the hill, shame in her soul that the wild-haired, breathless girl beside her should be hers. Even her stocking—

"I tore it getting off the roof of the burning house," explained Arline. "It's a winkelhauk. Did you know a three-cornered tear was a winkelhauk?"

"Good-bye Jinks," shouted the rescued, fleeing farther in their interrupted game.

"Goo-bye, goo-bye! So long—Come over this afternoon," shrieked Arline. "They call me Jinks, and Jumps, and lots of things; they like me," went on the fly-away, hopping on one foot upon the steepest part of the hill. "Can you do that, Mother? I can hop all the way from Phil's house to mine. His mother keeps boarders. It's all right to keep boarders in Hillcrest—everybody is nice and they like you better for not 'sitting down to fold your hands.' Cousin Constance said so. Cousin Constance is perfectly lovely—and so is Bumble."

It was impossible to show indignation to a family so hospitable as the Bairds, and a family that has taken care of your child for ten weeks is not without ungraciousness to be reproved for its manner of taking that care. But Mrs. Gates's shocked and worried spirit gave her no peace till with her own hands she had dressed her daughter for the evening meal. Arline was allowed to come to dinner to celebrate her mother's arrival. The dinner yielded Netta Gates extraordinary surprises. Arline was no longer "colorless." Even her eyes, never before greatly remarked for expression, had now a luster. About the child's speech was a joyous abandon unfamiliar to her own mother! Every one listened with amusement and real affection when Arline spoke! Was Arline happy for the first time in her life?

Illness had brought Mrs. Gates close to some realities "clothes" and "position" do not concern. While Constance (with young Heming and Mrs. Macy's brother) laughed away the twilight on the porch, Arline's mother paced the gravel with her hostess, answering vaguely because her eyes, filled with the real mother look, would stray to the pergola, where Arline herself raced from pillar to pillar, Bumble tumbling at her heels.

# AN UNEARNED TROPHY

TWO TIGERS KILLED IN FAIR FIGHT BY AN INDIAN BISON

BY C. DE CRESPIGNY



N eighty mile ride from Jubbulpore found me on the outskirts of the Indian Government Reserve Forest of Semaria, in which I had obtained leave to shoot for two months. It is a veritable sportsman's paradise; a fire line, some fifty yards broad and cleared of trees and shrubs, encloses a thick jungle containing about four hundred square miles, full of game of almost every description, as the *feræ naturæ* had quickly recognized it as a sanctuary.

But it was for bison (gaur) that Semaria was especially famous, and it was bison that I was after. I had done a good deal of shooting, and tiger, leopard, bear and deer of many kinds had fallen to my rifle, but I had yet to gather my first bison; and indeed he is a prize worthy of much toil and trouble. Standing sixteen to seventeen hands high at the shoulder, the greatest part of which is girth, with short, wiry legs ending in comparatively small deer-like hoofs, his activity is truly wonderful. He would take his vast black bulk up the mountain tracks leading to Ranichua, through places where we found some little difficulty in following on foot; and, gifted with a keen sense of smell, he was very difficult to get on terms with, more especially as the jungle, composed principally of bamboo clumps, was very dense, and afforded a very limited range of vision. One might get almost into the middle of a herd and distinctly hear them grazing all around without seeing a single animal. The horns, too, very thick at the base and tapering inward to a point in a fine, bold curve and capable of taking a beautiful polish, made a trophy dear to the sportsman's heart.

One morning we picked up some fresh tracks—quality not quantity. The party consisted of a bull bison and a cow with two calves, a great contrast to the usual herd. The bull was apparently an enormous fellow, as his tracks clearly showed, and Ram Dass grunted high approval as he pointed out their size. There was only one thing to be done, and that was to gather that bull. The prospective size of his horns fairly made my mouth water. That day we never came up with them at all, and the next two days we failed to get fresh tracks, but on July the 10th we got their tracks at the upper salt lick, and got on terms late in the afternoon. On going forward as usual, but with extra care, I came across an open grassy belt, almost like the fire line, which had to be crossed. There was no cover, but the grass was three to four feet high, so I wormed across at full length with the wind in my face; when about halfway across, suddenly with an indignant little snort a well-grown calf jumped up, startling me nearly to death, and I don't know which of us was the more surprised. It must have been fast asleep, as I had wriggled right up to it and could have almost touched it with my hand. Another second and with an enormous snort the bull jumped up from behind a bush, and raced across the open followed by the cow and the other calf. There was no mistaking the former, he was an enormous brute and his horns were in proportion. I got one hurried shot at him—a clean and tidy miss—and had no time for a second, as the cow and the calf got in the way. So ended our first meeting.

For the next fortnight, I fear me, I had that bull bison on the brain. Day and night his black bulk and enormous horns were ever in my mind, and I set myself

seriously to the task of annexing them before my leave was up. On July 31st I had to be back in Jubbulpore, and allowing for the eighty mile ride back, it was obvious that it would hardly be safe for me to shoot later than the 27th. No doubt I should have made a better bag, if I had stuck to the original herds; but what were all the herds in the Semaria jungle to me compared to that magnificent bull?—and so for a fortnight I toiled like one distraught. Three times I shifted my camp to suit his change of grazing ground, but never once did I set my eyes on him. Some days we never picked up his tracks at all, and when we did—and twice they took us across the entire Ranichua range—we either never came up with him or the stalk ended in failure. And so the weary chase went on over hill and dale, through narrow tracks up the mountain side where we followed with difficulty, through the dense and gloomy bamboo jungle, and through open, grassy, sunlit glades. Even night did not always bring rest, for in my dreams I was forever toiling after a distant black speck, to which I could never get any closer.

And so came the 26th of July, my last day but one. After three consecutive blank days we picked up the tracks on the lower southern spurs of Ranichua, and followed through comparatively open ground. Late in the afternoon we had not come up with him, so we arranged to go on as long as daylight lasted, sleeping where we happened to be, and continue at day-break of my last day; we were determined to end up thoroughly. At length the Bhil tracker stopped and motioned to me to come forward.

“*Bagh, Sahib,*” he whispered, “*do bagh, decco.*”

Sure enough there were the pugs of two tigers, and they occasionally covered the bison tracks, showing that they were in pursuit, doubtless hoping to pick up a calf. This was an unexpected development, and we pushed forward with fresh interest.

An hour later the bison tracks had become deeper and confused, showing evidently that they were on the run. The sun was now low and only an hour's daylight was left, and inwardly I breathed maledictions on the interfering tigers; they had obviously started the bison off, and

there would be no chance of coming up with them now. We stopped a moment for a murmured consultation, and Ram Dass and the Bhil shook their heads doubtfully; and my last hope seemed gone, when the sharp-eared Bhil held up his hand warningly.

To our right over some intervening high ground we heard the trampling of undergrowth, and with one accord, being screened from view, we made our way to the top as quickly and quietly as we could. When we arrived at the top breathless and panting, we saw a strange sight.

The setting sun was flooding the little glade below us with its light, and for the second time I saw my old friend the bull, about a hundred yards off. He was evidently very much excited as he turned here, there and everywhere; puffs and snorts succeeded each other in rapid succession and his tail was lashing his sides. To the right and behind him stood the cow, apparently equally anxious, turning round and round, and the two calves with piteous bleats were nestling up to her side. My rifle went involuntarily to my shoulder, when Ram Dass touched my arm and pointed to some shrubs on the left. There, low crouched with switching tail and gleaming fangs, lay a Bengal tiger facing the bull, and the Bhil, pointing a little farther beyond, held up two fingers.

That was the picture and it was easy reading. The bison had cast a ring and come back nearly on their own tracks; they had evidently been trying to get away from the tigers, for their tracks and their heaving sides showed they had been traveling fast. The calves were evidently dead beat, and the bull had at last been compelled to turn to bay, and was going to put up the fight of his life for his mate and little ones. It was evidently going to be a fight to a finish.

And what a splendid picture he made, as he stood there in defense of his family; what a contrast to the low-crouched, furtive tigers! My sympathies were entirely with him, as he faced them with the light of battle in his eye, his distended nostrils breathing fire, and his tail furiously lashing his heaving sides. Despite his vast bulk he was as quick on his feet as a clever lightweight boxer, as he turned this way and that, trying to watch both his assailants at

once. Surely nothing could stand up against that strength and agility.

Before I could make up my mind whether I should interfere or not, the fight had begun—and I gazed spell-bound. One, the tigress, as I subsequently found out, had stealthily wormed her way round behind the bull, while the tiger remained facing him. Suddenly a yellow streak flashed through the air from behind, and the tigress landed fair and square on the bull's back, her teeth in the nape of his neck, and her claws tearing cruel slashes along his sides. As the bull, taken entirely by surprise, involuntarily threw back his head, the tiger facing him sprang for his throat, and seemed to get home despite the quickly lowered horns, for his fore paws were round the bull's neck, his fangs apparently in his throat, whilst his hind claws were tearing his chest to ribbons. The attack, ably conceived and skillfully carried out, appeared to be entirely successful. In vain the poor brute rushed through the undergrowth shaking himself, and toiled here and there trying to dislodge the monstrous clinging cats; all his efforts seemed unavailing, and the blood was soon pouring down his lacerated chest and sides.

My rifle was again to my shoulder, for I could not let my old friend be butchered in this cold-blooded way, and the end seemed imminent. The indignant snorts had turned to labored breaths and then to moans; twice he was down on his knees, and twice he struggled again to his feet. Round and round he blundered, pushing up against the trees and doing all he knew, but the tigers' deadly grip never relaxed.

Suddenly the huge brute was down on his knees for the third time. Surely it was all over now and this was the end! No, it was his last card and he played it well. With a quick, convulsive movement he threw himself on his side and rolled over; there was a sickening thud, and when he was up again, the tigress's yellow form lay motionless on the ground, whilst the tiger had relaxed his hold of the throat. In an instant the tide of battle had turned, for the tiger did not seem anxious to renew the attack by himself—on the contrary he seemed to be trying to get off quietly; per-

haps he too had been damaged in the fall, for the fight seemed knocked out of him. But the enraged bull, with the lust of victory in his eye and mindful of the cruel treatment he had received, was not going to let him off so easily and was pressing him hard. And so they stood facing each other, the tiger snarling and showing his fangs, and the bull threatening him with lowered head. Again and again the bull charged, but the tiger managed to evade him, giving ground toward us. Finally, in desperation, finding he could not get away, he sprang once more for the bull's throat; but he met the lowered horns and was flung with a heavy thud over the bull's back. The bull ran in, butting and tossing the inanimate form, until at length satisfied he stood victorious; but it was a sore-wounded and exhausted victor with lolling tongue and heaving, blood-stained sides.

Slowly and timidly the cow and calves joined him, the calves pressing up close against their mother's flanks as if they had been glued there; and it was a touching sight to see her licking his wounds. And so within thirty yards of me stood the family, to meet which I had spent so many hours and toiled so many weary miles.

"*Maro, maro, Sabib,*" whispered Ram Dass hoarsely, pointing to the bull. But no, I simply could not shoot, my rifle declined absolutely to come up to my shoulder. It would have been sheer murder to have killed that helpless and exhausted brute, who had fought so gallantly for his mate and offspring. And so as the sun sank behind the hill and the short Indian twilight came on apace, I watched my old friend walking slowly, but I am glad to say firmly, away into the depths of the jungle with his mate and calves nestling close up to his wounded sides; and figuratively I took off my hat to him for the brave old sportsman that he was. He left behind him as my share of the perquisites two tigers, with their skins rather the worse for wear it is true, but still two royal Bengal tigers. And though he was taking away forever from my ken those splendid horns, which I had coveted so anxiously and worked so hard to get, I did not have it in my heart to wish it otherwise



# THE VIEW-POINT

## BY CASPAR WHITNEY

Another  
Chance  
for  
Speaker  
Cannon

During the present session of Congress an effort will be made to safeguard the remaining woodland of the Appalachian Mountains—the last considerable area of hard wood left us—by reserving it for the people as a national forest. Last winter such a bill was successfully carried through the Senate notwithstanding vigorous opposition from a rapacious gang of un-American Americans led by Senators Clark, Carter, Heyburn, Patterson and Fulton, but was practically killed by the Speaker of the House, sometimes known as “Uncle Joe.”

Mr. Cannon hitherto has been considered an intelligent as well as a patriotic citizen, for which reason his unyielding attitude toward this measure, so valuable and so needful to the people, has never been entirely understood. It is impossible to believe the Speaker in league with that band of looters who descend periodically upon Washington to interrupt the splendid progress making in conserving the Nation's timber. It is certain that Mr. Cannon's action is open to suspicion—perhaps unjust suspicion, but suspicion all the same. If he wishes to correct false impression he has his opportunity this winter by turning about and helping to put through the bill which last year he defeated.

It is indeed inconceivable that any man of intelligence, or any men whose material interest is concerned in the welfare of this country, can place stumbling blocks in the way of forest preservation. If it is not the first, then certainly it is the second most important question in national domestic economy before the American people. Saving the forests and protecting insectivorous birds assuredly stand paramount in their relation to agricultural interests, and the farmers hold the industrial thermometer of America.

Americans can scarcely realize that the wonderfully rich resources of this vast country have an end now in sight. And it is a matter not of theorizing, but of cal-

culable fact, that at the present rate our forests are being cut, we should, if no conservative forces were at work, be out of wood within twenty-five years. Fortunately, fifteen years ago the forest preservation movement was instituted, during President Harrison's time, in fact. Both Cleveland and McKinley added to the national forests, but it remained for Theodore Roosevelt to fully appreciate the imperative need to America's greatest national asset—agriculture—of saving the natural reservoirs. From almost the beginning of his administration President Roosevelt has been wisely increasing the number of national forests, and no single addition has he made without strenuous opposition from avaricious lumbering interests and the land filibusters. It was these looting interests that succeeded in making use of Mr. Cannon last winter and in defeating the almost successful attempt to carry through the Appalachian Bill; and they will succeed again this winter unless the people of the country take an active hand in the campaign.

This  
Means  
You

The average man seems to think that whether the trees live or die, is all one to him, so far as his personal interests are concerned. That is our self-centered American characteristic, and our national failing. We view our immediate and individual business in hand as the only trade thing in the world that can possibly concern us. We are so busy chasing the dollar in sight that we cannot see beyond our commercial nose ends. The fact is, that the forests are intimately associated with the material welfare of practically every industry and every business in the United States, and their preservation should therefore naturally be a matter of concern to every bread-winner in America.

In the first place the forests have a direct and tremendous influence upon agriculture, and, as I have already said and as you all know, the farming interests of America affect the entire country from banks to

cobblers. The forests are Nature's reservoirs. Wherever they have been cut away disastrous floods have followed as an annual visitation. From a manufacturing point of view the trees enter into the commercial health of a great many of our states, and touch intimately every industry employing wood. Exhaustion of the hard wood supply means the loss of these industries to the states in which they are at present located—since it stands to reason that such industries cannot exist when the supply of raw material has vanished.

How seriously America would feel the exhaustion of its hard wood timber is difficult to realize, especially since in times past the supply has been so ample that we have become accustomed to lavish use. Without hard wood for building purposes, for the manufacture of furniture, for railroad ties, for the manufacture of all kinds of vehicles, and for cooperage—not to speak of telephone and other poles, or of agricultural implements, we certainly should be in difficulties.

I am inclined to believe that failure of the hard wood supply would more seriously affect the industrial condition than a failure of crops, because crop failure at its worst would be an affliction of one or two years, whereas once the wood supply fails there is no restitution within a generation. Under existing conditions of protection we have, it is said, of hard wood lumber fit to cut, only about fifteen years' supply.

**No Decrease  
in Demand  
or in Price**

Of hard wood regions the Ohio Valley, once the center, has become substantially agricultural, while the Lake States—Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan—as well as the lower Mississippi Valley, are following rapidly the same direction. The perfectly plain situation is that the hard wood supply of this country is approaching a condition of exhaustion which would affect seriously, if not irreparably, the great industries which in turn would naturally influence the prosperity of America. With prospect of such a condition the wise man looks for a remedy. Some pretend to believe that the loss of hard wood is not so serious as it seems to be, that it can be substituted by soft wood and by metal and by concrete. True, metal already has replaced hard wood to

a very large extent in the manufacture of implements, furniture and cars, and even in the interior fittings of houses and offices; so also has concrete within the last few years, come into usage for structural purposes of many kinds. And yet it is an indisputable fact that although these materials are so largely employed, they have not reduced either the demand or the cost of hard wood, which not only continues to be preferred for most former purposes, but has been put to a great many new uses.

Soft wood can scarcely replace hard wood because it has neither the strength nor the durability. Metals and concrete will take the place of hard wood in many instances, and where they give better service at a less cost the exchange is a desirable one; but experience shows that the list is large and grows larger where hard wood cannot be replaced by any other material. If this is a fact (and what I am here stating can be substantiated either at the Agricultural Department or at any other source that will supply you with trustworthy figures), the wise thing is to look for a practicable solution. That is what a man would do in his individual business and that is what we all must do for this national subject which is our common business.

**The  
Remedy**

You have heard and believe that there is danger of exhausting our hard wood supply, and it is easy to appreciate that the one remedy, which is most effective, is also the simplest, *viz.*, permanent maintenance of such areas of hard wood as we have remaining, under a system of forestry which will protect and preserve; and which will assure to us, the people, use of that supply intelligently and scientifically as it is required. There can be no two opinions as to this being the remedy, and if that is true, then the next logical step immediately following is to determine upon the areas and to place them without delay under national surveillance. The question is where to find these areas. The old areas of hard wood have become either entirely exhausted or so far exhausted as to be beyond dependence as a point of supply until several years of nourishing care have rejuvenated them. The one area in the country best suited for such a purpose is

comprised in the mountain ranges from Maine to Alabama, which have not only a very large present supply of hard wood, but can be made to produce an immeasurably greater one. This region, upon which the Appalachian Bill touches, includes the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama. It has been estimated by the Agricultural Department that the Appalachian Mountains contain fully half of the country's present supply of hard wood, in spite of the heavy cutting which has been going on for over a hundred years.

Many reasons are advanced to show why this particular region is especially suited to the needs of the hour.

In the first place, the needs are very great. As I have already written the needs are so great as to make action no longer a question of policy but of expediency. Apart from that all-sufficient reason is the one that this region is peculiarly suited for the desired purpose, because the woodland is not possible farm land. There has been almost no attempt in the higher sections to clear for agricultural purposes. Some farming is done in the valleys, but the mountain sides remain untouched or have been permitted to return to the original state after being subjected to a few sporadic farming attempts. Fortunately, in the upper regions of this district, inaccessibility has served as protection against the lumbering inroads, so that it retains a closer proportion to its original growth than any other region. In the southern part, however, particularly in Kentucky and Tennessee, the lumbermen have gone far into the finest of the woodland. Here the natural growth has not kept pace with the cut. In Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, also in North Carolina, the cut of timber has held even. Yet first and last from north to south in the Appalachian range only a small part is virgin growth. By far the greatest part has been cut over and much of the section has been entirely cleared.

Apart from its value as a future hard wood supply station, is the additional and extremely important fact that the streams which water the agricultural lands of the Appalachian region, take their rise in a

great many instances in this range. Last year there was an illustration in a part of this region of what a flood means in a country where the timber has been cleared, and during every spring we are given almost daily evidence of the disaster that falls upon farm lands where the woodlands, which are the natural reservoirs of the farm land, have been cleared of their protecting timber.

**National  
Forests  
Held in Trust  
For Us All**

The need to America of all its forests is very great, and grows greater every day. The Appalachian Bill must be passed sooner or later. It is possible that unprincipled

men, who care nothing for the welfare of the country, may prevent the bill from being passed this winter, as they did at the last session, but sooner or later the common sense of the American people must become alive to the imperative need of placing this region, as well as all remaining forest regions, among the national forests. Only by such a method may we be assured that the trees receive requisite nourishment properly.

There is much misunderstanding as to the Government's relation to the national forests, and I dare say the unhappy word "reserve" is responsible for much of it. The Washington orators and wire pullers of the land and lumber crooks tell you the forest which becomes a part of the national forest, is "forever lost to the people." That is not true; the Government acts only the part of a trustee. The national forests are "reserves" only in a protective sense—to keep out the vandals. The national forest belongs to the people but is taken under the protection of the United States Government and safeguarded by the Forest Service, that it may attain to healthful full growth undisturbed. The Service is the National Forester. It plants and it nourishes and it protects. It prevents the cutting of unripe timber, but every year any one of us who lives near a national forest may on application have twenty dollars' worth of timber for nothing, and if more is desired, we may buy from the national forests such timber as is matured and ready for cutting. The money which you and I pay for this timber goes to the maintenance of the Forest Service. The

timber in the national forest is for sale at a fair price once it has become ripe, but it cannot be purchased or touched until it is fit to cut. That is where the guardianship of the Forest Service comes in to prevent the exhaustion of the American wood supply. I emphasize this because the popular howl of the looters at Washington is that the timber "of the people" is taken away from them. As I have said, it is not taken away from them but taken care of for them.

**What the  
Forest Reserve  
is Doing for You**

Probably not one in one thousand Americans appreciates what this Service is doing for him. It has a force of only twelve hundred men, but those twelve hundred patrol and guard and shelter all the timber which has been set aside as national forest land. If it only protected the forests from the withering fires which so often sweep over them, it would more than justify its maintenance.

I need not go into figures to emphasize the heavy loss, both in acreage burned over and in dollar value, which forest fires caused, say, fifteen or twenty years ago, when there was no hand to stay the flames other than that of the casual passer-by; but the figures of the last six years, during which time the Forest Service has received support from the people and therefore has been raised to a point of greater efficiency—are significant and will interest you.

In 1901, 248,000 acres were burned over, out of an estimated area of 43,000,000 acres of woodland. Last year about 115,000 acres were burned over out of an estimated area of 97,000,000 acres. 1,288 fires accomplished the damage in 1901, and 1,100 are reported for 1907. The difference in acreage burned over in these two periods from practically the same number of fires seems to be adequately eloquent of the efficiency of the Service without further comment.

How effective this Service has become and how wise its administration of its trusteeship, is shown by last year's income from the forests—about \$1,500,000—being greater than the cost of administration. This means that, although the national forests have been under the direct control of the Service for scarcely three years, they are already self-supporting.

Not the least impressive lesson of the national forests is the demonstration that successive crops of trees can be grown just as certainly as successive fields of wheat, corn or potatoes. In carrying out this plan the Service has established large nurseries for the raising of millions of seedling trees and they have been sowing broadcast tree seeds upon acres and acres of burned-over land. It has distributed thousands upon thousands of these seedlings among farmers who have awakened to the beauty as well as to the practical value of trees.

**Timber and  
Water  
Essential to  
Industrial Life**

Can you fail to appreciate how invaluable this Service is to the country or how imperative is the preservation of our forests? If our Appalachian forests—which I am pleading with you to help save—are properly managed and work not delayed, they insure a continuous supply of hard wood to the country. I do not ask you to take my word. Write to the Agricultural Department and get figures. I give you no figures because I know how intolerant is the average reader of statistics. Moreover it seems to me this is a subject which needs no statistics to plead its cause. It must appeal to your common sense; the lessons are so obvious and so easy of reading that I feel confident any man of intelligence must understand. If you are unconvinced, study the experience of Germany before and since they set aside their forests under scientific control, just as we are seeking to do with ours. In Saxony the cut of timber increased during the period from 1820 to 1904, fifty-five per cent., bringing the annual yield to 93 cubic feet per acre. In Prussia the lesson is even more emphatic; in 1830 the cut in Prussia averaged only 20 cubic feet per acre and in 1865 had increased to only 24 cubic feet; but in 1890, after scientific management had been inaugurated, the cut had risen to 53 cubic feet per acre and in 1904 to 65 cubic feet per acre; and these results came largely from non-agricultural lands such as those of the Appalachian district and from sandy plains and swamps and rough mountain sides and from previously mismanaged forests!

The Service experts say that much of the

Appalachian forest already has been so damaged that it will require years to reach again a high state of productiveness. Consider for a moment that the present average production of the Appalachian range is only ten cubic feet per acre each year. Compare that with Germany and then consider whether we Americans are as progressive as we like to claim. It would take a long time—several years—to increase the average product of this Appalachian range to where Prussia had brought her forests twenty-seven years ago! Is it not time for us to make up, not to say catch up? The longer we delay in putting our woodland under national control the quicker will come exhaustion and disaster.

The most important manufacturing region of the country is New England and the majority of its manufacturing industries are dependent to a large or total degree upon the rivers which come from the White Mountains in the Appalachian region. The five states of New England in 1900 contained 53,752 manufacturers with a total capital invested of \$1,409,000,000 and a yearly output of product worth \$1,690,000,000 and an annual employee pay roll amounting to about \$380,000,000. Now consider that seventy-five per cent. of this capital is dependent on an uninterrupted water supply and remember that the water supply in turn is largely dependent on the forests—its natural reservoir. With no more than these few figures to consider, does it not strike you that forestry preservation is neither a political nor a sentimental but a good hard practical question?

There can be no two opinions among intelligent men as to the great wisdom of these national forests in which we have placed over 150,000,000 acres under a proper system of forestry.

#### What You Can do To Help

than any President we have ever placed in the White House. It is to be recommended not only because it is a continuation of a wise national policy, but because it is a common-sense policy which touches, directly or indirectly, your pocket and my

The Appalachian Bill, which is coming up this winter, is a continuation of the wise policy which Theodore Roosevelt has endorsed and for which he has done more

pocket and the pocket of every American citizen, whether or no we believe in forestry preservation. Therefore I urge upon you the wisdom of giving the Bill your personal help. I do not ask it as the dutiful act of a patriotic American, but I ask it on the ground which, I am sorry to add, may appeal to you more strongly—of its touching your personal material interest. Whether your business is that of measuring cheesecloth, or selling hogs, or stocks, or nails, or casting up accounts, in one way or another, the preservation of our forests, like that other great movement, protection of our insectivorous birds, concerns the material interest of every American, whether he thinks so or not. You can help this measure and thereby help yourself by writing to your representatives at Washington—by telling your Senator and your Representative that you endorse the forest preservation idea; that you know that setting the Appalachian region aside as a national forest is assuring to the United States a continuation of hard wood supply and assuring to the farmers in the valleys which flow from the head of this range a succession of good crops without being interrupted by the devastating floods which have been of a more or less frequent occurrence since the cutting of the woodlands at the head waters. Tell them, both your Senator and your Representative, that you not only endorse this Appalachian Bill, but that you desire them to support it and thus give indication that they are working for the people and not for a handful of pirates at Washington.

Do not stop at giving mental indorsement—or moral support—but if I have appealed to your common sense here in anything I have said, put the magazine down without reading further and write a letter to your Senator and to your Representative. Action is what counts.

DO IT NOW!

#### One Good Turn Deserves Another

Bird protection is so closely related one way and another to forestry preservation that I am reminded here to speak again of the magnificent work being done by the Audubon Society.

I have repeatedly here urged upon my readers to join this Society and by their

small annual contribution to provide the sinews of war which will enable this organization to prosecute its work throughout the country. It is the only body that actually pursues an active campaign in the field. Many good people endorse a worthy object and theorize on its benefits, but this Audubon Society—of which William Dutcher is President—goes out and does work. It brings the bird slaughterers to justice and it is for that reason I ask you to join and give your financial support.

Frank M. Chapman, who has studied birds all over the country, edits a little monthly periodical called *Bird Lore*, for which you should also subscribe: First, because it is entertaining, and second, because it is the official mouth-piece of this splendid Audubon Society. *Bird Lore* costs only a dollar a year, so send along for it to either the editor at the American Museum of Natural History, New York, or to the publishers, Messrs. Macmillan Bros., 66 Fifth Avenue.

The Audubon subscription is five dollars and it will be the best five dollars you ever invested.

It is a good way to begin the new year.

One  
College  
President  
Who Acts

Amidst so much theorizing as what ought to be done to "purify" college athletics, it is comforting to have one man actually do something. Every now and again some college faculty incumbent

mounts the rostrum and damns athletics from A to Z, without giving a solitary practical suggestion or himself taking one helpful step toward the desired end.

President Tucker of Dartmouth, at the beginning of the 1907 football season, also ascended the rostrum. Mr. Tucker said not a great deal, but what he did say was pertinent and convincing. I shall not quote his literal words, but their substance was that he believed the honor of competing for his Alma Mater sufficient reward for every college athlete of right spirit; and that the athlete who required remuneration in any form whatsoever was unfit to be ranked with amateurs. He said further that he considered college men who, during their vacation, played on summer resort or hotel baseball teams for their board and lodging, or for their laundry, or for

any other form of return, direct or indirect, were in fact bartering their athletic skill for pay and by so doing ceased to be sportsmen and amateurs. President Tucker then proceeded to name several prominent members of the football squad then organizing at Dartmouth, as having been guilty of playing summer-nine baseball—and he forthwith denied them the privilege of representing Dartmouth on any of the athletic teams.

This is the most important action an Eastern college president has taken within my recollection of twenty-five years. Furthermore, it is the only practical step toward cleansing college sport of one of its most demoralizing influences any Eastern college president has taken in recent years. I beg to commend President Tucker's significant and dignified course to President Eliot of Harvard, President Hadley of Yale and President Wilson of Princeton, all of whom give the semi-professional baseball player unquestioned freedom of their respective athletic teams.

The college baseball situation—so far as concerns this summer-boarded player—is a disgraceful one. And no one goes farther toward adjusting it than to "talk a heap." The tendency is to keep quiet—to let the bad enough alone. Yale does not protest against Princeton, and nobody protests anybody because every one is afraid of being besmirched if the unwholesome mess is stirred.

The Western colleges, as a whole, are facing this question more courageously and in a more commendable and sportsmanly spirit. They are beginning to grapple with it successfully—at Chicago particularly. It is not to the credit of Harvard, Yale and Princeton (I cite these three because of their prominence in the college world and not at all to single them out as graver offenders than others), that the summer-nine ball question is permitted to continue in its present unwholesome condition. Presidents Eliot, Wilson and Hadley could, if they had the courage or the desire, do precisely what President Tucker did at Dartmouth. They could stop preaching and take definite action which would cleanse their baseball of this crooked amateur. So long as they permit this corrupting influence to flourish on the

campus as a bay tree we can hardly be expected to take serious heed of or even to listen to their periodic orations on college athletics with the respect their utterances usually command, and which we like to give them.

**Better  
Things  
Expected**

Nor is it to the credit of these colleges that they withhold support from the Intercollegiate Athletic Association and the Amateur Athletic Union, which are doing their utmost

to free amateur sport of the summer-nine ball player and of the semi-professional in basket ball. We are largely indebted to this Association for the present satisfactory condition of football, and the Union is the safeguard of club athletics in America. Each deserves the hearty endorsement and support of all the colleges. Yet appeals to these colleges from the Association for co-operation on the summer-nine ball question remain unanswered, while the endeavors of the Union to free basket ball of its taint are actually hampered by the connivance of the leading universities with offending teams. It is a shameless disregard of the sportsmanly spirit.

What really is needed is a central body like this Intercollegiate Athletic Association, to which all colleges belong, and whose committees serve as tribunals for final decisions on all these vexing matters, not strictly intra-collegiate. It is both confusing and absurd that so many associations should legislate for a handful of games. Each university should, of course, have entire control of its own sport. I strongly believe in that; but when a college permits its teams to travel the land, and to come into contact with clubs, and other educational institutions, owing allegiance to perhaps local organizations—then there should exist one central authority for the purpose of providing common playing and eligibility rules, and to adjudicate upon the questions of qualification, and upon the questions of procedure which may be raised in such contests. Disregard of the overtures of both the Amateur Athletic Union and the Intercollegiate Athletic Association reveals an indifference to splendidly uplifting work, which one scarcely expects from college men. Surely there ought to be enough of the sportsman's spirit at every college to provide some active help to the

efforts these two bodies are making to get the right spirit into amateur sport and especially to keep clean and wholesome what is known as club athletics.

**Chance  
for the  
Elks to  
Make Good**

There is an organization in this country known as The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. It is an old organization and is said to have something like a quarter of a million of members

scattered all over America. Its avowed purposes in life are good-fellowship and holding out the hand to needy members or the needy families of deceased members.

Great numbers of this order have been accustomed to wear the ivory tusk of the elk—that fast disappearing one of the American deer family. The wearing of the tusk by the members of this order made a market for it and resulted in a slaughter of the animals by men who sought the mountains every winter when the snow was deep and the elk couldn't move and killed them ruthlessly, leaving the carcass where it fell; in a word, taking nothing but the tusk, of which each elk furnished two.

This slaughter and the reason for it has been brought to the attention of the Order of Elks a number of times. Within the last year it has been brought to their attention repeatedly and officially. The retiring Exalted Ruler of 1907 brought the matter before the last meeting of Elks and urged members to issue a pronouncement to the American people declaring the tusk not an emblem and officially forbidding all members to wear it. The Exalted Ruler's appeal was not successful, but he did succeed in getting the question considered and a committee appointed which later advised abandonment of the tusk.

At it stands to-day, the Elks as a body have not announced themselves before the public as opposed to the wearing of the tusk, and although the Committee's bequest has had some wholesome influence and results, at the same time the market continues and the slaughter continues and the elk, as I have said, are rapidly disappearing.

The Order of Elks just now has a chance of establishing itself—if there is a desire to do so—in proper light before the American people. Hon. John F. Lacey, father of the

bill which has done so much to prevent unlawful interstate sale of game birds out of season, has written to the Order of Elks, suggesting that they present to the Wichita national forest in Oklahoma (which is also a national game refuge), a herd of elk to join the herd of twenty-one bison which recently the New York Zoölogical Society presented to the Government for the same refuge.

Here is an opportunity which the Elks should not allow to pass. Since they have been the unwitting cause of elk slaughter, it seems to be no more than a fair retribution that they should present the Government with a small herd for propagation.

**American  
Committee  
Knows Its  
Business**

It is hardly necessary for me to say that the American Committee of the Olympic Games may be depended upon not to intrust the American team, which will be sent over next year, to incompetent management or to be influenced by the petty politics of noisy athletes.

A great deal of irresponsible and intangible criticism has found its way into the newspapers of the manager of the 1906 team. Some of the criticism may or may not be true; that will be determined in due course. What I wish here to record is that the American Committee will appoint no team manager who is not worthy of the place, nor will this Committee be moved to disregard a desirable candidate for the place by the clamor of grievance-nursing clubs.

**Make the  
Punishment  
Fit the Crime**

Here's a record of the fatalities of the last shooting season which should be studied: Seventy-one persons were killed—most of them by carelessness—during the hunting season of 1907, now about to close. This is slightly below the record for last year, when seventy-four persons lost their lives in pursuit of game.

The number of injured this year, however, is in excess of that of the season before, eighty-one hunters having been hurt this year, compared with only seventy during 1906.

In Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota fifty persons lost their lives this year,

against thirty-five the year previous. Practically all of the accidents were due to the careless handling of weapons or the victims having been mistaken for game.

The killed and injured by states were as follows:

State	Killed	Injured
Colorado	1	—
Illinois	4	7
Indiana	4	6
Iowa	1	3
Kentucky	1	—
Louisiana	1	—
Michigan	16	19
Minnesota	10	3
Missouri	1	—
Mississippi	1	—
New York	3	1
North Carolina	1	—
North Dakota	3	3
Ohio	—	1
Wisconsin	24	38
Totals	71	81

It is true the average of expertness in handling firearms is increasing in proportion to the number who go into the woods, but there is yet a very considerable percentage of unfitness.

It seems to me that to delay attaching adequate penalty to these constantly recurring accidents is nothing short of criminal. There is one state in the West which calls the fatal shooting accident—manslaughter; and there ought to be such a law in every state in the Union.

Now that Mr. Burbank has given us thornless cactus and prickless prickly pears, we may, I feel, look in confidence for the coming of a spineless burro—since without stimulating thorn influence which, next to bacon-soaked gunny sacking, this sweet singer craves above all things else, the "Rocky Mountain Nightingale," must, it seems, lose his patient spirit and his enduring nature. There remains, however, the one small hope that this nature wonder worker may overlook the humble thistle and leave it to bloom undisturbed in all its pointedness to the delectation, not to say to the saving of burro rectitude and fortitude.

Here's a curious record:

On October 25th, there was killed in Manahawkin Bay, New Jersey, a hen canvasback duck with an aluminum band on its leg containing the initials "T. J. O. D. 48." It would be interesting to know who banded this duck and for what purpose.



# ALL AROUND THE COUNTRY HOME

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

## MAKING CEMENT FLOORS

SINCE the publication of the article on the making of cement walks, several persons have asked for information about putting down cement floors in barns and other buildings about the place. I trust the instructions which follow will fully answer all questions asked.

The first thing to do is to make sure of a solid foundation for the cement floor. As most of these floors are put in the basement, the earth which constitutes the present floor must be scraped to a level, and then pounded down until evenly firm all over.

The next thing to do is to lay off the floor in blocks four or five feet square. Then put down 2x4s set on edge along one side of the floor. These should be held rigidly in place by stakes driven into the ground. The top of them should represent the level of the completed floor. But one block of cement is made at a time. This system is practiced because cement hardens so quickly that not much can be worked at one time, and it is well to finish up as we go along. Set up these 2x4s as you proceed—not over the whole floor at the start.

Having laid off your floor, fill the bottom of each block with a concrete formed by mixing three parts coarse gravel, three parts sand and one part Portland cement. Mix this well in a dry state, by shoveling it over three or four times. This is very important. A mixture hurriedly and carelessly made is almost worthless. When thoroughly mixed, apply water with a coarse-nozzled sprinkler. Use just enough to cause the various ingredients to adhere. On no account use enough to reduce it to the condition of mortar. As soon as mixed shovel it into the blocks and tamp it down well. Be expeditious about this work, as the cement will soon "set."

The next thing to do is to mix up another batch of concrete, with which to finish the block. This should be made of two parts clean, sharp sand—it should be sifted to make sure of its being free from gravel and dirt—and one part cement. Wet this down until, when mixed, it is of about the same consistency as the mortar masons use in plastering the walls of houses. Spread this over the first mixture, bringing it to a level with the top of the 2x4s. Then trowel it to a smooth surface, or run a straightedge over it to make the surface even all over the block.

This completes the block.

When a row of blocks has been made, shift the 2x4s, and make another row, and so proceed until the floor is completed.

When the 2x4 is removed, a strip of tarred paper should be set up against that side of the recently completed block which will have the block about to be made for its neighbor. This will prevent them from adhering, and is considered necessary to guard against cracking, which frequently takes place when too large a surface is covered by the thin coating of cement and sand with which the blocks are finished.

Some advise the use of small stones, or crushed stone, in the first layer of concrete. A better job results where gravel of a uniform size is used. It is necessary to make sure that this gravel contains no clay or soil of any kind. A little dirt mixed into concrete will cause the whole mass to crumble and break up in a short time.

The sand used with the gravel, and for the finishing layer, must also be free from dirt. The sharper and coarser it is the better, if clean. Fine sand is of but little value in work of this kind.

Do not allow the floor to dry out too fast. Sprinkle it once or twice a day, for a week. This, of course, if the work is done in summer. If done at this season, as it can be, to advantage, if you can prevent its freezing no sprinkling will be necessary.

## SEASONABLE REMINDERS

Winter need not be a season of comparative idleness, as some persons make it. There is always something that can be done about the country home. Spring's work is still a long way off, but we can see that the tools and machinery which spring's work will require, when it gets here, are put in the best possible working condition. Necessary repairs can be made to advantage now. Give the old woodwork a new coat of paint. It won't make a new machine out of an old one, but it will improve its appearance greatly, and add to its effectiveness, and lengthen its term of usefulness. A man of great prominence in agricultural circles recently made the statement that statistics carefully gathered went to show that farm machinery only lasted half as long as it ought to because of neglect. Protection in winter, and an annual coat of paint, would, he asserted, save millions of dollars in the machinery line every year. No doubt he was right. Neglect to make repairs when needed, and exposure of wood and metal to all kinds of weather, does more to destroy the life and

usefulness of a machine than all the work done with it. Here is a chance for economizing which we cannot afford to overlook.

Go over the premises and see what changes need making, if any. Look ahead, and plan for improvements. Work planned out thoroughly in advance is work half done.

Look to the cellar. Especially if it is under the dwelling. If any vegetables are in a state of decay, remove them at once. This for the protection of other vegetables as well as the prevention of possible disease in the family. Unsanitary cellars are responsible for much sickness, and the owner of the cellar is responsible for unsanitary conditions. A cellar with proper ventilation allows foul gases to pass away from it before they can permeate the rooms above. It is not only criminal to leave vegetable matter to decay in the cellar, but it is wastefulness of the rankest kind, because decay spreads rapidly to whatever vegetable it comes in contact with, and much has to be thrown away, ultimately, that might have been saved by giving proper attention at the right time.

Inspect the tubers of dahlias, cannas, and caladiums, if stored in the cellar. If they show signs of decay or mold, take it for granted that they are in too damp a place, and put them nearer the ceiling. Spread them out well, and see that they do not touch each other. Arrange for a free circulation of air about them.

Look to potted plants stored in the cellar. If the soil seems really dry, apply a moderate amount of water. Not much will be needed, however. Too much might excite growth, and the aim should be to keep them in a dormant condition while in winter storage.

The owner of a window-garden must look to it frequently if she would prevent insects from doing damage to the plants in it. They breed so rapidly, and are so prolific, that in an incredibly short time one's plants will be literally covered with them if they are not properly cared for. If the aphid is found, make an infusion of nicotine extract and apply it as a spray, or by dipping the plants in a tubful of it. If the red spider causes trouble, shower the plants daily with clear water, taking pains to see that it reaches every portion of the plant. Water, and water alone, will keep this small but deadly pest under control.

Feed the growing plants well. Turn them about at least once a week, so that all sides may have a chance at the sun. Water only when the soil has a dry look on its surface, and then give enough to wet the soil all through. This is old advice, but new readers may stand in need of it, and its repetition may put old readers in mind of something they might possibly forget, to the detriment of their plants.

The man of the house must not forget to give attention to his harnesses. Much of the life of leather consists in keeping it in

good condition. It is composed of a mass of fine tendrils, intimately interlocked and braided together, and these tendrils, if kept pliable, are quite elastic. But if allowed to become dry and hard, they break instead of stretching, when subjected to a severe strain or pull. Oil should be applied frequently, and well worked into the grain of the leather while the latter is warm. Don't be sparing of elbow-grease in doing this. This is almost as important as the oil. Wash off all dirt with lukewarm water before applying the oil. Use enough soap in it to make a weak suds. After washing, hang the harness close to a fire, until it is thoroughly heated through. Then apply your oil, with a cloth, rubbing well. Let the harness hang near the fire until it seems to have been absorbed, after which give the leather another vigorous rubbing with a dry cloth. When you have done this it will have a softness and pliability that will surprise you. The use of neatsfoot oil is not advised, as leather dealers claim that it will give leather a brown look, and "cut" the beeswax from the thread with which the harness is sewed, after which it will soon break. Saddlery firms sell a black oil which is considered superior to anything else for softening and preservative purposes. They claim that it contains the "nourishment" necessary for keeping leather in good condition. In cleaning a harness, be sure to take it all apart. The places that need "nourishment" most are under the buckles where the pressure and friction of the metal causes hardness.

Pruning ought not to be neglected if this attention was not given to the orchard last fall. To wait until spring and do this work after the sap starts is the worst thing that can be done to the orchard, for it will be almost impossible to prevent the trees from "bleeding." If a tree is pruned now, and the wound is coated over with a thin wash of white lead, as soon as a limb is removed, a sort of callous will form which will prevent the flow of sap later on. This paint will also keep out rain, and insure the surface of the wound from decay.

Cover the manure pile. If you want to save much of the richness in it, you cannot afford to leave it open to the action of the elements. A snug place should be provided for it; It pays—richly—to build a manure-cellar of stone or brick, located where the manure from the stables can be dumped directly into it, and so provided with a large door that its contents can be easily removed. Simply thrown out in a heap, and unprotected from the storms of the seasons, a large share of its fertilizing qualities will be leached away, or evaporated. But a shed-roof protection is much better than no protection at all.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

*Substitute for Hedge.* (W. C. R.)—This correspondent asks for information about

hedge-making. He wants something that will make quick growth, look well, and not cost a great deal. He also wants to make his own hedge. Evidently the writer is unfamiliar with the details of ordinary hedge-making, and I fear he would not be successful in his efforts to establish one. A good evergreen hedge must have special treatment from start to finish, and the services of a professional are needed to secure best results. Such a hedge will not be at its best for three or four years, and after that it must be given constant attention to keep it doing and looking well. I would advise the use of our native ampelopsis—better known as American ivy or Virginia creeper—as a substitute for arbor vitae and the other evergreens ordinarily used in hedge-making. Of course this will not have the effect, in winter, that a hedge of evergreens will, but it will not be without its attractions, even then. Set stout posts about ten feet apart, letting them reach at least three feet into the ground, to prevent heaving from frost. Stretch wire netting along them. This should be about four feet wide. The kind used for fencing against stock should be used in preference to light poultry netting. Set a plant of ampelopsis at every other post, and as the vines grow, train them in each direction from it, weaving them out and in through the meshes of the wire. This part of the work must be done as the vines develop in order to secure a smooth and even surface. In one season such a hedge will become ornamental, and by the end of the second year it will be a thick mass of vines from the ground up, if care has been taken to distribute them evenly over the netting. All the care that will be required thereafter is to shear off the branches that start to grow outward from the main vine, and keep all growth within the limit desired. Such a hedge is beautiful during the summer, and extremely ornamental in fall when the vine takes on its rich autumnal coloring of scarlet, maroon and bronze, and a little later it is almost equally attractive when the beauty of its purple fruit is revealed by the falling of its leaves. This kind of hedge is easily and cheaply made, gives immediate results, is good for an indefinite period, and does not call for professional skill in its making. It should be made early in spring, or as soon as the ground is in good working condition. Get the posts needed for it ready before the time comes to use them, that there may be no delay in finishing the job, when once begun.

*Driveway of Coal Ashes and Gravel.* (B. T.)—Yes, a very good driveway can be made by using coal ashes. But you cannot make it during the winter, as you suggest. Pile up your ashes in some convenient place, and get your gravel on to the ground during the winter, and make your driveway in spring after the frost is out of the ground. Dig down into the soil to a depth of eight inches or a foot, the width of the driveway

wanted, and fill in with four or five inches of coarse gravel, pounding it down well as you go along. This will allow water to run off readily, and give you a good foundation for the upper surface, which should be made of gravel and ashes, equal parts, well mixed. Wet the mixture well when you put it in place, and pound it down firmly. Have the center of the road two or three inches higher than its sides, that water may run off readily. If you run short of coal ashes, substitute Portland cement.

*Mushroom Growing.* (D. F. F.)—Mushrooms can be grown in the cellar with but little difficulty, if the directions given in the several treatises on the subject now on the market are carefully followed. There is no "knack" about it, as you seem to think—simply a "know-how," and this you can gain from the books mentioned. If the amateur gardener realized how simple a matter mushroom-growing really is, when one goes at it in the right way, few families would be without this delicious article.

*Water Supply for the House.* (A. P. C.)—This correspondent writes that his house is about seventeen feet above the river and about ten or twelve rods back. He wants to know how he can obtain a supply of water for house and barn from this source. There are two methods by which this supply can be secured—one the hydraulic ram, the other a windmill. The advantage of a ram is that no tank for storage is needed. If it works well, there will be a steady stream of water carried wherever it is wanted. These rams, as now constructed, do excellent work, but sometimes they get out of order. A little sand under the valves will interfere with their operation. To work well, there must be a good fall above the ram, and a sufficient supply of water to allow for some waste. The proper thing to do is to consult with some local dealer, or with firms furnishing such outfits. In no case put in one without a guarantee that it shall do the work required of it. The first cost is not large. But unless you have ideal conditions for a ram, I would advise the windmill. About the only attention it will require, after being properly installed, is oiling, and throwing it in and out of gear. Set the windmill and pump at the source of water supply, and run a pipe to the house and barn, where suitable tanks should be provided. It is much better to force water to a distance than to suck it.

M. D. S. asks for the formula of the whitewash used by the U. S. government on its forts and lighthouses. Half a bushel of fresh lime, slacked by pouring hot water over it. Keep it covered, during the process of slacking, to prevent the escape of steam. When it becomes liquid, as it will in a short time if stirred frequently, strain it through a fine sieve, then add a peck of salt, previously dissolved in hot water, and three pounds of rice which has been boiled until it is the consistency of paste, half a

pound of whiting, and a pound of glue which has been reduced to a liquid condition. Add these various ingredients while hot, and when well mixed, by stirring, add five gallons of hot water. Keep on stirring until the mass is a smooth liquid of creamy consistency. Then let it stand for a few days, well covered. Strain again to remove all sediment, if you propose to apply it with a sprayer. It will not be necessary

to do this if you intend to spread it with a brush. Apply while hot. It will be noticed that all the ingredients are to be kept hot while the wash is being made, heat seeming to be necessary in its preparation. Coloring matter can be added to suit the taste of the user. There is nothing that will compare with this preparation for durability and brilliancy. Many persons prefer it to paint.

## THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE PONY

BY FRANCIS M. WARE

WHILE the victory of Lady Dilham, a fourteen hand pony, over horses of several inches taller, in the recent National Horse Show, not only in open but in champion classes, has aroused much heated comment, the occurrence but serves to accentuate the genuine ability and all-round merit of these miniature horses in a prominent and practical fashion. For many years the extraordinary cheapness of our native horses caused us to neglect the pony, and to consider him as only a plaything for the children. Nor should we ever have had occasion to appreciate his physical prowess had not the scarcity of larger horses of all desirable kinds forced us to look about for some substitute which might, partially at least, fill their places.

At about the same time the same difficulty caused owners to seek for lighter vehicles "miniatured" to the size of the smaller animals which were almost the only sizes available in any quantity. No sooner was this result reached than horse users forthwith appreciated not only the ability of the sturdy cobs and small horses, but also their inexpensiveness for purchase and maintenance, and their all-round usefulness—the same creature serving us admirably before a miniature victoria or brougham as in front of a runabout or lady's phaeton; and so generally is this fact now appreciated that the very large horse has become almost impossible to sell, and the average demand is all for animals with fifteen three as the extreme of height. In every country but America the pony and his more robust brother-in-arms, the cob, has, long ago, not only received the full meed of appreciation due him, but definite and intelligent methods have been taken to foster his interests, to boom his virtues, and to make of him a breed and a definite type—not merely a dwarf or a misfit from some larger strain. Curiously enough, the history of horse breeding in America has been that of misfits, and of haphazard procedure along every line. We breed trotters for sixty years and have a product

which, for the most part, left to themselves, are either pacers, or mixed gaited; we have degenerated the sturdy, sound, native thoroughbred in a freak which is spindling and frequently unsound as a yearling, a hooded rogue at two years, a cripple at three years, and a hopeless wreck or a hysterical jade at four, a memory at five years; our express and business horses are mostly dwarfed draughters, except those sired by the German coach horses; our draughters have been mostly well done by, and are today the most true to type, and the finest individuals of any sort of horse America produces. The pony has been generally the dwarf of any and all breeds, save for the Shetlands, which generally grow large and coarse here through too generous keep. The difference between a dwarf horse and a true pony is seldom clearly put in evidence in our show rings, and yet the two should be totally distinct; nor should the testimony of the measuring standard definitely classify them. A "true pony" comes from pony ancestors, and will produce ponies, if bred; a "dwarf horse" may have had ancestors, immediate ancestors sixteen hands high, and may produce descendants which will attain to similar measurements. Glorious Bonnie and Dilham Prime Minister met repeatedly in the show ring in pony stallion classes, and although the former sometimes won it is doubtful if he ever should have done so, for the reasons given. A pony is, in species a horse, but a horse can never by any means be a true pony.

It has always seemed odd that we should have gone to the trouble and expense to import the Exmoor, Shetland, Arab, small hackney, etc., etc., when we had at hand and obtainable at insignificant figures an animal the equal and superior of any or all of them—not possessing, perhaps, the action of some, or the dainty grace of others, but surpassing them so absolutely in all the sterner virtues as to defy comparison; nor did he fail, given a chance at the feed, care and shelter of civilization, to

develop as much symmetry of outline, robustness of form, and geniality of temper as the best of them. Our polo fields, show rings, and bridle paths prove the native pony as handsome and as biddable as any, while even for the coarser work of harness duty he is holding his own, and if coming from a trotting-bred ancestry (as most of these Western ponies really do) is not infrequently displaying pace and action of the best. This matter of descent, by the way, is rather a delicate point upon which to touch, since the average purveyor of those hardy creatures for polo and hack work will insist that they are nearly related to the thoroughbred, and in fact very closely allied with that irritable and flighty animal. Any one familiar with the trotting action of the thoroughbred horse, and of the trotting horse need only notice the play of hock and stifle in any pony using that gait to satisfy himself how the creature is bred; just as he may gather, from the bulk and hairy heels of many of the weight-carrying sorts whence they gained those noticeable and unobjectionable attributes. Of course this does not signify that some ponies are not descended from a thoroughbred ancestor; or that some are registered as eligible to registry in that holy of holies, the stud book—but when one is told such a pony is "by a son" of this or that, or by "Steamboat Charley," "Alkali Ike," or "Dynamite," and then sees this same pony swing away at a twelve-miles-an-hour square trot with that peculiar stifle-play that comes from only one blood heritage, he draws his own conclusions, and talks about the weather. Nor is trotting-bred relationship anything for any horse or owner to feel shame over; nor is the sire the only ancestor of every horse; nor are the qualities of the dam insignificant factors; nor are those sire pedigrees always distinctly traceable, but only too frequently provable "if old Bill Jones was alive"—William having "gone over the Divide" in '64. For a few hundred yards many a trotting-bred horse is as fast as lightning, and not a few horses of the "quarter-path" and the furlong and three hundred-yard dashes are fully as much indebted to such ingredients in their blood as to any other.

A "branded" horse or pony is always regarded with suspicion, and any vagaries on his part are held as being, in some mysterious way, an accompaniment of or a sequel to his disfigurement. In proportion, however, as this mutilation is gradually becoming less necessary, and less conspicuous, so the prejudice against it is lessening. We should remember that, in the experiences of the average Western pony, man figures as a ruthless brute, and his "training" consists only of a hasty and brutal "overpowering" which leads him to attempt reprisals far less frequently than we might rationally expect of him, and which would amply excuse such a course

did he invariably follow it. Properly handled, such horses (barring, of course, the "spoiled" specimens), are as gentle and reliable as any that walk.

There is not an undertaking, save in the moving of heavy weights, at which the little horse will not equal or defeat the big. There are few tasks at which the animal below pony weight will not hold his own with the small horse of a few inches higher measurement. The difference between 14.1 and 15.1 is generally only that of price and preference; given a fair amount of substance in the smaller contestant. All the way down to the very tiniest specimens the variations in ability are less than one would believe possible without trial, and even the equine atoms are fully capable of much more serious work than carrying, or drawing, a sixty-pound child; and such an one makes light of its "governess cart," maid, groom, and infant, as well over a twelve-mile stretch daily as over the infrequent trip of three or four miles, generally reckoned as about the limit of its powers; and this means three hundred to five hundred of pony ably handling nearly one thousand pounds of vehicle and occupant—yet what one thousand-pound horse would expect to trot nimbly along with twice his own weight—a full ton—behind him? It is passing strange that such object-lessons have for so many years been lost upon tradesmen of all classes to whom economy is of vital importance, and to whose light-delivery work the pony and cob is, whether for town or country, so peculiarly suitable through their abilities, their cheapness to procure and to maintain, their durability, and the handiness in traffic of the more nimble creatures and the more narrow vehicles. What more grotesque or impractical equipages can one find than the delivery wagons in use by our dry goods stores, flower stores, etc., etc., with their huge horses and cumbrous wagons to transport loads which rarely reach any formidable total in weight.

The private owner may entertain a prejudice against the pony on the score of appearances, and imagine it below his dignity to drive, or to be drawn by, an animal of miniature size; but this dislike, where it exists, is fast vanishing before the general "miniature" of everything made for horses to draw or wear. The gradual descent to the fourteen one or two limit is hardly noticeable, so deftly do the weights blend, provided always that the different subjects are up-headed, of fairly bred action and presence, and that they "fill the breeching and the collar" at the two ends, as they should, with substance enough between to harmoniously connect the framework. So far has the diminishing size of vehicles progressed, and so generally is the new fashion in favor that the older styles of broughams, victorias, gigs, and other carriages are almost unsalable, especially in view of the fact that, because of the marvel-

ous adroitness of American mechanics, these vehicles, while hundreds of pounds lighter, and far more compact in every way, are as roomy, comfortable, practical, and durable as the best of their lumbering predecessors; and far ahead of anything made in any other country.

The popularity of the small horse has vastly simplified the tasks of the purveyor, and that always rampant matter of "type-for-purpose" is daily becoming more simple and innocuous. The general standard of inquiry was, ten years ago, about fifteen three; nowadays it hovers around fifteen one to fifteen hands, and the "still downward" tendency is manifest, with the fourteen three and below mark heaving in sight. The small classes in our shows are now the ones that fill heavily, and the little horse is the one which sells quickly. Think of all the little horses of the show arena—their names are household words. Do you, off-hand, recall the names and appearance of any of the big horses?

Since, then, this tendency to patronize the cob and the pony is so steadily and so unceasingly evident, why not proceed to endorse this commodity we already have, developing it meanwhile to the extent of its powers? In view of the self-evident fact that we have no good large horses left in this country and no native parent stock of the substance and quality necessary to produce them in any quantity, why not make ourselves celebrated for the very best cobs and ponies possible to find—for in such undertakings we have foundations of the very best in our native pony, bred criss-cross and any and everyhow, but a marvelous example of the "survival of the fittest;" in the best of our broncho or mustang specimens we have the wire-rigging to eternally set up and imperishably equip the pony-breeding industry, and, alas, that the Government is not doing anything along this line, instead of "monkeying" with a few mares of neither reputation nor likely blood lines, and a stallion which was never good enough unaided by others to win a prize for himself in harness. Our native trotters, race horses, carriage horses, etc., etc., excite the admiration and competition of all foreign countries, and yet we leave it to the miners of Alaska; to the mounted South African infantry, and to our representatives in the Philippines and other rough "out-lands" to eulogize the most generally useful and desirable horse of the lot (even as he is a blend of them all)—the native plains-bred pony.

Setting aside the Western pony, pure and simple, or as most people would say, the exact reverse of what those adjectives imply, and leaving him out of the question, we have quantities of grades of all the other pony breeds mixed in varying degree with that super-excellent leaven, our American trotting-blood, which are all hardy, able, and docile, as Eastern handling makes most horses, for any family work at driving, or

riding. They are large enough for the elders, small enough for the children, gentle enough for the most indifferent horseman's or woman's use, and most of them appear to "feel" much larger than they actually are. What better thing can one say of any horse than was said by the caretaker of that wonderful horse, George Wilkes, after some remark derogatory to that celebrated sire's height: "Little! Yes, by gravy, he is little, *but he don't know it!*" How warmly you always hear some animal spoken of as a "big little one!" How one's sympathy and interest are always for the lesser in bulk and size, while how frequently they prove our solicitude misplaced by amply demonstrating their ability to take care of themselves, and by relegating mere avoirdupois and stature to the position it must always occupy when confronted by nervous energy, aggressive personality, and vital force. As the Irishman said of the tiny Kerry cow: "Sure, why wouldn't she give twenty quarts? The body of her's too small to hold anything but milk!" The little horse and pony has frequently endurance and "ginger" enough to furnish two larger ones.

Most of us upon the verge of "setting up a carriage," hesitate long over the question of ways and means, and not infrequently obstacles present themselves which forbid the outlay along the usual lines of purchase. The pony, in some of his varying heights, offers a solution to the problem, and a most practical. It is not a question of "not affording to keep him"—you can't afford to be without him. To familiarize your children with the care and management of horses is not only your duty, in order to safeguard them and the general public, but it is a not unimportant feature of any liberal education, a knowledge of which you have yourself not improbably felt the need. There is no mystery about the undertaking, and no special personal traits required to attain ordinary proficiency—but utter ignorance can but be a source of regret at some time in his life to every one who has neglected to inform himself in such matters. Now the pony modestly fits in to prevent all this, just as he uncomplainingly also adapts himself to any nook or corner in the yard or even wood shed, if you can't afford a stable, and cheap as he is to purchase, his keep and equipment are a mere bagatelle, and in the smallest sizes no more costly than a goat or a dog. All sorts of household scraps, a little grain, grass, and hay keep him fat and hearty; you can shoe him or not—his sound little feet will patter about just as smoothly; you can use him, and lend him, and let him, and he seems all the better for it. Nothing wrapped in horse hide is so generally or so genuinely useful. With his robust constitution he is never sick, seldom lame, and always ready. What more can you require of man or beast?

With a lot of ponies any "house party" can be horsed, and everything from polo to four-in-hand driving, from station work to

drag hunting successfully undertaken. If you are late for a train they can always gallop; if you get a fall you have not far to tumble; if one gets hurt you can replace him cheaply and easily; if you don't want to do anything you can excuse yourself by saying: "You know I only keep ponies;" if other people's big horses get laid up you will always have a pony or two to lend them; in night work or day work, storm, cold, or heat, when "the horses had better not go out," the cobs or ponies always can—and will be all the better for it.

If you noticed that a friend was in the habit of paying from two to ten prices for anything, you would silently marvel, and

audibly jeer—yet if he, in turn, would point out that it was your own custom to buy from \$500 to \$1,000 worth of horse to accomplish what could be done as well or better by \$100 to \$250 worth of pony, you would probably feel the blush of shame mantling the cheek of Carelessness—a not uncommon sensation with most of us! If you can be induced, by any argument here set forth to investigate the merits of the pony from the standpoints of both utility and sentiment, and to form an opinion leading to acquaintance with and acquisition of these most able little creatures, this prolix article will not have been written in vain.

## THE NEW SPORT OF WING SHOOTING

BY CHARLES H. MORTON

**I** CALL it new when in reality it is as old as the history of the rifle, for the rifle is the weapon that makes possible this new sport. The days of Cooper's famous "Deer-slayer" are returning, bringing with them men who can cut the neck of the flying hawk with the deadly bullet. If forced to modify this statement, I will say that they can shatter with a single ball hundreds of small composition spheres, clay targets and marbles thrown in the air, never missing a shot, and this latter statement will stand.

Sportsmen, the really true sportsmen, look with disgust upon the slaughter that takes the place of recreation during the hunting trip. Slaughter made so easy by the destructive modern arm and ammunition that no woods-lover or bird-lover finds pleasure therein. Constant practice over the traps, all the year through, creates in every handler of the gun so expert and deft a familiarity with his pet weapon that he kills with all the deadly precision of Natty Bumppo. The choke-bored shotgun in the hands of the average American gunner has become recognized as so powerful and deadly a weapon, that many sportsmen, in order to eliminate that certainty of execution already beginning to pall upon their taste, are taking up the small-bore repeating rifle in its stead. Many have started on this new departure, although they do not yet recognize the change. They have discarded the twelve-bore for the twenty-gauge; the twenty-four and even the twenty-eight gauge shotgun is by no means uncommon. The use of these miniature shotguns is simply an evidence of the gunner's preference for something smaller than the deadly twelve-bore, requiring a nicety of aim to direct the

small charge of shot that greatly enhances the day's sport and more evenly balances the kills and misses.

To the hunter, therefore, in these lean days that already mark the decline of our American game birds and beasts, the end to be subserved is not how much shall be killed, but how little, and how also to obtain a proportionate amount of recreation and pleasure. What would not the sportsman of to-day give to go back to his boyhood and his first gun and feel again that thrill of excitement, that heart-in-mouth sensation sending the blood in his veins rushing and shattering his nerves to rags whenever a rabbit leaped or a bunch of quail filled the air before him with its explosive departure. Your sportsman of this nitro powder period has long been case-hardened to the emotions. Perhaps his eyes sparkle with a deeper light as he watches the pointer's sudden poise, but when the birds whiz away the hammerless swings quickly to place, the nitro "whack-whacks," the pointer retrieves a couple of dead quail—this repeated again and again in monotonous succession. The dog points, the shooter shoots, the birds fall; if it was not for that eager, beautiful scamp with tireless muscles and an intelligence of wood-things far above his master's—that racing rascal of a pointer making his most stylish "stand" against the crimson and gold of the autumn fields—the hunter would chuck it all up as a waste of energy. The gunner has had a good day afield, but he might just as well be playing golf, for the exercise and health-giving air is all he is striving for, and the pleasure of killing has ceased to be a pleasure.

Now if this was true of all gunning, there

would be little to praise in the pastime of shooting. But it is the uncertainty of hitting that lends the charm. It is the knowledge that we don't know how to shoot that makes us grit our teeth and swear—that we will not miss next time. It is this which makes us better shots and it is the inherited love for the gun which is making us a better and stronger nation each day of our lives by the simple requirements of an open-air sport. The Kentucky backwoodsmen, the prairie pioneers, the trappers of the Lakes are living again in our veins. We are coming back to their beloved weapon, the rifle with grooved barrel and the single ball, and we are striving by its use to add some zest to our sport.

Last winter I hunted rabbits with a .22 caliber repeater, and one snowy afternoon killed two running. They were scared rabbits and succeeded in covering considerable ground before the stream of lead from the little rifle overtook them. I missed a great many shots, it is true, and with my shotgun that day might have slain a great number; but nobody was paying me to kill rabbits. I never had so much fun in my life. That old indescribable thrill of the long ago, jolting one's nerves whenever rabbit or quail was flushed, came back out of the forgotten past and made my knees knock together with the fear of missing. The ghosts of the buck fever that set my teeth chattering whenever the old dog pointed, took form again and haunted me persistently. Shooting running rabbits with a rifle, especially when you are not quite familiar with the sport, is worthy of trial. What if you bag but one or two? You have earned them, and you are in luck, and what would you do with the dozen or so you might have rolled over with your double-barrel? I predict that if you give the little rifle a trial you will try it again and again. You will with practice become so proficient as to amaze yourself and your friends with your skill, for in practicing you will see possibilities hitherto unthought of. You will become a snapshot at flying targets. It will seem a wonderful feat to puncture a tomato can thrown in the air. After a while you will hit it twice. Then it occurs to you to "make a double." The ease with which you "plunk" each can shows you that you are becoming used to the "feel" of the rifle and that you can shoot by instinctive faith in your aim rather than by close application to the rear sight. Bottles and railroad ballast and green walnuts replace the can targets as your proficiency increases and a summer's idle afternoon passes pleasantly when with a friend, you take the little guns and "hike" for the river to loaf and burn up inexpensive ammunition. You will find yourself in the open air oftener with the rifle than with the bulkier shotgun, that whim of the open seasons, and in time you will admit the benefits derived, and incidentally the doctor's bills saved—and you

will find yourself shooting less at living targets and more and more at inanimate ones.

The slight cost of the ammunition used in these little rifles is in itself an excuse for buying. The .22 caliber short, carrying but three grains of powder and a leaden pellet of thirty grains, or the .22 long with five grains of powder and thirty-five of lead will either of them shoot far better than the average marksman can hold. They are extremely accurate, and although supposed to be mere toys will carry surprisingly well to the mark at long ranges. The .22 long will strike the bullseye with great regularity at two hundred yards, and at that distance will easily penetrate an inch board. Smokeless powder for these little cartridges has attained a high degree of perfection, and a great variety of the .22 caliber rim-fire cartridges is now manufactured. Each of the four leading cartridge companies in the United States makes at least eighteen different kinds of the .22 rim-fire cartridge, and the output is so large and the demand so great for these little shells that it is impossible to estimate the enormous quantities used each year. Millions of this popular caliber are manufactured daily, the .22 short being in highest demand. For hunting, the hollow-point bullet with smokeless powder is preferred. For snap-shooting at targets, the solid ball, with black powder is the favorite, and so clean are these little cartridges that a thousand shots may be fired without cleaning the gun or impairing its accuracy.

The proportion of .22 caliber rifles manufactured is so ridiculously great in comparison with the larger sizes that the mere figures would be doubted, and the writer accused of employing wild guesswork if an estimation was made. And yet not so very long ago the imported "Flobert" smooth-bore shooting the "BB cap" had but one solitary rival in a really accurate .22 caliber rifle of American production. It was the leader, the pioneer, in light-weight rifles and would shoot to the center when held right. Many of us remember the big old-fashioned rifles of this caliber, weighty, clumsy and all out of proportion to the small cartridge. The popular demand for a more suitable weapon quickly brought a remarkable change. We have our pick of a great variety of dainty little rifles of light weight and unexcelled shooting powers. There are four makes of repeating rifles, one of which is an automatic. Of the twenty or more different American-made single-shot .22 caliber rifles, not one is of inferior construction and all will shoot where held.

It is the .22 caliber repeater, carrying its handful of diminutive cartridges, that appeals to the American sportsman. It should be nicely fitted with sights sufficiently coarse to allow of instantaneous aim, and at the same time prove suitable for good target work. The plain open factory sights are not desirable because



## THE TRAIN DOGS

BY OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY

Out of the night and the north;  
Savage of breed and of bone,  
Shaggy and swift comes the yelping band,  
Freighters of fur from the voiceless land,  
That sleeps in the Arctic zone.

Laden with skins from the north,  
Beaver and bear and raccoon,  
Marten and mink from the polar belts,  
Otter and ermine and sable pelts—  
The spoils of the hunter's moon.

Out of the night and the north,  
Sinewy, fearless and fleet  
Urging the pack through the pathless snow,  
The Indian driver, calling low,  
Follows with moccasined feet.

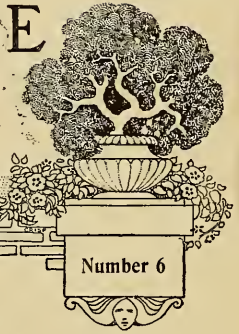
Ships of the night and the north,  
Freighters on prairies and plains,  
Carrying cargoes from field and flood  
They scent the trail through their wild red blood.  
The wolfish blood in their veins.



“Murder was in his heart as he fixed his wolfish eyes upon the boy’s blazing blue ones.”

Drawing by Blumenschein, for “A Dog With a Bad Name,” (Page 705.)

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THE GONDOLIER OF VENICE

BY VANCE THOMPSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRIBAYEDOFF



I HAD come over the Alps—out of gray storms—into Venice. I had not come to see this Venice, which is not a city, but a seduction. All that belongs to another mood. One should be purposeless as a butterfly in order to appreciate the charm of Venice—the grace of dead things and the living marvel of the sea. One should have no will of his own, drifting, he cares not whither, past houses of gold and onyx and oriental alabaster—the loot of Damascus and Heliopolis—over the brown-barred, silver lagoons, seaward. I had come to see Giuseppe Penso, gondolier, number 283, a Castellano of the Traghetto of San Barnaba—to shake his hand and live for a few days his life and the life of the men of his craft, to eat and game with them and play at bowls, to stand with them at the cradle and go with them across the Dead Lagoon, on the last silent journey. Other things I saw not at all. A cosmopolitan world thronged the piazzetta, stared down on by the bronze horses of Byzan-

tium—American women with splendid hair, calf-like brides from Germany, Spanish girls, all eyes and ankles, barons of blood or the Bourse, idlers from every corner of the earth; but I marked them not. It had been pleasant to idle there in the moonlight, for only in Venice do you find a reasonable mode of night-life. The noctambulists of Paris are a dreary lot. They prowl like cats. They go furtively, pausing now and then to shrill aloud their amours. Your Venetians are the true *vveurs de nuit*: calm, awake, indolent, they sit in the piazzetta or on the chiaja, sipping their sorbets and counting the stars—the only wise way of life. But this is neither here nor there.

*Alla barca!*

THE BOAT AND THE BUILDING OF IT.

“Giuseppe,” said I, “I would fain see the building of a gondola—to which of the *squeri* shall we go?”

It was an important question; Giuseppe debated it in his mind, as he swayed to the oar—a slim, brown, muscular young man,

graceful as a panther, handsome as a tenor in his red costume of the Castellani.

"The *squero* of San Trovaso," he said at last.

We glided past the parish church and the camps with trees (nowhere is green so green as in this water-city) to the building-shed, where lay dozens of gondolas, side or bottom up, basking in the hot sun, their noses in the water. A huge pitch-kettle bubbled, sending up coils of thick smoke and spreading an acrid odor. Busy men, with naked breasts and legs, hammered and sang. It was the birthplace of the gondola. In the shed were four posts within which the gondolas are built, each on the same pattern. The length is thirty-two feet. One was well on toward completion, the oaken stern and bow posts set, the cherry ribs laid down, the walnut deckings at stern and bow in place; it was a thing of strength and beauty. Walled and bottomed with pine, floored and decked over, the gondola, so far as its water-going qualities are concerned, is complete. In this state it may be bought for twenty or thirty dollars—a mere dainty black hull—and all the other fittings must be bought by the gondolier, or rented, elsewhere. Of first importance are the two twisted oar-posts, against which the beechwood oars are laid in the sculling. A blacksmith furnishes the iron-work for stern and bow. The steel blade, or beak, on the prow is usually an heirloom, or at least it has come down the years and few of them are made nowadays. This, too, is true of the brass sea-horse and brass hands which uphold the long black ropes of the arm-rests. Of them the gondolier is more than fond. They are individual to him as babies to a mother. They are the monuments of his race, carved of old and worn by the polishing of countless hands; they have come down the generations of gondoliers. Covered with black cloth, with black silk, and black lamb's-wool, the gondola is now complete—with lounge-seats in leather, a chair or two—for summer wayfaring. For days of rain or storm there is the *felze*. This is the little house, framed of pine, covered with woolen cloth, containing a door and two windows, one on either hand. The interior woodwork, of walnut, is richly carved. Giuseppe's, for example, is carved with scenes from his favorite story of the "Casa

dei Morti," and in one corner of the *felze* is a shrine with a picture of Saint Joseph, his patron. The entire cost of the gondola is about \$200, though all depends of course upon the luxuriousness of the fittings.

You have seen, in fact or fancy, so often these graceful black skiffs, high-prowed, somberly beautiful, that words can add little to your knowledge. One thing, however, you may be as ignorant of as I was. The gondola is not symmetrical. It is a flat-bottomed boat, but it is not built to lie flat on the water. It is tilted slightly to the starboard side, thus taking on that side a few inches more water. Moreover, well back, the flat bottom bulges a bit, forming a sort of pivot, upon which the boat turns readily. Then again, the right side is straighter than the left, thus correcting a tendency to go in a circle when driven by the gondolier on the poop. Looking at a gondola lying up in a *squero* it is easy enough to see the twist and the wise purpose of it. Every one who has been on the water, in wood or canvas, knows that no two boats are alike, even though they may have been machine-made on the same model. Indeed they are no more alike than twin sisters. Each has its own peculiarities, which must be known, studied and allowed for at all times. Your gondolier—this bright-sashed jockey of the lagoons—loves his *barca*, because he has to humor it. 'Tis the way of a man and his wife.

#### THE GONDOLIER AND HIS GUILD

There are nearly twenty ferries across the Grand Canal and the Giudecca. These are the *traghetti*. In one sense they are like the cab-stands or cab-ranks of cities built upon land; in another sense they are the unions or guilds of the gondoliers. Thus our friend Giuseppe is a member of the *traghetto* of San Barnabe on the Grand Canal. It was there he took me to meet his good old father, a veteran of the beechen oar, Antonio, and his brother, the mighty prize-winner, Giovanni. In a little *trattoria*, in the shade of the church, we toasted each other in pale, blond beer—the foreigner and a dozen members of the *traghetto*. And the foreigner learned these things:

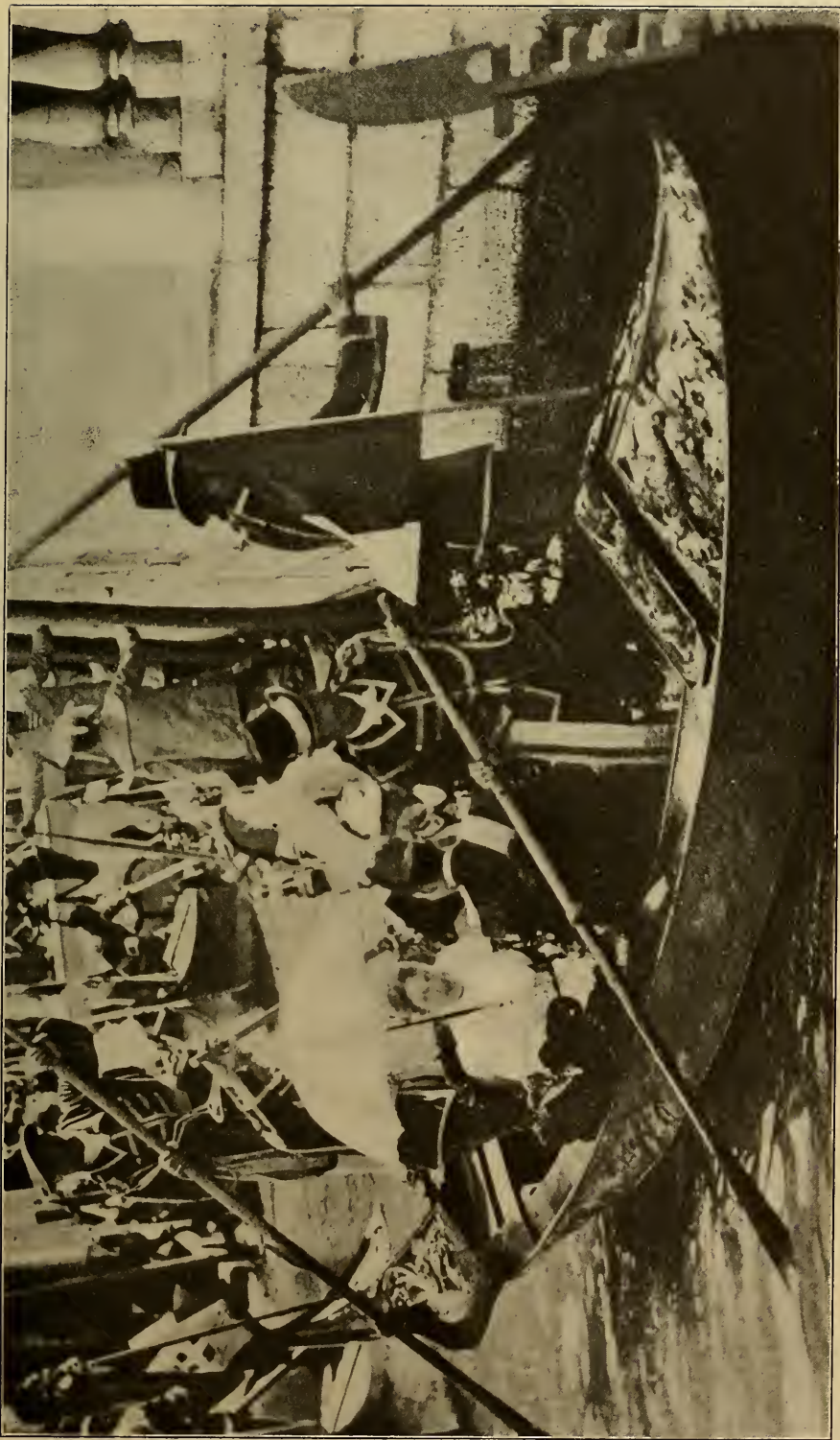
The police, of course, license the gon-



In the heart of the city.



The principal traghetto (ferry)—Piazza San Marco.



Queen Mother Margherita in her gondola—the late King Humbert seated beside her.



The builder.

dolas, and, by various ordinances, govern the life of the gondolier. His real laws, however, are those of his guild. In the wooden shelter houses of the *traghetti* the guild meets and decides all questions of hours of work and choice of station. Thus, those of St. Barnabe, have each a day off every week. One of them, in turn, works twenty-four hours at a stretch. If one of the fraternity falls ill he is cared for out of the public purse, and in case of death his brothers carry him to the grave. Stanch brothers, close-knit in friendship and their work, they are perhaps the last representatives of the good old mediæval crafts of Venice. Thrifty men, and sober and laborious. Let us bury, once for all, the fanciful legend that these brown fellows are tinsel heroes out of what comic opera I know not. They do not wander in the moonlight, chanting the strophes of Dante. They are hardy lads, wholesomely ignorant of literature, fathers of many children, good husbands and matter-of-fact money-getters. On the whole I know no finer class of men than these simple watermen

of the lagoons, the three rivers and the canals of Venice. In the season they charge seven francs a day; at other times you may have as fine a gondola and as skillful a gondolier as you can wish for five francs a day; their average earnings are far less, two francs or three. But then life in Venice is simple. For thirty-five dollars a year one may have five or six rooms in a good quarter of the town; and a little fruit and polenta, or a fried fish, or an onion and a crust of bread, thin wine from Padua, make existence a pleasant thing. The gondolier has money in the bank and his life is good—here in white and purple Venice, the city of song and the sea.

And when he gets old, what becomes of him—for all men have not the art of dying at the right moment—what of the old gondolier, who can no longer sway to the beechen oar?

Perhaps for a little while he prowls abroad in his old boat, which has lost its fine curve and lies flat and dingy on the water, picking up unprofitable traffic in the poorer water-lanes, but in time even





The gondoliers' somber meeting room with regatta flags in a case against the wall.

that is beyond him. Then he becomes a *granchaio*, which is to say a "crab-catcher." At the landing-steps, armed with a hooked pole, he waits to bring in or shove out the gondola. The Venetian gives him a quarter of a cent by way of fee. Outlanders tip him more abundantly. He, too, has his guild, and, ragged and poverty-struck as he looks, his place in society. He is no beggar, though he holds out his dirty slouch hat for coppers. A licensed and honorable "crab-catcher" he is still earning his livelihood. He is of no great service to any one except himself, for any gondolier can bring a boat alongside the landing, but he is a picturesque figure and, in honor of his laborious past, it is only fair that he should be pensioned by the public. (Here are my coppers, *ganzero*, with good will and God bless you!)

#### HIS SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS

Giuseppe crossed himself. To be sure a fire-launch had cut past us and a police-boat was coming head-on, but neither one

nor the other was a reason for crossing one's self at mid-hour. Suddenly there darted out of a side canal a gondola—and it was blood-red, red as bull's blood, fiercely, horribly red. I imitated Giuseppe. Never before had I understood how beautiful my slim, black, stately gondola was, nor how wise the old law of Venice which banished color from the lagoons and waterways.

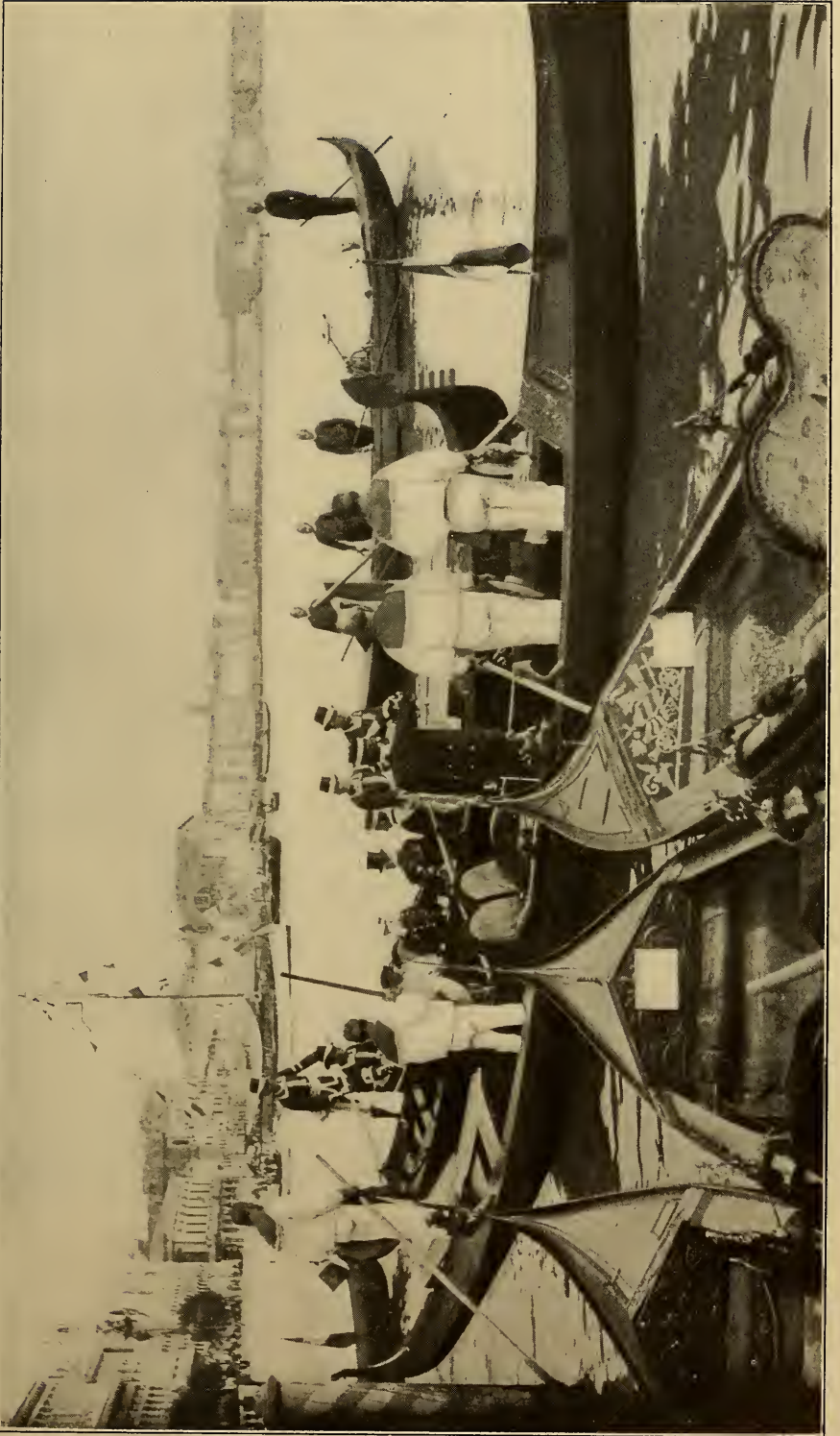
"'Tis the boat of a tradesman," said Giuseppe, leaning toward me, "a cloth-dealer,—may the devil take him and his scarlet sin!"

The "Amen!" did not stick in my throat.

We were on our way to the August regatta, a race for the white and gold banner, the royal, between the Nicolotti and the Castellani. Into these two sections the gondolier of Venice are divided, though, as I have said, they are subdivided into many guilds. They are the descendants of two popular factions which once quarreled here along the Adriatic. The old bellicose humor has quieted down into sportsman-like rivalry. The oar decides a supremacy



The carnival of Venice with its fancy gondolas.



The royal gondola carrying the firemen and the police.

that was once settled by the knife. The Nicolotti, they of the black sash and cap, hold still one-half of Venice, including the railway station; while the Castellani, wearing the red, hold the waterways by the Public Gardens and one side of the Grand Canal. The border—the debatable ground between them—is marked by the church of San Trovaso. This church has two doors—one on the side of the Castellani, the other opening to the Nicolotti, nor may either faction enter at the other's door. Nowadays all rivalry, as I have said, is that of the oar. There are four notable races a year. The first is rowed in May for a banner of red and gold; the white and gold pennon and, as well, the green in August; the blue pennon in October.

Two famous oarsmen were measured against each other this windy August morning, Giovanni Penso, of the Castellani and Cecco of the Nicolotti. The course was from the public gardens to the railway station and back again. The gondolas were the ordinary workaday boats of the two competitors. Each had chosen a pal of his own for the bow-oar. The waters about the gardens were black with gondolas. Not all the men of the guilds were in red or black. The start we did not see, but as the racers swept past San Giorgio we saw the red of the Castellani in the lead and we cheered the bold Giovanni and his mate. A flight of gondolas sped away in useless pursuit. We waited the return and welcomed the victor, for the pennon was won by Giovanni, who gained his first championship in 1895. With a splendid gesture he seized the new-won banner and kissed it. Then amid cheers from a thousand throats he led the way to the little *trattoria*, where the victory was to be celebrated. Prouder than need be, Giuseppe followed his triumphant brother. We came to the Trattoria at Trovatore, which is "The Troubadour's Inn" in the Vio Corte del Sabion. Would you know the number? 'Tis 4-8. Would you know mine host? Meet, then, the good, smiling Giuseppe Gavagnin, who stands here bowing and gives you the hand of welcome. A low, long room, dark and cool; there are tables and chairs; there is a glass case displaying the pennons won by the Castellani; there are oil-portraits of the winning gondoliers

of notable years; there were two score brown-faced, laughing, shouting Castellani; there were joyous girls in black; there was a huge tun of wine, holding forty quarts, borne in for the drinking, and there were songs and merriment. In the garden behind the inn were two courts for the *Gioco di pali*, the favorite game of the gondolier. Giuseppe and I took many a bout at it, those days. The game is in the nature of bowling, though for the pins a small ball is substituted. That and *lotto* are the gondolier's games. His amusements range from love-making—a sport for which there is biblical commendation—to visiting the little puppet theater and story-telling, which is the best of all amusements. I lay one afternoon on the hot stones of the *tragheto*, among eight or ten gondoliers in red and white, while a Penso told us the favorite story of the "House of the Dead"—a pretty yarn, not unlike the fable of Romeo and Juliet and which takes hours in the telling. Another time I heard the story of the "Baker's Boy" or the "Innocent One Condemned to Death." Frankly these old legends are not very exciting, but the gondolier loves to hear them chanted by one of his fellows as he lies in the shade, smoking, waiting for tide or fare.

#### WITHIN THE HOUSE

Giuseppe's home is nearly opposite the little inn where the Castellani were celebrating. There he lives with his father, the great Antonio, and his white-haired mother, for he is still a bachelor. Giovanni's house is near by. There he abides with a pretty wife and a rousing nestful of children. There is business of importance on hand. Keep your hat on when you enter. The freeman of Venice does not doff his hat in his own home, and his guest can but politely follow his example. The pretty wife courtesies. In the dark corners you see vague women in black courtesying. Then your eye goes to the glitter of copper pans on the wall. Oh, the glorious copper buckets! You are in the house of an heiress. These water-pots and copper pans are evidence of her wealth. They are the only *dot* the Venetian girls bring their husbands of the gondolier class. As they are entirely useless—one pair alone serves for water-carrying—they are ex-



His daily nap.

cessively prized. Children are playing on the floor. How many I know not—I never was a good judge of children. One baby, however, presents certain marks of interest. She is inserted in a box, which is set on a standard, up to her arm-pits. She looks like a cork in a bottle. Already a philoso-

pher, she accepts her position and makes no bones of it. From the window I could see another urchin of the family having his bath. A rope tied around his waist, he was chucked out ten feet or more into the canal; when he had scrambled ashore he was chucked out again and again until he

was soaked into cleanliness. On a blue plate, bread and salt were brought to me, and I ate to the house of Penso and drank to it in wine. Then Giuseppe said, "We had best start for the church."

"Where is the baby?" I asked.

"On the way, and these women want to follow. My sister-in-law and her friends! 'Tis the baby from the floor above," said Giuseppe, "and its name is Maria. Every child in Venice is baptized either John or Mary, because the Church has discovered that these names keep off the witches." (Giuseppe crossed himself against the witches.) "Of course," he added, "you may have other names, but John or Mary you must be, unless indeed you be a Jew or a heretic."

This Mary was the daughter of a gondolier. My first and last glimpse of her was at the church of the Giesuetti, as she was carried to the altar. A small object she was, swaddled in white linen, covered with silver charms and medals—for in Venice the witches are very potent with the unbaptized. She lay in a shallow dish

and was covered over with a square glass case hung with blue silk curtains, so that she reminded one of something good to eat being carried in to a feast. The father and mother are of incidental importance at the baptism. The chief figures are the godfather and godmother. They assume the responsibility of the little one's journey through the world and—no slight cost—pay the heavy expenses of the ceremony and the subsequent feasting. Toward this especial Mary's dowry I helped a trifle myself, but Giuseppe and I did not go home with them for the feast. In sterner company we were to celebrate the victory of the Castellani at supper. And that we did. Mighty was the eating and drinking thereof. Your gondolier, soberest and frugalst of men in usual days, feasts royally upon set occasions and casts his money to the winds. For Giovanni the dinner was paid. The good man ate—upon my word—eighteen plates of macaroni and as many loaves of bread, and washed the dinner down with seven quarts of wine. It was a grown man's meal. When a merry fel-



The government allows the gondolier to act as dock hand when he becomes too old to handle the oars.

low struck up a dance on the accordion—for the mandolin belongs to the fiction of Venice—Giovanni was still light on his feet. In the hot and smoky room and beyond in the little garden, under the lanterns, the gondoliers and the black-eyed girls danced until dawn. And the night went with laughter and kisses and cries of "*Viva Italia!*" and "*Viva il re!*"—for your gondolier is not discontented enough to be a socialist—and the music of dancing feet.

We slipped away from the merry-makers, Giuseppe and I; he at the oar, I lolling on the cushions, we glided away into the blue night. "Go where you will," said I; "this is no time for sleep." A thin spiral of smoke went up from my cigarette, so quiet it was in the Grand Canal, so still the moon-drenched air. There was wind on the lagoon. The gondola felt the pulse of the sea, far off. We went on in a great silence, broken only by the spooning of the oar and the lap of the water. The moon left us, but there were stars, and in the east faint gray intimations of day. And always the great silence. In front of us rose an island

rimmed with cypress, gray and desolate as death. Here it was that Saint Francis came preaching: "Little birds, my brothers, cease your songs, for they hinder me from praising God." And the little birds flew away. Never song of bird has been heard there since. The saint's word made a desert of the island. As Giuseppe swung the gondola round in a wide curve there came to us over the water a chant of great mournfulness. Twenty novices, all young marched in double lines beneath the cypress trees, their white cowls drawn, wailing vague Latin prayers. And a mystic dawn came up.

THE END OF IT ALL

*Fior di viola!*

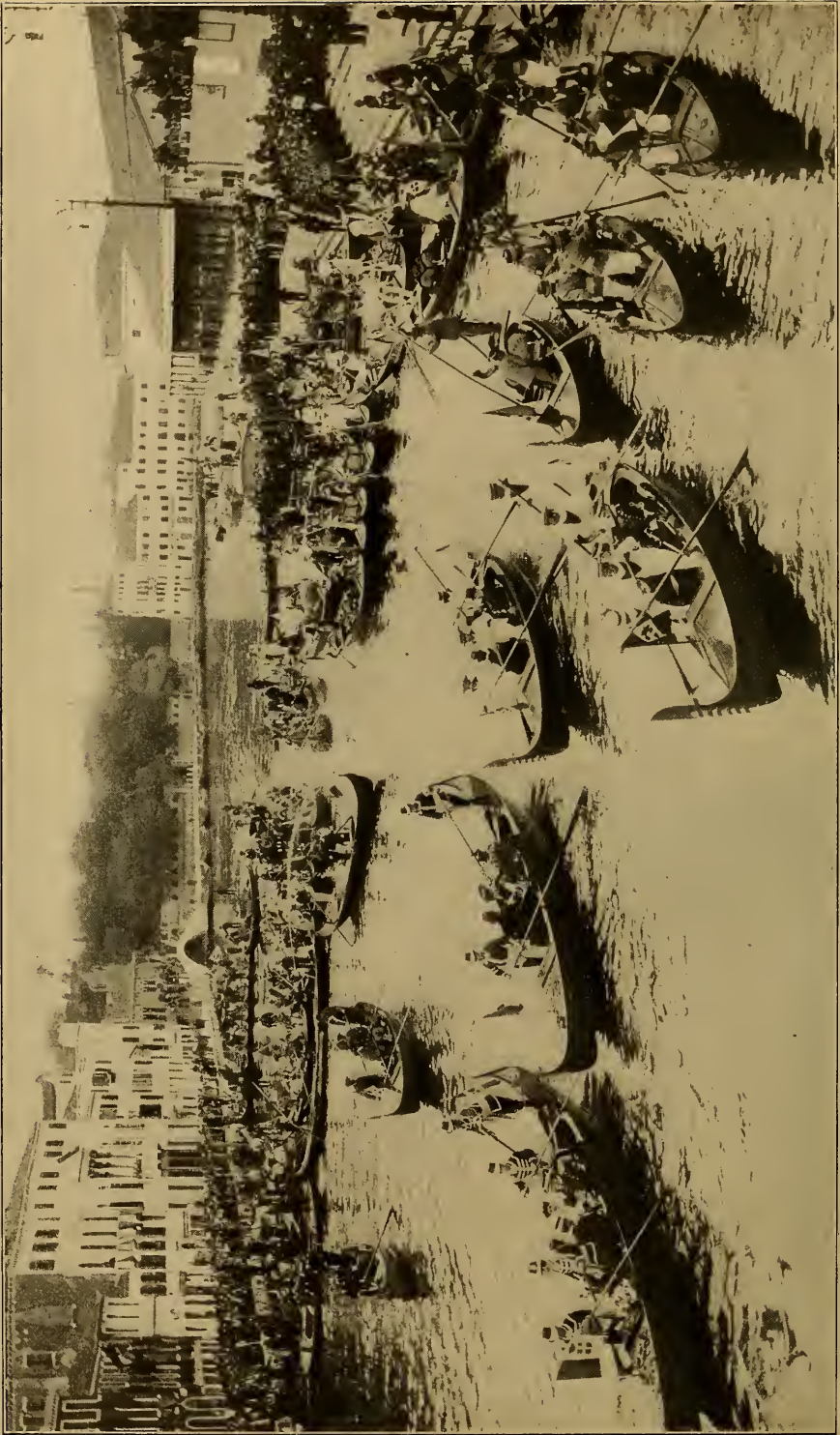
*La sera mi prometti Roma e Toma,*

*E la mattina manchi di parola.*

One evening I supped in the Trattoria Ferraboschi, which is—as every one knows—in the Calle della Mandola, just off the Street of the Assassins. Having lighted, with some difficulty, one of the long, straw-tubed cigars—so bad that the smoking of



The first cent taken in at a Venetian ferry is for the oil of the Virgin's lamp.



A reception to the King and Queen.





Cardinal Sarto boarding a gondola on his way to the Conclave in Rome which made him Pope.



The Mayor of Venice and his uniformed gondoliers.

them fastens on you like a habit—I set out for the Grand Canal. The music-boats were all ablaze, their lanterns of red and yellow making fanciful lights in the water. Hundreds of gondolas were moored alongside, or drifted to and fro within hearing of the music—this music of Venice, which is agile and sallow and scraggy (and yet in its way fascinating) as an old ballet-dancer. Came a boat-load of chattering, shirt-waisted American girls. They bade their two gondoliers draw ahead of us. The foolish virgins!—they knew not Giuseppe. He threw himself against the oar and in a few moments their high-keyed voices died away behind us. Ahead of us went a gondola, one Nicolotto only at the oar. We gave chase. Soon we were racing side by side. There was one woman in the boat, who called to her gondolier with little cries and laughed. A wild race under the stars, my brothers, out into the lagoon and past the great white yachts and the black steamer home-coming from Trieste, and the little cries of the woman and the laughter that rang out of her.

And then?

That is where your lawless fancy leads you into folly. There was no “and then”—

I have always lacked imprudence at critical moments.

Only the memory of a laughing woman, her head wrapped in black lace, a white hand splashing the water and eyes that were an invitation and a menace; 'twas as though she said, “Don't tempt me—for, thank God, I am weak!” Only a memory—the black and flying bark and the Nicolotto swaying to the beechen oar, a slight figure, escaped, I fancy, from some picture of Carpaccio. And if my thoughts were not given wholly to the skill of the waterman they bent that way.

The gondola, as I have stated, is so perfectly adapted to its purpose that it is like a sentient thing in the gondolier's control. It obeys the slightest impulse of the oar. Through the narrow and intricate lanes of Venice, with the sharp and baffling turns, it glides with unflinching accuracy. The boatmen have about ten different calls by which they announce their approach, as they come to a corner, the turn they will take in a crowd, their way to right and left and all that. And these calls, half-song, half-cry, echo day and night and yet so musical are they that they seem to be merely a part of the brooding silence of

Venice. Indeed the wonder of Venice is how all things—the city and the sea, the boats and the people, the songs and the sky—combine to make one perfect whole, caressing and idle as one of Petrarch's sonnets, which one I care not. Here even death is not merely somber; it is friendly and familiar, as well. I saw them put old Paolo to bed for the last time. He had been in his prime a stout gondolier of the *traghetto* of Santa Sofia, near the Rialto, but in old age was a ragged "hooker" of the gray. In his quarter however he was a respected man. Indeed to be old or to be a child is among the gondoliers a title to tenderness and respect. And so when a good man dies in the poorer quarters the neighbors combine and hire a brass band to celebrate his virtues.

My gondola was one of ten that followed old Paolo's funeral barge—with big flaring candles of tallow in the standards—to the cemetery. Under the bridge of Paradiso and on; out of the Rio di Santa Maria into the Rio dei Mendicanti—a street of

dirty windows aflutter with rags (the multi-colored livery of poverty) and frowned over by a civic beggars' rest; out into the Dead Lagoon and to the sight of the dome of San Michele and the rose-and-cream-colored walls of the cemetery.

This is the end of the gondolier, though Giuseppe, who is a good Catholic, assures me it is not the end of it altogether. The Pope, too, and many others are of his opinion.

\* \* \* \* \*

The end of the gondolier's working-day is marked by the *disparicchiare*. The boat is brought up to the *traghetto* or to its station near his home and stripped of everything it contains—the brass horses and hands, the cushions, seats, backs of the seats, the carpets and chairs, even the old sponges; for the water thieves of Venice are adroit and tireless. The empty hull is left to swing with the tide.

"*A rivederci, Giuseppe!*"

"*A rivederci, Signore!*"

And so be it.



The gondola of the first class.

# ON THE CHASE FOR VOLCANOES

## III—THE HEART OF THE VSEVIDOV VOLCANO

BY ROBERT DUNN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



Now for Mt. Vsevidov, 7,236 feet, the perfect snow cone on the south half of this Umnak Island. It was an alpine job. Pitched sheer from the surf, with snowline at 2,000 feet, whipped by woolies and ever choking under fogs, it rather bearded a solitary volcano-chaser.

Was Vsevidov still active? Was its "Great eruption, north peak, 1817," of old Russian record, out of the cone itself, or from the icy needles, seen from Okmok, across the great chasm northeast of it? What of the eruption on its southwest end in 1830, and the mud volcano that "broke out in 1862 near the village"—the village being Nikolski, surely, twelve miles south of Mt. Vsevidov. These were my goals.

For two days we swung from anchorage to anchorage in the fjords of Inanudak. The gale hauled southwest; the glass fell; fog and woolies gathered venom; to beat south seemed vain. Now we dropped the hook by a dead red cinder cone—a mortar aimed from an apron of pillared lava into where sky met snow; now by the three-barred cross of a forgotten Russ grave among green vetches. We groped along tall ranks of refracted pinnacles, following a lonely shag behind the reef. In one corner, where hidden ice cast three wavering streams down cliffs of emerald, I sighted the weathered ribs of an upturned dory. The Captain dashed ashore, and was back at noon, radiant; with hawse-pipes, yes, and a winch big enough for a battleship. He cursed the anchorage: "A bit shallower, and she'd break right here."

And damn whoever said this bay was safe in all weathers! Beating south was no riskier than this.

We groped out into Bering, into fogs thicker at each false dawn. We fought against tide and wooly, creatures in a treadmill. Long port tacks, short starboard, while the surfy capes and chaotic reef-sentries followed us like ghosts. Landward always glowed some thin bright line, the ice-green glimmer where the sea met another wide glacial valley of the wrapt volcano, whose spire was likely piercing sunshine; always the black cinder piles on the shadowy beach, hollowly breasting the crisp surf. We slept much. We baked bread. Elia would leave the tiller to open the oven door and swab the loaves with a greasy rag. The wind would die, the fog shut in hopelessly each night as we stood off far from shore. Once an island loomed ahead. Aniuliak? Maybe. We rushed on deck in the dark, whispering: "Look at her rip—rip!" Smooth oily patches, the sharp ridges of the tide, cast us ever north—once a whole night's beating in fifteen minutes. But was it all tide? A new Bogoslov might be stirring under us, for we did not know where we were, and even the Captain had never sailed this uncharted coast. And for some night soon our almanac foretold a total eclipse of the moon.

One dawn a cape like a camel's back, which we had beaten for all night, showed dimmer than at the last dusk. But toward noon the wind freshened, the fog curdled, and we doubled the hump in triumph. The ghost of that small island, Aniuliak, grew real at last, and we scudded excitedly

toward its lee, across full, heaving seas. We had to make it by dark, for we were threading a maze of reefs. The Captain spat from his bunk, shuffled into his arctic and took the tiller, as I put rice into the sea-lion stew. I could see into the coveted bay right under Vsevidov, but he dared not enter it in this on-shore blow. Up burst a rank of gashed rock fingers, and we jerked about; the turning tide flattened the swell and we lost 'way. Elia went forward to look for "them rocks just under the surface." At the tiller I was ever ready for the shiver and crash of timber. But we made it. Suddenly the island cliffs loomed large, circled by snowy gulls who moaned at the gloaming. I swung the lead; no bottom, no bottom—then all at once five fathoms; bad holding ground, but we had no choice, so the chain shrieked out, and the tension was over. We had a second supper, and the Captain laughed about a Scotch shipmate of his washed overboard years ago off St. Paul Island, so he "felt bad for a week."

Never before had I heard an anchor drag a rock bottom. "*Chug—Chu-u-ung! Kr-r-r—Buttt!*" All the subaqueous night that protest of the scarred ocean floor kept me awake. Between long silences the blind deeps swung us furtively at the behest of the absent moon. But though day showed no island—only the kelp streaming under us like weeds in a swift river—we upped the hook and plunged forward, taking chances. Elia swung the lead; I glared for rocks, and we hauled about at the feel of any solid imminence. Nikolski lay somewhere to port, and when finally a nether glimmer routed the obscurity, we ran free.

A tiny cube—with red roof—with a green dome shaped like an onion—attested man. "Guess church," muttered Elia. Grass-covered mounds, the Aleuts' half underground huts (barrabaras), loomed around it, all on a desolate lea inside the seething reef that guards the harbor and is the dread of fugitive poachers. Close to shore a narrow channel opened. The huts launched a dory of shouting savages, as we entered it. Suddenly, dead ahead in its middle, boiled up a lazy roller—narrow squeak for our timbers. Foam broke on the other's oarlocks, and we followed them, a card's breadth from the next breaker, but

safe inside, in the van of its wash. Men with hairy Russ mouths, with high Aleut cheeks, filled our cabin, staring at the teapot with sugar-starved eyes. "Kosada," (eat), we said in Aleut, handing them hard-tack, listening to their throaty-voiced speculation about us.

Elia landed me. Nikolski—sole village on this least-known Aleutian isle—is likely the remotest settlement of North America. Once a year a revenue cutter with food and clothing calls at Atka and Attu over against Siberia, for with our selfish seal laws and the sea-otter decimated, starvation rules there; but none visits Nikolski. It could not pass the reefs, and Nikolski needs no cutter. By some miracle, salmon the year round run up its weir into the ponds which lie behind every Aleut camp. White men know our villages in the Arctic Ocean better than this one, for the whalers up there visit them all. Even the Unalaska father does not come here, and each Sunday a native reads the ritual of St. Nicholas. Only outlaw sails, or Ed Applegate's schooner seeking a crew to hunt otter, see these eluded barrabaras; yet in the old days Nikolski was the core of that mystic chase, and the Bering squawmen tell of golden rubles cast into the sea by its natives in the flush of drink and plenty.

A savage with eyes close together, low forehead and wrinkled brows—Pete by name—greeted me. The village was all scarlet and green, and fœtor. Row after row of gutted salmon hung under grass thatches. Frowsy girls with bare legs and tattered skirts, two to each laden pole, scurried the dried fish into cache or smoke house, hustled out the newly cleaned, for the sun was flashing through a scud of cloud. Hard-beaten paths joined the huts, through grass up to my waist, choked by piles of offal where it was sickening to step and sink. A big black and white mongrel, a white man's dog, dove viciously at me; then, seeing that he was more akin to me than to his master (Aleuts have no dogs), he slinked shamefacedly near; and how I pitied him as he licked my hand! A naked child ran away shrieking as if she had seen a corpse. All the children had scarred or twisted necks, shortened hips, or the grooved teeth of the nameless white man's curse. "*Qua-coo-ook!*" squawked the flabby ravens, puffed with rotteness, tilt-



Vsevidov Volcano, Umnak Island, from Bering Sea.

ing on the church cross, on the cast-iron gate of the graveyard patch. "*Qua-coo-ook!*" they swooped on the fish guts decaying on the beach, or sneaked complacent overhead, with silky wings rustling like new grave clothes. For here on the outer rim of the world, where life clings on and on, hopeless and in darkness, they are symbols of God's ever-imminent negation—death. I loathe them. Had I to live in an Aleut village, I'd slaughter them all before I slept. "*Qua-coo-ook! Qua-coo-ook!*"

Pete took me to his hut. The outer room was deep in dry grass on its earth floor, with a clay smoke chimney and rafters heavy with salmon; the inner, floored with hewn drift logs. Over its single window hung his small gilt ikon, his gaudy prints of tsar, tsarina and family; and he had two grimy, feather-stuffed beds. From a post of one hung an old beer bottle, full of holy water. I pointed to the quilt. "You bed?" I asked. He nodded. And indicating the other, I said, "You wife?" He shook his head. "No. Me boy," he answered, and pointed to the smoke room, adding, "Wife." I remembered. Lying there half covered with straw, I had all but stumbled over a toothless woman gnawing a salmon fin.

Outside, the racing fog emitted bright gleams of old Vsevidov. Irresistibly it drew me north, just to glare at it awhile; up the low hills that form all the narrow south end of the island, and break like the sea itself under the white cone. I wandered five miles. The smothered rose of dwarf azaleas, the smoky glint of countless ponds, vainly cheered the heart-sick tundra. I would squat in the lee of a faint summit for shelter from the pitiless west wind. Flagitious gale! It was dire to think of its impact on the cliffs that loomed at last over the dim Pacific.

I am no mountain climber. But alps draw me as flame draws a moth. Height sickens me. Strength, heart, stomach, I have—but at cutting steps on an ice slope my head gets light. I remembered my boyhood thirst: to wander for the sake of wandering over all the peaks of the world, ever higher, higher; to die violently on some Kinchinjunga. Always I believed that at that second I should be a coward. And every alp said to me: "Sooner the better that test for you."

I resolved. I could not help it. I would hire Pete and another to help pack three days' grub and the tent the twelve miles to the foot of Vsevidov. I would swing around to the north slope of the peak, aiming for the pile of ice blocks half way up, which peered through the fog flashes over the east shoulder of the cone. There we would camp for the night on this dash—dash, since time was lacking for a siege.

After supper on the *Bear*, Elia rowed me ashore. He was to interpret while I hired Pete, and as it happened, Ossip, the lay-reader himself, (though it was Saturday night,) for a dollar and a half a day. Elia went to get a naked steaming by sprinkling water on hot rocks in the underground town bath-house, while I chopped eighteen tent pegs from driftwood. Sophy, the young wife of an otter-hunter away with Applegate, called me into her house, and we smoked a cigarette together. In most parts of Alaska the men smoke and the women chew. The Aleutians reverse this, so far more refined are they. I remember I wrote in my diary that night: "Elia came back and said there was a lady in the bath-house so he couldn't wash, and that it was only open Saturday nights. I suppose the head attendant runs a lawn-mower over the hut roofs other evenings. That is meant to be funny. I shall sleep to-night exactly as a moth may—flying toward a flame."

But the gale searched me clean of wakeful dreams—thank God! The Captain thought he was very funny at breakfast, as I jammed down a domino of ham and half a potato, by asking for a wireless message from the top. Ashore, Pete and Ossip were ready. Pete wore a sort of duck feather nightgown with the down turned in, and packed the blue-flame stove and oil; Ossip the grub; I the tent pegs and blankets—about thirty pounds each. We hit north up the beach, under sulphur-yellow cliffs. An eagle dying of old age stood breast deep on the reef, mouthing defiance with raised wings at a swarm of sycophant ravens. We struck a trail leading to the long ridge behind the square sea-head opposite Aniuliak. The tundra was sprinkled with prickly sea-urchin shells, blown by gales or dropped by the foul birds; anyhow, to fool geologists of coming æons into thinking that in this year of grace Umnak was submerged.



Author's camp on Vsevidov Volcano, overlooking cloud-covered Pacific.



Within, all these islands are virgin. The sea-faring native, as have all white men, avoids the exhausting soft tundra as we would shun the plague; he is lost there. We rested each hour and a half. The fog garmented us. The boys were leading too far west, because the trail was easy and hugged the Bering coast, likely ending in a drift-wood cache on shore. I switched them northeast. Soon they seemed tired. Halting, Ossip drew smoked salmon from his flour sack bundle, and we ate in silence. Up and down, up and down, fog-bound, foundering in moss where fragile yellow flowers grew for mockery, wading gorges and icy streams, I led across those deceitful hills by instinct, bravado, what you will. A shield-shaped rock noted yesterday loomed over us. At noon a gully led due north toward the wide glacier valley which cut straight across the island. I jammed the stove under a bank, but even so it took an hour in that gale to boil our tea.

Then the fog melted, suddenly, as if the blast were suffused with some magic solvent. The white volcano, restless heretofore behind the scud, sprang out uncannily motionless, too lustrous. The even radiation of snowfield and black ridge was bewildering. From the hills, from the sea, those slopes had looked possible; but foreshortened now, they appeared perpendicular. I could all but see them swing up and stiffen. The black foam of the ice stream ringed us as we forded it. Across, we skirted a chaos of lava blocks, and the ascent began abruptly. Straight above, a hanging glacier rooted its end into a bulging serac; to right, all the slopes hung cliffs over the red moraine of the ice-filled gorge between us and the northern mountain. Toward them we crossed the gullies at wide angles, "slabbing," as they say down East; now aiming straight north. We rested every twenty minutes. Ridge and snow gap were ten times as broad, or deeper, than you would have bet from below; and it was to wonder how from a distance Vsevidov looked symmetrical at all.

The blue and islanded Pacific raised its wall of steel to heights of Babel. Snow gully and crevice on the mountain of pinacles opposite became reticulate in the glare, as if our eyes were spy glasses. The gale had been only frisking. At four

o'clock, with the coveted snow blocks hardly a thousand feet higher, blast after blast beat on us like flails. We were crossing a wide snow field, which the southern ridges, then put well behind, should have protected. The boys stopped, turned backs, and braced against their poles not to be swept away. Ice needles volleyed us, as if up yonder a cyclone had struck a glass factory. Pete and Ossip gaped at me, their dark eyes watery and abject. It was a new game for them; for me, alone on this primeval dash, such resignation was no stimulus. Time and again, crunching across the broad névés, we all had to face about, with shoulders hunched and ears covered from abrasion. And looking upward in the lulls, the stinging squalls wavered down the brighter snow walls, in the way that the shadows of fish will creep over the floor of a sunlit pond into which you may gaze.

Now we were above any shelter for the tent, and the slopes were steepening. It was to camp, unless we would sleep standing; the nearest level was a thousand feet below. Soon a ridge of ash and blocks like petrified black bread relaxed for a ten-foot space, and we dropped our packs. Still the ice blasts harried, as we tore furiously at the lava for some sort of shelf to spike the tent upon. We dug with ice-axe, poles, fingers, madly as bears root out gophers. I wonder still how we raised the tent pole, and made the first peg fast. We rolled up boulders, laid them on the little stakes—hundred-pound blocks on sixteenth-inch guys, on the very silk apron of our shelter, which flopped and snapped like a mainsail missing stays in a hurricane.

Inside—inside that might be outside any second—I burned paper in the stove burner, thrusting its air-pump till slowly the blue flame made the tea snow bubble. The boys speculated together over such a miracle, as I chucked them cold sea-lion, which they ravened. Then they swayed and trembled nervously over the stove, eyeing me as I wrote my diary, tongues in cheeks; Pete with his pug-nose and high cheek bones that gave him a traitorous look until he smiled; Ossip, large-mouthed and square-jawed, tough-looking in an urban manner, having a taint of Russian blood, most like. I was scrawling, I re-



Planting camp in a fierce gale, slopes of Vsevidov Volcano.

member: "Simple children, yet far older than I. We've had no heart to heart talks yet. I've used only the few English monosyllables they understand, speaking with the hopeless condescension that white men can't help bearing all savages at first. But they're far more accomplished linguists than I, know both Russian and Aleut, of which I don't savvy a word. And I guess this is the first and last lay-reader that will ever pack kerosene for me, glory be . . . Lord! How much longer will it last? Overhead, everywhere, the silk bulges down as if a lot of fat men were leaning on the tent ribs. A while it is absolutely motionless; then a shift of the blast sets it popping as if a regiment were shooting off volleys in here. The front flap snaps on always, so we can't hear ourselves speak. Wonder is how seams or fabric stand it. And momentarily the needlely ice adds its slither to the din. . . . We've been outside to tighten the rope, roll up more blocks, stamp on the pegs. 'All right, I guess,' said Pete. I hope so, for what to do when 'Zip!' she tears open, and grub, blankets, and all of us go skidding down to the shadowy glacier below, after my hat, which has just blown away."

But the glittering ocean world that ringed us! The reef-pricked Pacific, actually windless under the crags of one large island! No future apocalypse can bring forgetfulness of its cloudless wall of azure, melting into that zenith of hazy gold dust. The ruddy needles of the north peaks seemed to cast a glow—as a meteor might, flaming at midday—over the dead hills and the dull salmon ponds by Nikol-ski, the sandy tip of the island, lusterless Bering. Yes, there on its cold sheen they rose, those four upstart peaks, the land-falls of archimandrite and promlyshenik in their old year-long voyages from Kamchatka—the Islands of the Four Mountains. Four isles, always four, from any hundred leagues at sea; unequal cones with the hazy bases you see in Japanese drawings; two virgin white, one ribbed and smudged with ash, the one to the north a darkling ridge that was heaving out solemn steam.

I was very sleepy. Dread too often vanishes at the brink of its object. Vsevidov didn't look so goshawful. Above the ice blocks, the slope seemed leveler; the

crater almost dome-shaped to the north. I sat cooling the rice boiled for to-morrow's breakfast, warming a space on my poncho pillow with the pot, skimming off its scum of ash. The boys spread their beds of hair sealskin. "Good night," I said, but they did not understand. The sun 'eft us suddenly, as if the very mountain had moved in order to eclipse it.

Dreams came, that I struggled among great snowdrifts in a crater. Falling down a steam-vent, I awoke. It was five o'clock, but gloomy, though we faced the exact horizon where the sun rose. The sky over the pinnacles was dull brass ribbed with blue bars, all soft and sullen. In five years at Unalaska, the Russians noted fifty-three clear days—less than one a month. We saw the July sun off Bogoslov; August's came yesterday, great luck! But, like a demon bedfellow ending his struggles, the wind had died in the night. We ate rice warmed over, tea, the last snack of sea-lion, and at ten minutes to six, with camera and chocolate, I felt fit for the test.

## VI

Nothing had been said to Pete or Ossip about climbing further. Just the sullen and ease-loving Aleut's presence, on a task like mine that he must view as Gothic madness, infects all your vaulting zeal with softness. Oh, for a fellow white man with ardor to arouse mutual ardor! But all at once Pete strapped on his terpisars, as anxious to follow as the lay-reader was to stay behind. We hiked up diagonally, over the wide snowfield above camp. At one steep place, Pete slipped, but giggled as he caught himself with his pole. We tackled a long ridge, slipping back at each soft exhausting step. Here and there I piled cairns. No matter when we descended, fog or snow would be driving. Soon bergschrunds ribbed the slope, like the open mouths of huge frozen reptiles. We crossed to the ice-blocks, the first goal, at the foot of their glacier. We wound among crevasses, the ice bridges heavy with new snow. Pete trod them in all guilelessness, and I did my best to warn him in dumb show. "Glacier!" I shouted, pointing. "Crevassel!" He blinked.

Going straight up from the saddle above the serac, steps would have to be cut, and

the bergschrunds were titanic. We were at the neck of the second or steeper slope, for all symmetrical ash volcanoes are so divided. Another lava rib showed ahead. We were still corkscrewing north around the cone. It was fully a mile diagonally upward to that ridge. Unless the snow gave foothold, I should have to cut steps. Pete looked ahead. His eyes drew close together, and his mouth and cheek bones seemed to quiver. In a flash he changed from child into overwise savage. He pointed to his feet. "No good," he said. "No good," and sat down deliberately upon the *névé*. True, the outer sole of one *terpigar* had a hole as big as a two-bit piece; but it was hair seal, with the whiskers still on, and stickier than the mushy green leather on my feet. I cajoled, persuaded, tempted—even with lucre—but the pugnosed one's look petrified and his phrase-book English dropped to "No good," and "Chew—terbac." The last I gave him. He must have thought me easy. All right—according to the best liars of adventure, jobs like mine are never complete unless your "natives desert you." And all the slopes looked possible. I pattered among a few crevasses on the glacier, for half the bridges were false. They looked solid, till the axe point pierced suddenly into deeps of that dazing and unearthly blue, beside which any glint of the fathomless ocean is tamely pale. A few gaps I took on the leap, and swung, with fair foot holds, slowly to the ash rib.

Alone! Every hundred steps or so, I peeked at the aneroid, now near the 5,000 s. Pete dwindled into a speck. The Babel wall of the Pacific became a soft and grisly curtain. I seemed to be getting very high. The ridge teemed with deceitful distances. It was after seven o'clock.

I slabbed another and longer snow slope; the next rib was softer yet. My heart beats had doubled before I knew it. Far below piled the blocks of other bergschrunds, I viewing them as a fly on top an upright ski may see its curved toe. Across to the next rib was fully a mile. From there I planned to swing back, switchbacking southeast, just under the lip of the final wall. I tramped half an hour up the slipping ash—more tuckering than wading knee-deep in snow. I was making no progress. I started out on the

white slope. At first it was softer than it looked. That was good; so I headed up, to hit the far rib high up. For a while all went well. I could stamp a footing to rest, lean back, and stare straight down some two thousand feet. It was soothing to know that one jab of the axe would hold any slip. Here, with the moth in me well in hand, no place looming steeper, I was stepping almost carelessly, as I bet my friend the axe long odds that I'd get to the top. I had peeked again at the cheering aneroid, and then resolved to control curiosity until on the ash again—high up it seemed to form a tiny shoulder—when, Lo! I slipped, jabbed the steel spike, hung still a minute, with that shiver only *we* fools know.

The snow was glazed. I had passed the bottom of the field's slight concavity, and beyond the gale had done its devilish worst. A thin drift had layered the surface; now the ice storms had swept it clear, polished it, with no sun to loose the frost. Above, ahead, grinned that jade-blue glaze, deepening into brown where ashes had powdered over. Straight up it would be foolish to go with that shoulder ahead. So I started laboriously to cut straight on; yes, which no climber who knows his business will do on such *névé* alone; to cut, cut, cut that last quarter mile to the rib, still diagonally, but aiming higher. And I chopped till my arms ached, and still chopped.

At last the crunch of ash. I looked beyond—but there was none. I peeked over the rib, and as I suspect now, shivered. There was no more slope of the mountain at all! The whole side of the cone's upper half had been blown out, exactly as a slice might be cut from a melon placed on end. More than a chasm, it was a—void, a stifled void. Caves, cliffs, columns; by avalanche, by rot, by pressure, had been stirred into a vortex of that untrrestrial blue, blighted by soiled and fallen cornices, sharp stalactites, films of ash, fresh snow. Right opposite wavered the brother cliff to mine, painted with dull rainbows, kiln-blasted, kiln-colored, splashed with all the secret flame-shades of pink and russet and dusty white. And the whole, rimmed with the cornice on which I stood, was gathered into a towering head-wall of ancient *névé*, which gashed and torn, perilously balanced

so it might crash down if you whistled, with ledges on which villages could be built—all ate like a disease into the heart of the volcano.

This was the crater, and Vsevidov was dead. It was the summit crater. Torn out by the great upheaval of 1817, this being the north side of the mountain? Perhaps. Extinct anyhow, for how many generations only the fogs might tell. Hot and seething yesterday, as worlds measure time, this little hole in our young sphere knew the cold blight that some day will kill every world.

As volcano-chaser, I had touched my goal. It is not in our philosophy to shin all around a crater wall to the top spire. Yet I had been striving under the spell of such a challenge, too, that old one of boyhood which had returned yesterday on the tundra. The overtones of success goad irresistibly beyond each triumph. My shelf dove under a narrow wall of snow, which swung east again, rounding out the final and higher ramparts of the great pit. I had to tackle it.

A little buff cloud peeked over that wall, and the reflex of last night's blasts fell on me. The slope reached into two rocky extrusions, one right above the other, which I had to reach, curving to the left. How soft was the snow? It was very steep. It gave good foothold for forty ladder-like paces; and then—the blue glaze again; to the left browner and icier; to the right the great chasm, over which the curving wall suspended me the more at each step. But there rose the only way. I kicked the snow, hard as a rock, in vain. "Zzzip!" the renewed blast blinded with ice needles; then a whirl of snow, not off the wall, but out of the sky, for all the heights were being drowned in that spreading, sinking brown cloud. I cut a dozen steps; pulled myself up panting, and looked down. If you slipped, you shot out over the cornice like slush coasting from a roof, and sprawled face down through half a mile of crater. Pete, far below there, protesting his faithfulness, moved about cold and uneasy, like a fly on a chunk of angel cake. The axe asked me for the betting odds on reaching the top, and I did not answer.

How pitifully I would be called a fool, if I sprawled there face under. All right. I

confess. My love and hate, and all the lure of treading danger where no man has trod, melted away as if they were airy challenges sketched in frost. Reason and conscience attacked meanly, all that morning confidence jeered at me, there in the gathering storm. "You are deciding," said that shadowy arbiter which somehow sneaks outside us when the self is divided against the self. "Well? Well?" it said impatiently. "Think how yesterday a-crossing those drear hills you keyed yourself to just this dilemma. How you said: 'If you don't win, shame. If you do, utter bliss.'" And the expiring self answered: "Such happiness I do not deserve. . . ." I'll be switched if I climb a sheer ice slope, cutting steps in a snowstorm, alone, over 2,000 feet of chasm. With any other human being, rope or no, Aleut or no, provided we can *talk*, I will. Right now I serve notice that I will take anyone to that place, and lead him to the bitter, bitter top rock of that crater . . .

I shot down like lightning, glissading, sliding over the snowfields; slipping only once so my heart came up to my back teeth. The scud shut in; following my tracks I came upon Pete suddenly, gigantic in the white gloom, still pacing his piece of angel cake. We roped down among my cairns, and before noon he and Ossip had their tongues tucked into their cheeks, watching the Aladdin stove boil tea. Rain peppered the tent. They didn't ask me, or seem to care, where I had been. Indeed, it was none of their business, any more than it was mine why improvidently they began to chuck away all their salmon.

Packed after noon, we were shinning to the valley over white slope and black rib. I dropped behind, looking back over my shoulder continually, hypnotically, at the fickle heights leveling themselves from sheerness. I would have continually to pull up, force myself to look forward.

Says the diary for August 7th: "The tent is pitched in the gully where we nooned yesterday. It is raining hard. Rice is boiling. Our socks are dangling from the tent pole. The boys have produced sewing outfits, squaw-embroidered Aunt Jemimas (the lay-reader's is very ornate with beads), and are mending their terpisar soles with twisted sinew. I ask Pete what it is made of. He imitates plunging whales with his



Higher slopes (much foreshortened) Vsevidov Volcano.

arms, blows out his cheeks for their spouting. Each has the neatest little nickel box to hold his inexhaustible 'chew-ter-bac' when he's through with a spell of mastication. How deep they dive into the sugar! . . . Good night. Life's not so perverse, after all. Self-sufficiency is a myth. You miss one goal, but other glory seats lie beyond. The rain rattles on the darned parafined silk and leaks through; but, thank you, we've sighted only two mosquitoes. I hear Ossip now and then running his finger down a seam to lead the drip into the moss; soon low, savage snores."

The dawn blazed low and golden, spotted with dark clouds like a leopard's skin. Still rain. Five mortal hours we struggled to the village, from vague soft ridge to ridge, eerie pond to pond, strangely athirst and our cheeks burning in the drizzly gale. I left the route to the boys—surely they should know the way home—but they followed me implicitly. Once Pete turned to me and said: "Corn puss?" At length I understood. He wanted my compass, for a bluff. The two clucked over it awhile, but when I pointed out what I thought was the right way, they nodded, smiled, and took it. Great bumps of locality they had, lost six miles from home. They chattered continually to each other, about what phases, I wondered, of their varied metropolitan life; Maryoff's new dress, probably, and why Siwashovitch's wife left him—life on the world's outer rim being life as elsewhere. We struck the beach at noon. The dying eagle was in his cave in the yellow cliff, but the truculent ravens still swooped about him, confident and ready for their meal on the instant of his death.

The boys had to burst open the church mite box to get me change when I paid them. I gazed into the priest's one-room house—but a real house, though no bigger than a doll's—with curtains in the window and bed all made up, waiting, waiting in vain for him, as we all wait for the rewards of faith that never come. I smoked a cigarette with Sophy and the lame girl, Euphemia by name, who lived with her, as a sort of slave to cook and gut salmon. Sophy showed me a picture of her husband George, the absent sea-otter hunter, a faded print of a large-mouthed young man, and framed in a green and red paper passe-partout which she had made. I took her

picture for George; she was as long dressing in her best purple calico and scarlet muffler, as my lady would be for the opera. Outside, the cunning, deformed kids splashed around in the weir, and gave me a long pole with a hook on the end, with which I jabbed the scared bars of salmon silver as they flashed through a wicker hole. Elia rowed me out among them jumping everywhere in the harbor, to the Captain, who was sandpapering his mainmast.

Umnak! Umnak! Back and forth, back and forth, from gray sea to blue ocean, from blue ocean to gray sea, ever that cold fog eddies and seeths on the wings of a cruel gale. Here you feel stranded in mid-ocean, at the tail of all lands' ends. Never have I seen such a jumping-off place, a settlement so desolate, so impotent, so hope-bereft. Here glassy ponds and booming surf, there a boiling reef; between, as if just to be overwhelmed, a cluster of specks on a sunken horizon line near the ghost of a great volcano; grass hovels and the red-roofed relic of Orient saints who have forgotten them, who so simply and pitifully are remembered! What but hunger, such as only the starved and dying can know, could have lured men across fog- and tide-rip in their frail bidarkis, to homes within one solar hour of the meridian where day and night are forever made?

In the early morning, Elia filled the water buckets on shore, and with a dory under spritsail alongside, we edged out of the harbor in one tack. North past Aniuliak we bowled in the teeth of the south gale. Out loomed Vsevidov, cold and stubborn against a zinc-blue sky. On its flank toward the sea, say 1,500 feet up, rose a fresh red ash-cone; and somewhat higher, a black cave above a great bank of ash. Either may have burst out in the eruption of 1830, but each then was as dead as the summit crater. And neither now, nor from the hills, appeared any sign of that "mud volcano near the village." As for the needle peaks north of Vsevidov having once been alive, I recalled them from my inane perihelion—drenched in a gray smudge of gathering snow. No, those frost and wind-torn spires had never blazed more than on that bright evening, when at their level I felt Vsevidov move quietly across the sun.

*(To be continued.)*



W. W. B. L. K. O. N.

LEAP FROG—"Aw—come on."

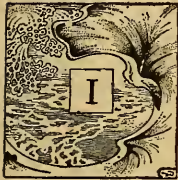
Drawing by Worth Brehm.



# LITTLE OUTDOOR STORIES

## WHY HE QUIT WHALING

BY EDWARD MARSHALL



It was an average day at sea and almost all the school teachers (there were forty of them aboard, some of them quite pretty), were at the rail. In the midst of their group, like the pit in a peach, the Chief Engineer stood, gnarled and brown. He was explaining things which the fair eyes saw upon the horizon.

"That one," said he, "that spouted right straight up, he is a sperm whale. They always spout straight up. I used to be a whalerman, so I know 'em at a glance. The chap behind him, feathering streams backwards toward his tail, well, he's a little bowhead. The fellow in the middle, sending two streams forward, is a monster humpback, and the little chap, who flashed so yellow when he breached—that is, jumped out of water—is what we call a 'sulphur bottom.'"

Behind the party, in a deck chair, I listened with suspicion. It astonished me to hear about a single school of whales made up of so many differing varieties.

"Were those things true?" I asked him, when we were smoking in his room.

"Why, no!" he answered, surprised that I should ask. "They weren't whales, at all. They were a school of porpoises. They didn't any of them spout. They just splashed water with their plunging snouts. But we have to make it pleasant for the passengers."

I shuddered. I had filled a notebook with memoranda of stories told me by the Chief.

"Have you classed me as a passenger and followed these exactly truthful lines with me?" I asked.

"Why, how'd I dare to yarn to you!" he cried. "You writers are so wise to things!"

I looked coldly at him, contemplating the destruction of the notebook.

"You never—really, I mean—went whaling, did you?" I inquired.

"Why, certainly," he said. "I wouldn't lie to *you*."

"You never told me why you abandoned such exciting work for this insipid job," I said, still somewhat skeptical.

"Shanty Bay stopped me," he said. "It's an indentation in the coast of Lower California. Arctic whalermen used to go there 'tween seasons. They'd ship their summer's catch of oil from Panama City and cruise off Shanty Bay, say, in December, January, February, laying outside with their ships and sending small boats in after the fish. 'California graybacks' we got there, but we called them 'devilfish.' An octopus, to whalermen, is a 'squid,' and 'devilfish,' to them, means a California grayback whale. Devilfish they are, too! The toughest crews, in the old whaling days, were scared at thought of going after them. Lots mutinied. In the first place it was summer work, and summer work with oars—there was hardly ever any wind except a 'white-ash breeze' inside there—is killing in those latitudes. Many a man I've seen there in the Bay drop from his thwart and lay upon the bottom of the boat, 'heat-knocked.' We used to take a man like that, with his heavy head just wagging on a limpsey, wimpsey neck—not pretty, for his face would always swell and purple and his tongue stick out—and hold him overboard till the water cooled or killed him. Some 'heat-knocked' chaps are there, this day, in the little sailors' bone-yard, with its crooked wooden crosses, on the shore, along with many another fellow killed by devilfish. That was another reason why we hated to go there. Graybacks are wicked 'fish' at any time, and they are at their worst, like all whales, at calving season. Calving time's the only time they go to Shanty Bay. It was my last experience there stopped me. There

is likely to be more money oiling donkeys on a whaler than there is in running big marines upon a ten-day passenger boat, for each man on a whaler gets what is called his 'lay'—his share of the whole ship's take of oil—but Shanty Bay, that time, just sickened me.

"We almost mutinied the morning when the Captain laid-to off the spits which form the entrance to the place and the mate cried: 'Ready, there, to lower!' I acted as spokesman for the men in making a strong protest to the Captain. My face twitched, as I spoke, where it knew the old man was going to hit it, but I spoke up, just the same.

"He hit it, and I didn't wake up time enough to take my regular position. I barely managed to get off in Number Three Boat.

"We hadn't gone a mile down the Bay, the Mate steering—the boat-steerer don't take charge astern until after he's harpooned the whale, you know—when we saw a cow and calf. They were asleep, apparently. Everyone aboard, except, perhaps, the Mate, who was new to the whale business, was scared stiff. Any cow whale with calf is nasty. When she is a grayback she is worse.

"We knew mighty well our only hope of dodging trouble lay in getting alongside without waking her and you can bet that every man aboard was mighty careful how he dipped his oar. What made it worse was that we saw the Mate was going up upon the calf side. She would think we planned to hurt her baby! Imagine a mere woman's wrath when she thinks that someone is designing to destroy her child, and multiply it by just as many times as whales are bigger than any woman ever built, to get a notion of what that meant. If we'd gone up on the other side she would have been just scared and divided to save herself. But he took us up not five feet from the calf's nose. Right between them!

"And she *was* a whale! Sixty-five feet long and good for ninety barrels—monstrous for a grayback. Old, too. You could tell that by the barnacles and sucker-fish upon her back. Barnacles were bunched there three feet thick in spots. The sucker-fish—full twenty of 'em lying limp there on her back, wilted by the sun,

but unwilling to let go, even to get water—meant that she'd be even uglier than average when aroused. They drive a whale plumb crazy. Tickle them, I guess. She probably had been exhausted by fruitless fighting of them when she went to sleep.

"The boat-steerer looked back at the Mate and sneered so all his teeth showed, angered by his rotten judgment, but got ready for the cast. We went to within, say, two yards of her side. I never knew a cast of more than ten feet that was deadly. Landsmen have queer ideas about the distance harpoons can be thrown. This time I thought he'd nose the fish before he threw! You see *he* knew the *danger*. He wanted to be close enough to have some chance of killing her, first whack.

"When he let that harpoon go he was almighty careful not to even let the line fall on the calf. He gave it to the old cow forward of the hump and got in deep. Then he hustled back, changed places with the Mate and took command. After a whale is hit the boat-steerer is boss, you know.

"He hadn't killed the whale outright, though we could see that she was hurt. She didn't lash, at first, but quivered and curved up, head and tail down, back hunched. We were reassured. We thought he'd fixed her safe enough. Even after she was over the first spasm we didn't think that she'd be wicked. And, maybe, she might not have been if we had let the calf entirely alone. Paper Collars, like enough, began the trouble. He was a Newfoundlander who always dressed up Sundays. He was pulling Number Three and had his head screwed on his shoulders, with his eye upon the calf and not the whale. That calf—he wasn't more than short sixteen feet long—could not have hurt us much and didn't know enough to try, but he swum toward us and scared old Paper Collars. The fool just up and whacked him on the snout with his long sweep. That made him mad, of course, and, his mother seeing it, it plain infuriated her. She'd been laying there, you see, as you might say, too busy with the pain of that harpoon to do much for an instant, but with her little eyes above the surface and rolling all around. Well, *now* she made for us.

"It's bad enough to have a whale you've struck run out. They can go like Willie after gum-drops—even faster. It takes good work, sometimes, to keep the running line from setting the boat afire through friction, and it takes better work to keep the boat from going over if the fish you're fast to takes a notion to change course abruptly without notice. But when a whale makes *for* you, it's worse than when she runs away—especially if someone has offered insult to her calf.

"She didn't try to bunt. Cows almost never do. She was plainly set on fluking us. It was clear that she was after Paper Collars. He'd hit her calf and she desired to pulverize him. The rest of us, she figured, had only damaged *her*, which does not count so much with mothers, whale or otherwise. But her flukes were so almighty big that she couldn't pick him out and do him by himself with them. I don't think we'd have kicked much if she had, for the man had been a fool and endangered all our lives. We backed water in an effort to get the boat around, but, Lord! we weren't quick enough, of course!

"She almost overset us with the row she made, first off, coming head-on for us, but she turned, just in time, sliding by broadside. Then, when her flukes were just about amidships, that old tail of hers went twenty feet in air above our heads. It's an awful thing to look up at a whale's tail, raised over you, and know that it is coming down at once!

"We all had time to scramble bow and stern, so none of us was actually hit, but that don't mean that danger was all over. That boat was struck so hard amidships that the water didn't have a chance to get away and let it down. It flattened at the middle like a floating straw, hit by a diving frog. Then it shut up like a knife, bow and stern both rising, till they clapped together like glad hands. We tumbled from the thwarts and more than one man actually hit the monster's flukes, as she drew off.

"We didn't fear that she'd attack us. Whales don't generally go for swimming men. They stay and pound the pieces of the busted boat until they have made toothpicks of them. The only thing for us to do was swim, and, for a wonder, there was only one man in the crew who couldn't. It's astonishing how many sailors can't.

Paper Collars was the one who couldn't, and the first thing that he did was grab a sweep. With chin amidships on it, then, he started out to paddle to the shore, perhaps three-quarters of a mile away. We all thought he was safe enough, expecting that the whale would vent her anger on the pieces of the busted boat. But it seemed as if she just remembered that it was him had hit her calf, and wished for him particular. It looked blue for Paper Collars.

"Then I tried a trick to save him. I tread water and heaved straight at the whale the boat-hook which was floating near. Its spike stuck in deep enough to tickle, anyway. It distracted her for just a minute while she turned and smashed it with her tail. Paper Collars, meantime, was paddle-paddling, dog-fashion, with his chin across that sweep, as best he could. Two of us now rushed to help him. We each took one end of the oar, pulling while he pushed, making fairly good time for him; but we never could have saved him, even for the short time we *did* save him, if another chap hadn't plagued the whale again and distracted her attention when she had finished with the boat-hook. As it was, though, working as we did, that way, together, Paper Collars and the two of us who helped him almost reached the shore before she finally forgot all other matters and gave her angry thoughts entirely to us.

"This time she was after us in earnest. Her snout was under, but the upcurve of the water pushed out by the back that followed it was like the mound a motorboat will leave behind it, only her flukes, following, lashed it into foam. It spread out into a V-shaped suds that reached a mile.

"We stuck to Paper Collars, although I won't say that we would have if land had not been close. We yanked him out on shore not fifteen feet ahead of the pursuing monster. You see the banks of Shanty Bay are quite abrupt. Deep water reaches close.

"The first thing Paper Collars did, after he felt solid ground beneath his feet, was to jump for an old tree that stood nearby and climb it."

The Chief Engineer had told his story well, had held me quite enthralled. Here was a chapter from the real life of the sea, very different from the lies which sailors tell to ordinary passengers. (I had had a

letter from the agents of the line in Detroit, Michigan.) I laughed heartily in reaction from the suspense of the narrated adventure, as I visualized the absurd action of the frightened whaleman who had climbed a tree to get away from a pursuing monster of the deep. His panic was, of course, quite natural, but its expression was absurd.

"What did the whale do?" I inquired.

The Chief sat there at his desk and looked with reminiscent eyes at a nickel-plated harpoon-head, used, now, as a paperweight upon his table. The sun had fought its way through clouds and a beam of its fine brilliance, coming through the port, struck full upon the relic. The steamer had found smooth water and steadied in her gait. The ceaseless grinding of her engines thrilled her fabric rhythmically. The stateroom, aside from this, was very quiet. I had the comfortable feeling of a favored individual as I saw two common passengers pass the stateroom door and look in enviously upon my intimacy with the officer. They were of the sort to whom he had solemnly declared that porpoises, tumbling on the skyline, were assorted whales! For men of my intelligence he saved his truthful reminiscences of real life at sea. He would not lie to me!

"This harpoon-head is the very one that struck her," he said dreamily, and touched the paperweight.

"But what," said I, "did she do when Paper Collars—"

"Oh, she went ashore and climbed the tree and got him, after all," the Chief replied.

Rising, he yawned, stretched, adjusted an old, grease-painted cap, pulled on some soiled old overalls.

"It's time, I reckon," he remarked, glancing at the little nickeled clock above his desk, "for me to make my rounds. Come in again, some time."

## MOCKING BIRDS ARE MATING

BY E. P. POWELL

**T**HAT is what they are doing down here, and they are as noisy as crows. The female encourages rough work among the males, and when that is settled,

she sets up a reign of whimsy over the victor. I do not see why a married bird is bound to stand so much pecking. There does not seem to be any excuse for their wrangling. Food is plenty and work is not burdensome. The nest of a mocking bird is a coarse, off-hand affair, easily made, and set by preference in an orange bush. The thorns are a partial protection against blue jays—I do not see any other enemies or troublesome intruders. The nest considerably resembles that of a Northern catbird, only a little coarser. This Northern cousin is, however, the real mocking bird, and if it had as beautiful a name it would be more prized. It is far more of a musician—and it is really better able to imitate other creatures. At least I never heard a mocking bird give a prolonged recital of anything fine—or in fact of anything at all. He pitches in at any point, rattling off a note of this, and squeak of that, until he has really mocked everything and everybody. It is a curious medley, partly from memory and more off-hand; hugely entertaining, and sometimes melodious; but generally about as musical as a chorus performed with a saw-buck and a dinner horn,—with a guinea hen for accompaniment.

As for songless birds I do not care for them, and less still for song birds that will not sing. They do not fit in nicely with the activities of Nature. Only I have found out of late that most of these birds will talk with me, in what I call prose. As for singing before mating they will do little of it. Our Northern birds are getting ready, packing up, collecting their families; but these Southern birds do not migrate, and what they are doing during the songless months I can hardly find out. Their homes are broken up, and they have closed all family associations. Each one goes about for himself—saucy, vagabondish, thievish. But about mulberry time they are ready for new ties. How they manage mating matters is another puzzle. I can distinguish robins sometimes, but between these mocking birds I cannot discover any dissimilarity. But we are glad to see that the mating season has come around. Song belongs in bird life with home-making and the family. That is right my feathered brother! A man who is mateless has no music in him, and no right to make a noise

in the world. But, bless my soul, what a wonderful inspiration is a baby! A nest full of them, all at once, makes the air ring with melody.

The mocking bird can be tamed very easily; in fact, they are fearless by instinct. All Florida birds incline to human company. The white egrets sit on my bushes, or fish before my door, half a day at a time. Birds are far more observing than they are generally supposed to be. They collect where they are safe. They communicate such matters to each other. I think a human homestead should be based on a complete alliance with the birds. I have for twenty years, at my Northern home, never allowed a bird to be shot around my acres—except English sparrows, black-birds and crows. These three rarely put in an appearance, for they learn readily where they are not wanted. The English sparrow infests the nearest homesteads, but it almost never crosses my boundaries. If such a thing happens, the bluebirds and catbirds and wrens and thrushes help me make it hot for the invaders. Nor is the red squirrel ever tolerated, because he, too, is an enemy of peace—destroying both young birds and eggs. So the song birds have collected, till we are a very numerous company of tanagers, song sparrows, purple finches, indigo birds, thrushes of many sorts and above all the catbirds. Occasionally, a mocking bird appears for a few hours, having strolled a thousand miles out of his natural beat. I think his song is less rollicking and reckless in our northern atmosphere. He is better at home in the abandon of the South, where economy is less needful. What brings these estrays so far out of their natural boundaries? Have they found out that most of the farmers whom they observe are migratory; and will they, too, some day adopt migratory farming?

From the other home I have just got this letter, "We are still in the heart of maple sugaring. Yesterday we all went into the woods. The sun was bright through the leafless branches, and under the shelter of the hemlocks it felt like Spring. The bees came over from their hives, and their slow flight sounded like singing. They were happy and drank their fill of the maple sap; but I doubt if many of them got home, for the evening was cold. What a grand thing are those windbreaks of spruce and moun-

tain ash that you set on the west line! It makes a difference of five degrees which side of that line we are. Down here in the sheltered hollows the hens are cackling every midday. Our camp is a beauty; hemlock boughs set along the west and north, while the long boiling pan, on a stone arch, is gay for cooking eggs. Billy Perkins generally limps along about noon, to tell stories, and help a little. He remembers when this valley was all woods, and pretty well occupied by Indians. They owned most of the land, and I suppose that by good rights they would own it still, if alive. Billy says that Deacon M. was Indian agent, and he paid the poor fellows their annuities at one end of a whiskey barrel, and at the other end got it all back. It was a rascally religion I think, which cheated the helpless and turned them into savages.

"I walked to the village this morning, and found the creek overflowing its banks. The snowbanks on the hillsides have given it up, and are running in growing streams down the hill. I was specially pleased to see the effort at turning corners. The water bounded and tumbled like boys in their games. Loosening stones as big as a man's head, it flung them along like footballs. It had a fine pile at the bottom of the hill, that it jumped over. A brook at this season is very human; it seems half mad with life, tears itself in pieces, and then gathers itself together again, laughing and singing. The last of the cutters and sleighs grit over the bare spots, and farmers look disgusted. Wheels will not go through the snowbanks, and runners stick in the gravel. Your Florida home is too even tempered for me, I like these big contrasts; this waking up of a world; this Jovian turbulence; this wrestling of new life to get at work."

So the two ends of my farm are brought together, and I acknowledge that there are great things about a Northern Spring. Yes, I should like to see those green strips widening through the meadows, where the brooks run down through the glens like advance couriers. I should like to pick a bunch of colts-foot, or possibly anemone; warmed into early life by that camp fire. The greatest of all things in this world is the victory of life. What an incessant struggle it has with death, but it always comes out

ahead. It once seemed to me so simple a thing; now it is the infinite mystery. The world stirs with life, the pulse beats, a year's activity begins. Under the sod, in the soil that is still frozen, the hyacinth begins to swell and look lightward. It will soon be through the clods, rejoicing in its superb beauty. The tulip knows the time has come, and is getting ready. Under the edge of the hedge (hedge of the edge) a dandelion spies out into the air. The sap starts up the trees. The bluebird comes out of the South through the keen but quickened air. The frost has lost its grip. There is a trickling down of the icicle—frozen again at night, but losing a little each day. It is the struggle of life with death. Death laughs and cracks his thumbs in defiance, but I am sure that life will be the victor. A deep roar at night is in the South woods. It is moving northward—a long way off—but it comes surely. Can you tell what this wierd sound is? I do not know. It is not wind; it may be the tens of millions of buds swelling; it may be the grass bulbs pushing; it may be the life blood of summer beginning to circulate.

I do not know of any one thing—and it is a very simple affair, that around a farmhouse, in April, has so cheery a sound as the cock crowing. From farm to farm, all over the valley, and up the hillsides they are calling to each other. It is a friendly greeting, not warlike, and it seems to be full of the spirit of the season. My laughing rooster met me this morning at the barn door with a gurgle of delight. Then he left the hens and walked with me to the house, trying to tell his joy with ridiculous articulation—and winding up with a chuckle of laughter. My collies, who were frolicking about us, stood still with amazement, and looked at him. I would give an *Outing* check to know what thoughts went through their brains; but what they did was to draw up their lips, show their teeth, and grin. I am sure that if these animals and fowls are fairly met they will become far more rational and human than we have conceived. They will play with us, if encouraged, and play is incipient work. It is the matrix of a deal of thinking. According to evolution we are all cousins, even the flowers, the bees, and the birds. At any rate I have defended my laughing

rooster for his push out into a life of companionship with rational beings; and he has satisfied me that all life is one life.

The greater the man the more surely you will find he has a pet puppy or kitten; if he has not a Morgan horse or a Jersey cow it is because he is city-bound. He likes a frolic, leaves off a philosophical discourse, to write a skit of satire or fun. You would hardly know Sir Walter Scott in a picture that left out his dogs. The natural boy, and the natural girl too, are made more natural and wholesome by close relations to animal life. Bird cages in tenement houses mean something more than love for song; they link the poor laborer to sweet life. That some animals have given up the wild and even freedom for man's companionship, is astounding. Is it? I know a few to whom almost all creatures try to come. I have myself a place where, in October, I go to sit on the logs and see the squirrels harvest nuts. Whistling to them, they soon get quite familiar; not so much, probably, from pleasure at the sound as from confidence that my purposes are kindly. So at last they run all about me freely, carrying nuts in their pouched mouths, and stopping in front of me to chatter and jerk their tails.

## WHAT GRIT CAN DO

BY WILLIAM J. CARNEY AND  
CHAUNCEY THOMAS

AMONG all the nervy, dead-game town marshals of the hot Western towns in the early days there was probably none braver than Tom Smith. He was small of size, handsome, had black hair, a neatly trimmed mustache, and those snapping black eyes. And always dressed in the height of the latest fashion. Instead of the buckskin with all its fringe, and the big sombrero Smith always dressed in the latest New York fashion, usually a neat-fitting suit of gray or black with a small rimmed, blue-black soft Stetson hat. The most desperate gamblers and bad men respected Smith. He knew neither fear nor favor—and in the line of duty he had no favorites. No matter if his best friend laid himself liable to arrest he learned to look for no quarter from Marshal Tom.

When Smith went after his man he got him. There was no let up until that man was under lock and key, or under ground. He had to fight more than one running battle in overhauling the flying criminal. In this he was different from almost all other marshals. Most, in fact about every, marshal would never go after a wrongdoer if he left town. This seemed to be all that was desired. But Smith was different. He would follow his man for miles and usually brought him back—but not always; sometimes he buried him.

Smith was entirely fearless and faced ten drunken, reckless desperadoes flourishing cocked six-shooters with the same cool, determined manner that he would walk up to one. And it was on account of this same reckless bravery, coupled with a desire to deal square and honest with all, friend and foe alike, that gave Marshal Tom such wonderful influence over the rough element he had to deal with. There was nothing of bravado about the man. It was his business and he did it.

Smith was a man with a history. He belonged to those heroic men, who (right or wrong does not matter) in forty-eight tried to raise the standard of repeal and establish a Home Parliament in Ireland. He was of the same party as General Corchran and Thomas Frances Mahar; both famous generals in the late Civil War in the United States, the latter, General Mahar, commanded the Irish brigade during the entire war. John Mitchell was also of the party; he later took sides with the Confederacy and was the editor of a paper published in Richmond, Virginia. Robert Mitchell, became a noted artillery officer in the Confederate Army. I mention these names for Smith often sat with me of an evening and talked about those men. He had been a classmate of the brilliant and gifted Mahar at grammar school in Ireland and later attended Trinity College, Dublin, with him. I have often seen the tears well up in the Marshal's eyes when dwelling on those old-time memories.

To most men the West was the Promised Land, but to some it was the land of lost hopes. So it seemed to be to Smith. The man courted death, appeared to seek suicide at the hands of others. Yet a deadly bullet never reached him. Scores of men who took one chance where Smith risked

a hundred, fell dead, yet Smith lived, though he never hesitated to arrest or kill the most desperate men on the frontier. Smith first became known as a fearless man in Green River, Wyoming, in 1869. This town was only a huddle of tents and new shanties on the line of the then just finished Union Pacific railroad. It was here I first saw and learned to know the man who, in the twenty years I spent on the plains, I consider to have been the bravest officer of the law I ever met. The day before the connecting rail was laid between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, I had been discharged from the M Troop of the Second Cavalry. I jumped on the train at Sydney, Nebraska, and came up to see the great opening. By a mere accident, I stopped over at Green River. In a three-cornered election contest Smith, then unknown, had been taken up as an independent candidate, more on account of his general air of respectability than anything else, and elected mayor of Green River.

The town was wide open and full of gamblers of the tin-horn type; besides some of the hardest men in the West. One man in particular made his boast that no man alive could arrest him. This brute was a big man with a face that told his story like an open book; it was all seamed with knife cuts and marks of the brass knuckles and black jack. From the scars gray hair had sprouted like those on an old bulldog that had been in many a hard fight. He was called Rough-and-tumble Jack Bresehan. He dressed like a mule whacker. When I say dressed like a mule whacker, I mean that the men of different occupations dressed accordingly; the bull puncher, the mule whacker, the cowboy, and the scout could nearly always be picked out by their dress and all of them dressed different from the gambler. Big Jack, for short, got himself elected marshal; that is, a few of his friends put him up and declared him elected and it was thought he could be depended upon to do the rest and that was to hold down the job against all comers. Of course there was no such a thing as being elected marshal; that came by appointment. Smith had made a hasty selection so as to head off Big Jack and appointed a man named Pat Daley. Jack did not let a little thing like an appoint-

ment by the Mayor bother him any and set out to show his authority by first giving the regular marshal one hour in which to get out of town. Pat was a small man but a holy terror and got back at Jack by attempting to arrest him on the spot. A clash between such men could end but one way and in less than two hours after Daley was appointed marshal his body was laying cold on a saloon floor. Big Jack with ten or twelve kindred spirits was marching the streets bidding defiance to the Mayor and all his friends, singing yelling and making night hideous. A shot fired now and then kept the people indoors and Green River might be said to be in a state of siege. The self-elected marshal stopped at every saloon and compelled the bar-keepers to set out free whiskey for himself and gang. There were many complaints coming to the Mayor; but from the quiet looks of that gentleman nothing was expected from him. But there was the mistake. Just as the citizens began to gather for the purpose of restoring order the Mayor came along the sidewalk. He had two men with him and all three were armed to the teeth. Smith had on a close-fitting frock coat buttoned up to the neck over this was a belt and from it hung four six-shooters.

At first the crowd gathered on the street were inclined to laugh but there was that about the new Mayor that caused them to cut the laugh short. Smith asked where he could find Big Jack.

"In that saloon" pointed Jack Kinch. Then added: "But Mr. Mayor you are not looking for Jack with hostile intent are you?"

"I am looking for him to arrest him or kill him," Smith answered.

"Why" said another, "he has ten or twelve men along with him, all gun fighters, too."

"I don't care a damn if he has a thousand—I am going to get him. He is breaking the law; he killed my marshal and until I find another one to suit me, I am both mayor and marshal."

"Come on," he continued, turning to his two assistants. The crowd woke up. "I'll see you through it," said one. "So'll I," put in another. "You can count on me," added a third man.

I was one of the three that cast my lot

with Smith. I admired his pluck; besides it was always my way to assist the constituted authorities, if my services were needed. Smith thanked us with a polite bow saying:

"If you care to accompany me, I shall be very thankful for your help. Besides I consider that when a pack of drunken bullies set out to terrify the people and have already committed murder every good citizen ought to turn out and put them down."

"Put them up you mean," said one of the men. Smith said nothing. Then the party headed by the dapper little Mayor, went ahead. As they turned the corner near the depot the two factions came face to face. Like a flash Smith had both six-shooters out and demanded the surrender of Jack and his friends. The answer to this was a shout of defiance and several shots that did no harm. Smith made straight for the mob, all the time trying to single out Big Jack. An old yellow abandoned car-house, was near by and the crowd of desperadoes made a run for it. Dashing inside they slammed the big door to and began firing. Smith received a slight wound but paid no attention to it. We now took up a position on the opposite side of the street behind a high sidewalk; and by lying down we were in a measure, out of range. To avoid any future trouble, Smith now made us all deputies so that we would have protection of the law should there be any questions raised later on. As soon as the business men began to understand the stuff that was in their little Mayor, they were willing to give him every support and encouragement; and by morning he had the entire town behind him. A few of the men with Big Jack were only too willing to give up and come out, now that the liquor had died out of them and there was no way of getting more to inflame their courage. They made an attempt to surrender, but Jack threatened to shoot the first man that opened the door. After a while the big fellow offered to treat with Smith.

"There is nothing to treat about," answered Smith. "You have got to throw down your guns and come out with your hands up."

"If I do," said Jack, "will I be allowed to go free?"



"That is a matter for the Justice to decide," replied the Mayor.

Now Big Jack was not like some men of his stamp who were recklessly brave when full of whiskey and rank quitters when sober. He was certainly a man of good nerve and when he asked for the privilege of coming out and fighting any man in the party with six-shooters at ten paces all knew he was not bluffing. It was a bitter pill for Tom to swallow to refuse the challenge, for he prided himself on never refusing to take part in a fair fight. But it would be lowering his dignity to fight such a man at any time, much less on the present occasion, when he had the honor of the chief magistrate of the city to uphold. So he refused to consider Big Jack's proposition and gave him ten minutes to come out and surrender or take his chances after the car-house was set on fire. Before the time was up, the door flew open and the desperadoes, with four exceptions, made a run for it across the tracks. Smith and his men opened fire on them as they ran. The Mayor dropped on one knee, took deliberate aim and the bullet crashed through Jack's left shoulder, but he kept on going and succeeded in putting the long freight house between himself and the Mayor's party. Even then they did not stop, but kept on across the bottom. Smith ran to a pony that stood saddled and bridled, sprang on to its back, and using his six-shooters for a persuader, was soon in hot chase all by himself after the fleeing desperadoes. All of Jack's friends left him and tried to get as far away from him as possible. Smith paid no attention to them but went right after the ringleader. As Smith neared him, Jack turned and fired one shot, but it went wide of the mark. Because of the loss of blood from his wound and the unstrung state of his nerves from his long spree, Big Jack was in no shape for a fight with all the odds against him, so he threw up his hands and surrendered. Smith returned with his prisoner and locked him up in what at the time answered for a jail, an old adobe hut, a relic of the first days of the town.

But even in the '60's and '70's probably the worst towns in the United States were in Kansas. California in the '40's and '50's, Montana, Texas, Colorado and the

Comstock in Nevada, and Deadwood in Dakota, were bad enough, God knows, but "Bleeding Kansas" was no figure of speech. Cowboys who for months had lived as wild as the cattle that they guarded came up the Texas trail with the herds of longhorns bound for the trails of the summer ranges of the North. Cavalrymen who had been chasing the Sioux and the Cheyenne hundreds of bare parched miles swung out of the saddle in Abilene. The mule skinner and the bull puncher by hundreds, white with alkali dust, here ended their weary tramp of half a thousand miles from the Rockies. Their souls were shriveled and in their hearts was the bloodlust. They shock the first civilization, if it might be called civilization, that they had known for many a day at Hays City, Dodge City and Abilene, Kansas. Half wild on the prairies, grown to forget the restraint of law, the raw whiskey and vile associates they found eagerly awaiting them in the Kansas towns drove all self-restraint to the winds, and they became crazed with liquor and skilled with their six-shooters and knives in long practice against the Indians, reckless of all life, their own as well as others.

Abilene was certainly the very worst place, I may say, on God's green earth for it is hard to conceive of any place being like it. Every day came the big droves of Texas cattle into Abilene for shipment to the States, and the cowboys that came with them were the wildest men to be found. Arriving at Abilene after the long dangerous trip across the Texas and Indian Territory plains they were, as they used to say, "wild and woolly" and ready for anything. They received their wages at the end of the drive and then began to whoop her up. They acted like perfect demons, riding up and down the one main street of the town, shooting right and left. They rode their mustangs into the saloons and jumped them over the bars, demanding their drinks to be given them while mounted; and if refused whirled their ponies around, backed them against the counters, spurred them, and the kicking horses knocked things to splinters, smashing mirrors and everything else while the yelling riders opened fire on the lights and sometimes on the men and women that refused them anything. But it took hard men to run such saloons and

they would not stand to be bullied in this way and then killing began. This could end but one way; if the bartenders succeeded in killing or standing the cowboys off other cattle men would hear of it and were not long in avenging their friends. Marshals did not last long in Abilene. If they were not killed they got sick of their job. No matter how game they were, they could not stand the jar on the nerves. But most of them were killed. Wild Bill was marshal in this hell-hole for a short time. But the respectable business element, though in the big minority, always won out. This state of affairs could not last. Abilene was looking for a marshal who could master the town. They knew of only one such, famous all along the frontier, Tom Smith, then marshal of Kit Carson, Colorado, where he had come from Green River, Wyoming, both tough places until Smith tamed them. They sent for Smith. But the people of Kit Carson would not consent to his going. They raised his salary to much more than the Abilene bid and offered him every support and advancement to stay in Kit Carson. His friends pleaded with him but he quietly shook his head. It must have been that the man loved danger, for he refused the Kit Carson offers and accepted the call to go to Abilene.

A young fellow named Charlie Davis, one of the biggest poker players in the country, came with Smith and another, by name Ned McNally. McNally was an old government mule whacker, but on the coming of the railroads into the country began to hang around the towns. He drank hard and in one of his drinking bouts got in between two Kit Carson gamblers, Sam Mickey and Poney Spencer, while they were trying to kill each other, and received a bullet from a .45 Colt's six-shooter through the breast. The bullet penetrated the lung, I forget which one. His was one of those strange cases that in ninety-nine times out of one hundred would be fatal. The wound did not kill the man, but it made a physical wreck of him. All he could do was to sit around more dead than alive. Smith had taken pity on him and kept him about the marshal's office and the jail. He did but little to earn anything but Smith allowed him fifty dollars a month out of his own salary. McNally had become very much attached

to his benefactor and not entirely for the money. In fact, I don't think that bore any part in his love for the brave little Marshal. When Smith was starting for Abilene, McNally begged so hard to accompany him that Smith generously took him along. The man seemed to care for everybody but himself. Yet this was the man educated, refined, quiet, small, kind-hearted as he was, that every Western town wanted for marshal. He either arrested or killed criminals like a machine.

I was the third man who was to go with Smith, to be one of his assistant marshals. But two nights before we were to leave Kit Carson, a street fight broke loose between a troop of the Seventh Cavalry in Kit Carson on a spree and a large party of drunken haymakers. In the row I had my scalp ploughed by a bullet that left me helpless for weeks with an almost fatal case of brain fever. Before I recovered Smith was dead. As I was not with Smith when he met his death, I can only tell the story of it as it was told by others, including the testimony of the man who killed him.

It appears that Smith had endeared himself to the business men and all others in Abilene that believed in law and order. He had sustained his reputation as a fearless officer and his name had become a terror to the reckless young cowboys that had made Abilene's name to compare with the infernal regions. I do not go into details about the many arrests he made, when in about every case it was necessary to get the drop on his man or get shot himself.

About this time a new, and in many cases, a desperate, class of men began to settle in Kansas. They were Swedes and by their simple and old country ways, were supposed to be good and worthy people. I do not say they were not, but there were exceptions to this as with all other people.

Soon we began to hear of the "Big Swede," the "Ugly Swede," the "Dangerous Swede." Two of these men had taken up a quarter section some twelve miles southwest of Abilene. They had a few cattle and pretended to be engaged in cattle raising. Many times it was hinted that they allowed cattle to stray into their corral that did not belong there. A close watch was being kept on them. When in town they never separated, but always stayed together and always went well

armed. Besides the two six-shooters in each belt was a big knife. They were sullen and rarely spoke to any one. While in a saloon taking a drink, some cattle men got into a dispute with them about their questionable ranch and herd. High words began and the others accused the Swedes of being cattle thieves. This raised a row in which one of the cowboys was shot and killed, whether by the Swedes or not was never known, but the friends of the dead man laid the killing on them. The two partners started on the run for their range. When Smith was notified he was in bed, sleeping. He had had a hard night's work among the cowboys belonging to a big drive of Texas steers arrived during the night. Now Smith always had the habit of following an outlaw almost any distance until he got the handcuffs on him. Other marshals were satisfied to get the dangerous characters out of town. The Swedes were now only a little speck on the prairie, but Smith jumped on to a pony and started alone to arrest them. Several men followed to help him as soon as they could, but were a mile behind. Smith kept on the Swedes' trail and was only a short distance behind them when they arrived at their dugout. He shouted to them to throw up their hands and surrender, but they made for the door. Smith fired one shot as they went out of sight, then without waiting for the help so near, jumped from his pony and made a rush for the door to get in before they could shut and bar it. This much was seen by others. The Swedes told the rest of the story at a preliminary hearing at Abilene. As Smith stepped into the dugout, he had a six-shooter in each hand and ordered "Hands up." The Swedes laid their four revolvers and the two knives on an old box that answered for a table and obeyed. The Marshal keeping one gun ready for use, took a pair of handcuffs and went up to the larger Swede. The man backed away and began protesting against being ironed. Smith grappled with him, and although the Marshal was by far the smaller man, he tripped and threw the big one over on to a pile of old rope. Smith, true to his instincts, went down on top of his man and in a twinkling clicked one of the handcuffs to his wrist. But the other Swede grabbed a big broad axe and holding it high over

Smith's head, yelled: "Let go of him or I'll kill you." Smith paid no attention to the axe, but grabbed the other hand. Again the man with the uplifted axe yelled: "Let go and get out of here or I'll cut your damned head off." But Smith still paid no attention to him, though he saw the swinging axe. Then the Swede stooped down and a third time shouted: "Let go, let go, and get up or you're a dead man." The officer just then got the wrist inside the handcuff, but before he could clasp it the big broad-axe came down and Tom Smith's head rolled from the body. A gush of blood drenched the face of the under man. It was then, after the head had left the neck, that Tom Smith clicked the second handcuff on the wrist of his prisoner. At this the two Swedes looked at each other with horrified faces. The man with the handcuffs on him struggled from under the beheaded body.

"I've been handcuffed by a dead man. It is the devil," he gasped in superstitious terror.

Both were stupid with horror. It was while staring at one another over the headless trunk, that the door burst open and Joe Reynolds, one of Smith's assistants, sprang in upon them. The sight for one moment unmanned Reynolds, but he soon had both Swedes, now easy to handle, in front of him, handcuffed together. He brought them back to Abilene. Why they were not lynched is one of the mysteries never explained. They were tried in Topeka, and what became of them I do not know. Thus died Tom Smith, one of those strange characters that drifted to the Land of Lost Hopes beyond the Big Muddy; one of the bravest and kindest of men and the best of Western marshals.

## ALF AND THE ANCIENT MARINER

BY LOUISE E. EBERLE

I

THE DEER AND THE WEE DAAG

WHETHER he was to do without vacation, or do later without some of the necessities of life (under which head he classed most of the luxuries), was the question which agitated the

mind of Professor Patrick Marvin, M.S., Ph.D. He saved himself the agonies of making a choice, however, by deciding on a judicious blend into which the work element should enter as little as possible. Hence the Camp of the Ancient Mariner in one of Canada's wonder-spots, and hence the chaperon, the small bad boy, Miss Dixie, and the cousin or two, constituting the summer class. And hence, also, Alf and the wee daag.

They were assembled near the tents for their first lesson, and the eyes of all were glued on the Professor that he might gather how ascetically wrapped up was each of his pupils in the study of the great Coleridge.

The Professor began:

"It is an ancient Mariner—"

"S the butterneg man," interjected the small boy. The Professor looked up to frown.

"O, how d'ye do," he said instead.

Alf laid a crock of butter and some onions on a stump. "Fine saft mornin'," he observed. "Yes," assented Professor Pat, and turned again to the ancient Mariner.

"I'm fond of book-reading, too," said Alf, and with a cordial smile he selected a few balsam boughs that lay by and settled himself upon his elbows.

The Professor went on:

"The Wedding Guest sat on a stone:  
He cannot choose but hear;

And thus spake on that ancient man—"

"Crops," observed Alf, "is fine, but the hay will be late."

Professor Pat looked around gently to restrain a movement on the part of the camp to convey something stronger than a hint to Alf.

"Just let us keep our reading up  
As if we did not note,  
And maybe this pestilent fellow  
Will get bored and leave,"

read Professor Pat. "You observe that the author loses rhyme and meter a little here.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!  
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—  
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross-bow  
I shot the Albatross!"

"My Uncle George killed a deer last week, but he didn't shoot it. He killed it

every other way, though," said Alf, his French-Canadian eyes beginning to snap, and his Irish face beginning to glow. "If yees'd like to hear about it I'll tell it yees," and before the ancient Mariner had time to draw breath he had plunged excitedly into his tale, and heaven dropping could scarce have stopped him as he went on, his tongue wandering amiably between French-Canadian, Irish, and plain Canadian eccentricities.

"It was Uncle George M'Queen and his woman's cousin's brother's Willie, not his Willie. It's M'Queens all over here, yeess will know," he vouchsafed graciously. "Well, Uncle George an' Willie an' Trent Dunnigum an' me, we had out the wee daag, and we was lookin' for Trent's cows. But it's little we thought of cows the moment we clapped eye to the great buck swimming right across the lake, makin' straight for the bluff, and three-quarter mile from any shore.

"Ho-LEY!" yells Uncle George, 'I'll have him, an' wit' dat he goes leppin' for de canoe, an us after him.

"An' it's much you'n do,' says Willie." Alf pulled himself up with breath taking abruptness, but allowed no chink in between his words for interruption. "Yeess see, Willie has no top to his mouth. It just goes up to the bone his brain leans on, so he can't say 'l,' but says 'n' in its leave. Well, 'an' it's much you'n do,' says Willie, 'an' onney one noad neft in the gun.'

"Gun or no gun,' yells Uncle George, 'I'll have him,' and he pushes off the canoe, an' we make like buttered ice for the bluff so as to meet the deer where he would be coming out of the water.

"Bimeby we come there jus' as the deer does, us having a shorter way to go, an' jus' as de great boy comes panting and blowing up out of the water out jumps de wee daag, leppin' an' barkin' in front of the deer in so many places at once the buck was clean dizzy.

"I've got him now!' yells Uncle George; an' he blazes away at him wit' dat ole muzzle loader. But dat gun she don't go off, no.

"Ho-ley!' yells Uncle George, an' him leppin' in the canoe till it was God's miracle we weren't in the lake, 'I'll have him now,' he yells, an' he gets a paddle an' starts the canoe for the deer like de win' down a

valley. An' de wee daag was on de sand leppin' an' barkin' an' keepin' dat great foop of a deer out in de water.

"Now I *have* him!" yells Uncle George, an' he hits the great creature over the head wit' de butt of de gun. Snap! goes the gun in two pieces into the lake. An' de deer wasn't dead yet. Boys, oh, boys!

"Well, Uncle George wasn't through yet. 'I have him now,' he yells, an' sure enough, dat deer was penned up pretty well, on'y one spot at the bluff low enough to land at, an' the wee daag makin' seven devils of himself all over it till it never struck the deer to walk right over him, an' us behin' in de canoe makin' seven more devils at his back. Boys, oh, boys! he was fine to see, wit' his big sides an' his white belly heaving to hold the bursting heart of him, an' de eyes of him like fire an' terror burning togedder, an' his head up as if he *despised* us.

"My Uncle George," said Alf, the many creases of his merry face turning solemn, "my Uncle George M'Queen broke our t'ree paddles over de head of dat deer. An' de deer wasn't dead yet.

"Well, the buck got away a piece from the canoe, an' us wit'out a paddle, but did my Uncle George give up yet? He did not that! 'I'll have him,' he yells, an' t'rows himself down in the bow of the canoe an' begins to paddle wit' his bot' hands, on each side of the canoe. An' then—" Alf had risen in his excitement and was executing a kind of dance before his auditors, "an' then my Uncle George jumped right out on that deer's back an' tried to wrench his head under the water an' drownd him be twisting his horns, an' him snorting an' blowing like the wrath of God, an' the great tears on his cheeks an' the blood of his heart panting out red on de water. But dat deer wasn't dead yet.

"An' all ol' man Dunnigum does all the time is to lip up an' down in the

canoe an' yelp, but, boys, oh, boys, he did dat!

"Le' go!" he yells to Uncle George, 'if ye don't want yer brains combed off yer silly neck under de trees.' But Uncle George only yells, 'I've got him!' an' hangs on to the biggest antlers I've seen in Muskoka.

"Well, what ended it was ol' man Dunnigum giving de lip too many an' falling into de water, for he yells so—him bein' able to swim fair half as well as the gun in the bottom of the lake—that he frightens the deer clean out of the water, wee daag or no wee daag, an' Uncle George riding him like a looney Santa Claus wit' half his whiskers torn out an' what was left of his shirt soppin' de blood from his scratches.

"An' then, my Uncle George, he gets the deer wit' his knife in de t'roat, an' dat deer he jus' look up at de cliff in front of him, which was the on'y place we wasn't swarmin' over—an' he looked *proud*, an' as if he jus' gave it up—his life—because he wouldn't higgie wit' the like of us about it. But his heart it break w'en he look up at dat cliff dat wouldn't take him an' save him, an' he jus' lie over dead."

"But did you fish out old man Denningham?" asked the Professor after a pause, forgetting entirely that he was panting to expound Coleridge.

"Did we not that?" said Alf, awaking to the fact of the unfinished tale, and bringing his eyes back from the deer's death to his listeners. "Well, when ol' man Dunnigum had to stop yelpin' by reason of the lake getting inside of him, the stillness made us take notice. When we fished him out he was on'y gurglin'.

"An' it's sweetly content yees were to see me drownd,' he sputters when we'd emptied him.

"*Ho-LEY!*" says Uncle George, 'I told you we'd get him.'

"But yees ought to hear my Uncle George tell the story."



# PIONEER WOMEN OF THE WEST

I—THE HEROINES OF SPIRIT LAKE, IOWA

BY AGNES C. LAUT

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



ONE sometimes wonders if America had her Gainsboroughs to paint, her Pioneer Women of the West, whether those good people delving so industriously to trace ancestry back to frowsy duchesses of the French court—would not spend their efforts to more purpose treasuring the passing century's records of the heroic men and women, who have led the vanguard of the nation's frontier.

For heroism, for enduring, for suffering, for daring, the story of America's pioneering is one beside which the legends of a Boadicea and a Joan of Arc pale. Trampling of fighters on the march and clãsh of arms, there are in plenty, surrounded by all the wild-wood beauty and wilderness glamor, which poets have loved to sing; but because these heroes went forth from our own borders, because they shed a martyr's blood without either a martyr's prayer or a martyr's whine on the altars of a nation's sacrifice, because when they won the game of life's battle, they were dust-grimed, ragged victors in tinker's tatters, too spent and hard pressed to pose for plaudits—because they were heroes of the commonplace, or because frontier heroism became commonplace—we still hark back to legends, that are alien, of a day that is dead.

Take the lives of the settlers of Spirit Lake, Iowa, for instance! To the Dakotas and Minnesota and Iowa, their names are a household word; but to the rest of America, the story of their heroism is barely— if it were not for a few descendants, I might add absolutely—unknown.

It was in the days when men in New York hitched up a canvas-top wagon-box and with their families and belongings drove over corduroyed roads through bush lands across half a continent to the frontier beyond the Mississippi. The journey, it may be explained, occupied from six months to six years according as the families paused on odd contracts in the lumber woods earning means to go on. By the autumn of 1856, some forty settlers or dozen different families had come to the wooded lake country of northern Iowa. There were young doctors, young lawyers, young traders, at least six couples whose ages did not average twenty-one, and one or two large families, whose fathers had migrated to found settlements of their own kin, like the wilderness patriarchs of old.

Bushwhackers to the fore chopping road through the underbrush; mere girls and boys driving the teams of the tented wagons joyous as if life were one long holiday; tired women gazing from under the canvas tops; younger children ruddy as buffalo berries skipping among the trees for chance sight of partridge broods or shy deer; long lines of cattle lowing to the rear—the land seekers "had chased the setting sun," as Abbie Gardner, one of the settlers tells, one hundred miles beyond the outermost post of settlement. Suddenly, through the summer woods, shines a gleam of waters silvery, riffing to the sun—"Minne Wauken, Spirit Water," "Okoboji, place of rest." To the far-traveled home-seekers, it was an enchanted world. Oak groves fringed the lakes. Myriad wild fowl were flackering up from the reeds; and fish could be seen jumping at gnats in the evening light. Here were wood, water,

food, camping ground for a night or a lifetime, and never a trace of man by as much as a moccasin print across a punky log. Tents were pitched, rude cabins knocked up with huge stone fireplaces and sod roofs and hay floors, covered with rag carpets from home looms. Naturally, where you are one hundred miles from a store, you don't use iron hinges nor nails for pegs. Hard wood serves both purposes, as well as for log benches, timbered tables and berth beds. Logs run crosswise act as partitions; and carpets swing from top beam as doors. To be sure, the wolves make weird music by night in eldritch and unholy howling; but the cattle are secure in the k'raall and the dogs keep guard; and who would be frightened from a Promised Land by the mere uncanniness of a wolf pack filling the wilderness night with un-

earthly screaming? The youngsters—it may be guessed—ducked heads under bed clothes or cuddled close round the fire; but by day, all was work with the tang of coming frosts in the air, the men cutting hay for the stock and building thatch sheds, the children resuming school lessons from one of the older daughters in different households.

By the time the frosts have dyed the woods in flame, a dozen cabins have sprung up on the Okoboji Lakes. There is the Gardners' cabin on the south side of West Okoboji Lake. There are the Marbles, a newly married couple living in the oak grove of Spirit Lake, and the Nobles, where hymns and prayers are held—for young Mrs. Noble is an ardent member of the Disciples Church—and half a dozen bachelor shanties, till the Okoboji settlement of Iowa has spread over the state line on up to Jackson (Springfield) Minnesota, where the young Woods brothers have opened a trading store.

Cold set in early and energetically as only Northwest cold can; and these new settlers from the soft East learned just how the frost giants could set the ice firing off pistol shots by night and build snow mush-



Outline showing scene of Spirit Lake Massacre and Flight. The Massacre at Spirit Lake—Iowa. Death of Mrs. Thatcher at Flandreau. Death of Mrs. Noble at Madison. Rescue on James River.

rooms on top of every dwarf stump or heaped wind fall. The winter of '56-'57 has gone down to history in the Northwest as one of the most continuous and severe ever known. Drifts blocked every trail and the people were prisoners in the houses. But it was not an unpleasant winter all the same. Where you have fresh milk and fresh game, you need not mind ten feet of snow, on a level with the eaves, nor coffee made of burnt peas ground up by the potato pounder. Modern folk have been known to go into the wilds for smaller pleasures. And when two or three neighbors gathered in of a night round a cabin fire, there were such tales to be told as occur only once in a nation's history.

I don't purpose telling those stories here; and I don't think anyone can ever settle the question whether the drunken vagabond of an outlaw whiskey dealer, Henry Lott, first raided the Sioux camp; or Inkpa-duta—Scarlet Point—he of the swarthy, sinister, pock-pitted face and manners smooth as silk, with his dozen banditti followers—first raided the tents of the white trader. It doesn't really matter. Lott, the outlaw, does not come within the story

of the settlers except as an excuse for Ink-pa-duta's murders; while Ink-pa-duta and his father before him had been cast out of their own tribe, and from the chieftainship of their tribe for murders long before the white outlaw came to the couteaus of the Dakotas. The fact remained—Ink-pa-duta was a bad neighbor near new settlers. He was not recognized by any treaty payments, but forced a share by exacting plunder from the other Sioux tribes; and to his ever-shifting camp in the hills gathered a band of Indian desperadoes living by plunder rather than hunting and glorying in the fact that their crimes were a camp-fire horror in every tepee from Iowa to Canada.

The settlers had no more notion of being frightened away from Spirit Lake by Ink-pa-duta's desperadoes than by the howling of the wolves. Cattle were found mutilated, that is—Scarlet Point's bandits had paused in the march to cut meat from a living cow; and it was discovered that things were frequently stolen from unlocked cabins; and that was as contrary to the wilderness code of honor, whether white or red, as to put a lock on a door.

The frontiersmen talked it over round their night fires; and one day, as a chopper is at work in the woods, an elk bounds through the brush. A second later, out leaps an Indian hunter, one of Ink-pa-duta's outlaws, gesticulating furiously and threatening to shoot the settlers for crossing the trail and spoiling the hunt. Late in the spring, a white man's dog fleshes his fangs in an Indian prowler. The Sioux clubs his gun; and at one blow the watch dog is dead. The exasperated settler falls on the intruder with a horse whip; but the Sioux still camp in the woods. That night, the settlers talk it over, and the next day, they act.

It is the beginning of a forty years' conflict. The frontier marked by the Bloody Ground two centuries ago down in the Mohawk Valley, has moved across the Alleghanies to Tennessee and Kentucky, and up from Kentucky to Ohio. By March of 1857 the Bloody Ground of the ever-advancing pioneer has come across the Mississippi toward the Missouri. This is to be the battle field of the last great struggle between white men and red, between savagery and civilization in America.

Here, the Sioux, the Arabs of the plains, the tigers of the prairie, the only savage tribe, that ever withstood the Iroquois, the highest type of Indian in the New World—will make his last stand against the Anglo-Saxon. Here, he will fight and retreat and fight yet again and retreat, but retreat always with his face to the foe! And the forty years' contest began on the insignificant ground of a handful of home seekers quarreling with a handful of Indian outlaws. Marching armed to the buffalo-skin tepees of the Sioux camped by Spirit Lake, the settlers forcibly disarmed Ink-pa-duta's band of twelve men and as many families, warning the Indians they must move off and would be given their guns only on sign of breaking camp. Next day, when the Vigilantes went across to return all arms to the outlaws, not a tepee nor an Indian was to be found. They had moved swift and silent as shadows up Little Sioux River, plundering and raiding as they marched. Mr. Mead is absent from his cabin. They knock the mother down and carry off the daughter Hattie—age seventeen. One Taylor stands off guard in his cabin. He is clubbed from his feet and comes to his senses to find his wife stolen by the desperadoes, now retreating through the far woods like the wind. Next morning, both women are sent back to the settlement. Why? What does it mean? Are the Indians afraid? Is it war or peace?

March 8th, the spring winds are rushing through the leafless oaks with the sound of a summer sea. Sun is up with a glare that fills all the snow furrows with rivulets. The settlement of Spirit Lake is early astir; for a special team is going down to Ft. Dodge, one hundred miles south, and neighbors are coming over to the Gardners' with mail. Just as the family were sitting down to breakfast in the Gardner cabin, fourteen Indians crowded to the door with their wives and paposes. The presence of the squaws portended peace. Mrs. Gardner invited the Indians to breakfast. After breakfast, one visitor asked for some gun caps and tried to snatch the box from Gardner's hand. Another had raised his pistol to fire, when some of the neighbors, who were coming with the mail, entered, and the outlaws judged it best to draw off, whooping and shooting the cattle as they rode past the haystacks.



There was no mistaking signs now; and the other settlers must be put on guard. Gardner's son-in-law, Luce and one Clark set out to warn the people. North, south, east and west, all day came gun reports to the ears of the agonized household awaiting the son-in-law's return. Nine o'clock passed, mid-day, afternoon! Still the shooting could be heard. As the sunset waned through the leafless oaks, Gardner could restrain himself no longer, and ven-

gentle and flaccid East, where one may hold any soft creed one likes without proving it or losing one's life over it—came uppermost. She besought her husband to try the effect of kindness. Now kindness is about as effective in brute conflict as the same creed applied to raging fire. The man stood stalwart in the door, his feet on earth and on primal facts. In the faces of Scarlet Point's approaching band, Mrs. Gardner read the doom of her own doctrine,



Copyright photograph by Christensen.

In the bad lands of South Dakota where the outlaws retreated beyond reach of the pursuing troops.

tured out. He was back in a moment breathless and white.

"We are doomed! They are coming—the Sioux! Barricade the door—quick—we can kill a few before we are killed."

In the house were Gardner, his wife, the married daughter and her child, two younger children and a half-grown daughter—Abbie—in her early teens. To Mrs. Gardner, the conflict of three grown people against a band of desperadoes seemed hopeless. The training of a lifetime, of the

and after the fashion of the flaccid East, she promptly took refuge in another. "If we must die, let us die innocent of blood," were her last words.

An Indian had shouted out insolent demand for food and Gardner had but turned his head when the assassin shot was aimed straight for his heart. Then, with the courage that was too late, with a sudden discarding of soft theories to face brute facts—both women sprang to seize the gun. The shot rang out. Gardner fell on

his face dead and in less time than the words may be penned, wife and daughter had been struck to ground, beaten into insensibility and scalped before the eyes of the younger children.

With bowed head and hands crossed on her breast, the younger girl—Abbie—awaited death. The little children clinging to her skirts were dashed to death on the threshold. Seizing the girl by the hand, the desperadoes signaled her to follow them. It was dark. Feather beds had been ripped to pieces and strewn on the floor. Furniture had been smashed. Everything that could not be carried away, had been destroyed. At the belt of the girl's captor dangled the scalp of her own mother. Across the doorstep lay the corpses of the children. A few steps from the house, plainly visible in the moonlight, lay the mangled bodies, stripped and stark, of father, mother and sister, "eyes burning" in the white star light—Abbie Gardner tells—"like balls of fire." Just as the Indians plunged into the dark of the forest trail, groans of anguish came from the ground. In vain, the girl strained back. Hands of steel gripped her arms, and down the shadowy path passed the young captive, the wind rustling through the leafless branches overhead with the sound of a sea.

For two days, a settler, Morris Markham, had been hunting strayed cattle, when, after dark on the night of March the 9th, he approached the Gardner homestead. To his surprise, no light shone from the log cabin in the oak grove. Silence terrible and portentous lay on the clearing. The man advanced with quickening pace and fears palpable. Was it some skulking beast of the night prowlers or the pallid forms of the dead that suddenly rooted the man to earth with horror? The next instant, Markham was tearing through the thicket for the nearest neighboring cabin. Sounds of laughter, of drunken riot, of barking dogs, the campfire lights of buffalo skin tepees with shadows of figures on the tent walls, the bark-smoke smell of smoldering embers—before he knew it, the terrified man was almost in the midst of the Sioux tents! There was the usual yowl of mongrel dogs, the usual yell from hoarse voices inside the tepees, and Markham had retreated before he was discovered. One

glance was enough—the Mattocks' house lay in ashes. At the other cabins—mangled corpses, burning logs, mutilated cattle, groaning and howling at the hay racks—told the same story! Not a living soul remained to relate the massacre.

It's pretty nearly a truism that if a man is hit only moderately hard, he is conscious of his pain enough to be sorry for himself, but if he is hit *hard*, he either quits the contract, or stiffens up from numbness. Markham had tramped through March slush for thirty miles without rest or food before he discovered the massacre. For aught he could find, not a soul but himself survived of the Spirit Lake homesteaders, and the nearest settlement was at Springfield or Jackson across the Minnesota line some twenty miles as the crow flies. The March wind had turned biting cold. Markham was afraid to go and afraid to stay; but after stamping all night under shelter of a bluff to keep from freezing to death, he set out through the fog of dawn for the settlement. It must have been well toward night of the tenth when he reached Springfield (Jackson), and Springfield simply refused to believe the news. Why the Indians had been at the Woods' store that very day buying powder in the friendliest manner! Nevertheless, all the families gathered at the log house of the Thomases, and two men set out forthwith for the soldiers at Fort Ridgely in Minnesota some hundred miles away. The adventures of the two messengers are a story by itself. As day after day, the soldiers failed to come, it may be mentioned that both messengers reached the fort belated and snow blind.

Sleepy Eyes, a friendly chief, who had been camping with Inik-pa-duta's band, suddenly vanishes into the hills, and some of those powder buyers at the Woods' store acknowledge the truth of the news from Spirit Lake and warn the settlers to beware. For two weeks, twenty-one people live at the little Thomas cabin in hourly expectation of siege and help. Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen days pass; and neither Indians nor soldiers appear. Perhaps, after all, it is a false alarm, though Mrs. Stewart has gone insane with fear and been removed to her own cabin accompanied by husband and children.

On Thursday, the 26th, the men ven-

tured from the house to feed stock and chop wood. They had come in for dinner when at three o'clock young Thomas doing sentinel duty on the outskirts of the woods shouted that the messengers were coming back from Ft. Ridgely. How such news was greeted, one may guess. The pent-up settlers dashed out to be met by a blast of rifle shots from unseen foes. Of the besieged, only three men remained unhurt, though all succeeded in regaining the cabin but the Thomas boy, who fell mortally injured. It had been a trick. Seeing the settlers off guard, the Indians had decided to begin business and dressing a warrior in white man's clothes sent him forward near enough to deceive the Thomas boy. A bookful of incidents might be related of this siege. For instance, one man, who had been slit through the wrist, did not realize his wound, till he found his arm would not lift. A woman peppered in the shoulders by shot never ceased to aid the other fighters loading their guns and between times taking her place to fire through the chinks between logs. Other settlers tore up the heavy timbers of the floor to barricade windows and doors against a ping of bullets coming like hail. One woman—Mrs. Church—remained constantly rifle in hand beside the three uninjured sharpshooters.

By sunset, the shots from the brushwood had ceased and the Indians were seen

stamping the horses from the straw stacks. This meant one of two things. They were either abandoning the siege or preparing to set fire to the buildings when darkness would permit safe approach. As a matter of fact, Ink-pa-duta's outlaws had gone across to raid the Woods' store and the Stewart cabin. All the inmates of both abodes perished but a Stewart boy who hid beneath a log and at dark escaped across to the Thomas house.

Seventeen days had passed since messengers had been sent for troops, and no soldiers had come. The settlers were short of food and decided to abandon the Thomas house while the savages were still busy with their deviltries over at the store. Still there was a chance of the lull being another trick. Who was to go out in the dark to the stable for the ox team? Markham again played the rôle of unconscious hero, and came round with the sleigh. Seventeen hungry, panic-stricken people were stowed in the sleigh,

and a densely foggy night protected their escape, though slush and drifts impeded haste so that in twenty-four hours they had gone only fifteen miles up the Des Moines River. At Esterville it was decided to leave ox and sleigh and go forward on foot. Here, again, current legend has preserved some strange stories, which Abbie Gardner tells and Doane Robinson, the historian of Dakota has substantiated. Other escaping



From an old painting.

Sleepy Eye—chief of the band which joined Ink-pa-duta's raiders.

settlers were encountered flying in such panic haste they had forgotten their wives and their daughters and their boots, presumably to fly the faster in stocking soles. The name of one dame, who abandoned an injured husband on a hand sleigh, need not be preserved as a heroine of the West, but one hero's name is signally worth preservation. The body of the Thomas boy had been left lying where it fell, but among the escaping refugees were two settlers, Smith and Henderson, who had had their legs amputated after frost and exposure. When sleighs were abandoned and the people began to flee in blind fright these two were left behind. One poor fellow had actually begun to crawl over the snow in pursuit, when a homesteader, by name of Shiegly, hearing of their plight, deliberately turned back and brought them along on a hand sleigh. Some settlers had succeeded in repelling the savages by keeping cabins closed and raising bedlam behind doors with tin pans, drums and bells calculated to give the impression of numerous defendants. Two days later at three in the afternoon, the marchers met soldiers *not* from Ft. Ridgely to the east, but from Ft. Dodge to the south. Among them were the husband of Mrs. Church, and young Thatcher coming posthaste to the aid of his wife at Spirit Lake. The settlers were sent on down to Ft. Dodge. The soldiers marched forward for the scene of the massacre, where they buried the victims on the altar of their martyrdom without coffin or shroud. Cairns of stones and monuments to-day mark the graves of the Okoboji settlers. But what of Abbie Gardner and the others at Spirit Lake?

Swift march of a mile along the shadowed forest trail had brought the raiders and the girl captive to a second cabin clearing. Through the aisled forest burst such sights and sounds as might have characterized the vandalism of pre-historic Huns. On the ground lay the shapeless, unrecognizable dead. The Mattock cabin was in a roar of flame. Above the crackle of the fire sounded the cry of some victim pinned to the walls or bound to a stake inside the burning cabin, and off toward one side of the clearing, circling round and round a huge fire, figures grotesque as some devil dance of a maniac fancy run riot—were the

warriors of Ink-pa-duta—Scarlet Point—stripped and smeared with war paint brandishing the scalps of the slain, reenacting the horrors of the massacre. It is a curious commentary on human nature that men have been known to imitate the beasts, but never the beasts to imitate man. Uttering the yelps and cries of animals of the chase, lashing themselves to the mad pace of their own insensate fury, one warrior would re-act in pantomime the courageous deed of having brained a white child; another, throw himself down in the cataleptic gyrations of a wounded beast; yet others would chant—chant—chant in monotonous rhythm to monotonous crazy dance that they had slain—slain—slain the white foe! So passed the night! It was a night to burn itself in lurid scars on the memory of a young girl.

Besides plunder from the dead at the Mattock cabin, was booty from some other victims, among them Luce and Clark, killed on East Okoboji Lake, that forenoon when they had gone out from the Gardner cabin to warn the other settlers. As day dawn broke over the leafless forest and the fires died down, the savages blackened their faces portending war and resumed the march. Through the woods they dashed to cabin after cabin, sending scouts to the fore to feign friendship till entrance was gained to each house, then turning on the host with assassin knife. Two more women were taken captive at East Okoboji—Mrs. Noble and Mrs. Thatcher, cousins and mere girls as to age, neither being yet twenty-one. At the oak grove west of Spirit Lake was found the Marble cabin. The savages washed their faces, rapped at the door and asked for food. Talking as they ate, they craftily steered the conversation to target shooting and boasts led up to a friendly trial of shots with the white man. It need scarcely be told that the man Marble had no sooner emptied the contents of his gun than the outlaws discharged the contents of theirs into his back, following this up with the usual murder and plunder of the family. A fourth woman was added to the captive band—Mrs. Marble. Tearing off bark from trees, the Indians drew in charcoal on the inner rind, rude pictures of their victories and victims, of the latter some forty in all.

Then the march began; and every step was to the outlaws a haunted and hunted flight. Soldiers, they knew, would come up from Ft. Dodge and down from Ft. Ridgely. Not twice may camp be made in the same place, and everywhere are campfire ashes covered over and hidden by old grass or wood of a year's growth to throw pursuers off the trail. And in spite of the wild scalp dance to frighten away the spirits of the slain, the Indian murderers' steps were haunted by sound and apparition of the avenging dead; by lonely cries upon the wind,



Caen of stones erected by soldiers and settlers to mark graves of those killed at Spirit Lake; monument erected by State of Iowa.

by shadowy forms, sitting over the night trail. But the outlaws dare not follow the high sky-line of the exposed hills, and skulked along wooded river-bottoms where rivulets had become torrents from spring flood and the ravines lay in sloughs neck-deep. Past these tramped the fugitives, through water ice-cold, camping for the night on higher knolls, lying often in water-soaked clothing on ground from which the frost was not yet free. It was the duty of the captives to chop wood, pitch and break camp and carry each a pack to the weight of seventy or eighty pounds. North and northwest led the flight at swift pace over the Minnesota ravines toward what is now Jackson or

Springfield. Here, one Sunday afternoon, as the Indians lay encamped among some willows sheltered by a bluff, a spy climbing to the top of a tree suddenly signaled warning. Over the rolling prairie, marching four abreast, followed by mule teams, in all hands bayonets leveled, bugles to the fore but in perfect silence—came the troops from Ft. Ridgely. Quicker than it takes to tell, the Indians put out campfires, tore down tents, sent the women scuttling for hiding among the willows of a slough, posted their warriors to ambush the troops and placed a man

on guard to slay the captives on first charge of the soldiers. The whites had left Ft. Ridgely some two weeks after the massacre, under guidance of a half-breed, Jo Goboo and a trader, Jo La Framboise, and by painful and blind marching of some one hundred and forty miles had literally stumbled on the hiding place of Ink-pa-duta's outlaws.

The troops were seen to halt at the last camping place as if in doubt. Whether the half-breed guides from fear of Indian vengeance misled the soldiers, or really were deceived into thinking the camp signs a year old—is immaterial. Within almost hand-reach of the white captives, the troops halted—conferred—turned back!

The officers, who took part in this expedition, have always maintained that the ignominious failure to make good was a blessing in disguise. Similar explanations have been given over similar failures. The Indian ambush was quickly abandoned, the captives permitted to live, the swift flight resumed for camping ground under the painted bluffs of the famous Pipestone Quarry. But there, booty plundered from the whites, had been exhausted, and Scarlet Point's band halted to quarry out fine pipes for trade with other tribes.

Six weeks from the time of the massacre, the marchers had reached Big Sioux River near what is now Flandreau. Spring rains had set the river rolling down torrents of mud and uprooted trees, though the weather was now balmy and the prairie bursting into that painted glamour of countless flowers, which is the glory of Western spring. From the first, the young women, Mrs. Noble and Mrs. Thatcher, had been a trouble to the Indians. Both were of dauntless, unbreakable spirit, scorning command or rebuke of their captors, haughty and defiant and plainly only watching a chance to escape. Civilized imagination has drawn its own pictures of victims cowering in speechless terror in like plight. Fact is a good deal more striking than fancy in such cases. Mrs. Noble and Mrs. Thatcher, though mere girls in years, sang hymns as they marched and prayed openly as they camped; but from the first, Mrs. Thatcher had been a desperately ill woman. She had given birth to a child three weeks before the massacre and had seen it brained on her own hearth. Mrs. Thatcher had been at Ft. Dodge and for the sake of her husband who had escaped death, she seemed to rise to efforts almost superhuman. The march through ice-water and camp on frosty ground had thrown her into a violent illness. Her legs became swollen and gathered. Still she kept up the day's march and bore her pack and did camp duties; and her spirits retained unbroken defiance, the rare heroism which, though it knows it may be crushed, refuses to be conquered—which faces death unflinching, and when death comes in defeat—dies without a whine. As for the self-pity of civilization, it is not in the make-up of such spirits.

More need not be told



A famous Missouri half-breed guide.

They had come to the Big Sioux near Flandreau and the roaring current had torn oaks and cottonwoods from the bank; and at the narrower places, these had jammed with other débris in uncertain bridging. The outlaws were crossing where logs spanned the torrent. Mrs. Thatcher came to the bridge bearing her pack. It was roughly seized by an Indian boy. Indians do not carry women's packs. Neither do they leave packs behind. The act had only one meaning.

Turning to the girl, the young wife called back: "If you escape, tell my husband I, too, tried to escape for his sake." Then she walked fearlessly forward over the logs. Midstream—a rough push! And she was thrown into the seething torrent; but the white arms climbed the waves and breast-



The Sioux grandmother who is an absolute camp despot.

ing the flood dauntless as she had faced the woes of the massacre, Mrs. Thatcher succeeded in reaching the roots of an upturned tree on the near bank. The baffled desperadoes met her as she would have landed and pushed her back. Again she struck out, aiming for the far shore; but as the Indians dashed across the logs to stop her as she landed, she gave herself to the current and swam swiftly down stream in one last desperate effort to reach a log below. No wonder the Indians thought this girl-woman possessed by a spirit superhuman! They ran down the banks for the log jam shooting at the slim form that rose and fell on the rolling flood. Her feet found footing. She had grasped the branches and was scrambling up when the

assassin bullet struck her. Like the heroes of old, the heroes whose deeds all nations have celebrated in song and story, she fell with her face to the foe; and the lifeless body swept swiftly down the tumultuous river to a last resting place in the sands of the Big Sioux. There may have been more heroic deaths in the annals of American history. I don't know of any.

One may not guess the feelings of the other captives as they crossed the bridge. Mrs. Noble and Mrs. Thatcher were cousins; and only that dauntless something in human heroism, which refuses to bow in the face of death—kept Mrs. Noble from suiciding on the spot. As for the Indian desperadoes, they may have chattered and shouted, as white men drink to drown their own terrors; but for days they were so haunted, so absolutely obsessed, by memory of the White Woman's Spirit that the splash of an otter in the river, the sing of the wind through the willows, was enough to send them scampering, trembling with guilty terror back to camp.

Deeper and deeper into the wilderness marched the fugitives from the wooded lands of Minnesota to the rolling prairie where roamed the buffalo in countless herds and on westward toward the broken bluffs and couteaus of Dakota. Every foot westward had diminished the chance of the captives' escape; but as the hunting became better and the fear of pursuit less, the outlaw Indians camped longer and mingled with the Sioux on the march. One night there strode into camp near Skunk Lake or the modern Madison of Dakota, two Indians, whose names Doane Robinson gives as Gray Foot and Sounding Heavens. Long and vociferous was the parley; and little the white women dreamed that these two Indians from the mission came to ransom them; but Ink-pa-duta—Scarlet Point—the crafty one, used the same argument as modern financiers; if he had committed a little crime—he reasoned—the Government would punish him; but having committed a big crime, having murdered a whole settlement, that was war—he would go scot free. And thereby he showed his wisdom; for that is precisely what happened. But like other modern reasoners, Scarlet Point was prepared to throw a sop to public opinion. By way of showing his good faith—he would sell one prisoner.

Coming across to the captives' tepee, Gray Foot looked in. The three white women sat in Indian costume over some work. Abbie Gardner was but a child, the outlaws would be kind to her—Gray Foot thought. Mrs. Marble looked resigned to her fate, but in Mrs. Noble's face was written unspeaking agony. Gray Foot motioned her to follow. Thinking him but a new master, Mrs. Noble shook her head and went on with her work. Gray Foot then signaled Mrs. Marble. She bade her companions farewell, promising if she escaped not to rest till aid came to them. After a sixty-mile tramp across burnt country, the two mission Indians delivered her to the missionaries, Doctor Riggs and Doctor Williamson, the Indians being paid \$500 each for the rescue. As they were conveying Mrs. Marble eastward, many bands of roving Sioux were met and honor to the captive woman became almost a contagion, each band vying with the other to heap presents on the rescued white woman and thereby show the Government that the Sioux as a people were not responsible for the crimes of Ink-pa-duta's outlaws. She was lodged in tepees of garnished workmanship with down pillows and fur robes. She was dressed in choicest Sioux costumes and fed with the daintiest morsels of the hunt. What wonder if when the missionaries found her, the transition from slavery to queen in the Sioux lodges had brought to her face a look of content? Judge Flaudrau took her to St. Paul and delivered her to her relatives. She married a settler of California where she lived up to recent years; but many inaccurate rumors have become current of Mrs. Marble's subsequent life. It would make a more Parkmanesque ending to represent Mrs. Marble as a second Hannah Williams, daughter of the New England preacher, who became so enamored of savage life during captivity that she refused to be ransomed by the white people; and such a story has been told of her many times. There is not an atom of truth in it, and I took particular pains to ask the question squarely of one who was a boy and present at the time. Equally without foundation in fact is the story that she made capital of the notoriety by becoming a member of a show company. As stated before, she married a

second time and lived in retirement from 1857.

It was in May while in camp with the Yanktons that Ink-pa-duta sold both remaining captives to a one-legged, rascally Yankton called End-of-the-Snake, who probably thought to resell his white slaves at a bargain, to some trader. Meantime, their duty was to run along on foot and pick up the game which their one-legged master shot from horseback. The Yanktons continued to hunt and camp with Ink-pa-duta's outlaws, and one Sunday night Roaring Cloud, a young son of the outlaw chief abruptly entered the Yankton's tent. Probably repenting of the sale, he ordered Mrs. Noble to leave the Yankton's tent. Defiant as always, Mrs. Noble refused. Amid wordy war of new master and old, young Roaring Cloud seized a cordwood stick and struck the girl-woman three terrible blows. Throwing her body through the tent flap, he came back, washed the stains from his hands, flung himself down beside the tepee fire of the Yankton's lodge and was presently fast asleep. For a little while there came the moans of the dying woman outside. The child, Abbie Gardner, lay in terror with her face buried in the rugs not daring to move for fear of like fate, only praying—praying—praying; for she was now utterly alone amid the savages. Then the moaning ceased; and gray dawn came through the white tepee walls; and the child rose from a sleepless night to another day's captivity. No wonder she stumbled as she marched that day in a dazed dream! No wonder that when the Indians had camped the next night they were panicky with haunting fears of the dead woman's spirit and tearing down tepee poles removed in such swift haste from this place they forgot the scalp of their murdered victim!

By this time, the march had led to what is now Spink County, South Dakota, near Ashton on the James River. A hundred and ninety Yankton lodges or two thousand Indians were in camp buffalo hunting. The month of May was verging to June heat when early on the 30th while the world was washed by the dews of morning, as on creation's first day, and the meadow larks were sending down their flute calls from mid-heaven, three Indian "cut-hairs" en-



tered camp. The three dressed like the whites were John Other Day, Little Paul and Iron Hawk. One can guess how the young girl's heart gave a throb. These were mission Indians. They had come from the far outposts of the white settlement and their coming surely meant but one thing. Day after day was wordy council held. All night the council fire burned, and much longer would the pompous speechifying have lasted if the Yanktons had but known that the three emissaries had hidden wagonloads of ran-



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Abbie Gardner Sharp who was captured by the Indians at Spirit Lake.

som on the east side of the river in case the price first offered did not free Abbie Gardner. At last for a consideration of two horses, powder, blankets and something more, the young girl was delivered over to the mission Indians. For their work, the three Indians received a reward of \$400 each. They had accomplished what the white troops could not and did not effect, though \$10,000 was spent in the expedition from Ft. Ridgely alone. June 22d, at 6 P. M. amid cheering multitudes, Abbie Gardner was taken from her boat to a hotel in St.



The log cabin in which the Gardner family was massacred in 1857 and where Abbie Sharp was taken captive and has to-day retired in her old age.

Paul. She joined a sister who had been away during the time of the massacre and in late years has lived on the old homestead at Okoboji.

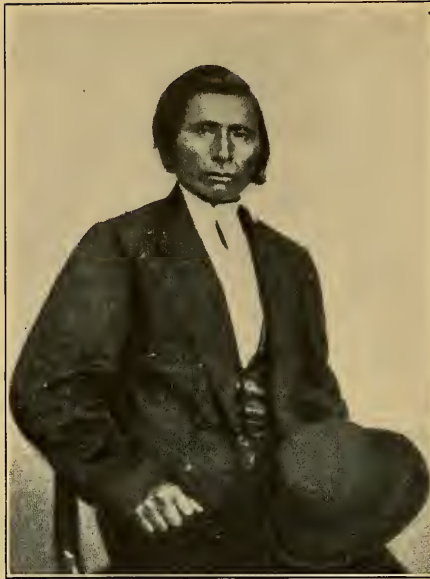
Ink-pa-duta had judged human nature—especially human nature as exemplified in democracy—rightly. He had committed a great crime, and he escaped punishment, and he was heard of again in the Indian wars. At the famous Custer massacre of a late day, as the white troops were riding and cheering and flourishing their swords down the bank to the river

bottom, an Indian was seen sitting fishing at the water side. The Indian gave the signal to the other ambushed Sioux, that sounded Custer's death knell. The fisherman was Ink-pa-duta. After the first wild hurrah for action had vaped off in failure, the Government troops did absolutely nothing to follow up and punish the outlaws.

It had come to the Government's knowledge that Ink-pa-duta's outlaw band were near the Yellow Medicine agency and Flandrau, the Indian agent, had set out with twenty volunteers on the track of the desperadoes. At midnight, the party had reached the famous Half-way Butte. Sitting imperturbable on top of the butte was John Other Day the Christian "cut hair" scout smoking as the volunteer band pressed toward the Indian camp. He had come to meet and help the whites. He told Flandrau that six of the outlaws were camped on a bluff beyond.

"How shall we know the guilty ones?" he was asked.

"Charge down on the camp," answered the wily John, "and the guilty ones will run."



John Other Day the Christian Indian who rescued the Spirit Lake captives.

It had been a hot summer day. The troops marched all night. By daybreak they could see the Indian tepees on a high bluff white against the saffron sky. Creeping behind a roll of prairie, the soldiers double-quickened up the bank and rushed the camp in a half circle. But the Indians had slept with their tents rolled up for air, and quick as the troops charged, a man with a Yankton squaw by the hand was seen to leap for the willows of the river.

"There is your man," says John Other Day, and twenty

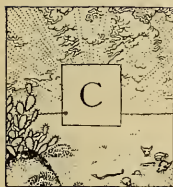
rifles cracked, but from the willows the Indian outlaw fired back. That betrayed his hiding place, and the volunteers poured in hot shot. Creeping behind the chaparral, a soldier jumped suddenly into the willows and sabered the Indian on the spot. It proved to be young Roaring Cloud, the murderer of Mrs. Noble. The squaw was taken prisoner and released on examination. She was a Yankton woman whom the outlaw had wooed for a wife.

Calling the Indians, in council, the Government agents refused to pay annuities till the Sioux as a people made some effort to punish the murderers, and Little Crow set out at the end of July with one hundred warriors; but after killing three of Ink-pa-duta's followers, he came back without catching the main culprit. The Sioux were paid their annuities, and Ink-pa-duta continued to roam free on the hills till after the Custer massacres. In his later days he was reported to have become blind. He died north of the Canadian Boundary; and at least one of his sons is a civilized Christian Indian farming in one of the villages of South Dakota but making no claim of his kin to Ink-pa-duta.

# THE MALIGNED EVERGLADES

BY WILLIAM TODD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



CENTRAL AFRICA will always be "Darkest" Africa to the ignorant despite its broad sunny plains. The rich luxuriant growth of our Dismal Swamp will be forever "dismal" to

those who have not seen its beauty, and for the same reason the Florida Everglades continues to be a "miasma swamp" because man has not taken the trouble to see for himself.

Those who love this rare garden, hesitate to disapprove this misconception, for it explains its solitude to-day and why it now remains one of the few spots in this land where one can be alone amid the beatitudes of nature.

The Glades were originally a shallow lake some seventy by one hundred and fifty miles with a coral rock bottom. Being shallow, grass gradually grew over it, tall, rich tropical grass that waves perpetually in a balmy breeze. The water moving toward the coast slowly wrought for itself winding channels through this meadow which to-day are lined with the rich purple of the floating hyacinth and peopled with bass. Contrary as it is to existing knowledge, this water is quite clear and safe to drink.

An elevation of something over thirty feet above tidewater gives a perceptible and sometimes strong current to the streams. Thus the Miami, draining the Everglades on the east, is a short but swift river, and the Caloosahatchee, the main western outlet, is not to be negotiated in the rainy season except with a power boat which can breast

its deep strong flow. Where the Glades proper approach the high land there is always an intervening stretch of high land prairie—"Savannahs"—De Soto called them—back of which lies the timber growth. There are no mosquitoes in winter and strange to say few in summer compared to the coast. I have never heard this satisfactorily explained except that the larvæ may thrive more prolificly in the brackish water of the salt water marshes.

And now the snake. Every lover of the Glades salutes the snake for his baneful reputation has done much to preserve this fair scene for us. There are snakes here—a good many of them—all water snakes.

The Great Landscape Gardener to ease the monotony of so much sameness in his meadow, dotted it with islets—hummocks they are called—heavy with tropical growth and plumed usually with one or two palmetto palms which rise smooth for thirty feet, and then burst into a bouquet of long waving branches. To give it color the birds came with feathers of every shade—the white heron, the blue heron, the white curlew, the pink curlew and his cousin, the bronze ibis with a design on his back like a Turkish rug. There are every variety of wading bird from the sandpiper to the great blue heron, who stands five feet, and who can perforate one's skull with his bill, but he is gifted with a kindly disposition. In the winter time the ducks join this noisy throng.

Add to this many strange flowers of beautiful colors and fragrant perfumes and the picture of the much-maligned Everglades is complete.



The high land prairie around the Glades.



A typical scene—The floating hyacinth looks like lilies and in season becomes a mass of purple blossom.



A moonlight effect.



A hummock.



“Instinctively he covered his throat with his arms  
as Tog fell upon him.”

Drawing by E. L. Blumenschen.



# A DOG WITH A BAD NAME

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

DRAWINGS BY E. L. BLUMENSCHN



IN the Labrador coast, all dogs have bad names; nor, if the truth must be told, does the unhappy reputation do them injustice. If evil communications corrupt good manners, the desperate character of Tog's deeds, no less than the tragic manner of his end, may be accounted for. At any rate, long before his abrupt departure from the wilderness trails and snow-covered rock of Fishing Harbor, he had earned the worst reputation of all the pack.

It began in the beginning; when Tog was eight weeks old—being then little more than a soft, fluffy, black-and-white ball, awkwardly perambulating on four absurdly bowed legs—his end was foreseen. Martha, Jim Grimm's wife, one day cast the lean scraps of the midday meal to the pack. What came to pass so amazed Jim Grimm that he dropped his splitting-knife and stared agape.

"An' would you look at that little beast!" he gasped. "That one's a wonder for badness!"

The snarling, scrambling heap of dogs, apparently inextricably entangled, had all at once been reduced to order. Instead of a confusion of taut legs and teeth and bristling hair, there was a precise half-circle of gaunt beasts, squatted at a respectful distance from Tog's mother, hopelessly licking their chops, while, with hair on end and fangs exposed and dripping, she kept them off.

"It ain't Jinny," Jim remarked. "You can't blame she. It's that little pup with the black eye."

You couldn't blame Jenny. Last of all would it occur to Martha Grimm, with a child or two of her own to rear, to call her

in the wrong. With a litter of five hearty pups to provide for, Jenny was animated by a holy maternal instinct. But Tog, which was the one with the black eye, was not to be justified. He was imitating his mother's tactics with diabolical success; a half-circle of whimpering puppies, keeping a respectful distance, watched in grieved surprise, while, with hair on end and tiny fangs occasionally exposed, he devoured the scraps of the midday meal.

"A wonder for badness!" Jim Grimm repeated.

"Give a dog a bad name,' quoted Martha, quick, like the woman she was, to resent snap-judgment of the young, "an'——"

"Hang un'," Jim concluded. "Well," he added, "I wouldn't be s'prised if it *did* come t' that."

It did.

In Tog's eyes there was never the light of love and humor—no amiable jollity. He would come fawning, industriously wagging his hinder parts, like puppies of more favored degree; but all the while his black eyes were alert, hard, infinitely suspicious and avaricious. Not once, I am sure, did affection or gratitude lend them beauty. A beautiful pup he was, nevertheless—fat and white, awkwardly big, his body promising splendid strength. Even when he made war on the fleas—and he waged it unceasingly—the vigor and skill of attack, the originality of method, gave him a certain distinction. But his eyes were never well disposed; the pup was neither trustful nor to be trusted.

"If he lives t' the age o' three," said Jim Grimm, with a pessimistic wag of the head, "'twill be more by luck than good conduct."

"Ah, dad," said Jimmie Grimm, "you jus' leave un t' me!"

"Well, Jimmie," drawled Jim Grimm, "it might teach you more about dogs 'n' you know. I don't mind if I *do* leave un t' you—for a while."

"Hut!" Jimmie boasted. "I'll master un."

"May be," said Jim Grimm.

It was Jimmie Grimm who first put Tog in the traces. This was in the early days of Tog's first winter—and of Jimmie's seventh. The dog was a lusty youngster, then; better nourished than the other dogs of Jim Grimm's pack, no more because of greater strength and daring than a marvelous versatility in thievery. In a bored sort of way, being at the moment lazy with food stolen from Sam Butt's stage, Tog submitted. He yawned, stretched his long legs, gave inopportune attention to a persistent flea near the small of his back. When, however, the butt of Jimmie's whip fell smartly on his flank, he was surprised into an appreciation of the fact that a serious attempt was being made to curtail his freedom; and he was at once alive with resentful protest.

"Hi, Tog!" Jimmie complained. "Bide still!"

Tog slipped from Jimmie's grasp and bounding off, turned with a snarl.

"Here, Tog!" cried Jimmie.

Tog came—stepping warily over the snow. His head was low, his king-hairs bristling, his upper lip lifted.

"Ha, Tog, b'y!" said Jimmie, ingratiatingly.

Tog thawed into limp and servile amiability. The long, wiry white hair of his neck fell flat; he wagged his bushy white tail; he pawed the snow and playfully tossed his long, pointed nose as he crept near. But had Jimmie Grimm been more observant, more knowing, he would have perceived that the light in the lanky pup's eyes had not mellowed.

"Good dog!" crooned Jimmie, stretching out an affectionate hand.

Vanished, then, in a flash, every symptom of Tog's righteousness. His long teeth closed on Jimmie's small hand with a snap. Jimmie struck instantly—and struck hard. The butt of the whip caught Tog on the nose. He dropped the hand and leaped away with a yelp.

"Now, me b'y," thought Jimmie Grimm, staring into the quivering dog's eyes, not daring to glance at his own dripping hand, "I'll master *you!*"

But it was no longer a question of mastery. The issue was life or death. Tog was now of an age to conceive murder. Moreover, he was of a size to justify an attempt upon Jimmie. And murder was in his heart. He crouched, quivering, his wolfish eyes fixed upon the boy's blazing blue ones. For a moment neither antagonist ventured attack. Both waited.

It was Jimmie who lost patience. He swung his long dog whip. The lash cracked in Tog's face. With a low growl, the dog rushed, and before the boy could evade the attack, the dog had him by the leg. Down came the butt of the whip. Tog released his hold and leaped out of reach. He pawed about, snarling, shaking his bruised head.

This advantage the boy sought to pursue. He advanced—alert, cool, ready to strike. Tog retreated. Jimmie rushed upon him. At a bound, Tog passed, turned, and came again. Before Jimmie had well faced him, Tog had leaped for his throat. Down went the boy, overborne by the dog's weight, and by the impact, which he was not prepared to withstand. But Tog was yet a puppy, unpracticed in fight; he had missed the grip. And a heavy stick, in the hands of Jimmie's father, falling mercilessly upon him, put him in yelping retreat.

"I 'low, Jimmie," drawled Jim Grimm, while he helped the boy to his feet, "that that dog *is* teachin' you more 'n you knowed."

"I 'low, dad," replied the breathless Jimmie, "that he teached me nothin' more 'n I forgot."

"I wouldn't forget again," said Jim.

Jimmie did not deign to reply.

Jim Grimm broke Tog to the traces before the winter was over. A wretched time the perverse beast had of it. Labrador dogs are not pampered idlers; in winter they must work or starve—as must men, the year round. But Tog had no will for work, acknowledged no master save the cruel, writhing whip; and the whip was therefore forever flecking his ears or curling about his flanks. Moreover, he was a sad shirk. Thus he made more trouble for

himself. When his team-mates discovered the failing—and this was immediately—they pitilessly worried his hind legs. Altogether, in his half-grown days, Tog led a yelping, bleeding life of it; whereby he got no more than his desserts.

Through the summer he lived by theft when thievery was practicable; at other times he went fishing for himself with an ill will. Meantime, he developed strength and craft, both in extraordinary degree; there was not a more successful criminal in the pack, nor was there a more despicable bully. When the first snow fell, Tog was master at Fishing Harbor, and had already begun to raid the neighboring settlement at Ghost Tickle. Twice he was known to have adventured there. After the first raid, he licked his wounds in retirement for two weeks; after the second, which was made by night, they found a dead dog at Ghost Tickle.

Thereafter, Tog entered Ghost Tickle by daylight, and with his teeth made good his right to come and go at will. It was this that left him open to suspicion when the Ghost Tickle tragedy occurred. Whether or not Tog was concerned in that affair, nobody knows. They say at Ghost Tickle that he plotted the murder and led the pack; but the opinion is based merely upon the fact that he was familiar with the paths and lurking places of the Tickle—and, possibly, upon the fact of his immediate and significant disappearance from the haunts of men.

News came from Ghost Tickle that Jonathan Wall had come late from the ice with a seal. Weary with the long tramp, he had left the carcass at the waterside. "Billy," he had said to his young son, forgetting the darkness and the dogs, "go fetch that swile up." Billy was gone a long time. "I wonder what's keepin' Billy," his mother had said. They grew uneasy, at last; and presently they set out to search for the lad. Neither child nor seal did they ever see again; but they came upon the shocking evidences of what had occurred. And they blamed Tog of Fishing Harbor.

For a month or more Tog was lost to sight; but an epidemic had so reduced the number of serviceable dogs that he was often in Jim Grimm's mind. Jim very heartily declared that Tog should have a

berth with the team if starvation drove him back; not that he loved Tog, said he, but that he needed him. But Tog seemed to be doing well enough in the wilderness. He did not soon return. Once they saw him. It was when Jim and Jimmie were bound home from Laughing Cove. Of a sudden Jim halted the team.

"Do you see that, Jimmie, b'y?" he asked, pointing with his whip to the white crest of a nearby hill.

"Dogs!" Jimmie ejaculated.

"Take another squint," said Jim.

"Dogs," Jimmie repeated.

"Wolves," drawled Jim. "An' do you see the beast with the black eye?"

"Why, dad," Jimmie exclaimed, "'tis Tog!"

"I 'low," said Jim, "that Tog don't need us no more."

But Tog did. He came back—lean and fawning. No more abject contrition was ever shown by dog before. He was starving. They fed him at the usual hour; and not one ounce more than the usual amount of food did he get. Next day he took his old place in the traces and helped haul Jim Grimm the round of the fox-traps. But that night Jim Grimm lost another dog; and in the morning Tog had again disappeared into the wilderness. Jimmie Grimm was glad. Tog had grown beyond him. The lad could control the others of the pack; but he was helpless against Tog.

"I isn't so wonderful sorry, myself," said Jim. "I 'low, Jimmie," he added, "that Tog don't like *you*."

"No, that he doesn't," Jimmie promptly agreed. "All day yesterday, he snooped around, with an eye on me. Looked to me as if he was waitin' for me to fall down."

"Jimmie!" said Jim Grimm, gravely.

"Ay, sir?"

"You *mustn't* fall down. Don't matter whether Tog's about or not. If the dogs is near, *don't you fall down!*"

"Not if I knows it," said Jimmie.

It was a clear night in March. The moon was high. From the rear of Jim Grimm's isolated cottage the white waste stretched far to the wilderness. The dogs of the pack were sound asleep in the out-house. An hour ago the mournful howling had ceased for the night. Half way to the

fish-stage, whither he was bound on his father's errand, Jimmie Grimm came to a startled full stop.

"What was that?" he mused.

A dark object, long and lithe, had seemed to slip like a shadow into hiding below the drying-flake. Jimmie continued to muse. What had it been? A prowling dog? Then he laughed a little at his own fears—and continued on his way. But he kept watch on the flake; and so intent was he upon this, so busily was he wondering whether or not his eyes had tricked him, that he stumbled over a stray billet of wood, and fell sprawling. He was not alarmed, and made no haste to rise; but had he then seen what emerged from the shadow of the flake he would instantly have been in screaming flight toward the kitchen door.

The onslaught of Tog and the two wolves was made silently. There was not a howl, not a growl, not even an eager snarl; they came leaping, with Tog in the lead—and they came silently. Jimmie caught sight of them when he was half way to his feet. He had but time to call his father's name and he knew that the cry would not be heard. Instinctively, he covered his throat with his arms when Tog fell upon him; and he was relieved to feel Tog's teeth in his shoulder. He felt no pain; he was merely sensible of the fact that the vital part had not yet been reached.

In the savage joy of attack, Jimmie's assailants forgot discretion. Snarls and growls escaped them while they worried the small body. In the manner of wolves, too, they snapped at each other. The dogs in the outhouse awoke, cocked their ears, came in a frenzy to the conflict; not to save Jimmie Grimm, but to participate in his destruction. Jimmie was prostrate beneath them all—still protecting his throat; not regarding his other parts. And by this confusion Jim Grimm was aroused from a sleepy stupor.

"I wonder," said he, "what's the matter with them dogs."

"I'm not able to make out," his wife replied, puzzled, "but——"

"Hark!" cried Jim.

They listened. "Quick!" Jimmie's mother screamed. "They're at Jimmie!"

With an axe in his hand, and with merciless wrath in his heart, Jim Grimm descended upon the dogs. He stretched the uppermost dead. A second blow broke the back of a wolf. The third sent a dog yelping to the outhouse with a useless hind leg. The remaining dogs decamped. Their howls expressed pain in a degree to delight Jim Grimm and to inspire him with deadly strength and purpose. Tog and the surviving wolf fled.

"Jimmie!" Jim Grimm called.

Jimmie did not answer.

"They've killed you!" his father sobbed. "Jimmie, b'y, is you dead? Mother," he moaned to his wife, who had now come panting up with a broom-stick, "they've gone an' killed our Jimmie!"

Jimmie was unconscious when his father carried him into the house. It was late in the night, and he was lying in his own little bed, and his mother had dressed his wounds, when he revived. And Tog was then howling under his window; and there Tog remained until dawn, listening to the child's cries of agony.

Two days later, Jim Grimm, practising unscrupulous deception, lured Tog into captivity. That afternoon the folk of Fishing Harbor solemnly hanged him by the neck until he was dead, which is the custom in that land. I am glad that they disposed of him. He had a noble body—strong and beautiful, giving delight to the beholder, capable of splendid usefulness. But he had not one redeeming trait of character to justify his existence.

"I wonder why, dad," Jimmie mused, one day, when he was near well again, "Tog was so bad?"

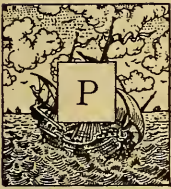
"I s'pose," Jim explained, "'twas because his father was a wolf."

But that doesn't make any difference.

# OLD SALEM SHIPS AND SAILORS

BY RALPH D. PAINE

## III—THE PRIVATEERSMEN OF '76



PRIVATEERING has ceased to be a factor in civilized warfare. The swift commerce destroyer, as an arm of the naval service, has taken the place of the private armed ship which roamed the seas for its own profit as well as for its country's cause. To-day the United States has a navy prepared both to defend its own merchant vessels, what few there are, and to menace the trade of a hostile nation on the high seas.

When the War of the Revolution began however, Britannia ruled the seas, and the naval force of the Colonies was pitifully feeble. In 1776 there were only thirty-one Continental cruisers of all classes in commission and this list was steadily diminished by the ill fortunes of war until in 1782 only seven ships flew the American flag, which had been all but swept from the ocean. During the war these ships captured one hundred and ninety-six of the enemy's craft.

On the other hand, there were already one hundred and thirty-six privateers at sea by the end of the year 1776, and their number increased until in 1781 there were four hundred and forty-nine of these private commerce destroyers in commission. This force took no fewer than six hundred British vessels and made prisoners of twelve thousand British seamen during the war. The privateersmen dealt British maritime prestige the deadliest blow in history. It had been an undreamt of danger that the American colonies should humble that flag which "had waved over every sea and triumphed over every rival," until even the English and Irish Channels were not safe for British ships to traverse.

The preface of the "Sailor's Vade-Mecum," edition of 1744, contained the following lofty doctrine which all good Englishmen believed, and which was destined to be shattered by a contemptible handful of seafaring rebels:

"That the Monarchs of GREAT BRITAIN have a peculiar and Sovereign Authority upon the Ocean, is a Right so Ancient and Undeniable that it never was publicly disputed, but by HUGO GROTIUS in his MARE LIBERUM, published in the Year 1636, in Favour of the DUTCH Fishery upon our Coasts; which Book was fully Controverted by Mr. Selden's MARE CLAUSUM, wherein he proves this Sovereignty from the Laws of God and of Nature, besides an uninterrupted Fruition of it for so many Ages past as that its Beginning cannot be traced out."

At the beginning of the Revolution, Salem was sending its boys to fill the fore-castles of the vessels built in its own yards and commanded by its own shipmasters. Hard by were the towns of Beverly and Marblehead whose townsmen also won their hardy livelihood on the fishing banks and along distant and perilous trading routes. When British squadrons and cruisers began to drive them ashore to starve in idleness, these splendid seamen turned their vessels into privateers and rushed them to sea like flights of hawks. It was only a matter of months before they had made a jest of the boastful lines which had long adorned the columns of the "Naval Chronicle" of London:

"The sea and waves are Britain's broad domain  
And not a sail but by permission spreads."

This race of seafarers had been drilled to handle cannon and muskets. Every merchantman that sailed for Europe or the

West Indies carried her battery of six-pounders and hundreds of Salem men and boys could tell you stories of running fights and escapes from French and Spanish free-booters and swarming pirates. The merchantman was equipped to become a privateer by shipping a few more guns and signing on a stronger company. The conditions of the times which had made these seamen able to fight as shrewdly as they traded may be perceived from the following extracts from the "Seaman's Vade-Mecum," as they appear in the rare editions published both in 1744 and 1780: "*Shewing how to prepare a Merchant Ship for a close fight by disposing their Bulk-heads, Leaves, Coamings, Look-holes, etc.*"

"If the Bulkhead of the Great Cabbin be well fortified it may be of singular Use; for though the Enemy may force the Steerage, yet when they unexpectedly meet with another Barricade and from thence a warm Reception by the Small Arms, they will be thrown into great Confusion, and a Cannon ready loaded with Case-shot will do great Execution; but if this should not altogether answer the Purpose, it will oblige the Enemy to pay the dearer for their Conquest. For the Steerage may hold out the longer, and the Men will be the bolder in defending it, knowing that they have a place to retire unto, and when there they may Capitulate for Good Quarter at the last Extremity. . . ."

". . . It has been objected that Scuttles (especially that out of the Fore-castle) are Encouragements for Cowardice; that having no such Convenience, the Men are more resolute, because they must fight, die or be taken. Now if they must fight or die, it is highly unreasonable and as cruel to have Men to be cut to Pieces when they are able to defend their Posts no longer, and in this Case the Fate of the Hero and the Coward is alike; and if it is to fight or be taken, the Gallant will hold out to the last, while the Coward (if the danger runs high) surrenders as soon as Quarter is offered; and now if there be a Scuttle, the Menace of the Enemy will make the less Impression on their Minds, and they will stand out the longer, when they know they can retire from the Fury of the Enemy in case they force their Quarters. In short, it will be as great a blemish in the Commander's Politics to leave Cowards without a Scuttle as

it will be Ingratitude to have Gallant Men to be cut to Pieces."

#### HOW TO MAKE A SALLY.

"Having (by a vigorous defence) repulsed the Enemy from your Bulkheads, and cutting up your Deck, it may be necessary to make a SALLY to compleat your Victory; but by the Way, the young MASTER must use great caution before he SALLY out, lest he be drawn into some Stratagem to his Ruin; therefore for a Ship of but few hands it is not a Mark of Cowardice to keep the Close-Quarters so long as the Enemy is on board; and if his Men retire out of your Ship, fire into him through your Look-holes and Ports till he calls for QUARTER. And if it should ever come to that, you must proceed Warily (unless you out Number him in Men) and send but a few of your Hands into his Ship while the others are ready with all their Small-arms and Cannon charged; and if they submit patiently disarm and put them down below, where there is no POWDER or WEAPONS; but plunder not, lest your men quarrel about Trifles or be too intent in searching for Money, and thereby give the Enemy an opportunity to destroy you; and if you take the Prize (when you come into an harbor) let everything be equally shared among the Men, the Master only reserving to himself the Affections of his Men by his Generosity which with the Honour of the Victory to a brave Mind is equivalent to all the rest. . . ."

Try to imagine, if you please, advice of such tenor as this compiled for the use of the captains of the trans-Atlantic liners or cargo "tramps" of to-day, and you will be able to comprehend in some slight measure how vast has been the change in the conditions of the business of the sea, and what hazards our American forefathers faced to win their bread on quarterdeck and in fore-castle. Nor were such desperate engagements as are outlined in this ancient "Seaman's Vade-Mecum" at all infrequent. "Round-houses" and "great cabbins" were defended with "musquets," "javalins," "Half-pikes" and cutlasses, and "hand-gradoes" in many a hand-to-hand conflict with sea raiders before the crew of the bluff-bowed, high-pooed Yankee West Indiaman had to "beat off the boarders" or make a dashing "Sally" or

An Agreement between William Cox of Beverly  
 & Stephen Waters of Salem that Wm. Cox do for  
 the Consideration of thirty six pounds L. money  
 Sell to the S<sup>d</sup> Stephen Waters one half of a Single  
 Share of all Prizes or prize money that shall  
 be Captured by the S<sup>d</sup> Brigg Lyon Benjamin  
 Warren Commander During her Cruise  
 from the Day she Sailed from Salem till  
 the S<sup>d</sup> Brigg Lyon Arrives Back to Salem  
 again as Witness whereof I have Signed  
 and this Twentieth day of December  
 one thousand seven hundred and Seventy  
 Seven  
 Witness  
 J. W. Patterson

Wm Cox  
 made

Salem December 20<sup>th</sup> 1777

I do hereby certify that I have paid to Stephen  
 Waters or his Order the Net Proceeds of a Single  
 half Share in the Brigg Lyon and you will oblige  
 your humble Servant  
 Wm Cox

\*An Agreement between William Cox of Beverly and Stephen Waters of Salem that I Wm. Cox do for the consideration of thirty-six pounds L. money Sell the Sd. Stephen Waters one half of a Single Share of all prizes or prize money that Shall be Captured by the Brigg Lyon, Benjamin Warren Commander During her Cruise from the Day She Sails from Salem till the Sd' Brigg Lyon Arrives Back to Salem again as Witness whereof I have Sett my hand this twentieth day of December one thousand and Seventy-Seven

his  
 Wm X Cox  
 Mark

Witness  
 Wm. Patterson

Salem,  
 December 20th 1777

Sir, please to pay to Stephen Waters or his Order the Net Proceeds of a Single half Share in the Brigg Lyon and you will oblige your humble Servant

his  
 Wm X Cox  
 Mark

\*Agreement by which a Revolutionary privateer seaman sold his share of the booty in advance of his cruise.

“capitulate for Good Quarter at the last Extremity.”

Of such, then, were the privateersmen who flocked down the wharves and among the tavern “rendezvous” of Salem as soon as the owners of the waiting vessels had obtained their commissions from the Continental Congress, and issued the call for volunteers. Mingled with the hardy seamen who had learned their trade in Salem

vessels were the sons of wealthy shipping merchants of the best blood of the town and county who embarked as “gentlemen volunteers,” eager for glory and plunder, and a chance to avenge the wrongs they and their kinfolk had suffered under British trade laws and at the hands of British press gangs.

The foregoing extracts from the “Seaman’s Vade-Mecum” show how singularly

fixed the language of the sea has remained through the greater part of two centuries. With a few slight differences, the terms in use then are commonly employed to-day. It is therefore probable that if you could have been on old Derby Wharf in the year of 1776, the talk of the busy, sun-browned men and boys around you would have sounded by no means archaic. The wharf still stretches a long arm into the harbor and its tumbling warehouses, timbered with great hewn beams, were standing during the Revolution. Then they were filled with cannon, small arms, rigging and ships' stores as fast as they could be hauled thither. Fancy needs only to picture this land-locked harbor alive with square-rigged ships, tall sloops and top-sail schooners, their sides checkered with gun-ports, to bring to life the Salem of the privateersman of one hundred and forty years ago.-

Shipmasters had no sooner signaled their home-coming with deep freights of logwood, molasses or sugar than they received orders to discharge with all speed and clear their decks for mounting batteries and slinging the hammocks of a hundred waiting privateersmen. The guns and men once aboard, the crews were drilling night and day while they waited the chance to slip to sea. Their armament included carronades, "Long Toms" and "long six" or long nine-pounders, sufficient muskets, blunderbusses, pistols, cutlasses, tomahawks, boarding pikes, hand grenades, round shot, grape, canister, and double-headed shot.

When larger vessels were not available, tiny sloops with twenty or thirty men and boys mounted one or two old guns and put to sea to "capture a Britisher" and very likely be taken themselves by the first English ship of war that sighted them. The prize money was counted before it was caught, and seamen made a business of selling their shares in advance, preferring the bird in the bush, as shown by the following bill of sale:

"Beverly, ye 7h, 1776.

"Know all men by these presents, that I the subscriber, in consideration of the sum of sixteen dollars to me in hand paid by Mr. John Waters, in part for  $\frac{1}{2}$ -share of all the Prizes that may be taken during the cruize of the Privateer Sloop called the *Revenge*, whereof Benjamin Dean is commissioned Commander, and for the further consideration of twenty-four dollars more to be

paid at the end of the whole cruize of the said Sloop; and these certify that I the subscriber have sold, bargained and conveyed unto the said John Waters, or his order, the one half share of my whole share of all the prizes that may be taken during the whole cruize of said Sloop.  
Witness my hand  
P. H. BROCKHORN."

An endorsement on the back of the document records that Mr. Waters of Salem received the sum of twenty pounds for "parte of the within agreement," which return reaped him a handsome profit on the speculation. Many similar agreements are preserved to indicate that Salem merchants plunged heavily on the risks of privateering by buying seamen's shares for cash. The articles of agreement under which these Salem privateers of the Revolution made their warlike cruises belong with a vanished age of sea-life. These documents were, in the main, similar to the following

#### "ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT

"Concluded at Salem this Seventh day of May, 1781, between the owners of the Privateer Ship *Rover*, commanded by James Barr, now fixing in this port for a cruise of four months against the Enemies of the United States of America, on the first part and the officers and seamen belonging to said Ship *Rover* on the other part as follows, *viz.*:

"Article 1st. The owners agree to fix with all expedition said Ship for sea, and cause her to be mounted with Twenty Guns, four Pounders, with a sufficiency of ammunition of all kinds and good provisions for one Hundred men for four months' cruise, also to procure an apparatus for amputating, and such a Box of medicine as shall be thought necessary by the Surgeon.

"Article 2d. The Officers and Seamen Shall be entitled to one half of all the prizes captured by Said Ship after the cost of condemning, etc., is deducted from the whole.

"Article 3d. The Officers and Seamen agree that they will to the utmost of their abilities discharge the duty of Officers and Seamen, according to their respective Stations on board Said Ship, her boats and Prizes, by her taken, and the Officers and Seamen further agree that if any Officer or Private shall in time of any engagement with any Vessel abandon his Post on board said Ship or any of her boats or Prizes by her taken, or disobey the commands of the Captain or any Superior Officer, that said Officer or Seaman, if adjudged guilty by three Officers, the Captain being one, shall forfeit all right to any Prize or Prizes by her taken.

"Article 4th. The Officers and Seamen further agree that if any Officer shall in time of any engagement or at any other time behave unworthy of the Station that he holds on board said Ship, it shall be in the power of three



officers, the captain being one, to displace said Officer, and appoint any one they may see fit in his place. That if any Officer belonging to said Ship shall behave in an unbecoming character of an officer and gentleman, he shall be dismissed and forfeit his share of the cruise.

"Article 5th. The owners, officers and Seamen agree that if any one shall, first discover a sail which shall prove to be a Prize, he shall be entitled to Five Hundred Dollars.

"Article 6th. Any one who shall first board any Vessel in time of an engagement, which shall prove a Prize, Shall be entitled to one thousand Dollars and the best firelock on board said Vessel, officers' prizes being excepted.

"Article 7th. If any officer or Seamen shall at the time of an Engagement loose a leg or an arm he shall be entitled to Four Thousand Dollars, if any Officer or Seaman shall loose an Eye in time of an Engagement, he shall receive the Sum of Two Thousand Dollars; if any officer shall loose a joint he shall be entitled to one thousand Dollars, the same to be paid from the whole amount of prizes taken by said Ship.

"Article 8th. That no Prize master or man, that shall be put on board any Prize whatever and arrive at any port whatever, Shall be entitled to his share or shares, except he remain to discharge the Prize, or he or they are discharged by the agent of said Ship, except the Privateer is arrived before the Prize.

"Article 9th. That for the Preservation of Good order on board said Ship, no man to quit or go out of her, on board of any other Vessel without having obtained leave from the commanding officer on board.

"Article 10th. That if any person Shall count to his own use any part of the Prize or Prizes or be found pilfering any money or goods, and be convicted thereof, he shall forfeit his share of Prize money to the Ship and Company.

"That if any person shall be found a Ring-leader of a meeting or cause any disturbance on board, refuse to obey the command of the Captain, or any officer or behave with Cowardice, or get drunk in time of action, he shall forfeit his or their Share or Shares to the rest of the Ship's Company."

So immensely popular was the privateering service among the men and youth of Salem and nearby ports that the naval vessels of the regular service were hard put to enlist their crews. When the fifes and drums sounded through the narrow streets with a strapping privateersman in the van as a recruiting officer he had no trouble in collecting a crowd ready to listen to his persuasive arguments whose burden was prize-money and glory. More than once a ship's company a hundred strong was enrolled and ready to go on board by sunset of the day the call for volunteers was made. Trembling mothers and weeping wives could not hold back these sailors of theirs, and as for the sweethearts they could only

sit at home and hope that Seth or Jack would come home a hero with his pockets lined with gold instead of finding his fate in a burial at sea, or behind the walls of a British prison.

It was customary for the owners of the privateer to pay the cost of the "rendezvous," which assembling of the ship's company before sailing was held in the "Blue Anchor," or some other sailors' tavern down by the busy harbor. That the "rendezvous" was not a scene of sadness and that the privateersmen were wont to put to sea with no dust in their throats may be gathered from the following Salem tavern bill of 1781:

Dr. Captain George Williams, Agent Privateer  
Brig *Sturdy Beggar* to Jonathan Archer, Jr.  
To Rendezvous Bill as follows:

1781	Aug. 8-12	—to 11	Bowls punch at	£.	s.	d.					
			3-1 Bowl tod. at 1-3	1.	14.	3					
			14—to 8 bowls punch 1 bowl								
			chery tod. at 1-9	1.	5.	9					
			20—to 6 bowls punch 8								
			Bowls Chery tod. 2								
			Grog		1.	14.	6				
			22—to 7 bowls punch 7								
			bowls Chery tod.		1.	13.	3				
			30—to 14 Bowls punch 8								
			bowls Chery tod. and								
			2 1-2 Grog		2.	19.	1				
	Sept. 4	—to 7	Bowls punch 10 bowls								
			chery 3 Grog		2.	13.	9				
			6—to 10 bowls punch 1								
			bowl chery tod. 2 grog		1.	14.	3				
			10—to 4 1-2 bowls punch		1.	2.	6				

There were stout heads as well as stout hearts in New England during those gallant days and it is safe to say that the crew of the *Sturdy Beggar* was little the worse for wear after the farewell rounds of punch, grog and "chery tod." at the rendezvous ruled by mine host Jonathan Archer. It was to be charged against privateering that it drew away from the naval service the best class of recruits.

As an eye-witness, Ebenezer Fox of Roxbury wrote this account of the putting an armed State ship into commission in 1780:

"The coast was lined with British cruisers which had almost annihilated our commerce. The State of Massachusetts judged it expedient to build a gun vessel, rated as a 20 gun ship, named *Protector*, commanded by Captain John Foster Williams, to be fitted as soon as possible and sent to sea. A rendezvous was established

for recruits at the head of Hancock's Wharf (Boston) where the National flag then bearing 13 stars and stripes, was hoisted.

"All means were resorted to which ingenuity could devise to induce men to enlist. A recruiting officer bearing a flag and attended by a band of martial music paraded the streets, to excite a thirst for glory and a spirit of military ambition. The recruiting officer possessed the qualifications requisite to make the service alluring, especially to the young. He was a jovial, good-natured fellow, of ready wit and much broad humour. Crowds followed in his wake, and he occasionally stopped at the corners to harangue the multitude in order to excite their patriotism. When he espied any large boys among the idle crowd crowded around him, he would attract their attention by singing in a comical manner:

'All you that have bad Masters,  
And cannot get your due,  
Come, come, my brave boys  
And join our ship's crew.'

"Shouting and huzzaing would follow and some join the ranks. My excitable feelings were aroused. I repaired to the rendezvous, signed the ship's papers, mounted a cockade and was in my own estimation already half a sailor.

"The recruiting business went on slowly, however; but at length upward of 300 men were carried, dragged and driven on board; of all ages, kinds and descriptions, in all the various stages of intoxication from that of sober tipsiness to beastly drunkenness; with the uproar and clamor that may be more easily imagined than described. Such a motley group has never been seen since Falstaff's ragged regiment paraded the streets of Coventry."

When Captain John Paul Jones, however, was fitting out the *Ranger* in Portsmouth harbor in the spring of 1777, many a Salem lad forsook privateering to follow the fortunes of this dashing commander in the service of their country. On Salem tavern doors and in front of the town hall was posted the following "broadside," adorned with a woodcut of a full-rigged fighting ship. It was a call that appealed to the spirit of the place, and it echoes with thrilling effect, even as one reads it a

hundred and forty years after its proclamation:

"Great  
Encouragement  
For SEAMEN

"All GENTLEMEN SEAMEN and able-bodied LANDSMEN who have a Mind to distinguish themselves in the GLORIOUS CAUSE of their COUNTRY and make their Fortunes, an opportunity now offers on board the Ship *Ranger* of Twenty Guns (for France) now laying in Portsmouth in the State of New Hampshire, Commanded by JOHN PAUL JONES, Esq: let them repair to the Ship's Rendezvous in PORTSMOUTH, or at the Sign of Commodore MANLEY in SALEM, where they will be kindly entertained, and receive the greatest Encouragement. The Ship *Ranger* in the Opinion of every Person who has seen her is looked upon to be one of the best CRUIZERS in AMERICA. She will be always able to fight her Guns under a most excellent Cover; and no Vessel yet built was ever calculated for sailing faster.

"ANY GENTLEMAN VOLUNTEERS who have a Mind to take an agreeable Voyage in this pleasant Season of the Year may, by entering on board the above Ship *Ranger* meet with every Civility they can possibly expect, and for a further Encouragement depend on the first Opportunity being embraced to reward each one Agreeable to his MERIT. All reasonable Travelling Expences will be allowed, and the Advance Money be paid on their Appearance on Board.

In CONGRESS, March 29, 1777.

Resolved,

That the MARINE COMMITTEE be authorized to advance to every able Seaman that enters into the CONTINENTAL SERVICE, any Sum not exceeding FORTY DOLLARS, and to every ordinary Seaman or Landsman any Sum not exceeding TWENTY DOLLARS, to be deducted from their future Prize Money.

By Order of Congress

John Hancock, President.

It was of this cruise that Yankee seamen the world over were singing in later years the song of "Paul Jones and the *Ranger*" which describes her escape from a British battleship and four consorts:

"'Tis of the gallant Yankee ship  
That flew the Stripes and Stars,  
And the whistling wind from the west nor'west  
Blew through her pitch pine spars.  
With her starboard tacks aboard, my boys  
She hung upon the gale,  
On an autumn night we raised the light  
On the old Head of Kinsale.

\* \* \*

Up spake our noble captain then,  
As a shot ahead of us past;  
"Haul snug your flowing courses,  
Lay your topsail to the mast."  
Those Englishmen gave three loud hurrahs  
From the deck of their covered ark,  
And we answered back by a solid broadside  
From the decks of our patriot bark.



G R E A T  
 ENCOURAGEMENT  
 F O R  
 SEAMEN.

ALL GENTLEMEN SEAMEN and able-bodied LANDSMEN who have a Mind to distinguish themselves in the GLORIOUS CAUSE of their COUNTRY, and make their Fortunes, an Opportunity now offers to board the Ship RANGER, of Twenty Guns (for France) now laying in BOSTON, in the State of NEW HAMPSHIRE, commanded by JOHN PAUL JONES, Esq; let them repair to the Ship's Rendezvous in PORTSMOUTH, or at the Sign of Commerce MASLEY, in SALEM, where they will be kindly entertained, and receive the greatest Encouragement. The Ship RANGER, in the Opinion of every Person who has seen her is looked upon to be one of the best Cruizers in AMERICA. She will be always able to Fight her Guns under a most excellent Cover; and no Vessel yet built was ever calculated for sailing faster, and making good Weather.

Any GENTLEMEN VOLUNTEERS who have a Mind to take an agreeable Voyage in this pleasant Season of the Year, may, by entering on board the above Ship RANGER, meet with every Civility they can possibly expect, and for a further Encouragement depend on the first Opportunity being embraced to reward each one agreeable to his Merit.

All reasonable Travelling Expences will be allowed, and the Advance-Money be paid on their Appearance on Board.

IN CONGRESS, MARCH 29, 1777.

RESOLVED,

THAT the MARINE COMMITTEE be authorized to advance to every able Seaman, that enters into the CONTINENTAL SERVICE, any Sum not exceeding FORTY DOLLARS; and to every ordinary Seaman or Landman, any Sum not exceeding TWENTY DOLLARS, to be deducted from their future Prize-Money.

By Order of CONGRESS,

JOHN HANCOCK, President.

DANIELS, Printed by E. RIVERS, at the House, 'twe the Bell Tavern.

Proclamation posted in Salem during the Revolution calling for volunteers aboard Paul Jones' *Ranger*.

“Out booms, out booms,” our skipper cried,  
 “Out booms and give her sheet,”  
 And the swiftest keel that ever was launched  
 Shot ahead of the British fleet.  
 And amidst a thundering shower of shot  
 With stern sails hoisted away,  
 Down the North Channel Paul Jones did steer  
 Just at the break of day.”

fight, if needs be, as were these seamen that chose to sail with Paul Jones in the Continental service. All British merchantmen carried guns and heavy crews to man them, and while many of them thought it wisdom to strike their colors to a heavily armed privateer without a show of resistance, the “packet ships” and Indiamen

The privateersmen were as ready to

were capable of desperate actions. The American privateers ran the gauntlet also of the king's ships which swarmed in our waters, and they met and engaged both these and British privateers as formidable as themselves. The notable sea-fights of this kind are sometimes best told in the words of the men who fought them. Captain David Ropes, of an old Salem seafaring family, was killed in a privateer action which was described in the following letter written by his lieutenant, later Captain William Gray. Their vessel was the private armed ship *Jack* of Salem, carrying twelve guns and sixty men.

"Salem, June 12, 1782.

"On the 28th of May, cruising near Halifax, saw a brig standing in for the land; at 7 P. M. discovered her to have a copper bottom, 16 guns and full of men; at half-past 9 o'clock she came alongside when a close action commenced.

"It was our misfortune to have our worthy commander Captain Ropes, mortally wounded at the first broadside. I was slightly wounded at the same time in my right hand and head, but not so as to disable me from duty. The action was maintained on both sides close, severe, and without intermission for upwards of two hours, in which time we had seven killed, several wounded and several abandoned their quarters. Our rigging was so destroyed that not having command of our yards, the *Jack* fell with her larboard bow foul of the brig's starboard quarter, when the enemy made an attempt to board us, but they were repulsed by a very small number compared with them. We were engaged in this position about a quarter of an hour, in which time I received a wound by a bayonet fixed on a musket which was hove with such force, as entering my thigh close to the bone, entered the carriage of a bow gun where I was fastened, and it was out of my power to get clear until assisted by one of the prize masters.

"We then fell round and came without broadsides to each other, when we resumed the action with powder and balls; but our match rope, excepting some which was unfit for use, being all expended, and being to leeward, we bore away making a running fight. The brig being far superior to us in number of men, was able to get soon repaired, and completely ready to

renew the action. She had constantly kept up a chasing fire, for we had not been out of reach of her musketry. She was close alongside of us again, with 50 picked men for boarding.

"I therefore called Mr. Glover and the rest together and found we had but ten men on deck. I had been repeatedly desired to strike, but I mentioned the suffering of the prison-ship, and made use of every other argument in my power for continuing the engagement. All the foreigners, however, deserted their quarters at every opportunity. At 2 o'clock P. M. I had the inexpressible mortification to deliver up the vessel.

"I was told, on enquiry, that we were taken by the *Observer*, a sloop of war belonging to the navy, commanded by Captain Grymes. She was formerly the *Amsterdam*, and owned in Boston; that she was calculated for 16 guns, but then had but 12 on board; that the *Blonde* frigate, being cast away on Seal Island, the captain, officers, and men had been taken off by Captain Adams, in a sloop belonging to Salem, and by Captain Stoddart in a schooner belonging to Boston, and by them landed on the main. Most of the officers and men having reached Halifax were by the Governor sent on board the brig in order to come out and convoy in the captain of a frigate who was, with some of his men, coming to Halifax in a shallop, and that the afternoon before the action, he and some others were taken on board the brig, which increased his number to one hundred and seventy-five men.

"Captain Ropes died at 4 o'clock P. M., on the day we were taken, after making his will with the greatest calmness and composure."

The *Nova Scotia Gazette* of June 4, 1782, contains this letter as a sequel of an incident mentioned by Lieutenant Gray in the foregoing account of the action:

"To the Printer, Sir: In justice to humanity, I and all my officers and Ship's company of His Majesty's late Ship *Blonde* by the commanders of the American Private Ships of War, the *Lively* and the *Scammel* (Captains Adams and Stoddart) have the pleasure to inform the Public that they not only readily received us on board their Vessels and carried us to Cape Race, but cheerfully Supplied us with Provisions

till we landed at Yarmouth, when on my releasing all my Prisoners, 64 in number, and giving them a Passport to secure them from our Cruisers in Boston Bay, they generously gave me the Same to prevent our being made Prisoners or plundered by any of their Privateers we might chance to meet on our Passage to Halifax.

"For the relief and comfort they so kindly afforded us in our common Sufferings and Distress, we must ardantly hope that if any of their Privateers should happen to fall into the hands of our Ships of War, that they will treat them with the utmost lenity, and give them every indulgence in their Power and not look upon them (Promiscuously) in the Light of American Prisoners, Captain Adams especially, to whom I am indebted more particularly obliged, as will be seen by his letters herewith published. My warmest thanks are also due to Captain Tuck of the *Blonde's* Prize Ship *Lion* (Letter of Marque of Beverly) and to all his officers and men for their generous and indefatigable endeavors to keep the Ship from Sinking (night and day at the Pumps) till all but one got off her and by the blessing of God saved our Lives.

"You will please to publish this in your next Paper, . . .

which will oblige your humble Servant,  
EDWARD THORNBROUGH, Com-  
mander of H. M. late Ship *Blonde*."

A very human side of warfare is shown in this correspondence, coupled with the brutal inconsistency of war, for after their rescue the officers and men of the *Blonde*, who felt such sincere friendship and gratitude toward the crews of two Yankee privateers, had helped to spread death and destruction aboard the luckless *Jack*.

The log-books of the Revolutionary privateersmen out of Salem are so many fragments of history as it was written day by day, and flavored with the strong and vivid personalities of the men who sailed and fought and sweated and swore without thought of romance in their adventurous calling. On my desk as I write is the log of the privateer schooner *Scorpion*, for a cruise made in 1778. Her master has so far made a bootless voyage when he penned this quaint entry:

"This Book was Maid in the Lattd. of 24: 30 North and in the Longtd. of 54: 00 West to the Saim time having Contryary Winds for Several Days which Makes me fret a'most Wicked. Daly I praye there Maye be Change such as I Want. This Book I Maid to Keep the Accounts of my Voyage but God Knoes beste When that Will be, for I am at this Time very Em-pasente (impatient), but I hope there soon be a Change to Ease my trobled Mind. Which is my Earneste Desire and of my people. . . . (illegible) is this day taken with the palsy but I hope will soon gete beter. On this Day I was Chaced by two Ships of War which I tuck to be Enemies, but coming in thick Weather I have Lost Site of them and so conclude myself Escapt which is a small Good Fortune in the Midste of my Discouragements."

A note of Homeric mirth echoes from the past of a hundred and forty years ago in the "Journal of a Cruising Voyage in the Letter of Marque Schooner *Success*, commanded by Captain Philip Thrash, Commencing 4th Oct. 1778. Captain Thrash, a lusty and formidable name by the way, filled one page after another of his log with rather humdrum routine entries—how he took in and made sail and gave chase and drilled his crew at the guns, etc. At length the reader comes to the following remarks. They stand without other comment or explanation, and leave one with a desire to know more:

"At  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 8 discovered a Sail ahead, tacked ship. At 9 tacked ship and past just to Leeward of the sail which appeared to be a damn'd Comical Boat, by G—d."

What was it about this strange sail overhauled in mid-ocean by Captain Philip Thrash, that should have so stirred his rude sense of humor? Why did she strike him as so "damn'd Comical?" They met and went their way and the "Comical" craft dropped hull down and vanished in a waste of blue water and so passed forever from our ken. But I for one would give much to know why she aroused a burst of gusty laughter along the low rail of the letter of marque schooner *Success*.

(The next article of this series will continue the story of "The Privateersmen of '76," and will have to do with the exploits of one of the finest figures of American history on the sea, Capt. Jonathan Haraden.)

# AN INTIMATE EXCURSION\*

## III—THROUGH ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND

BY FRANK PRESBREY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



THOUSANDS of people cross back and forth between England and the Continent by the Folkestone-Boulogne route, changing from the train to the boat on the quay, without getting a glimpse of the delightful features of each of these places. While each place is a seashore resort they are totally different; Boulogne having all of the characteristics of Dieppe and Trouville, and Folkestone more or less of the formality and solidity of English resorts.

We spent a day and two nights at Folkestone and then started for London by way of Sandwich and Canterbury; the route is rather roundabout and indirect, but it was our idea to revisit Sandwich for another game of golf on its famous links.

From Canterbury we turned south into the charming Kent country and after a run of fifteen miles reached the great estate and home of Lord —— who had extended a most cordial invitation to us to spend a few days at his country house. Those who have visited at one of these delightful country houses, of which England has so many, need not be told of the pleasures of these three days. The English are masters in hospitality and the graciousness of the welcome with which we were received made us feel perfectly at home even before the maids had unpacked and placed in the dressers all of the belongings of the ladies of our party, and the valet had emptied my trunk, and my son's,

and taken our clothes away to press them. Hot tea and crumpets were served to us as soon as we had reached our apartments and maids were assigned to each of our ladies and a valet to my son and myself.

As we sat at the windows in the early evening and looked out over the vast lawns with their huge trees and the great estate lying beyond, we could not but feel that the English of all others have learned how best to enjoy the country and to beautify it by making the most of the natural surroundings, and not attempting too much of the artificial. The next morning as we were breakfasting under the wide-spreading branches of an enormous beech, I commented on the velvety appearance of the lawn, which was the finest I had ever seen. "Well," replied one of the gentlemen of the household, "they should be fairly good for they have been upkept as lawns for more than two hundred and fifty years by the different families living on this estate." Our time here was put in largely as we chose, for, according to the English custom, we did not see either our host or hostess until after luncheon. We spent the forenoons in wandering over the great estate, or in visiting nearby places of interest, for there were eleven motors in the private garage and twice as many horses at the disposal of the guests. There was no formality until the evening dinner which was a full dress affair of considerable ceremony.

In our trip to the city, we passed rapidly through Chatham and then crossed the bridge to Rochester, famous like Canter-

\*The third of a series of papers describing an automobile trip through Normandy, Brittany, Scotland, Ireland, England and Wales. A forthcoming paper will be devoted to practical notes and suggestions for the benefit of those who are planning a first motor trip abroad.



from his home to the woods without observation there was a tunnel constructed under the road.

The run from Rochester to Greenwich was short and here we struck the suburbs of London. The type of country changed very rapidly and an hour before dark we found ourselves in the thickly settled section of the south side of the city. Here the vehicles were very numerous and we had to watch closely to avoid collisions because of our intuitive disposition to turn to the right instead of the left in passing teams, although we were surprised to see how easily we had dropped into the English custom.

The two days we spent in London were most agreeable ones, but here as in Paris, because of the dense traffic on the streets, we preferred to use

bury for its great cathedral, the original of which was consecrated in 604. In the suburbs of Rochester we stopped for a few minutes at Gad's Hill Place, known wherever literature is known as the home in which Charles Dickens spent the last years of his life. We were shown by the present occupant of the house, a wealthy Londoner, the library in which Dickens wrote. His old bookshelves are still there, filled with the books of his choice, and there are many little things, as well as the furniture of the house, which were there during the famous novelist's life. Across the road from the house is the grove of great trees called the "Wilderness," where Dickens used to walk when seeking solitude and quiet. To permit him to go

public conveyances than our own car.

We here visited the Touring Department which the Club maintains at 16 Downs Street for the benefit of visiting motorists and members of the Club. We found there several courteous and painstaking officials who gave us all the time necessary to discuss our proposed trip. They also gave us a vast amount of information and valuable suggestions. They supplied us with all of the maps needed and apparently took a keen, personal interest in our trip. For all their services there was no charge whatever, except the cost of maps. This Department, which is maintained at the expense of the Automobile Club of Great Britain has done much to popularize tour-

ing and make it easy, especially for strangers. Any motorist, whether a member of the Club or not, can procure here all information desired, even as to where police traps are located, and where it is well to be cautious. The laws regulating speed are very much more sharply enforced in England than in any other foreign country. Twenty miles an hour is the maximum speed allowed anywhere, although in most sections in the open country one may, with safety, run the limit of the car. This Department keeps fully in touch with the road conditions and so perfect is its knowledge of the entire subject that the Chief marked for me one bit of road covering about ten miles in Scotland on our proposed route which was under repair at that time, and told me just how to avoid it and just which alternate road to take, marking it out very carefully on my route map.

We found that the best motoring maps of England are those published in two sections by "Perrier," the French Natural Sparkling Water Co. These maps are standard and universally used. They can be purchased for ten shillings of George Phillips, 32 Fleet St., London. The other authoritative and reliable road maps of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales are Bartholomew's. They are on the scale of a half-inch to the mile and may be purchased in any town at one shilling per section in paper and two shillings mounted on linen.

In addition to these maps there are what are called strip maps of many of the chief roads in Great Britain published by Gall & Inglis, 25 Paternoster Row, London, which are more convenient than the larger maps. They are about five and one-half inches wide and a yard long and embrace a section of country only a few miles on each side of the road. They are so folded that you can turn the pages like a book and read the map right along from start to finish in either direction. On the margin the distances are shown on the scale of one-half inch to the mile, and there is a contour line showing all the grades and elevations. They can be used to advantage on trips between the chief cities such as London and Edinburgh, and can be purchased at any well known book store in Great Britain at one shilling each.

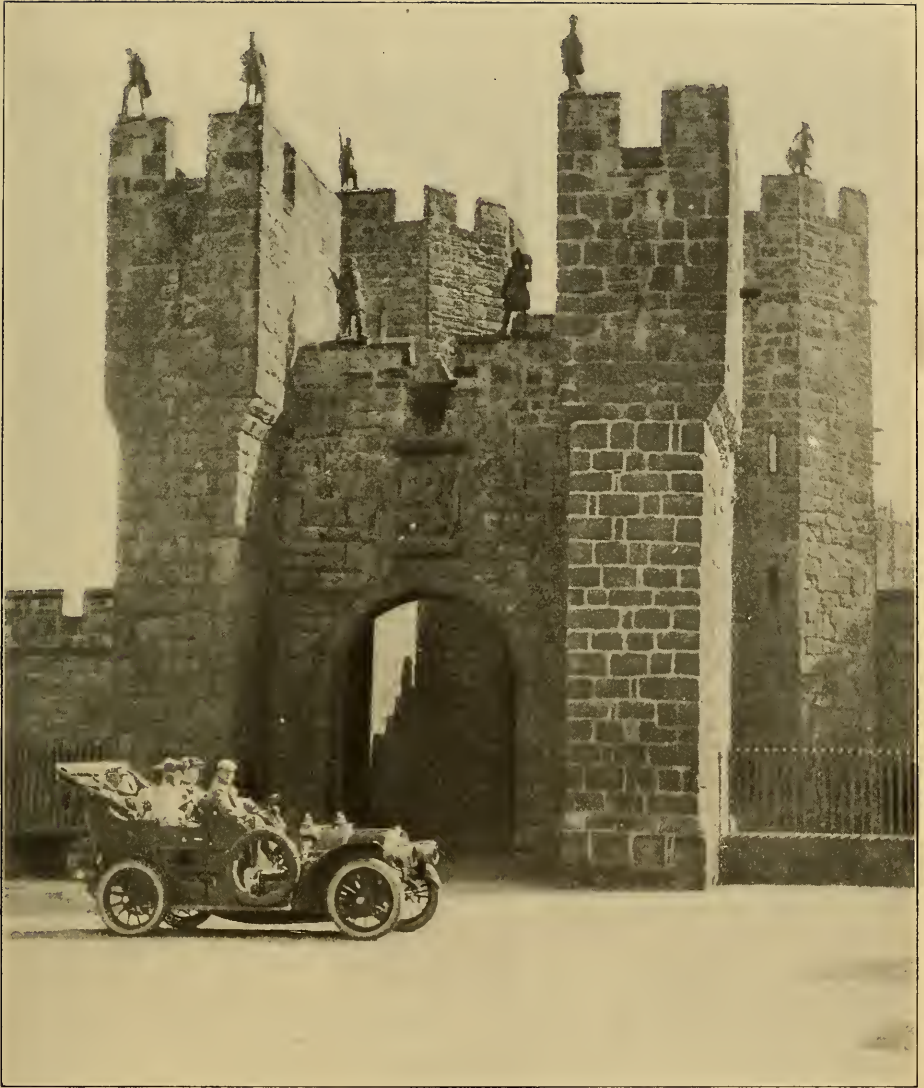
Two very comprehensive books can be used in conjunction with the foregoing maps. One is the "Car Road Book," which gives a large amount of valuable data regarding towns, distances, etc. This book is published annually by "The Car Illustrated," London. The other book is called "The Contour Book" and gives the grades, elevations, etc., on all the chief roads of Great Britain. These books and the maps can be procured through any leading bookseller in the United States.

All motorists going to England should join the Motor Union. Membership in this Society may be secured in advance of arrival by addressing the Secretary at 1 Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, London, W. The annual subscription is but one guinea (\$5.25). The Union's Touring Department and the facilities membership affords in securing rebates from the hotels recommended will return the money invested many times over.

We left the Metropole in London bright and early on a beautiful Tuesday morning, crossing Trafalgar Square and turning into The Haymarket, thence through Piccadilly Circus into Regent Street turning to the left into Oxford Street, which we followed until we reached Baker Street, turning into it on the right. Baker Street took us into Park Road which encircles Regents Park. When we reached the fork of Park Road and Wellington Street we took the latter and followed it until it becomes Finchley Road at the Marlboro Road station. We were then on the straight road toward Edinburgh. I have given these directions rather minutely because London is a big town and we had considerable trouble getting a definite route out of it. This reminds me of some directions we received from one of the always polite "bobbies." We asked him to direct us and his reply was: "Bend with the road and only turn over when you are ten or a dozen doors down"—all of which meant, we discovered, that we would come to a turn in the road and after we had passed a dozen houses we should cross over from our side—the Londoners are great sticklers for keeping on the proper side—and take the road leading off from the opposite side.

The Great North Road over which we were to motor all the way to Edinburgh runs through Finchley about seven miles





Entrance to the Duke of Northumberland's castle.

from the center of London; then through Chipping and Barnet to Hatfield, which is twenty miles out. Hatfield House, located here, is the seat of the Marquis of Salisbury. The original house, which was built between 1100 and 1200, is associated closely with the history of the early reigns of England. As far as Hatfield there is almost one continual settlement; the houses are very attractive, although not pretentious. It is very different from the suburbs through which we had

passed in approaching London. There are relatively few manufacturing establishments to the north, and altogether a better class of suburban homes.

Before we reached Hatfield we had already been impressed with the magnificence of this Great North Road, which is said to have been built by a Mr. Cæsar whose headquarters were in Rome at the time. It is the direct route from London to Edinburgh and has been traveled for so many centuries that the earliest histories of Eng-



A bridge built by the Romans on the Great North Road.

land contain accounts of the movement of troops upon it. It is a great thoroughfare for vehicles of all sorts, motorists and cyclists, and in these modern days there are well-worn footpaths along either side for pedestrians. We passed scores of motors and I was told while in England that the popularity of motoring had noticeably diminished the number of first-class travelers by rail. We found the road for its entire length of four hundred miles in perfect condition; in many portions the macadam is said to be nine feet thick. Long sections of the road are oiled and on no part of it was there any appreciable amount of dust. There are few sharp curves and the grades are so slight that it has become a great thoroughfare for speeders, with the result that there are many police traps for which one has to watch. We found that we could stop in almost any little village and get information as to just where the traps were located; as, for instance, they told us at Biggleswade, which is a better looking place than its name, to look out for traps just the

other side of Buckden and again in approaching Weston.

The country through which we were traveling was one of the greatest attraction, for no region on the face of the earth is more beautiful than rural England. The moist climate keeps the grass, trees and hedges at the freshest shade of green. The lawns, the farms, the houses and the people all look well kept and prosperous. The little inns which we passed and even the wine shops, gloried in pretentious names which were generally displayed in illustrated signs hanging on brackets. We had great fun in watching for these odd signs and writing down some of the most unusual. We passed "The Red Bull," and in neighborly proximity "The Red Cow" and "The Dun Cow." "Sir John Barleycorn" was near enough to hear "The Five Bells," and just beyond this, as if not to be outdone in the bell line, the proprietor of one inn had called his place "The Ring o' Bells." Late we passed "The Easy Chair" and "Wait for the Wagon," "The Nag's Head," "The Spread Eagle," and down near the

end of the list we had recorded "The Black Boy" and "The Head, Hand and Stomach."

Lunch time found us at the quaint little town of Buckden, sixty-two miles from London. We drew up in front of the Lion Inn, which looked particularly inviting with its windows filled with bright flowers, and the young wife of the proprietor cooked for us a delicious luncheon, preparing it after we arrived. It was so enjoyable and everything was so particularly good that after the bill had been paid I slipped back to find the cook, and to compliment her on the luncheon. Handing her a two-shilling piece I remarked that she had given us the most delicious luncheon we had had in England. With a smile which illuminated her rosy face she looked up at me and said: "Well, if the 'Gov'ner weren't around I'd kiss ye for that." I simply mention this incident to show that little acts of kindness and little deeds well done often produce astonishing results.

The proprietor of the Lion Inn told us that he had served his time in the Royal

Navy and had now retired to the country to spend his days in peace. I presume that he has a very good business in furnishing meals to motorists. Certainly the excellence of his unpretentious house warrants it. He was particularly anxious that none of the constables should catch us speeding and cautioned us particularly about a trap just beyond Buckden. He told us that if we would look into the bushes on the left we would see the constables, and sure enough we discovered them, first one and about three hundred yards further on another, and a third still farther up the road ready to step out and stop us in case he had been signaled to do so by the other two. A word to the wise had been sufficient and we passed the trap at such a snail's pace that even the constables themselves had to return our sarcastic smile.

When we got up this far a good Samaritan, whom we passed on the road, told us to be very careful not only in approaching Stilton but in passing through the town itself and not to undertake to make any



Over the moors of Scotland.

speed whatever until we had passed the Norman Cross Inn about two miles north of Stilton. Stilton has in these later days become famous for the enterprise of its constables in holding up motorists.

The run from Buckden to Retford, a hundred and forty-seven miles from London, gave us a continuous succession of delightful panoramic views. We were in the heart of old England where apparently everyone was prosperous and well-to-do and we frequently commented on the great number of bicyclists we passed. Bicycling is not only still a popular fad but the bicycle is used all over Great Britain as a mode of conveyance for people in moderate circumstances. I doubt if there was a day that we were motoring in Great Britain that we did not pass on the road a hundred well dressed ladies and gentlemen on wheels, usually in groups or couples; it seemed to be one of the most popular methods of spending a vacation outing.

About a mile beyond Retford we passed Ye Olde Bell, a hotel which had all the outward signs of being a delightful place. We intended to reach Doncaster or Durham, but after we had passed this house about a quarter of a mile we saw a constable patrolling the road and drawing up alongside of him asked if it would be a nice place to stop all night. "Huh!" he replied, with apparent disgust at our ignorance, "hit's one of the finest 'ouses in hall Hingland, sir." This was enough for us; we turned around and returned to the inn.

The constable's estimate was entirely correct. It is certainly one of the finest inns in all England and it is well worth a long detour on any motoring trip to stay all night at this fascinating house. We learned the history of the place while we were sitting on the lawns of the beautiful, wall-enclosed gardens back of the house in the long evening twilight after dinner. It is owned by the Road Club, an organization of which Lord Montague is the head. This club, since the beginning of motoring, has purchased or leased a number of old houses which were famous during coaching days, and has refitted and furnished them throughout with beautiful antique furniture, with plate and china to match. They have been made to duplicate as nearly as possible, the old style houses in the great days when lords and ladies used to coach

through the country. The service, the bedrooms and everything about Ye Olde Bell was ideal, and to add to the enjoyment there was the large, purely English enclosed garden where one could wander amid flowers and under the shade of great trees and enjoy to the fullest degree the privacy of English garden life. The illustrated painted oak sign of this house, which had hung for many years in front of the inn, was found after the place had been renovated, in a neighboring house where it was doing service as a table top with the painted side down. It was rescued from its commonplace use, the painting touched up and it is again, after a lapse of forty years, doing business at the old stand.

The manager, was most gracious in his attentions and gave us letters of introduction to other houses of The Road Club farther North. While all these houses are open to motorists not members of the Club, the members have their own particular rooms from which the general public is genteelly excluded.

The Road Club is a most successful institution, one to be copied. I am sure it would appeal particularly to motorists in the United States if an organization could be formed to take over some of the famous old houses in the East and operate them under the management of an organization of similar scope and plan.

At Doncaster the Great North Road divides into two roads running almost parallel and only a few miles apart; the eastern road leading through Selby direct to York and the western one running through Wetherby and Boroughbridge to the west of the city. These roads meet again at Northallerton, and the only choice between them is that one takes the motorist into the city of York and the other takes him around it. If one is in a hurry the latter is preferable.

York is just about the oldest town we visited. Its history runs back to the second century when it was for a period the residence of emperors long forgotten. Constantine the Great was proclaimed here in 323 A. D. amid high doings. William the Conqueror, whom we couldn't lose in France, built two castles here, and the Romans had previously built a great wall around the town, two and three-quarter miles in length, to keep out the heathen

warriors. Parts of the old walls are still standing. The popular promenade is around the top of the new wall built before Columbus discovered America and before our own *New York* was thought of.

The York Minster, or Cathedral, is one of the finest and most famous of all those of which England is justly proud. As an architectural creation it is a gem which modern designers have not equaled. In process of building for over three hundred years, it was consecrated in 1472. As we

Scarborough and Bridlington, popular sea-shore resorts largely patronized, but as we were anxious to get into Scotland we decided to omit the side-trip and to push on north.

We stopped at Northallerton for lunch, and reached the picturesque town of Durham and crossed the river Weir under the windows of its cathedral and castle about four o'clock in the afternoon. An hour later we passed through Newcastle and crossed the Tyne by the wonderful "High



Al fresco breakfast at Elmwood.

stood before its wonderful altar in the subdued light of early evening we could not help thinking of the countless throngs who had knelt here in the past centuries and who had gone out even of remembrance. A twilight song service was being held while we were there and the mellow tones of the great organ and the chanting of the choir were wafted in sweet harmony through the transepts and nave to the furthest corners of the great cathedral, there to be lost in distant echoes.

It is but a short run from York to

Level" bridge designed by Robert Stephenson. This is 112 feet above the water; the railroad crosses on the upper part and vehicles upon the lower roadway, which is suspended from the upper platform. As we had brought no coals to Newcastle, and as it is a most uninteresting town (in general appearance much like the poorer suburbs of Pittsburg, being the great coal center of England) we pushed on over the magnificent road through Morpeth, passing through the old Roman archway over the main street at the entrance to Alnwick



Meet of Viscount Galway's Hounds at Ye Olde Bell, an old coaching inn 200 years old.

just as twilight had begun to merge into night. This town is the seat of the Duke of Northumberland whose castle is one of the finest feudal piles in England. It is one of the favorite visiting places of King Edward and the town is often *en fête* because of the presence of the King and royalty. The castle which has been thoroughly restored, is said to contain a most interesting collection of antiquities and many rare paintings. The Norman gateway of the castle, built in the twelfth century, is one of the most noted single architectural features of England. We had hoped to enter this, but evidently we were not expected, so the best that we could do was to take a picture of ourselves in the car directly in front of it. We felt that this would, at least, show our intentions if not our accomplishments.

We stayed all night here at The White Swan. We would like to forget the hotel, but we will never forget the obsequious waiter who, no matter what might be asked him, bowed gravely and answered: "Yes, sur'um." For the sake of making conversation and being agreeable, I remarked that the boiled potatoes were very good. "Yes, sur'um," he replied and immediately put two more on my plate. To keep the joke up different members of the party united in complimenting the potatoes and the result was that our plates were all loaded, and in the morning at breakfast we found little else on the table but potatoes. He was evidently a susceptible old waiter and is doubtless talking to this day about the party of tremendous potato eaters which visited his house.

From Alnwick north through Belford to Berwick-on-Tweed was a run of about thirty miles quickly made, and just beyond the city we crossed the river which marks the dividing line between England and Scotland. The road here bends nearer the coast and for the next ten miles we were within sight of the North Sea. We made no stop at Berwick but pushed on through Cockburnspath where we again picked up the view of the sea, which we had continuously from there on to Dunbar.

We had from Dunbar our first view of the great Bass Rock which rises abruptly out of the sea about a mile off shore near North Berwick, and also of the North Berwick Law, which is the name given to a high and symmetrical mountain back of

the town. Seeing these two familiar landmarks brought back a flood of pleasant memories of the fortnight which we had spent so delightfully at North Berwick two years previously, and made us eager to push on. If we had not known the charms of North Berwick we could have stayed very contentedly at Dunbar. But we knew North Berwick to be one of the most charming seashore places in Scotland, and its hotel, The Marine, to be an ideal home. So, early in the afternoon, we swung around on the shore road, passed Tantalon Castle and soon were welcomed at The Marine by our friends who had been our hosts on our previous visit.

We had covered the distance of four hundred miles from London over the Great North Road in three days. This had enabled us to make the trip leisurely and to enjoy not only the scenery, but to stop in any little town which struck our fancy and visit the places of interest. The run is usually made by motorists in two days, but anyone who makes it in this short time loses much of the charm of the trip. The Marine Hotel is a great rendezvous of golfers from all over the world who come to North Berwick to play on its links which, counted among the finest in the world, are among the oldest in Scotland. Golf is so much of a feature here that the old town reservoir, now abandoned, has been filled and leveled off and turned into a perfectly kept grass putting green.

The Golf Club House and links are built on the commons between the town and the sea. The links are free and from morning until night there is a steady stream of players leaving the first tee. In summer time the twilights are so long that golf is played up to half-past nine and sometimes a quarter to ten.

North Berwick is one of the places which one may visit and revisit and never tire of. Americans have dubbed it "The Newport of Scotland." It is only nineteen miles from Edinburgh and many of the richest families have erected beautiful homes there. It might well be taken for the original of "Spotless Town," because its streets and dooryards are kept so scrupulously clean.

We spent several days at North Berwick, dividing our time between golf and side trips to interesting points. One of the features of greatest interest near North

Berwick is Bass Rock, already referred to. It is reached by a steam ferry of such diminutive size that only those who have no fear of seasickness dare make the trip, which is generally a rough one. This enormous rock which rises abruptly from the sea to a height of 350 feet, is the haunt of myriads of solan geese and sea birds. These are so numerous that their white plumage give the entire south side of the rock, from a distance, the appearance of having been whitewashed. Those who visit the rock can climb right in among the birds if they are adepts at mountain scaling.

The run from North Berwick into Edinburgh is uninteresting, especially the latter portion as we approached the suburbs, through Musselburgh and Portobello. As we had previously visited Edinburgh we did not remain there all night but stayed only long enough to dine at the Caledonian Hotel and permit the ladies of the party to visit some of the shops on Princes Street, often referred to as the handsomest street in the world.

As we were bound for the north of Scotland and no vehicles can go over the great bridge across the Firth of Forth, we took the ferry from Granton, almost within the city limits, across the Firth to Burntisland, a distance of five miles. We had considerable fun over the pronunciation of this name as we called it, as it is spelled, Burntis-land. No one understood what we meant until we discovered that the natives pronounced it as two words—Burnt island. We had no difficulty in running our motor onto the ferry boat at Granton and the charge for taking it across was insignificant, as it went as cargo along with cows and horses and vehicles of various sorts.

We left Perth the morning after our arrival and almost immediately struck into the highlands of the mountain section of Scotland. From here to Inverness the entire trip is one of the rarest beauty. The scenery is wild and attractive every mile of the way, and we began to realize the oft told beauties of the Scottish moors. The road, which was excellent, was of the roller-

coaster style, but the grades were severe in many places. We were taking the only route that a motor can follow in going to Inverness from Perth without making the wide detour around by Aberdeen, and this is by way of the Pass of Killiecrankie. The motor road follows the line of the railroad for the entire distance and the two are within sight of each other every mile. At the time we made the trip both the purple and the white heather were in full bloom and we had stretched out before us on either side a color scheme of Nature which could be likened to a great Persian carpet, vivid in coloring and majestic in proportions. There is practically no timber but there are solid banks of rhododendrons on the banks of the streams. The hills and mountains would be bare and forlorn except for this and the heather. The exquisite little "Bluebells of Scotland" peeped up everywhere through the heather as the brilliant red poppies did in the waving grain fields of France. Every little while we passed shooting lodges and we saw several parties beating the moors for pheasants with their dogs and drivers as the season had opened the week prior to our visit. The Pass of Killiecrankie through which we passed is where the Duke, whom John Drew made famous, is supposed to have lived. It is a gem of nature, resembling greatly some of the well known notches in the White Mountains.

This run from Perth, a distance of 118 miles, which we made easily in one day, is one of the most beautiful motor trips that anyone can imagine. There are few towns, but the scenery is wild and absolutely unique. In all Europe or America there is nothing just like it, and when one has been over it it is easy to see the fascination which is always attached to the moors of Scotland. August is, however, a bad time to make the trip because of the frequent rains. The knowing ones told us that June and July were always better for motoring, and after the experience we had on this trip we should, if we make the trip again, tour Great Britain in July and France in August.





# HOW TO MAKE A GARDEN

BY ZONA GALE

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS

IT is an ancient pursuit, gardening," as Mr. Pecksniff tolerantly observed; and so many charming folk have found all Elysium in a plot of ground that one cannot think why more of them do not look for it there. Long before spring we might all be concerned with breathings on dust and incarnations of seeds and the other bright, infinite business of creation. For one's spirit must first move on the face of the garden.

There should be no naïve gardening—the having of green things merely because one has always had them. If ever a man is to be self conscious, alive to his finger tips, he should be so when he is about his gardening. To go forth in the chamber of spring, to arrange that chamber with bloom and bough and sward and dial—this is one of the occupations which he has in common with the Great Hand. When, at a touch, violets rise, there will be for the gardener something of the joy with which God fashioned, say, the first fern. Yes, to plan the color and line of a little garden close is as if one were helping to furnish the sweet outdoors. A man who has never bestowed on this living decoration a care comparable to that which he has lavished on the very upholstery within doors, he does not know gardens. And, too, there are other things which he does not know.

How to make a garden. The phrase is like a window. To tell how is as if one were casually to explain the way to raise sunken galleys heavy with Tyrian spoil. Gardening is essentially the type of many humble experiences which can be listed

only with the most distinguished company. How to feel *prima vera* forever, how to root one's fancies, to see one's dreams, to fathom the etiquette which will present one to oneself—these are the things to be classed with how to make a garden. To some, all these matters will invariably offer problems.

The problem on which all gardens are laid is that everything should have been begun at least three years before. There are men who have grown to feel battle at the very sound of the words. It is the first-catch-your-ancestor recipe for compounding one's own cleverness. It is, among all advice, warning and comment, anathema. It is a loathly thing to say to any one who is beginning a garden. But like the beast, it has a vulnerable part: If only one's taste is simple enough, one may slay it. Out of the blue sky of one's very first year as a gardener, one may make a delightful garden. No matter if one has sinned with idleness, no shame to one that he was not at it three years ago—there are hope and annuals enough for everybody, and one may yet garden superbly. Why do the philosophers not use this as an intimate proof of grace? For that matter, one may suppose this very spring to be three years before three years from now; but nobody ever thinks of that.

And always there is the lawn; and the lawn, bless it, is a kind of annual. For though one may not have a luxuriant, professional lawn in a single season, one may still have a clever amateur lawn, fine of

blade, thrifty, and sympathetic of one's effort. The lawn should be very near to the gardener's heart. Soft, vivid grass is a delight to the eye which no flower can rival, and the first care of the wise gardener is most carefully to prepare this background for glories to come. With blue grass for a foundation—one of the most widely useful seeds obtainable—one needs no other wizard than a local seedsman who is usually skilled in the preparation of stock mixtures suitable to his locality. If the grass with which one is obliged to start is coarse and struggling, the surface must be worked up thoroughly with a heavy garden rake, then sowed, then given a light top dressing of fertilizer. In a very little time the tender blades will come pushing and in one summer a lawn may be a lawn. Not, to be sure, the lawn of three years later; but still a lawn. If one dare adventure no farther, one's reward is already upon one. A lawn, curb grass, a sense of enduring green about one's house is a kind of spiritualization of the carpets of this world, even if one impresses there no design of flowers. But it is not a garden.

One of the most delightful experiences in gardening is laying out the ground. It is a pursuit as personal as making bread—or a poem. For just as, in these fair tasks, the laws of fermentation or of meter must prevail, so laws of garden setting are inexorable, and yet it is in handling one's yeasts and iambs and plants with a difference that the rôle of creator is played. In bread there is a charmed moment for the second mixing; in a verse there is an enchanted fashion of varying meter to woo the meaning and belove the ear; and in a garden there is always an inevitable place for the hollyhocks and the shower-of-gold and the Forsythia and all the "tall, grenadier flowers," and to substitute violets merely because one admires them would be like using pretty words for significant ones—or frosting the bread. Various corners of the garden call their various needs which only one special thing will fill. A bare bit of lattice, a gray shoulder of wall, a plain arbor—these petition unmistakably for tall flowers, or for a hedge of sweet peas, or for any slender flowering shrub that will grow to the desired height. That low corner of the garden, by a turn in the wall, where many boughs weave a curtain, demands white violets and irises

and Jack-in-the-pulpits and lady-slippers and ferns and mandrakes. It is the marsh corner of the garden, and to plant red geraniums there would be an insult to nature. Sunny banks and open places are the home of geraniums, if one likes them, and of nasturtiums; and, by the way, if there is a bit of rocky soil in the garden, the nasturtiums ought to be there. The joy which the eye takes in a flood of sun on a tulip bed, on a strip of daffodils, or on a riot of pinks and dahlias illustrates how at least one rule in house-arrangement is reversed in gardening: For whereas a bit of brass or a statue may light the dusk corner of a room, and somber cabinets may be set in the light, it is far otherwise out of doors; there the cool, shaded recesses of a garden demand delicately unobtrusive flowers, while the sunny plots call aloud for tides of color to glorify them.

Even in a small garden, the laying out of the walks is a delightful task. It cuts the enclosure even more tellingly than the laying down of rugs within doors; it divides sweets that may be neighbors from sweets that may not; the introduction of little threads of paths will harmonize vagrant colors as can no other device. And this is a plea for walks of grass. It is true that gravel walks give a sense of neatness and trimness; it is true that the strip of cool white gravel is an institution as honorable as the stars; but if you have ever been in an old-fashioned garden and stepped along between sweet-smelling wildernesses with wide walks of thick grass between the beds, then you know that the gravel walk is useful for nurserymen but charming for nobody. Particularly in naturalistic gardening—as if gardening can ever be anything else—grass walks are indispensable. And why not let the lawn extend to the border beds? Of course narrow gravel strips may edge the border beds when they do not mar the general effect of the lawn, but especially in small gardens these should be omitted. Do you not remember the old pictures of the castle gardens where princesses walk all day?

To make a selection of plants for that first year should not be difficult. Out of thousands of possible friends, books and stars we, so to say, number a few, paste in our book-plates and know their constellations; and it is like this with plants. There are any number of possibilities in annuals,

but having looked them all over one is likely to go back to the few solid and enduring ones of which he is sure. A list of the permanently and universally popular garden inmates for this climate is not a long one. In selecting a dozen varieties each of trees, shrubs, annuals and perennials one can hardly become inconstant to them who selects these:

Trees—Sugar maple, white birch, Japanese Weeping cherry, white flowering dogwood, white ash, tulip tree, pin oak, European linden and the American elm.

Shrubs—Japanese barberry, white flowering Japanese quince, Forsythia, fragrant upright honeysuckle, *Rhodotypos kerrioides* (azalea family), Japanese spiræa, weeping Chinese lilac, Japanese vibur-

num, plum-leaved viburnum, Japan snowball.

Evergreen shrubs—Catesby's Andromeda, Chinese azalea, common box, Japanese holly, mountain laurel and rhododendron.

Perennials—Anemone, columbine, asters, chrysanthemums, coreopsis (tick seed), dahlias, dianthus (pinks), fox glove, hollyhocks, iris (Gates, Germanica, New Palestine and Kaempferi iris), peonies, phlox, salvia, yucca and the roses.

Annuals—Carnations, Canterbury bells, annual asters, pansies, lilies-of-the-valley, sweet peas, nasturtiums, cowslips, antirrhinum, mignonette and poppies.

Then one must breathe upon the soil. Surely not all the dust of the earth was



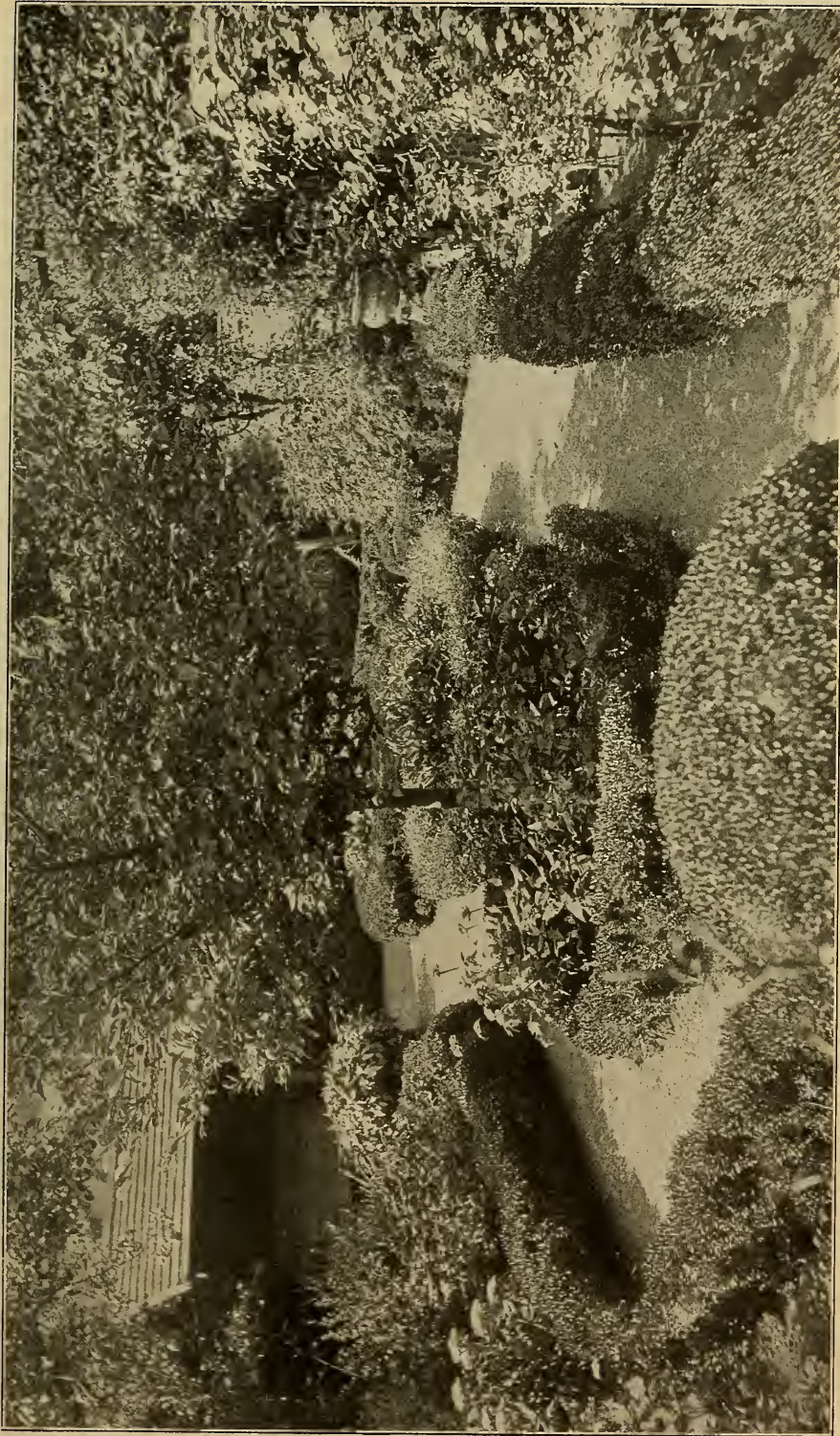
A perennial border is a joy forever.

Photograph by J. Horace McFarland.



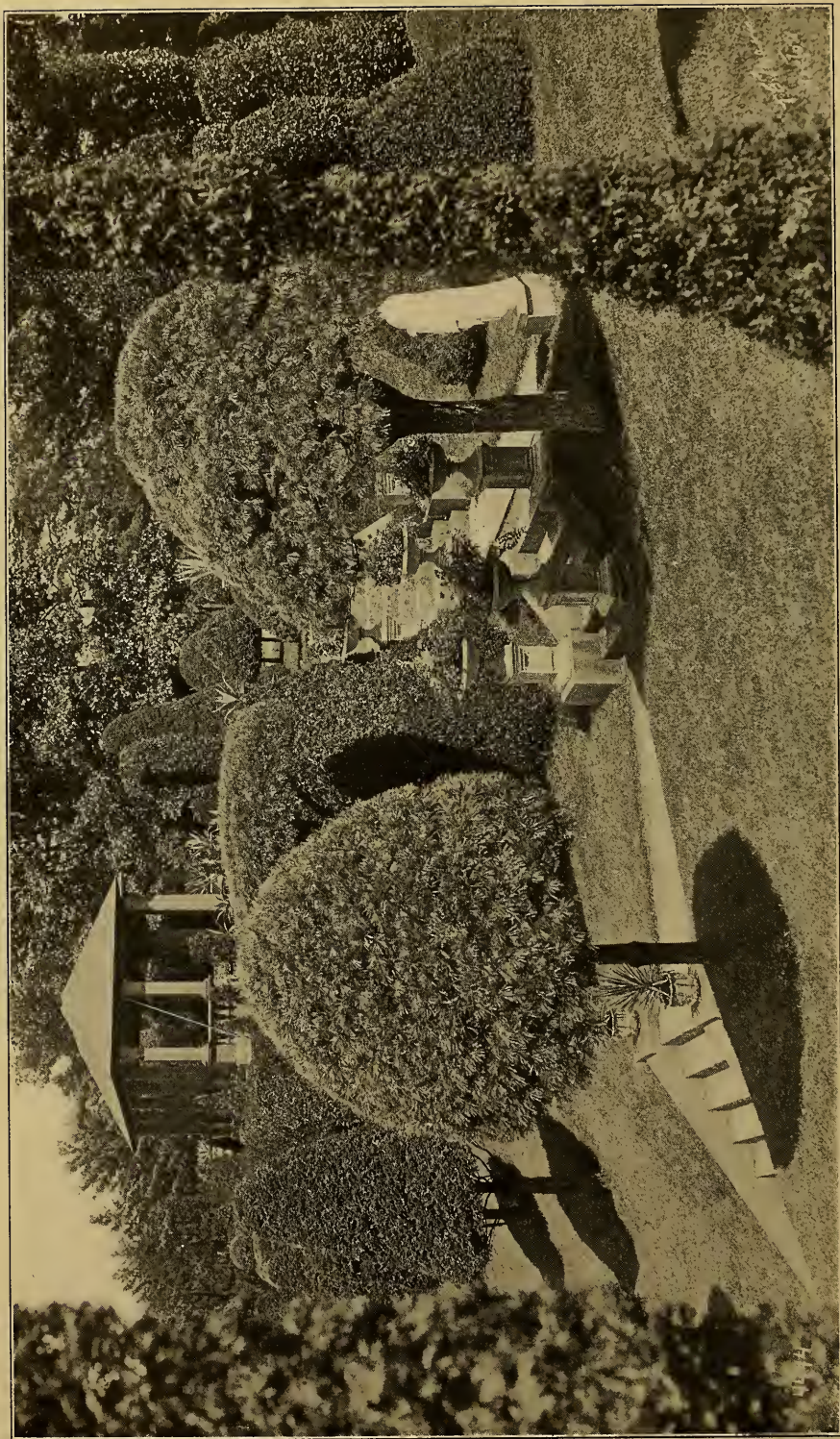
The old-fashioned garden has a beauty and a restfulness to which the formal garden never attains.

Photograph by J. Horace McFarland.



Nothing adds so much to the effectiveness of a garden, large or small, as well placed and made walks.

Photograph by T. E. Marr.



Photograph by T. E. Marr.

What you can do on two acres—if you have the price.



This may look confused—but in actual intimate life it is most attractive.

Photograph by T. E. Marr.



A water lily pond may be had on a very small place at insignificant cost and it is a joy forever.

Photograph by T. E. Marr.



found indifferently meet for making the first man. Some must have been more suitable than others, and one must still touch one's clay with a difference. But it is comforting to reflect that the dust of Eden had not to be prepared three years before. There it was, all ready when it was wanted. Similarly a light soil, with a porous sub-soil, may be prepared in spring for that year's garden. But a heavy clay soil ought always to be—to have been!—prepared in the fall. If, however, the garden has an impervious sub-soil, there arises the necessity for artificial drainage. The gardener with his head in the clouds, "hidden in a crowd of stars," has, like a man of stars, to have his feet on the earth and indeed, in impervious sub-soil conditions, under the earth. In the midst of his meditations on violets he must manage drainage tiles of suitable size to take the water away rapidly, and he must lay them so as to get a good delivery at the outlet.

For surface tiling two and one-half-inch tiles are generally used, but larger ones should carry away the main flow, increasing until they come to delivery in a stream or other outlet. If the ground is already very wet, the matter is harder to manage than with soil that is too dry; for wet soil is too dry at times for semi-aquatic plants, and at other times too wet for other plants.

The high moment is of course the moment of actual planting. In any climate, certain flower and vegetable seeds, sown in frames very early in the spring, will make a quicker growth and hasten the flowering and maturing periods. But one of the tests of the skill of a gardener is in the planting. Three things in the world may be done successfully by those alone who have the knack, namely: Laying an open fire, cooking anything at all, and planting seeds. For it is not alone the danger of planting too closely or planting too loosely that menaces; it seems to be the peril of the mere touch of the hand that has not this knack. But if the soil is not moist or the atmosphere humid, there is danger enough to arise from loose planting. It is necessary that the earth be damp enough to cohere slightly when tested in the hand, and that the earth be pressed firmly and carefully worked around the long fibrous roots. Too close planting is a frequent fault with amateurs, and a

judicious thinning out of most beds is necessary early in the year. Space ought to be allowed, so that each plant may be given its individuality, except in massing. And east and south exposures are best, for the sake of the sun.

On another account than that of adaptability to the garden's topography, the favorite flowers of the gardener are not always to be planted in the largest numbers. The flowers ought to be chosen so that there shall be a continual march of succeeding bloom all season long. For instance if a garden contains: Crocuses, tulips, peonies, irises, the yucca filamentosa and rudbeckias (orange daisy), these, in their order, will be in bloom from crocus time in May to rudbeckia days in the early fall. As a matter of fact nearly all the flowers bloom by the end of July, but with careful management the garden may be filled with flowers summer-long. Crocuses, tulips, daffodils, narcissii, and hyacinths are pre-eminently the flowers of early spring; as soon as they fade the bulbs are taken up, and the beds may be filled with forget-me-nots and daisies, the bearded and mourning iris, annual phlox, tiger lilies, gladioli, the cannas, pansies, columbine. And, June-long, and lavishly into July, there will of course be the roses. Later in the summer there may come to the flower beds in which the early summer flowers have ceased to bloom coleus, geraniums, scarlet salvia, dahlias, phlox, garden thyme, sunflowers and cornflowers. And in the fall the flame of color need hardly abate, for there is the flower of all fall flowers, the chrysanthemum—though not so many as people think, since but few varieties will bloom out of doors; there are the perennial asters, the Japanese anemones, the second blossoming, of the larkspurs, the star-grass, the colored berries of the shrubs, as the Cornelian cherry, the bush cranberry, the common barberry, and there is the colchicum or autumn crocus, the Jerusalem artichoke, and if one has a wild corner of garden, the fireweed and bittersweet and goldenrod and the pasture pink mushrooms and a few pale evening primroses.

The flowering period may be prolonged by various methods, Cold storage is a factor used by commercial florists, and it may be used on a small scale by home gardeners though for them it is not very

practicable. That the picking of flowers which are going to seed will add somewhat to a plant's blooming period is known to every country woman who has made room for a bed of pansies or a lattice of sweet peas between the cucumber bed and the well-house, and has kept the plants religiously bare of bloom, so that they may bloom the longer.

But the "compleat" gardener finds his most grateful task in the care of the garden, and there is loving toil to be performed nearly all the day long. Watering flowers is a nice business, requiring almost as much skill as planting. It is easy to see that the cactus family, standing erect in their dry ground, need little water; but there are many less hardy plants that ordinarily get much more water than they require, as caladiums. Often far too little care is taken in the watering, and the water is even allowed to fall directly upon the flowers themselves which, unless the gentle fall of the rain can successfully be imitated, is injurious to them, especially to the summer flowering plants. The roots alone should be watered and the foliage sprinkled, but if the plant is very dry the watering should be done carefully with at least one interval in the process.

The cost of the garden need be very little. A gentleman of Elizabeth, N. J., has a wonderful garden and raises the most beautiful plants which perform miracles of bloom; he experiments with plants that never have blossomed, and makes them flower and show forth wonders. The garden is not a show place; it is simply a little plot of ground which he fills with the flowers that he loves to cultivate and to watch grow. By many versed in gardens and garden-folk, he is considered one of the first gardeners in the country, yet his Elysium is only half an acre; he fills a position in the city all day long, and he expends hardly more than twenty dollars a year in labor. Bulbs and shrubs cost little, and seeds, of which annuals are the least expensive, cost almost nothing. Herbaceous perennials are, in the end, the least expensive because they care for themselves from year to year. So that the flowers of the earth are literally to be had not for money, but for the love of them.

"Can a little lake in a garden be managed inexpensively?"

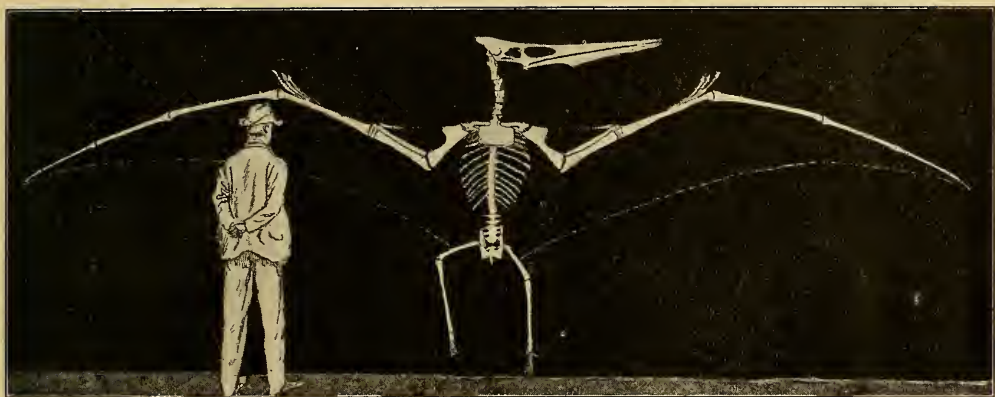
This is one of the questions frequently

asked by gardeners with an inland acre or even less at their disposal, for the old loved mystery and the spell of water is potent even in a tiny artificial lake, looking as if it were prettily painted in its place. Water to supply evaporation is the chief expense in a small lake, when the lake-bed has once been made to hold water. In some sections where there is an impervious substratum this is about the only expense connected with a little lake, but in other locations it is necessary to cement the bottom of the mimic lake. A little sunken pond, white with lily and lotus, and having a dark, thick fringe of semi-aquatic plants makes a charming garden corner, with nearby seats or a little arbor. Over such arbors and over lattices and walls and verandas and even about the trunks of old oaks, vines are quite indispensable, and the vines most satisfactory in this climate are the Boston ivy, ampelopsis Veitchii, wisterias, honeysuckle, climbing roses and clematis.

As for the little fancies and extravagancies of gardens—fountains, sun-dials, moon-dials and the like, they have their place, if they are beautiful, and they have no place if they are not. It is easy to imagine an ugly fountain—are they not on everybody's lawn, with complaining dolphins and mature cherubs above?—but it is difficult to conjure up an unworthy sun-dial or moon-dial. Like the sun and the moon these are always beautiful. There could be no sweeter excuse for digression than to quote that exquisite suggestion of Henry van Dyke's for a sun-dial:

"Hours fly,  
Flowers die,  
New days,  
New ways,  
Pass by,  
Love stays."

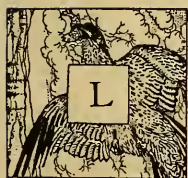
But oh, throughout the length and breadth of the garden, let there be no stone dogs and stags, no bronze peacocks, no white metal swans. They have no place among fauna or flora nor anywhere but under the earth; they are outcast, like the weeds; and all the great collection of bronze and stone so defiled is not worth the wing of one butterfly. Keep the garden pure of them; and if, perchance, one comes as a gift, do as Buddha would have done with his other loaf: "Sell it and buy white hyacinths."



## SOME ANCIENT AMERICAN GIANTS

BY J. CARTER BEARD

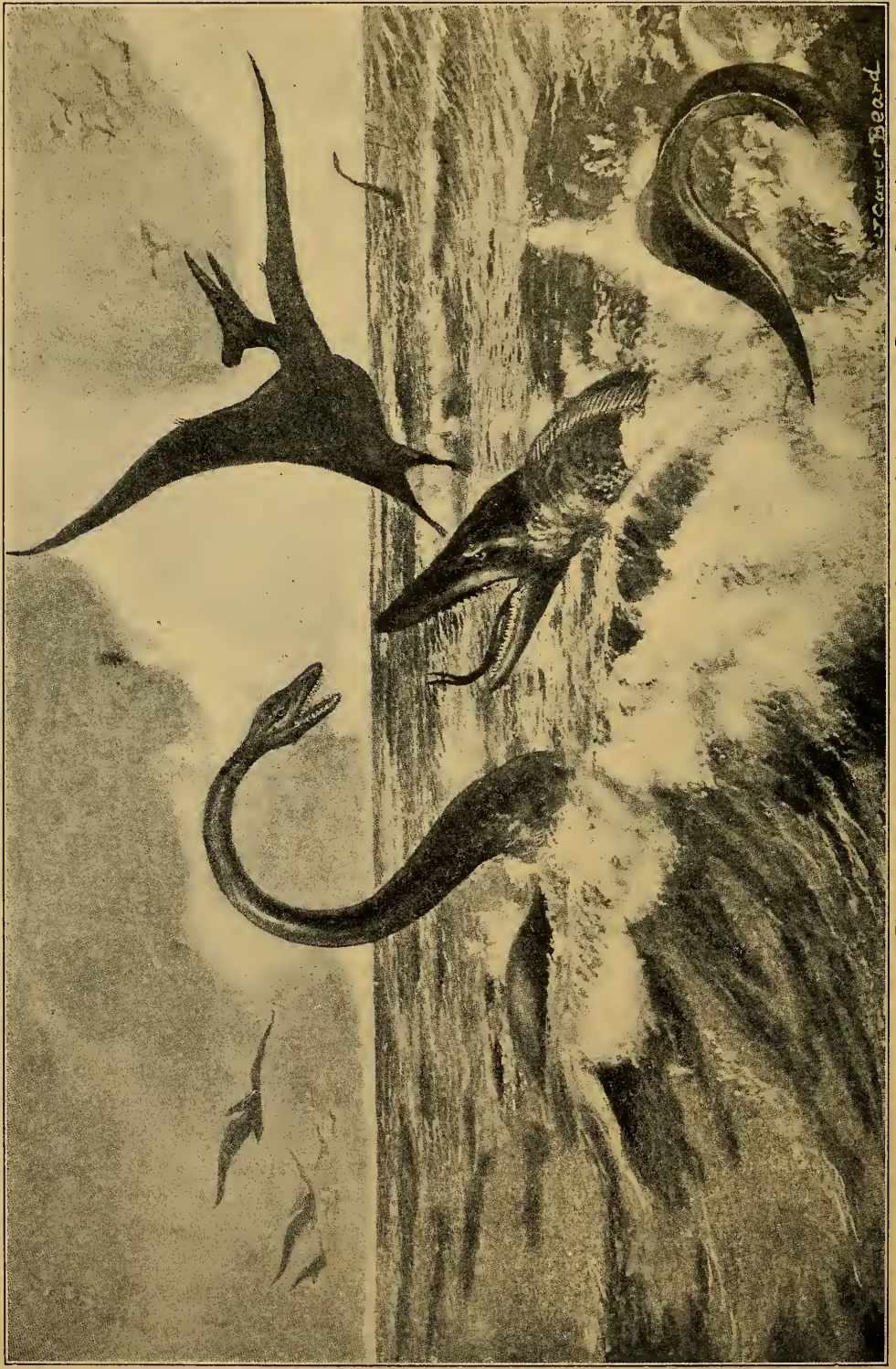
DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR



LET us see if we can get some glimpses, in the light of the most recent discoveries in paleontology, of ancient America and of the enormous giants which once inhabited it, and some idea perhaps of their habits. As truth is stranger than fiction, it certainly ought to be more entertaining if rightly apprehended. Among the large reptiles in that remote era when reptiles were literally the lords of creation, there being no creature existing at that time which could dispute the title with them, lived the different species of mosasaurs and elasmosaurs; and although their fossilized bones are now found full a thousand miles from either the Atlantic or the Pacific Oceans, these creatures were essentially marine animals. The great cretaceous ocean, the existence of which accounts for this fact, covering as it did the whole interior of what is now North America, and dividing the entire country into an Eastern and a Western Continent, bore upon its sluggish waters vast reptiles

such as it has not entered into the heart of man, uninstructed by science, to imagine. This strange shallow sea, so different, as indeed was all else, even the atmosphere itself, in those almost inconceivably distant days, from anything now existing, this sea whose glassy surface never stirred into currents by alternations of temperature with alternating seasons, never whipped into fury by passing gales, how, aroused to unwonted life and action, it must have surged and boiled and broken into clouds of spray about the bodies of the huge monsters that swarmed in its waters, as encountering each other they played or fought together.

The creatures were differently but equally equipped for war. Of course, not all species of mosasaurs, nor all specimens of any one particular species, reached the maximum length of fifty feet, the smallest found being about ten feet long; but neither is there any reason to believe, taking into consideration the extremely small percentage of animals whose remains have survived the vicissitudes of so many ages and the proportion of those which have yet



Elasmosaur—50 ft. long.

Mosasaur—50 ft. long.

Pterosaur—Spread of wings 18 ft.

A prehistoric battle in American waters, from restoration of extinct animals by Williston.

been collected, that we know the greatest length the mosasaurs attained. It is pretty safe to say that in their day and generation they produced individuals considerably exceeding fifty feet in length. However this may be, it is certain that these creatures, when adult, possessed at least fifty feet of bone and sinew. They had moderately short necks supporting stout wedge-shaped heads, with enormously powerful jaws armed with a more formidable array of great conical teeth (three rows of them upon the upper jaw alone) than is possessed by any living creature of to-day. They swallowed their prey whole, their jaws opening so widely and extending so far back in the head, and the ligaments at the gape by which the jaws were bound together and also by which the framework of the mouth was fastened to the other parts of the skull were so pliant as to admit the passage of large bodies. According to Professor S. Williston "the mouth of the gullet was prolonged forward in swallowing, evidently being loose and baggy." Owing to these formations the mosasaurs hissed like serpents. These terrible living engines of destruction were covered with scaly skins, fragments of which, wonderful to relate, have been discovered intact, as have also indications of a long fringe-like mane.

The elasmosaurs and the plesiosaurs were still more remarkable looking reptiles. In its general make-up the elasmosaur more nearly resembled our Florida snake-bird than any other creature now living, but it was fifty, sixty or more feet long. From an enormous body like that of a giant seal, but possessed of four paddles instead of two, and terminated by a long and powerful tail, arose a neck that resembled a huge serpent carrying a head small in proportion to the animal but armed with large pointed teeth set in powerful jaws. Cope in describing the creature says: "Far out on the expanse of this ancient sea might have been seen a huge snake-like form, which rose above the surface and stood erect, with tapering throat and arrow-shaped head, or swayed about describing a circle of twenty feet above the surface of the water, then plunging into the depths naught would be visible but the foam caused by the disappearing form of life. Should several have

appeared together we can easily imagine tall, flexible forms rising to the height of the masts of a fishing fleet, or like snakes twisting and knotting themselves together. Like the snake-bird it probably often swam many feet below the surface, raising the head to the distant air for breath, then withdrawing it and exploring the depths forty feet below, without altering the position of its body. From the localities in which its bones have been found in Kansas it must have wandered far from land, and that many kinds of fishes formed its food, is shown by the teeth and scales found in the position of its stomach."

The long neck of the elasmosaur enabling it to dart its head about in every direction with lightning-like rapidity, and reach every part of an enemy with its fangs, gave it an advantage that must have compensated for the stronger body and more powerful jaws of the mosasaur, which it probably often joined in equal battle. We may indeed picture to ourselves such a duel. The waters about the colossal combatants are churned into foam that, rising like the smoke of a conflagration, blots them out at times from view. Ever and anon one and then the other of the giant gladiators seems to prevail, until at last the mosasaur, perhaps, manages to get the slender neck of the plesiosaur in his jaws. This ends the conflict between the two, but legions of fresh foes attack the victor. The blood that stains the waves about him has called up a school of bulldog fish, the *portheus-molossus* of Cope, great finny monsters with heads twice as large as those of tigers, and fangs larger and more numerous than are possessed by any creature now living upon the earth.

These fish, as bloodthirsty as the far-famed caribe-fish of South American waters, fall upon the mosasaur weakened by loss of blood from a hundred wounds as well as by the terribly exhausting battle just fought, and dispense equal justice by devouring both victor and vanquished. In this they are aided by flying dragons, pterosaurs, with strangely shaped heads, beaks like those of birds, and a spread of wing measuring eighteen or nineteen feet, that coming in flocks flutter and perch like enormous vultures upon the stranded carcasses of the sea-monsters and gorge themselves with their flesh. Such scenes, we

are justified by the synthetic methods of the paleontology of to-day in believing, must have happened myriads of times upon the waters of the great American sea, for then as well as now the lust of battle was inborn in all created things, and to eat and to be eaten was the law and destiny of the animal world.

The creatures must have been practically helpless on land; for they were not sufficiently serpentine to move about without the aid of limbs better fitted for land locomotion than those they possessed. Their pugnacity is amply indicated by the many scars and injuries they received, probably from others of their own kind.

In no way related to the sea saurians described, but with an entirely different origin and descent, were the great dinosaurs. Generally speaking, the fore-limbs of dinosaurs were very small as compared with the hinder ones. As the typical form of the elasmosaurs and the plesiosaurs had been transferred to the land, and is now to be found only in the snake-birds of America and of Africa, that of the dinosaurs is now most nearly approached by a family of mammals, the kangaroos; so much so that if we can only picture to ourselves a kangaroo of sufficiently gigantic dimensions, we may obtain a sort of generalized, impressionistic idea of the proportions, structure, and appearance of the large species of dinosaurs.

*Amphicoelius altus*, one of the tallest of the dinosaurs, was weighted with the great, heavy, solid bones, constituting the framework of its tail and thighs, while the vertebra of its neck and back were hollow, thus plainly indicating that the immense creature passed its life wading about the bottom of a shallow sea, and was able, while doing so, to elevate its neck and head above the surface to breathe and procure its food—which, as proved by the form and characteristics of its dentition, was both animal and vegetable. The body cavity of such creatures would have been of sufficient capacity to have accommodated a dinner party of from a dozen to twenty persons. And if, as it is to be supposed, the old saurians possessed the tenacity of life that survives in their degenerate descendants, the reptiles of the present day, hunting them, even with the best field pieces, would have been a dangerous undertaking.

One of the most formidable of these

extinct genera was, without doubt, the stegosaurus. The animals belonging to this genus might, it is true, be considered of moderate size as compared with their contemporaries, being only about thirty feet long; but they were the champion armored cruisers of their day, for not only were they clad in a complete suit of plates or scales, but, in addition to a set of great horn-covered flanges arranged along the back in a most remarkable fashion, their great tails were armed with four pairs of spurs, the largest pair measuring each over two feet in length. As this tail was his principal weapon of offense or defense, and was at such a considerable distance from headquarters, the animal was provided with two sets of brains; one as is usual in his head, and the other, twenty times as large, in his haunches, to form a relay station, so to speak, from which to work his armed caudal appendage. One peculiarity about the construction of stegosaurus puzzles paleontological physiologists. His head was so extremely diminutive, as compared with his huge body, that it is a serious question how enough food could be made to pass through the animal's small jaws to sustain life. It indeed seems, paradoxical as it sounds, that such a creature might starve to death surrounded by food and engaged in eating it. Like most of the saurians, stegosaurus was at least partly aquatic. He was a strict vegetarian, and in all probability spent most of his life sitting upright upon his massive hind legs and powerful tail in comparatively shallow lakes, gathering in sheaves of soft, succulent vegetation growing out of the water about him in his freely moving arms, and stuffing them into his jaws as rapidly as might be.

Of course, the great number of species of herbivorous dinosaurs that then existed must necessarily be accompanied by those of a carnivorous nature to prey upon them. Some of these were from twenty-five to thirty feet long, and as much more active and muscular in proportion to their size than their plant-eating contemporaries as animals of prey nowadays are more lively and vigorous than the peaceful herds and flocks upon which they feed.

Radically departing from the fish the snake-bird and the kangaroo style of animal architecture, Creative power now first fashions a beast which nay with some



*Ornithostoma ingens*, 18 feet spread of wings, restored by Williston.

propriety be called a true quadruped, capable of walking and running about over the dry land on four well-developed limbs of equal size and proportions. It is not a mammal; it has not got as far as that, but as has been somewhere said, "it looks like a reptile trying to become a mammal." This remarkable creature was at least twenty-five feet long, and it is quite probable that specimens existed exceeding this length. Its great skull measured eight feet or more in length, and the three horns it bore—one rhinoceros-like, upon its nose, and two other enormous ones three feet long and ten inches in diameter on the

frontal bones over the eyes—have given it the name of triceratops, or three-horned faced. In former dinosaurs the greater weight and mass of the body constituted the lower half of the kangaroo-shaped reptiles; but the bulky body of triceratops, equally supported on all four feet, gives it a fair claim to be probably the largest true quadruped that has ever existed upon our planet. In addition to the three horns which armed its massive conical-shaped skull triceratops possessed a peculiar weapon of aggression and defense unparalleled in the whole animal kingdom, consisting of a great bony collar or occipital

crest encircling the skull and projecting rearward and outward, and set about on its outer edge with stout, pointed spines. The mouth of the triceratops projected beyond the teeth into a horny, curved beak like that of a bird or of a turtle. Its brain was smaller in proportion to the size of the skull than that of any other known creature, fish, flesh or fowl, that possesses a backbone.

The fact is that even a moderate amount of brains is the result of incalculable ages of development in animal life. Perhaps the most marked characteristic with regard to the gigantic creatures of past ages is the extremely diminutive size of their brains as compared with their physical dimensions.

The brain has enlarged as the types of animals possessing them have diminished in size. Lack of intelligence on the part of this wild extravaganza of an animal, however, could scarcely have made triceratops a less terrible antagonist. Implacable rage, directed by instinctive cunning, is within the compass of a smaller brain and lower intelligence than that of discretion or even perhaps than that of fear. The sportsman of the days when triceratops lived, had sportsmen then existed, would scarcely have found, except perhaps in some survivor of the older races of carnivorous dinosaurs, a more formidable or a more dangerous quarry than this mail-clad and triply-armed monster of mammoth proportions and more than mammoth strength and ferocity.

Though a reptile and one of Nature's unsuccessful experiments, since the race died out by over-specialization, triceratops is, as far as is known, the first rough sketch, prefiguring mammals of many extinct types which, in their turn, have given rise to all the larger kinds of warm-blooded four-footed animals of the present day. With the extinction of the race of triceratops, the age of the great reptiles passes away and that of mammals begins. In the succeeding era, fish, turtle and lizard's flesh as a diet can at last be varied with what may in a proper sense be called meat, and venison, beef, mutton, and pork become possible eating.

In the earlier part of this era a great lake, a remnant of an older sea, existed where now is Wyoming. Its shores sup-

ported a luxuriant growth of tropical vegetation, among which roamed a great number of strange forms of animal life. Here were to be found the huge *brontops robustus*, standing full eight feet high at the shoulders, the six-horned dinoceras of elephantine proportions, and the tinoceras, similarly equipped, and far too many other species to be enumerated here; among which, although the plant-eaters predominate, many animals belonging to other orders appear, species allied to opossums, marmosets, monkeys, lemurs, bats, squirrels and moles, and also cats, wolves and foxes.

But it is the latter part of this era that offered the greatest possibilities to the sportsman, had he only been born soon enough. The enormous, unmanageable races of reptilian giants had passed away, succeeded by an abundance and a variety of higher types of animal life never before seen on the earth. The imagination may indeed range unchecked from pole to pole over the countless multitude of game animals that then existed. Woolly mammoths, more than twice the bulk and weight of the largest existing elephants, and one-third taller, roamed in numberless immense herds from Siberia to the Mediterranean on one side of the Atlantic, and all over the northern part of North America on the other. The great mastodon, thirteen feet high, and, including the tusks, twenty-four feet long; two species of elephants; two or more species of gigantic bisons, one of which measured at least ten feet between the tips of the horns; gigantic deer with a spread of antlers of a dozen feet; gigantic horses and beavers as big as bears, besides peccaries, tapirs, sloths and armadilloes, many of which were of gigantic size, and bears and lions and game birds of various kinds peopled the earth.

It is but a hasty and imperfect glance that the limits of this article allow; most of even the principal genera and species remain undescribed; but if it serves to point the way to one of the most interesting fields of research of modern science, a field that particularly commends itself to sportsmen, since they perhaps have in their hunting expeditions better opportunities than most men of chancing upon more or less important discoveries, as many instances have proved, it will have fully accomplished its purpose.



# FIGHTERS IN REAL LIFE

BY ROBERT EDGREN



If you haven't seen battles in the prize ring you may have read accounts of them in the press, and in that case your mental picture of a prize fighter is a curious thing. You are not entirely sure what sort of an animal he is. The comic pictures in the newspapers show him as a curiously constructed mortal, with fearfully distorted shoulders, skinny legs, twisted nose, scowling "fighting face," and all the rest of it. Perhaps at some time or other a boxer has been pointed out to you, and you have either marveled at his gorgeous attire or have been disappointed in finding him an ordinary citizen, well dressed and not at all conspicuous—just the sort of a fellow who might be clerking in a hotel or taking your order for groceries.

A boxer isn't a freak, at all. He's just a man who has fallen into fisticuffs instead of some other trade or traffic. Nine times out of ten he became a professional by accident, happening to learn that he had some peculiar knack of fencing with his hands encased in padded gloves. Then he started with a few small matches, more for fun than profit, attracted attention, was offered larger and larger purses for his services as a fistic entertainer, and in a year or less made large sums so easily by appearing in the ring that he gave up all idea of becoming a plumber or a ball player.

At close range the modern fighting man is as human as the rest of us. Those really clever in the profession carry no marks or scars. They have money. They are world-wise. And many are quiet, intelligent, and well mannered.

A boxer is full of human traits. He

might say, with Shylock: "If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us do we not laugh?" Boxing is a rough game, but it does not always eliminate all "the milk of human kindness."

Of all the little fighters now living Terry McGovern is most interesting. Terry is as fierce and dauntless a fighter as ever drew on a glove. But he is a fine little man, for all that. Win or lose, he holds no animosity. He is always first to offer a friendly handshake after battle. He has a home, and he is happier with his little family than when surrounded by friends and admirers under the arc lights of the sporting world.

After Terry went to defeat at the hands of young Corbett six years ago his one ambition was to win back the honors he had lost. Three times rematched with his conqueror he trained hard and long, putting his whole mind into the task. Three times the match fell through, and Terry, bitterly disappointed, returned to his home.

On the fourth occasion everything went well. The fight was to come off in San Francisco under the auspices of the Yosemite Club, the greatest boxing organization in the world.

Terry trained at Croll's Gardens, in Alameda, which had since become a famous rendezvous for sporting men. He worked hard for the fight, trained day after day with the same tireless determination, got into the finest possible condition, went over to San Francisco on the night of the fray and was beaten again.

It was not entirely on fighting ability that Young Corbett won. He used a trick that should be barred from all competitions, and that is barred from amateur events where money making and the spirit of professionalism do not enter.

Young Corbett knew that Terry was excitable and likely to lose his head under certain conditions. Before the fight he planned a way to take advantage of this fact. In the ring, as soon as the fight began, he talked to Terry. He taunted him with his former defeat, called him a "quitter," asked him why he didn't "lie down like he did in Hartford," and when all of that failed, made an offensive remark about Terry McGovern's wife. That last was beyond endurance. Terry lost his head, fought wildly, and went down to defeat in consequence.

After the fight Terry's heart was nearly broken over his failure to avenge the insult that had been offered him in the ring. The little ex-champion went back to his training quarters at Croll's. He was alone, as fighters too often are after defeat. The Gardens were deserted. The crowd was following the winner.

Terry went out among the trees and sat down on a big stone. He felt his loneliness keenly, for not even his trainers had yet returned to the deserted camp.

After a while a little Italian boy from across the way came out to Terry, bringing him a letter. It was from Terry's wife. It should have reached him before the fight, but had come too late.

"I can't read it now," said Terry, his eyes filling with tears as he recognized the well-known writing. "You read it for me."

The Italian boy opened the letter and began:

"DEAREST TERRY:

X. X. X. X. X. These are kisses from the baby. We are all sending our love, and you know that we are thinking of you and hoping you will win. It means so much to us, Terry, dear. The boys are telling me that Young Corbett will try every way he can think of to make you lose your head. But, Terry, just remember that you are fighting for your wife and the babies. Don't mind anything he may say. Don't even think of it until you have won. When he begins to talk just think of me and remember that I want you to keep cool——"

This was as much as Terry could stand. He rolled off the stone, lay beside it on the grass, and sobbed like a child. If that letter had only come a day sooner!

Old Mr. Croll, the man who has kept open house at the Gardens for many years, happened to be walking through the

grounds. He paused as he came upon the scene, and stood silent for a moment. Then he turned and walked slowly back to the house. The old man's eyes were wet, for all of the fighters who train at his place become part of the family.

"It is a strange thing," said Mr. Croll to one of the trainers who had just arrived. "The world goes around, and things run in a rut. Just fourteen years ago last night Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, was beaten by the Marine, George LaBlanche, across the bay. Yesterday afternoon Terry went to the same hotel in San Francisco, while waiting for the fight to begin, and had the same room that Dempsey had then. I thought just as much of Jack as I do of that boy out there. Just fourteen years ago to-day, sitting on that same stone, Jack Dempsey read a delayed letter from his wife, wishing him success. And when I saw Jack he was lying there in the grass, just as Terry is now, and crying his heart out. Poor Jack! He is dead now, but the world goes on just the same."

In a different vein is the story of Jack Downey, the great little lightweight. This Jack was born in Brooklyn, but in his youth he did more of playing truant than of attending school. He was always out in some back lot boxing with the other boys, when he should have been studying.

Jack went one night to see a fight at the Greenwood Athletic Club. Charlie Banks, the manager, approached Downey with the intention of signing him as a coming attraction.

"Will you fight New York Jack O'Brien here?" asked Banks.

"Sure," replied Downey.

"All right. We'll give you a guarantee of twelve hundred dollars."

"What!" exclaimed Downey. "I guess not! No, sir! A thousand or nothing. I'm no cheap fighter."

And Manager Banks let it go at that.

After Fitzsimmons and Maher fought in the South, a promoter thought it would be a fine thing to have the pair go on for a short bout in Madison Square Garden. He wired Fitz, offering him 25 per cent. of the gross receipts for his share. Fitz accepted. Then the promoter telegraphed Peter Maher, making him the same proposition, 25 per cent. of the gross.

"Nothing doing," Peter wired back again. "I'll take 30 per cent."

The promoter sat down and thought it over. Tim Hurst drifted in. "Why," said Hurst, "that big ignoramus doesn't know what you mean by 'gross.' Offer him 30 per cent. of the net proceeds."

"Will give you 30 per cent. of the net," wired the manager. Peter accepted.

After the bout Fitzsimmons' quarter, the one thousand dollars' rent, and all the other outlays were subtracted. Peter got 30 per cent. of the remainder, and it came to about six hundred dollars. "Och, murder!" moaned Maher, "sure I'm robbed again."

There are many stories told of the prodigality of men who have found success in the boxing game. Of all who threw their money to the four winds, John Lawrence Sullivan was king. During the twelve years of his fighting career he made in purses, side bets and gate moneys, no less than a million of dollars. To-day not a cent of it remains to him. John spent his earnings freely; he gave them away more freely still.

One time, after he had lost the championship as well as most of the coin he had gathered, John L. opened a café in Forty-second Street, New York. It was the occasion of a great celebration among the men who had followed him from victory to victory during many years. Sullivan still had friends by the thousand. On the opening day his place was crowded to the outer doors. Champagne flowed in rivers, and few were allowed to buy while John was near.

During the afternoon two women dressed in Salvation Army uniform walked into the bar, proffering the *War Cry* for sale and soliciting contributions to a charity fund. The men in the place were not charitably inclined that afternoon, except in the matter of purchasing refreshments. Some turned their backs, some laughed. Sullivan was just returning from a trip to the room in the rear as the women turned to go out. His ears caught the laugh and his eyes took in the situation at a glance. Stepping quickly forward he called the women back.

"Here's a hundred for you," he said, passing over a bill.

The women, thanking him, had not reached the door before he called them back again.

"Here's a hundred more," he said, diving into his pocket. "Don't thank me. It's all right. Just trot along now."

When John returned to the bar some of his friends expostulated with him over the extravagance of his donation.

"Boys," said Sullivan, "more than one of us may be glad to have some one give us a lift before we die. Give when you've got it. You may be glad to have some other fellow do as much for you."

A short time ago I heard a Sullivan story that illustrates the trait in his character that made him a champion among champions; the kind of a champion whose fame will last as long as the prize ring endures and has its traditions. The incident took place only four years ago. Terry McGovern, then the feather-weight champion of the world, was training near Bridgeport, Connecticut. Sullivan, who has always had a liking for the little featherweight, heard that Terry was at Captain Bond's place, a few miles out of town. So he hired a sleigh (for it was winter, and snow on the ground) and started for a visit. Through some carelessness or other the harness had been improperly fastened. Just a block from the stable something gave way. The horse, startled, leaped forward. The other straps broke, and the first thing Sullivan knew he was jerked over the dashboard and was trailing at the heels of the runaway. Natives on the sidewalk were amazed by seeing a huge man, in a great fur coat, both hands holding to the reins with a grip of iron, sliding on his stomach along the main street of the town. They ran after him, shouting advice, telling him to let go, yelling at the horse. The animal only ran faster than before. For four blocks the chase continued, and then, with a final plunge into a deep snowdrift, the frightened animal stopped and stood trembling. Sullivan, still prostrate, was still holding his grip on the reins. The leaders in the chase arrived in time to help John L. battered and breathless, to his feet.

"Why didn't you let go?" they asked solicitously.

John L. found his breath.

"Let go H—!" he growled. "What would I want to let go for?"

That was the same spirit that won so many fights for him. Like the ancient Britons who exasperated the invading Caesar by "never knowing when they were whipped," John L. never knew when to let go.

There are many good stories told about the characteristic experiences of Sailor Tom Sharkey, who is a fighter of the rough and ready style. Some of the best are told by Tom himself. A short time ago I happened to be bound for Philadelphia on the same train that carried Sharkey. Tom came over to my seat, cramped his huge bulk into a corner of it, and started, in a voice like the roar of the salt sea, to relate some of the humorous incidents of a varied career.

"A couple of years ago," began Tom, "I went out to Cripple Creek to fight a big fellow known as 'Mexican Pete.' I had seen him before that in San Francisco, and knew that he had a yellow streak as broad as his back. So I thought I had an easy thing, and there was no use wasting time in training. I could hand it out to him like dropping an anchor in a harbor.

"We got into the ring. There was about as hard a crowd of miners about the place as I ever saw in my life, and I've been in some queer countries. I found out that there was money to burn on Pete. It looked so funny to me that I cut off betting on myself. I had a sneaking notion that there might be something doing, and that they were out for my scalp. So I made up my mind to put Pete out as quick as I could, and never to hit him anywhere but on the chin, so there could be no possible chance to claim a foul.

"The referee was a big fellow in boots, known as Johnson. He wore a gun on his hip, slung from a belt. I kicked about the gun, but he said he never took it off, awake or asleep, and it would have to go. It went, all right.

"When the bell rang I walked up to the Mexican and made one swing at him, putting all the strength I had into it. Pete ducked and it hit him right on top of the head. He dropped. I turned to the referee. He looked at Pete and stood still.

"'Why don't you count?' I asked.

"'That's my business,' said the referee.

"After a little while he saw that Pete didn't move, and he began to count. He

strung it out as long as he could, but he reached 'ten' at last. The Mexican hadn't stirred. Either he had been knocked out cold or he didn't dare get up. I turned around and started to walk to my corner.

"'Pete wins,' sung out the referee.

"'What's that?' I asked, hardly able to believe my ears.

"'Pete wins,' yelled Johnson, and all of a sudden he jerked out his big six-shooter and shoved the muzzle of it under my nose. The barrel looked so big I backed away for fear I would fall into it.

"'All right,' I said. 'Pete wins.'"

This reminds me of another story connected with the boxing game, and more remotely with the career of Tom Sharkey. But this time the man with the gun was on the sailor's side.

Wyatt Earp, gambler and man killer with more than twenty notches on the butt of his gun, was working on the Ingleside race track, near San Francisco. From this position he was taken into the employ of a San Francisco daily newspaper, where he acted for some months as body-guard for the managing editor, who had been threatened by Dave Nagle, the notorious gun fighter who shot Judge Terry in California. Wyatt Earp was said to be the only man feared by Nagle, and the rumor must have been true, for during Earp's employment Nagle kept out of sight, and the editor enjoyed immunity from his bullets.

His new position brought Earp into prominence. So when Tom Sharkey was matched with Fitzsimmons he was selected to referee the bout.

On the night of the fight, when Earp climbed into the ring, the arc lights shone on the butt of a huge six-shooter protruding from beneath his coat tails. Civilized San Francisco had long passed the era of coat-tail shooting irons. A policeman followed Earp into the ring, and after a long argument induced him to part temporarily with his artillery.

The fight went on. Fitzsimmons battered Sharkey to a pulp, and finished him with a blow that was unquestionably fair. But Wyatt Earp wasn't in the ring to see Sharkey lose. He immediately gave the fight, with the ten thousand dollar purse, to Sharkey on a "foul."

Fitzsimmons was furious. But immediately after the affair Earp regained his gun,

and fists were at a discount. Fitz had no chance for personal revenge.

Now comes the odd part of the whole affair.

Fitzsimmons went up to Carson, Nevada, to train for his championship battle with James J. Corbett.

Carson became the Mecca of the sporting world. Lovers of the fighting game, with gamblers, racing men, wealthy followers of excitement, thugs, sharpers, crooks, gun fighters—all poured into Carson days and weeks before the fight.

And in this crowd was Wyatt Earp, prosperous now, wearing diamonds, and with the handle of his "gun" bulging out the tails of a new and fashionably cut frock coat.

It was rumored that there would be a demonstration if Corbett lost. The referee heard that he would be shot if he gave a decision against the champion. An organized gang of gun fighters came up from San Francisco, breathing boastful threats, betting great sums on the Californian.

The sheriff at Carson was active—a typical Western official. He had no intention of seeing his authority trampled upon. He notified referee Siler that he need have no fear. Then he gathered together forty of the most noted handlers of a six-shooter

in the whole state of Nevada, and appropriated seats for them all around the ring. The local papers were told to publish that fact, and they did. Needless to say the thugs were cowed, and trouble was averted.

The fight went on, and Fitzsimmons knocked Corbett out. As soon as the count was finished men poured into the ring from all sides. It looked as if the threatened trouble was about to begin, in spite of the sheriff's precautions. Had it begun many a man from California would have died with his boots on, in the good old style of the frontier.

Fitzsimmons walked away to one side of the ring and stood facing the crowd. Suddenly he felt a cold pressure on each shoulder. He whirled about and came face to face with Wyatt Earp, who stood behind him with a gun leveled in each hand.

"Don't you be afraid," said Earp. "The first man who touches you is a dead duck."

For once Fitzsimmons was surprised beyond the power of speech. He escaped from his protector, and left the ring.

"What do you think," he remarked afterward, "of the nerve of him? Down in Frisco he robbed me of ten thousand dollars, and here he bobs up and offers to fight a bunch of gun fighters for me."

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## MOTHERLY INSTINCT OF A CAT

**P**ROBABLY the coldest morning last winter, I had occasion to go very early to my office, the entrance to which, by the way, is several feet deep. While unlocking the door, I noticed a large black cat curled up on a piece of newspaper, the warmest thing she could find no doubt. I pitied the poor creature, but it being a holiday, no one was in the place who could care for her. On passing out from the entrance some hours later, I noticed under the black fur of the cat a little bunch of gray, which on examination, proved to be a wee little gray kitten, the old cat was trying to shelter. This was too much, so I took the little family in and cared for them the best I could. Then I went out to a nearby restaurant for some lunch. I casually mentioned the incident to the proprietor, who in an excited though dis-

gusted way, told of an inhuman neighbor having thrown five little kittens out into the snow early that morning, and that shortly after an old black cat ran up and catching up one of the kittens in her mouth, disappeared around the corner. On my return to my office I discovered I had this sympathetic old tabby and kitten, for sure enough she was not the mother, and was of course physically unable to nurse and care for the kitten. I tried hard to raise the little kitten, but the exposure had weakened it and it soon died.

The foster mother then refused to eat, wandering around mewing from place to place as if looking for her adopted baby, and, seemingly heartbroken, finally she too passed away, certainly to cat heaven if there be one.

W. W. HART.

# THE VIEW-POINT

## BY CASPAR WHITNEY

### Hope for an American Carriage Horse

It begins to look as if we are at last well on the way toward establishing a type of carriage horse. At present, as you doubtless know, there is no such realized ideal, yet year after year we see magnificent individual examples at the National Horse Show in the Madison Square Garden, which have been gathered from the four corners. They can win blue ribbons on their superb conformation and action—but they cannot reproduce themselves; or to be exact: no sustained and intelligent effort has been made to create along the lines which they represent, until recently. Winning in the heavy harness classes at the Garden has been always a matter of individual triumph irrespective of breed or blood lines.

About three years ago, the Agricultural Department which is doing such splendid work for the farmers, and, through serving their interests, for American prosperity, by protecting bird life and conserving the forests, established a Bureau of Animal Industry and placed A. D. Melvin at its head. The main object in creating this Bureau was through its expert and unceasing efforts, to develop from American material a carriage horse which would breed true to type. The mere creation of such a Bureau has stirred to helpful activity several organizations which hitherto had rested content with annually publishing good resolutions and doing nothing beyond discussing them for the balance of the year. Thus the American Association of Trotting Horse Breeders, ostensibly organized in the interest of the breed, has seemingly had no thought apart from the racing end; nor has its thought for the track been either deep or protective, else it would years ago have put an end to the long drawn out trotting and pacing races for two- and three-year-olds. But finally this Association awakes to the call of duty which has until now fallen upon deaf ears, and not only has

decided to offer five prizes for the winners in that number of harness horse classes at its race meets, but is also discussing the advisability of abandoning the present three-in-five-heat system which obtains in two- and three-year-old colt racing. It is to be hoped the matter will not end in mere discussion as so often has happened to important subjects which the American Association had under advisement; and the personnel of the committee, into whose hands this question has been given for settlement, gives me hope of final action which will be in the best interest of both the horse and the sport.

I should like to suggest to two members of this Association—Messrs. H. K. Devereaux and W. E. D. Stokes—of whose sportsmanship I feel we may rest assured, that they direct the attention as well as the machinery of the Breeders to amateur light harness track driving. The sport is in need of encouragement, and the amateur drivers are in need of protection. The present confusion between amateur and professional is harmful to the game and distasteful to its sportsmen.

### Agreement on Type the First Necessity

What the American Association proposes in a small way at its meetings, Mr. Melvin has planned on a broad and most important scale for fairs and horse shows throughout the country. Since the inauguration of the Bureau its painstaking chief has been studying how best he could arouse co-operative interest in the largest number of people, and how to derive the greatest benefit for the horse. He has concluded that one of the earliest supplementary steps to give the movement wide scope and a broad foundation is to establish classes for this desired type of horse at the State and National fairs. Sentiment indorsing such a plan grew rapidly in 1907, and found expression in the addition of such classes to the premium lists of

fairs in Iowa and Kentucky, the two states which probably supply the largest number of American carriage horses. Following the example of these States, several others have so early offered prizes for the American carriage horse type, during the 1908 fair season, and no doubt the class will become common to all fairs when the year is fully entered upon, but there must be common agreement on classification as well, else full benefit from the movement will not result.

The classifications which have now been adopted by these State fairs, although similar, reveal considerable differences which it is desirable to harmonize. A uniform, systematic and practicable classification suitable for the guidance of fairs in general is a possibility, and will tend to bring about uniform exhibitions. And it follows naturally, that if the horses shown under these conditions are capably judged, a uniform type *can* be fixed definitely and rapidly.

**General  
Acceptance of  
Classification  
Imperative  
to Success**

Certainly it is fortunate that a uniformity in classification has been made possible by a co-operative arrangement between the Bureau of Animal Industry and the American Association of Trotting Horse Breeders, whose Committee on Heavy Harness Horses worked out a plan which was finally approved and distributed no longer ago than last May. This Committee is organized to represent the Department of Agriculture, the American Trotting Register Association, the American Saddle Horse Breeders' Association, and the American Morgan Registry Association. In a word, all these organizations devoted respectively to distinct and different horse types and interests are agreed upon the necessity for a common classification for the proposed American carriage type, which shall be acknowledged at all horse shows and State fairs. And unless such classification is adopted at the State fairs, it is no exaggeration to say that the development of the desired type will be very slow, because these fairs are in closest touch with the farmer, and the farmer breeds the largest percentage of the carriage horses sold on the American market.

It is passing strange that the farmer should be so blind to the money-making possibilities in this type of horse, whether it be from lack of appreciation or because of plain horse ignorance. Hundreds of animals are sold annually by farmers at really insignificant prices, which after a few months of finishing and handling are put on the market as carriage horses and bought at figures ranging into the thousands. The horse which the farmer lets go at from one hundred to three hundred thus after a little handling sells for three hundred to seven hundred—and the farmer could just as well as not fit himself to give his animals those refining touches, and thereby secure the advanced price of the finished product.

With all the agricultural colleges and educational facilities provided especially for the farmer, nothing but sheer indolence can keep him from getting all there is coming from his land and his stock.

**Why Sires  
Are Lacking**

Perhaps the practice most fatal, however, to development of a national carriage horse type, to which farmers are addicted, urged on by dealers and long figures, is continual sale of stallions to supply the trade. This is burning the candle at both ends with a vengeance, for although these horses are usually of only moderate value as speed producers, yet they are of excellent carriage type. If they were kept entire and properly mated they could be of inestimable value as foundation sires of the American carriage horse, but as a rule they are castrated and lost so far as breeding value is concerned.

This is why we have no carriage type reproducing itself and these stags which we applaud in the show ring are living evidence of the ravishment which has been practiced time out of mind, upon the all-round, most useful breed of horse flesh the world has yet seen. The trotter breed has sustained many draughts upon its blood, and that it continues to make an indelible imprint upon whatever it crosses, is an impressive exhibition of its strength of stock. But unless this crossing is discouraged even this inherent sturdiness must fatally deteriorate through the neglect of those who should preserve it.

**No Blood  
Like That  
of the  
Trotter**

If the powerful and wide-spreading influence of the fairs and stock shows is thrown in the balance on the side of the Bureau and its associates in this movement, the solution of the carriage horse problem will be attained. Adoption by the fairs of the classification recommended by the Heavy Harness Horse Committee will put the stamp of approval upon a kind of horse which has had no distinct place in the market and on that account held in no especial esteem by the farmers except in individual cases of unusually "good lookers."

With the fairs indorsing this definite type, the farmer who raises horses will enjoy an inestimable advantage over the dealer, who hitherto has held the whip hand through the countrymen's ignorance. He will now not only be educated to appreciate the intrinsic value of his native light horse for carriage purposes, but he will recognize the worth of the stallion, which has good conformation and quality but only moderate speed, as a sire of the carriage animal. Thus shall we see the end of waste and the beginning of a real American carriage horse type which can reproduce itself.

These and many other things equally pertinent to the cause Mr. Melvin and his Bureau are placing before the people of the land. I ask every farmer whose eye chances to fall upon this paragraph to get the fuller and more explicit papers of helpfulness which the Chief of the Bureau has for those practically interested. Meantime it is gratifying to know of the advance making in establishing a second type out of our trotter blood, which stands pre-eminently first on American soil, and seems destined to carry its splendid qualities around the world.

We have not forgotten that American trotter blood, hitched to many different kinds of traps, won nearly 80 per cent. of the harness horse prizes at the London International Horse Show last summer.

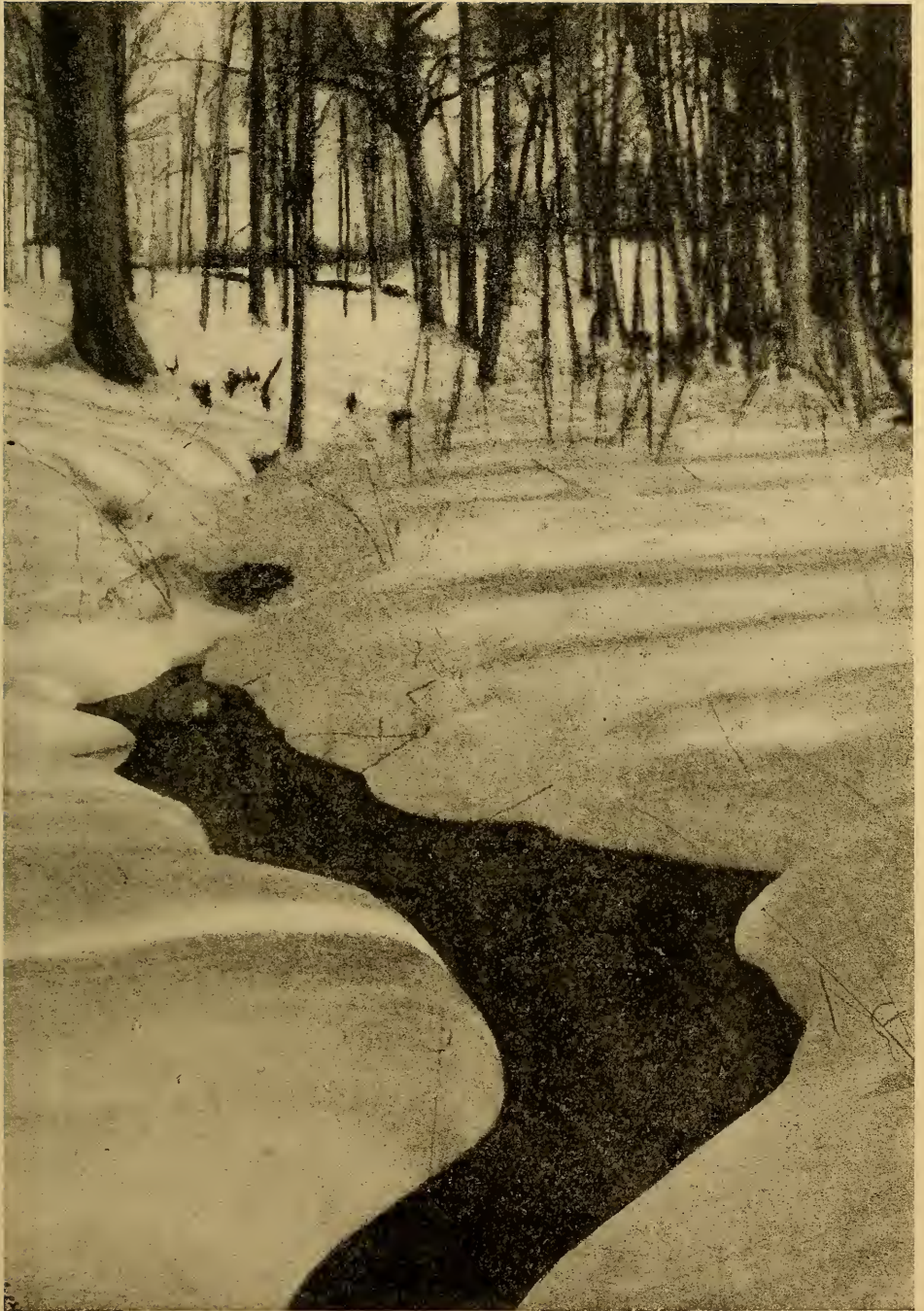
**Great  
Victory  
For Game  
Protection**

When the Appellate Division of the New York Supreme Court affirmed a judgment of a lower court fining the Waldorf Astoria \$4,470 for violating the game law, a most encouraging and a conspicuous victory was achieved for game protection. Aside from the prominence of the culprit, which has also its pleasing elements, the most gratifying feature of the case is the decision coming thus from the highest State source on the two vital points of the law and the ones through confusion of which offenders so often have escaped, viz., (1) contention that birds may be brought from another State and (2) that the prohibitory law is constitutional.

The appeal in the Waldorf case was based in fact upon these two points, the very ones which have frequently befogged the legal lights of many a lower court to the increasing handicap of game protectors. The Waldorf claimed its dead pheasants had been raised and killed in New Jersey, and that to deny right of possession was a violation of the rights of property ownership. To this the Court declared that a State Legislature has especial functions in the restriction of hunting, killing, and possessing game, and the courts cannot review the exercise of this power; the fact that the pheasants were bought in New Jersey does not affect the law in the case.

Here is good law and encouragement for all its honest servants. The game law is no more no less than a police law in a sense, and can be enforced if the game wardens and officers will do their duty courageously, as the Waldorf incident plainly indicates. Not the least of the benefits this case bestows upon game protection is the exhibition of one of America's largest and most powerfully backed hotels haled to the dock. It goes to show that even in New York right prevails above dollars and influence — on occasion; also it suggests how firmly the game protection idea has become entrenched in the code of public morals.





The mountain woods in March when the opening streams first hint at the coming spring

# THE REBUILDING OF A BODY

BY W. R. C. LATSON, M.D.

THE limits of the possible are receding," said Charles Richet, a noted French scientist several decades ago. Since the time of Richet, the limits of the possible have receded still farther—so much farther that in the light of some recent developments such as the X-Ray, the sub-atom, radio-activity, the hatching of unfertilized eggs, the practicalizing of wireless communication, the man or woman who pronounces the term "impossible" displays not merely a lack of discretion, but poverty of information.

Although, perhaps, the fact is not generally realized by laymen in general, there is no department in which more striking advances have been made than in those sciences dealing with the nature of man. Within the last forty years the science of psychology has been entirely reconstructed. During less than that period, the careful, scientific investigation of psychic phenomena has opened up new vistas, suggesting an unsuspected breadth of the individual personality of man. In the meantime careful investigation in acoustics and physiology of phonation have unearthed the secret of voice production; and, in the light of these discoveries, it is now possible through proper training to develop voices of power, beauty and compass even in the most unpromising cases.

Again the science of physical development, after having been for many years usurped by ex-prizefighters, worn out wrestlers and ignorant charlatans of many kinds—this most important of all sciences has of late years been carefully studied by men of scientific training and equipment; and the outcome of such studies is that the limits of the possible in this direction have indeed receded still farther. To-day, we can accomplish in a few months what thirty, twenty, even ten years ago would have been declared impossible.

Twenty years ago the woman who was thin, the girl who mourned over the prominent bones in her chest, the man who was round-shouldered, the young woman whose lined and haggard face made her look ten years older than her actual age—all these were pitied as people who were suffering from incurable ills, from mysterious inflictions of an all-wise Providence.

But to-day, in the light of the practical researches of the last few years, it is possible by modern methods of physical development and body building to transform the forlorn and disheartened thin girl into a "thing of beauty." We can make the emaciated limbs round and muscular; we can bring to the pallid, lined, blood-

starved face fresh supplies of pure clean blood; so that gradually the drawn, aged look disappears, and the face bears again the winsome charm and roundness of youth. We can uplift and round out the sunken chest; we can bring about the disappearance of the ugly protruding bones and "holes" in the chest, shoulders and back. And the poor, forlorn, discouraged girl becomes fine looking, a beauty, even a "stunner." She who was quite sure that for her there was nothing of the glories and joys of life, is born again; and enters into her kingdom—woman's kingdom of beauty, joy and serene power which is the real heritage of "God's last, best work—woman."

## A WORLD OF HALF-BUILT PEOPLE

The world is full of half-built people. If any one doubt this, let him or her visit a Turkish bath, and note the number of people who are flat in the chest, round in the back, ponderous as to paunch and heavy in the jowl—people with outstanding shoulder blades and flat feet.

## WHY ARE WE A HALF-BUILT RACE?

Out of a thousand people in this country, there could be found scarcely three who had really fine figures. I make this statement advisedly, after many, many years of careful observation. And why is this so? Why are there so few people in this country, in the civilized world who have bodies that are not a travesty of Him in whose image they are supposed to be created?

The reasons are many, but may be grouped under one phrase—unhygienic and unwholesome conditions of living. Among these conditions may be mentioned dietary errors—food that is excessive in quantity, variety or frequency as to meals, and food taken under improper conditions, either of mind or body.

Let us consider these various faults of diet separately. First of all, how does overfeeding injure the body? Many people, perhaps most people, believe that the more they can eat the better. Will their bodies be nourished? This fallacy has done an incalculable amount of harm.

In the first place it must be understood that digestion is carried on by means of certain fluids which are poured out into the mouth, stomach and intestines; and that the amount of these fluids prepared by the body is in proportion, not to the amount of food taken, but to the amount of physical work done by the body. Again it should be known that these fluids have a definite power of converting food into assimilable matters; and that, when there is provided

more food than they can digest, they are unable to act at all. When, therefore, an excess of food is taken the digestive fluids are able to convert but a small portion of it, if any, into materials capable of building tissue. The whole mass thereupon breaks down and ferments, soon becoming an acrid, poisonous mass, not only incapable of rebuilding the body, but an actual menace to its welfare. Indeed food taken in excess of the body's requirements or digestive powers is often a direct cause of disease, producing symptoms which vary all the way from slight headache or dizziness to sudden death from "heart failure" or "apoplexy."

Then again the error of eating too frequently. Few people realize that the stomach requires from four to seven hours to digest the meal, empty itself and prepare for another meal. If food be eaten too soon after a former meal the newly introduced matter is merely dumped into a mass of partially digested food, and the result is a physiological chaos. The whole mass decomposes, and then passes slowly onward through the twenty-five feet of the alimentary tube, not only not feeding the body, but doing harm in many ways. Excessive variety of foods—many kinds of food at the same meal—has a similar effect in exceeding the powers of the digestive fluids, and becoming a putrefying mass leading to "auto-intoxication" with its many dangers.

Lastly and most important of all the questions influencing food and feeding, we must consider the condition under which the food is taken. To eat when hurried or excited, or angry, or greatly depressed—to eat at such times is merely to starve, if not to poison the body; for all strong emotions, all absorbing thoughts, interfere with the formation of the digestive fluids. The food cannot, therefore, be digested. Again it ferments and the same conditions ensue. Not only is the body deprived of the nourishment which it might have drawn from the food, but the putrefying mass in its slow passage through the digestive tube is more than likely to produce poisons from the action of which the body will suffer.

#### HOW WORRY INJURES THE BODY

As to how worry, anxiety, or depression affects digestion, I have just explained. It should be understood that these and other negative mental states, such as anger, fear, remorse, regret and so on—all have a similar effect in disturbing the free circulation of the blood, in impeding secretion of digestive and other fluids, and, therefore, in causing the tissues to either waste away, or to become fat and flabby.

Overwork is a frequent cause of wasting of the body—less often of obesity. Under normal conditions the body wastes away—or more properly I might say wears away—at a certain rate. When, however, we

greatly increase the amount of work done either by mind or body or both, there is an increase in the wear and tear which is beyond the powers of the body to repair. The result, of course, is a wasting away of the tissues.

Another cause of poorly nourished bodies is lack of proper exercise. As every one knows, the tissues of which the body is composed are constantly breaking down and being carried out of the body. The new matter which is to take the place of this dead and gone portion of the body can be introduced only by means of the circulating blood; and if the circulation is sluggish the supply of such material for the replacement of worn away tissue will naturally be insufficient. This will, of course, lead to gradual shrinkage of the body, or, on the other hand, to that puffing out of the body with poor tissue which we commonly call fatness or obesity.

Now the proper circulation of the blood depends mainly upon the amount and kind of exercise taken; and if this exercise be insufficient or excessive the circulation will be either sluggish or unbalanced. That is to say, either the blood will travel so slowly that the tissues will suffer for the nourishment it should bring to them, or there will be too much blood in one part of the body and too little in other parts. In either case the tissues will waste away as a result of the faulty nutrition.

#### HOW SHALL WE BUILD A BODY?

The art of body building is by no means a simple art. It cannot be done by feeding alone, or by exercise alone, or by any other one measure. A body can be built only when it is properly fed, properly exercised, properly watered and freed promptly and thoroughly from the accumulations of waste matter which are constantly being made. In an article like this I should like to tell everybody the exact details necessary; but these details differ so widely that it is impossible to lay down any rule which shall thoroughly cover all cases.

#### DIET FOR BODY BUILDING

As to foods and feeding, it is amusing to note that the unimportant questions are much discussed while the really important factors of this subject are quite neglected. In diet there are three great factors: the circumstances under which the food is taken; the condition of the organs into which the food is introduced; the kind and quantity of food used. To cover the first I would make the following rule: No one should eat unless he has been for six hours without any food whatever. No one should eat between meals. No one should eat many kinds of food at one meal, and no one should ever overeat.

Next in importance is the condition of the organs into which the food is placed. This condition, of course, depends upon other conditions. If a man overeat, or eat

too often, or too rapidly, or too many kinds of food—if he eat when worried or excited or fatigued—under any of these conditions his organs of digestion will be unable to properly care for the food placed within them. All these questions are worthy of special care and attention.

Lastly we come to the question: "What food shall I eat, how much and how often?" This question, as I say, is difficult to answer in a way that would cover all cases. As a general rule the foods best adapted to building up tissue are foods which may be taken in their natural state. What are these foods? It has been found that in nuts, fruits, cereals, the green leaves that grow in the sunlight, milk, cream and eggs—in these foods, all of which can be taken in their natural state, we have the aliments which will give to the body the greatest amount of nourishment, and at the same time require in their conversion the least amount of digestive energy.

In suggesting diet, therefore, to the man or woman who would rebuild his or her body, I would recommend three or four meals daily to consist of the foods above mentioned, all of which can be taken in their natural state combined in accordance with tastes and circumstances.

#### ELIMINATION AND BODY BUILDING

Another important factor of body building is the question of elimination. As a noted physician has said, "The body is a factory of poisons." These poisons must be promptly removed; otherwise they will produce discomfort, derangement of function or even death. How shall we remove them? First of all we should drink much water. The body of a man of average weight contains more than half a barrel of water, part of which is constantly leaving the body carrying with it poisonous waste matters. Experiment has shown that the average man or woman needs at least two quarts daily of pure water in order to insure proper removal of the body's waste matters. Free water drinking is an important factor in the removal of all body wastes. This habit stimulates the action of the skin, lungs, bowels and kidneys; and so is of the utmost importance in ridding the body of those poisonous wastes the retention of which is so frequently a cause of disease.

#### EXERCISES FOR BODY BUILDING

Special exercises effect body building in several ways: First of all by increasing the action of the muscles and thereby adding to their size and power; secondly, by stimulating the action of the heart, lungs, stomach, liver, intestines and other vital organs; thirdly, by equalizing the blood pressure and relieving the body of muscular strain; fourthly, by increasing the activity of the organs the duty of which is to carry out of the body the poisonous waste matters formed therein.

The following exercises are the result of many years of experience and study along these lines; and I may mention that in the building of bodies, either from emaciation up to well rounded and beautiful contour, or from shapeless obesity into symmetry, they have been, in connection with the other methods above noted, invariably successful.

As regards the time given to these exercises—as regards the number of times each shall be performed no general rule need be laid down. They are so gentle that they cannot be overdone. As to their efficacy, this can be proven by any one who will give them a fair trial.

#### EXERCISE NO. 1

Stand easily, feet together, arms hanging at the sides. Inhale breath, at the same time turning the face upward and lifting the arms straight up in front of the body; so that when the lungs are filled, the hands (palms forward) shall be stretched up toward the ceiling, and the face turned in the same direction. Then, holding the breath, stretch firmly upward as though trying to reach the ceiling. After a moment of firm stretching relax the muscles, exhale the breath and return to position.

#### EXERCISE NO. 2

Stand easily, right foot in advance. Inhale breath slowly at the same time raising right hand upward and forward and turning face in the same direction. Then, holding the breath, stretch firmly upward and forward.

#### EXERCISE NO. 3

Stand easily, heels together, toes turned slightly outward. Take full breath slowly and gently at the same time raising the arms straight out at the sides, palms upward. Time the movement so that the hands shall be extended horizontally when the lungs are fully inflated. Then, holding the breath, turn the body as on a pivot firmly from side to side, first to the right, then to the left. Repeat this turning several times holding the muscles firmly. Then relax the muscles, exhale the breath and return to position.

#### EXERCISE NO. 4

Stand easily, heels together. Place the hands, finger tips touching upon the abdomen. Bend slowly forward at the same time inhaling the breath and note that, as you do so, the abdomen expands beneath the hands. After a moment exhale the breath, relax the muscles and return to position.

#### EXERCISE NO. 5

Find a low chair, or place in front of a chair of ordinary height a hassock. Sit in the chair, place the feet upon the hassock, exhale the breath in a gentle sigh at the same time reaching forward; and try to

touch the toes with your extended finger tips.

These exercises are calculated to bring into active contraction not only the muscles controlling the movements of the body, but those muscles which influence

the action of the vital organs. The practice of these movements for ten minutes several times daily will, in combination with the other methods noted above, go far toward developing a well-rounded and symmetrical body.

## THE COUNTRY HOME

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

### GETTING READY FOR NEXT SUMMER'S GARDEN

**T**HIS is the time to order seeds for the flower and vegetable gardens.

If your congressman offers to send you seed from the agricultural department at Washington, it may be good form to thank him for his offer, but don't be foolish enough to accept it. A bigger fake, a greater imposition on the tax-paying public, never existed. Most of the seeds sent out are absolutely worthless, as ninety-nine out of a hundred who have given them a trial will tell you. They are inferior in all respects, unreliable, and are simply used as a sort of bribe to buy votes.

Buy your seeds of firms which have established a reputation for handling only the best—something that can always be depended on to come true to name, and that *will grow*. Cheap seeds *are* cheap in all senses of the term, as those who invest in them will soon discover.

If you have no hot-bed, but have facilities for making one, by all means do so. You can gain from a month to six weeks by starting your plants in a bed of this kind. At the North it is not advisable to put seed into the ground before the middle of May, as a general thing. If you do, you may have to plant it all over again, because a cold, wet soil will prevent its germination. But in a properly constructed, well regulated hot-bed plants can be started any time after the first of March. Full directions were given last spring for the making of a hot-bed, therefore they need not be repeated here.

Those who are not able to have hot-beds can start their vegetables in the dwelling house, and success can be reckoned on, provided they are given the right kind of care.

I would advise the use of boxes a foot wide, and as long as the width of the window at which you intend to place them, and about three inches deep. By nailing cleats or brackets to the side of the window, about a foot apart, these boxes can be ranged one above the other, like shelves, thus greatly economizing space. The soil should be as fine as possible, and moder-

ately rich. Scatter the seed on the surface, and press it down into the soil well with the naked hand. Very large seed can have a little soil sifted over it. Cover the boxes with glass to prevent rapid evaporation of moisture until the seed has germinated. But as soon as the young plants have pricked up through the soil remove this covering. If kept on, the tender seedlings will soon begin to damp off, as the result of too close confinement of warmth and moisture about them, and a lack of fresh air.

It is always advisable to keep young plants grown from seed in a room whose temperature does not vary much from 65° by day, and 55° by night, if it is possible to do this. Too much heat will force a rapid development, and this is always a weak one, in the dwelling, because of the lack of sufficient fresh air to counteract the effect of a high temperature. A room in which there is no fire heat, but which can always be kept warm, is much better for such plants than a room containing stove or registers, after they have got fairly under headway. It must be kept in mind that plants grown from seed sown in the garden do not get a great deal of heat during the early period of their growth. When we attempt to grow them in the house we must aim to imitate natural conditions as far as possible.

Do not use enough water to more than make the soil moist all through. Keep it in that condition as evenly as possible. It can be applied most effectively by using a watering-pot with a spray nozzle.

Give fresh air whenever it is safe to do so. Never let cold air blow directly on your plants, however. They will be so tender that a chill will injure them almost as much as a frost. Open a door or window at some distance from them, and let the outdoor air fill the room, while the impure air that was in the room is allowed to escape through a window whose upper sash has been lowered a little.

Unless an even warmth is kept up at night, move the boxes containing your seedlings away from the glass, being sure to place them where there will not be the

least danger of their being chilled. This is important.

As soon as really warm days come, put the boxes of seedlings out of doors on a sheltered veranda, and leave them there three or four hours during the middle of the day. Be sure to see that they are protected from winds, and if the sun clouds over, or the temperature begins to fall, bring them in at once.

If the directions about watering, regulation of the temperature, and admission of fresh air are observed carefully, it is possible to raise good, healthy plants in the house, and thus secure early vegetables in the garden.

#### TREES AND SMALL FRUITS

Look over the orchard in spring, and if you find any dead trees, mark them for removal later in the season, and send in an order for some standard variety to take their places. The way to keep the orchard up is to plant new trees as rapidly as old ones die off. In ordering new ones, be sure to select something a little better, if possible, than those which have died. We have so many choice varieties, nowadays, that one cannot afford to plant anything but the best.

Set out currants and gooseberries if you have none already growing. No country home can afford to be without these delicious fruits. If the old plantation of them seems to be retrograding, make a new one, in some other part of the grounds, and let the old plants give one more crop of fruit before uprooting them.

Strawberries can be set in spring, as soon as the ground opens. If you have old beds of this fruit which were neglected last fall, go over them and cut out at least half of the old plants, using a sharp hoe for this purpose. This will give the old plants a chance to spread a little, and you can expect a fairly good crop of fruit from them. But as soon as the crop has ripened, spade up the bed, and plant something else there, depending on the spring-set plants for berries next season.

Have you grapes? If not, plant some this spring. We have no healthier fruit, and every family owning a lot ought to grow a goodly supply for home use.

Do not fail to set out plenty of raspberries and blackberries to take the places of old and exhausted plants. In order to secure good crops of fruit of any kind, it is necessary to have stock that is strong and healthy, and this can only be secured by frequent plantings. Never allow old plants to remain after they begin to show signs of failure.

In planning the garden, aim to secure a rotation of crops. That is, change your vegetables about from year to year. It is poor policy to plant the same kind of vegetable in the same bed season after season.

Do not neglect to make plantings of rhubarb and asparagus if you have none.

Give these a place where they will be safe from disturbance when the ground is plowed each spring. If you have old plants, manure them liberally, working the fertilizer well into the soil about their roots.

Manure all kinds of small fruit as soon as the ground is thawed out. Dig the grass away from them if it has been allowed to grow there, and resolve that after this you will see that it does not encroach on them. Grass, if allowed to grow about them, will get the lion's share of the fertility in the soil.

If the small-fruit plantation was not properly pruned and thinned last fall, see that this matter is attended to now, before the plants start into growth. Cut out all unnecessary branches, remove weak ones, and prune back to live wood any that may have been partially killed during the winter.

#### IMPROVING THE HOME GROUNDS

It is well to look over the home grounds each spring with a view to making improvement.

Frequently old shrubs which were planted too closely at first, will have run together and formed a jungle of unsatisfactory growth. It is possible, by removing some of these, to make over those you leave into fairly good specimens. Do not be satisfied by simply cutting off the top of a shrub, but grub it up. If the roots are left in the ground generally sprouts will be sent up, and you will have to be doing your work over at intervals during the season. Dig the plant up, and be done with it.

The shrubs you allow to remain will doubtless need a thorough overhauling. Cut out all weak and superfluous wood. Prune in such a manner as to allow a free circulation of air. If all the old branches are weak, because of too-crowded growth, cut back most of them to within a foot of the ground, and let the plant renew itself almost entirely. It will generally do this in a season, if the soil is made rich and kept clean.

Never allow grass to grow about your shrubs. Cut it away at least a foot and a half on all sides, and see that it does not spread inside this circle. It will not only rob your plants of nutriment, but it will serve as a hiding place for insects and worms against which all shrubs should be protected.

Spring is the proper time to set out perennials and herbaceous plants.

In sending your order, ask the dealer to ship them so that they will reach you about the first of May. In the meantime, get ready for them, so that they can be put into the ground as soon as received.

Spade up the places where they are to be planted to the depth of a foot and a half, and manure it well. See that this manure is thoroughly incorporated with the soil.

What kinds would I advise you to get?

First on the list I would name the peony. This flower is simply magnificent in color and form, it blooms early, and with wonderful profusion when well cared for, and has the unusual merit of improving with age. The older a plant gets the larger it grows to be, and the more flowers it will give. I know plants that were set out fifty years ago. Some of them are six feet across. On one of them I counted over two hundred expanded flowers last season, and buds in all stages of development gave promise of flowers for a month to come. Every garden ought to include a collection of the best varieties of this grand plant. Its colors range from pure white to palest rose, carmine, dark crimson, and dull, rich reds. To grow it well, give it a rather heavy soil, made very rich—with old, well-rotted cow-manure if possible—set the tubers at least four inches below the surface, and after that disturb them as little as possible. No plant of which I have any knowledge is so impatient over interference with its roots. Disturb them slightly this season and you will not be likely to get any flowers next season. The peony is entirely hardy anywhere at the North.

Next to the peony in desirability I would place perennial phlox. It is to the border what the geranium is to the window-garden. It will grow in any soil, and under almost any conditions. It is as hardy as a plant can possibly be. I know of no flower that equals it in profusion of bloom. Every stalk—and there will be dozens from each clump of strong roots—will be crowned with a panicle of flowers a foot long and nearly as wide. The colors range from purest milk-white to rose, scarlet, crimson, violet, lilac, and magenta, and in many varieties there are combinations of these colors strikingly beautiful in their harmonious contrast. Some varieties are of dwarf habit, often not growing much over a foot in height, while others grow to a height of five and six feet. If the old, or first, blooms are cut off as soon as they have passed their prime, smaller flower-stalks will be sent out along the main stalk below, and thus a succession of flowers can be kept up until cold weather comes. Of course these later flowers will lack the size of the earlier ones, so far as panicle is concerned, but they will help to make the garden gay long after most other flowers are in the "sere and yellow leaf."

Before ordering phlox, study up the sizes as given in your catalogue, that you may be sure to get the tall-growing kinds where they belong—at the back of the row. A little study will enable you to so group your plants, according to height of growth,

that you can have a solid bank of flowers to within a foot of the ground. The best effect is secured by planting in this manner. Do not make the mistake of putting the rose, scarlet, and crimson varieties near the lilac and magenta sorts. The two colors will not harmonize with anything but the white sorts. With them, they are indescribably lovely, but planted alongside either of the other colors named, the result is a discord that will spoil everything near it, so powerful is it.

For large groups, in prominent locations, we have few better plants than delphinium, or larkspur. This sends up a great number of stout flower-stalks six, seven, and eight feet tall, bearing long spikes of flowers of the most intense blue imaginable. These stalks, because of their great height and heavy flowers, are easily broken over by sudden winds, therefore it is well to set stakes to support them early in the season. See that they are kept tied up, as they elongate. Like the phlox and peony, this plant is extremely hardy, and of the easiest culture. When grown in the border, it should be given a place in the rear.

A plant that makes a most brilliant show, grows without any attention whatever after it once gets a start, and can be depended on indefinitely, is the golden glow, *rudbeckia*. But you make a serious mistake if you plant it near the house or path. It is of such rampant aggressiveness that it will crowd out anything with which it comes in contact, and soon spread far beyond the limit you assign it. Give it a place well to the rear, and use it as a background for other flowers of less aggressive habit. There it will afford much pleasure with its wonderful profusion of rich yellow flowers, which so closely resemble the decorative *dahlia* in size and form that they are often mistaken for those of that plant. For cutting, few flowers are more useful.

#### MISCELLANEOUS SUGGESTIONS

Don't be in too great a hurry to uncover the bulb-beds or the roses. Remember that "one swallow does not make a summer," and a few bright days don't mean settled weather. Let the covering remain until you are reasonably sure that all cold spells are past. Your plants will not be injured by it, and it may save their lives, for cold, freezing weather often kills plants prematurely uncovered.

Bring up the plants that were stored in the cellar, and get them ready for the season's work by watering them, and placing them in a light window, where they will soon begin to grow.

# PROFESSIONAL AND AMATEUR BENCH SHOW HANDLERS

BY JOSEPH A. GRAHAM

OWNERS of show dogs, especially in their early days of experience, ask themselves whether they should employ professional handlers or depend on their own efforts. A great many of them, led by loose talk around shows or by natural suspicion, believe that there is a "ring" of handlers, judges and officials, to be outside of which is to be cut off from a chance to win. Dozens of novices put their dogs in the hands of this or that professional in the solemn belief that they have adopted the only means of catching the eye of a judge. At the outset it should be said that this theory is nonsense. The contrary is nearer the truth. Most judges welcome the chance to pick a winner previously unknown and brought into the ring by an amateur. It looks well for them as hawk-eyed experts and vastly encourages the show fancy. It is not often that the chance comes, for the amateur's new dog is generally weak somewhere, while the experienced owner and professional handler who see all the shows are certain to have specimens which score high. In the long run they do most of the winning and will do most of it as long as bench shows survive.

In the actual ring the amateur is on nearly equal terms with the professional handler. A judge who knows his breed pays little attention to all the fussing and posturing of the handler. Indeed, most of the twisting and turning is stage play, directed at the public rather than at the judge, and designed to impress the ignorant with the cleverness of the handler. I have seen a dog of my own win a blue ribbon when dragged into the ring by a countryman who did not know how to show a dog and did not wish that particular animal to win. She simply outclassed the rest. The judge picked her out of a corner, where the countryman was standing in front of her, and gave her the award. I had no influence in the matter, for I was showing another dog in the class for a friend, and the judge did not know that I owned the winner. Again and again I have seen judges select winners owned and shown by obscure persons when the ring was crowded with professionals. A judge has his own reputation to protect. If he is competent, he can at once see the points of a dog, even though the animal may be badly shown. He will put it in proper position to display the points and give both the dog and himself a fair chance.

Undoubtedly, when things are close there are two or three advantages on the side of the professional in the act of showing. He is likely to know what points are most fancied by the particular judge, and can make sure that they are seen and appreciated. He knows the weak points of the dog and can avoid making them unnecessarily conspicuous. He has a prestige which somewhat affects a judge who lacks experience or is easily confused. The judge reasons that a first-rate handler would not have a bad one; and, consequently, that it is safe to place it high up in the awards. Nine times out of ten, however, the judge is clear in his mind about what he is doing. The professional's main advantage is not in the ring but in preparing for it. He understands what condition is and how to get a dog in shape. He can avoid disease and dull vitality. He benches his string right, feeds the dogs right and travels them right. With all that, the fine touches of condition are for the general public rather than for the ring. Small differences in condition of coat or flesh do not bother the judge, provided the correct natural qualities are present. The "plucking" of an Irish terrier on the ear, faking of a collie or fox terrier are somewhat dangerous experiments for either amateur or professional, if the judge has his wits about him.

Another advantage, not honorably used in many cases, is that the veteran practitioner has a voice in selecting judges. There are few shows of importance where the local officials are not pressed and bulldozed by handlers of large strings not to appoint certain judges. It is an ordinary occurrence for the officials to be notified that an entry of twenty or thirty noted dogs will be kept away if a particular judge is to officiate. These tactics have an effect, for the officials are anxious to secure a large entry list, both for the fees and for a public attraction. It is not strange that the judging of a year is almost in the hands of eight or ten leading handlers. That it does any one handler much good, I doubt. Most of the judges are on the square, in whatever way their appointment is obtained. Yet it is true that more than one dog has been made a champion by finesse of handlers in steering the selection of judges; not that the judges are biased but that their predilections fit the purposes of the handlers.

There are other practices of the handlers



which need the courageous attention of show officials. They often demand free entries or paid expenses as the price of their coming with big strings. When the officials yield to such demands, as they often do, other exhibitors are treated unfairly. The spirit of sportsmanship is degraded. As the general dog public gets intimations of the irregular practices, a disgust sets in which tends to kill the interest of fairminded people.

Some handlers refuse to bench their best dogs until the judging is over. Their object, of course, is to keep the dogs quiet, sleek and in shape until the competition comes. It goes without saying that officials should be prompt and sharp to compel the benching of every dog not actually sick. The public pays to see the dogs and is swindled if a number of the very ones they desire most to see are concealed until the show is nearly over. Every exhibitor who does bench his dogs for the opening hour is swindled, for he takes the chances of mishap, while the smart tricksters have their charges snugly stowed away in repose. If officials would refuse to let into the ring any dog which has not been regularly benched, the evil would stop and the

public would be better satisfied. The handlers themselves would gain in the long run by being impartially and strictly treated by officials.

It all comes to this: The professional handler has no important positive advantage over the amateur except that which comes to experience in every business known to mankind. He cannot make a bad specimen win and he cannot often make a good one win beyond its merits. When there are several of nearly equal merit in the ring he may do a little better than the novice, but not a great deal. It is an obvious rule that people who can afford it stand more to win by employing the best lawyer, horse trainer or dog handler in the profession; and by interfering very little with the proceedings. In a fancy like that of owning show dogs, the element of personal pleasure is lessened when one does nothing but furnish the money. But there are many who like to win for the sake of winning; like to be noticed in the papers and to stalk triumphant among a crowd. For them, the professional handler all the time. He knows the game and is entitled to his margin of advantage as long as the game is fairly conducted.

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## A PRACTICAL FISHING BOAT

BY CLARENCE DEMING

**F**ISHING boats in practice are of many types. They range on fresh waters from the canoe to the rough blunt-ended scow and, on salt water, from the punt to the ocean dory. But what is meant here by the term "practical" is simply and in a strictly utilitarian sense the boat for the best average fresh water fishing—the boat which, at the sacrifice of a few vantages, at many others combines such points as to make it the best craft for the fishing of fresh water pond or lake, with the maximum of angling comfort and efficiency. It may be added just here that, excluding salt water angling and also angling from fresh water shore or bank, probably 75 per cent. of fresh water boat anglers seek, or ought to seek, just such a craft which, with no great claim to beauty, capitalizes utility, roominess, and angling success.

If it is only a very small pond that is to be fished and comfort alone considered, the writer's verdict would favor the "scow" type of craft say two feet wide at each end thus gaining a terminal seat. But such a boat is so slow in the handling and so ill-adapted to long pulls to the fishing grounds that it must be ruled out. The ideal type is sharp at the bow and cutwater, two feet broad at the stern; double seated near the

center; midway breadth three and a half feet; sideboards very gently sloped and eighteen inches high from the floor; flat-bottomed forward but with bottom curved sternward—the curve say four inches at deepest point from chord; material of sideboards and end-boards well seasoned spruce or pine—the latter, on account of lightness much preferred if well protected by paint; bottom boards nicely dove-tailed; sides and center seats one and a quarter inch thick if of spruce, one and a half inch if of pine; terminal seats and anchor rests a half inch thicker; bottom boards of hard wood—oak preferred—screwed carefully to sides; and the curve of boat such that, with an ordinary load at center and stern, the bow just clears the water surface. This last is a refinement of construction very important for easy rowing but which must be left to the boat builder's judgment. Coatings of waterproof paint for the whole craft should be double or triple and a final coat of glazed paint added—this last of high value not merely for preservation and protection against leakage but also for cleanliness; and all paint dull drab in color. The cost of such a craft at the builder's ought not to exceed \$35 and sometimes be \$10 lower.

Such is the ideal fishing boat of the ordinary fresh water lake or pond in the broader generalities of its construction. As the common "sharp-pointed" craft it will be easily recognized, though it is rarely built with much attention to model or material. Its real points, however, are in the internal "fixings" which bear on the comfort of the angler.

Every angler of experience knows the inherent perversity of his boat in taking water, if not in one way then in another. His craft may be quite water-tight, yet splash of wave or drippings from the anchor—or something else, usually an upset bait pail—make the puddle midway in the boat that spells wet feet and acute discomfort. The anchor drippings are worst and most persistent. They can be obviated entirely by the fish "well" in the bow with its low partition, say seven inches high, set two or three inches forward of the anchor seat. The anchor drippings then fall into the well and not into the boat. To get like results at the bow build the seat broad forward—say two feet—and sunk two inches below the boat's edge; then put a partition midway above, thus dividing the broad seat into two parts, one for the anchor, the other for the sitter. The partition can be raised six inches, thus affording a comfortable back-rest for the angler, but in that case it is liable sooner or later, unless made pretty thick and of tough wood, to split off. Half a dozen quarter-inch holes bored at the side angles of the anchor rest then lets the water drip off.

For water shipped from waves or "slopped" from bait pail or otherwise, there is no real remedy except the bailing "scoop" and sponge. Some builders affect, even for flat-bottomed fishing boats, the latticed or "false" moveable bottom. In the writer's experience it is an unqualified nuisance, dirtying the boat, accumulating bilge water, always catching line or hook and its interstices a quick refuge for helgramite worm or minnow escaping from the hand. The larger the open space in the boat the better and they are few enough at best for rods, bait pails, lunch basket, landing net and the rest of the varied cargo of the practical angler particularly of the bass fisher.

In connection with the abiding vexation of water in the boat may be accented the value of a pair of light overshoes—just as effective, practically, as rubber boots, and, relatively, without heat and perspiration. They, with minor conveniences, can be kept in a small locker under the stern seat.

The anchors and their rig are of prime import to the boat angler. The whole breed of metallic anchors may as well be discarded at the outset. They are pleasant and easy to the lift, are cleanly and do not drip much water. But they are so sure sooner or later—and generally sooner—to be caught between rocks and lost,

with a liberal annex of rope, that they must be ruled out. In practice nothing exceeds the familiar rough and rounded stone of say thirty pounds weight—better if slightly flattened at the foot so as to "suck" on muddy and sandy bottoms—and fastened by the cemented staple. The anchor rope should be hard-fibered and about five-eighths of an inch in diameter. The cotton ropes, whether braided or twisted, while pleasant at first to eye and touch, fray easily and rot soon. The cleats, while placed in the middle axis of the boat, should be set within easy reach so as to allow quicker anchorage—an important factor in fixing the boat on a sharp reef. Some anglers, for their anchors, prefer the double pulley device and beam overhang at bow and stern, thus allowing the boat to be anchored at both ends from the central seats. It is expressly convenient for a single fisher in the boat. But the snarling of the ropes and their tendency to tangle lines and make trouble generally, have, in experience, been fatal offsets. It is another of the entangling alliances in the spaces of the boat which the wise angler shuns as much as he can.

Probably 50 per cent. of the fresh water boat fishers at one time or another use hand lines at the same time that they are using the rod and cannot hold both. For the hand line, therefore, there should be bars set just over the edge of the boat and say an inch from the board. Under this the hand line can be slipped and it checks summarily any large fish trying to get away with the spool when the eye is turned elsewhere. Better yet and not more expensive is a bar of the kind running on each side the full inward length of the boat.

To the practical boat fisherman the oar is something more than an oar and implement of movement and progress. It is also his sounding rod. In its double utility of rowing and prompt sounding of depths the oar should be not less than seven feet long; of tough wood, preferably ash; pretty broad in the blade and that blade strengthened at and just below the tip by metallic bands. These last, if firmly fixed, easily double the life of the oar without adding appreciably to weight.

In handling a fishing boat, such as has been described, here are five final hints which have proved of cardinal value in the writer's almost fifty years of experience in fishing the inland lakes: (1) In facing a hard wind of the "whitecap" class remember that it is the short, quick stroke that scores progress. It assimilates the movement of the boat to that from a screw and retains its momentum which is measurably lost in the long stroke. (2) In general rowing cultivate the wrist and forearm stroke, not the long arm or body strokes. With time it will be found that the stroke named can be kept up for hours without fatigue, a quality invaluable in long-dis-

tance angling and trolling. (3) To avoid dragging anchor in high wind, after first shifting both anchors to the bow, pay out one anchor rope freely then drop the other at say an angle of forty-five degrees. It is the lift rather than the pull of the boat that makes the trouble and the short anchor checks the rise of the boat and lets the long anchor get in its work. (4) In anchoring to windward of a reef always go well to windward in deeper water than is sought, let down the anchor a few feet deeper than the required depth and then drift on, adjusting the boat later by the slack, and (5)

remember, if fishing alone, the importance of the two or three feet of slack rope when the first anchor is let down to avoid the "lift" and drifting when the second anchor is dropped. To these five hints one may be annexed: Never fish with two anchors if the wind suffices—and a mild breeze is enough—to hold the swing of the boat, say within a quarter circle. The swing of the boat covers ground, gives added lure to the bait—especially in bass fishing—and every boat angler who has taken big fish knows the meaning of the safer area of play when but a single anchor is down.

## REPLENISHING THE OUTFIT

BY LYNN BOGUE HUNT

IT'S not a bad idea at this time of the year now that Christmas is past and the pocket-book begins to fatten again, to browse about the sporting goods stores in quest of useful articles that have departed from your outfit or were never there. How about that waterproof match-box you lost and will forget to provide in the hurry next fall? And will the gunning shoes or boots stand another season? Do you need woolen socks? And by the way, let me add here, there is no better all-around foot wear than very heavy but loosely woven wool socks for hunting. They are not too warm for a warm day in the autumn. The soft thickness of them protects unhardened feet from the many rude jabs and bruises incident to hunting in a stony, wooded country. They absorb the perspiration of the feet without becoming actually wet like cotton, and above all when the going is through cold water several times a day, or through sodden moss and rain-soaked grass so that the feet are constantly wet with icy moisture, they will still retain the heat of your body and keep you comfortable.

You may say rubber boots will do the business better. To my mind, rubber boots to any but a marsh man, are a condemned nuisance. There is nothing colder in cold weather and nothing hotter in warm. They sweat the feet until the end of the day finds them as wet as though no boots or shoes had been worn at all. But aside from this, the weight alone of any but the "glove" boots should condemn them in the eyes of the hard-tramping uplander. Their very lightness and thinness, however, put the "glove" boots out of the possible list, for one day in a rugged grouse country will finish anything but leather or very heavy rubber. So don't buy rubber boots. Good stout shoes beat everything in the field, when backed by long woolen

socks and leggings or leather puttees. These last are A No. 1 for hunting purposes and though expensive, are practically indestructible and so cheapest in the end.

February is the hungry month. Now the chickadees come prying about the garbage pile and hang about the house. Crows fly low and wearily to roost without a caw or a frolic in the air as before their stomach were such strangers to food. This month usually sees the long hard blizzard of the winter and toward its end, the freezing sleet that is so fatal to quail particularly. Be unremitting in your tramps over your stamping ground and carry the pockets of the shooting coat well filled with screenings and cracked corn to be scattered where the covey tracks show the birds are in the habit of feeding. If these lead you to a brush pile, scatter the feed well down into them where the snow cannot bury it and where the quail are sure to pry. When brush piles are not already along the route, make some with a pocket-axe and pile the cuttings just inside the edge of the thicket where the drift will not find them. The game needs your aid now if you are to have shooting another season for the wizened berries and juiceless fruit of all the bush and vines have been gathered by the busy coveys long ago and the seed harvest can last but the shortest while. Only personal effort now will save the breeding stock and insure good shooting next autumn. Consult the farmers and interest them if possible with arguments of the sound money saving results of game protection. Dazzle them with prospects of city boarders during the season where game abounds and give them figures from the Government.

Statistics are impressive to most folks, and farmers particularly always seem eager for the weighty products of the departments at Washington. The Department of Agriculture has studied all birds care-

fully with a view to discovering their economic relations to man. The weed seed destroying capacity of bob white according to these statistics, is astounding. In Virginia and North Carolina, where the number of quail is put at the very conservative figure of four to the square mile, the Department figures that this species consumes annually 1,341 tons of harmful weed seeds.

Another thing which makes for the destruction of quail will be harder to argue away; namely, the clearing up of brush along the fences. Farmers are beginning to realize that small fields and many fences constitute a waste of several acres of land in the average farm besides adding to the labor of farming, consequently that sheltering thicket which used to border every field is rapidly disappearing. The rail fence is tottering, too, upon its last straddle posts and even the stone wall is being hustled down into the mudhole to make more room for the plow. All of these were conducive to the quails' welfare in providing cover from the weather and other enemies and shelter for a nesting place.

The only suggestion that can be made to farmers in this regard, is that rows of trees and brush should surely be left at certain intervals as wind-breaks. This is sound practical business and is advocated by farming papers every where that trees will grow. This may, in some measure, fill the needs of the quail for such cover. The brush and willows about the pond holes are occupying land unavailable for any purpose and their efficiency as cover is well attested by the way the neighboring coveys hustle for them when flushed and shot at in the Fall. But these covers are generally spared by the winter choppers on the farm and need not be mentioned when pleading bob white's case.

#### THIEVING JIM CROW

Jim Crow is as black as he looks, and, though he's a mighty interesting fellow from all points of view, he's such a desperate sucker of eggs and destroyer of young grouse, quail and even rabbits, he ought to be peppered on sight; that is of course if he happens to trust himself within range to be sighted. But he is such a wise rascal that I fear he will be with us as long as the poor. Of four grouse nests that I found one Spring, two were rifled by crows which I caught in the act, and the same spring one crow which I killed near its nest dropped a grouse chick which had been torn apart, probably to feed those featherless potbellies in the nearby stick house. Undoubtedly, quail nests sometimes suffer visits from these marauders but of this, I have no first-hand proof.

I do know from observation that baby rabbits fall easy victims to the crows in considerable numbers and the fact will not surprise any one who knows what weak and frail little fellows the rabbits are when

they first begin to move about. One sportsman in Minnesota complains that crows destroy both the eggs and young of prairie chickens and says that eleven nests of eighteen which he found during his farm work last spring, were wrecked by crows. Of this he could be sure from knowing the position of the nests and seeing the crows conducting themselves thereabouts quietly and with a thievish air. Then a visit to the nest would confirm his suspicions. I could mention numberless instances of the destructiveness of crows to the other birds outside the game list, but their destructiveness to game is sufficient to gain them the enmity of all sportsmen.

At this time of the year, crows resort in hundreds to whatever groups of pine or other evergreens are in the country side to roost and this is about the only place where any numbers of them can be killed. When they gather at dusk or even in the white moonlight, if there be snow on the ground, is the proper time.

I must confess a very plebeian liking for fur among the feathers occasionally, the result I suppose of the easy game that bunny affords the stripling sportsman. This is the fellow that makes the young heart gladdest of all, I think, and I have an idea that a sneaking weakness for him exists in the heart of many a man who abuses his dog for having the bad taste to stand a rabbit. Anyway, the preservation of Moll Cottontail is worth a little of your consideration if it be only for the sake of the youngsters who are so eagerly coming to the front. The worst enemy the rabbit tribe has in this world, is the market hunter with a ferret. This creature goes abroad on a new snow with a gunny sack over his back and a ferret in his pocket and that night packs a barrel of rabbits for shipment to the city. He carries no gun, for ammunition costs money and since this is business, not sport, he applies a trick worth two of that for it affords poor bun no chance to escape. In a word, he simply holds the sack over the rabbit hole after the ferret has gone down and presently with a rumbling rush, up comes the rabbit, bang! right into the sack. You will not mistake the winding fence and hedge searching character of this man's tracks and since the use of the ferret is illegal in most states, for goodness sake, do what you can to stop such practices. I know what a delicate matter the execution of the game laws is in a small community. A good scare is usually as effective as a fine or imprisonment and if you can by backtracking your man to his doors, let him see that his practices are known by some one who may be unfriendly or let him realize it in some other way, it is likely to be enough.

This is the best service you can do the rabbits. Cold has no effect upon the cottontails. Rarely do they suffer from

hunger for everything that is covered with bark, is food for Br'er Rabbit. Race suicide is extremely unfashionable among them and their natural enemies are being constantly reduced in numbers. Drowning

rains while the babies are still in the nest and the potting market hunter are the greatest enemies the rabbits have in a settled district and the worst of these, it is in the power of every gunner to discourage.

## WHEN THE BIRDS GO TO SLEEP

BY C. WILLIAM BEEBE

AS SURELY as the light begins to dim above the great glass roof of the bird house, a strange cry rings out—a sharp note—another higher, a third still more shrill, then a bursting, rolling call—*cul'-cul-pepper, cul'-pepper, cul'-cul'-pep-pepper!* Its author is all out of proportion—a small, quail-like bird of gray and buff hues—the gray francolin of Persia and India, saying good night to the departing day. Every night and morning this is his greeting, as he stands on the top of the rockery in the central flying cage.

The crowds are gone, the doors are locked and the great building with its eight or nine hundred feathered tenants, is left quiet after the noisy throngs of the day. The last hour has, among many species, been one of unusual activity and now comes preparation for the night. Let us lean close to the trunk of a palm and quietly watch. The birds soon forget our presence. Again the francolin calls loudly, and now his mate joins him for an instant, and then flies up into the topmost crotch of a Norfolk pine. The male follows and crowds close to a trio of Montezuma quail which have settled close to the stem for the night. Once the francolin stands up on his insecure perch and makes the whole tree vibrate with his cul-peppers—a sound so strange that we can well believe that he is the first to utter it upon this continent. The sound carries far through the dark and we wonder if it arouses any memory echoes in the Bengal tigers pacing restlessly up and down in the adjoining house. Then the francolin huddles close to his mate and draws in his head for the night.

The nightcap preparations of the chubby little quail are very interesting. Each evening the covey forms in a new place and this selection of the spot entails serious efforts. Bob white never quite loses remembrance of the many dangers which make his life in a wild state one great fear. A white-throated male with soft clucks calls together a dozen of his comrades, and for a few minutes they all huddle together, but soon from the farther end of the aviary a clear *whew-bob-white!* rings out and off scurry the whole band, this time perhaps to settle for the night in the new place—a dense circle of little forms, heads all facing

out, just as in their native stubble they rest facing in every direction, so that at the first hint of danger from any point of the compass, the covey may explode and go booming off in safety. Poor little fellows, their wild life is strenuous indeed. Well for their race that every nest holds from ten to eighteen eggs instead of three or four.

About this time each evening something occurs which I venture to say has never been seen before in any aviary. A bright little horned grebe has his home in the flying cage with the quail and all day long he dives and splashes, pursuing small fish or tottering ludicrously about upon his lobed toes. When dusk approaches he becomes restless and, clambering up a sloping ledge some twelve or fourteen inches above the floor, he boldly hurls himself upon the water, and with but one or two touches of his feet he gains sufficient impetus for flight. Round and round he goes, steering apparently with his feet, for he has no tail to speak of. This is a remarkable feat for a grebe, for when one rises from a pond or lake, it spatters along for a distance of twenty yards or more. After this flight, he tucks his head out of sight and enters grebe-dreamland.

Toward evening, the black skimmers begin to be restless, running hither and thither, nervously stretching their wings and taking short, running half-flights. Hardly has darkness settled down when their querulous *yeh! yeh! yeh!* is heard and their ghostly black and white forms may be faintly distinguished, coursing back and forth around their great flying cage. Taken from their native sand dunes when yet in the nestling down, what do they know of nocturnal trips, following the flood tide in search of fish? And yet an irresistible hereditary instinct impels them thus to utter the hunting notes of their parents and to start out upon their *skimming*, at precisely the same hour as do the adult wild birds. These birds sleep much of the middle part of the night; but toward dawn the same instinct sets them again *yapping* and *skimming* steadily for an hour or two.

With broad daylight begins the most unnatural part of their lives, for now all instinct must be thrown to the winds and

new adaptations invented to surmount the novel conditions offered by captivity. They have little fear of the great creature who every morning comes in to clean their pool, and they trot unconcernedly about his broom and between his feet. Indeed, they seem to have a decided affection for him when later he re-enters with the daily supply of live fish. It is a hard lesson for them to learn how to pick up the fish, when the long, lower mandible gets in the way and prevents all close approach to the morsel, but one skimmer watches another which by long practice has solved the difficulty and soon they are all feeding in the same novel way—turning the head wrong-side up and so bringing the shorter mandible into play beneath the longer one—in fact from skimmers they become *scoopers*.

The marked individuality of birds is well illustrated by a little sooty tern which, every evening after the crowds are gone, begins its attempts at bathing. All the other terns fly into the water and splash merrily until they are soaked through; but this weaker brother merely pushes his head over the edge of the pool, wets his beak and then flutters his wings and ruffles his feathers as if actually in the water. After several minutes, the bird walks away and then preens itself from head to foot, completing an "absent treatment" toilet, which is more amusing than effective. Every day or two the keeper has to throw the bird into the water, or its timidity would result in its plumage getting into a hopeless state of uncleanness.

At dusk the sandpipers and snipe gather close to one another and, drawing up one leg, they sway about all night long on the other slender support. In the daytime, when one of these birds takes a nap in this position, the leg will become rather stiff. I have seen a bird hop on one foot the entire length of the cage, take a drink and a few morsels of food and go back to its favorite corner and finish its nap, without ever taking the other leg from its hidden place among the feathers. Visitors often sympathize with such a bird, thinking it to possess but one leg.

To hear the big tropical doves calling to each other through the dusk is to have the wild cañons in which these birds roost, brought vividly to mind. There is that in a dove's note—a musical mournfulness, which is found in the notes of no other bird. But from the cage of the trogons comes content vocalized—a subdued, resonant clucking which proclaims that the inmates have settled themselves for a night of undisturbed rest.

Suddenly a bulbul of India sings a sweet, silvery strain in the twilight and then cuddles close to an American cuckoo—strange bed-fellows—at one end of a perch, while at the jar of his alighting, five heads shoot out simultaneously from a compact row of cedar waxwings at the farther end.

In the cage with the four Cuban trogons

are a half-dozen banana birds and during the whole day these are all ever on the go, flying from perch to perch, or from the floor to the tree-top—always in constant motion. But what a change now! In one upper corner the quartet of trogons are perched as close together as they can crowd, while lower down and near the opposite side are the banana birds in an equally close row. This segregation during sleep is very common among birds and no matter in how friendly a way they share perches and food during the day, yet at night each kind draws near to its own, and all petty jealousies are forgotten in sleep.

Our attention is now drawn again to the center cage, where a big Abyssinian francolin has begun his evening run. Up and down one side for a distance of about twenty feet, he sprints, in fact one might say that hurdling was his favorite form of amusement, for in his path he usually encounters one or more small quail or skylarks. Over these he leaps, never halting for a moment in his stride, until after dark he ceases his exercise as abruptly as he began it, and retires to the millet coverts for sleep. If, as occasionally happens, he blunders into a diminutive German quail, he is made to regret it. Although the francolin is as large as a good-sized fowl and is armed with no less than four sharp spurs, yet is he no match for the irascible little Teuton, spurless though the latter is, who flies at the larger bird's head with such fury that the francolin gives up his evening exercise and flees at once.

How can the nuthatches ever maintain their hold upon the rough, vertical palm trunks? Whether they remain there throughout the night I cannot say, but until the dense darkness of evening shuts down, they are motionless, head downward and held straight in front.

In a cage tenanted by eight grass parakeets, we can discover nothing but a quartet of great coconut husks. If we watch closely the round opening in one of these, we shall see one or two tiny faces creep into view from out of the blackness within—tiny parakeet babies with their feathers only sprouting as yet. They peer curiously at us, ready to dive out of sight at any sudden motion on our part. Hatched but a few days ago, what can they think of this strange world in which they find themselves, so different from the great forests of Australia upon which their parents first looked.

The wee ground doves have a method of sleeping which is all their own. Although they have a large cage to themselves, yet the dozen or more little fellows select some small section of a branch and pile themselves thereon. Four or five crowd close together along the perch, and the next comers fly up and arrange themselves in a second row on top of the first row, one occasionally slipping through and crowding out one of the lower layer. Before dusk a

third row is often formed and I have crept quietly up to the cage late at night and found them thus fast asleep—a pyramid of three tiers of diminutive doves, with plenty of open space all around them.

The woodpeckers sleep resting upon their tails, even the flickers invariably following this custom, although during the day the flickers spend much of their time perching in passerine manner, crosswise upon a twig. Small birds, such as thrushes and warblers, sleep usually upon some small twig with heads tucked behind wings in orthodox bird fashion, but they occasionally vary this in a remarkable way, by clinging all night to the vertical wires of their cages, sleeping apparently as soundly in this as in the usual position of rest. A bluebird in a small cage slept thus about one or two nights out of each week. Any explanation of this voluntary and widespread habit among perching birds would be difficult to suggest. Suppose on Monday and Thursday nights of each week, we were to cling to the curtains half way to the ceiling, instead of retiring to bed! Birds are strange beings.

The little hanging parrakeets derive their name from their custom of sleeping always in a reversed position, and when distributed over their roosting tree, they resemble some strange, pendent, green fruit, rather than sleeping birds. A macaw in the bird house "goes them one better," for it clings to the top wires, but in some inexplicable way manages to keep in an upright position, so that it appears like a legless bird swinging from the cage-top. I would almost hesitate to record this, had I seen it only at night, but this same position is a favorite one by day and hundreds of people have seen and commented on the strange appearance of the bird. I have seen an orang-utan often thus suspend itself from its trapeze, but never another bird save this great macaw.

The bib finches seem to be as fond of each other's society during sleep as are the ground doves, and every wire nest is overflowing with their dainty little forms. The toucans, so bizarre in color and form, are no less unusual in their sleeping posture. As soon as dusk settles down (for they are sleepy birds) they fly to their favorite spot and settle comfortably down on the branch. The tail is then brought up over the back until it rests almost flat upon it. The brilliant patch of color which almost all of these birds have beneath the tail, is now very conspicuous, although what useful service it can perform yet remains to be solved. Before long the head with its great bill is turned back and tucked away beneath the tail and the bird becomes a veritable ball of feathers—beak, head, tail, all merged into a round feathery mass.

Taking a last look around we again pass the trogons' cage, and we are surprised to see but five banana birds where before there were six. A glance at the floor of the

cage explains it; one has fallen from its perch and lies outstretched upon the sand. Dissection later shows no sign of disease but evidences that the bird was a very old one. Here in the quiet of early evening, death came suddenly and smote the little frame. Such a thing could seldom happen in nature. The slight weakening in flight or in eye-sight which presaged old age but was not apparent in the cage, would have betrayed it to hawk or serpent and it would have met with a violent death—the end of most, if not all, wild creatures, among which the inexorable law of evolution is ever dominant—the sacrifice of the individual for the good of the race.

Passing out of the building into the warm summer twilight we find interesting preparations for sleep going on all around us. A quartet of caracaras are huddled on the ground, so close together that they seem to be leaning against each other; while on the tops of the cedar stubs, one foot drawn up, two others stand erect, watching our every movement with their fine eagle eyes. Thus have I seen them standing sentinel on some leafless clavillina in an isolated plain of old Mexico.

Few birds exhibit such antithetical characteristics as this half vulture, half eagle. Of commanding, almost imperial presence, it nevertheless consorts with buzzards and feeds on carrion or lizards. But in captivity it prefers clean meat and becomes ridiculously tame. We may take one of these birds and put our fingers about its head, ruffle its feathers, spread out its wings, or even roll it over upon its back, with no serious objection on the part of the caracara. When in a mischievous mood, it will tear a glove fiercely from one's hand and yet as soon as it feels the skin beneath, its hooked beak will close over the finger with a gentle caressing motion. Never have I known one of these tame birds to give even the slightest scratch in their play.

Opposite the cage of the caracaras an entirely different scene greets us. The sand floor of the cage is broken only in the center by the white enamel fountain and perched on the smooth, glistening rim are three snow-white birds—as rare as they are immaculate; ivory gulls from the farthest Arctic regions. Their heads are muffled in sleep and if the cold white enamel brings visions of icebergs to their dreams, they must see again Franz Josef Land, some twenty-five hundred miles farther north than New York City. Over the ice-packs and tumbled shore floes they flew a year ago, showing never a spot of black from wing tip to wing tip. A dead seal drew them swiftly down, offering a bounteous repast, but the snares of fish-line were skillfully arranged and now the trio of gulls are soundly sleeping under a warm summer sky, instead of amid the aurora or the slanting beams of a midnight sun.

The ducks and geese are quiet, most of

them settled down for the night and the long necks of the swans are twined round upon their backs; beaks buried, but eyes above the level of the immaculate plumage, ready to open at the slightest alarm. In an adjacent enclosure a curious white form is seen, a small bird with apparently enormous body, and not until we approach and examine closely do we see not one, but four birds in the pile—a prosaic leghorn biddy lifted partly from the ground and with wings stretched open upon the fuzzy golden bodies of three young Canada goslings! Several weeks ago, as a nestful of the eggs of a wild goose was ready to hatch, two vicious trumpeter swans bore down upon the island and demolished the nest, all but three eggs. These the long-suffering hen accepted and when the strange chicks hatched she did her duty by them with never a murmur, waiting patiently at the water's edge while the goslings swam and dived, and continuing to hover them at night until, as we see, their bodies equaling her own in size, they fairly lift her from the ground. She ruffles up as we approach—just as though she were hovering a brood of tiny newly hatched chicks, and then contentedly settles down again on her gigantic progeny.

If we wait and watch we may discover a number of interesting things about ducks in their sleep. Some, huddled up on the bank, rest only on their warm breast feathers, while on each side of the body a foot and leg is raised and pushed into the mass of plumage. This shows us how in winter these birds sleep safely on the coldest surface of ice or snow, without ever freezing their scale-covered web or toes. But one duck is out upon the water circling with slow, rhythmic strokes of one foot. Yet its eyes are closed and apparently it is fast asleep. Let us imagine an inland pond, around whose muddy edge sharp-nosed coons are pattering. Occasionally the bushes open and the alert head of a fox appears and wistfully eyes the slowly revolving form of the sleeping duck out upon the water. We have no proof that such a thing happens in the wilderness, but the habit of thus sleeping and sub-consciously paddling in a circle is so common in captive wild birds as to make it appear reasonable that some useful purpose is served, and none could be more so than keeping out of the maw of their many terrestrial, nocturnal, four-legged enemies.

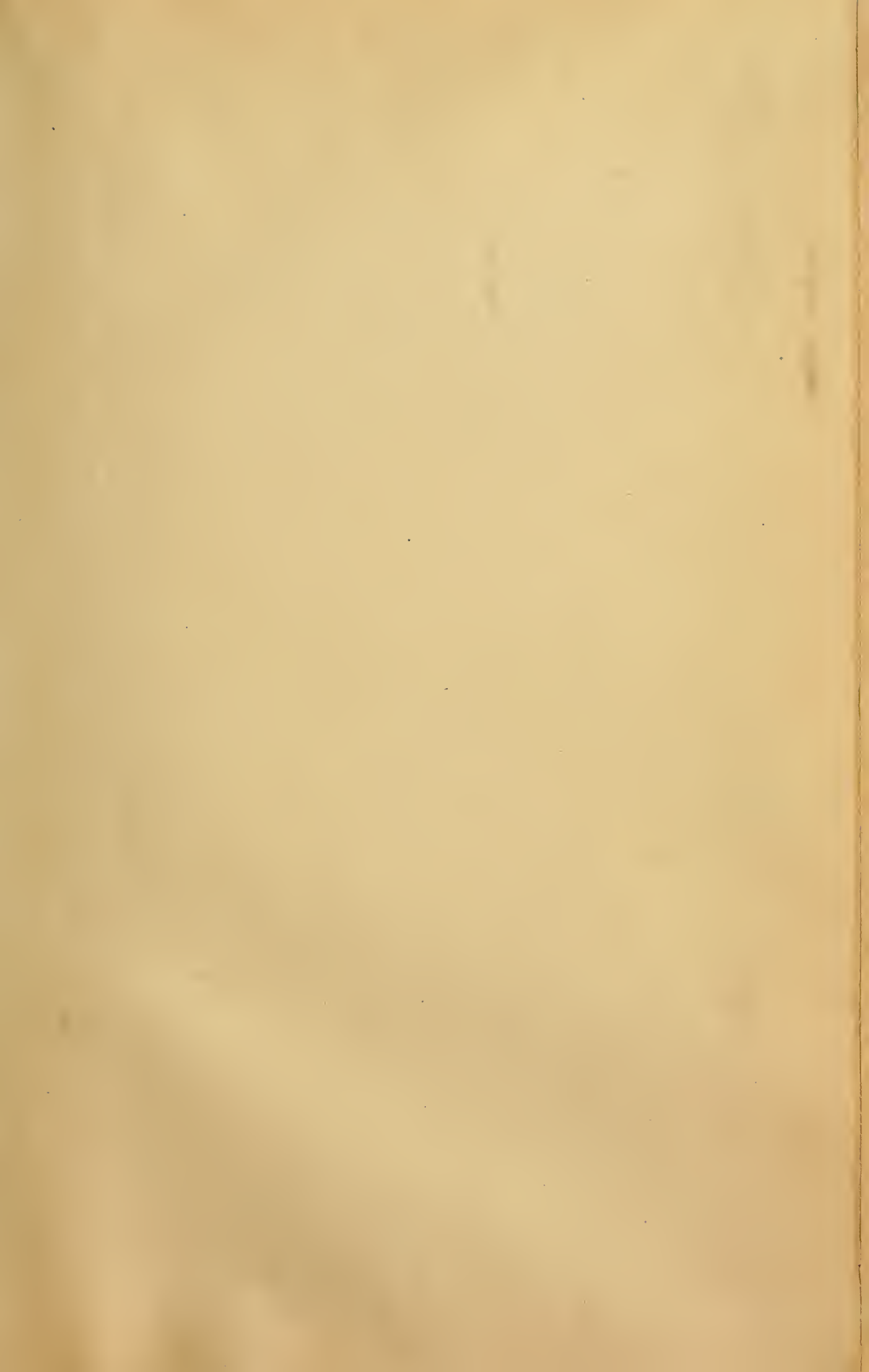
We are all familiar with the sets of toy pictures with various interchangeable heads, bodies and legs, and sometimes in Nature we find similar conditions. The gray-eyed seriema is one example, looking in the dusk like a rather small crane or heron. But when we come closer we see a beak like that of a hawk and short, stubby toes like those of a bustard. In fact, this bird seems one of the left-overs of evolution. Nature seems somehow to have overlooked him in the millions of

years ago, and off in the heart of South America he and his kind lived on in peace, in some way escaping the strenuous life which was changing or blotting out all his more distant relations. To-day he stands in a unique position, thrown from pillar to post in the classification of the ornithologists; for he is too much of a hawk to be a crane, and not enough of a bustard to be far removed from the herons. Indeed, even the claws of his toes are confusing, for the outer two are short and blunt like those of a hen, while the inner toe is a true hawk's talon. At last in the classification of the scientists, he has been given a sub-order to himself, with which he seems content. As we leave him in the dusk, he springs to a high perch and settles down on it for the night—a last startlingly contradictory habit for a long-legged, short-toed bird!

Down under the trees, a dark, rounded mass is just discernible; a mound of coarse black hair which with sudden movement heaves now and then; a cassowary, if not of the fabled Timbuctoo yet of a still more antipodal land, has folded its mighty legs beneath it and sunk to sleep. What a pitiful apology for a wing has the cassowary, merely a diminutive flap of skin, tipped with several slate-pencil-like feather stubs; all that remain of the great pinions which lifted and carried its far-distant ancestors. Yet to this day the cassowary, impelled no doubt by ancestral instinct, often tries in vain to push its beak behind its wing. A push with the bill and a twitch of the wing-flap and for a moment it succeeds; then the bill slips slowly out of place again. I never knew an ostrich to sleep thus. In their open corrals we may see them scattered about—great mounds of black or brown, with heads and necks stretched flat upon the sand before them. And yet they have wings which could easily cover their heads many times over.

As we pass a large, low-fenced, open paddock, a tall, pale ghost seems to rise from the grass, standing motionless before us. Another joins it, a foot or two away, and farther off, almost hidden by the dusk, a third appears. We watch for five minutes but we detect not a motion, then stepping nearer the first gives a sudden, sharp, raucous cry. They are great white herons from the mangrove islands of the Florida Keys and the pile of sticks dimly seen in the grass gives the clue to the close association of the first two birds, which were asleep near their nest, and also explains why they so resent nearer approach. How statuesque they are, pure white, with great flowing plumes and long, strong beaks—all as motionless in the quiet air as though carved in ivory. To see them in full perfection one must float quietly in a boat near their native haunts and watch them standing sentinel, silhouetted against the dark mangroves, and surrounded by the azure, coral-bound waters of the South.



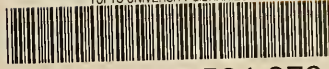








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